

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, MAY 7, 1903

No. 18



The Ocean Voyage

COME with me, if you please, and I will give you a brief introduction to a voyage across the Atlantic. Our good ship, the "Oceanic," will sail from Pier 45, New York Harbor, at three o'clock this afternoon. We have spent the night at Smith and McNeal's Hotel, corner of Fulton and Jefferson streets, and this morning we must organize carefully if we would have all the trunks and luggage on board, and everything "ship-shape" for the voyage.

Attention to Details

Some one is detailed to transfer the baggage from the railway station to the wharf, and see that it is properly marked with labels at least two hours before sailing. Another collects the tickets, and takes them to the head office of the White Star Company to be countersigned. The man who has been appointed as treasurer and financier of the party receives all the money, from each of the party, with the exception of a dollar or two to spend on shipboard. This he takes to the exchange office, and secures English sovereigns at the rate of about \$4.88 each. It is better to get one's money exchanged in New York than to wait until reaching London; for British money is at a discount in New York, and it can, therefore, be purchased at a more favorable rate.

With all these details carefully arranged, we collect the hand baggage, "count noses" to make certain that no one is being left, and hurry off to the steamer, accompanied by a few friends from among the New York workers, who are always interested in seeing the missionaries off.

The stewards direct us to our cabins. We open the door and look inside, and then look at the hand luggage, and then at one another. Some one says: "What a cute little room!"



GOING ON BOARD

Doesn't it look like a playhouse?" "Where do you think we are to put this luggage?" says the practical member of the party. The bed isn't big enough for one to sleep in, but it looks as if we would have to share our eighteen-inch beds with the valises.

But necessity is the mother of invention. Little by little the parcels are packed away under the berths. The coats and hats are hung on the hooks; and the little box (called a "State-room"!) begins to look as if people are really going to live in it. As soon as the boxes are adjusted, we go outside to make certain that the trunks have all been put on board.

Good-by! Bon Voyage!

All these details have occupied the larger part of the day, and the time appointed for the good ship to sail has come. The first, second, and third gongs have sounded, warning the visitors that they must go ashore.

Now the last straggler is off. The gangplanks are hauled down; the great ropes and cords



SIGHTING A SHIP

are thrown off; and the old ship begins to swing, almost imperceptibly, away from her moorings. "Good-by!" "Good-by!" "Shake the end of my finger if you can." "No, I can't." "Reach down the end of your umbrella." And so we shake the umbrella at each end so as to extend the good-by as far as possible. "Bon voyage!" "Did you take your lemons?" "Oh, yes, I have the lemons and the crackers and the smelling-bottle, which you say are sure remedies for seasickness, under my pillow, all ready for use if they are needed." We who are on the ship climb into prominent positions, some on the rope-ladders and others on the railing, where we wave good-bys until the ship glides around the pier out of sight.

Sunshine and Shadow

What a mingling of joy and sorrow is seen at these partings! Some are going home, and their joy is unbounded. Others are parting with dear friends, whom they may never meet again. We would that all who are thus compelled to part with their loved ones could have the blessed comfort and assurance enjoyed by our missionaries, who know that God has called them to the work, and that they are followed by the prayers and blessings of all who are dear to them.

But now we are gliding quietly out of the harbor; and we watch with thrilling interest

the most striking landmarks as we pass. Behind us are the great sky-scrapers of New York, towering high above the surrounding city. On



CONVALESCENT

either side are the forts, the fine buildings, and hundreds of crafts of every conceivable size and shape.

Rocked on the Deep

We have passed the Goddess of Liberty and Sandy Hook; and the old ship begins to change her bearings, and "stand out" for the open sea. How delightful the first swing of the vessel as she responds to the heaving rollers! The first motions are so agreeable we begin to gain confidence, and talk with much assurance of our enjoyment of the sea; but little by little the motion becomes monotonous, and the crowds on deck begin to thin out. A lady remembers that she left her baby in care of the stewardess, and hastens down to look after it; but she doesn't come back. The gentleman who talked so loudly, and affirmed that he was never sick at sea, must go down to get his cap; but he doesn't come back. By the time the ship has rolled for two hours, all the passengers, with the exception of a dozen really good sailors,



GAMES ON DECK

are in their bunks, having their first experience in being "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Seasickness

I will not attempt to describe seasickness. It must be experienced to be appreciated; and, in fact, when it is experienced, one knows very little about it. Hundreds of remedies have been recommended for it; and some of them prove

helpful on one voyage, and hurtful on another. An eminent physician whose name is well known tried various experiments in harmony with his theories when he first crossed the Atlantic. The experiments were successful; and he wrote an extended article giving various "sure cures for seasickness." On his second voyage all his remedies failed, and he was wholly "at sea."

It is a sickness that everybody is ashamed of. The patient hurries to his cabin, or goes behind the masts or funnel of the steamer, or looks over the edge of the vessel with a studied expression,—anything to convey the impression that he is all right. The experience is very unpleasant, but the result is seldom serious. Perhaps no other sickness could make a man so thoroughly miserable and do him so little harm. He is dizzy and confused. The sky is in the water, and the water is in the sky. First, the door is in the side of his cabin; then it is in the top, and next in the bottom; and he finds himself in a cold perspiration, clinging to his berth, or hanging on to the floor. He is wretchedly miserable. He is positive that he has lost four times as much dinner as he ever ate; and his stomach seems to be the only thing that refuses to come up.

Remedies

After the first sickness wears away, some are able to read and study; others seem wholly incapacitated for doing anything except to lie flat



IN THE LIBRARY

on their backs. It is amusing to see the various remedies that are tried. One tries lemons; another keeps one eye shut, or bandages it, which, by the way, is a very sensible thing to do. A great scientist has recently affirmed that seasickness can be prevented by looking in a mirror. The paper which makes the statement, however, adds that the only difficulty with the remedy is that it doesn't work when it is tried. Unfortunately, that is the chief difficulty with all remedies. The only sure cure is to reach land. Bits of ice held in the mouth, or a cold cloth or ice on the back of the neck will sometimes give relief. Undoubtedly the best remedy is activity in the open air—on deck. An experienced steward once told me that he had seen many remedies tried; but he was certain that nothing was more successful than marching, playing games, and indulging in various active diversions on deck. Those travelers who are able to overcome the almost unconquerable desire to keep perfectly still in the bunk, and who persevere in activity on deck, usually enjoy the voyage after the first day or two. Men who are experienced in traveling pace the decks for hours; and after the first unpleasantness has passed away, it becomes a most enjoyable exercise.

Games

Then there are games, such as quoits, potato races, and all manner of little sports such as children enjoy on land. If, as the poet says, "men are only boys grown tall" when on land, they are emphatically boys at sea. They are cut off from the world; and a very little thing affords amusement, and becomes a pleasant pastime. I have seen the most dignified clergymen

with their boots off, running enthusiastically in a potato race or in an egg race on deck. The more quiet members collect in companies on deck and sing; others go to the smoking-room and play cards and gamble; and still others spend most of their time in the library, reading and writing.

