

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Step Between

YOUTH in his pride beheld
A long, long pathway go
From Virtue's height of peace and calm
To the depths of sin and woe.
And on the height he saw
A saint with holy mien;
And in the depths a sinner stood,
A long, long way between.

Age in his wisdom saw
A line, a narrow space,
Between the thunders of God's wrath,
And the sunshine of his face.
This side the line there stood
A saint, washed white and clean;
That side, a sinner, base
and vile,
And but a step between.
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Gum Digging

No forests that I have seen exceed in luxuriant and abundant growth those found in the northern extremity of New Zealand, where the semitropical climate, plenty of rain, and a rich soil combine to furnish magnificent examples of what nature can do. Various species of trees peculiar to this region are intermingled. The tongue-puzzling character of their native names forbids their repetition by a newcomer; so I shall not attempt it. Vines and creepers are interwoven among the branches, and hang in beautiful festoons to the ground. The rope-like "supple-jack," extending from tree-top to ground, awaits the necks and limbs of visitors with many a noose. The provoking shrub, "wait-a-bit," lurks here and there with a thousand fangs to seize the passer-by. But for these slight annoyances, one might fancy he were in an earthly paradise. The graceful nikau palm and the fern-tree furnish a beautiful undergrowth to the gigantic trees that tower a hundred feet overhead. Among these is found the stately kauri (pronounced *cow'ry*), a species of pine valuable for nearly all building purposes. It has a fine, dense grain, susceptible of a high finish. The trees often attain a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and are of great size. The demand for building timber is so great in Australasia that these grand forests are fast disappearing, and not many years will pass before they will be entirely gone.

When a kauri tree is wounded, a resinous gum exudes, forming in amber crystal bodies on limb or trunk, and finally falling to the ground. Being indestructible in soil or weather, it remains, and gradually sinks into the earth, where

it may lie for ages. The soil absorbs certain deleterious qualities, and leaves the mass a beautiful transparent substance. This gum is used in the manufacture of varnishes, and in the printing or sizing of cloth, and commands a good price in London and New York.

At first kauri gum was picked up from the surface of the ground; but as soon as this visible supply was nearly exhausted, digging was resorted to, and far greater quantities were thus discovered. As time passes, and the price of the gum increases correspondingly, the digging goes deeper into the earth. At first lumps of gum were located by the use of long, sharp prods of steel; but now in many cases the ground is all turned up, so that nothing shall be lost.

The mind is lost in the contemplation of the ages in which these vast forests lived and died,

find it raining hard. However, by seven o'clock the clouds rolled away long enough for us to get started. It did not take the boys long to load up the trunks and boxes containing the clothing, food, and necessary cooking utensils for our journey, and soon we were off to the beach, some going on foot, and a few on the wagon with the stuff. In a short time our boat arrived; but before we could get all the things on, the sun was again hid, and the rain fell in torrents. The ex-queen, seeing our trouble, invited us to stop with her till the showers were over. While waiting here, we prepared our luncheon, and asked her to eat with us. She was pleased to do this, and brought some of her native foods for us to try. Thus the time was pleasantly spent, and soon, the rain having ceased, we were off in our sailing-boat, singing as we went.

Our vessel was just large enough to shelter us and the baggage in case of storm. Our company numbered eleven,—Elder B. J. Cady and his wife, two girls, two children, and myself, besides the three boys of our school, who were to act as sailors, and the captain, a native.

The first day out was very pleasant, it being breezy, and just cloudy enough to shelter us from the burning sun, yet not rainy. We came to our first stopping-place, Opoa, in the middle of that afternoon. Here we wanted to find a sister of one of the girls, and also visit the great Marae. We soon found the people with whom the little girl lived. Everything about the place was kept up well and in good order, and the house itself was scrupulously clean and neat, showing that its

inmates belong to the intelligent, thrifty class of natives. They urged us all to remain with them that night; and while we went to see the Marae, they set about to prepare dinner for us.

The Marae is a large heap of immense stones, upon which the natives formerly offered human sacrifices. Now they are all grown over with moss, ferns, and shrubs, and some of the tall, flat stones have fallen over, showing that it is a long time since this heathen worship was carried on. We are indeed thankful that the true God is known here; yet the people do not know him as a God who cleanses from *all* sin. Though nearly all the natives are members of the Protestant church, their lives show that they are not members in spirit and in truth. Their worship is mere form. They do not seem able to comprehend the teachings of the Bible, and apply them to themselves. They do not realize that their individual lives must be changed, that they must be born again, in order to be members of the true church. Hence it is hard to teach them the saving truths; for they do not feel their need of them,



A GROUP OF GUM DIGGERS AT THEIR WORK

and these deposits were placed by the hand of time.
G. C. TENNEY.

A Trip around Raiatea

AFTER nine months of earnest study and hard work, the students as well as myself hailed with joy the prospect of taking a week "off," to sail around our little island. After talking the matter over, Mr. Cady, who, with his wife, was visiting us at the time, asked for an expression, so he could know how many would like to go. Do you think we wanted to go? Did you ever see a boy or a girl who did not want to go on an outing of that kind? I think you can easily guess that every one of us was ready for just such an experience.

This was on Monday, and we decided to start a week from that day, provided we could secure a suitable boat. During this week of anticipation and preparation, each one set about his duty with a lighter and happier heart, so the appointed day soon came. Before daylight all were up, only to

being quite satisfied with their present condition. But we can reach the children and the youth, and educate them in the truth. This is what our little school is for. We hope to train some faithful workers, who can go out in the Spirit of the Lord to teach their own people.

When we returned from the Marae, we all went to the river to bathe, and then the evening meal was ready for us on the table. The natives never eat with white people, so this family ate as usual in the cook-house on the ground, using leaves for a tablecloth, while our family ate at the table in the living-room. We spent the evening singing our native hymns, which many gathered to hear. We were pleased to have the people come; but when we were too tired to sing any more, we would have been equally glad to have them go away. There was only one room in the house, and there we must sleep, as well as all the members of the family. The people did not come inside, but as the walls were only bamboo poles, they looked through the cracks. We think they had a curiosity to see how foreign ladies manage to undress and go to bed on the floor. They dress or undress anywhere, in public as well as in private. When they come to town, they wear their old clothes till they reach the village, and then change anywhere on the street or on the verandas of the stores.

The next morning we were up and off early. That day was rather calm, but by going ashore only once, and that just long enough to cook some food in a native oven, and to take a swim in the salt water, we managed to reach our next stopping-place just at dusk. It was raining hard, and we were wet and tired, but found no good landing-place, so a man met us with a canoe. In this he took us as far as he could for the coral rocks, carrying us the rest of the way. We were very glad for a quiet resting-place. We ate a luncheon and had worship with the family, and then went to bed again on the floor, with nothing but a blanket under us. This time we were in a frame house belonging to a half-caste.

