

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Ascent of Mount Tamalpais

THE ascent of Pike's Peak, in Colorado, is made by means of a cog-wheel railroad. When the traveler reaches the summit, he is nearly three miles above the level of the sea.

The trip up Mount Lowe, near Pasadena, California, is made partly by a steep incline cable, and partly by a trolley-car, and the rest of the journey must be made on foot or on the back of a donkey. The scenery is very wild and picturesque the entire distance.

The railroad on which the ascent to Mount Tamalpais, near San Francisco, is made, enjoys the reputation of being the most crooked in the world. It is a little more than eight miles in length, and in that distance has two hundred and seventy-seven curves. The longest piece of straight track is four hundred and thirteen feet, about half-way up the ascent.

In order to gain the top of a spur of the mountain, the road makes several sharp horseshoe bends on the hillside, in such a way that five tracks run parallel to one another, making the appearance, when viewed from the summit, of a double bow-knot.

As we climb upward, we cross and recross little mountain streams, which form here and there dainty miniature waterfalls. At almost every turn some new and wonderfully beautiful sight meets the eye. When the summit is finally gained, a grand view is spread before the beholder.

To the right can be seen the waters of the broad Pacific; in front and to the left, stretches San Francisco Bay, its shores dotted with clustering cities and villages. Away in the distance are the Seal Rocks and the historic Cliff House, and a

little nearer the Golden Gate. On clear days one can catch a glimpse of the Sierra Nevada Mountain range, more than a hundred and fifty miles away.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Our Great High Priest

THROUGH sin, man has been severed from the life of God. The soul is palsied through the machinations of Satan, the author of sin. Of himself man is incapable of realizing the sinfulness of sin, incapable of reaching the high standard of perfection. And were this standard placed within his reach, there is nothing in it that the natural heart should desire it. The bewitching power of Satan is upon man. All the ingenious subterfuges that the enemy can suggest are presented to prevent every good impulse. Every faculty given by God to man has been used by man as a weapon against the divine Benefactor. So,

although God loves man, he can not safely impart to him the gifts and blessings he desires to bestow.

But it is God's purpose that man shall stand before him upright and noble; and God will not be defeated by Satan. He sent his Son to this world to bear the death penalty of man's transgression, and to show man how to live a sinless life. There is no other way in which man can be saved. "Without me," Christ says, "ye can do nothing." Through him, and him alone, can the natural heart be changed, the affections transformed, the affections set flowing heavenward. Christ alone can give life to the soul dead in trespasses and sins.

In heaven Satan was next to the Son of God. But he yielded to the desire for self-exaltation, and was expelled from the heavenly courts. He came to this earth, to exercise over man his debasing power. This power increased with the ages, but its evil was not recognized, and God

could not arbitrarily condemn its author. Satan's work was a deadly peril to the universe, but for the security of the world and of the government of heaven, he must be allowed to develop his principles in their true light.

Christ came to this world to save men from death; and from the manger to the cross his way was disputed by Satan. The enemy filled the minds of the Jews with hatred against their Redeemer. He rested not until Christ hung on the cross.

But in carrying out his enmity toward Christ till he crucified him,—hung him on the cross of Calvary, with bruised body and broken heart,—Satan completely uprooted himself from the affections of the universe. Christ's death silenced forever the charge that with God self-denial was impossible. It was seen that God denied himself because of his love for mankind.

More than we could possibly endure Christ endured in our behalf. Sinless to the last, he died for us. Justice demanded not merely that sin be pardoned; the death penalty must



FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT TAMALPAIS

be met. The Saviour has met this demand. His broken body, his gushing blood, satisfied the claims of the law. Thus he bridged the gulf made by sin between earth and heaven. He suffered in the flesh, that with his robe of righteousness he might cover the defenseless sinner.

To resist Satan's temptations is no easy task. It calls for a firm hold on God. Christ has met every temptation which Satan can bring against man. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. In his strength man can keep the law of God.

Christ was crucified, but in wondrous power and glory he rose from the tomb. He took in his grasp the world over which Satan claimed to preside, and restored the human race to favor with God. And at this glorious completion of his work, songs of triumph echoed and re-echoed through the unfallen worlds. Angel and archangel, cherubim and seraphim, joined in the chorus of victory.

Christ is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by him. He ever liveth to make intercession for us. In earnest appeals the cross continually proffers to the sinner complete expiation. In loving invitation Christ lifts his voice, saying, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

As you draw near the cross of Calvary, you see love that is without a parallel. As by faith you grasp the meaning of the sacrifice made on that cross, you see yourself a sinner, condemned by a broken law. This is repentance. As you come with humble heart, you find pardon; for Jesus stands before the Father, continually offering a sacrifice for the sins of the world. He is the minister of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man. The typical offerings of the Jewish tabernacle no longer possess any virtue. A daily and yearly atonement is no longer necessary. But because of the continual commission of sin, the atoning sacrifice of a heavenly Mediator is essential. Jesus, our great high priest, officiates for us in the presence of God, offering in our behalf his shed blood.

And as Christ intercedes for us, the Spirit works upon our hearts, drawing forth prayer and penitence, praise and thanksgiving. The gratitude which flows from human lips is the result of the Spirit striking the chords of the soul, awakening holy music.

The prayer and praise and confession of God's people ascend as sacrifices to the heavenly sanctuary. But they ascend not in spotless purity. Passing through the corrupt channels of humanity, they are so defiled that unless purified by the righteousness of the great High Priest, they are not acceptable by God. Christ gathers into the censer the prayers, the praise, and the sacrifices of his people, and with these he puts the merits of his spotless righteousness. Then, perfumed with the incense of Christ's propitiation, our prayers, wholly and entirely acceptable, rise before God, and gracious answers are returned.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Other People First Always

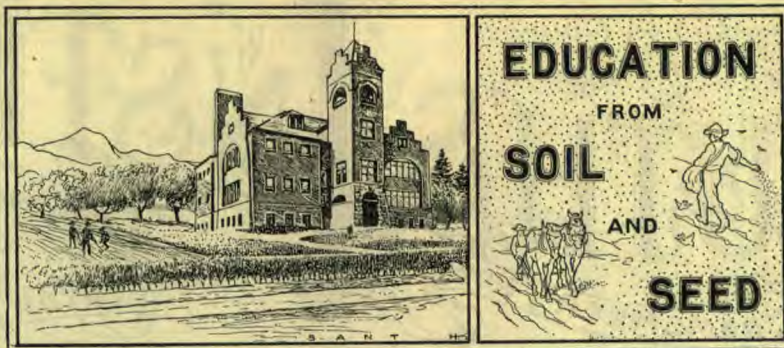
I KNOW a little boy who always puts himself first when speaking of himself in connection with anybody else. He always says, "Me and mama," or, "Me and papa," or, "Me and Freddie."

And it is the same when he wants to divide anything,—he always helps himself first, and others afterward. What do you think of that way of doing? You don't like to hear other children speak that way, nor do you like to see them act that way. It is not the right way to do.