The Monotony of a Voyage

Life on an ocean steamer, after the novelty of the situation has worn off, becomes very monotonous. There are no points of land or other objects to mark the progress of the vessel. The horizon is a perfect circle, and seems only a mile or two away. It seems impossible that the ship is really making progress. She seems to be always struggling in the center of a small circle, but never advancing.

To be sure, there are variations in the sea: the ever-changing waves and the white, foamy wake of the ship are always interesting. The appearance of any kind of craft is a signal for a general rush to the ship's side; and the boat is the subject of conversation and speculation until out of sight. A watchful eye will occasionally see a beautiful nautilus, a school of flying fish, or perhaps a floating spar from a stranded vessel. All such items are watched for with interest.

Concerts

Toward the close of the journey, when the passengers are nearly all able to be out, concerts are held in the dining-saloons, and frequently the fact is developed that there is most excellent talent on board; but more frequently the speaking and singing are rather inferior because of the fact that people with very little talent are often most willing to volunteer to "help out."

Collections taken on such occasions are given to the Seamen's Refuge in New York and Liverpool.

In the Hollow of His Hand

While much is said about the unpleasantness of sea voyages and the dangers of the sea, there is no good reason why we should fear. The dangers are no greater than on land. The arm of the Most High is as strong to support his children and care for them on the water as on the land. He says: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." David said, "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

E. R. PALMER.

The White Robin

IN the summer of 1900 some friends of mine came to me with a story of a strange white bird that had been seen several times among the trees of a small grove which formed a part of the fair-grounds of the county in which I live. They described it to me as closely as they could, but I could not identify it as any of the birds which may be found in southern Ohio, the State in which my home county is. Finally another friend told me that he had seen a pair of robins feeding it, and, between us, we agreed that it must be a white robin—an albino.

An albino among men is a person whose skin and hair are unnaturally white. Among birds and animals an albino is one which is white, differing from others of its species. A bird or animal the normal color of which is white, or which changes to white feathers or fur for winter, is not an albino. The perfect albino has pink eyes, and no color about it. The white robin I saw was a perfect albino.

The rest of the brood, of which the albino was one, had scattered, and were looking out for themselves; but the parent birds were still feed-

ing their white fledgling. The other birds in the grove took a great deal of interest in the strange inhabitant, especially the purple grackles. As the white robin sat on a bough, the grackles would perch near it, looking at it with their heads turned shrewdly to one side, or hopping from place to place, as if to get a better view. All the time they kept up a blackbird conversation about the object of their curiosity, clucking and chuckling away at a great rate.

The white robin did not hunt food for itself, although it was fully old enough to do so, but depended on its parents. When it flew, it did so awkwardly and blunderingly, and generally seemed to prefer staying in one place.

A day or two afterward two boys brought to my office the white robin, dead. One of the local papers had said that an albino robin might be sold to a museum, and I accused the boys of having killed the bird on the chance of selling it. This they stoutly denied, saying that they found it dead. I took off the skin for the purpose of mounting it, and found that the boys had been telling the truth, for there was no sign of an injury. The poor robin was very thin, and its stomach was almost empty, except for the remains of one bug. I wondered if its parents had grown tired of feeding it. I found, also, that the reason it flew so poorly was because its eyes were defective, and that it must have been almost blind. Had its parents fed it until the time of the fall migration southward, the white robin could not have gone with the rest, and must have starved. The robin was entirely white, with pink eyes, a pinky-white beak, and pinkish legs.—Henry Holcomb Bennett, in *St. Nicholas*.

Lilacs

"SWEET lilacs—lilacs!" This the cry I heard
Above the city street's unceasing roar;
So keen its sudden cadence, that it stirred
My heart to quickened beats. I saw once
more
An old brown house beside a sleeping lane,
A gate moss-misted and a velvet lawn,
And ah! with joy that faltered into pain,
A cloud of lilacs purple as the dawn!

The robin's flute their only heralding,
Ere yet the cowslips margined every brook,
They came with all the rapture of the spring,
And sprays of tender amethyst they shook
Full gently on the casement opened wide;
They bent in beauty toward my eager hand,
And flung upon the air a perfume-tide
More subtle sweet than musk from Samarcand.

"Sweet lilacs—lilacs!" Still that thrilling
cry;
I beckon, and the odorous blooms are mine;
I marvel that a tarnished coin may buy
So much of beauty and a joy so fine!
God gave his flowers no voices, yet to me
They speak through all the silence of the
years
Of childhood's glad content—till Memory
Blots out the present in a mist of tears.
—Selected.

"WHAT a delightful spirit was exhibited by a little girl, who, when defeated at a game of croquet, came dancing over the lawn, clapping her hands and shouting, 'Ethel has won! Ethel has won!' It is a small nature that sulks when surpassed by others."

Do the Hard Things

"DIFFICULT WORK SOLICITED" was the sign put up by a young man who opened a shop for the repairing of sewing machines and bicycles. He had prepared himself to take jobs that were beyond the ordinary workman. The easy work in life is the work that is poorly paid. Whatever calling you select, put yourself to do that which is most difficult in it.—Selected.



Snuggle Close to Jesus

Two little babes so fair, one bitter, stormy night,
Were tucked away, with mother's care, in dainty
beds of white.

One was timid little May, with hair a golden
crown;

And one brave little Bert, with hair and eyes of
brown.

"I don't like storms," said May; "I'm 'fraid of
lightning, too;

Thunder re'lly hurts me,—I wish 'twould stop;
don't you?"

"We prayed to-night, dear sister, to be kept safe
from harm.

Don't you know that Jesus can save us from the
storm?

So I'm not 'fraid of storms at all." Thus an-
swered Bert,—

"Just snuggle close to Jesus, and you won't get
hurt."

Both little babes that stormy night were made to
see

That very close to Jesus is the safest place to be.
But, in the stormy days of life, there's greater
danger dire,

As Satan brings temptation in poisoned darts of
fire:

And so, in all life's storms, the safest place to
hide,

For old, as well as young, is close at Jesus' side;
And he who stilled the tempest once, on raging
Galilee,

Can deliver from temptations that come to you
and me.

Then let's remember, in the storms, the words of
little Bert,

"Just snuggle close to Jesus, and you won't get
hurt."

W. C. DALBEY.

"One of the Family"

DOLLIE wished to join the church, and it was
a keen disappointment to her when she was told
that she was too young, and must wait a few
years.

Mama tried to explain that it really made very
little difference; that she could love and follow
Jesus just as well without being a member of
the church for the present. But though Dollie
was used to yielding her wishes to mama's judg-
ment when the two did not agree; and though she
honestly tried with all her might to give up this
one cheerfully, she could not help feeling that
somehow it was not "just the same."

One day Dollie and her cousin Belle, who had
come from New York to make her a long visit,
and Nannie Cole, who lived next door, were play-
ing together on the piazza, when a strange man
came to the house. He had a book and a pencil,
and he asked a great many questions of mama,
writing down her answers as she gave them.

The little girls were full of curiosity, and when
the man was gone, Dollie asked mama who he
was.

"He is the census-taker," said mama. Then
she explained how he had been appointed to go
from house to house, and find out just how many
people lived in each one, and in the whole town,
and how this was done in all the cities and
towns, until the whole population of the country
had been counted.

This was very interesting to Dollie.

"Did he count me?" she asked, eagerly.

