

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LI

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No. 34

## INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT INTERESTING PLANTS

THE plants of our gardens and fields are interesting to study in more ways than one; and the person who observes them for the sake of witnessing their peculiarities only, will undoubtedly find much to entertain him.

Almost everybody knows how the sunflower "follows the sun;" that is, in the morning the bright, good-

natured-looking flowers will be facing the east; but as the sun mounts slowly in the heavens, and sinks down in the west, the blossoms gradually "follow" it, until at night they are turned completely around, and face the west.

One peculiarity of the sunflower is that sometimes it refuses to follow this rule, standing in the same position all day; but where there are many plants in a collection, one can usually find several blossoms that will do as they are expected. This is especially true of young, newly opened flowers.

Sunflowers planted around a yard are supposed to have the properties of a disinfectant, purifying the air and soil, and even preventing disease in live stock. Chickens are very fond of sunflower seeds, which contain much nutritive matter. The oil obtained by crushing the seed is regarded as valuable for many uses.

*Ricinus zanzibarensis*, or castor-oil bean, rich in its massive, tropical beauty, is an interesting plant to study. It has been supposed that the roots of this plant, growing in the soil, have the property of driving away the little moles that work just under the sod; but this idea has gradually been discredited.

Persons who have enjoyed the stately beauty of a *Latania borbonica* palm, and have fanned themselves comfortably with a palm-leaf fan, may be surprised to know that the latter is only one of the leaves of the former, dried, bleached, and "made over." A close comparison of the live leaves and the dead will show many points of similarity.

Morning-glories have their own particular time of day for coming into bloom. Before their owners or any of the flowers in the garden are up, these bright blossoms are nodding and craning their necks in the early delight of a summer morning. The flowers are short-lived, however, and do not last until noon; though if they are grown where the sun can not strike them, they will remain open longer.

While the morning-glory is an early riser, the evening primrose and *nicotina affinis* can not be persuaded to wake from their slumbers until late in the day, though in cloudy weather the nicotina will blossom earlier, and often remain in flower for many hours, when conditions are favorable. Although a member of the tobacco family, the nicotina is beautiful, and a large plat of the white, fragrant blossoms will scent a whole yard on a summer night. Potato bugs are very fond of this plant, so do not be surprised to see them feeding on the leaves.

The evening primrose is both beautiful and interesting. Stand before a plant when twilight shadows begin to gather, and watch the buds. First there will be an exciting little "twirl" at the petals; then, almost before you know it, a great, yellow blossom will sway on the flowerless stalk of a moment before.

The oxalis, which also has its views on retiring and waking into bloom, is usually going to sleep at the time when some of our evening flowers are waking up. The oxalis rises with the sun, and the leaves and flowers

gradually expand, until at noon they are fully opened. As the sun sinks lower, however, the foliage and flowers fold slowly together, and so remain until next morning. Tulip blossoms and poppies are of the same habit. The seed-pods of poppies exude a liquid from which opium is manufactured. Digitalis, or foxglove, also yields a drug often prescribed for those who suffer with heart trouble.

The water hyacinth is noted for its curious and beautiful growth, as well as its charming blossoms. The round, smooth leaves are attached to an inflated, bladder-like stem, that enables the plant to float. The roots are a peculiar shade of dark blue, and the blossoms are a handsome blending of lilac blue and azure. The plants may be placed in an aquarium, in tubs on the lawn, or in ornamental glass dishes. Place a small stone in the dish, and set the plant on this, leaving it there until the roots have become established. Change the water often.

While we at the North admire the water hyacinth, the dwellers in the Southern coast States detest it. A few years ago one of the principal rivers of Florida was blockaded because of the thick mass of plants that had grown across the bed of the stream, making it impossible for the steamers to cut through. A considerable sum of money was expended in clearing the plants away.

Parrot's feather is another interesting plant to put in an aquarium or in well-moistened hanging-baskets. The long, feathery, drooping plumes are a bright, lively shade of green; the plant grows rapidly, and will prove a welcome addition to the garden museum.

An interesting plant is the sensitive plant, which has feathery, fernlike foliage that promptly folds together when touched by the human hand. The plant really appears to be suffering greatly, and its leaves curl up as if scorched by a hot blast, when approached too closely. While this plant has an aversion for most persons, it will occasionally allow children to touch it, so it is said, without shrinking away.

Equally amusing and entertaining is the resurrection plant, which, although apparently lifeless, will slowly unfold its brown stems when placed in a basin of water. When removed, it will gradually fold together, and remain "dead" until placed in water again.

The Japanese fern-ball is another interesting plant to cultivate and study. The Japanese florists prepare it by wrapping the roots together in moss, in form of an oblate ball; and when received from the seedsmen, it is dry and seemingly lifeless. But suspend it by a string in the window or greenhouse, keep it well moistened, and in course of time the fresh, green growth will start, covering the ball with particularly graceful foliage, very pleasing to the eye. When you wish to go away on a journey, it is convenient to let the fern-ball dry up, with the assurance that it will start into growth again when more water is given.

It is surprising to note how determined most plants are to find for themselves a sufficient amount of light and warmth to carry on their business of growing. On cold, blizzardy nights it is often necessary to burn a large lamp near the window garden. When this is done, notice the plants in the morning. Most of the blossoms will be leaning eagerly forward toward the lamp, to get all the enjoyment possible from the light and warmth; but when the shade is rolled up, and the newspapers are taken down from behind the plants, the stems will gradually



THE CHEERFUL SUNFLOWER

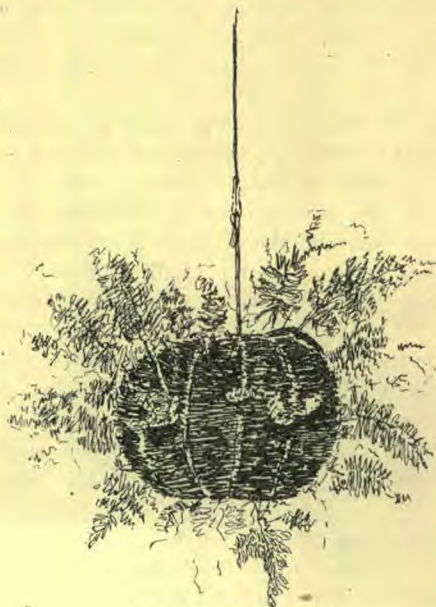


straighten up; and before night they will be leaning toward the window.

The color of unopened hyacinths may some times be told after the lamp is lighted; whereas in the daylight, one can not tell whether they are white, pink, or something else.

Did you ever go down in the cellar, in late spring, and notice under a basket or box, a long, white, brittle potato sprout, doing all in its power to grow under difficulties? A pretty good example, is it not, for persons who find it almost impossible to expand into the larger, richer growth for which they hope?

But while they may become discouraged, the potato keeps right on looking for more light; and pretty soon some one comes down, gives it a trimming, puts it in more favorable surroundings, and before it knows it, the potato is really grow-



JAPANESE FERN BALL

ing. So will the discouraged person be who persistently keeps his eyes on that little gleam of light, coming in through the darkness overhead.

Even a potato may teach us, and the flowers in our homes and gardens may give us many a valuable lesson if we make ourselves susceptible. Flowers instruct, entertain, beautify, and heal. Even the weeds by the roadside are worthy of attention, for they may contribute to our amusement, happiness, and knowledge.