The Bible says we ought to esteem others better than ourselves. Then we ought to speak of others first, and serve them first, and put ourselves last.

The commandment says, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Then we surely ought to speak of them first, and wait on them first, and obey them first.

VESTA J. FARNSWORTH.



"The cultivation of the soil will prove an education to the soul"

VI—Lessons from Tillage

HAVING considered some reasons for the cultivation of the soil, gained from experience and scientific study, we can now better understand the deeper lessons of tillage. Before turning to these, notice one more reason from the standpoint of science. *Cultivation increases chemical activities in the soil.* The treasures of plant food are stored away in earth's stronghold, and the door is well bolted. It needs unlocking. Stirring the soil is like turning the door-key. It lets the potash and nitrogen out to our plant roots, and lets our plant roots in to these and other food elements. It also promotes nitrification; that is, it puts the ground in better condition for receiving and holding nitrogen, besides hastening the decomposition of organic materials added to the soil for fertilizing.

These processes, called "chemical activities," are nothing less than God's ways of working in the soil. His working thus, to supply the necessities of all his creatures, and to give them pleasure, never ceases. So our Father has worked, and will continue to work, for our life and happiness; for we have his wonderful promise, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." Gen. 8:22.

No person who tills the soil need be ignorant. It is doubtful if any subject has, during recent years, received more thorough scientific investigation throughout the civilized world than the soil and its management. Many prominent scientists and educators are devoting the best energies of their minds to this matter. The results of their study and experiment are published by every government and State, and you may have them for the asking. If you wish to learn about any particular thing connected with the soil, get the name of the representative in Congress from your district, and write him a letter telling him what you want. For instance, you might desire to learn more about the texture and physical properties of soils. Tell him so, and you will receive some valuable information in reply.

But the best way to learn from the soil is to study it yourself. Get some of it in a box, or set apart a little square any place. Till it with a spade, a rake, and a hoe. Watch its actions carefully for a week. Pour water over it. See what happens when the water falls upon it. Then watch it a few days longer. Before it gets dry, stir the first inch, making a mellow earth mulch over the surface. Observe for two or three days what takes place in your mulch. Now dig down a few inches, and see if it is still moist beneath. Next, plant some seeds in it, and pour plenty of water over it after the seeds are planted. If it is in a warm place, dig up some seeds after two days, and see what God's power in the soil has done for them. Corn, wheat, peas, beans, pumpkins, squash, and melon seeds are good ones for experiments. Put in plenty, so you can dig up some every day for a week or two. Learn how the little plant first gets its food from the soil.

If you do this to learn how God works, he will teach you beautiful and wonderful lessons. In the book of Isaiah, the Lord is telling us something about the plowman,—one who tills the soil,

—and says, "His God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him." So you may be sure of learning things worth knowing, while dealing with the soil, and having such a Teacher. "None teacheth like him."

The soil requires frequent stirring. Left standing still, it hardens, and shuts out the rain and sunshine. So our minds,

unless constantly stirred and occupied with the things which God has provided to keep them active, become incapable of receiving truth and light.

Weeds, rank and poisonous, thrive in uncultivated soil. In the same way will coarse, wicked thoughts fill the uncultivated mind. Diligent tillage is necessary to subdue harmful weeds. Nothing less will subdue the evils tending to fill the mind. The gardener must fight against his foes with shovel and hoe, early and late. Only such activity will keep the garden of our hearts clean.

Shallow, surface plowing is not sufficient. It will not give room for the firm hold required by the plant roots. The mind's plowshare must sink deep into the soil of truth, in order that the storms of time shall not root up the growing tree. A superficial life, dealing with nothing deeper than surface feeling and sentiment, must end in disappointment and ruin.

The clods and cakes in the soil must be broken. It takes persistent hammering and harrowing to do this. The human heart gets caked and hardened by sin. Only thorns will grow in such a place. "Break up your fallow ground." These sinful hearts need to be broken. It takes the mighty roller of God's loving power to do the breaking. But he will do it gently, and he lets fall upon the bruised heart the cooling rain of his Spirit.

We should now turn our attention for a time to the seed. But the spring and summer will give you a good chance to continue the study of the soil by observation. You can add many members of the three soil families to your acquaintance before the fall, when we shall have a few more lessons on this subject.

J. C. ROGERS.

The Shepherdess

LISTEN! Don't you hear the flutter
Of a blue wing in the air?
Don't you hear the pussy-willows
Purring by the river there?
Spring, the shepherdess, is coming
With her flocks to pastures new,
And their voices start the music
We shall hear the summer through.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

It was Johnny, the seven-year-old, who tired of the "merry-go-round." The previous summer it had fascinated him, and he could not ride on it too often; this season a single trip satisfied him, and he declined another. "No, thank you, grandfather," he said, in his quaintly polite way. "You see we ride and ride, but we stay under that old tent all the time. I guess when anybody gets to be seven years old, he's too big to care about going and going that doesn't get anywhere."

"Now, may the boy hold fast to his wisdom!" commented the grandfather, relating the incident. "Selecting a goal and traveling toward it would seem to be a reasonable theory of existence, but there are plenty of grown-ups who are content to spend a lifetime in the sort of 'going and going that never gets anywhere.' I don't know that it matters much whether it is an occupation, or society, or only a childish merry-go-round that carries us, if we are content with the mere round, and seek no worthy destination."—*Selected.*



Take Courage

THEY'VE never named a place
Where courage turned aside;
And all the world can clearly trace,
And all the world can show with pride,
The paths that he has tried.

So, Master Courage, when
You give the word, let's go,—
Strong in the strife with earnest men,
Let's fare the best we may, and grow
Unto the best we know.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Inviting Bird-Neighbors

WITH the coming of winter, most of the birds left us, to spend the cold months in the warmer South, where they were more sure of finding food. But with the return of spring, each day brings thousands of little feathered home-seekers back to our northern States. Each one has his bright little eyes open for a suitable place to establish his home, and raise his family. For this purpose the birds desire and look for about the same conditions that men do when they are locating their homes. There must be a safe and sheltered place for the nest, plenty of food and pure water near at hand, and if possible, quiet and congenial surroundings.

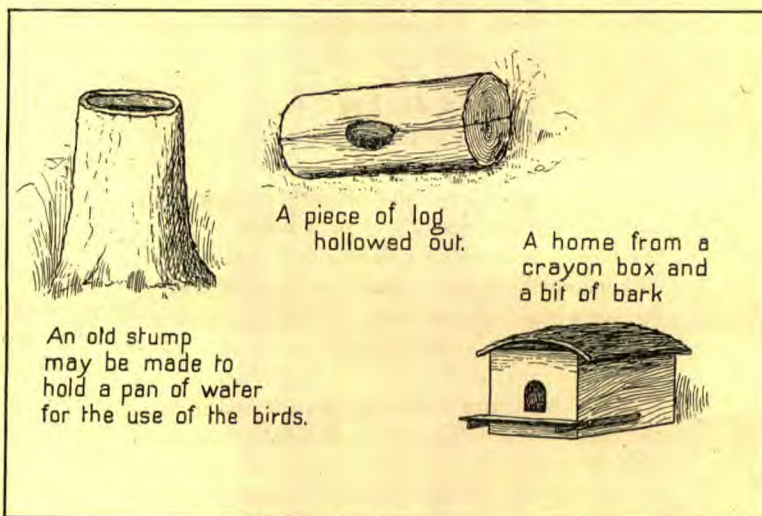
Now, birds are both pleasant and interesting neighbors, and with a little forethought and work we may in all probability induce some of them to build their homes near ours. This is very easy for those who live in the country, where they have large gardens and orchards; but if one really wants to entertain the birds, even a small city back-yard can be made inviting.