"Certainly."

"I was afraid I was too little," she said, in a
tone of relief. "You are sure he did?"

"Yes." Mama could not help smiling.

"Did he count Nannie, too?"

"No; she would be counted with Mrs. Cole's
family."

"Nor Belle?"

"No, for Belle does not live in this town."

"Oh!" Dollie's eyes were big with interest.

She thought a good deal about the "census-
man" during the rest of the day. At bedtime
she began to talk about him again.

"He counted me here because I am one of the
family, didn't he, mama?"

"Yes."

"Did he have to count me, no matter how
little I was?"

"Yes."

"I wish it was like that in the church," Dollie
said, wistfully. "It seems as if I ought to be
counted, if I'm one of the family, even if I am
little. Don't you think it seems so, mama?"

Somehow mama was beginning to think so;
and the more she thought about it, the more she
felt that Dollie ought to be counted; for she had
been observing the little girl closely during these
weeks, and was convinced that she was indeed
"one of the family." She became so sure of it,
indeed, that very soon the name of Dorothy May
Tracy was added to the list of church-members,
and mama was as glad and happy as Dollie her-
self. How happy that was, you had only to look
into Dollie's shining eyes to know.—*Western
Christian Advocate.*

In the Woods—The Flowers of May

MAY and June are the royal months for wild
flowers. There are no such showy masses of
color as come in July with the daisies, or in
August with the goldenrod; but all the wonder-
ful lower world of the woods, which later sobers
down to the cool summer greenness, is twinkling
with countless delicate flowers, and overhead the
flowering trees—shadbush and cherry and haw-
thorn—are breaking into blossom.

Most of these beautiful little wild flowers can
be easily distinguished by striking color or shape
—the violets, purple or yellow, the rose-pink
fringed *polygala* (sometimes given the name
"lady's-slipper," to which it has not the smallest
resemblance); but there are five or six small
white flowers, blossoming at about the same time,
that are enough alike to be often mistaken for one
another, though when you once know and love
them, you will never confuse them. Last spring
a little girl—quite a big little girl—asked me
to tell her the name of "that little starry white
thing that grows in the woods." Going out to
look for it, I found she was not quite sure which
of four flowers she meant.

The best known of these small white blossoms
is the anemone (*Anemone nemorosa*, crow-foot
family), which nearly every child has seen and
picked. The plant, which grows for the most part
in open pastures, forming little colonies about old
stumps and sunken boulders, is from four to six
inches high. It has a straight, slender stem,
crowned with a whorl of three very smooth, tri-
foliate (that is, having three separate leaflets),
deeply notched leaves, from the middle of which
springs the still more slender flower-stem. Each
plant has one flower. The small, tightly closed
buds vary in color from purple and pink to blue,
which fades as the flower opens. They hang
their heads very low, hiding the mass of stamens
in the middle, until they open fully, when they
stand erect, pure white, five-pointed stars.

The starflower, perhaps the most beautiful
of these delicate white wood-flowers (*Trientalis
Americana*, heath family), is somewhat like the
anemone in growth, but it has a whorl of many
leaves instead of only three, and the leaves are
uncut, pointed, and of a beautiful, warm, light-
green. Sometimes you will find three flowers to
a plant, sometimes only one, but the common
number is two—twin white stars. The blos-
soms, like those of the anemone, spring from the
center of the whorl of leaves, on stems as slender
as a thread; they are white as snow, with deli-

cately pointed petals, and tiny yellow or orange
anthers setting off the whiteness.

Still another plant grows in much the same
way as the anemone, though, like the starflower,
it is of an entirely different family. This is the
dwarf ginseng or groundnut (*Aralia trifolia*,
ginseng family). It has the same whorl of three
leaves, each leaf having three, sometimes five,
leaflets; but the leaflets are only notched, not
deeply cut, like those of the anemone, and they
are of quite a dark-green. The many small
feathery flowers are clustered together into a
head—an umbel, as it is properly called. Most
of the ginseng family have spicy, aromatic roots.

Those of one variety are used by the Chinese to
mix with opium, and so they bring a large price.
The dwarf ginseng and the starflower both like
the deep woods, though they are also found in
open pastures. They do not grow in close groups,
but are scattered freely through the forest, spring-
ing up between the dead leaves; only, the star-
flower likes a rather dry, open wood, a young
beech-growth for instance, while the ginseng
chooses moister places.

The little goldthread (*Coptis trifolia*, crowfoot
family, the English name coming from the bright
yellow, thread-like roots) is so small, so fine and
delicate in growth, and so near the ground, that
without looking closely you will scarcely notice
it. The whole tiny plant (it is only four inches
high) seems to shine; the petals look as if pol-
ished; the stamens are like spun glass. The
leaves shine; they have three rounded leaflets;
notched along the edge with slender, juicy stems,
looking somewhat like young celery plants in the
garden. The plant is evergreen, and you can find
the bright-green leaves under the snow.

The maianthemum (*Maianthemum Canadense*,
lily family) takes us back to open pastures, where
it grows in close colonies through the sweet-fern,
and about old stumps and ant-hills. It is a small
plant, about five inches high. The creamy white
flowers grow in a sort of close spike or raceme;
the leaves are broad and shining, of a beautiful
warm green. It is pretty stiff in growth, but
this is made up for by its lovely contrast of color.
I do not know any English name for the maian-
themum, though it is sometimes mistakenly called
wild lily-of-the-valley.

False miterwort is too clumsy a name for al-
most the most delicate of all the spring flowers.
It seems better to keep to the Latin, *Tiarella*—
as pretty a name as could well be found (*Tiarella
cordifolia*, saxifrage family). This flower you
will find in rich woods, or sometimes by the road-
side where there has been a trickle of water. It
often grows as high as ten inches, though usu-
ally not more than six. The leaves, a light,
warm green, are very soft and downy, shaped a
little like those of the white maple, and the stems
have soft white hairs. The flowers are pure
white, with ten long, slender stamens, and bright-
yellow or orange anthers, growing in an open
raceme. Anything more graceful, more feathery
and delicate, it would be impossible to imagine.

All through May the wild flowers are almost
countless, each more lovely than the last, and
your walks through the woods can not help being
a delight. Here is a suggestion. If you know
some one who cares for wild flowers, and is not
able to go hunting for them in the woods, bring
home with you a quantity of tiarella and of that
beautiful little straw-colored lily, *Clintonia bore-
alis*, and arrange them—not too many for the
size of the bowl—lightly together in a finger-
bowl. You will find that no tropical display of
orchids can be more beautiful than these delicate,
every-day flowers, to be found not far from your
own home, in the May-time.—*Rosalind Richards.*

"LET it be our happiness this day to add to
the happiness of those around us,—to comfort
sorrow, relieve want, and add strength to our
neighbor's virtue."



Working Together

ALL things working together! Ah!
Past, and present, and yet to be.
Truth, and error, and wrong, and right,
Deeds of darkness, and deeds of light,
Cause for singing, and cause for moan,
Forces and powers that are yet unknown,
All that our senses can hear or see
Working together resistlessly!