The queer ways of plants have only been lightly and incompletely touched upon here. The Chinese sacred lily, Chinese lantern plant, floral fire-cracker plant, pitcher plant, shoo-fly plant, cactuses, water-lilies, gourds, and other members of the Floral Kingdom, deserve one's attention.

Make the acquaintance of all the flowers you can. They will be very cheerful companions.

BENJAMIN B. KEECH.

### In and About San Francisco—III

#### The Academy of Science Museum

MARKET Street is the main thoroughfare of San Francisco,—the street where the buildings are tallest, and the rent is highest; where the clang of the street-car gongs is most deafening, and the crowds of pedestrians on the sidewalks are most dense. In the busiest part of this busiest street of a busy city is a splendid museum that every one who has even a few hours to spare in San Francisco ought to visit.

I had passed the entrance to this museum hundreds of times before I knew of its existence, and I think it is safe to say that thousands of persons do the same thing every day. Admission to the museum is free, and its directors make no attempt to advertise it. I have seen museums that had not a tenth of the attractions of this one, and were situated in less frequented parts of the city, crowded with visitors from noon till midnight. These museums, though they charge a fee for admittance, are always well patronized because the crier at the door shouts their attrac-

tions to passers by. But I have visited the Academy of Science museum repeatedly, and have never seen a dozen people in it at one time.

The entrance to the museum serves also as the entrance to a large office building, and one must pass the elevators before he sees the small, inconspicuous sign "To the Museum," and the index that points up a beautiful marble staircase to double swinging doors.

As the visitor pushes open one of these doors, he stands facing a lifelike restoration of a mastodon sixteen feet high and twenty-six feet in length, with long, curving tusks as large around as a man's body. Behind the mastodon stands the skeleton of a megatherium,—a long-extinct sloth that in life could reach up and pick the leaves from a tree above the mastodon's back. On the first floor there is a considerable number of restorations of animals now extinct, and the fossilized remains of many more. There is also a large collection of fishes preserved in alcohol. This contains fish from all parts of the world, but is principally devoted to those specimens found along the coast and in the inland waters of California.

Next comes a collection of mounted reptiles,—great black pythons from India, and still larger boa constrictors from South America; deadly hooded cobras and other venomous snakes from tropical jungles; and the less dangerous, though not-to-be-trifled-with rattler, with which we are more familiar. Besides these there are many others that I can not enumerate,—many that I did not even see; for snakes, even dead ones, make my flesh creep, and I always hurry past them.

The cases containing mounted specimens of birds are numerous and well filled. The largest of these specimens is a cassowary, or Indian ostrich, though the emu from South America crowds it quite closely. Both are about as tall as a man of ordinary height. The smallest is a humming-bird no larger than a man's thumb. The bird of paradise and the lyre-bird are the most brilliantly plumed, while the apteryx from New Zealand is the ragamuffin of the collection. Then there come the eagles, hawks, owls, and other birds of prey, with condors, buzzards, gulls, and other winged scavengers of land and sea. There are also song-birds, game-birds, and waterfowl without number. In fact, the collection contains every bird that one could think of, and many that only a naturalist would dream of.

On the second floor there are many specimens of mounted animals. Side by side, standing on their hind feet, are two brown bears from Siberia that look enough alike to be twin brothers. You will get an idea of the dimensions of these great shaggy fellows when I tell you that I was barely able to touch the tips of their ears by standing on the tips of my toes. In one case there is a large walrus, and beside it is a strip of his tanned skin,—a fine piece of leather about an inch and a half thick. Another case contains a specimen of the largest and one of the smallest members of the deer family. The first is a moose from Nova Scotia that stands fully six feet high; the second, a full-grown musk deer from the East Indies,—a creature not much larger than a jack-rabbit. On this floor there is also a mounted whale. It is a California grayback, and measures about forty feet in length. To show that this is the baby of the whale family, there stand near by the jaw-bones of another whale, which are nearly half the length of the grayback's whole body.

The third floor of the museum is given over principally to a collection of relics and curios from foreign lands. There are several sets of armor from different periods of old Japan. Bows and arrows, spears and shields, war-clubs and battle-axes, have been brought from all parts of the world. Then there are a few idols, two or three mummies, and quite a number of canoes from different countries. From our own land

have been collected a large number of Indian baskets, with examples of pottery and other native work, as well as quite a few models of cliff-dwelling and other pre-historic ruins. And last, but not least, there is on this floor a large collection of seashells.

Every specimen in the museum has a placard attached giving its name and native country, and often a short history for the instruction of the visitor. There seems to have been no pains spared to make this an educational institution,—a real academy of science. J. EDGAR ROSS.

### Snapshots at Failures

#### Wherein One Young Man Failed

"WHY is my son compelled to do the roughest stone work year after year, while others who have been with you a shorter period of time are given finer work?" asked a father, addressing the manager of a concern engaged in marble and granite work.

"Because he is too anxious to excel," was the reply. "I have cautioned him scores of times not to strike with his hammer too heavily upon a block of marble or granite, but, though he has evidently endeavored to profit by my advice, in his anxiety to excel and get at the design within the rough stone, he has become impatient and delivered a blow that did much damage. To protect ourselves from serious loss, we have been obliged to restrict him to the roughest and simplest work."

"Heavy blows will do very well when we knock at the outside door, but would we summon the angel within the marble or the design within the granite, it is imperative that we gently tap at the inner door, frequently spending weeks and months in this manner before the angel will stand revealed or the design present all its lines of beauty."

The father was silent, for his son's employer had touched upon a point in the young man's character which had caused him much uneasiness in the past.

Impatience to accomplish in a few days or weeks that which masters of their craft complete only after months and years of labor, is the key to the mystery surrounding the failure of many a young man. There are thousands who are kept pounding away at the outside doors which guard the citadel of success, thousands who never get beyond the outer court, while others, more patient, more willing to work, though they see no immediate results of their work, presently see the inner portals ajar and a welcoming hand reaching out, they step within to find themselves face to face with success.—*Selected.*

### Heart-Keeping

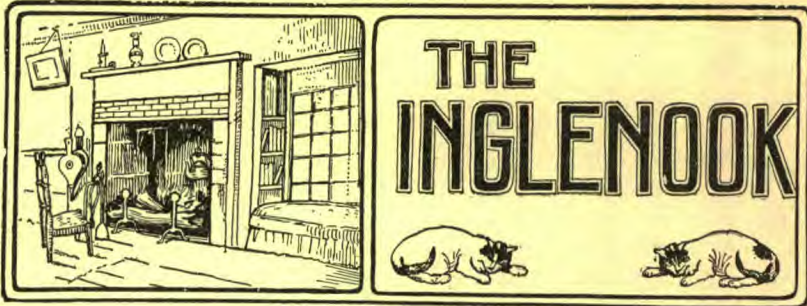
HEART-KEEPING is very much like housekeeping. There must be a continual sweeping out of dirt and clearing out of rubbish—a daily washing of dishes, and a perpetual battle with all sorts of vermin. If heart-cleaning could be done up once for all, then the Christian might discharge all his graces, and have an easy time of it.

And just because the assaults of subtle temptations are so constant, and the uprisings of sinful passion are so frequent, and the task of keeping the inward man what it ought to be is so difficult, many a one who begins a religious life gets discouraged and makes a wretched failure.

The question with every Christian is: Shall these Amalekites of temptation burn up all my spiritual possessions and overrun my soul? Shall outward assaults or inward weakness drive me to discouragement and disgrace me before my Master and before the world? Or shall they drive me to Jesus Christ, who will give me the victory?—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

"A MAN who dares to waste an hour of time has not learned the value of life."