In the first place, the little gentlemen in feathers must be made to feel that they and their families will be safe. Cats are their sworn enemies, and the very sight of Sir Thomas dozing in the sun will be argument weighty enough to counterbalance many favorable points to the birds' way of thinking. Neither does it take them long to learn to avoid places frequented by gunners or small boys with sling-shots.

Those are fortunate who have about their homes berry-bearing vines and shrubs, such as the Virginia creeper, mountain-ash, and the like, as these furnish a sure food supply during the weeks when the nests are full of wide-open, hungry mouths, and are never overlooked by the little home-seekers. However, we can do much for the birds by planting in our flower and vegetable gardens plants of whose seeds they are fond, such as the sunflower and blue corn-flower. A few stalks of mustard or lettuce, or a few radishes or turnips allowed to go to seed, will also help to furnish food for the birds. In addition to these, chopped apple or vegetables, bread crumbs, cracked wheat or oats, hemp, millet, or other small seeds, sprinkled upon the ground, fence, or shed roof, are always acceptable. A shelf fastened to a tree near enough the house to be watched by the inmates, and upon which food is regularly placed, will prove interesting to the family both summer and winter. For the birds will soon learn to come to it; and when food is scarce elsewhere, it will be the feasting-place for a motley throng of feathered folk.

If one does not care to trouble with any further preparation for the birds, he will find that a rather shallow pan, placed in some shady place, high enough to be out of the reach of cats, and kept filled with fresh water during the warm season, will be a never-ending source of pleasure and education. The water should be replenished several times a day and should not be more than two or two and one-half inches deep, as a bird wants to feel sure of his footing when he steps in for his bath.

Some birds take kindly to houses of human building and design. Particularly in places where hollow trees suitable for nesting purposes are scarce, these artificial homes are much sought after; and if they are made with an eye to convenience, and suitably located, they are seldom tenantless. In making houses for the birds, remember that they like privacy when they are home-making, and so do not build the house to accommodate more than two families; those with room for only one family are even more acceptable. "Flats" are as undesirable and as unnatural for birds as they are for the homing and raising of a human family. Care should be taken



to place these houses in a cool, sheltered place, and to fasten them securely.

Building materials too are always gladly received by the birds at nest-building time, and bits of string, thread, cotton, horse-hairs, and other such things, which may be scattered about, will be quite sure to be used.

ETHEL REEDER FARNSWORTH.

Be Yourself

THE country is full of parrots. Never a great man surprises us with a remarkable style in voice or pen, but straightway a hundred lesser writers or speakers make themselves ridiculous by copying his ways. You see the same thing everywhere,—from the tiny boy who becomes a man by wearing papa's boots, to the young lawyer who palms off on smiling jurors the thunders of Webster's eloquence.

Trying to wear other people's manners and expressions is one of the most common failings of young people,—but its "commonness" does not make it any the less hurtful.

A handsome young lady, who was staying with city friends, heard something very much to her advantage one day, without at all meaning to. She was quietly reading in the curtained window-

seat, when the sister of her hostess entered the room, and they began chatting.

"Nellie is such a sweet girl," said the hostess; "I do wish she would be herself,—she doesn't seem to know how much more lovable she is when she isn't trying to 'put on.' I hardly know how to tell her."

"Suppose, dear," replied the sister, "suppose we call her attention to some of the ridiculous young things who are trying to be Miss Jones's shadows. Don't you suppose she would take the lesson?"

But it wasn't necessary. Nellie had her lesson already, and before the winter ended, she was acknowledged one of the most charming girls of her circle. "So original!" everybody exclaimed,—and that was just the secret of her success. In the meantime the young ladies imitated her tone of voice, caught her expressions, practiced her smile in their mirrors, did their hair in the same way, and then wondered why it was "Nellie" this and "Nellie" that and never themselves.

Whatever you do, be in earnest about it, and *be yourself*. Perhaps it is a letter to your friend—make it your letter; not one of borrowed phrases and other peoples' thoughts. Make it yours, and it will be prized.

I know the words will come to your mind,—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

But think! it is not by aping their actions nor parroting their words, that our lives become great. Their lives—the lives of great men—have been self-reliant lives, and that very self-reliance is what has made them great.

Learn to think your own thoughts, see the world through your own eyes, and act as God gives you to see the right; and you, too, will leave eternal footprints in the sands of time.

EDISON DRIVER.

The Canary's Siege

(A True Story)

"DANNY," the canary, had always enjoyed the long summers on the front veranda, where his roomy cage was hung early in May. Having no mate, he comforted himself with an interest in all the other feathered folk that came about his home near enough to be seen and heard. He began to imitate their notes. He soon learned the song of the oriole, whose nest hung in a maple-tree close by, the whistle of the old green parrot across the street, and the twitter of the little chickens, whose mothers sometimes led them into the front yard.

One morning in midsummer there arrived among the honeysuckles a pair of house-wrens, bent upon finding a place for a new home. Danny watched the noisy visitors with interest, and attempted an imitation of their notes. The wrens, however, flew into a rage instantly, and, alighting on the cage, silenced the astonished canary with a stream of angry chatter, such as he had never heard before. Moreover, their examination of the cage put a new notion into their heads: they decided that on its flat top they would build a nest, and live on the roof of a gilded palace, if not inside one. Away they flew, and in a jiffy they were back again, and had carefully arranged a foundation of twigs on the top of the cage, Danny looking on in amazed silence.

But the invasion of his premises was not to be permitted, of course, and as soon as the insolent little squatters flew off for more building-material, Danny dragged through between the bars all the sticks they had arranged. Back they came presently with more twigs, and at once discovered what had been done in their absence. Instantly they dropped their sticks, and in a great passion

began an attack on the poor canary, who curled up, a trembling ball of yellow fluff, on the floor of his cage, just out of reach of the long beaks they thrust with lightning-like swiftness through the bars.

At last, having, as they thought, reduced the canary to a state of fear that would keep him from further resistance, they picked up their twigs, once more laid the foundation of their nest on the top of the cage, and went off for another load.