The third morning we sailed again to reach the home of one of our brethren. He and his wife are the only representatives of the truth on the west side of the island. It being Wednesday evening, we had our prayer-meeting with them, and enjoyed much of God's blessing. Being so far away, it is seldom we have the privilege of meeting to worship with them. From here we went to Tahaa, the other island which lies within our reef. On this island there are one family and one old man who are trying to keep the commandments of God. They were glad to see us, for they wish to know much more about the truth. They have no one there to teach them. They kept Brother and Sister Cady busy answering their many questions about the Bible. The evening was spent in visiting and singing. Many came to hear our gospel songs. There was perfect order and quiet. The people of this island do not seem so prejudiced as in some other places. We hope the way may be opened for some work to be done there to call out the Lord's faithful ones.

On Friday noon we came back to Raiatea, bringing the oldest daughter of this Sabbath-keeping family, a girl of fourteen years, with us to attend our school. We were well pleased with her conduct in our home, but it was soon reported that she as well as her brother had the leprosy. Upon examining her, we found a spot on her body, which might look like the beginning of that terrible disease. On account of our family we could not keep her until we could ascertain what it really was. We were sorry to see her go back, but we still believe that if the Lord wills, she may yet return to live with us and learn to serve Jesus. We hope she may be healed of whatever her trouble is, and saved for the Master's vineyard.

Upon our return we stopped with the other

company of Sabbath-keepers on this island. Here we spent Sabbath and Sunday, and returned home on Monday, just one week from the day we left. We were glad to see our home in the valley again, and pronounced it the most beautiful spot on the island. In every respect we felt that our journey had been a prosperous one, and that we had the blessing of God with us. We have had many opportunities of witnessing for Jesus, and we trust that our conduct and conversation showed to the people what the Lord would have his children to be. We are striving to be "living epistles, known and read of all men," so that when life's journey is finished, we may be among those who shall be known and accepted of God.

ANNA M. NELSON.

Raiatea, Society Islands,
March 10, 1903.

True and Untrue

WHAT boy or girl has not seen the railway engine passing by at the rate of fifty miles an hour? How often we read of accidents resulting from the spreading of a rail, the washing away of a bridge, or the colliding of trains. What boy or girl has not stepped into the telegraph office, and heard the click! click! of the little machine? All over the country, under the sea and girdling the earth, the telegraph wires bear messages. What boy or girl has not seen a golden coin? A few years ago the world was startled by the discovery of gold in Australia, and recently in the Klondike. From all parts, men and women hastened to secure a fortune. What boy or girl has not seen or ridden on a bicycle or in an automobile? They are now common things. Up and down the hills they go. Not every boy or girl, however, has seen the submarine boat that sinks beneath the water, still pursuing its course, or the flying machine that passes through the air; yet such are in use. Not every boy or girl has seen the great iron ships that cross the sea with as much ease as a small boat crosses the Mississippi, and with more safety, yet such by steam cross and recross the ocean.

Many years ago there lived in Yorkshire, England, a so-called prophetess, who went by the name of Mother Shipton. In 1448 her so-called predictions were published. Here is a list of them, all but one of which have been fulfilled:—

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth, thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
Gold shall be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills, men shall ride,
And no horse be at their side.
Under water, men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air, men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and shown
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

This is 1903, or twenty-two years later than the time predicted for the end of the world. How foolish for any one to make such predictions, when Jesus said, "Take heed that no man deceive you," for "of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only."

But will Jesus come?—Oh, yes, and blessed the day when he comes! And will there be no signs of his coming?—Yes, very many. If you read Matt. 24: 5-31, you can count a list of more than you have fingers on your hands.

These things being true, what should we as boys and girls do? Suppose we let Jesus speak to us on this question. First, he says, "Watch, therefore;" and second, "Therefore be ye also ready." Let us heed the advice of our blessed Master, and pray:—

"Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness."

WM. P. PEARCE.

Only a Song

ONLY a song, but, oh! the glad cheer of it,—
Song of the meadow-lark, listen and hear of it,
How, when the twilight was slowly descending
O'er the wide prairies that seemed never ending,
Boundless, unsmiling, the sky bending o'er me,
Treeless, unbroken, they stretched far before me,
The pathway I traveled seemed lonely and long
Until he poured forth the glad notes of his song.

Only a song, but, oh! the glad cheer of it,—
Brighter and sweeter than all you can hear of it;
Other birds sing when the whispering winds
bring them
Song-hints so sweet that they can not but sing
them,
Or when skimming o'er clover-blossoms, dainty and
sweet,
Or lilted where poppies nod in the gold wheat.

Only a song, but, oh! the glad cheer of it,—
O'er the broad prairie, the brown and the drear
of it;
Brave little meadow-lark, my heart is swelling
Full of thy song's joy that passes all telling.
Learn it, my heart, though the way may be drear;
Sing, for the old world has need of your cheer.

—Sara Schunucker, in S. S. Times.

Farming Beneath the Surface

VERY interesting and extensive farming operations are now carried on in the "sponge belt" of the Gulf of Mexico. The *Saturday Evening Post* gives the following facts concerning this industry:—

Over half a million dollars' worth of sponges is now the value of the annual harvest of that protozoa from the Gulf side of the Florida coast.

This extensive sponge-cutting is so decreasing the supply, especially of what is known as the sheepswool variety, that the government is conducting experiments in planting sponges.

The natural sponge ground extends from St. Marks to Tampa Bay, one hundred and fifty miles, and from fifteen to twenty miles from the shore. By means of powerful water glasses the operators survey the sponge-fields, and with sharp grappling-forks cut and draw up the sponges. They can by this method harvest sponges growing at a depth of sixty feet.

The threatened exhaustion of the Florida coast sponge-fields, therefore, has awakened the United States government to the desirability of renewing them; and now thousands of sponge cuttings are being planted, some at Sugar Loaf Key, east of Key West, and others in Biscayne Bay.

In planting sponges the cuttings are secured to a support sufficiently durable to withstand salt-water corrosion and devastation wrought by the teredo and other aggressive mollusks.

While experiments in growing sponges have been made previously in other countries, Dr. H. F. Moore, who has charge of the Florida work, says that the experiments undertaken by the United States have demonstrated for the first time the practical utility of the project they forecast.

Ninety-five per cent of the cuttings planted along the Florida coast have healed, and are thriving sturdily. The cuttings that perished were mostly from yellow sponges. The sheepswool variety, which has a higher commercial value than the yellow kind, seems also to be the hardier.

IN Central Park, New York City, is an ancient Egyptian obelisk, which, sixteen centuries before the opening of the Christian era, stood before the Temple of the Sun, in Heliopolis, near Cairo. It was presented by the khedive of Egypt to the United States in 1877, and erected on its present site in 1881. The cost for its removal was over a hundred thousand dollars, which sum was paid by wealthy citizens of New York City.