### "Jesus Loves Me"

In the crowded railway train,  
Dimpled cheek against the pane,  
Sang a baby, soft and low,  
"Desus loves me, 'iss I know."

Then, unconscious, clear and strong,  
"Tittle ones to him belong,"  
Rose the dear voice at our side;  
"Desus loves me, he who died."

Hushed the hum of voices near,  
Hoary heads bent low to hear,  
"Desus loves me, 'iss I know,  
For der Bible tells me so."  
So, mid silence, tearful, deep,  
Baby sung herself to sleep.

But the darling never knew  
How the message, sweet and true,  
Raised one heart from dull despair  
To the Love that lightens care;  
But I think, beside the King,  
I shall some day hear her sing,  
"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

—Elizabeth Matthews.

### The Isle of Springs

COLUMBUS did his best to give the name of a Catholic saint to Jamaica, but happily the old Indian name clung to it and prevailed. In the old form it was spelled Xaymaca, which, it is said, means "isle of springs."

It is still an island of springs. Providence intended that Jamaica should be a beautiful home for somebody; for it is the Lord who "layeth up the depths in store-houses," and "sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills." They break out from the mountains on every side, and run among the hills in beautifully clear streams to the sea. Jamaica is nearly all mountains and valleys. It is said that when Columbus told Queen Isabella of the tropical beauties of this island, she wanted to know the shape of it. He crumpled a piece of paper in his hand, and then partially spread it out, to show her how Jamaica looked. It was a very good way to describe it. And in most parts of the island one is greeted often by the gurgling of the mountain streams.

They are short, for the island is small. But when it rains, some of the streams become suddenly roaring torrents. Then the rivers are said to be down,—that is, down from the mountains. Our workers are sometimes turned back, in their journeys among our churches, or have to run considerable risks, in fording the streams when the water is "down."

The village washday is commonly celebrated in the clear running brooks. The novelty of it very likely does not appeal to the washers, but to the visitor it gives washday the appearance of a holiday out-of-doors.

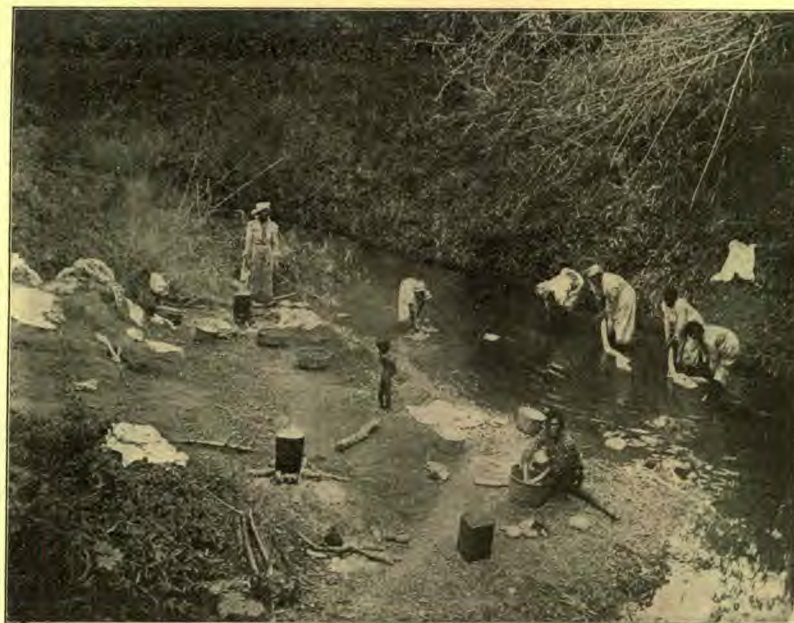
In ordinary seasons the foot-passenger along the mountain roads finds stepping-stones for crossing the streams. The fording of one little stream is associated in my mind with one characteristic of the Jamaican people which visitors must often remark. I waited half a day at Troja, a mountain railway station, to meet friends with

whom I was to visit one or two churches. Strolling out, I came to a stream without the convenient stepping-stones. Near by a surveyor—a Jamaican—was running a line for a new wagon road. Before I had decided whether to turn back or wade the stream, he had quickly sent his workmen down to ferry me over dryshod. Seeing that I was a stranger, he spent an hour in showing me about the adjoining cultivations, explaining the culture of the cocoa and coffee, yams and bananas, and other products, and guided me to a hilltop commanding a view of the surrounding country. Then he saw me back to the village side of the brook again. It was all of a natural kindly courtesy that does one good to meet. The springs of human kindness flow also in this beautiful isle of springs. Wherever you may meet an overflowing spirit of hospitality and courtesy, it is as refreshing as a mountain stream in the tropics.

W. A. SPICER.

### Heart Tones

A STORY is told by a teacher of true culture which shows that that most charming possession of girlhood and womanhood, a sweet, musical voice, is not always a matter of breathing gymnastics. "The most exquisite voice I ever heard," says this teacher, "is that of a woman who never in her life took a lesson in elocution or singing, or appeared in public. In fact, she is a dressmaker in rather humble circumstances. Hers is what we call a talking voice. It is low and



A VILLAGE WASHDAY

sweet and musical. It is not an affected voice—one of the kind some folks put on with their best clothes and company manners. It is her everyday voice, and she never uses any other.

"The first time I heard her speak, I was struck by the gentleness, sweetness, and true refinement of her voice. I determined to find out all about her, and I did. It was not much, just a homely, simple little history of unselfishness and self-sacrifice; of years spent in frugal living and in working hard for others. But it explained the possession of that voice.

"One day a pupil of mine, a wealthy society woman who had taken up tone culture as a mere fad, heard this dressmaker speak.

"'There!' she exclaimed. 'I want you to teach me to speak like that.'

"'I only wish I could, madam,' I replied.

"'But why not?' she insisted. 'Isn't it just a trick of managing the chest-tones?'

"'No, madam,' I said. 'Those are not mere chest-tones; they come from the heart.'

### Felling a Giant Fir

THE head feller lays his hand on the fir, looking up along its mighty bole, a hundred and fifty feet to the first limb. The head feller is without awe in this place. To him a forest is so much merchantable lumber, lath, shingles; a tree, three or four matter-of-fact logs, sound or shaky. They call him Chris.

"We'll take this feller, Aytank," he says. "Make 'im fall over dare."

It seems irrational that two men alone should attempt such a task, two pygmies with toy axes, a toy saw, a sledge, a bottle of kerosene oil. For where the ridged and rugged butt of the great fir sets into the earth, it is thirty feet in circumference, a massive column rising two hundred and fifty feet in air. Its very bark is a foot thick; its flesh is solid and hard.

Chris and his partner clear away for a space the tangle of wild sweet clover and Oregon grape; then they cut stepping-notches in the bark of the giant. Ten feet above the earth they fasten two spring-boards, narrow planks on which they now stand perilously balanced, their spiked shoes clinging fast, their double-bladed axes in hand. Even at the height of this enormous prospective stump the tree is over seven feet through. Chris spits on his hands, and takes a nick from the brown bark. Jack follows; the tree stands as firm as the ages, towering to the sky. For hours they swing steadily, the knocking of their axes echoing through the silent forest. A fine drizzle of rain sets in, darkening all the wood.