The canary, however, was not yet wholly subdued, and no sooner were the wrens out of sight than he again pulled their foundation sticks through the bars, and, when he saw his besiegers returning, prudently retreated to the only safe spot beyond the reach of their beaks. The rage of the wrens when they found their second foundation destroyed knew no bounds. Over the bars of the cage they ran, screaming and scolding, and trying to seize with their bills the almost paralyzed canary, or to draw through the bars such of their twigs as they could reach. Finally they again rearranged their foundation, and Mistress Wren went alone for more material, while her mate remained to guard the foundation. The case of the canary was now hopeless; his strength was nearly gone, his courage wholly gone; and so his human friends, seeing the contest had reached this stage, came to his rescue.

The insolent invasion of the wrens was not to be borne, of course. Yet it seemed possible to make respectable and useful veranda-citizens out of these dashing freebooters, and plans were laid to that end. An old strawberry-box was found, a top fastened over it, a hole was cut in one side for a door, and it was tacked inside the cornice of the veranda near the ceiling. The wrens decided to accept the concession offered, but, in order to assert their independence and their intention to manage the affair their own way, they scornfully scratched out of the box all the twigs that had been placed there as a hint, and proceeded with wholly fresh material to furnish the home. Their subsequent airs of having won a great victory were exceedingly diverting.

Danny's nerves were shaken, and his vanity certainly received a great setback; but in time he learned to listen to the wrens' boasting without fear, while they ceased to resent his perfect imitation of the softer notes of their song.—*Mary D. Leonard, in St Nicholas.*



Thoughts That Help

A YOUNG People's Society that becomes a training school for missionaries is doing the very best kind of work.

It is a matter of little consequence, perhaps, to spend a five-cent piece for a thing you do not need; but it is of great consequence that you acquire the habit of using money rightly.

What affliction have we to fear, what calamity need we dread, what difficulty can discourage us, if God is leading? In the midst of the tumult and strife, the Christian stands immovable upon the word of God. And when this earth shall shake, and the mountains and the islands shall move out of their places, the word of God will still abide; and those who are standing upon that word will enter the peaceful rest of eternity.

A Christian Endeavor Society made up of

school-children in one of the Armenian villages of Turkey, has shown some originality in appointing their committees. They are as follows: The Cleanliness Committee,—to look after the school-room, and see that the children have clean hands and faces; the Peace-making Committee,—to promote harmony, settle quarrels, reconcile enemies, etc.; the Politeness Committee,—to encourage gentleness and courtesy; the Merciful Committee,—to promote kindness to animals, help the needy, old, unfortunate, sorrowful, those who are behind in lessons, timid in playing, etc. Some of these "endeavors" might well be taken up by Societies in this country.

He arose awkwardly in the Young People's meeting. He was a country lad, earnest, honest, true, and good, but poor and uneducated. He was the first to respond to the appeal of the leader for a social service. He was so unused to speaking before others that he stammered when he began; his lips grew dry, and his tongue thick, in the effort to form the words. Merry eyes were upon him, and they sparkled and twinkled as he stood there looking so ill at ease. The situation grew more and more amusing to the onlookers. At last the boy finished a broken, ungrammatical sentence. He did not even attempt another, for clearly and distinctly a titter came from a score of rosy lips, and the confused lad sat down abruptly, his face scarlet, then white. After that no one seemed to want to take any part; and that faltering testimony was the only one given that afternoon. The dull country boy stayed away from the meetings after that. And the well-dressed, bright young people shrugged their shoulders, and said, "It was so funny."

Was it "funny"?

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Was It You?

SOMEBODY said an unkind word, which pierced a loving heart. Was it you?

Somebody passed by, and did not heed the cries and moans of the needy. Was it you?

Somebody carried an evil report. Was it you?

Somebody brought trouble and sorrow wherever he went. Was it you?

Somebody never said a kind word nor gave a kind look. Was it you?

Somebody always looked for trouble and thorns, and never to see the bright sunshine. Was it you?

Somebody never had praises or thanks to offer for the blessings of each day. Was it you?

Somebody carelessly turned a friend into a foe. Was it you?

Somebody always borrowed, and never had anything to lend. Was it you?

I. A. NELSON.

From College View, Nebraska

OUR *Life Boat* campaign was one long to be remembered by the students of Union College. The school session was shortened; we had our dinner an hour earlier than usual, and over a hundred enthusiastic students and teachers took the 1:10 car for Lincoln. An extra car had been provided by the traction company, and there was room for all. On the way to the city the front trucks of the car left the tracks, but no one could be induced to swerve from his plan for the afternoon; namely, the selling of *The Life Boat*.

The territory had been carefully assigned, and the companies were well organized. Each person had, from ten to twenty-five papers. Soon one could see *Life Boat* students on every hand. In an hour or two, nearly every paper had been sold, and the workers were trying to get more copies. About a thousand were sold in a few hours, and we could have sold more if we had had them. The following day we had a praise meeting for a chapel exercise, and many and stirring were the experiences of *The Life Boat* crew.

We pray that God will water the seed sown, and that this effort will be the means of starting many in permanent lines of missionary work.

OTTO J. GRAF.

SISTER HATTIE A. SUMERIX, who made a request through the INSTRUCTOR a few weeks ago for papers to supply the little "Sabbath-school in the woods," writes, thanking those who so kindly responded. She has sufficient papers for the present.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Sanctuary in Heaven

(April 19-25)

It is a tremendous thought that the scene described in Dan. 7:9, 10, is still continuing in heaven, and that the day is at hand when the Ancient of Days shall rise from the seat of judgment, and the destiny of every soul shall be fixed for eternity. Go over the subject of the sanctuary and its cleansing, allowing the Spirit to make it very real to all hearts joining in the study, that we all have interests to keep before the judgment throne by prayerful faith.

No better basis for the study can be suggested than chapter XXIII of "Great Controversy," entitled, "What Is the Sanctuary?"

By studying the chapter, and fixing upon the main outline, the leader can lead the company in a brief yet very clear study. We have been warned that Satan will try to throw a veil of mysticism over this subject, and we all must know the reality of the things in the heavens, on which depends any reality in Christian experience on earth.

I would read the portion, "End of the Twenty-three Hundred Days," page 45, "Early Writings," as a part of the program. We need to know these statements regarding the Saviour's ministry. More than one young Seventh-day Adventist has been so unfamiliar with the simple descriptions of heaven, and the sanctuary there, and of God's throne and person, as to be quite unable to detect the subtle errors of the mystical and so-called scientific views of God and heaven which are cropping out in all directions nowadays.

Notice in the portion of "Early Writings" just referred to, the statement of Jesus that his ministry in the second apartment of the heavenly sanctuary would take but "a little while." It may seem long to the aged believers. It has been longer than need have been; for Christ's followers have been so slow to rise up and bear the invitation to the marriage supper into all earth's highways and byways. But now there is to be delay no longer, and, thank the Lord, we now may join in passing on the invitation that is to compel men to come in, by the same power that caused the midnight cry to thrill through the land.

W. A. S.

Question Hints

(To be given to different members, and answered in the meeting)

UPON what one scripture did the brethren in 1844 base their hopes? What did they understand the sanctuary to be? What did they think its cleansing meant? What really is the sanctuary? What is its cleansing? Give Scripture proof.

