

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Be of Good Cheer

Be of good cheer,
Morning is near;
Soon its bright beams in the east shall appear,
Yonder its first faint gleams come from afar,
Shines in the east its fair heralding star.

Ye who have wept,
Ye who have kept
Sorrowful vigil while others have slept,
Oh, lift up your heads and break forth into song!
Weeping shall change into gladness ere long.

Then be of good
cheer;

Triumphant and clear,
Soundeth the tread of a
host drawing near;
Warriors they, who are
coming this way,
Lo, they are marching
and watching for
day.

Then join the great
throng
Who fight against
wrong,

For onward and upward
their path winds
along

To that heavenly city
where happiness
waits;

And at dawning of
morning they sweep
through the gates.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

The City of Rio de Janeiro

ONE of the most picturesque cities in Brazil, South America, is the city of Rio de Janeiro, with the great sugar-loaf mountain looming up at the entrance. Especially in the evening when first sighted from the harbor, under the soft southern twilight and the myriad twinkling lights from the different hillsides, the city makes a picture like that of fairyland. There are several large mountains situated near the city which are said to have passed through the usual eruptions, but even now look as if they were ready to burst forth any moment.

Although Rio de Janeiro (River of January) is a beautiful city, its comeliness is greatly marred by the careless way the native's distribute their waste substances over the hillsides where they live. This profuse but unsightly ornamentation can be seen for long distances.

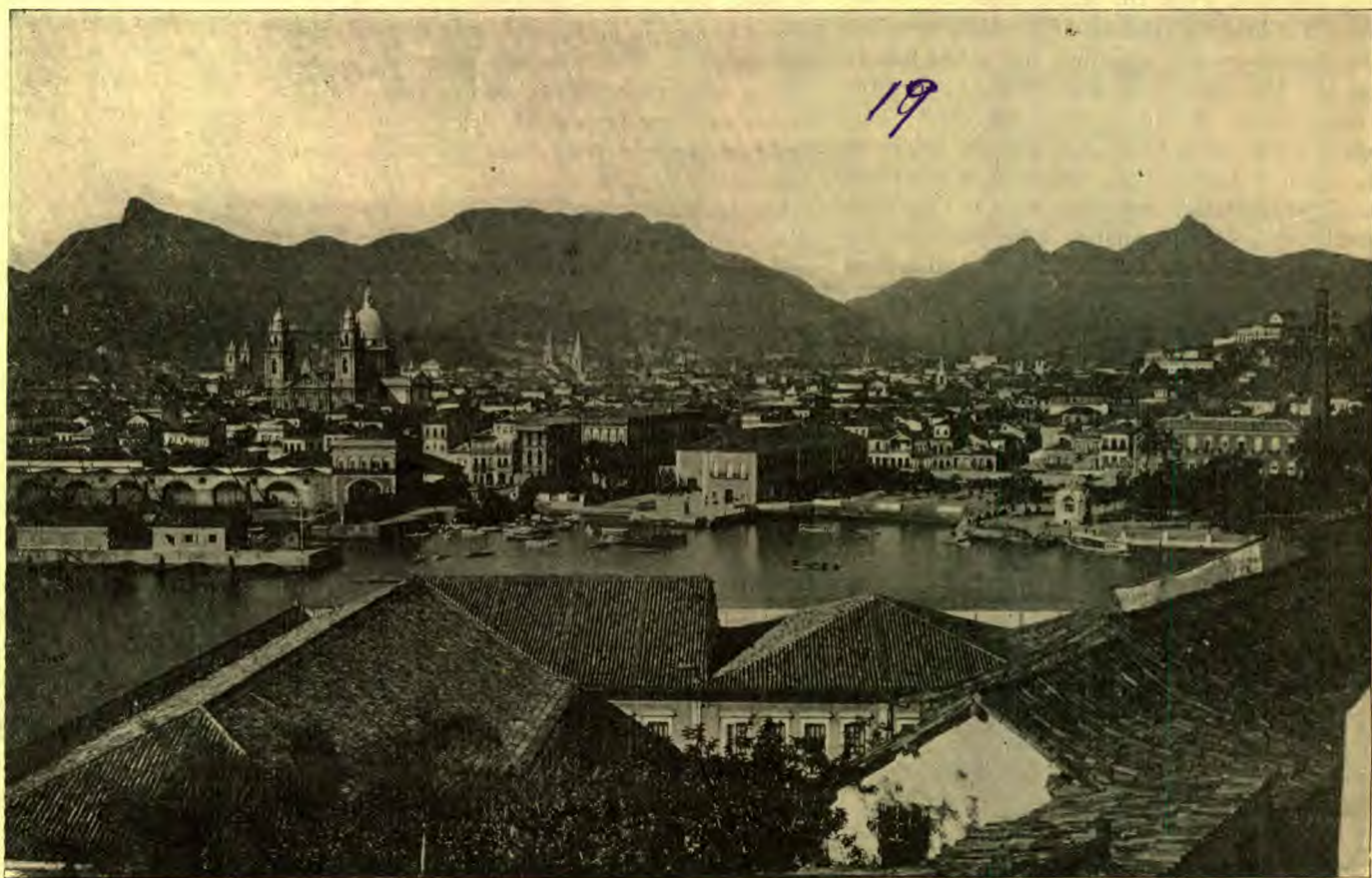
The prevailing language is Portuguese. To the natives every foreigner who can speak English is an Ingleser (Englishman). In their slow and easy way the people are very hospitable. The Portuguese are not great meat eaters; their

favorite dish is black beans seasoned with a little dried meat. Mandioc, which is the root of the mandioc plant ground into flour, is a nourishing article of diet, and is extensively used. This may be eaten raw or cooked.

Yellow fever is a common but ever-dreaded disease. One case that I observed was of a woman who took the fever one day, and died the next day. The husband hired an old woman to mourn for his wife. This woman was expected to scream in a most uncanny way; first she would begin rather low, then gradually ascend until she reached a piercing scream. She was obliged to keep this up all day. One living in this city for some time grows accustomed to such things, for many of the customs of the ancient civilized and

the saints are carried, and every one is expected to bow or remove his hat in reverence. An Englishman passing in the crowd failed to do this; the people became angry and threw stones at him so that he was badly injured. The Roman Catholic faith is the predominant feature of everything here, as it is in all the South American countries.

Everything in the city is expensive, but usually of a good quality. The people generally charge the "Ingleser" twice the proper amount, for he is always regarded as rich. Some of the fruits are curious both in looks and taste. Mamao, similar to our muskmelon in form and size, grows on a slender tree about fifteen feet high; the leaves and fruit are at the top of the tree, and



THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO

heathen nations are zealously followed here.

One that I thought ridiculous is that of the priest passing along the street, carrying a long stick with the image of some saint on the top; this he would hold up to the windows of the houses, expecting all to kiss the image, and drop a piece of money in the box which was attached.

Saints' days abound here, almost every evening marks the celebration of some saint day. The gatherings and processions resulting from these celebrations cause a great deal of unwelcome noise to those not participating in the celebration. One of the special days in Rio de Janeiro is the Carnival; at this time all the senoras and senoretas come forth in gay attire. A simple but common custom observed at such a time is that of throwing upon another bits of sweetly scented paper. The one receiving this attention regards it as a compliment. In the processions images of

the wood is soft and fibrous. The Jaboticaba is a tree much like the apple-tree in shape, and when in flower is a pretty sight, for the flowers and fruit grow all around the trunk of the tree, instead of on the branches. The fruit, however, is sweet and insipid. The Jaca, one of the queerest of all, has the fruit, which is about the size of a watermelon, grouped near the top. We had much fun throwing long sticks into these Jacas, the juice squirting out on our hands and clothes. Since it is almost impossible to remove the gummy liquid, our fun was followed by something altogether less enjoyable.