Through nearly five feet of solid green timber have they thus cut their way, little jets of sawdust following each withdrawal of the saw; their trousers and shoes are yellow with it. But the fir has given no sign of yielding, still towering mightily among the smaller hemlocks and cedars. One's interest grows acute. It is nothing less than a tragedy that this majestic tree should be laid low; it seems impossible, indeed, that it can be made to fall from its widespreading foundation, after five hundred years of the stout survival of storm and shock.

Unconcerned with the impending catastrophe, they withdraw the hot saw. Wedges they place in the saw kerf opposite the undercut, sledging them in. We hear the crack, crack of the sledge on wedge metal, then suddenly a sharp, penetrating, unearthly snapping, rending, tearing, which thrills through the dripping forest. Away plunge the fellers, shouting: "Watch out below! Watch out! Watch out!"

The great fir, for the first time, gives signs of distress, of yielding; a shiver passes through its mighty bulk; there are other sounds of rend-

ing wood, far-reaching, overpowering; then, slowly, with stately majesty, the noble tree sways aside, with matchless dignity even to the last. Its lofty head, gray, gnarled, stupendous, gives way, and opens a wide space of leaden sky, letting in a garish light to the wood. Faster it falls, striking the earth with a hollow roar, jarring the whole forest as with an earthquake, the sound of it reverberating through the valley, deep, hoarse, appalling—the death-cry of the fir!

Though the earth is moist with rain, the air fills with dust, followed for seconds afterward by a shower of falling branches, some as large as a man's body. And such ruin as the fall has wrought in the wood! Here is a young hemlock, a magnificent tree in any forest but this, stripped clean on one side of every limb and all its bark. Lightning could do no worse. Here are a dozen young cedars crushed to splinters; smaller shrubs are driven into the soft earth, where the giant now lies as in a trough.—*The Century Magazine.*





AIM: *The Advent Message to All the World in this Generation.*

### Young People's Work in Japan

SINCE our previous report of this work, our young men have had some experiences that we thought would be of interest to readers of these columns. We are glad to report that the little band are of good courage. On June 7 three more of the young men, besides two sisters, were baptized, and united in full membership. Of the eleven candidates baptized so far this year, seven are young men.

Some knowledge of what these young followers of Christ have to sacrifice for his sake, and what trials they meet, may encourage our young readers to press forward in spite of the difficulties in the way. Two of the number have been hard pressed by relatives to enter worldly schools, where they would be preparing only for worldly business. All their expenses would be met if they would only yield. If not, one was threatened with arrest by officers of the law, as he is under age. He has returned to school for the present, but has kept Sabbath as before. On this account he is still much annoyed and threatened by his relatives, who seem determined to overthrow his faith. We feel very anxious for him, and are praying that his faith may not fail. The other young man was offered support in a law or a normal school, but was refused support in a medical school, where he hoped to prepare for some useful work in the Lord's cause. His father finally came to Tokyo, and appealed to the police to compel him to return home. He was obliged to go, and is meeting strong opposition because he will read his Bible and attend our meetings in his home town. But in a letter just received he expresses his determination to serve the Lord, and then quotes from 2 Cor. 11: 23-27.

It would take too long to tell of all the promises, threats, and schemes that are used to induce these young men to give up their plans for a Christian life. One of our boys who lives in Tokyo was sorely tempted to return to his home, from which he had been turned away for the truth's sake. He finally yielded, returned home, and entered school again. But he had no peace of mind, and after two weeks came back to us, thoroughly penitent. This was a good lesson for him; for since then he has been firmer than ever. He has written several times to his people; but the only notice they have taken was to send a messenger to take away some of his clothes and a pair of leather shoes. Afterward his mother (O, the power of a mother's love!) secretly sent him several garments for summer wear.

But trials and perplexities are not the only experiences that these young men are having. One experience that two of them had recently is worth telling. They started out to canvass in a village a few miles from Tokyo, intending to be gone over one night. They sold a few tracts the first day. Receiving no invitation to lodge for the night, they found refuge in a temple, and lay down upon the floor to sleep. But soon they were aroused by loud voices, and a troop of angry men seized them, and hurried them off to the police.

It seems that for three successive nights there had been incendiary fires in the village; and our boys, being strangers, were suspected as the guilty parties. At first the police were very harsh with them. But they told their simple story, and showed their New Testaments and tracts. They were fully vindicated; and one policeman was so much affected and interested, that he bought some of the reading-matter, and also gave them enough money to pay for lodging and breakfast. They sold more tracts and Testaments the next day, and returned that evening quite jubilant over their experience. They are improving in their canvassing work.

The accompanying view from a photograph will help INSTRUCTOR readers to feel better acquainted with their young Japanese brethren. All but one are members of the Tokyo church, and all these have been baptized during the present year. The little fellow at the right is a waif who came to our meeting place in Shiba one Sabbath, asking for food. Our young men befriended him, and he remained with them some weeks, resting on the Sabbath, and attending meetings and Bible classes. But he found it hard to support himself selling newspapers, and returned to his home in Nagoya. We hope his stay with us will prove a blessing to him.

We have bright hopes for the future of our young men; for we look upon them as our future workers in the Master's cause. But we greatly



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY IN JAPAN —  
PROFESSOR FIELD TO THE LEFT

need some sort of industrial school where they can be trained for service. So many who accept the truth are opposed by their relatives, that most of those, even from well-to-do families, are left without support. Hence the necessity of furnishing them with remunerative work while they pursue their studies. But we have faith that God will help us in fitting these young men for usefulness in his cause.

F. W. FIELD.

### THE WEEKLY STUDY

#### The Great Apostasy

(August 30 to September 5)

#### SCRIPTURE STUDY:—

The mystery of iniquity. 2 Thess. 2: 3, 4, 7; Dan. 7: 25.

The fall of Satan and the principles of his government. Isa. 14: 12-14; Eze. 28: 11-19.

The exaltation of Christ and the principles of his government. Phil. 2: 5-11.

#### Parallel Reading:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter Three.

#### Lesson Topics

The spirit of self-exaltation and the fruit it bears.

The spirit of love and self-sacrifice and the fruit it bears.

The results of compromise with evil.

The papacy of Rome, and the papacy of every unrenowned heart.

A life of service compared with a life of selfishness.

Other practical lessons.

#### To the Leader

Select six persons, and give one of the "Lesson Topics" to each. Seek to make the study pointed and practical, giving prominent attention to individual experience.

The study should occupy about thirty minutes, and may be followed by a ten or fifteen minute experience meeting or prayer-meeting, as the occasion may require.

### Young People's Work

THE Young People's work in the Oklahoma Conference is gaining vantage ground.

It undoubtedly will be of interest to our fellow youth to know that the Young People's Societies may hold conventions to good advantage. A very interesting convention of this kind was held lately at Cooper, O. T. Four of our large Young People's Societies united, each society taking part in rendering the program. Over two hundred persons were present. The president of the Conference was appointed chairman.

The object of the Society, which is for the association of our young people for Bible study and mutual encouragement in every good work, was first presented; such association offers an opportunity to the young people to develop their God-given talents, that thus they may prepare themselves better to work for the Master.

Other subjects of interest, such as: "Who should be the officers of the Society?" "Who may be a member of the Society?" "What subjects should be presented at the meeting of the Society?" etc., received careful attention by those present.

The officers of the society, as discussed, should be Christian young men or women of good standing, who belong to the Society and to the church.

As to the membership, there was a difference of opinion. A very few thought that only church-members should be members of the Society; but the majority thought it best not to draw the line too close, as that

would exclude children who are not members, but who love Jesus, and can do a grand work for him.

As the aim of the Society is, "The advent message to all the world in this generation," the members will present only present truth at their meetings. They will also improve their talents pertaining to vocal and instrumental music; for good music will often open the hearts of the people for the truth, and does please the Lord.

There is certainly a great work to be done by us as young people. Then comes the question, "How can we best accomplish this work?" The Lord says: "Let young men and women go to work in the name of Jesus. Let them unite together upon some plan and order of action. Let there be companies organized in every church to do this work."

May the Lord help and bless our churches and young people, and may such societies be organized at each of our churches where there are young people.

WILLIAM VOTH.





## CHILDREN'S PAGE

**The Reason Why**

"WHEN I was at the party,"  
Said Betty (aged just four),  
"A little girl fell off her chair,  
Right down upon the floor;  
And all the other little girls  
Began to laugh but me—  
I didn't laugh a single bit,"  
Said Bettie, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,  
Full of delight to find  
That Betty—bless her little heart!—  
Had been so sweetly kind.  
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?  
Or don't you like to tell?"  
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,  
"Cause it was me that fell."

—Mary E. Bradley.

**The Wind Brothers**

THERE were four of the Wind brothers, all very much alike in their work and manners, but having homes in four different quarters of the world. They did not meet often, except when, in their many travels, their paths chanced to cross, and they paused merely long enough to exchange greetings and good-bys.

There was one spot that was a favorite with the Wind brothers. This was a quiet lake in a dense forest, where hemlock trees threw purple shadows, and willows and sycamores leaned over to dip their branches in the still waters. The Wind brothers loved this spot, and one after another visited it often in their rambles up and down the great valley where it lay. They liked to rush merrily across the lake, until its face responded in ten thousand dimpling ripples, as if it were smiling at the frolic of its lively friend; they loved to catch a blooming branch of wild plum or dogwood, and shake it till the petals, losing hold, were scattered in fragrant showers on the waves; they loved to listen to the voices of water and hemlocks as they sang the beautiful stories of lake or wood; and, in turn, the Wind brothers breathed a pretty story of what they had seen in their travels, and what they had done in their wanderings over the earth. The best of it was, that all these songs and stories—of water, of forest, of the winds—were true and beautiful and cheering, as are all the tales the great outdoor world has to tell.

First, North Wind, the strongest and most mischievous of the brothers, came bounding across the lake and into the hemlock forest.

"Br-r-r! I'm cold!" he murmured, as he crept under the branches. "I've been traveling in cold climates, and can't help it if I make you shiver, dear

hemlocks. How cozy you are here. Let me warm myself in this snug spot, and I will tell you a story while I rest."

"A few miles from here there is a pretty farmhouse, smothered in apple-trees and honeysuckle vines. As I passed it this morning, I saw the farmer looking to see if his potatoes had sprouted, and I set out to have some fun with him. Racing over the potato-patch, I caught up his big straw hat before he suspected what I was about, and sent it rolling and tumbling over the ground. How provoked he was, and how he did chase us, until, thinking I had teased the kind old man enough, I dropped the hat beside the largest, finest potato sprout I could see in the whole patch, and came on over forest and field. Looking back as I left him, I saw the delighted farmer looking at the thrifty young plant, and thinking about the fine crop in prospect. Ah! hope is a grand thing, dear hemlocks; do you know that? It is better to cause people to look forward to good to come, than backward at evil that is past. It is a happy thing to make a heart hopeful instead of despondent."

And North Wind, laughing brightly in the face of a young birch tree that happened to be in his way, proceeded on his journey, filling the forest with a softly hummed song of "Hope, hope!"

He had scarcely disappeared, when from an-

other direction, West Wind, the gayest of the Wind brothers, danced over the waves, which smiled a welcome, and rustled in the willows growing on the shore. "Dear willows," he sang, blithely, "do you know some one is happy because of me to-day? I was passing down a green lane, when all at once I heard cries of alarm. Turning aside to learn the trouble, I found the commotion came from the top of the hedge, where some sparrows had built their nest. A bit of paper, which that mischievous brother of mine, North Wind, had been playing with the last time he passed that way, had been carelessly tossed into the hedge, and left there, and now it had become tangled among thorns and twigs, quite covering the sparrows' nest, and keeping up such a fluttering and rustling that they feared to come near it. Meanwhile the blue eggs were growing cold, while the sparrows hovered near, repeating their pitiful cries.

"I could not bear to hear them without offering any help, so, slipping among the thorns and leaves of the hedge tree, I seized the paper with all my might. At first it held fast, but I was too strong for it, and at last, tearing it loose from tree and nest, I carried it quite a distance, and thrust it into a hazel thicket, where it could harm no one. Then as I passed down the green lane, the anxious cries gave place to a lovely song. Mr. Song-sparrow, swaying on a high twig, poured out a heartfelt of thanks, while the mother bird nestled softly over her eggs, and all was happy again. It made me gayer than ever to see their joy, dear willows, and I have come all this way to tell you there is no joy so sweet as giving joy to others."

Then West Wind danced merrily away over the waters, happily singing, "Joy, joy, joy!"

The next to visit the quiet lake was East Wind, shyest and mildest of the brothers. His movements were less rapid, and his voice less loud, than the others; but he glided gently into the sheltering willows, and to the sycamores bending lovingly to listen, whispered a message no less sweet for the soft tone in which it was uttered.

"Dear sycamores," said East Wind, "I have a pleasant story for you, while I rest in your cool shade. Last evening, as I came over the sand from the sea, I passed a poor fisherman's cottage where a little child lay ill. The air was hot and close, and the child, burning with fever, could find no rest nor sleep, while his anxious mother watched beside him, fearful of what might come. Then I stole in at the window, and gently fanned the child's cheek; he seemed to like my touch, for he stopped his





and lay quite still. Once more I blew back the locks on his forehead, and did my best to soothe and cool the little suffering form. At first my efforts seemed vain, but I persevered, and was rewarded by seeing the child grow more and more quiet, until at last he fell into a refreshing sleep. I stayed to fan him all night, and when the sky beyond the sea grew pink with the dawn, I left him much better and still asleep, while near by his mother, too, lay sleeping, with a look of peace on her face."

So saying, East Wind glided silently on, murmuring, as if talking to himself, "Peace, peace, peace!"

Finally South Wind, kindest of all the brothers, passed over the brightly laughing ripples, and greeted the trees on the shore where the hemlocks grew. He kissed them lovingly, but finally settled in a blossoming plum thicket, to tell his story of love and blessing, which in sweetness was fitting to mingle with the fragrance all about it.

"O plum-tree!" said South Wind, blowing a breath of perfume into the hemlocks' dark masses; "I have found out the secret of happiness; and if you listen, I will tell you how I found it. I was passing over a high hill one morning, when the sun had just begun to light up the dew-drops. A little country maid was there, gathering a basket of wild roses. Curious to know what she meant to do with them, I followed down the hill to see. I saw the basket sent away to a great city, where wild roses are seldom seen, and finally taken to a foundlings' home. Here it was opened by a sweet-faced lady, whose little daughter stood by in delight as she caught her first glimpse of the fresh blossoms. But when the basket began to empty as the eager, pale-faced children, with outstretched hands, crowded around for a share of its contents, she gradually became quiet, and her face took on a wistful expression. At last her longing conquered, and stealing to her mother's side, she whispered, 'Please, may I not have one, mama, just one?'"

"Her mother hesitated. Love for the child bade her say, Yes; but looking at the poor little faces crowding around her, she put the last rose into the hand of a tiny cripple, saying, 'No, darling! Don't you see there are not enough to go around? They need them most.'"

"No heart but one filled with love could understand the feelings with which she kissed the child she had denied, or the look of exalted happiness on her face. Yes, dear plum-tree, the secret of happiness is Love,—not selfish love for those from whom we expect a return, but a love great enough to take in the whole world; to care for good because it is good, not from fear of the consequences of evil; to be kind from a spirit of kindness, not for a hope of future reward."

And South Wind shook himself free from the plum-tree, and with its perfume clinging about him, sailed on through the forest, after his brothers, singing, happily, the only song he knew, "Love, love, love!"

"Hope, joy, peace, love!" Listen to them singing in the tree-tops and over the hills, and learn how sweet are the songs of the Wind brothers.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

### God's Heroes

THERE is a yet harder and higher heroism to live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little vocations; to accept uncomplainingly a low position; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching; to banish all ambition, all pride, and all restlessness in a single regard to our Saviour's work. To do this for a lifetime is a greater effort, and he who does this is a greater hero than he who for one hour storms a breach, or for one day rushes onward undaunted in the flaming front of shot and shell. His works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world;

but he is one of God's heroes; and, though the builders of Nineveh and Babylon be forgotten and unknown, his memory shall live and be blessed.—Canon Farrar.

### The Law of Hospitality

THERE is a very simple rule  
That every one should know;  
You may not hear of it in school,  
But everywhere you go,  
In every land where people dwell,  
And men are good and true,  
You'll find they understand it well,  
And so I'll tell it you:

To every one who gives me food,  
Or shares his home with me,  
I owe a debt of gratitude,  
And I must loyal be.  
I may not laugh at him, or say  
Of him a word unkind;  
His friendliness I must repay,  
And to his faults be blind!

—Gelett Burgess.

### A Bone that Needed Breaking

"FRED, I think I left my spectacles upstairs," said grandpa, after he had searched the sitting-room for his accustomed helpers.

"Oh, dear!" began Fred, who always thought it a great nuisance to go up- and down-stairs, unless he wanted something for himself, and could not get any one to go; but before he had finished his grumbling sentence, little Lillie had deposited her lapful of patchwork on the sofa, and with a cheery, "I'll get them, grandpa," was on her way up-stairs.

"Fred, you forgot to put your tools away," mama said, a little later.

"Oh, dear! it's such a bother to put everything away," fretted Fred. "Can't I leave them where they are till to-morrow? I want to use them again then."

"No; I want them put away at once," said mama, in such a decided tone, that Fred knew she required instant obedience.

"Oh, dear! I never can learn this long lesson," he grumbled that evening when he sat down to prepare his recitations for the next day. "It's such a lot of work to translate all these sentences."

Dr. Morton had dropped in for a little chat with Fred's father, and he looked up as he heard the impatient exclamation.

"What do you think I've been doing to-day, Fred?"

"What, sir?" asked Fred, glad of a diversion.

"Breaking a little girl's arm!"

"Don't you mean mending it, doctor?" asked Fred, thinking the doctor had made a mistake.

"No; I broke it," answered the doctor. "Some time ago this little girl broke her arm, and it was very badly set, and has been so stiff ever since that she could not use it as she wanted to. She makes lace very cleverly, and her earnings have been a great help to the family; but since her arm was hurt, she has not been able to work at all. We held a consultation at the hospital to-day, and decided that the only way to help the child would be to break her arm again and re-set it."

"I think I'd rather never be able to do anything than have that done," exclaimed Fred.

"Why, that's unfortunate," remarked the doctor. "I've been thinking that there is a bone about you that ought to be broken very soon, if you expect to become an active man. I've been meaning to mention it to you for some time."

Fred turned pale. He was not at all fond of bearing pain.

"Where is the bone?" he asked, with a frightened tremor in his voice. "Will you have to break it?"

"No; I can't very well break it for you," answered the doctor. "You can break it yourself better than any one can do it for you. It is called the lazy bone."

"Oh, is that what you mean?" And he was so

relieved that he smiled at the doctor's words.

"Yes, my boy; that is the bone I mean; and it is a bone you ought to break very soon, if you ever expect to be of any use in this world. It will take a pretty determined effort to break it, for it's one of the toughest bones I know anything about; but you can break it if you make the effort. Will you try?"

"Yes, sir; I will," promised Fred, manfully, his face flushed with mortification at the thought that he had earned a reputation for laziness.—Selected.



## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### X—The Story of Ruth

(September 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: The Book of Ruth.

MEMORY VERSE: "How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." Ps. 36:7.

Near the end of the days when the judges ruled Israel, there was a famine in the land. Because of this, Elimelech, a man of Bethlehem, went with his wife and two sons into the land of Moab. After a time Elimelech died, and left his wife and two sons in the land of Moab. The two young men chose wives from among the Moabitish women. Mahlon married Ruth, and Chilion married Orpah. In about ten years the two sons died also, and Naomi alone was left of all the family.

Then Naomi made up her mind to go back to her own land, and her two daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah, started to go with her. But when they had gone a little way, Naomi advised the two young women to go back to their home. They both wept at the thought of parting with Naomi; but after a little time Orpah kissed her, and turned homeward. When Naomi told Ruth to go after her sister-in-law, back to her people and her gods, she made the following beautiful answer, which you will do well to learn by heart:—

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

When Naomi saw that Ruth was determined to go with her, she held her peace. So they two went together. They reached Bethlehem about the beginning of the barley harvest. Ruth told Naomi that she would go out and glean in the barley fields wherever she could get permission. The first field she came to belonged to a kinsman of Naomi's husband, named Boaz.

Noticing a stranger gleaning in his field, Boaz said to the reapers, "What damsel is this?" When they told him that she was the Moabitish damsel that had come with Naomi, he spoke very kindly to her. He told her that she need not go to glean in any other field, but that she could stay there with his maidens; and when she was thirsty, she could drink from the vessels set for his reapers. His men were told to let her glean among the sheaves, and even to let some handfuls fall on purpose for her.

When the land of Israel was divided among the tribes, each tribe was given a certain inheritance. God told them, "If thy brother be waxen poor, and hath sold away some of his possession, and if any of his kin come to redeem it, then shall he redeem [buy back] that which his brother



sold." So Boaz was one of those who had the right to buy back Naomi's inheritance.

Naomi sent Ruth to Boaz, to see if he would buy the land that had belonged to Elimelech. Boaz said that there was another kinsman nearer than he, who would have the first right; but if this nearer kinsman should refuse to buy the land, then he would himself do the kinsman's part. When Ruth went home again, Naomi told her to sit still and rest, for Boaz would be sure to settle the matter that day.

Boaz went and sat in the gate, where the elders and the chief men of the city used to meet together, and waited until he saw Naomi's kinsman coming. When he got near, he called to him to turn aside and sit down. Then he took ten of the elders, and asked them to sit down with them. Before the inhabitants and the elders he asked the kinsman whether he would buy Naomi's land. The kinsman said that he could not redeem it, but that Boaz might have the right to do so. It was then the custom in Israel to make a thing sure by taking off the shoe, and handing it as a sort of pledge to the one with whom the bargain was made. So the kinsman took off his shoe, and gave it to Boaz, to show that he gave up to him all right to redeem Naomi's land. Boaz called all the people to witness that he had bought of Naomi all that belonged to her husband and her sons, and that he would take Ruth, the Moabitess, to be his wife.