Of what was the sanctuary on earth a type? Find the scripture which says that Christ entered the heavenly sanctuary.

What inspired writer was given a vision of the first apartment in the heavenly sanctuary? Find the account, and be able to give it in substance.

Why is it important for us to understand these things? What has delayed the coming of Christ? How can it be hastened?



CHILDREN'S PAGE

*The Bible*

THERE is a book of beauty rare,—
 God's Holy Book, the Bible,—
 And on its pages white and fair,—
 The pages of the Bible,—
 Is told the story of God's love,
 And how his Son came from above,
 And died, that we his home might share,—
 You'll read it in the Bible.

It tells how he was born on earth,—
 'Tis in the Holy Bible,—
 While angels caroled at his birth;
 The story's in the Bible.
 And how his life on earth was spent
 In doing good; and how he went
 Into the tomb, and then came forth;—
 'Tis all there in the Bible.

So get the Bible down, my dear,
 Get down the blessed Bible,
 And read its words of hope and cheer;
 There's no book like
 the Bible.
 And when we reach our
 home at last,
 With all our trials and
 sorrows past,
 We'll praise God's love,
 which gave us here
 This Holy Book, the
 Bible.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A Bit of History

IN an ancient and very authentic history are the annals of a large and widely scattered family, claiming for their Head a mighty Prince named Emmanuel. According to the earliest records, their Prince walked and talked familiarly with the progenitors of the family. Through rebellion, however, they shut themselves away from his face and favor; so that, with rare exceptions, he was afterward compelled to communicate with them either through his ministers or by letter.

But even in the day of their rebellion, he solemnly promised that at some future day he would return, and make his home with them; but before that day they would have to pass through many and strange experiences.

In the early history of the family, its members were tall, strong, and very long-lived. We are informed that many of them lived to the great age of nearly one thousand years. Indeed, one of them was so well-pleasing to his Prince, that he was taken to the beautiful and blessed place where the Prince lives, and is even now enjoying all the glories of that land.

But in those members of the family inclined to evil, their long lives only gave them opportunity to increase in all manner of wickedness, until their Prince was forced, for the preservation of virtue in the race, to send a great destruction on their whole land, from which but eight souls, who were loyal, escaped. From this small remnant the land was again peopled, but as the seeds of evil and corruption had not been destroyed, the family was soon as debased as before, so that their Prince found but one obedient member among them. Him he called out from his home

and from all his father's house, leading him by a way he knew not, into a strange country. This country the Prince promised that he should afterward inherit, though he possessed none of it while sojourning there. Hundreds of years later, his children did indeed dwell in the land, becoming a great nation.

But though their Prince spoke a holy law to them with an audible voice, and though he led them, giving them teachers and prophets, yet they rebelled more and more, until, in the very height of their rebellion, he fulfilled the promise made in the beginning of the history, and came and dwelt among them, visibly, personally, familiarly, as one of themselves.

And, though he voluntarily laid aside his glory and majesty to do this, his Father, the King, gave him all power and wisdom, so that great miracles

After giving them certain signs, by which they should know when his return was about to take place, he said: "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." "And, lo, I am with you alway."

With this promise he left them, to return and dwell with his Father, the King; while his followers entered a long period of working and waiting, watching and praying.

Their great enemy was ever busy, too, destroying the allegiance of as many as possible, and carrying even the faithful as captives to his land; but they had the blessed assurance from their Prince, "They shall come again from the land of the enemy."

And in a letter he sent them after his return to his own land, he tells them that "when he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive."

In his love for his family, he sent them many letters, which are included in the history, all filled with promises of his return, the very last letter closing with such a promise.

But this was all long ago. The signs which should immediately precede the return of the Prince have come to pass in these last days; not one of them has failed; and you can imagine with what joy the members of his family look up, and lift up their heads, until "they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.



GRANDMA, HERE'S A SECRET

were wrought by him, even the restoring of sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead.

And yet it is written of him, in the history: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

But a few members of the great family, one here, another there, were loyal to their Prince; and to them he said, while he was yet with them:—

"I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

the birds, which had flown north from some sunny clime to herald the approach of summer. Presently a bird perched himself on one of the branches of a graceful elm close by, and warbled as if he would pour out his very heart in music—such a song of life and gladness and love.

"Oh!" sighed one of the violets, "if we could have voices like that to rejoice every living thing within hearing, it would indeed be something to live for. Would it not be a grand thing, sisters, if we could be of some use in this beautiful world?"

Low as the whisper was, the bird, who was just poising himself on the bough above, preparatory to another outburst of melody, heard it, and,

The Violets' Lesson

ONE bright day early in springtime a cluster of timid violets, which had pushed their way up through the damp mold, opened their eyes, and looked out on the world around them. They found themselves just within the edge of a large wood, filled with the music of

looking down, said, "Why, you are of use, little ones! It is your business here to grow up just as fresh and lovely as you can, and help to make the world more beautiful. Every one can not sing, to be sure; but every one can do what is in his own power." And so, having answered the violet, he launched out into his song again exultingly, joining the chorus of woodland minstrels that were rejoicing on every side.

But the violet whispered to her sisters, lower than before, "Ah, but I wish we could *do* something! It is all very well to be beautiful, although I doubt if such poor little tiny things as we are anything very wonderful in that way."

The wind swept across them, and bent their heads over the clear stream. "Look at yourselves in the water, and see if you have not been made beautiful enough to help gladden the world, and do not sigh for more than has been given you. Live your own life to the utmost; be fragrant and blooming, and you do your part." And the stream looked up to them, and sang also, in its low ripple, "Everything has its own work to do in the world! Mine is to freshen the grass and flowers, that, like yourselves, grow near my green margin, and the lofty trees that mirror themselves in my waters; and after a while, when I have expanded into a broad river, to bear on my bosom noble ships that carry men whither they wish to go. Rejoice in the sunshine and soft air, and be as lovely as you can,—as lovely as you were designed to be,—and in time you will know for what use you are destined."

And the violets still looked up timidly, but they welcomed the warm, bright sun rays, when they shone in upon them, bringing to them fresh life and color; they breathed out their delicate fragrance lovingly on the soft spring airs, which gently caressed them. And so they bloomed in perfect beauty, unseen for a while by human eyes. But on one sunny day two young girls came wandering through the wood, searching for wild flowers, and listening to the birds. Presently one of them paused above the cluster of violets. "O Laura! see what lovely violets! I am going to paint them for mama. If I should gather them, they would wither long before I could take them to her; but if I copy them as faithfully as I can, they will be the loveliest reminder of the spring that I can send to her in the city." So she sat down on a fallen tree near by, and sketched and painted the delicate wee things in the book she carried with her, while the violets stood in an ecstasy of delight at finding how much joy they could give by their beauty.