We will now say adieu to Rio de Janeiro. Perhaps I may tell you at another time about the interior of South America, where I lived for a while among almost savage people, catching a glimpse of cannibals who had eaten several missionaries.

VIOLET G. HAWKSWORTH.



"Just as I Am"

THE hymn for February, in the course of monthly memory hymns for young people's and junior societies that is to run through the year, is "Just as I am." This is probably the most influential hymn ever written, owing to its large and successful use by evangelists. Certainly it is the greatest evangelistic hymn in the language.

Its author, Charlotte Elliott, was born in Clapham, London, England, in 1789. In 1821 she was seized by a severe illness, and became an invalid for life, though she lived to the good old age of eighty-two, dying at Brighton in 1871. Her sufferings made Miss Elliott most thoughtful for others in distress, and most of her hymns were written with such persons in mind. Did not God have that purpose in permitting her to become sick?

In 1822 she met the great evangelist of Geneva, Switzerland, Dr. Henri Abraham Cesar Malan, who profoundly influenced her life, and with whom she corresponded for forty years, keeping the anniversary of their first meeting as "the birthday of her soul."

This famous hymn has been attributed to that meeting as its occasion, and the story has often been told how, when Dr. Malan urged her to become a Christian, she at first rudely repulsed him, but afterward, repenting, had asked him to tell her how she could find Christ, his answer being, "Come to him just as you are." This reply, it has often been said, was the origin of the hymn. "Just as I am," however, was written many years later, and was, as Col. Nicholas Smith says, "the spontaneous language of her heart in 1836, when a storm of pain and sorrow seemed to assault her soul." However, if the conversation with Dr. Malan really occurred as related, the words might still have remained in her memory all those years, to bring forth that rich fruit at last.

The hymn first appeared in *The Christian Remembrancer*, of which Miss Elliott became editor in 1836, inserting in the first number several of her own poems, this among them, and all without her name. Soon after its publication a lady, who admired it greatly, had it printed in leaflet form, and widely distributed. Miss Elliott was very sick, and one day her physician gave her one of these leaflets to comfort her, not knowing that she was the author. It is said that the sufferer wept tears of grateful joy when she saw this evidence that God had so used her efforts, though put forth from a feeble body.

The hymn, as first printed, had six stanzas. The seventh was added later, but certainly no one would be willing to lose it. Here is the hymn entire:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am (thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Miss Elliott's brother, a clergyman, Rev. H. V. Elliott, once said: "In the course of a long ministry, I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's." After the author's death more than a thousand letters were found among her papers, giving thanks for blessings received from "Just as I am." Moody once declared that no hymn has done so much good, or touched so many hearts.

For example, in the summer of 1895, the young people of the Lenox Road Methodist church of Brooklyn sang this hymn in their service, and, as it happened, the hymn was sung also in the church service following. A few doors away lay a young lawyer in his room. All windows were open, and he heard the hymn twice repeated. At the time he was in the midst of a fierce struggle with conscience, and the hymn determined him to be a Christian.

One day Mr. Wanamaker told his great Sunday-school in Philadelphia that one of their number, a young man who had been present only a week before, lay dying, and had asked the school to sing in his behalf "Just as I am, without one plea." The hymn was sung with so much feeling, and especially the third stanza, that a visitor who was present was led to Christ, being freed on the spot from "many a conflict, many a doubt."

Once John B. Gough was placed in a pew with a man so repulsive that he moved to the farther end of the seat. The congregation began to sing "Just as I am," and the man joined in so heartily that Mr. Gough decided that he could not be so disagreeable after all, and moved up nearer, though the man's singing "was positively awful." At the end of the third stanza, while the organ was playing the interlude, the man leaned toward Mr. Gough and whispered, "Won't you please give me the first line of the next verse?" Mr. Gough repeated,—

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,"

and the man replied, "That's it; and I am blind—God help me; and I am a paralytic." Then as he tried with his poor, twitching lips to make music of the glorious words, Mr. Gough thought that never in his life had he heard a Beethoven symphony with as much music in it as the blundering singing of that hymn by the paralytic.

Many similar stories might be told of this hymn; and best of all are those scenes that must be familiar to all our readers, when, during the singing of this hymn in revivals, now one soul and then another has determined to make the blessed surrender to the Lord Jesus.

Miss Elliott wrote in all about one hundred fifty hymns, most of them in the same meter as "Just as I am." Of these, perhaps the most beautiful was "Thy Will Be Done," which begins "My God and Father! while I stray." This was a special favorite of Queen Victoria's, and comforted her much on the death of her daughter, Princess Alice of Hesse, the mother of the present czarina of Russia. This beautiful hymn first appeared in Miss Elliott's "Invalid's Hymn-Book."

Other hymns by the author of "Just as I am" are the well-known "With tearful eyes I look around," "O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen!" and "Christian, seek not yet repose—watch and pray." Surely, with such a record, few would be inclined to question the estimate of Dr. David R. Breed, who declares that "Miss Elliott is the greatest of English female hymn-writers."

One of her own couplets became her favorite motto, and may well be taken as a summary of her beautiful life:—

"O Jesus, make thyself to me
A living, bright reality."

—Amos R. Wells.

The Life of Daniel—The Sabbath Test

DANIEL and his companions had a conscience void of offense toward God. But this was not preserved without a struggle. What a test was brought on the three associates of Daniel, when they were required to worship the great image set up by King Nebuchadnezzar in the plain of Dura!

The three Hebrews were called upon to confess Christ in the face of the burning fiery furnace. It cost them something to do this, for their lives were at stake. These youth, imbued with the Holy Spirit, declared to the whole kingdom of Babylon their faith,—that He whom they worshiped was the only true and living God. The demonstration of their faith on the plain of Dura was a most eloquent presentation of their principles.

The lessons we may learn from the loyalty of the Hebrew captives toward God and his law, have a direct and vital bearing upon our experience in these last days. We have a confession to make different from that which we have made; and we shall have to make it under trying circumstances. In order to impress idolaters with the power and greatness of the living God, we, as his servants, must reveal our own reverence for God. We must make it manifest that he is the only object of our adoration and worship, and that no consideration, not even the preservation of life, can induce us to make the least concession to idolatry.

The vainglory and oppression seen in the course pursued by the heathen king, Nebuchadnezzar, is being and will continue to be manifested in our day. History will repeat itself. In this age the test will be on the point of Sabbath observance. The heavenly universe behold men trampling upon the law of Jehovah, making the memorial of God, the sign between him and his commandment-keeping people, a thing of naught, something to be despised, while a rival sabbath is exalted as was the great golden image in the plain of Dura. Men claiming to be Christians will call upon the world to observe this spurious sabbath that they have made. All who refuse will be placed under oppressive laws. This is the mystery of iniquity, the devising of satanic agencies, carried into effect by the man of sin.

The people of God will enter into no controversy with the world over this matter. They will simply take God's Word for their guide, and maintain their allegiance to him whose commandments they keep. They will obey the words of Jehovah: "Verily my Sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you. Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore . . . for a perpetual covenant."

When the Sabbath becomes the special point of controversy throughout Christendom, the persistent refusal of a small minority to yield to the popular demand will make them objects of universal execration. It will be urged that the few who stand in opposition to an institution of the church and a law of the state, ought not to be tolerated; that it is better for them to suffer than for whole nations to be thrown into confusion and lawlessness. This argument will appear conclusive; and against those who hallow the Sabbath of the fourth commandment will finally be issued a decree, denouncing them as deserving of the severest punishment, and giving the people liberty, after a certain time, to put them to death. Romanism in

(Concluded on page four)

AROUND THE WORK-TABLE



Simple Experiments in Science

If a boy is handy with his knife, and can borrow a hammer, plane, and saw, he can easily and quickly construct a clock that will mark off the minutes and hours with considerable accuracy. And in the making of it, he will be learning more about why and how clocks keep time than most people ever know.

But leaving that for another time, we will begin some simple experiments this week, which, like the making of the clock, are both entertaining and instructive. They set us studying out the whys and wherefores of things, give us a better knowledge of the curious doings that are going on in the world around us, and so help us finally to read and teach "the great lessons that God's hand has written in earth and sea and sky."

In the first place fill a glass half full of water, over its mouth lay a square of paper or cardboard, and hold it there while you invert the glass. Now draw your hand away, and lo! the water does not spill — and no wonder; for pressing against that water is all the weight of fifty or more miles of air. The pressure of this great air column is sufficient to keep in place about thirty-two feet of water; for on every square inch of the earth's surface, and on the surfaces of all the objects on the earth, the air presses with a force of nearly fifteen pounds. From this fact a simple problem in arithmetic will tell us how many thousand pounds' air-pressure there is on the surface of our bodies, and yet we are not crushed, because the pressure within us exactly and delicately balances that without. If in some way we manage to remove a large share of the outside pressure, blood will burst from our noses, and the eyes will seem to start from their sockets. Men who have ascended to great heights in balloons often have had hemorrhage of the lungs, which, in some cases has proved fatal before denser atmosphere could be reached. Tourists who ascend Pike's Peak in Colorado, by means of the cog railway, sometimes experience much discomfort from nosebleed, on account of the lightness of the air.

Figure 2 shows one of the most curious experiments imaginable. It is called the "floating iron," and seems to indicate that steel is lighter than water! To make it, simply drop a clean bright sewing needle as gently as possible on the water. It floats! and it floats because the surface particles, or molecules of the water, in some un-

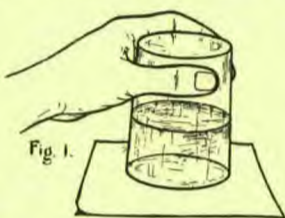


Fig. 1.



Water more than level



Fig. 2

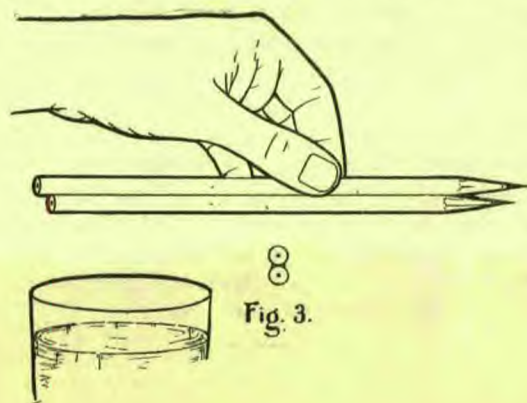


Fig. 3.

known way cling together and form a skin on the water of sufficient strength to support the needle. If you look closely, you will see that the surface of the water bends downward to form a trough in which the needle rests. The feet of the common little water-skaters on our creeks and ponds, act just as this needle does, not allowing the insect to sink.

Continuing with this experiment, fill a clean glass to the brim with water. We now ask our young friends how many pieces of money can be thrown into the water without any overflowing. Those who are not familiar with the experiment will answer that the glass is already full, and will hold nothing more. Nevertheless, we may drop in penny after penny, to a dozen or more, before a drop is lost, and the film on the water, binding it together, again offers a very simple explanation of the trick.

Next, hold two round pencils of the ordinary kind close together, and put a number of drops of water along the line of contact till the whole line is full, and you will find that by holding to the upper pencil only, both may be lifted, and moved about freely. Again the explanation is that the curious water-skin, or surface tension, which also gives water drops their shape, allows a considerable thickness of water to rest on the table without flattening out. When you wonder why rain and dew-drops are nearly round, simply think of them as little elastic skins filled with water; for that is what they really are, and they are round just as a little shapeless rubber bag becomes a beautiful round balloon when filled with gas or air.

Our first experiment suggests another in atmospheric pressure. Select two glasses of the same size, so that they will fit exactly when placed one on top of the other. Put a little piece of lighted candle in one of them, cover it with some thick wet paper, and press the remaining glass on the top quickly. In a very few moments the candle will have burned the oxygen from the air in the glass, and created a partial vacuum therein having less pressure than the outside air. The air outside will accordingly hold the two together tightly. See Fig. 4.

No doubt you have all seen a spirometer, and watched people blow into it to test the strength of their lungs. All that is needed to make a very effective spirometer is a strong paper bag and some kind of tube to tie into the mouth of it. The tube must be of thick rubber, metal, or heavy paper, so that it will not crush while tying in. Place a weight on the bag, blow into the tube, and an exclamation of wonder will be heard when in this way a large boy is actually lifted "with a breath."

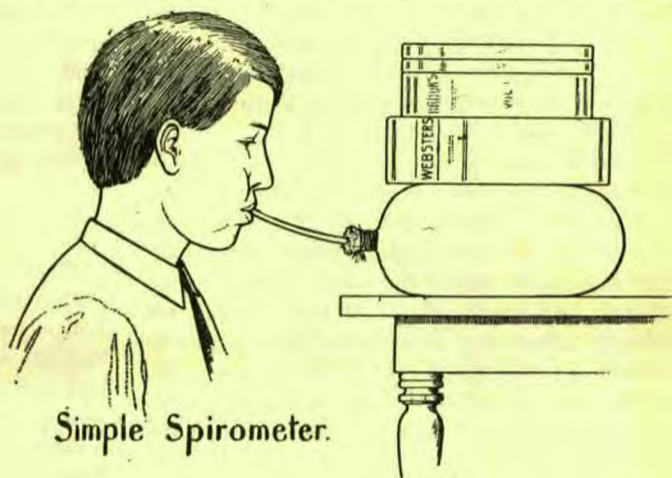
We shall now be content to mention one more experiment. Take the little piece of candle again, insert a nail in one end, so that it will float upright, and let it burn in the water. The question is, How long will it burn, and what will it do before the water puts it out? The answer is, The water will not put it out at all; for as the candle burns, it becomes lighter, rises still more and more, and burns on and on to the very end in the form of a pretty cup, with the light just so high above the table all the time. Such a con-

trivance is useful where a stationary candle flame is required, as in some scientific tests. To make a deeper cup, a heavier nail is attached to the candle.

EDISON DRIVER.

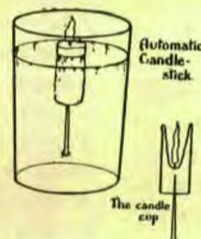
The Way Trees Grow Old

UNLESS the date of planting is known, a tree can keep the secret of its age as long as it lives. Only when it is cut down and the rings that then show on this cut surface are counted, can its exact age be told. Especially when a tree is sawed



Simple Spirometer.

down, leaving the stump with a smooth, flat surface, is it easy to count its years. Such trees as the oak, chestnut, or pine add a thin layer just under the rough outer bark each year. These layers harden into tough woody fiber, and one after another make the tree larger and larger around. When the tree is cut down, these layers show, just as the layers in an onion cut in half. As each ring counts for a year, the age of trees that have grown straight and tall is very easy to determine, while in gnarled, wind-twisted trees the rings run into one another, and can scarcely be distinguished, and thus some of the famous old sentinels on the mountain tops hide the secret of their age forever. As the trunks of trees grow larger layer by layer, the rough outside bark which lasts from year to year cracks wider and wider in its efforts to fit the big round body it was not made for, and great fissures and furrows appear, such as are seen in the oak. Some trees, like the birch, change their bark year after year. The birch bark that peels off is almost as thin as paper, and split in a thousand places with the swelling of the live new wood just beneath it.—Selected.



The candle cup

The Wants of an Empress

A FEW weeks before last Christmas the empress of Germany, while conversing at a reception in the Berlin palace with a baroness whose husband is very rich, was asked by her what things in the world she liked best.

"Your Majesty, excuse my question," the baroness added, "but it would be a great honor if I could do something to please you."

The empress smiled in her motherly way.

"My dear," she replied, "it would not be possible for you to give me the things I like best, for I already have them."

"Indeed, your Majesty," said the baroness; "may I make bold to ask what they are?"

"There are four things I prefer to all others. They are my kaiser [emperor], my kinder [children], my kirche [church], and my kuche [kitchen]."

—Week's Progress.



Fig. 4.

(Continued from second page)

the Old World, and apostate Protestantism in the New, will pursue a similar course toward those who honor all the divine precepts.

The season of distress and anguish before us will require a faith that can endure weariness, delay, and hunger,—a faith that will not faint, though severely tried. Those who now exercise but little faith are in the greatest danger of falling under the power of satanic delusions and the decree to compel conscience. And even if they endure the test, they will be plunged into deeper distress and anguish in the time of trouble, because they have not made it a habit to trust in God. The lessons of faith which they have neglected, they will be forced to learn under a terrible pressure of discouragement.

We should now acquaint ourselves with God by proving his promises. Angels record every prayer that is earnest and sincere. We should rather dispense with selfish gratifications than neglect communion with God. The deepest poverty, the greatest self-denial, with his approval, is better than riches, honors, ease, and friendship without it. We must take time to pray. The youth would not be seduced into sin if they would refuse to enter any path save that upon which they could ask God's blessing.

My dear young friends, if you are called to go through a fiery furnace for Christ's sake, Jesus will be by your side. To you he declares: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

The threats of men sink into insignificance beside the word of the living God. Be loyal and true, and the God who walked with the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, who manifested himself to John on the lonely island, will be with you. His abiding presence will comfort and sustain you, and you will realize the fulfillment of the promise, "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Controversy Ended

(Concluded)

CHAPTER STUDY: "Great Controversy," Chapter Forty-two, pages 669-679.

LESSON TOPICS:—

- Satan's vivid but sorrowful retrospect.
- His confession of God's justice.
- Wrath of wicked directed against their leader.
- Final retribution.
- Safety of the righteous.
- Fire of vengeance.
- Earth renewed.
- Eternal reminders of sin's sad story.
- Privileges heaven offers to the saved.

"Walk in the sunless glory of perpetual day."

"Dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods." Eze. 34:25.

"Crystal streams and waving palms."

"No more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

"Stand in the presence of ineffable glory."

"Study with never-failing delight."

"Highest ambitions realized."

"New heights to surmount, new wonders to admire."

Song of universal adoration.

PERSONAL LESSONS:—

"Where stand you?"

"Let him deny himself." Matt. 16:24.

"To him that overcometh." Rev. 3:21.

"They that turn many to righteousness."

Dan. 12:3.

Note

The series of lesson studies from "Great Controversy" closes with this one. Would it not be well to take time for a social service, that all may speak of the *personal* good derived from the study of the things that are coming upon the earth, and for speaking of the advance steps that are imperative *just now* if the eternal prize is to be won by the army of youth?

A Working Society

WE have been much interested in reading reports from different Societies, so perhaps others will enjoy hearing of our work. Eight months ago the young people of Leavenworth, Kansas, met one Sabbath afternoon to organize a Young People's Society. Our object was first to seek a closer relation with our Saviour, and to study how to become efficient workers for Christ. There were fourteen present at the first meeting.

We have been studying the lessons given in the INSTRUCTOR, and have found them interesting and profitable. We also drill each week on a few texts of scripture on the different points of our faith.

All the members of our Society take an interest in missionary work, the reports of which form an interesting phase of each meeting. The following will give an idea of what has been done since our organization was effected:—

Life Boats sold	286
Good Healths sold	100
Signs of the Times sold.....	1,000
Papers distributed	132
Pages of tracts distributed	4,196
Bible readings held	7
Missionary visits	100
Letters written	10
Family Bible Teacher distributed.....	200
Books sold	42
Books loaned	5

We have also done some Christian Help work. We have received about ten dollars in offerings. This has been used for missionary purposes.

Though only few in number, we remembered the promise to the faithful few; and as we sought to encourage others, we ourselves were encouraged, and gained rich blessings. Our zeal has only been increased by past effort.

LILLIE HORNBECK, Secretary.

What Are the Opportunities for Work in the Cities?

ALL the opportunities that an Almighty Power can open are now presented to the Christian workers of our Young People's Societies. God has said: "Young men and women, can not you form companies, and as soldiers of Christ enlist in the work, putting all your tact and skill and talent into the Master's service, that you may save souls from ruin?" "Let there be companies organized in every church to do this work." Armies of the world carefully lay their plans,—let us so do, going forth to conquer. We can scatter the seed, God will give the increase. We have an Almighty Power and the angels on our side. Were it not for this, we might well be appalled at what lies before us in the cities—Satan's strongholds.

Now for plans. I have before me an outline of work which I think will be helpful in meeting the needs of the cities. First, there is mentioned in this outline, branch Sabbath-school work. There are those who can take up that line of work and

give time and talent to it, who could not take up other kinds of work. How many little ones can be taught the truth of God by efforts in this way. Truths learned in youth are rarely forgotten.

Second, Christian Help work opens a broad field. Isa. 58:7: "Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out of thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" or, in other words, that those members of the body of Christ should receive our utmost consideration in all matters temporal and spiritual. This is work that we find at our doors, and may we each be ready to help in any capacity. On the calling card of a missionary were the words: "For any helpful service at any time." How appropriate! What a ready spirit!

Third, we can make missionary visits. Many of us can find a few minutes to call upon our neighbors, whether sick or well, and Christ gives us an example in his conversation. Turning to things eternal in every walk, he found opportunities to refer to the "signs of the times," "living fountains," "harvest time," "eternal life," and other life-giving themes.

Fourth, cottage meetings may be held by the members. Let those feeling incompetent to lead out in them, go and lend encouragement by their presence and testimonies. By taking hold in this way as God directs, they will gain strength to go on alone in the work. Many will gladly devote a short time in the evening to the study of the Word of God.

Fifth, sewing classes may be formed in different ways. Some may meet together and sew for the needy, others may gather in little ones, and teach them to make and mend their clothes, thereby helping them to help themselves, which I believe is the better way usually. In our cities there are philanthropic people who would lend the use of a room once a week for this purpose, and others will give materials, so that the poor may come and learn to work, and supply their needs at the same time. The boys can also have a part.

Sixth, supporting missionaries is a work in which all may have a part with pennies and prayers. As Societies we could bind ourselves to send out one or two missionaries into the field, and pay the expenses of the same by our own efforts. We can make and sell aprons, slippers, or any needed article, or raise missionary gardens. There are sisters in the Omaha church who have lately sent seventeen dollars for the support of a colored missionary in the South. This was earned by making gingham aprons, and crocheting slippers.

Seventh, work for the backsliders. Yes, this is a delicate work. God tells us to hold up the weak hands. This we can best do by being alive ourselves to God's work, and letting the backslidden see that Christ's yoke is no yoke of bondage, as Satan has made it appear to them.

Eighth, then there are the prisoners and the outcasts. In this line of work especially it would be wise for the older ones to aid, as the young and inexperienced need to exercise great care in this work. Those of maturer years can act as companions to our younger ones. We must have much of God's power when undertaking this; for Satan will work with every art to fill the atmosphere with darkness to encompass those who are working. Among such unfortunate ones there are many dear souls that long for deliverance from their sins, and God can choose those best fitted to take to them the gospel of freedom.

Ninth, holding night schools. There are those who are working all day as clerks, etc., who would be glad to take advantage of special classes in school work in the evening, and there could always be given time on the program for Bible study.

BERTRAND PETERSON.

(Concluded next week)

"Look for the light that the shadow proves."

• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •

The Way to School

Oh, many a path the summer long
Has blossomed and bloomed my way for me!
And many a bird and many a bee
Have gladdened my path with song.

The path in the pasture well I know,
The path to the sandy shore I found,
I followed the garden path around,
And wandered in apple-row.

And now for the path to school, say I—
Wherever we go in summer time,
We're ready the way to school to climb,
The lessons of school to try.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

A Great Red A

RUFUS MCINTYRE did not whistle over his work as usual, and he was inclined to be impatient with the knots that would not lie still in the basket he was filling.

"Lie there," he said to the largest and most crooked. "Ugly black twisty thing! You've got to stay in your place and make room for another stick. Do you think that I'm going to carry this basket up-stairs with only four stumps in it? You're selfish; that's what you are. I haven't been selfish, anyhow, if I haven't helped. Everybody in this family helped, but me, even to the rooster, and now it has all come to nothing. It's too mean, anyhow!"

Two tears forced their way out, and fell plump on the twisted stick. Rufus was as much astonished as the stump could have been; he was not used to seeing his own tears; but there was no denying that he was very blue.

The trouble was this: Grandmother Colton and Aunt Margaret Colton lived seven hundred miles away; his mother had not seen them for nine years. And Uncle David, his mother's only brother, had a five days' furlough next month, and was coming home to grandmother's for the first time in three years; and grandmother had written to beg that Eunice, Rufus's mother, might make her long-promised visit at the same time. "Then I will have my children all together once more," she wrote: "who knows but it may be for the last time?"

Aunt Margaret had added a few lines, which said: "Do come, Eunice, if you possibly can. Mother isn't so strong this spring as usual, and she seems to have set her heart on having you and David and me together. I'm afraid you may be sorry for it if you put her off again."

Rufus had seen a tear on his mother's nose when she was reading that. She put up her hand quickly behind the letter, and brushed it away; she might have deceived the others, but Rufus was sharp-sighted, and he knew there were tears

on her nose. Mother wanted to go just as badly as grandmother wanted to have her, and it was an awful shame that she couldn't. If he could *only* help! They had all tried hard.

"Of course you must go, mother," his father had said, cheerily, and as if it were the easiest thing in the world to accomplish. "We'll have that money from Webster on the fifteenth, you know; and we can spare you now just as well as we can any time, can't we, girls?"

Of course the mother had objected; she always did object when the pleasure was just for her; but her children had chimed in eagerly, and made her feel that it was a matter of course. Then

that the wonder was that the feet had not grown away from the old size. Even Trudie, the nine-year-old daughter, had had a chance to sell her rooster, and had bought with the money two neat collars for mother to wear on the journey. In short, the gifts poured in so freely that the mother said she would have to go now to parade her finery, if for no other reason.

It was only poor Rufus who had not been able to do anything, although he had thought and planned and lain awake as much as fifteen minutes at night to contrive some way to earn a little money.

But the tears on the crooked stick had not been on that account. Hadn't his mother kissed him, and called him her dear son, and told him that he was helping all the time just as much as any of them? Did he think she could go away if she did not know there was a dear, faithful boy at home who would watch for ways to help his father, and see that Margaret did not have to run up and down stairs too much, and see that Aunt Mary had plenty of wood for her fire? O, she knew how she could trust him! Rufus had choked back the tears that wanted to come at the thought of getting along a whole month without a sight of his mother, and had smiled and told her he would see to everything.

And then, only three days before his mother was to start, had come the disappointment of their lives. Webster had failed them!

After promising over and over again that as surely as the sun rose on the fifteenth, the money he had long owed should be paid, the fifteenth had come, and the sun had risen and set, and no word had been heard from Webster. It was not until the afternoon of the following day that his letter

came, to say that he could not possibly pay that money until next year. Then father, looking more sorry than Rufus had ever seen him, confessed that that made it impossible for him to raise the money for the ticket. He could manage the rest, but that twenty-one dollars and sixty cents he did not know how to raise.

It was a terrible disappointment.

"Father actually looks ten years older!" Margaret said, speaking in confidence to Mary about it. Rufus heard her, and when he thought of it, he let another tear splash down on the crooked stick.

"When I'm a man," he said, "I'll do something for a living that can raise a little money. What's cabbages and squashes and things when a man wants twenty-one dollars?"

They were all so disappointed for her that the mother just *had* to be cheerful and say, "Never



FEEDING THE BIRDS

they had all set to work to make her ready. Margaret, the oldest daughter, had turned and sponged and made over her mother's black dress until every one said it looked as well as if it were new, and Mary, who was only sixteen, and a genius, had made her the neatest little bonnet, "right out of the rag-bag," she said, gleefully.

Aunt Mary, who was an invalid, had brought down her own handsome black coat and urged it upon her sister-in-law, saying, cheerfully: "I shall not need it any more, you know; and I meant to give it to you, anyhow. You may just as well have the good of it now."

As for father, besides doing all sorts of things to help, he had come from the village one night with a pair of new shoes tucked proudly under his arm, that he was sure were "mother's fit," and they had proved just right, though it had been so long since the dear mother had had a new pair

mind, I can go next year, maybe." But Rufus watching her closely, knew that on Sunday morning her eyes were red, and believed that she had taken time to cry. He thought about this as he tramped over the frozen ground to church, walking all the way, so that Mrs. Simpson, their lame neighbor, could ride in the sleigh in his place.

He was early. Only a few dozen people were seated in the church when he walked in. No sooner was he seated than he knew that there was some sort of fun going on. Deacon Ferris Ben was covering his mouth with both hands to keep from laughing aloud, and Jennie Wilcox was giggling outright. There were broad smiles even on the faces of the grown people. While Rufus wondered, Joe Stevens reached over and nudged him, whispering at the same time: "Look at Miss Ainsworth."

At once his eyes traveled to the Ainsworth pew. There sat the stately elderly woman in her rich black silk robes, with her handsome furs pushed back, and on her shoulders the beautiful black cape she always wore, trimmed with yards and yards of real lace. But oh, horrors! the cape was wrong side out, and in the middle of it was a great "A" as much as three inches long, worked in red silk.

Rufus had heard that it was Miss Ainsworth's way of marking her clothing. Mrs. Simpson, who did her mending, had heard her say, "The thief who steals from me will have a good deal of picking out to do before she can wear my things." This was while she sat working in finest embroidery stitch her great red A's. But of course she meant them to be always on the wrong side. How funny she looked, sitting bolt upright in her pew with that flaming letter between her shoulders! Rufus's first thought was to laugh; his next was, "What if it were mother!" With that his eyes began to flash. How mean in all the people to laugh! That silly Jennie Wilcox was actually shaking the seat. Why didn't somebody go and tell her, right away, before more people came? There were those girls just behind her. Why didn't they? They didn't; they simply giggled.

Then why didn't he, Rufus McIntyre? O! he had never spoken to Miss Ainsworth in his life. She was a great lady, and lived in a house that was almost a palace. And she thought that boys were created on purpose to try the patience of their elders; he had heard that she said so. Suppose he should try to whisper to her that her cape was wrong side out, and she should not understand, and should say to him: "Boy! how dare you? Go back to your seat!" O, horrible!

But Joe Stevens was chuckling with all his might. If Joe should ever laugh at his mother! And then Rufus started, slipped into the aisle, across the aisle, through Squire Humboldt's empty pew to the center aisle, and walked what seemed to him almost a mile to the seat just behind Miss Ainsworth. Bending over the astonished woman, he murmured, just what words he never knew; but he lifted the handsome cape from her stately shoulders, swiftly turned it, and set it back in place, as he had done for his mother's cape many a time, and was on his way to his seat again before Miss Ainsworth recovered from her indignant amazement. Everybody was looking at Rufus now, and he could not decide whether he had done the right thing, or made a fool of himself.

The moment the benediction was pronounced, Miss Ainsworth turned in her pew, and let her keen eyes search down the rows of seats until they reached Rufus; then she came swiftly down the aisle and crossed over to him, speaking with the air of a commander.

"Young man, I want to see you at the Ainsworth place to-morrow morning at ten o'clock sharp, and don't forget it."

"What is all this?" asked his father, for the

McIntyre family had come into church just as the exhibition was over.

If the truth must be told, the Sunday talk in the McIntyre home that afternoon was much about Miss Ainsworth's elegant black cape with the great red A on it, and the part that Rufus had played in the scene. Rufus asked whether he really must go and see the lady. And his mother said:—

"Go, of course, my boy, and explain what you did for her. She probably doesn't understand what was the matter. When she hears, she will thank you; or, if she doesn't, never mind, I will. You were a thoughtful, gentlemanly boy, and your mother is proud of you."

After that, Rufus felt better, and believed that nothing that Miss Ainsworth could say would trouble him.

All the way to the Ainsworth place, next morning, he studied over his story to see in how few words he could tell it. The moment Miss Ainsworth's eyes alighted on him, she said: "Now, young man, tell me this instant just what you want most in the world."

Thus ordered, what was a boy like Rufus to say but that he wanted a railroad ticket for his mother worse than he ever wanted anything else in his life?

Miss Ainsworth seemed astonished; it was not just such an answer as she had expected; she asked questions until Rufus, ashamed that he had burst out with that want, and amazed that he was telling, still told the story of the home struggle, even to the rag-bag bonnet and the rooster, and under the fire of questions felt himself compelled to go on to tell of Webster and the sunrise, and how, though the sun did not fail them, Webster did.

"Rufus stays well," said his sister Margaret, as they sat down to dinner without him. "He hated to go so badly that I thought he would be soon back."

"There he comes!" said Trudie, as quick steps were heard outside. Sure enough, he came in like a March wind, flourishing in his hand a long yellow ticket, and shouting:—

"I've got it, mother! I've got it! All signed and paid for and everything. It was my money bought it; she said it was mine to put in the river if I wanted to; she gave it to me because I had sense enough to do the right thing, she said, instead of sitting and giggling. And she's nice; I'm to go and see her again; she wants me to come every Saturday. She went with me to buy it, and get it signed, so there wouldn't be any mistake; and she brought me back to the corner in her own sleigh, with the splendid horses and handsome robes and everything. Say, father, didn't I help?"—*Jr. Ch. Endeavor World.*

What the Boy Did

(Concluded)

ABOUT the time James Garfield entered Geauga Seminary, he consulted a physician to see whether he had the strength to carry him through his mental and physical work. The doctor saw that he had a magnificent brain, strong lungs and pulse. After a thorough examination he said, "Go on, follow the promptings of your ambition. You have a brain of a Webster, the physical proportions that will back you in the most herculean efforts. Work, work hard, do not be afraid of overworking, and you will make your mark." The doctor's advice was good, and it would be a wise thing if more of the boys and girls of to-day would follow it. With the excellent schools in America and the scholarships within easy reach of the earnest worker, all can obtain a good education, and have a far better chance to succeed than had James Garfield.

By working in a carpenter shop before and after school and on Saturdays, James earned enough to go through the term, and had besides a few dollars to carry home to his mother. From

that time on he paid his own school expenses.

The foundation of his success in life as a public speaker was laid at Geauga Seminary. Here he took an active part in the debating society. He studied his questions as though they were problems in mathematics, becoming so full of his subject that he could not help imparting it in a strong and impressive way. He often astonished his fellow students by his eloquent and strong appeals.

After a three years' course at this school, he taught in his district at the "Ledge." He began as Jim Garfield, but ere the term was ended, he was known by all as Mr. Garfield.

He next went to Hiram, Ohio, for a three years' course. While there, he worked his way first as janitor, and then as assistant teacher. He was a noted member of the debating club. After this he went to William's College in Williamstown, Massachusetts, for two years. Here he excelled in scholarship, and won high honors as a writer, reasoner, and debater. President Hopkins, of William's College, said of him: "He was prompt, frank, manly, and social in his tendencies, combining active exercise with habits of study, and thus did for himself what it is the object of a college to enable every young man to do [and he could have added, what is in the power of every boy]—he made himself a man." He was graduated in August, 1856, and had already identified himself with the Republican party. On his return to Ohio at the age of twenty-six, he was appointed Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature at Hiram College, and the next year was made its president.

In 1858 he married Lucretia Rudolph, who had been a schoolmate in Geauga, and also a pupil at Hiram. He was elected to the State senatorship of Portage County in 1859, and was afterward re-elected. When war was declared, Garfield formed a regiment from the Western Reserve. His ability as a soldier was early recognized, and he was promoted from a lieutenant-colonel to a colonel, then to brigadier-general, then major-general, and last of all to general—all within a period of two years and three months.

On being elected representative from his native State in 1863, he resigned his commission in the army. He had been the youngest man in the Ohio Senate, the youngest brigadier-general, and now at the age of thirty-two, he was found to be the youngest member of the House of Representatives. The reason for this was his habit of not passing anything by without thoroughly understanding it,—even stopping to learn how a common file was sharpened. He served as representative from the thirty-ninth congress until the forty-seventh. In January, 1880, he was elected senator for the term beginning March 4, 1881, but was nominated June 8, 1880, and elected Nov. 4, 1880, to the presidency of the United States, at the age of forty-nine.

While residing in Washington, D. C., Mr. Garfield occupied a house on the corner of Thirteenth and I Streets, just opposite Franklin Square. On the morning of July 2, 1881, the president, accompanied by James G. Blaine, the secretary of state, went to the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad station, where he was to leave for New York, to join his wife. As they were talking, a poorly dressed man, Charles Guiteau by name, drew a revolver and shot Mr. Garfield. As the president lay upon his bed of illness, he was told how the nation mourned. In response he said, with a smile: "The great heart of the people will not let the old soldier die." After long weeks of patient suffering and waiting, the end came Sept. 19, 1881. He left a wife, two sons, and a daughter.

The nation raised a fund of \$360,345.74 for the benefit of the widow. An old poorly dressed man came into the store where the money was collected, and putting a bottle of ink on the table, said that he wanted to give something toward the

fund, but that was all he had. The bottle of ink was sold again and again. When evening came, it had brought in fifty dollars.

The life of James A. Garfield is one of the greatest examples on record of the possibilities of every American citizen. He began life as one of the poorest of boys, and by his own exertions, ability, and character, made his way to the highest place. If he could climb so high with his few advantages, surely all who enjoy the excellent advantages of the present day ought to reach the heights of nobility and efficient service.

LOUISE R. SWIFT.

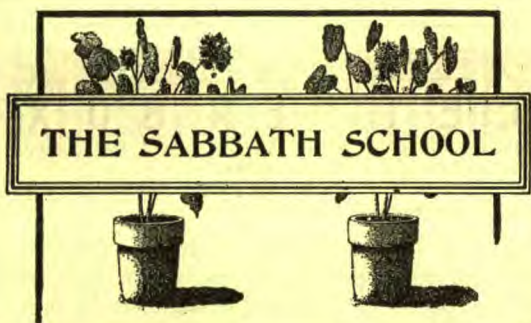
What Do We Know?

What know we of the gnawing pain
That dims, perchance, our neighbors' way,
The fretting worry, secret pain,
That may be theirs from day to day?
Then let no idle word of ours
Strike to their heart with more dismay.

What know we of temptations deep
That hover round them like the night,
What bitter struggles may be theirs,
What evil influences blight?
Then let us not be hasty to condemn
If they have strayed from paths of right.

We know so little of the hearts
That everywhere around us beat,
So little of the inner lives
Of those whom day by day we greet.
Oh, it behooves us one and all
Gently to deal with those we meet!

VINA M. CURTIS.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—A Great Famine—The Lord Delivers Israel

(July 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 6:25-33; chap. 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "This day is a day of good tidings, . . . now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household." 2 Kings 7:9.

After these things, Ben-hadad, king of Syria, gathered a host, and came up and besieged Samaria. It was not long till the people inside the city had eaten all their food; and as they could not go outside to get any more, they were soon in great distress. There was a very serious famine.

"And as the king of Israel was passing by upon the wall, there cried a woman unto him, saying, Help, my lord, O king. And he said, If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? out of the barn-floor, or out of the wine-press?"

"And the king said unto her, What aileth thee? And she answered, This woman said unto me, Give thy son, that we may eat him to-day, and we will eat my son to-morrow. So we boiled my son, and did eat him: and I said unto her on the next day, Give thy son, that we may eat him: and she hath hid her son.

"And it came to pass, when the king had heard the words of the woman, that he rent his clothes; and he passed by upon the wall, and the people looked, and, behold, he had sackcloth within upon his flesh."

Elisha was sitting in his house with the elders, and the king came to see him, meaning to kill him. In his distress he blamed the man of God for the trouble that had come upon the city. But

Elisha said: "Hear ye the word of the Lord; Thus saith the Lord, To-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria."

There was with the king a lord on whose hand the king leaned, and this man said to the prophet: "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" Elisha answered, "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof."

That night the Lord "made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host: and they said one to another, Lo, the king of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites, and the kings of the Egyptians, to come upon us. Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight, and left their tents, and their horses, and their asses, even the camp as it was, and fled for their life."

Now there were at the gate of the city of Samaria, four men who were lepers. They were starving. There was nothing for them to do but to die. So on this morning they went out, while it was yet twilight, to the camp of the Syrians, to see if they could find something to eat. And when they came to the camp, and looked, "behold, there was no man there." So the men ate and drank, and began to take some of the vessels of gold and silver, and hide them.

Then they remembered the starving men and women shut up in the city; and they said one to another: "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household."

At first the king would not believe that the Syrians had fled; he thought they had set a trap for his soldiers. But he sent a few men to follow after them, the way they had gone; "and, lo, all the way was full of garments and vessels, which the Syrians had cast away in their haste. And the messengers returned, and told the king.

"And the people went out, and spoiled the tents of the Syrians. So a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, according to the word of the Lord." But the man on whose hand the king had leaned, and who had said, "If the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" was trodden by the people in the gate, so he died.

Questions

1. Who came and besieged Samaria? In what distress were the people of the city?
2. What did a woman cry to the king one day as he was walking along the wall? What dreadful thing did she tell him? How did the king feel when he heard it? What did he wear to show his sorrow?
3. Where was Elisha? Who came to him? What did the king mean to do? Why? What did Elisha tell the king would be done in Samaria the next day?
4. Tell what was said by the man on whose hand the king was leaning. What did Elisha say this man should see? What should he not do?
5. What did the Lord make the Syrians to hear that night? What did they think? What did they do?
6. Who came out very early in the morning to the camp? What did these men want? What did they do when they saw no one there?
7. Afterward what did they say to one another? What kind of day was it? What did they say they would do? Repeat this verse.
8. What "good tidings" have we learned? Read Luke 2:10, 11; John 3:16. What should we do with this good news? To whom should we tell it? What may we learn from these poor men?
9. What did the king of Israel think the Syrians had done? What was found all the way

to Jordan, by the messengers whom he sent out?

10. What did the people of Samaria then do? What was sold in the city that day? What happened to him on whose hand the king leaned?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV—The Victory of the Remnant

(July 23)

MEMORY VERSE: "And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God." Rev. 14:5.

Questions

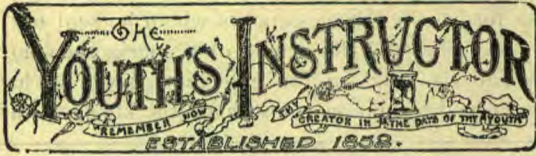
1. What measures will be taken to compel all to worship the beast? Rev. 13:17.
2. What sentence will be pronounced upon those who refuse? Verse 15, last part.
3. Who will not worship the beast? Rev. 13:8.
4. With whom does the prophet next see the remnant? Where are they standing? Rev. 14:1.
5. What do they have written in their foreheads in contrast with the mark of the beast which they had refused to receive? How many were delivered? Same verse.
6. How many were sealed under the message presented in Revelation 7? Verse 3, 4, 9.
7. Where was the seal placed? Verse 4.
8. Are the companies mentioned in chapters 7 and 14 the same? What follows the sealing? Chap. 8:1; 14:14; note 1.
9. What song will the remnant sing? Rev. 15:3.
10. Has this song ever been sung before? Rev. 14:3.
11. Why could no others learn this song? Same verse; note 2.
12. From among whom are these redeemed? Are they defiled with the sins of Babylon? What exalted privilege have they? Rev. 14:4; note 3.
13. What will be the character of those who are thus redeemed? Verse 5; Eph. 5:27.
14. How only can individuals attain to such a character? Jude 24.
15. How may we put away our sins? 1 John 1:9.

Notes

1. The next event which follows the sealing of God's people is the second coming of Christ. The events of the sixth seal, in the closing verses of the sixth chapter, reach to the immediate coming of the Lord, but do not include that event. Chapter 7 seems to be thrown in parenthetically, and relates to the work which will be done for God's people under the sixth seal. Chapter 7, verse 1, announces the conditions under the seventh seal, and then takes up an entirely new line of prophecy. This first verse evidently refers to the coming of the Lord. When the Lord appears, all the holy angels will accompany him, and when these all leave the heavenly courts, there will doubtless be silence there.

2. Those that are redeemed from the earth pass through experiences (Dan. 12:1) that no other class of God's people will pass through. For this reason no others can learn this song, because it will be a song of experience. It is a precious thought to know that the prophet has already seen this victorious company in vision. The victory is assured. We may share it. The preparation is easy. It is the every-day experience of keeping our sins washed away and our hearts open to the leading of God's Spirit.

3. The saved will have the privilege of going with the Saviour and visiting all the worlds in the universe, and singing the song of their deliverance. The unfallen inhabitants of other worlds will listen with joy to the song of the 144,000. See "Early Writings," page 33.



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If We Only Understood

COULD we but draw back the curtains,
 That surround each other's lives,
 See the naked heart and spirit,
 Know what spur the action gives,
 Often we should find it better,
 Purer, than we judge we should;
 We would love each other better,
 If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
 See the bad and good within,
 Often we would love the sinner,
 All the time we loath the sin.
 Could we see the power working
 To overthrow integrity,
 We would judge each other's errors
 With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
 Knew the efforts all in vain,
 And the bitter disappointments,
 Understood the loss and gain,
 Would the grim external roughness
 Seem, I wonder, just the same?
 Should we help where now we hinder?
 Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
 Knowing not the unseen force,
 Knowing not the fount of action
 Is less purer than its source;
 Seeing not amid the evil
 All the golden grains of good.
 Ah! we'd love each other better,
 If we only understood.

—Selected.

Swallowing Windmills

THE tax levied on human credulity by some of the scientific theories of the day, is thus illustrated by C. H. Spurgeon in the *Sword and Trowel*:—

"There is a quaint story of a giant who had long fed upon windmills, and at last was choked by a pat of butter; and assuredly this counterpart may be seen in the evolutionists of our day, who are unable to receive the Bible account of the creation. The hypotheses of our present philosophers are enough to tax the credulity of a monk of the Middle Ages, yet many take down these windmills as pigeons swallow peas. The teaching of revelation is fitted for the capacity of a child, but our wise men are choked with such simple fare. We confess we have not enough faith to be an infidel, or an agnostic, nor even an evolutionist. We find ourselves for once standing up for reason, and demanding that our faith should not be overstrained. We can believe what is revealed; for, sublime as it is, there is a kind of truthlikeness about it; but we can not believe what we are now taught with such tremendous authority, for, in the first place, it is not worth believing, and in the next place it looks so dreadfully like a lie that we had rather not. No, thank you, dear sir, we will keep to our bread and butter; our throat is not yet adapted to the disposal of windmills."—*The Christian*.

Are You Aiming at the Right Mark?

Life is an arrow, therefore thou must know what mark to aim at, how to use the bow, then pull it to the head and let it go.—*Van Dyke*.

MORE than half the world is adrift. Everywhere we see men and women in middle age, and even gray-haired people, who have not yet found their places, their work, who have no settled aim, no definite purpose in life.

What a pitiable thing it is to see thousands of bright young men and young women in this land of magnificent opportunities drifting aimlessly about, without purpose, without striking any permanent occupation or career. Is it not a sad plight to see men in middle life or later ever shifting about from one thing to another, throwing away the results of their experience in one occupation and entering something new, where they can not use much of what they have learned before, always laboring under a disadvantage, having to begin over again every time they change their vocation, not taking advantage of the accumulated experience or momentum which they gained in their last job? Everything they do has to be done by main force; there is nothing back of them to push them along.

The shrewd man wants to take advantage of every bit of experience, of every false step, every mistake. He wants to avail himself of this accumulated reserve so that it may add to his momentum in a single line of endeavor, so that he will lose nothing back of him. For he knows that every time he changes his vocation, he throws away valuable experience which he can never utilize to advantage in anything else.

The drifters in America would make an army infinitely greater than Grant or Napoleon ever saw. Fix your floating life the first thing you do. Do not drift any longer. Do not float about in an aimless sea without rudder, without purpose, without compass. Have a clear aim, a definite purpose, which will give color, direction, solidity, dignity to your life. And when you have an aim, cultivate it, never leave it, no matter how dark the outlook.

A Temporary Purpose

Even a temporary purpose, if you can not decide upon a life aim, will help you wonderfully. It will completely transform your lagging faculties. Supposing you have nothing especial to do on any particular day, no object, no aim in view. You rise in the morning wearily, you feel exhausted, your animal spirits are down, and you have no ambition for anything.

If you ask the aimless man why he never does this or that, he will tell you that he doesn't feel like it. People without purpose never feel like it. It is the purpose that arouses the faculties and makes them feel like it.

Supposing that on the day you have no object in view, nothing to do and your spirits are all down, you receive a telegram to attend during the day, or during the evening, some important function, or to meet some important personage. Instantly everything is changed. New life, new energy, has come from somewhere to you, and your mental and physical forces are all ready for action, when, perhaps, an hour before everything within you was at a low ebb, and you were drifting. Perhaps it was even a burden for you to move about. All at once there is elasticity in your step, there is fire in the dull eye, there is a new light in the face because there is a purpose back of it.

If a little temporary purpose will thus work such a change in you, what shall we say of the great life purpose, that one unwavering aim which would lead the life and marshall all the faculties into line in their consummate action?—*Orison Swett Marden*.

"EVERY noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the works of the world."

The Empty Place

A HOMELESS Bad Habit went searching one day For a spot where it snugly could settle and stay; It hung round Fred's door for three hours by the clock,
 But never found courage to step up and knock.

The place was too busy and crowded, you see;
 There was really no minute that seemed to be free;
 There were lessons and games, there were books to be read,
 And no time to be idle from breakfast to bed.

"I might push my way in," thought the Habit,
 "but then
 Every corner is filled; I'd be turned out again.
 It's no use to hang round; this is no place for me!"
 And it went off as downcast as downcast could be.

But Jim's door stood open, not far down the road;
 No crowd was about it, no bustle it showed;
 The hall was deserted, the study was bare,
 And the Habit stepped in with a satisfied air.

"Ah, here's what I want," it remarked with a grin,
 "I can settle in peace, and grow into a sin.
 Jim's life is so idle and empty, I see,
 That it's just the right home for an inmate like me!"

So it stayed, and it grew till it filled the whole place,
 And owned Jim in the bargain, and brought him disgrace.
 Poor Jim! Other boys, too, should keep a lookout,
 For many Bad Habits go searching about!

—Selected.



MODALE, IOWA, June 2, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the Children's Page and Historical Sketches in the *INSTRUCTOR*. We sometimes tell the stories in our home missionary meetings. Mrs. Wiltse conducts the home-school. It closed the first of March. I am learning music and housekeeping. We have a missionary flower and vegetable garden, and also some missionary chickens. We have home Sabbath-school and missionary meetings, as there are no other members in Modale.

AUDREY E. MILLER.

I have been wanting some one to express an interest in the History Stories; for they are too valuable to be overlooked by youthful readers. A knowledge of history is very important.

Audrey, if you master the two arts to which you are now giving attention, and will combine with their study the beautiful art of heart-keeping, you certainly will possess three accomplishments that will keep your path flooded with rivers of delight because of the service that you render others.

TROY, OREGON, June 11, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: We have no Sabbath-school here, nor any day-school. I began reading the Bible through some time ago. I have gotten to the thirty-fourth chapter of Genesis. I was thirteen years old last November. This is my first letter to the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I take the paper, and like it very much. I would like to have some of the friends write to me. There was only one letter in a recent paper. I hope to see more in the next paper.

DOROTHY SWAIN.

Will you not, Dorothy, after reading the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Bible, write us again, telling some of the things you most enjoyed reading? Tell us also some of the personal lessons you learned.

I wish you might attend both Sabbath-school and church-school. Not all boys and girls who have the privilege of attending these rightly improve their opportunities. Many do, however, I am happy to say.