Working together! Not brass or steel
Guided and moved by a central rod,
Blindly weaving—a mighty loom—
Fateful patterns of joy or doom;
But "All Things," under the eye of One
Who but commanded, and it was done,
As servants obeying their Master's nod,
Working together the will of God.
Naught can question that potent word,
Naught can hinder that royal will.
Though the forces of evil wage
Puny war in their helpless rage,
Though they ponder, and plan, and plot
Ever and ever,—it matters not;
God's right arm will be mighty still
All his purposes to fulfil.

And I love God! and since I am his,
I'm safe and glad for eternity!
What for better or what for worse
Time may bring to this universe,—
Let my portion be what it will
Of earthly suffering, pain, and ill,—
All things are, and shall ever be,
Working together for good to me!

—Mary E. Albright.

Thoughts That Help

DOES your Young People's meeting run itself? or are you planning, working, and praying to make each service such that it may have an uplifting influence upon all who attend it? H. Clay Trumbull says that the only thing that runs of itself is running down hill. Which way is your Society going?

If we only knew that the loaning or selling of a single book, tract, or paper would result in the salvation of a soul, what a determined effort we would make! It is well to remember that while God gives the increase, he depends upon us to sow the seed. We must sow bountifully, or we shall certainly reap sparingly.

Many people are proud,—proud of their smartness, proud of their money, proud of their clothes, proud of their beauty, proud of their friends, proud of what they have done,—too proud to do much that ought to be done. It is this pride that keeps many from God, for "the wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts." Ps. 10:4.

"What kind of weather do you think we shall have to-morrow?" was asked a devout Christian. "It will be just such weather as pleases me," was the surprising answer. When asked how he knew that, he said: "Because it will be just such weather as pleases God, and what pleases him, will please me." If that spirit ruled in the hearts of all professed Christians, what a vast amount of grumbling, faultfinding, and discontent would melt away!

One of our missionaries in China writes of the terrible conditions there. The failure of the rice crops in some places has made the people desperate. It is perilous to travel through some of the provinces. In the midst of dangers of all

kinds this missionary writes: "It is very sweet to read, 'His kingdom ruleth over all.'" Some of us who lead easy lives hardly know what it is to appropriate such a promise, and risk life upon it. Just such tests will come to every one of us. Begin *now* to believe and act upon the promises, else in the hour of need you will not know how.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

From Bozeman, Montana

SHORTLY after the opening of the conference intermediate school at Bozeman, Montana, last September, a number of the young people of that place met to form themselves into a missionary society. It was the purpose to finally organize into a regular Young People's Society; but in order that the mistake, which so often occurs, of letting form and machinery of organization take the place of actual work, might not be made here, it was thought best to form first into a missionary band, and get started to actual work, and let the minutia of organization follow as it was needed.

The first thing was to look over the work that could be done, and lay plans whereby each one could have an active part in it. It was decided that the tract work would be a good line to begin with, as in this way we could come in contact with the people and get acquainted with them. A leader was chosen to have supervision of the work, and such other officers were elected as were necessary to carry everything on in an orderly manner. A number of tracts were ordered, and most of the young people were glad to get started to doing real work.

One of the poorer parts of the town was divided into districts, and each person given territory in which to begin. One reason for selecting this poorer district was that there the workers would be more likely to find those who were in need of physical as well as spiritual aid. Some work has been done in this direction, and has been thankfully received. The better class of the city people seem willing to do what they can to help by giving clothes, etc., to those who are found in need.

The Society is also taking a small club of the *Signs*. These papers are mailed each week, or distributed to those whom the tract workers find interested in such reading. A few papers have also been taken from time to time to the county and city jails here.

Eight or ten of the children are much interested in selling *The Life Boat*, and have taken a number of subscriptions for it.

While up to the present time there have been no visible results of the work done in the city, a number are much interested in the reading, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our part in sowing the seed, and that God will water it, and give the increase in his own good time. It is such an encouragement to know that God is watching over even the weakest of his children, and smiles with approval on every effort put forth for the advancement of his cause in the earth.

From the simple missionary band the organization has grown into a regular Young People's Society, with over twenty members, most of whom, and a number of others besides, are interested in doing some of the lines of work mentioned above.

Our meetings are held each Sunday evening, and consist of Bible lessons and missionary studies on different fields where work is being done. Our own work is discussed and planned for, and occasionally the meeting is given up to reports and experiences of the different workers here. The reports, with the earnest prayers that are offered, are an encouragement to all. May the Lord watch tenderly over the small beginning that has been made in the work here, and gather souls into his kingdom.

We are all glad for the privilege of having a

part in this work, and trust that by being faithful here, we may be prepared for greater usefulness in the Master's vineyard.

CLAUDE CONARD.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Third Angel's Message

(May 10-16)

WE have now reached the turning-point in our story, where, after the first and second messages had sounded, the message of the third angel is taken up in one grand, threefold message, that is to ring out until Jesus comes.

First, cite scriptures showing that the final message of the judgment hour calls to loyalty to God's law and Sabbath.

Second, trace the rise of this reform, as sketched in chapters XI and XII of "Rise and Progress."

This covers an intensely interesting period, when the little band was forming that has grown into the Seventh-day Adventist people. One person might present the scriptures indicating this reform in the last days, while another studies these chapters, and prepares to give the story in brief. The experiences of Joseph Bates and of Elder and Mrs. White in their first steps in the way of this message are full of lessons to us who find a work all ready to our hand. We must learn to believe on the evidence of God's witness alone, and not because we see many others walking in this way, with conferences and institutions, and many facilities. When that same loyalty and confidence stir thousands to action again, with that old-time burden to build up the work and carry it into new fields, truly there will be a mighty movement forward.

"Subsequent Visions," on page 25 of "Early Writings," makes a good selection to read in the meeting this week.

In order not to make the study too long, the person in charge must fasten the facts well in mind, so as to present the story briefly and clearly.

W. A. S.

Question Hints

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

REPEAT from memory the third angel's message. What shows the extent of its proclamation? Is it the last message to the world? Prove it.

From what has the professed Christian world departed? Toward what, then, is the third angel's message directed?

What is meant by the worship of the beast and his image? What is his mark? (See "Great Controversy," chapter XXV.) Who receives this mark?

Where are recorded the names of those who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus? What mark, or seal, do they receive?

Indiana

IN addition to the four reports from Indiana Societies recently published, two others have now been received. The Society at Winamac has eighteen members. Four dollars has been collected by the members, and has been used in the work of the Society. The INSTRUCTOR lessons are used in the meetings. The members are engaged in Christian Help work. The secretary writes: "We are of good courage, and all take an interest in the meetings and lessons."

The Indianapolis Society has eighteen members, two having been added the last quarter. Five dollars and twenty-eight cents has been collected to buy supplies for missionary work.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

**Dandelion! Dandelion!**

DANDELION! dandelion! do you dread the hour
When you'll be a round, white ball, and not a
golden flower?

"I fear not, though well I know that age draws
on apace;

For gray hair is a glorious crown, and old age a
grace.

Grieve not for me, though breezes shall bear me
on their wings:

I'll come, not one, but many, to gladden other
springs."

ELLA CORNISH.

Dipping Candles Fifty Years Ago

"I MUST get the wicks ready to-night, to dip
candles to-morrow, Prudy."