One golden morning there came a little pale-faced, blue-eyed girl, drawn by her brothers in a light basket carriage. The little girl had been ill for weeks, but with the opening spring she had revived, and now on soft, sunny days, she was able to go out in this way to take the air. As her brothers drew her along near the margin of the stream, she spied the violets, and the blue eyes grew bright with pleasure. "O Arty! Charlie!" she exclaimed, "won't you take up the violets very carefully for me, roots and all, with the earth around them? I want to carry them home, and put them in a flower-pot in my room, where I can tend them myself, and see them whenever I wish, when I can not run about to look for flowers." And Arty and Charlie, glad to please their sister, took up the delicate cluster with the greatest care, and laid the prize in Edith's lap, and drew her home.

So the violets found their use. And day after day, as they breathed out their lives in bloom and fragrance, the breeze that wandered in at the open windows heard the violet which had spoken before whisper to her sisters, "Ah, when I sighed to be of some use in the world, I little dreamed that we could do so much just by growing up to be as lovely as we can—as lovely as we are designed to be—as the brook said to us. It was right. I am content."—*The Church.*



VIII—Mental Stub Pens

I LIKE to write with a stub pen, for the broad mark it makes does not show the irregularities in my writing as much as a finer pen. If I want to draw a rude pencil sketch, a carpenter's pencil will serve the purpose; but if I desire to retouch a photographic negative,—to fill up the tiny, transparent lines and patches on the film,—my pencil must have a point like a needle. So for the ordinary use to which I put language, I like to use a verbal stub pen or carpenter's pencil, in the form of the short Saxon words in every-day use. The mental impression thus given is as plain and broad and forcible as the line made by a large paint-brush; but there are no delicate shadings of thought, no fine lines of exact expression.

To illustrate: In the little word "ask" I have a verbal paint-brush; for I may mean *request, beg, petition, solicit, entreat, implore, beseech, or supplicate*. "Dislike" may mean *aversion, reluctance, repugnance, disgust, antipathy*. "Say" is broad enough to include *allude, remark, utter, pronounce, proclaim, and assert*.

If these words are not the "Jacks of all trades," they are at least Jacks of several trades; for you can see that they do the work—though with little attention to details—of half a dozen or more specialists. If you wish to build a wood-house, or a barn, or a fence, a Jack of all trades may do the work satisfactorily; but if it is a magnificent piece of architecture that you are planning to erect, you must have men who are specialists in their respective lines.

For ordinary use, and even for the beautiful, mist-enshrouded word-pictures of poetry, the paint-brush words are the best; but for the precise language of science, those words likened to fine-pointed pens must be used. The physician, when he talks to a miscellaneous audience, uses short words, and consequently general terms, to express his thought, because he knows that the precise, or technical, words are unfamiliar to the public. Thus he may be able to tell the audience about the location of some particular muscle or nerve in the body about as accurately as I could locate the Fiji Islands by saying they are in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, several hundred miles southeast of the Hawaiian Islands; or as accurately as I could locate a certain star in the heavens by saying that it is about half-way from the horizon to the point directly overhead, in the regions of the north.

But we all know that there is a way, by the proper use of some many-syllabled words, to locate any one of the hundreds of muscles and nerves of the body; to give the exact position of any square mile of surface upon the entire earth; to point out without possibility of being misunderstood, any one of the millions of stars visible to the eye on a clear night, yet all this involves the use of technical words, and these words are to the majority of people as mysterious and incomprehensible as Hebrew. So the learned man of good sense does not attempt to use exact terms when talking to those unfamiliar with technical terms, but he uses the shorter words that convey as nearly as possible what he has in mind. The wise always remember that it is better to use a short word, even if it does not express an exact thought, than to use an exact technical term that, to his hearers, may mean nothing at all.

The reason young people often make ridiculous mistakes when they use big words, is that they have no exact thought to express; and having nothing precise in mind, they have no occasion to use other than commonplace words. Another thing it is well to bear in mind: Better use a familiar word that you know does not exactly

express your thought than a word you have recently met, and merely suppose will convey your thought exactly. If the boy had borne that rule in mind, he would not have said, "The scholars all treated the teacher very *respectively*;" nor would the dull boy, after explaining to his teacher that the reason he was absent the day before was because of his cutting his head, have added that there was danger of *information* setting in unless he was very careful.

So when you hear somebody condemning the use of long words, and insisting that they should never under any consideration be used; when you hear people using long words when short ones would do as well; when you hear people talking learnedly in long and learned words about something they do not understand, be charitable and reasonable enough to grant that long words have their places, even though we may not understand them, and remember that it is the height of folly to criticize the way anybody expresses his thought unless you yourself are an acknowledged authority on that subject.

L. T. CURTIS.

Correct English¹

In the clause, "Our Father which art in heaven," is "which" the proper word?

In the seventeenth century, when the authorized version of the Bible was printed, *which* was applied to persons as well as to things. It is now confined to animals and inanimate objects. Modern English requires the relative *who* or *that* when the antecedent is a person.

Is it correct to say, "I can do my best work *after night*"?

Not if you mean that you can do your best work *during* the night. *After night* means sometime the next day.

In the sentence, "She was a poor widow woman," is there any authority for using the word "woman"?

There is none. *Widow* means a *woman* whose husband is dead.

Is "expect" misapplied in this sentence: "I expect he was a model student"?

Yes; *suppose* is the proper word. To *expect* is to look forward to; to anticipate. I may *expect* something in the future, but never in the past.

The sentence is often heard, "To-morrow is Friday." Is the present tense correct?

The sentence should be, "To-morrow *will be* Friday." It is as absurd to say *to-morrow is* as to say *yesterday is*.

What is the correct use of the pronoun "myself"?

Myself may be used in the nominative for emphasis, but always in apposition with the pronoun *I*. In the objective, it is either emphatic, or "implies reversion of the action upon the agent acting; as, 'I will free myself.'" The sentence, "My father and myself are of the same opinion," should be, "My father and I are of the same opinion." *Myself* is correctly used in this sentence: "I myself am responsible for this delay."

Is it correct to say, "The criminal was *hung* at twelve o'clock"?

Hung is applied to the suspension of inanimate objects; but the past tense of *hung*, meaning to take away life by hanging, is *hanged*. Pictures are *hung* on the wall, but criminals are *hanged* for murder.

D. D. REES.

¹ PROFESSOR REES will be glad to answer, in the INSTRUCTOR, any queries concerning the correct use of words and phrases that may occur to our readers. Address, with stamp, Prof. D. D. Rees, College View, Nebraska.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—Nadab and Abihu

(April 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Lev. 10: 1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10: 31.

After the tabernacle was dedicated, the priests were consecrated to their sacred office. This required seven days, and on the eighth day Aaron, assisted by his sons, offered the first offerings for the people.

When everything had been prepared, Aaron lifted up his hands toward the people and blessed them. "The glory of the Lord appeared unto all the people. And there came a fire out from before the Lord, and consumed upon the altar the burnt offering."

But in a very short time a fearful thing happened. "At the hour of worship, as the prayers and praise of the people were ascending to God, two of the sons of Aaron took each his censer, and burned fragrant incense thereon, to rise as a sweet odor before the Lord. But they transgressed his command by the use of 'strange fire.' For burning the incense they took common fire, instead of the sacred fire which God himself had kindled, and which he had commanded to be used for this purpose. For this sin, a fire went out from the Lord and devoured them in the sight of the people."