Home Life in Great Britain

EVERY Englishman must have a home, if it is only one little room in a garret. One corner must be his own, where he can reign supreme. There is none of that tendency to live an uneasy, demoralizing hotel life which is becoming so common in our country. Among all the best society of the English people, every effort possible is made to surround the home with safeguards, and so to separate it from the world that it may have a quiet, peaceable existence all its own. Mark Twain says that an Englishman builds a fine house, lays out its gardens, builds a wall around it thirteen feet high, puts broken glass bottles in the top of the wall, so that no one can climb over, shuts the gate and locks it, and is then thoroughly satisfied that he has a little corner of the world all to himself. At first thought this seems ridiculous to an American; and yet it is precisely what the Englishman does when he is forced to live within the limits of a great city. It looks cold and inhospitable to the man who is outside; but within these high walls are some of the finest and best regulated homes in the world.

While in London, I had the privilege of visiting the gardens of several such homes; and it has never been my pleasure to visit more charming spots than these. The garden is simply a vision of loveliness. Every little nook and corner has some artistic touch, some beautiful vine or shrub or tree. There is nothing regular or systematic about these gardens: they are laid out as nature lays out her wild woods. Less than fifty feet from the main street or from the house, I have seen secluded little nooks, where one can sit down, and not be able to see a solitary indication of being in a garden or in a city. Apparently he is in some secluded nook in a great forest. The artificial is entirely excluded; every touch of the gardener's hand is a touch of nature.

I have been told that a favorite rule given by English gardeners for laying out the yard of a private residence is to stand on the front porch with a basket of potatoes, and throw the potatoes promiscuously over the yard, and then plant a tree or place a flower-bed wherever he finds a potato. At least it is true that the trees are scattered about as nature would plant them.

The lawns are kept with great care. It is said that a certain American millionaire, when visiting the home of an English nobleman, particularly admired the beautiful lawns around the Englishman's private residence; and before he went away, he asked his host to explain to him just how he could make such lawns around his home in America. The gentleman sent for his gardener, who explained with great care all the processes by which a perfect lawn may be prepared, and then finished by saying: "Prepare the lawn in this way, and then care for it as I have told you, for a hundred years, and you will have a lawn like this." An Englishman once advised an American to carpet his yards with brussels carpets rather than attempt to make a real lawn, if he wished to save expense.

land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivaled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

"Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage; the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing; the brook, taugth to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake; the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limp



KENSINGTON PALACE

waters, while some rustic temple or silvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

"These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water,—all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture.

"The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of

The following beautiful paragraphs descriptive of the English rural instinct are taken from Rural Life in England in "The Sketch Book" by Washington Irving. If you have this book, or can obtain it, you will enjoy reading the entire chapter:—

"The taste of the English in the cultivation of

taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very laborer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly, providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside,—all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind.

"It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I can not close these desultory remarks better than by quoting the words of a modern English poet, who has depicted it with remarkable felicity:—

"Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crowned with shade,
But chief from modest mansions numberless,
In town or hamlet, shelt'ring middle life,
Down to the cottage vale, and straw-roof'd
shed;
This western isle hath long been famed for
scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling-place;
Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove
(Honor and sweet endearment keeping
guard),
Can center in a little quiet nest
All that desire would fly for through the earth;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoyed; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving
heaven;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky
cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the
sky."

E. R. PALMER.

Putting in Time

It is a commonly heard expression: "I will put in the time some way!" What do we mean by it?—We mean that while we are waiting for somebody, or something, we will be doing something or other, we do not know what, but we will while away our time in some fashion. No one "puts in time" with a definite plan; it is always at blank haphazard. No one who "puts in time" expects definite results; he only expects to avoid *ennui*, and get through the hours till something comes along that is worth while.

But the expression is an admission that time is being put into something. Into what is it put?

Plainly it is being put into a hole, the big, black, bottomless pit of vacuity. Nothing comes out of that hole, though oceans of time flow in. It is one of the most greedy maws in the universe, and one of the least profitable. Time is far too valuable to throw in there. Time is the one thing that man can not make, nor can ever hope to make. Though it is given so freely, it is given most grudgingly—only a second at a time, and not for a king's ransom a shred more than a second at a time. Moreover, time is what everything else that is worth while is made up of. Time is the universal solvent sought by the philosophers of the world; it may be transformed into all other valuables. Think of putting time into the yawning gulf of emptiness!

When next you have a chance to put in time, put it into a plan. Have a plan all ready, for you will have no chance to go after it. Time is the most volatile and effervescent of substances.

You may put it into a book you have at hand in your pocket. You may put it into an essay, half written, or half-outlined. You may put it into your Sabbath-school lesson, your next Young

People's meeting. You may put it into the Bible—new reading, or heedful thought of what you read in the morning. Ah, there are so many fine places to put time in!

The difference between failure and success in life is largely in this matter of putting in time. Tell me how you spend your spare minutes, and I will tell you how to spend the rest of your life—and what salary you get for doing it!—*Caleb Cobweb, in Christian Endeavor World.*



Unobeyed Orders

"They . . . told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest."

We are ready to tell the eleven,
With faces and hearts aglow,
That the Lord has indeed arisen
And before his own doth go,
Through the old Galilean places,
To the mountain of sacred tryst—
To tell so fair an evangel
Were a joy to be unmissed.

We are eager to tell the eleven
How he sat with us at meat,
And we scarce could speak for gladness,
As the air grew strangely sweet;
Till hence not a loaf unbroken,
Or a cup with its wine unshed,
But shall bring back the hour the Saviour
Was known in the breaking of bread.

And still we tell the eleven,
While, unknown and unconsolated,
Vast kindreds, tongues, and peoples
Are heirs of a tale untold.
In the white light of death and judgment
Sufficeth it then to attest,
"We told the eleven, dear Master,
But we told not 'all the rest?'"
—*Louise M. Hodgkins, in Zion's Herald.*

Service the Law of Life

THE primary object of every gift bestowed upon us is that we may impart it. God has so arranged the economy of his gifts that we do not really receive the benefit from them ourselves until we have imparted them. Man does not receive anything, in the true sense, until he gives it away. We can not be blessed by simply receiving for ourselves. A blessing does not bless on its way in, but on its way out. We can not be blessed in a permanent way until we have taken the blessings bestowed, and passed them on.

A Lesson from Two Seas

Having by giving is in harmony with all God's paradoxes. In the land of Palestine there are two seas. One is living; it receives its waters fresh from the streams and hills, and retains them just long enough to let them pass through it to the valley beyond. This is the Sea of Galilee. Note that it is kept fresh, pure, and living, not by what it receives, but by what it gives. No body of water in this world lives because waters flow into it, but because they flow out from it.