"O grandma! Can't I stay at home and see
you? I never saw anybody dip candles in all my
life."

Prudy was ten years old.

"No, dearie. Don't ever stay out of school
unless it's necessary; for when you're grown up,
you'll be glad of every bit of learning you have."

Prudy watched with great interest the putting
of the wicks on the candle-rods. In her grand-
mother's lap lay a narrow piece of board about
the length of a candle, with a small hole in the
farther end. In this hole she set up a rod, and
put seven or eight lengths of wicking around it,
cutting them off at the end of the board nearest
her, then deftly twisted each pair of wicks to-
gether.

"How many are you going to dip?" asked
Prudy.

"About sixty dozen—enough to last a year."

regular order. She always took two rods at
once, holding them well apart, dipped in the
whole length of the wicks, and took them out
with a sort of dragging motion, letting the tallow
drip off into the kettle.

"It's more work to do them the first time than
a half-dozen other times," she said: "for the
wicks must all be straightened, and set at equal
distances apart."

"Why must you straighten them?" asked
Prudy.

"To have the candle straight, dear. A little
crook in a wick now would be a big one when it's
coated with tallow."

"It's some like bringing up children,—
isn't it?" remarked Prudy, wisely. "If they
aren't started right, they may be just awful when
they are grown up."

Presently grandma arose, and poured some
boiling water into the tallow.

"Oh," cried Prudy, "you can't make candles
of water,—can you?"

Grandma laughed.

"I pour in hot water occasionally to keep the
tallow warm enough, and to melt some of it off
the lower part of the candles, so they won't be
too tapering."

"I should love to dip candles," said Prudy.
"Mayn't I try?"

"Not now. It takes a good deal of judgment
to dip candles well."

Grandma set the kettle of tallow on the stove
to reheat while she got dinner.

"Hallo, Prudy!" said grandpa, when he came

fully in place, she covered her warmly, put down
the curtain, hobbled out as softly as she could,
and shut the door.

"I do believe I might help with the candles,"
she said, to herself. "I'll try a few, anyhow.
Here's where grandma left off."

She sat down in grandma's chair, and imitated
her every movement. Prudy was what grandma
called "a handy child," and she seemed to get
the knack very soon. She went all over them
once, then again, and she could see she was
making them grow.

Grandma was so still, she was surely asleep,
and Prudy kept on, pouring in hot water occa-
sionally, just as grandma did.

Two hours passed, and the clock struck four.

"For the land's sake!" she heard grandma say.
"If I haven't slept two mortal hours! My
candles!"

Out she came hastily, and there sat Prudy dip-
ping candles like a veteran.

"Prudentia Bigelow, what are you doing?"

"Dipping candles for you. Haven't I done
them well? How's your headache?"

"The sleep cured it, dear child. And I don't
see but the candles look just as nice as if I'd done
them myself. You've made them grow masterly,
and they're about big enough for common use."

"Sha'n't I finish them, grandma?"

"No, thank you, dear. Can you go and get a
brass candlestick from the spare bedroom, and a
glass one from the parlor? I'll make a few
candles larger,—just to fit them."

Before dark the candles were all dipped, and

**GARDEN-MAKING**

When garden-making season's here,
There is no busier time of year.
The boys are out, without a doubt,
To help to put the frosts to rout,
For garden-making's in the air,
And gardeners are everywhere—
A shovel here, and a shovel there—
Hurrah for garden-making!

Go where you may, up-hill and down,
By meadow-path and through the town,
Boys have a way that's widely known;
Of garden-making, all their own;
And gardens big and gardens small
Spring up by every hedge and wall—
There surely are enough for all.
Hurrah for garden-making!

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

When Prudy came down-stairs next morning,
two stout strips of board were laid, about a foot
apart, across one end of the kitchen, their ends
resting on chairs turned down on their sides.
The rods, with the wicks hanging from them,
had been laid across these, and underneath were
boards placed to catch the tallow drippings. On
the stove was the big brass kettle, full of melting
tallow.

Prudy always washed the breakfast dishes be-
fore she went to school. On this morning, as
she turned on the icy door-step after emptying
the dish-pan, her foot slipped, and she came down
with a bang, bumping her nose so that it bled,
and twisting her ankle so she could not rise.

Grandma helped her up, but Prudy couldn't go
to school that day.

"But I can see you dip candles," smiled Prudy
through her tears.

Grandma had set the kettle of hot tallow on a
board near the turned-down chairs, and she
sat comfortably by it, and dipped the wicks in

in. "How happens it you aren't at school?
What's the matter with your nose?"

"I slipped down on the door-step, and bumped
my nose and twisted my ankle. So I couldn't
go to school."

"Too bad, little girl. But you can see grand-
ma dip candles,—can't you?"

"Yes. Isn't it lucky it happened to-day?"

Grandpa and Prudy ate dinner, but grandma
drank only a cup of hot water.

"My head aches pretty hard," she said.

"I'll sit on a high chair and wash the dishes,"
said Prudy, after dinner. And she did so, to help
what she could.

"The smell of the tallow seems to make my
headache worse," said grandma, presently. "I'll
have to lie down for a little while, I'm so sick."

She went into the bedroom, and threw herself
on the bed. Prudy was used to grandma's head-
aches, and she hobbled around and filled two
bottles with hot water,—one for her feet, and
one for the back of her neck. Putting them care-

fully in place, she covered her warmly, put down
the curtain, hobbled out as softly as she could,
and shut the door.

"I might help do that," said grandpa, laying
down the *Tribune* and taking out his knife.
"You've got as nice a lot of candles as I ever
saw you dip."

"That's because Prudy helped," said grandma.

"We never had candles at home," said Prudy.
"We used whale-oil lamps, and they always
seemed oily, no matter how clean they were
washed."

"Disagreeable-smelling things," said grandma.
"We tried lamp oil one winter, and I never could
wash it out of anything it was spilled on."

"I remember," said grandpa. "That was the
year our fattening cow got choked to death in the
night, so we had no tallow, and tried lamp oil.
They say whales are getting so scarce now that
oil is high, and I reckon folks will have to go back
to candles. And taken by and large," he con-
tinued, sagely, "you'll never get hold of a nicer

light than good candles give, if you keep them snuffed well."

"Some folks are trying camphene and burning-fluid," said grandma, "but I think they're dangerous."

"I heard Squire Smith telling in the store, one day," said grandpa, "about a new kind of oil he heard about in Boston. They call it 'karryseen,' or some such name, and pretend it comes out of a crack in a rock, somewhere out West. Likely story! They say it's nice to burn, but it costs twenty-five cents a pint, so we won't go to burning 'karryseen' while these candles last."

"No, nor ever," added grandma.

The next day Prudy's ankle was better, so she went to school, and was proud to tell the girls: "Grandma and I dipped sixty dozen candles yesterday!"—*Sunday School Times.*



The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes

SHORTLY after Henry IV came to the throne of France, he abjured Protestantism, and formally accepted the Roman Catholic faith. Subsequently, realizing that his Protestant subjects were too important to be despised or estranged, he issued the Edict of Nantes, "the Magna Charta of Protestant liberty in France." It guaranteed to professors of the "so-called reformed religion," commonly known as Huguenots, complete liberty of conscience; the right of public worship, except in certain cities named; admission to all schools, colleges, and hospitals, with the right to found and maintain such institutions; the privilege of publishing religious books in the places where their religion was authorized; and eligibility to public offices on equal terms with the Catholics. By an appended agreement, they were, for eight years, confirmed in the possession of the "cautionary," or defensive cities granted them by the treaty of 1577.