These young men had been especially favored. Next to Moses and Aaron, they stood highest in Israel. But they did not appreciate the importance of following every word of the Lord. God is not pleased with half-hearted service. We can not please him and Satan at the same time. To do *almost* what he says, but *not exactly*, is displeasing to him.

We can learn another lesson from the experience of Nadab and Abihu. In their youth they had no doubt not cultivated the habit of self-control, but had been permitted to do as they pleased; and when they grew to be men, this habit had such a hold on them that even sacred things were treated as common, if this was the most pleasing thing to them. But God will not accept such service.

These men had not learned to be temperate in all things. By using strong drink, the knowledge which they had of God's requirements was beclouded, and they were not able to discern the difference between holy and unholy and clean and unclean.

Temperance and intemperance reach further than just the use of liquor. We can be intemperate in eating, using those things which are not food, but which becloud the brain and render us unfit to serve Jesus. Or we may eat good food, but in such large quantities, or so often, that we shall become intoxicated from the condition of the food in the stomach. In the beginning Satan tempted man on the point of appetite, and he fell. When Christ came, he tempted him on the same point, but he gained the victory, not only for himself, but for us; and only as we accept his victory, can we have victory, for Satan is still tempting every boy and girl and every man and woman on this same point.

Questions

1. How was the first sacrifice offered by Aaron and his sons received by the Lord?
2. Who were Nadab and Abihu? How had these men been especially favored?
3. With what kind of fire did they attempt to burn their incense offering before the Lord? What do you understand by "strange fire"?

Had the Lord told them what kind of fire to use?

4. What happened to them because of this wickedness?

5. With what kind of service alone is the Lord well pleased? Will he be satisfied if we do *almost* what he says?

6. What had led these men to commit this terrible sin?

7. Why could they not discern between the holy and the unholy, the clean and the unclean?

8. Tell other ways in which we can be intemperate besides in the use of liquor.

9. Can we benumb our senses by overeating?

10. On what point especially has Satan tempted man from the very beginning?

11. How alone may we resist this temptation? Memory Verse.



IV—The Reception of His Message

(April 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Thess. 2: 13-20.

MEMORY VERSE: 1 Thess. 2: 13.

And for this cause we also thank God without ceasing, that, when ye received from us the word of the message, even the word of God, ye accepted it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which also worketh in you that believe. For ye, brethren, became imitators of the churches of God which are in Judea in Christ Jesus: for ye also suffered the same things of your own countrymen, even as they did of the Jews; who both killed the Lord Jesus and the prophets, and drove out us, and please not God, and are contrary to all men; forbidding us to speak to the Gentiles that they may be saved; to fill up their sins always: but the wrath is come upon them to the uttermost.

But we, brethren, being bereaved of you for a short season, in presence not in heart, endeavored the more exceedingly to see your face with great desire: because we would fain have come unto you, I Paul once and again; and Satan hindered us. For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of glorying? Are not even ye, before our Lord Jesus at his coming? For ye are our glory and our joy.

Questions

1. What gave the apostle great reason for rejoicing?
2. How did the Thessalonians accept the message which he brought to them? What was this message?
3. What is the result of receiving the Word of God, "not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God"?
4. How does this Word work? Heb. 4: 12.
5. Of what kind of churches did they become imitators?
6. In what were their experiences similar?
7. What wicked things had these Jewish persecutors engaged in? Whom do such men please?
8. What position did these persecutors take in regard to teaching the Gentiles? What came upon them in consequence?
9. What was a great desire of Paul's heart?
10. Why had he not been able to gratify this desire?
11. What did he say those Thessalonians who would be saved at the coming of the Lord Jesus were to him?
12. What will be the glory and joy of every Christian? Matt. 25: 21; Isa. 53: 11.

Notes

The word of God received as the word of men is nothing. It is as the touch of Jesus by the curious, careless crowd. The word of men accepted as the word of God is nothing, and worse than nothing. It leads to deification of the human, to slavish tyranny, to fanaticism. It is not faith to receive men's words; it is credulity. It is faith, and it is necessary to salvation, to receive the message of God as the word of God, letting it have free course in our lives, and then only will

its creative power effectually work wonders.—*S. S. Lesson Pamphlet.*

It is well to note that this church in Thessalonica became imitators, followers, of the church of God in Judea. It is admitted by all candid students that the churches in Judea were Sabbath-keepers.—*Id.*

The joy of our Lord is the salvation of souls. Of this joy every Christian partakes here, and only in the kingdom of God will he be satisfied, when he sees those for whom he has prayed and labored. One is never too young to work for others. As rapidly as you see new beauties in the service of Jesus, carry these beauties to others, and lead them to taste and see that God is good. No earthly pleasure can equal the joy of leading one soul to know Jesus better.

Home; It Is What We Make It

It has been well said that home is not merely a room bounded by four walls,—home is the abiding-place of love.

"But," says somebody, "it is easier to define the word 'home' than the word 'love.'" So many people look upon love as a sort of sentimental feeling, with which one is liable to be afflicted in the early spring of life, and think that ordinarily it should take its departure long before the coming of the "sere and yellow leaf." Alas that it should be so! this one-sided definition is too true in many cases.

The inspired definition of this sacred word is "charity." If ever there was a place where charity, or in other words, love, should be exercised, that place is in the home. Indeed, the home in which dwells this divine attribute—for love is divine—is like a little corner of the kingdom of heaven. It matters not very much whether the walls of that home are adorned with the choicest works of art, or whether there be only the homely ornaments afforded by a light purse, and arranged by the hardened fingers of toil; it matters little whether the dinner be a "stalled ox" or a "dinner of herbs," if only Love sit at the table as royal queen of the board, she will bring with her sweet Happiness as an abiding guest.

What shall we do to foster the spirit of love in our homes?—A kind tone and a pleasant, cheerful manner will go a long way toward it. But home is the place where so many little anxieties come to wear and vex the tired spirit. Home is where the baby worries, and the bread sours, and the pies run over, and the toast burns. Home is the place where the family washings accumulate so rapidly, and where the clothes of the little ones must be patched; where Johnnie hurries for refuge from the big boys who bully him on the street, and where Mary comes to relate her many youthful grievances.

How shall we preserve a pleasant face, and modulate the voice carefully, and keep back those aggravating little crow's-feet from the corners of our eyes, and those discouraging perpendicular lines from between them?

One word alone will solve the problem and answer the query—"Love." Love will put the patches on Johnnie's coat and brush Mary's curls without a protest or a murmur. Love will speak soothingly to the fretful baby, and tenderly to the peevish invalid. Love will follow the command of the great apostle, "be pitiful, be courteous." Above all, true love will not reserve all the tender words and gentle caresses until those who would have prized them more than rubies have gone beyond our reach.

How shall we make our homes happy and peaceful?—By putting into practise the sweet precepts of that love which suffereth long, and is kind, which is not easily provoked, and which thinketh no evil.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

RELIGION is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.—*Bunyan.*



What Can You Do?

THAT'S what the world is asking you.
Not who you are,
Not what you are;
But this one thing the world demands:
What can you do with brain or hands?

What can you do? That is the test
The world requires; as for the rest,
It matters not.
Or who or what
You may have been, or high or low,
The world cares not one whit to know.

What can you do? What can you do?
That's what the world keeps asking you
With trumpet tone,
And that alone!
Ah, soul, if you would win, then you
Must show the world what you can do!

—The Watchman.

One of Nature's Beauty Spots

LAUNCESTON, in northern Tasmania, is a pretty little city of about twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. It is situated twenty-two miles from the sea, at the head of the Tamar River. This stream is really a branch of the sea, although it is formed, theoretically, by the union of the North and South Esk Rivers, which here come together. Above the city the water is fresh, pure, and unaffected by the tides; below, it is brackish and tidal.

It is of the South Esk River back a distance of half a mile from its mouth in the harbor that we now wish to speak. The west side of the river is a high hill, and as one walks toward the harbor on this side, he comes quite unexpectedly, unless previously informed, to an iron bridge crossing the river, which here dashes through a narrow gorge in the mountain. The first view is enchanting. It is such a surprise to see the steep, rocky hill, at least three hundred feet in height, thus split to its base to admit the river. We enter through large gates, and pass a turnstile where a boy demands a penny for admission to the gorge,—but it is the most for a penny we ever saw anywhere. The ravine is so narrow, and the rocks on either side are so steep, that it is impossible to go up the stream on either side; but the city has built, at great expense, a path in the rocks on the side, blasting where necessary, and in many places building bridges from one point to another where it was otherwise impossible to get space for a path.

At various places where a little more room is found, seats have been built, and several little rustic houses, or shelters, have been erected and provided with seats. On the opposite side of the stream, a race has been built (though how it was done we could not imagine), to carry water to a mill below the bridge. An idea of the fall and force of the stream can be had when it is stated that the water in this race is raised over forty feet in about a third of a mile.

Words can not picture the scene to satisfaction. At every turn of the little winding path, new surprises await the visitor. The rocks on either side stand out in bold relief, many of them so perpendicular, and apparently so detached, that it looks as if they might fall at the least jar. In fact, an earthquake would undoubtedly cause many transformations in this pretty gorge. About a half-mile from the entrance one comes to a

pretty villa surrounded with a beautiful lawn of about an acre in extent. In this is a pagoda-topped, octagonal band-stand, where music is frequently discoursed to visitors. A refreshment stall near by furnishes luncheon.

In the stream at this point is a sharp curve, which forms a broad basin of water; and across this, from another road, supplies are brought in a rowboat. At various places, life-buoys are hung for use in case of accident in the water. Above this pool the stream comes down a very narrow gorge, which contains many falls, and which people can not ascend on account of the steep rocks on either side. It is said that the sights in the gorge are wonderfully increased in winter, when the floods following the heavy rains of the season come tearing down the narrow, crowded channel. Boating is impossible, at all times, except in a few places, on account of the turbulence of the waters, although the amount of water is quite sufficient for good-sized boats.

The place is of special interest because its sights can not be duplicated by man. One can not look at the mountain of solid rock thus cleft for the stream to pass through, without being impressed with the power of the great Creator.

H. E. SIMKIN.

Soap

WHILE we know what soap is used for, we do not really know what there is in it which produces the effect it has. An explanation that does not explain is this: Soap, consisting of fat and alkali (lye), removes grease or other dirt by surrendering, when dissolved in water, part of its alkali, which thereupon proceeds to combine with the grease or dirt, forming a new material, or additional portion of soapy matter, which water will readily remove.

Soap was made by the Gauls and Germans before the Christian era. According to Pliny, the



CATARACT GORGE, LAUNCESTON

Germans manufactured hard as well as soft soap while they were yet a wild people. The Romans learned to make it from them, though the Roman ladies used a caustic kind to dye the hair red or yellow. As further proof of its antiquity, there was found in Pompeii (destroyed A. D. 79) a complete soap-boiling establishment.

It is not known that this useful domestic article was manufactured throughout the first seven centuries of the Christian era, but it is probable that it was. There is authority for the statement that in the eighth century there were manufactories in Spain and Italy. About the twelfth century the industry was established at Marseilles, France, which section afforded two excellent materials, olive and soda. Two centuries later the business was begun in Bristol, England, and at London in 1524.

A few figures will show the importance to which soap-making has attained, but of course they do not give an adequate idea of the immense amount of soap made and used by private families. Every family used to make its own

laundry soap, and this is continued in hundreds and thousands of neighborhoods. Though one of the essentials of the household, it was made of waste and refuse entirely, and the colonists of two hundred years ago made the family soap as it is made to-day in country homes. All the wood ashes were saved, as were bacon bones and rinds. Lye was made by running water slowly through the ashes collected in an ash hopper, and it and the bones and rinds were boiled together in a kettle, and stirred one way. After a day's boiling, the soap was finished—a soft, jellylike, clean substance, showing no trace of the grease. About six bushels of ashes and twenty-four pounds of "soap grease" were required to make a barrel. But to the figures: At Marseilles alone more than one hundred and thirty-five million pounds were made in 1872. In 1852 there were made in Great Britain, not including Ireland, more than one hundred and five million pounds. In 1860 more than \$6,300,000 was invested in soap and candle factories in the United States, turning out something like eighteen and one half millions of dollars' worth annually. Since then the industry has of course grown with the importance of the country in which the manufacture is carried on.

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, soap had been made according to the practice which had grown up in the various localities; but science has had to do with this since that time, the first scientific epoch being the introduction of a mode of making artificial soda by Leblanc, of Marseilles, who supplied that city the want caused by the war with Spain, which cut off the usual importations of barilla. Barilla, it should be understood, is a Spanish plant cultivated for its ashes, from which the best kind of carbonate of soda is obtained.

Many different kinds of materials are used. Tallow, suet, butter, whale-oil, fish-oil, goose grease, horse fat, and many more have been used. A number of vegetable oils have been successfully tried—olive-oil, linseed-oil, nut-oil, castor-oil, sunflower-seed oil, and palm- and cocoa-oils. Fairly good soap can be made from turpentine, wax, and resin, with alkalies.

It will be impossible, in an article like this, to go into the particulars of soap-making, but the mode of making the celebrated mottled castile soap may be mentioned. It gets its name from the fact that it was first made in Spain, where soap manufacture was very ancient. This mottling is accomplished by keeping the soap thick, so that the dark ingredient, or "nigger," as it is called, can not fall down through it to the bottom, but has to gather into streaks and veins throughout its substance, the purer and whiter soap doing the same. In case the coloring matter supplied in this way is not sufficient, a quantity of oxide of iron is added. The manufacture of soap is more largely carried on in Great Britain than in any other country in the world.—Will T. Hale.

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