So Ruth found a happy, peaceful home in the house of Boaz, her husband. God gave her a son, to the great joy of Naomi, who "took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it." This child was named Obed. He was the father of Jesse, who was the father of David. You know that Jesus Christ was of the house of David, and is called "the Son of David." So because of her trust in the God of Israel, Ruth was honored by the Lord to become one of the ancestors of the Redeemer of mankind. This teaches us that God is no respecter of persons, but "in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

#### Questions

1. Why did Elimelech take his family to live in the land of Moab? Tell the names of his wife and two sons. Whom did the sons marry?
2. Who only was left of all the family to return to Bethlehem? Who started to go with her? What did Naomi advise them to do?
3. Did Ruth and Orpah take Naomi's advice? Why would not Ruth return to her home? Can you tell what she said to Naomi? What do these words show?
4. What did Ruth do to get food for her mother and herself? Whose field did she go to?
5. What question did Boaz ask when he saw Ruth? What did he tell the reapers to do for her? What did God say that his people were to leave for the poor? Lev. 19:9, 10.
6. What did the nearest kinsman of a poor family have a right to do?
7. How did Jesus win the right to redeem our inheritance?
8. What did Naomi tell Ruth to do? What did Boaz say about redeeming the inheritance?
9. Where did Boaz wait for Naomi's kinsman? Why did he sit in the gate? What did he do when he saw the kinsman coming? Whom else did he ask to sit down with them?
10. What did the kinsman say about the land? How did he seal the bargain with Boaz? What did Boaz say about the land? What did he say to Ruth?
11. What gift did God send to Ruth? Who nursed the child? What was his name? Of whom was he the father? Who was Jesse's son? Of what line did Jesus come? Then of whom was Ruth the ancestor?
12. What did God show by making Ruth the ancestor of Christ? Does God love one nation more than another? Acts 10:34, 35. Who is accepted with him?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### X — Children of Light

(September 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 5:3-14.

MEMORY VERSE: "For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light." Verse 8.

But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not even be named among you, as becometh saints; nor filthiness, nor foolish talking, or jesting, which are not befitting: but rather giving of thanks. For this ye know of a surety, that no fornicator, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God. Let no man deceive you with empty words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the sons of disobedience. Be not ye therefore partakers with them; for ye were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord: walk as children of light (for the fruit of the light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth), proving what is well-pleasing unto the Lord; and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather even reprove them; for the things which are done by them in secret it is a shame even to speak of. But all things when they are reprov'd are made manifest by the light: for everything that is made manifest is light. Wherefore he saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee.—*American Standard Revised Version.*

#### Questions

1. What should the children of God avoid? To what extent? How should we conduct ourselves?
2. What other things are mentioned as not becoming to the Christian? What is more befitting as a theme of conversation?
3. What classes will not have an inheritance in the kingdom of God?
4. Is there danger of being deceived in regard to this?
5. What may those expect who engage in evil practices?
6. How are we again exhorted to live pure lives?
7. How does the condition of the Christian compare with that of the unconverted? How are we urged to walk?
8. From what source comes the light? John 8:12; Ps. 119:105.
9. What graces make up a part of the fruits of the Spirit?
10. What further are we to do as we walk in the light?
11. What relation are we to sustain to the works of darkness?
12. How should we regard the evil deeds of darkness?
13. What is the effect of reprov'ing these deeds?
14. What appeal does the Lord make to those who are in darkness?
15. What is the condition of those who are dead? Eph. 2:1, 4, 5.
16. What precious promise is made to them?

#### Notes

1. How easy it is to spread the news of scandal! God says, "Let it not once be named among you." It does no good, and every repetition more deeply engraves its image on your mind. Next to the sin of scandal, what a temptation it is to tell questionable anecdotes or indulge in unclean jokes. Doddridge renders for jesting, "lewd turns," a common thing. All these things are not befitting, not becoming. Let the speech be pure; control the tongue by letting Christ live in the heart.
2. Notice that verse 9 is parenthetical, thrown in, to show that genuine light will bear fruit. Verse 10 connects with verse 8: "Walk as children of light, . . . proving what is well-pleasing unto the Lord;" not proving it to him, but in ourselves and to others. Compare with Rom. 12:1,

2, proving the acceptable "will of God." "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know." John 7:17.

3. The precious assurance in the last verse of our lesson should bring courage to every soul who sees his condition of helplessness and sin. As we yield to the wooings of the Spirit, Jesus offers to give us light, which means that he will come into our hearts to abide with us; for he is light. It is indeed a resurrection from the dead, and we rise to walk in newness of life.

### The Diplomacy of Grandma

(Concluded from page 8)

educated if I wrote to them. I had a letter from Horace Greeley once, when I was a girl, and I couldn't read it. I used to know him well, and I would have answered that letter, but I didn't know how. I couldn't spell much more than my own name those days."

Stephen thought of his own spelling, and blushed.

"Did Stephen write this?" asked Mr. Ward, holding up a sheet of paper that he had found on his mother's table one day, while looking for a magazine.

"Yes," said Grandma Ward.

"Why, that's a better business letter than I can write to-day. His teachers must have been mistaken about him."

"Oh, no, they weren't," said Grandma Ward, with a twinkle in her eye. "He's improved lately. He is now my private secretary."

"Your what?" gasped Mr. Ward.

"My private secretary. I've started a business college for his benefit."

"You!"

"Yes, Robert. Common sense makes up for the lack of education sometimes, although I wouldn't admit that to Stephen."

"He ought to be in school," said Mr. Ward. "Never you mind about that," said Grandma Ward. "You won't be able to keep him out of school by this time next year. Letter-writing isn't the only thing I'm teaching him."

"I won't interfere," said Mr. Ward, "but I have my doubts about his ever liking school."

There were times when Grandma Ward, too, had doubts. If Stephen had not been genuinely fond of his grandmother, the good woman, shrewd as she was, would have failed in her curious undertaking. As it was, Stephen swelled with pride when he thought how indispensable he was to his poor, dependent grandmother. No one else had ever made him feel that he was indispensable, and he thoroughly enjoyed the novel sensation.

Grandma Ward continued to lie awake at night to concoct business for Stephen to attend to in the daytime. She saw with delight that when a particularly knotty problem came up, Stephen turned, as a last resort, to his hated text-books for the solution of the difficulty.

With rare tact she made him feel at every turn how poorly he was equipped for any sort of business career.

"Grandma," said Stephen, looking up from the dictionary one winter night, "you can keep a secret, I know, for you never told any one about that awful pipe. Don't say a word about this to the others until I'm safe out of the house; but I've made up my mind to go back to school in the morning. There's a lot of things I've just got to know more about. I believe some part of my brain has been taking a nap. Things seem more interesting than they used to. I believe I could catch up with the class if I tried."

And he caught up before the next term ended. —*Carroll Watson Rankin, in Youth's Companion.*

CIRCUMSTANCES are the nails on which the weak hang their failures, but with which the strong clinch their successes.



## IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

### Hope On

O, do not falter on your homeward way,—  
What if the world seems cold and drear to you?

Be ever buoyant; there shall come a day

When, if your heart is right, and you are true,  
Sweet peace and joy shall come with you to stay.  
O, do not falter on your homeward way.

Be ever buoyant; there shall come a time;

The clouds across your sky shall vanish quite  
As if they never were; and sweet, sublime,  
Your songs of praise shall echo through the night.

If you are true, and shirk not, nor repine  
(Dear heart, be buoyant!), there shall come a time.

What if the world seems cold to you, and drear?  
Each present woe and care will flee ere long;  
And when the soft, warm sunlight, shining clear,  
Has turned your doleful sighing into song,  
Then you'll forget each burning grief and fear,  
And you'll forget that once the world was drear.

Each present woe and care will flee ere long;

Remember this, and by your duty stand;  
Forget the deed unkind, forgive each wrong,  
And you shall know how sweet it is and grand  
To be forgiven; and your praiseful song  
Will bring this answer back: "It can't last long."

BENJAMIN B. KEECH.

### The Diplomacy of Grandma

GRANDMA was a person of decided character. From the first, Stephen Ward had been her favorite grandchild, and she had never taken any pains to conceal her partiality for the sturdy lad. His sister Eleanor was by far the prettier baby, the more attractive as a child, and the greater credit to the family during her teens; but Stephen, although the lad himself was slow to discover the fact, had found the somewhat difficult way to his grandmother's loyal heart. By the time Stephen was seventeen there was a curious bond of friendship between the bright old lady and the awkward boy.

It was this sympathetic grandmother who caught Stephen preparing to smoke his first—and last—pipe. Wisely refraining from any reproaches, the astute old lady showed him how to pack the tobacco into the bowl, heroically sat beside him in the reeking atmosphere of the barn, where the episode took place, and remained with him to the bitter end. How bitter the end was, only Stephen and his grandmother ever knew. From that time forth Stephen trusted his grandmother with secrets that another boy would have kept securely locked within his own bosom.

The lad loved the woods and the water to a very unusual degree. He knew the habits of the birds; he could swim like a fish in the waters of Lake Superior; he could distinguish between spruce and balsam, hemlock and jack-pine, soft maple and hard maple.

Moreover, he was honest, sweet-tempered and obliging. But in spite of these good traits his parents and his teachers found him at one time a difficult problem.

Stephen hated school. His young sister easily overtook him, jogged along beside him for a week or two, and then left him far behind on the path of knowledge.

"Stephen's only ambition," one of his teachers reported, "is to escape with the others at four o'clock. When he isn't looking out of the window, he is watching the clock, or drawing maps of the lumber roads north of the town."

"Isn't there a single study that he takes a little interest in?" asked Mrs. Ward anxiously.

phen will never get out of the freshman class. He seems to be anchored right there. It's a wonder to me that he ever got so far. His spelling is really atrocious, and his algebra —"

"He was promoted by special arrangement," said Mrs. Ward. "Professor Perkins thought it might be better for him to skip the eighth grade, and make it up later. Perhaps he'll be more interested when he gets to the botany class."

"He'll never get there," said the discouraged teacher. "There are too many other things that come before botany."

Besides being slow, Stephen was easily the biggest boy in his grade. He grew sensitive as well as tall, and finally he announced that he would not go to school another day.

"I'll do anything else you want me to," said Stephen, sitting in solemn conclave with his disappointed parents. "I'll go to the copper country and work in the mines, or I'll stay here and work up from the bottom in one of the iron-mines. I'll fire on an engine or go into the powder-mills, or I'll work on a farm; but no more school for me!"

"But, Stephen," urged his mother, "you can't do any of these things successfully without an education."

"Captain Banks did."

"Do you want to be like Captain Banks?"

"Well, not just like him," Stephen admitted. "I don't intend to drink or to bluster around the way he does; but he makes piles of money. He boasts that he never went to school a day in his life."

"Well," said Mrs. Ward, "no one who had ever listened for five minutes to his conversation would think of disbelieving him."

His mother coaxed, his father scolded, and Eleanor upbraided him, but all to no purpose. Stephen started ostensibly for school, to keep peace in the family, but in reality spent all school hours in the woods, as he frankly confessed when he returned at night.

His parents did not know what to do. Stephen was too old for corporal punishment, and he would not listen to reason.

It was at this juncture that Grandma Ward rose to the occasion.

"Let the lad alone," said she. "You're not using the right sort of bait. He's got a streak of his Grandfather Ward in him. His grandfather was so obstinate that he would have planted his apple-trees upside down if anybody had told him not to. It took me fifteen years to learn to manage Alonzo Ward, but when I once learn a thing, I don't forget it. Leave that boy to me for a month; but whatever you do, don't let him suspect that I'm paying any extra attention to him."

Grandma Ward's room was on the ground floor of the rambling, old-fashioned house. She was too stout to climb stairs easily, and her thoughtful daughter-in-law had made the large room a very comfortable spot.

The elder Mrs. Ward never objected to Stephen's "trash," as his mother called the curiously shaped bits of fungi, the specimens of mineral, the agates and the insects that the lad was constantly collecting. He never felt that his own room was entirely safe from invasion. The housemaid's devastating broom had more than once played havoc with his hoard; but he had implicit confidence in his grandmother. His choicest treasures occupied the shelf over her grate, and no one knew how frequently she was

"It is possible he might shine in the kindergarten department," was the teacher's reply, "for I found twenty-seven kinds of leaves in his desk the other day. But seriously, Mrs. Ward, I'm afraid Ste-

phed to disentangle her knitting from the ribs of his precious, but evil-smelling, skeletonized trout.

Stephen, with no school work to do, fell into the habit of spending many of his evenings on his grandmother's hearth-rug. It was almost dark by five o'clock, and the boy usually reached home at that hour. He had always been an obliging youth, except in the one matter of going to school. When his grandmother, whose eyes seemed suddenly to have failed, asked him one evening to write some important business letters for her, incompetent Stephen complied with the utmost cheerfulness.

The concern with the outside world that his grandmother seemed all at once to possess came as something of a surprise to Stephen. He had had no idea that the enterprising old lady had so many and such varied interests.

Stephen was required to order seeds from the catalogue, to inquire into the details of various projects advertised in the magazines, to write for information regarding certain stocks, bonds, and parcels of land that existed only in his grandmother's vivid imagination. The unsuspicious boy never knew how many of the laboriously written letters were mailed, to quote Grandma Ward's quaint phrase, "up the chimney to Santa Claus." Stephen wrote them all in good faith. He patiently and conscientiously added up long columns of figures, looked up in the dictionary the words he was unable to spell,—their number was truly appalling,—and began, just as Grandma Ward intended he should, to realize his limitations. Up to this point she had said little, but finding her unconscious pupil in a receptive mood one day, she confided some of her troubles to him.

"You see," said she, apologetically, "I'd write those letters myself, but it isn't only my eyes that trouble me; it's my lack of learning. Business letters have to be done sort of particular. My writing's terribly poor; I don't always know how to spell; I'm not sure of my grammar, and I never could figure well enough to come within a dozen rows of apple-trees of being right. I didn't have a chance to learn those things when I was young, and nobody knows what a difference they've made all through my life."

"A body that can't figure can't do anything. It's surprising, when you come to think about it, what a quantity of figuring there is in everything. Then there's grammar. If you don't feel sure of your grammar, there are times when you don't dare open your mouth for fear of shocking your relations. Many's the time I've kept my mouth shut when I was just bursting to say something, but didn't have the grammar to say it with."

"If your father hadn't had to leave school when he did," continued the wise old lady, "twould have been dollars in his pocket. He had to learn things when he was a man grown that most ten-year-old boys know nowadays."

"I've lost friends that I'd have been glad to keep, only I was afraid they'd find out I wasn't"

(Concluded on page 7)

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