While the political strength of the Huguenots was gradually crushed by Richelieu and others, their religious privileges were not seriously infringed until the reign of Louis XIV. That dissolute monarch, in intervals of "penitence," conceived the idea of purging his sins, and meriting divine favor, by converting his Protestant subjects to the true faith. His hideous propaganda began with the "dragonade," which consisted in the billeting of dragoons in the homes of the Protestants, with full license to work their own will. Property was wantonly destroyed, money appropriated, and the victims, regardless of age, condition, or sex, were subjected to every humiliation and outrage that cruelty could invent. The refined atrocities of Nero and Caligula and Elagabalus scarcely equaled the foul and bloody deeds of this crusade in the name of the Christian religion. The details are unspeakable. Reduced to partial insanity by various tortures, many were led to sign recantations. Erelong the paralysis of an awful fear fell on whole communities of Protestants, and "conversions" by thousands were reported to the king, who was overjoyed with the success of his "pious" scheme.

Thus encouraged, and prompted by Louvois, Madame de Maintenon, and the Jesuits behind them, the king proceeded to take another step designed to complete the sacred work of unifying the church. This was nothing less than the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Some of his wisest counselors ventured to question the prudence of this step, but the king cheerfully faced all possible contingencies; and so, October 18, 1685, he affixed his signature to the deadly act, whereby

not only the Edict of Nantes, but "every concession to the Protestants, of whatever nature," was revoked. All Protestant houses of worship were ordered to be destroyed; all Protestants were prohibited from assembling for worship in private houses; all ministers were banished from the kingdom; all children hereafter born were required to be baptized by Catholic curates; all Protestants were forbidden to quit the country under penalty of the galleys for men and imprisonment for women, with confiscation of property. By a supplemental act, all children from five to sixteen years of age were ordered to be taken from Protestant parents and given to Catholics.

The effect of this act was, at one stroke, to deprive the Protestants of every legal claim to protection. They were outlawed, exposed to outrage, spoliation, and death, save upon the one condition of apostasy. The dragonade was resumed with added fury, while other agencies of the government lent their aid in inflicting torments so brutal, so loathsome, so widespread, and so prolonged, as scarcely to be paralleled in human history. The horrors of St. Bartholomew's pale before those of the dragonades and the Revocation. St. Bartholomew's witnessed seven days of slaughter, while the later horrors endured for seven years.

The frontiers and coasts were closely guarded, and whoever assisted a victim to escape was exposed to life-imprisonment or death; yet some four hundred thousand fugitives, representing the most industrious, skilled, intelligent, and moral people of France, found refuge in other lands, carrying with them the secrets of industries in which France heretofore had had no rivals.

Meanwhile, despite all terrors and sufferings, many of the persecuted met in secret for worship, and banished pastors returned to lead them. Meetings were also held in mountains and secluded spots; but such assemblies were often discovered by the dragoons, who ruthlessly slaughtered the worshipers. If to the four hundred thousand emigrants we add the slain, the galley-slaves, the maimed, the impoverished, and the mentally crushed, we may conceive the extent of the injury inflicted on France by this inhuman persecution.

These enormities, perpetrated in the name of religion, were influential in producing the skepticism that erelong dominated French thought; and that revolt from religion, combined with the uprising against royal despotism, made possible the bloody Revolution of 1789, whose sickening orgies did not, however, equal those attending the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

When the Chancellor Le Tellier countersigned the Revocation, he joyously repeated the *Nunc Dimittis*, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." "He did not know," says Voltaire, "that he was signing one of the great calamities of France." Yea, the greatest; nor has France yet ceased to feel its effects.

Mr. Seeborn significantly observes that there is "a middle term wanting—a missing link"—between the religious and republican elements of France. "The Puritans—the religious republicans—were that middle term in England."

The want of such an element of sobriety and solidity in France is frequently observable. The political as well as the religious interests of the country have, therefore, largely turned on that fateful Revocation whereby, in the words of Professor Fisher, "Louis XIV endeavored to quiet his own fear of hell by making a hell for his unoffending subjects."—*Young People.*

"I LOVE to feel, when sinks the sun,
That there is something I have done
For which the world is better;
However small the deed may be,
If something good has gone from me,
The world remains my debtor."

MISSION NOTES

SAMUEL CROWTHER, the black bishop of the Niger, was born in the Yoruba country, Africa, and when eleven years old, was sold as a slave. After many sufferings he found himself on a slave ship, which fortunately was taken by a British man-of-war sent out to capture slavers. He was educated in the missions of Liberia and Sierra Leone, and determined to devote his life to the uplifting of his own people in the Niger country. It was while he was engaged in this work that he was reunited, providentially, to his mother, brother, and sisters, who also had been sold into slavery. His mother became a Christian, and took the name of Hannah. In 1864 Mr. Crowther was consecrated first bishop of the Niger before an immense audience in Canterbury Cathedral. Until his death, in 1891, at the age of eighty-two, his labors were unceasing, both as an evangelist and organizer of missions and as a translator, for he had extraordinary skill in languages. His work was done under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

Alexander Mackay (1849-1890) was the great Mechanic Missionary. The son of a Scotch minister, when he was only a three-year-old, he could easily read the New Testament. The workmen on the manse would greet him: "Weel, laddie, gaen to gie's a sermon the day?" And always he would answer: "Please give me trowel. I can preach and build, same time!" When four years old, he was sent after a small pick, but misunderstood, and was later discovered struggling with an enormous six-foot lever, which he had brought fifty yards by dint of swinging it around end for end, two yards gained at every turn. His old nurse, on leaving, threw a leather strap into the mill-race, saying, "I'm nae gaen to let onybody whip my bairn when I'm awa'." The boy plunged in after it, and was almost drowned. "How can I be good without a whip?" he explained. At seven, his reading lesson was the leading article in the newspaper; his reward for proficiency, to be told a missionary story; his choicest plaything, a printing-press.

Mackay became an engineer, and received the best training in Edinburgh and Berlin. It was in Germany that he had what he described as "a new conversion," the call to be an engineer-missionary. Stanley's appeal for missionaries for the Dark Continent met his eye, and promptly in April, 1876, he sailed for Zanzibar, as pioneer of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda.

Through all the fiery trials of the infant mission, under that Felix king, Mtesa, and the cruel Mwanga, Mackay was the mainstay of the work. He opened up communication with the coast. While making the first road into the interior, he came one day to a deep stream too rapid to swim, flowing through an immense swamp. Sending an attendant after a rope by which he could lasso the opposite bank and pull himself over, he composedly sat down in the mire to master Haeckel's theory of molecules! At one time, suffering terribly with fever, he was robbed of many of his stores, including the invaluable fever specific, quinine. This loss would have compelled his retreat had he not providentially met an Arab trader, and obtained some quinine from him.