The other sea is dead,—the Dead Sea; the name tells the whole story. It receives pure water from the same sources as the Sea of Galilee, but retains it all within its own bosom, sending no stream of blessing forth. Therefore that which is life in Galilee is death in the Dead Sea. Thus God's gifts to us become our condemnation and our death, if we retain them all within ourselves. We live and grow and flourish only as we give them forth.

"Looking unto Jesus, we see that it is the glory of our God to give. All things Christ received from God; but he took to give. So in the

heavenly courts, in his ministry for all created beings: through the beloved Son, the Father's life flows out to all; through the Son, it returns in praise and joyous service, a tide of love, to the Source of all."

A Complete Circuit

Christ gives all things to us, that we may give all things to others, and they in turn may pass them on, until they at last return to the great Giver. "And thus through Christ the circuit of beneficence is complete, representing the character of the great Giver, the law of life." We live as long as we are in the circuit, with the life and blessings of God passing unobstructed through us. We die when we seek to retain them for ourselves. The whole idea of the gospel is to teach the universe how to give. Lucifer obstructed that giving system, and sought to retain the gifts of God for his own benefit. Jesus Christ made the great, supreme sacrifice, to teach the universe that giving is the law of life. This great lesson is written in all nature, for "there is nothing save the selfish heart of man that lives unto itself."

The Bumblebee and the Clover

In Australia there is no clover; not that clover would not grow there just as well as here, but there are no bumblebees, and clover depends for its life upon the service of the bumblebee. The people of New Zealand imported clover, but it would not grow until they imported bumblebees also. Thus the bee ministers to the life of the flowers, while they in return impart to it that which it needs to sustain its own life.

Living for Each Other

Man throws off from his body that which is the life of the flowers; the flowers throw off that which is life to man. Thus there is a relationship between man and the flowers, other than that which is established by their beauty. Every flower is supplying you with life, and you are supplying the flowers with that which is life to them. "Every tree and shrub and leaf pours forth that element of life without which neither man nor animal could live; and man and animal, in turn, minister to the life of tree and shrub and leaf."

The strength of the sun evaporates the water in the seas and oceans, and the winds bear it over the land until it falls in showers to water the earth. The sun does this that it may serve the land and mankind; but it is itself glorified by this unselfish service, for the glorious sunsets and the rainbow are the direct result of it.

This principle holds good everywhere. Everything that lives serves something else. The Christian can never live except on that principle; for that is the foundation of the gospel, and that for which the gospel was given.

The Syphon

The syphon is perhaps the best illustration of this principle. A syphon is a bent pipe for conveying liquid from one vessel to another. With what is this pipe filled?—Air. You can not force the air out; the only way that it can be removed is by displacement—by putting something in its place. It must be dipped into the fountain and filled, and the air will go out. But to be filled is not enough; for if it is simply filled and left, its fulness will either evaporate or stagnate, although it came fresh from the fountain. You may be converted to God: you may know the blessings of the gospel; but if you stop there, these blessings will become a curse, because you are not imparting.

We must get this syphon into working order. Put one end into the fountain, remove the obstruction from the other end, and let it flow. It is not a great effort, not a great struggle; as soon as the obstruction is removed, the water will flow forth in a steady stream, and every drop that falls is an irresistible demand upon the fountain for a fresh supply,—a demand that it can not refuse.

The Result of Service

But there is something more yet: for every drop that falls, God multiplies the supply thirty-, sixty-, and an hundredfold. Suppose all Christians were living syphons, and drops were constantly falling from their lives upon the thirsty world around them, and they were receiving some thirty-, some sixty-, some an hundredfold, in the place of each drop: what would we have?—Showers of blessing. Some one has said that if one half of the time spent in praying for the Spirit were spent in fulfilling the conditions upon which it is promised, we would receive much more of it. When we get into the channel, the current of God's life, as servants to labor, God will give us what we have looked and prayed for so long.

E. R. PALMER.

July Study of the Field

(July 11)

1. OPENING EXERCISES:—

Scripture Reading showing that the gospel is to go to the world.

2. Field Study:

(a) Experiences in Brazil. (*Review and Herald*, June 2.)

(b) Bolivia as a Mission Field. (*Review and Herald*, June 9 and 23.)

(c) Incidents from the Work in China. (*Review and Herald*, June 2 and 14.)

(d) Report of the Medical Missionary Work in Japan. (*Review and Herald*, June 9.)

(e) Report of Hillsdale Mission, Society Islands. (*Review and Herald*, June 23.)

3. Closing Exercises:

Prayer for Missions and Missionaries.

Royal, Oregon

THE Society at Royal, Oregon, reports fifteen members, and holds weekly meetings on the evening after the Sabbath. The topics considered have been Temperance, general missionary work, and the INSTRUCTOR lessons. Some of the members have sold copies of "Christ's Object Lessons," others have sold and given away copies of *The Life Boat*. All are interested in Christian Help work. The secretary says: "I consider the interest good. The children are learning to work for God in the meetings, and are doing what they find to do in other ways."

Keene, Texas

THE Young People's work at Keene, Texas, is making encouraging progress. The Society now consists of fifty members, of whom several have recently joined. The studies in the INSTRUCTOR are followed, with much interest and profit to the members. The programs are planned so that different members take part. Often a quartet or other musical selection is introduced for variety. The Society sent one hundred copies of *The Life Boat* to two State prisons, and ordered five hundred copies to sell in its own vicinity. Other efforts are contemplated.

WE are pleased to give the following extract from a letter received concerning the Young People's work in Cedar Rapids, Iowa:—

"We now have an interesting Young People's Society. We organized with thirteen members, and we have in view about ten others whom we hope will unite with us. All over eight years old are in the organization. We are taking up the following lines of work: Paper, tract, Christian Help, and some of the older members may do something with 'Christ's Object Lessons.' Our members are getting considerably interested in missions. We have good meetings every Sabbath afternoon. We have an interesting and varied program, appropriate to the occasion."

• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •

The Changed Trees

A QUEER old farmer dreamed one night
Some trees had not been planted right;
And in his dream it seemed he went,
And all night long his strength he spent
Replanting here and there a tree
Where he was sure it ought to be;
And in the morning when he woke,
He climbed up in the tallest oak,
And looking quickly every way
He saw a bay-tree in the bay;
And just beyond the breaker's reach
A beech-tree waving on the beach;
And, glistening in the morning rain,
A plane-tree nodding on the plain;
A plum-tree stood all out of plumb;
A box-tree had a box become;
The ash-tree in the ashes grew;
The yew became the pronoun you;
But further, as he looked about,
He found he'd left the hat-tree out;
And had forgotten utterly
The cross-tree and the family-tree.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

The Tale of a Plum-Tree

"WOULD you believe it, ma! Those thieving birds have carried off every one of my gold-drop plums. They're a nuisance, and ought to be killed. The black rascals didn't even leave a seed," said grandpa to grandma as he sank into a splint-bottomed chair, weary from his walk through the orchard. He spoke in a disappointed tone; for he had watched the gold-drop plum-tree very carefully all summer, in order to get the fruit when it ripened. This particular variety did not appear to yield well. Three springs had come and gone since the tree was planted, each one clothing the plum-tree in robes of white bloom, but it had never before borne fruit. This year there were just five plums that came to maturity, and were fast turning yellow in the summer sunshine. Grandpa's rheumatism had been worse, so he had not visited the orchard for several days, and now he had gone—only to find the tree empty.

Clarence was sitting on the porch railing, carving his name in a piece of redwood. Grandpa and grandma did not see his face flush, or hear the tumult going on within his breast as he listened to their remarks.

A neighbor boy had given Clarence a sling-shot, which he had been permitted to use only on the conditions that he would not shoot at anything that had life, and that he would keep out of the range of all windows. The orchard was a favorite retreat, and one day he was playing he was David, and the gold-drop plum-tree was Goliath. He really did not intend to do any harm; but before he realized it, a rock went humming into the plum-tree, and down came a luscious, yellow plum. Clarence ran to the spot where it fell. The rind had burst, and of course grandpa would not care for it, so he would eat this one. It was oh, so sweet and juicy, he did wish for one more!

He counted them; there were one, two, three, four, left. So he took another aim, and down came all four, every one bursting from the fall. What was to be done? He had not intended to knock them all off; he did not want to take them to grandpa and confess what he had done; so he ate them, and hurriedly buried the seeds, seeking to cover his sin. But he found, to his sorrow, that an accusing conscience will not be quieted, even if covered. He felt miserable. He knew grandpa was disappointed not to taste the plums that he had watched so long, and he felt guilty not only of the sin of stealing, but also of lying. It is true he did not speak, but he had permitted grandpa to think that the innocent blackbirds

had taken the plums when he knew they had not.

Two wretched weeks dragged by before he had courage to confess his cowardice. One morning at worship grandpa read from the Bible that charming account of the heavenly city, closing with the words: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

The words were scarcely spoken before Clarence, unable to endure the strain longer, sobbed out the whole of his sad story. He ended by say-

was making as much noise as possible with them.

Suddenly a head poked itself above the high board fence. "Hello there!" its owner called. "Guess you think you're having a big picnic!"

Ben looked up. He did not care very much for Walter Marshall, the boy who had lately come to live next door; but Ben was a kind-hearted chap, so he answered: "Come along over and help."

"I don't see much fun in firecrackers," replied the boy on the fence, not very politely. "Look here," he added, "I've got a new kind that's worth a bushel of yours."

He held up a handful of slim, round objects, that, at that distance, looked very much like fire-



ing: "O grandpa! I just wish you'd give me a good whipping!" But grandpa thought Clarence had already been punished. EDITH O. KING.

How the Firecrackers Saved Ben

"BANG! Bang!—Bang!" went the heap of firecrackers in the back yard. Ben was having a grand time all to himself. It was morning, and he had put on an old coat, which he had not worn since the summer. In one of its pockets he came across some bunches of firecrackers left over from his Fourth-of-July celebration, and now he

crackers. Ben's match went out in his hand as he stopped to look.

"What kind are they?" he asked, approaching the fence.

Walter Marshall burst into a roar of laughter. "Well, you're a goosy and no mistake!" he cried. "Why, you light 'em, same as your kind!" He struck a match, applied it to one end of one of the so-called firecrackers, and stuck the other end into his mouth. The smoke rolled up in a little blue cloud.

"Oh," cried Ben, "cigarettes!"

"Yes, they're fine. Every try one?"

Ben never had; he had always agreed with his father that boys who smoked were "young idiots." Still, he could not help thinking that Walter looked very manly, sitting up so straight there, with the smoke rolling from his mouth, and the cigarette held carelessly between his fingers. As he hesitated, Walter broke out: "Well, you ought to. It's heaps of fun. How'll you trade some firecrackers for one?"

Ben had an abundance of firecrackers, so he did not like to refuse. He could easily throw the cigarette away afterward, he told himself, and he would like just to hold it for a little while. So he handed up the required number of firecrackers, and took the little round white object, and slipped it into his pocket. He glanced rather nervously toward the house; he did not like to think of his mother seeing him with a cigarette in his hand. He went back to his fireworks, and Walter dropped off the fence, and left him alone.

And then Ben began to think; surely it would not hurt to take one puff.

He took the cigarette out of his pocket and looked at it. Just then he heard his mother's voice; she was only giving some instructions regarding dinner, in the kitchen, but the sound of her voice made Ben jump. He plunged his hand back into his pocket, and turned down the garden path.

In a minute Ben felt startled by his own action. He was not usually easily frightened by anything, but here he was starting and running away at the sound of his own mother's voice—that mother who was gentleness itself to her only child. Ben had yet to learn that wrong-doing is sure to make a coward of even the bravest boy.

The boy walked quickly to the end of the garden-path, until he came to a narrow place between the stable and the wall, which divided his father's lot from his neighbor's. He slipped into this passage, feeling decidedly mean and small, and starting nervously at every sound. What if his father were to come into the stable?

But in spite of all his doubts, Ben was bent on trying his new purchase; he would see if he couldn't look as fine and grown-up as Walter Marshall had looked.

So Ben struck a match, at the same time slipping his hand into the pocket where the slim round object lay.

Suddenly he heard a sound; it was only Neddie, his donkey, stamping in the stable, and at any other time Ben would have known this; but just now any sound frightened him. In desperate haste he stuck the end of that slim little object into his mouth, and applied the match. He was in such a hurry he did not wait to see what he was doing, and afterward he could never tell just what happened next, but at that instant there was a terrible bang! and Ben dropped his cigarette, and stood holding his hands over his eyes, and stamping in an agony of pain.

"My eyes! Oh my eyes!" he groaned. The suffering lad staggered blindly out into the garden. His mother had heard his cries, and came running to the door. He remembered falling forward into her arms, and then the pain slowly left him, and he sank down in a faint.

When at last Ben came to himself, everything was very dark, and his face and eyes smarted terribly. He put up his hands, and felt a bandage across his eyes. Then he heard his father's voice, and his mother's, and a third with them, the doctor's. They seemed very far away.

"Mother!" he whispered, "will—will I be blind?"

His mother took his hot hands in her cool ones. "No, dear, but you must keep still. The powder from the firecracker got into your eyes, but Dr. Barnes says they will be better before long, if you lie very still and keep quiet."

"Of course," cried Dr. Barnes, cheerily.

"You're all right, my man. You've had a narrow escape, but you'll pull through. I really don't

believe youngsters ought to be allowed to meddle with such things," he added, "they are sure to get their silly little heads into trouble."

"I don't understand it at all," said Ben's father. "Ben is always so careful. I never knew him to get hurt before, and I have allowed him to have all sorts of fireworks."

"Well, he'd better leave them alone in future," said the doctor, somewhat sharply, and having given further directions, he left the room.

"This is a new experience for you, Ben, my man," said his father, laying a kindly hand upon his son's poor, hot forehead. "I don't see how you came to play such havoc with yourself."

Ben lay silent for a minute. He felt as if the powder of a hundred firecrackers was burning him up. Something whispered, "Your father and mother need never know. They'll think it was firecrackers did it." But something else said, "You were a coward once. Now you're paying for it. Don't be one again."

"It—it wasn't a firecracker did it!" Ben exclaimed quite suddenly.

"Not a firecracker!" cried both his parents. "What was it?"

"It was a cigarette!"

"A cigar—*what?*"

"A—a cigarette."

"The poor child's delirious!" cried his mother, taking his hands in hers again.

"No, I'm all right," said Ben, as calmly as he could. "I—I traded some firecrackers for a cigarette, and when I lit it, it blew all to pieces into my eyes."

For answer Ben's father went over to where the boy's coat hung on a chair. He put his hands into the pockets, and drew out a bundle of matches and,—the cigarette that had been blamed for all the trouble.

"How many did you have, Ben?" he asked.

"Just one," whispered Ben, in the depths of humiliation. For a moment he felt almost glad that his eyes were useless, he did not want to look at the faces of his parents, just then. His father's next words surprised him.

"It's just as I thought. He has been trying to smoke a firecracker in mistake. The cigarette's here, Benny, and we may be very thankful that your eyes are safe, too."

Ben was a wonderfully patient sufferer during the long, weary days that followed. He had learned a severe lesson, but he never forgot it. On the day when the bandage was taken from his eyes, and he looked at all the objects in the house, with new delight, his father pointed out to him a slim little white cylinder lying on the mantel-shelf.

Ben grew red up to the roots of his hair.

"I—I guess there's not much danger of my trying another," he said.

"I don't think so, either, Ben," said his father, with a smile. "And after all, when that is the case, I'm glad it turned out as it did; for if you had really smoked the cigarette, it would have done far more harm in the end than the firecracker did."

And Ben, remembering certain things which cigarettes did to boys who were in the habit of using them frequently, thought so too.—*The King's Own.*

The Captain Inside

"MOTHER," asked Freddie the other day, "did you know that there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man, and I told him a soldier. I mean to stand up straight, hold my head up, and look right ahead. Then he said that I was two boys,—one outside and one inside,—and that unless the inside boy stood straight, held up his head, and looked the right way, I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one, and be the captain."—*Selected.*



X—The Way a Word Looks

WHEN I meet a friend, I am generally so engrossed in talking or listening, that I scarcely ever notice how he is dressed. He may have a freckled face, or a red nose, or a glass eye, all of which peculiarities I at first noticed; yet, since we have become acquainted, these oddities have all vanished, and I see what he is, rather than how he looks.

Unfortunately, indeed, many an individual treats his word acquaintances in the same way. The first time they meet, something peculiar in the make-up of the word was observed. The peculiar way in which its letters were strung together was marked, but by and by it is known so well as to be recognized at a glance; often indeed recognized by certain intimate associates it has, and the time finally comes when the real form of the word is hardly seen at all.

Most Americans speak English in some fashion or other. If not skilled in oratory, everybody possesses some conversational ability. It is safe to say, further, that in this age of books and magazines, everybody reads, and thus secures a stock of information with which to converse. But reading alone does not familiarize one with the looks of a word, neither does careless, slipshod writing; for despite the fact that editors all over the land are complaining that every third American aspires to write novels, or rhyme, or newspaper articles, these same editors will also tell you that most of the matter they receive for publication must be carefully edited by correcting numerous errors in orthography, grammar, and rhetoric. The majority of people, however, seldom write English except in the form of letters, and this kind of composition does not tend to cultivate an acquaintance with the spelling of words; for their friends are too considerate of their feelings to criticise the way they spell, and business men are too busy to do so.

For the past few years it has fallen to my lot to dictate hundreds of letters and other matter to classes of shorthand students, and correct the typewritten transcripts. In this way I have been able to learn how likely bright young people are to know words well enough to read them, but not well enough to spell them. Again and again have I found it necessary to remind grammar-school graduates that *planned*, is not *planned*; *ocured*, is not *occurred*; *ect* is not *etc.*; and that *maintainance* is not *maintenance*.

But misspelling a word does not consist merely in naming the wrong letters. At least half the mistakes are of this class: *All ready*, for *alreedy*; *alright*, for *all right*; *some time*, for *sometime*; *in as much as*, for *inasmuch as*; *any body*, for *anybody*; *partner-ship*, for *partnership*; *every thing*, for *everything*; *Seventh Day Adventists*, for *Seventh-day Adventists*.

You would hardly think it possible for a young lady who had for years used sewing-machines, discussed sewing-machines, and read about sewing-machines, to spell it *sewing-mashean*, yet she did.

One would think it improbable that any one should make such a blunder as this: "We *arived* in town *alright*, got the *male*, and then went to the auction *sail*." I have seen just such blunders made, though not quite so close together.

Here are several words, some of which I find misspelled almost every day. Dictate them to your friends who think they are experts in writing English:—

If you will *advise* me, I will take your *advise*. He *conceives* the idea of *deceiving* them. *Neither* of my *neighbors* is proficient in *grammar*. It *ocurred* at the *beginning* of the *Conference*. We have *conferred* with the committee on the subject of *deferring* the meeting. We have *already*

learned that they were *all ready* to start before noon. He has been *managing* his affairs so badly that they are now *unmanageable*. It is *right* that Mr. *Wright* should *write* you in reference to the *rites* of this society.

The real Christian assumes that his neighbors are honest and upright unless he has overwhelming proof to the contrary. Proof-readers, on the other hand, suspect every word to be wrong — to have its letters transposed, or inverted, or disarranged in some way, until they have proved by careful scrutiny that it is right. I wish (and I presume there are many who will say, "Those are my sentiments, too") that the proof-reading of words was more in vogue, and the proof-reading of one's acquaintances less so.

L. T. CURTIS.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—The Defeat at Ai and Its Cause

(July 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." 2 Cor. 6: 17.

We know that the city of Jericho must have been a very wicked place, or God would not have destroyed all its inhabitants. He wanted to keep his people from being in any way led astray by their possessions; so he told them that they were not to keep any of the accursed things that belonged to the Canaanites, lest they should trouble the camp of Israel, and make it a curse.

The silver and the gold found in Jericho were to be devoted to the Lord, and everything else destroyed. When Achan put the gold and silver and the Babylonish garment under his tent, he thought it was hidden; but we see how it showed itself to the world.

The third verse of our lesson chapter shows that the Israelites were beginning to trust in themselves instead of in God. When the people advised Joshua to send only a few men to Ai, because it was a little city, they showed that they took some credit to themselves for the taking of Jericho.

From verses 6-8 we can see that Joshua and the Israelites had confidently expected victory. They were surprised, and greatly ashamed by their defeat. This was right. When we are doing what God has given us to do, we should never look for defeat, but always expect victory.

Verses 8 and 9 show why Joshua was so troubled when the conquered army returned to the camp. The Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land had heard of the crossing of the Jordan, and of the taking of Jericho; and they trembled, and were afraid before Israel. But when they heard of their defeat at a little city like Ai, Joshua feared they would gather courage to come and fight against them. It was the God of Israel that they feared; and now they would think he could not be so powerful as they had believed. So his name was dishonored when his people were defeated. "What wilt thou do," said Joshua, "unto thy great name?" Very likely those nations that afterward fought against Israel would never have dared to do so if it had not been for this failure.

This lesson shows what a terrible thing sin is, and how impossible it is to hide it. Do not think that you can cherish some secret sin in your own heart, and no one else be troubled by it. The sin of one man troubled the whole camp of Israel, and dishonored God before the world, until it was put away.

See how many opportunities Achan had to repent and confess his sin. First, when the defeated army returned in shame to the camp. He might then have confessed before the whole camp, and had the accursed thing destroyed, and he would have been saved.

Again: when God pointed out the sin without naming the sinner, he was giving Achan another chance to make his own confession. Then, as the lot came closer and closer, God was speaking to him, and leaving him a chance to tell what he had done. But not until the lot fell on him, and he was pointed out and condemned before the whole camp, would he confess his guilt. It was then too late for him to put away his sin, and he perished with the accursed things.

If we now confess our sins as God points them out to us by his Holy Spirit, we separate ourselves from them and are saved. But those who wait until the day of judgment, when their sins are brought home to them, and they stand condemned before all the world, will perish with the sins they have clung to, even though they acknowledge their guilt.

After the accursed thing was put away, all the men of war went up against Ai. God then delivered the city into their hands, and the shame of their defeat was wiped out by a glorious victory.

Questions

1. What command did God give about the things belonging to Jericho? Why were the Israelites not to keep any of them? Joshua 6: 18; Deut. 7: 26.

2. Who disobeyed this command of God? How did he try to hide his sin? Tell how the sin showed itself. What does sin always do? Joshua 6: 18, last part of verse.

3. What did the request of the people about Ai show that they were beginning to do? How had they got the victory over Jericho? Does it make any difference to God how many or how few he has to work with? 2 Chron. 14: 11.

4. How many went up to take Ai? Tell what happened to them.

5. How did Joshua and the Israelites feel when they heard the news? How did they show their distress? Why were they so troubled?

6. How had the Canaanites felt toward Israel? Why? What did Joshua fear would be the result of this defeat?

7. What did God tell Joshua to do? What is always the best thing to do when we have failed in anything?

8. Why were not the children of Israel able to stand before their enemies? What must be done before God could again go out with their armies and give them victory?

9. Tell how the sinner was discovered. What opportunities did Achan have to confess his sin? How long did he wait? What did Joshua say to him?

10. What was done to Achan because he did not confess his sin until he could hide it no longer? How are our sins pointed out to us? What should we do when we see that we have sinned? Prov. 28: 13. If we do not confess our sins, what will at last become of us?



II—The Fulness of His Power

(July 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 1: 13-23.

MEMORY VERSE: "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." Verse 18.

In whom ye also, having heard the word of the truth, the gospel of your salvation,—in whom,

having also believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is an earnest of our inheritance, unto the redemption of God's own possession, unto the praise of his glory. For this cause I also, having heard of the faith in the Lord Jesus which is among you, and the love which ye show toward all the saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers; that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him; having the eyes of your heart enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to that working of the strength of his might which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and made him to sit at his right hand in the heavenly places, far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and he put all things in subjection under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

Questions

1. What does the apostle say of the faith of those to whom he was writing?

2. What had they heard that led them to believe? What is the basis of all true faith? What was their experience as a result of this faith?

3. Of what is the Holy Spirit an earnest, or pledge? For how long a time is this pledge valid?

4. When will this purchased possession be ours? Where does the praise belong for all this gift?

5. What always accompanies faith?

6. What did the apostle do when he learned of the faith and love of the Ephesians? What lesson may we learn from this?

7. To whom did he pray? What did he ask for first? What is the source of such a blessing as this? John 16: 13.

8. What will be the result of the spirit of wisdom and knowledge?

9. With this enlightenment, what three things shall we know?

10. In what will the hope we have in God meet its complete fulfilment?

11. How are the riches of our inheritance known here? Eph. 1: 3.

12. What is the standard of the greatness of God's power to us who believe?

13. What more did he do for Christ besides raising him from the dead?

14. How highly did he exalt him?

15. What has been put under his feet?

16. What is his relation to the church, which is made up of his followers?

Notes

1. God's glory is his goodness. When Moses asked the Lord to show him his glory, he told him that he would let his goodness pass before him. And so for the great gift he has bestowed upon us—our eternal inheritance, the earnest, or pledge, or foretaste of which we already have in the Holy Spirit—the praise is to his glory, or goodness.

2. These long sentences of the apostle need much study. It is one sentence from verse 3 to verse 14 inclusive. Verses 15 to 23 are also comprehended in one sentence. We shall need to study them as a whole and in parts. Every clause has its weight, every word its meaning. Note in verses 18 and 19 that it is not mere intellectual knowledge which is desired for God's people, but that the eyes of the heart—the seat of the emotions, affections, will, and thought—may be illuminated, enlightened, that we may see and know beyond mortal vision and mortal knowledge. And all this knowledge is summed up in "the hope of his calling," "the riches of the glory of his inheritance," and "the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe,"—power over sin, and, hence, power over death. To know these is to know all that is worth knowing.—*S. S. Lesson Quarterly.*



A Winner

WELL for the boy in the race of life
Who will never give up;
Something he's learned in its stress and strife,
And he'll never give up.
Like an athlete, at the quick word, "Go!"
Sure and alert he's away, and so
His are the spirit and vim that show
He will never give up.

What if a leader or two falls back?
He will never give up.
Many a hurdle obstructs his track,—
But he'll never give up;
Just for the reason that he set out
Meaning to win in life's running-bout,
And till he *does* win, without a doubt,
He will never give up.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

A Prayer for Purity

OH, that mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might ever tie
From ever speaking foolishly:
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory might to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed, to thee I cry.
Oh, purge out all my dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within;
Lord, wash and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so;
For that is more than I can do.

— Selected.

Church Etiquette

To know how to behave one's self in the house of God is the first lesson that should be learned by those who gather there to worship. The following excellent suggestions on this subject should be cut out, and slipped into your Bible, where you can read them often:—

"1. If possible, be in time. You need at least five minutes after coming in to get warm or cool, to compose your body and mind, and to whisper a prayer before the service begins.

"2. Never pass up the aisle during prayer or Scripture reading. If you do, your presence will distract the minds of many in the audience.

"3. Be devout in every attitude; all whispering should be studiously avoided. Find the hymn, and sing it if you can. Share the book with your neighbor.

"4. If the sermon has begun, take a seat near the door—no matter if you are 'at home.'

"5. Be thoughtful for the comfort of others. Take the inside of the pew, if you are the first to enter, and leave all vacant space at the end of the aisle.

"6. Speak a bright, cheery word to as many as possible at the close of the service. If you are a stranger, ask one of the ushers to introduce you to the pastor, or to some of the church officers. This will always insure you a hearty welcome.

"7. Never put on your coat, overshoes, or wraps during the closing hymn, and do not make a rush for the door immediately after the benediction is pronounced.

"8. There should be no loud talking and jesting after the service is concluded. They are out of place in the house of God."

It would seem as if the good sense and simple justice of this last suggestion are so apparent as to make the suggestion itself almost unnecessary; yet how often do we hear loud talking, boisterous laughing, and social chit-chat indulged in by

those who are leaving God's holy house. If one were to talk with those whose voices are loudest, whose actions the most blameworthy, they would no doubt be quick to admit the justice of the reproof. Often it is simply a lack of thought that leads to such grave disrespect to the place of worship; often, again, it is because of careless habits, long indulged, or by following the evil example of those who should know and do better. But whatever it is, no one should excuse himself from observing the few rules that should govern his behavior when attending any service in God's house, or when leaving the place of worship after the service is over.

The Winner

I HAD been watching the herring for an hour or more as they struggled through the sluice to the dam. The fall of the water over the gates was unusually heavy that day, as was also the run of herring. For a week they had been straggling in from the sea, but to-day they poured in by thousands. The stream was clogged.

Something—their increased numbers and greater rivalry, perhaps—had noticeably excited the fish. They seemed electric with it. Perhaps this school had been delayed by the cold April weather, and now must reach the pond to lay their eggs, and were in a hurry. Whatever the cause, they certainly seemed to be in a hurry: I had never seen them scramble over the shoals and over one another in quite this rush before.

The unusual excitement was less manifest in their mad rush upstream than in their still madder rush at the falls. On any running day a few of the stronger, bolder fish, finding their way barred by a four-foot dam, try to climb over through the down-pouring sheet of water. The vast majority, however,—not unlike, I suppose, the majority of men,—coming to the impossible barrier, stop in the easy pen built for them beneath the falls, and are content to be scooped out, for pickling and fishbait, though a few are carried up in barrels to the spawning-ponds.

But to-day it was different. Instead of the usual few there were many fighting to get over. I had watched them time and time again, but had never seen one pass the four feet of sheer falling water. In "Wild Life Near Home" I have described how they would dart through the foam into the great sheet of water, strike it like an arrow, rise straight up through it, hang an instant in midfall, and be hurled back and killed, often, on the rocks beneath.

To-day I felt a new thrill as I watched them. Something of the evident excitement among the fish possessed me. I somehow knew that the swimmers were on their mettle, that a record would be broken.

The falls were all a-flash and a-glitter with the darting fishes. Not only was there a greater number in the contest: there was also a much higher average jump than usual. Over and over again one would get within half a foot of the lip of the gate.

Soon I noticed that it seemed to be a certain fish that made this highest mark. I followed her as she fell back, and, though it was impossible through the foam and thick rush of other forms to keep her in sight, yet I am sure that each time she rose it was with a peculiar bound, showing a particularly long, lithe body. And each time she fell, peculiar good luck attended, or else it was that her superior sense and training served her; for each time she landed just between or just beyond the rocks.

Again she flashed through the foam, and hung, fixed like a silver arrow, in the dark water just below the edge. Again she fell. I was excited. Flash! flash! flash! a score of the shining ones shot into the falls, when over them, above them, flashed the long, lithe form of the winner, striking one of the weaker rivals beneath her just as she reached her highest mark, and bounding

sidewise from her, glanced over the dam and was gone.

The record was broken, and within five minutes, by the same curious hap, another turned her silver side over the great hurdle, and dived into the quiet pool beyond.

It is a rather paradoxical state of things that creatures like these fish hate cloudy, cold weather and rain, and will not leave the ocean willingly for the shallow fresh waters unless the sun shines, and the wind suits, and the temperature is to their liking. There is some reason for the chickens' staying in when it rains; but what need have herring of umbrellas?—*Dallas Lore Sharp, in St. Nicholas.*

The Life of Seeds

A SERIES of interesting tests has lately been begun to determine how long the life-principle of seeds continues. Caskets containing a great variety of seeds were buried; and each year one of these caskets will be taken up, the seeds it contains planted, and their growth carefully watched. The *Saturday Evening Post* has these interesting paragraphs on the subject:—

"It is reported that in soil carried into Western valleys by hydraulic operations in the mountains, trees of a variety previously unknown either in the mountains or the valley spring up. Where did the seeds come from? Had they lain dormant for years, or perhaps ages, in the earth? The supposition is that they are the survivals of former forests. The theory awakens speculation as to the vitality of seed life.

"Often when sod land is broken for cultivation, noxious weeds spring up, which, so far as the farmer knows, never grew before in that locality. The theory is that the seed lay in the ground for generations, awaiting certain conditions necessary to cause it to germinate.

"In a park in Paris a series of *Lathyrus*, which had once been abundant, disappeared on account of the growing shade of trees. Thirty years from the time of the plant's apparent extinction in that locality, the trees were thinned, and the leguminous vine reappeared. A more mysterious instance was that of plants of the rush genus (*Juncus bufonius*) making their appearance in earth obtained from a great depth in an excavation in Paris. In another section of France, on the banks of a ditch in a stretch of country reclaimed by drainage, alders suddenly began to grow broadcast. So far as human knowledge goes, that tree was never before known to exist in that or any neighboring locality. The supposition is that in some earlier period that part of the country was an alder forest, whose surviving seeds, after a lapse of ages, now reappear.

"The information along these lines is vague and unsatisfactory. Similarly, the statement that wheat found in Egyptian sarcophagi grew readily when planted, four or five thousand years from the time of harvesting, can not be accepted as proved. Yet, in the absence of definite knowledge, experts reserve opinion. It is to supply exact data on the subject that the burial of seed has taken place at Arlington."

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