In Uganda, Mackay became, as he described himself, "engineer, builder, printer, physician, surgeon, and general artificer to Mtesa, Kabaka of Uganda and over-lord of Unyoro." He built a wonderful house, introduced a cart, made a magic lantern, set up a printing-press, constructed a mighty coffin for the king's mother, was tailor, boat-maker, school-teacher, baker, sawyer, weaver, bridge-builder. "Man," wrote Mackay,

"was made to be like his Maker, who made not one kind of thing, but all things." He taught the natives to work, telling them that God, when he made them with one stomach and two hands, implied that they should work twice as much as they ate. Winning attention by his mechanical marvels, he soon won hearts to Jesus Christ. Persecutions came. Converts were burned to death, chanting in the fire a Christian hymn, "Daily, daily sing the praises." The missionary was driven out of the country to a very unhealthy region, where, always feeble, he did not long live. On February 8, 1890, this "modern Livingstone," as Stanley called him, passed from the scene of his manifold toils.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VII—The Twelve Spies

(May 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: NUM. 13; 14:1-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker?" Isa. 51:12, 13.

The journey of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan was very much longer than it need have been if they had trusted in God. They might have been only a few days on the way, but because of unbelief and discontent and sin they were kept in the wilderness.

When at last they reached the borders of Canaan, God told them to go up and take possession of it, because he had given it to them. Then they came to Moses and asked him to send some men before them to spy the land, and see what sort of country it was—whether the people were strong or weak (Deut. 1:21, 22). So God told Moses that he might do this.

Now God had already told them that he went before them to prepare the way, and that the land to which he was leading them was a goodly land, flowing with milk and honey. So when they wanted men to go and "spy the land," they showed that they did not believe God's word.

Besides this, God told them not to be afraid of the people of the land, for he had given all their enemies into their hands. They had seen what he did to the Egyptians, and so they ought to have trusted in him to overthrow all their enemies. But they sent spies to see if the people were stronger or weaker than themselves, and opened the way for all the trouble that followed.

Then men who were chosen found a most beautiful and fruitful land, just as God had promised. But there was one great drawback—there were *giants in the land*. But what of that, when God had given them all into their hands? They might have gone against them in the name of the Lord, as David afterward went against Goliath, and gained an easy victory over them all. The spies brought back to the camp "an evil report," because they magnified the difficulties—the strong cities walled up to heaven, and the giants they had seen, so great that they themselves had seemed like grasshoppers beside them. But they forgot the great God, who was on their side, before whom all the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers. Isa. 40:22.

There were only two men who remembered this—Caleb and Joshua—and they brought a good report of the land, and tried to encourage the people to go up and take it, because God had given it to them. But the people wanted to stone them for their good advice.

It was not the will of God that his people

should wander about in the wilderness for forty years. He wanted them to go right into the goodly land; but "we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief." It was only by believing God's promise that they could go up and take the land; and as they did not believe, they could not go in. How this must have grieved the Lord, after all he had done for them to bring them to Canaan.

While seeking to escape from the giants in Canaan, the children of Israel fell into the clutches of a much worse giant than any of those of whom they were so much afraid.

God has promised to give to all who believe and will let him lead them, a goodly land, a heavenly country, far better than any that there is now upon this earth. But there are giants in the way, who will try to keep us out of that happy land, and make an end of us—Giant Pride, Giant Anger, Giant Selfishness, and many others. But we need not fear any of these; for in the strength of the Lord we can overcome every one of them, and go in and possess the land.

"Many giants great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's band,"

the band of those who fear and trust the Lord only.

Questions

1. When the Israelites drew near to Canaan, what message did God send them? Deut. 1:21. What did the people propose to do? Verse 22.

2. What did they want to find out about the land? Num. 13:18-20. What had God told them about it? Ex. 3:8. And what had he shown them about the people? Tell of the fate of the Egyptians and what befell Amalek.

3. What did the Israelites show by wanting to have the land searched?

4. What sort of country did the spies find? Num. 13:23, 27. What sort of report did they bring? Verse 32. Why was it "evil"? was it not true? Of what did they talk, and what did they forget?

5. What effect did their words have on the people? Num. 14:1-4. Were there none to encourage them? Verses 6-9. How did they treat the two faithful ones? Verse 10.

6. What did God say because of their unbelief and murmuring? Verses 22-24. How long were they to remain in the wilderness? Verses 30-34.

7. Was it God who kept the people out of Canaan? Heb. 3:18, 19. Was it the giants in Canaan? What giant was it that kept them in the wilderness and made an end of them there? What will save us from this deadly foe?



VII—The Coming of Christ

(May 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 THESS. 4:13-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. 5:23.

But we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in nowise precede them that are fallen asleep. 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 that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught

up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. On what special subject would the Lord have his children intelligent? Why?

2. What is the condition of the individual who has no hope? Eph. 2:12.

3. What is the "blessed hope" of the Christian? Titus 2:13.

4. What is the basis of our faith that the dead in Christ shall rise again? When will they be brought from their graves?

5. What assurance is given that those who are alive when Jesus comes will have no preference over those who sleep? Upon what is this assurance based?

6. Who will come to this earth the second time? In what manner will he come? See also Acts 1:11; Rev. 1:7.

7. What will then take place? What will be the condition of the righteous thus raised? 1 Cor. 15:52. Will this change also take place with the living?

8. Of what have these been accounted worthy? Luke 20:35. What does this show concerning the judgment?

9. Who will join the risen ones? Whom will they all meet in the air? How long will they be with the Lord?

10. What are we to do with these precious words? How can these words bring comfort?

Notes

Do not fail to commit the lesson Scripture.

"Satan has endeavored to blind the world to the nature of death, to make men believe that it is something which it is not. To the child of God it is a dreamless sleep, which were it not for Christ's power would know no waking. To those who know not Jesus, there is no hope of seeing again those who have died in him." But simple faith in the death and resurrection of Jesus for each one personally brings that hope beyond the grave which knows no disappointment.

The fact that Jesus died and rose again is all the evidence we need that those who sleep in him shall come again from the land of the enemy. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. . . . For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." "The righteous dead do not arise from the grave, then to be judged and changed. They come up immortal (1 Cor. 15:52), showing that judgment has already passed upon their cases, and that they are accounted worthy to obtain a resurrection out from among the dead ones (Luke 20:35).

To those without faith in Christ, these words bring little of comfort and consolation. Their condition is truly described in Eph. 2:12. But to these very ones, without God and without hope, comes the invitation, "Come unto me." Accept him as your Saviour, simply taking his promises for face value, and this comfort will be yours. The promise of Christ's second coming and the resurrection of the dead is the blessed hope of all who love him. And, praise to his name, he reaches his great arm of love to the one in whose heart the least spark of that love has been kindled and kept aglow.

A LITTLE child he took for sign
To them that sought the way divine;

And once a flower sufficed to show
The whole of that we need to know.

Now here we lie, the child and I,
And watch the clouds go floating by,

Just telling stories, turn by turn—
Lord, which is teacher, which doth learn?

—H. D. Lowry.



BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

Beware, my soul! Take thou good heed lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock and vainly cry;
But watch and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light—the glory of the Son.

— Gerard Moultrie.

At a service in India in which Bishop Warren was the leader, there were 1,339 converts baptized.

A MACHINE that will make bread, and the very best bread at that, has been perfected by a Philadelphia woman. Not only is bread made by this process the most cleanly possible, but it is much more digestible than that made in the old way. One of these machines, with a capacity for turning out twelve hundred loaves at one operation, has just been purchased by the United States government for use in the navy.

THE *Saturday Evening Post* very sensibly suggests that good manners should be taught in the school-room. It says:—

"There are a thousand little customs or rules which a well-bred man observes when he walks or talks or eats, in the house or the street or the train. If he has learned them in his childhood, he is as unconscious of them as he is of the act of breathing. But he can not sit in a room or a car near you for a half-hour, though he does not speak a word, without betraying whether he has learned them or not.

"In our schools we teach boys and girls science, literature, and countless ways of earning their living. Why do we refuse to teach them the little observances which will win for them friends, influence, and power? We open to all of them the way to the position and the power of 'ladies' and 'gentlemen.' Why not fit them to fill the parts? No success will compensate them for want of good breeding."

The Value of Time

TIME may be compared to an eternal, flowing stream, in which all of God's creation is being carried forward at the same rate of speed. Every moment which comes to us brings with it an opportunity to fashion and mold character. Whatever we do, feel, think, or utter, is recorded in the books of heaven.

Time belongs to God, and its value can not be estimated; it is beyond computation. When we neglect to obey or fulfil a call to duty we owe to him, we commit sin; for sin comprehends not actions only, but neglect of known duty, all evil thoughts, purposes, words, and desires,—whatever is contrary to God's commands.

The spare moments of our lives are most fruitful in good or evil; they are the gaps by which temptations find easiest access. Idleness is the foster parent of vice, and it is the greatest evil that affects the world to-day. It has been truthfully said that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop;" therefore, time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe. It was God's decree that man

should not idle time away. "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." God well knew that man's time and mind must be employed in honest labor and righteous thoughts, or Satan would, by his craft, allure that mind into dishonoring God, by selfish pleasures, idle talking, and evil thinking and doing.

It must not be understood that man must be either toiling with the hands continually or reading all the time, in order to refrain from idleness; not so, he should learn, as Solomon did, from all the handiwork of God. Those who have accomplished the most in the advancement of this world's enterprise, and the uplifting of the moral sentiments of man, are not men who have had their heads in books all the time. One must not think he can become wiser by always reading, any more than he can become stronger by always eating. Too much reading and too little reflection will satiate the mind, the same as too much eating and too little exercise will tend to overcharge the system, and produce disease rather than increased strength.

How often has it been said by those who have grown to manhood, and looked back over an ill-spent life, "If I could live my life over again, I would do differently than I have done." Now those same complainers would do just as they did before, were they to live their past over, unless they were to be inwardly quickened and actuated by divine influence. Now is the established time to live as you would wish to live if your youth could return to you. The laborer who was put to work in the vineyard at the eleventh hour received as great compensation for his toil as he who worked all day. 'Tis not how long, but how well, we live that will merit God's approval.

We have only a short time, a few days of probation, in which to prepare for eternity. Our present life is a moral trial, in which we have the opportunity of proving our character to God, and becoming qualified for a happier life. "We are all probationers, candidates for heaven."

W. H. BUTTON.

The Everlasting Catalpa

THE Department of Agriculture henceforth will urge upon farmers throughout the United States the economic value of planting groves of the hardy catalpa.

It is an almost indestructible timber. Representatives of the Government Bureau of Forestry have been making detailed study of the uses to which the wood may be put. In Southeastern Missouri they secured a post which for fifteen years served as a fence post on a farm at Charleston, Missouri, and was then turned over to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern Railway, where it played its part sturdily in another fence for twenty-three years more. To-day it shows not the slightest traces of decay. A tie which had been in actual use on the lines of the Louisville and Nashville for eighteen years was found to be in perfect condition. Even where the spikes had pierced the tie, the wood was thoroughly sound.

For telegraph and telephone poles the hardy catalpa is unequalled. The few groves in the West are speedily making their owners rich, and the government experts are urging farmers to devote as much land as possible to the cultivation of this profitable tree.

These groves can be cultivated with little trouble and expense, and if ordinary vigilance is taken to protect growing trees from certain parasites, the hewn wood becomes practically indestructible; for nothing, the scientists say, can successfully attack the cut timber. It is the hope of the Bureau of Plant Industry that a realization of the great market for the hardy catalpa timber, which at present is very scarce, will result in vast tracts of artificial forests on the now treeless plains of the West.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Newspaper as Time-Wasters

I WAS much impressed one day by a very simple sight. A hack stood at our suburban railway station, waiting for a chance passenger. In the hack sat the driver, a young man of some ability. And he was reading the daily paper. That was all.

That was all, but it set me to thinking seriously. For only the night before I had had a long talk with that young man. He had told me how little pay he got, and what a dreary life he led. Some days he would sit on his hack from six in the morning till midnight, and have not a single fare. Absolutely nothing to break up the monotony of his existence.

Nothing, I say, except the daily paper.

What an opportunity that young man had! Hugh Miller, Horace Mann, Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison, with far less opportunity for reading and study, became world leaders of thought and action. In the time that young man had at his absolute disposal, he could read a library a year. He could master a new language every twelvemonth. He could become an authority on the history of his native land. He could study every science. He could grow learned in mathematics. He could surround himself for life with the great figures of the world, its Shakespeares, its Miltons, its Bacons, its Macaulays, its Ruskins. If that young man had a little pocket in his coat, and that little pocket had always some little book, it would not be many years before he would graduate from the hack, and be riding in a carriage of his own to the Supreme Court, perhaps, or the halls of Congress, or the State university,

But instead of all this—the daily paper! One big fire and three little ones. Five social scandals and six political disgraces. A hanging, a divorce suit, a jail broken, four embezzlements. This man's chances for the office of mayor, that man's chances for the post of sheriff. A miscellany of jokes and short paragraphs and stories and scraps of information that remain in one's head about as long as one reads them. It is for this that the young man has bartered Scott, and Tennyson, and Carlyle, and Motley, and Hawthorne, and Bunyan, and Parkman, and Burroughs—the riches of science, literature, and art—for this gossip, and sensationalism, and inanity!

Of course I would have him—and you—read the newspapers. But fifteen minutes is long enough time to spend upon the average newspaper. And if some unusually good thing causes you to make it twenty minutes, then get through in ten next time. You can do it in this time, and less, if you stop to ask yourself as you note the successive titles, "Is this worth while?" "Is this going to give me anything that will make me more of a man, and fit me better for life's duties?" And if the answer is "No," resolutely pass it by unread.

And if you have enough good sense and sturdy resolution to do this, you will have sense enough and determination enough to use in the best way the enormous amount of time you will save. I am not afraid of that.—*Caleb Cobweb*.

The Youth's Instructor

PUBLISHED BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	- - - - -	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	- - - - -	.40
THREE MONTHS	- - - - -	.20
To Foreign Countries	- - - - -	1.25

CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each	- - - - -	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	- - - - -	.50
100 or more " " " "	- - - - -	.45

Entered at the post office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter