

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW
THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Acadians

BEFORE beginning a trip over the Southern Pacific Railroad, a traveler should take down his volume of Longfellow's poems, and read carefully the beautiful and pathetic tale of Evangeline; for he will pass through the same country of Louisiana in which the Acadian exiles found refuge.

It was in the year 1713 that the country of Nova Scotia, or Acadia, was ceded to the English. At that time it had only about three thousand inhabitants, but during the next forty years their numbers increased to sixteen thousand, and they were all, with few exceptions, French peasants who had come to make for themselves homes where they would not be disturbed by the wars which were constantly racking the peace of the home land. They had succeeded, in spite of the bitterly cold winters, in making homes that were pleasant and happy. Little villages and hamlets like Grand Pre, Evangeline's home, were scattered over the peninsula, and the happy people worshiped God as they chose, and had that freedom that goes so far in making life a luxury. Then came that dark page in American history with which we are all familiar, and which gave us our Acadian farmers in Louisiana.

The English governor seems to have had a heart as hard as that of the Pharaoh who made such miserable slaves of the Israelites. His name was Laurence, and he pretended to fear an insurrection, so an oath of allegiance was drawn up for the people to take. They were all good Catholics, and the oath was such that no honest Catholic could take it, so they refused, but declared their loyalty to the king. The English then accused them of treason, and demanded that they surrender all their firearms and boats. They submitted to this indignity also, and some now offered to take the oath, but were told by the governor that it was too late, and they must

take the consequences. It had already been determined in the minds of the English what the consequences were to be. The home-loving Acadians were to be banished and scattered, and the atrocious work was soon begun. The touching picture given by Mr. Longfellow of the destruction of Grand Pre, and the distress of its people, was reproduced in all the little hamlets along the coast. Thousands were driven from homes and forced to embark on the English ships, which carried them southward, and there, in a country unknown to them, they were scattered, friendless and homeless, and the peaceful Acadian villages were given to the flames.

The country was almost depopulated, yet there is no record of resistance on the part of the sufferers. Surely they deserve the name of Christians, and an honored place in history.

But what became of these people who were scattered from Massachusetts to Georgia among a people who hated them for their religion and nationality? History tells us that very few of them remained among these inhospitable surroundings. Between the years 1764 and 1788 four thousand of them found their way to their countrymen in southern Louisiana, and the descendants of these Acadians are the ones who to-day attract the attention of the traveler through the Southland. As one journeys westward from New Orleans, he first passes through great fields of sugar-cane. As far as can be seen, there is nothing but cane, and occasionally a refinery, and the homes of those who care for the cane. Hundreds of men are required to care for these great plantations, and as one passes through, he sees many dusky, contented-looking plowboys driving their little mules back and forth through the long rows.

All this rich sugar country is said to belong to nine men, and their wealth is increasing with their cane. Some day perhaps we shall visit them, and learn more about the refining process, and cane culture

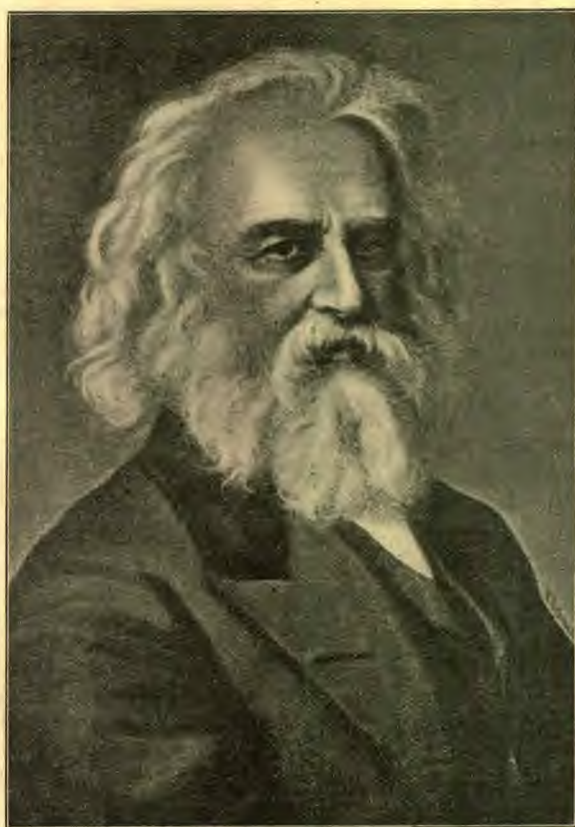
in general; for they are very interesting pursuits.

As one passes out of the cane country, he enters a typical Louisiana swamp. The solitude of these swamps seems to have a depressing influence on some travelers, while others enjoy it. This cypress swamp extends for miles on both sides of the railroad, and the gray, Spanish moss hanging like emblems of mourning from the slender branches of the cypress trees, adds to the weird influence felt by all. With the black cypress trees and the gray moss above, and slimy water below, one finds himself looking about for alligators, but none are to be seen. It takes fully two hours to pass through this swamp, and then one comes out upon pretty, green prairie land, which seems far more home-like; for instead of Spanish moss, cypress-knees, and stagnant water, are seen beautiful level prairies extending for miles, until lost in the oak woods along the banks of some bayou.

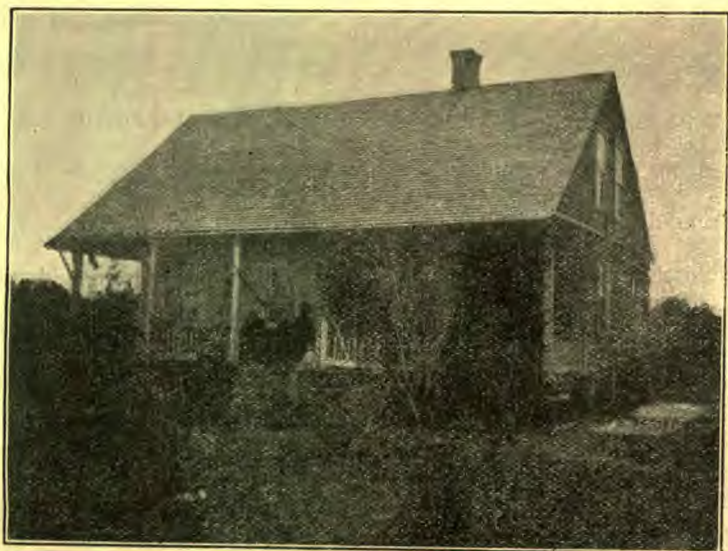
Only a short distance from the track,

a herd of small creole ponies are grazing, and as one passes by, they raise their heads for a moment to look at the traveler, who imagines, from their patronizing expression, that they are pitying him for the hard life he leads, while they are free to enjoy as they wish their native pastures; for we are told by a man sitting near that they have probably never had a rope on them. He also said, "They are extremely hard to catch, and after being caught are equally hard to tame." We have learned that they are much used, however, and are very serviceable on the Gulf Coast.

A herd of cattle now attracts the attention. They are not such large animals as our farmers raise in the North, but they have long horns, and also appear to be quite wild. There are many herds of such cattle scattered over the prairies, and one wonders where are the owners of these ponies and of the vast herds of cattle. Upon inquiring, he learns that he is but a short distance from the homes of the owners. A few moments more will bring him upon a pretty strip of timber land, where, nestled in the edge, among the China trees, are the homes of the owners,—the Acadians. As the writer himself came suddenly upon those quiet homes, he thought of the Louisiana home of Basil, the Acadian blacksmith, and the picture was so real that he wondered whether Longfellow saw it.



AUTHOR OF ACADIANS' STORY IN VERSE



AN ACADIAN HOME IN LOUISIANA

The homes of the Acadians are, with few exceptions, built in the edge of the strips of timber bordering and separating the different prairies, and are simple, and built very much alike. In front a deep porch extends the whole length of the house, and the house is always built on blocks two or three feet from the ground. Windows are rather scarce, and in some of the poorer houses wooden shutters take the place of glass. At the rear of most of the houses are small peach orchards, and usually some fig-trees. Farther south are orange groves, but the oranges are a very sour variety. There are evidences of a garden plot, but the weeds have taken it now, and at one side is a corn field, which is a very important part of every Acadian farm. Not far away, in a low piece of land, can be seen a few acres of rice, which looks almost like wheat.

The Acadian farmer is an independent person, and his wants are so simple, and his land so productive, that he does not need to spend much time worrying about whence his living is coming. It comes somehow, and he worries very little about anything. He makes meal of the home-grown corn; and his rice, until the last few years, was hulled at home in a manner worthy of the aborigines; now it is cleaned by the large rice mills which are becoming numerous. A few years ago the Acadian mothers and daughters could be seen out in the shade of some tree, hulling their rice in the hollowed end of a log, where the hulls were beaten from it with a heavy stick, much like the pestle used by the Indians. Besides his rice and corn-meal the Acadian has his garden, butter, and milk, for they all own cattle; and his swine run wild in the timber land along the bayous.

On this simple fare he rears large families, and as one passes through some of the smaller stations, he sees many boys and a few girls. The Acadians have dark hair and eyes generally, and are well formed. The girls are rather small, and are usually pretty; they wear earrings whether they are in style or not. The changing styles of Paris do not affect the Acadian dames very much, and they are just as happy as the most stylish ladies of New York City.

French is the prevailing language, although nearly all can speak English; for since the Southern Pacific Railway was laid, English-speaking people are coming in rapidly from the North, and the strictly Acadian traits are blending with those of the English-speaking Americans, and it will soon be difficult to distinguish them.

As in the days of the gentle Evangeline, so now nearly all are zealous Catholics, and the priest is the honored person of every community. Dancing is still the Acadians' way of whiling away the long summer evenings; but often the evening changes to night, and night to morning, before the merry dancers feel the need of rest.

Contentment seems to be a characteristic of the descendants of the old Acadians, but people from the Northern States are coming by thousands every year, and the old Acadian habits and manner of living are fast disappearing, more modern customs taking their place. The wealth of the country is increasing rapidly, for the rice industry is growing, and is another interesting feature of this interesting country. The Acadians as a people may disappear, but their memory will remain.

J. W. PEABODY.

Extract from Longfellow's "Evangeline"

So passed the morning away. And lo! with summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men.
Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,
and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant that you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows,
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them.
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried.
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down.



In the Home

(Concluded)

Boys and girls who rightly appreciate good manners, will be polite and courteous in the home, and will share cheerfully in all the little duties of the household. Some one has said that idleness is "the chief author of all mischief." And surely any individual who chooses to be idle rather than to be usefully employed, is exceedingly ill-bred. Children should be taught the nobility of labor, and to respect those who faithfully perform the humblest duties of life, just as much as those who accomplish the more difficult tasks. There is pointed truth in the assertion that there is gospel in a loaf of good bread; but it is a sad comment on the home training of the present day that so few of our young people recognize this fact. It is to be deplored that the children nowadays receive so little training in the ins and outs of good house-keeping. For no young lady should ever consider herself accomplished until she has acquired the art of making good bread, and of knowing how to prepare healthful and palatable meals. Even if it never should be her privilege to become the queen of a kitchen, there are always ample opportunities to impart such valuable knowledge to others. The world is in direful need of practical boys and girls, practical young men and young women, who are not afraid to perform faithfully even the smallest duties that lie in the pathway of life, and who are willing to tax their thinking powers in order that their work may be done in the best possible manner. How much more in keeping with Christian manners that the son of the household should share in the burden of keeping the domestic machinery running smoothly, rather than misemploy his time, and grow up unacquainted with the practical duties of life. How much more appropriate that the daughter should assist the mother in performing the various household duties, rather than occupy a hammock or an easy chair, and spend her time in reading cheap books. Many a weary mother would appreciate such kindness on the part of her children more than words can express, and the children themselves would be the happier because of such thoughtful service.

That boy or girl who grows up in the belief that honorable labor in any direction is a God-given privilege, will realize that housework is not without its fascinations, and that manual training in the school is an important part of the daily curriculum. Such a child will realize that even an empty water pail or a vacant woodbox presents a golden opportunity for usefulness which should not be slighted. He will not appropriate for himself the last pint of cold water from the pail, or the last cup of hot water from the teakettle, and complacently leave them for some one else to fill. That child (even though he be grown up) who sees nothing in these little opportunities for usefulness, will let greater ones pass by with the same lack of appreciation.

Laziness is a deadly enemy to all success; and the child who is indolent in the home, is likely to bring up the rear in the race of life. Laziness is no kin to true happiness. The lazy child is not the truly happy child. He lies in bed until late in the morning, is often careless about his personal appearance, is late to breakfast, late to school, and his name is entirely wanting when the highest credits are awarded. Such a child

may be sometimes recognized by the neglected appearance of his teeth and finger nails, the "high-water marks" about his neck and wrists, the dust on his clothing and shoes, his untidy hair, etc. In fact, he seems to have adopted as his life motto the paraphrase, "There is no excellence about great labor."

A trite story is told of a man who was to be executed because of his persistent laziness. While being driven to the scaffold, he was given one more chance for his life by a kind-hearted individual who offered him a quantity of corn with which to make a new start. Upon hearing the suggestion, the condemned man slowly raised himself up, and rather dubiously inquired, "I-s i-t s-h-e-l-l-e-d?" Being informed to the contrary, he slowly settled down again with the remark, "W-e-l-l, then, drive on."

Now, boys and girls, you will find many occasions in life when it will be necessary for you to put forth an extra effort in order to succeed. But when some golden opportunity presents the corn to you, don't stop to inquire, "Is it shelled?" Learn to shell your own corn. Use your muscle as well as your brain, ever bearing in mind that increased strength, both physical and mental, comes as the result of the proper use of that which you now possess. Be workers, be thinkers, in the great world about you. The old saying that it is better to wear out than to rust out is not without a forceful meaning.

In accordance with heaven-born manners, "let all things be done decently and in order." All things include even the little chores which may be done by the members of the home kindergarten; it also includes the greatest task of which man is capable. If we would learn how particular Heaven is in regard to neatness and order, we should become familiar with God's instructions to ancient Israel. The arrangement of the camp of Israel, and the whole round of tabernacle service, present a systematic demonstration of order and neatness such as Heaven approves. And the sad fate of Uzzah, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram attests to how particular God is in regard to perfect order.

If systematic order and neatness are to be maintained in the home, the members of the household must be united in putting forth the necessary efforts. And blessed is that family who make of home "a little heaven to go to heaven in."

But let me repeat that "true refinement and gentleness of manners can never be found in a home where selfishness reigns." And how many temptations to selfishness there are in the home life! Every day brings the choice between selfishness and self-sacrifice. Shall I take for myself the choicest apple, the most comfortable seat, the easiest task? or shall I share in that which is not so agreeable? These may appear to be very insignificant questions. But, boys and girls, do you know that the habitual decisions at which you arrive in childhood, determine largely whether or not you will live by principle later on. "As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines." But the lesson of always giving cheerfully to others that which the natural heart would selfishly appropriate as its own, can be learned only in the school of Christ. And blessed is that parent or teacher who rightly appreciates the privilege of becoming an assistant in that school. Blessed is that pupil who realizes what it means to become such a devoted learner that he can find

joy in denying self that he may minister to the comfort of others whenever an opportunity is afforded, recognizing that every heaven-appointed task is a part of the great cause of truth, — the giving of the "gospel to all the world in this generation." Every kindness shown to others, if done in the right spirit, is counted in the records of heaven as done to Christ himself. Even the cup of cold water given in his name, is never forgotten.

Kind words and loving deeds are as pebbles cast upon the great sea of humanity, the ever-widening circle of whose influence extends beyond the limited vision of him who projects them; and the eternal ages alone will reveal how many souls have been saved, and saved forever, as the grand result. How many boys and girls are watching every opportunity to share in this blessed work? MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Young Ladies, Take Heed

Do, sometimes, at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

Do sign your full name to your letters.

Do learn to say "No."

Do, if you have brothers, try to gain their confidence, to be interested in their sports, to cultivate their manners, not by censure, but by the force of your own example.

Do laugh, girls, not boisterously, not constantly, but clearly and pleasantly, but *don't* giggle. If girls from fourteen to eighteen could only understand the vulgarity of continually putting their heads together and giggling, as if the whole world was a supremely ridiculous affair, about which they must chuckle and whisper, when, in truth, their own actions are the one thing ridiculous, they would refrain from such unmitigated nonsense.

Do be exquisitely neat in your attire. Beware of the lawn dress, the light kids, the collar, laces, and ribbons that are worn once too often.

Do be careful about giving away your photographs, especially to men. You would hardly like to hear the comments that are sometimes passed upon them. If you can not learn to say "No," refrain from displaying them to your gentleman friends.— *Maud C. Cooke, in "Twentieth Century Culture."*

A Prayer on a Night Train

WE were a round dozen of the gloomiest passengers that ever got together in a Pullman car one warm June night. The weather was clammy and uncomfortable, while to open the window was to invite a coat of soot and a shower of cinders. The only party who did not openly evince any evidence of discontent was a group of a sad-faced man, a woman of subdued countenance, a tiny tot of five, apparently the daughter of the man and a niece of the lady. We all knew well enough why they were quiet. In the baggage-car was a rough box, and the little girl clutched tightly a bouquet of the same tuberoses we had seen with the coffin.

By and by there were sounds of a slight disturbance from the back part of the car, which caused every one to turn his eyes thither. In the middle of the aisle stood a little fairy form, clad in a snowy dress, her golden curls shaking over her shoulder by the rocking of the car, while her blue eyes were afloat in tears.

The little thing was saying in a baby voice, which opposition had caused to rise to its highest pitch, distinguishable above the rumble of the train:—

"Papa and auntie, I must. Mama told me to before she went to sleep."

Seeing the attention of the other passengers drawn toward them, the father flushed and made no further remonstrance, and the lady also drew back.

The little tot got down reverently upon her knees by the side of the berth, clasped her tiny hands, and began:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

and so on through it until the final amen, adding, "God b'ss papa and auntie and poor 'tittle Anne, whose mama has gone away."

Then, unresisting, they tucked her into the berth. There was no more story-telling, no more growling that night. The train rumbled on with the sleeping mother in the baggage-car and the sleeping orphan in the berth.—*Our Young Folks.*

"THE best defense against gossip is to fill the mind with higher and better things; to keep the brain and hands busied with useful and ennobling work."

The World's Need

Go down where other lives are sad,
With a touch of tender grace;
Carry with you a heart and feeling,
And a smile upon your face;
Leave the little helps which brighten,
And the little acts which lighten
The life less blessed than thine.

—*The Baptist Union.*



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul's First Missionary Journey (Continued)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 13:13-52.

MEMORY TEXTS: Prov. 11:30; 1 Thess. 2:19, 20.

WHO ARE CALLED: Mark 13:34.

OUR MESSAGE: Rev. 14:6-14.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 46-52.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

Leave Cyprus.

Arrive at Perga.

Mark returns home.

Apostles depart for Antioch in Pisidia.

Preach in synagogue.

Gentiles request more light.

Preach again following Sabbath.

Rulers envious.

Paul and Barnabas depart for Iconium.

Notes

"Paul and his company now continued their journey, going into Perga, in Pamphylia. Their way was toilsome, they encountered hardships and privations, and were beset by dangers on every side, which intimidated Mark, who was unused to hardships. As still greater difficulties were apprehended, he became disheartened, and refused to go farther, just at the time when his services were most needed. He accordingly returned to Jerusalem, and to the peace and com-

fort of home."—*Sketches from the Life of Paul.*

"Mark did not apostatize from the faith of Christianity, but, like many young ministers, he shrank from hardships, and preferred the comfort and safety of home to the labors and dangers of the missionary field. The desertion caused Paul to judge him unfavorably and severely for a long time."—*Id.*

"At a later period there was a sharp contention between Paul and Barnabas concerning Mark, who was still anxious to devote himself to the work of the ministry. This contention caused Paul and Barnabas to separate, the latter following out his convictions, and taking Mark with him."—*Id.*

"Paul was afterward reconciled to Mark, and received him as a fellow laborer. He also recommended him to the Colossians as one who was a 'fellow worker unto the kingdom of God,' and a personal comfort to him, Paul. Again, not long prior to his own death, he spoke of Mark as profitable to him in the ministry."—*Id.*

"The unbelief and malice of the Jews did not turn aside the purpose of God; for a new Israel was grafted into the old olive-tree. The synagogues were closed against the apostles; but private houses were thrown open for their use, and public buildings of the Gentiles were also used in which to preach the word of God."—*Id.*

Paul's address in the synagogue at Antioch holds a place somewhat similar to that of Peter on the day of Pentecost. Antioch was a strategic center for missionary operations, being on the main thoroughfare from Syria to Ephesus.

"On the journey of a hundred miles from Perga to Antioch, through the wild ranges of the Taurus, Paul may well have met some of those 'perils of rivers' and 'robbers' which he associates in 2 Cor. 11:26."—*Bible Dictionary.*

"Iconium has obtained a place in history far more distinguished than that of the Pisidian Antioch. It is famous as the cradle of the rising power of the conquering Turks."—*Conybeare and Howson.*

Like Stephen, Paul begins his discourse with the early history of the Jewish people, and step by step leads them by means of the narrative to the birth of Christ, and shows him to be the Redeemer of men, offering salvation from sin, not to the Jew only, but also to the Gentile. Study the discourse. Note his familiarity with the Scriptures.

Barnabas seems to have had the gift of encouraging laborers to enter the work. It was he who sent to Tarsus for Paul to come and labor at Antioch. He recognized in Mark the ability to become a successful laborer, and though he had made a failure in his first attempt to enter the ministry, contrary to the judgment of Paul he took him with him in the work. G. B. T.

Read, Think, Act

DISCOURAGED hearts are all about. Are all who love the Saviour careful to look diligently about lest any man fail because of a kind word or letter that a friend might send to him? The following letter is from a young woman who once enjoyed a bright experience, but who, through continued opposition of friends and relatives, had given up her hold upon the truth, at least as far as the outward act indicated. A friend wrote her a Christian letter inquiring into the cause of her present condition. Doubtless there are many other persons longing and wishing for friendly, Christian counsel.

DEAR FRIEND: You see from my address that I am not at home, but in the country with my sister. My health has been so poor that I thought a change might be well. Now, my

friend, I enjoyed your lovely letter; I read and reread it, while every word stung me to the bottom of my heart. You asked me to tell you just how I felt, and I will. I am sorry you have heard rumors about me, but they are true. I have not kept my mind stayed on my Saviour. I have looked away from him and have stumbled. Where I shall land I know not. Not one happy moment have I spent since I let go of God's dear hand that guided me all the way. Oh, no one knows what a sad, heart-broken girl I am? I am not living the "truth," but it is the truth just the same.

Many, many hours do I lie awake and think of the days that are gone, of the wasted hours that I can never recall, and wonder whether the Lord has not left me wholly to myself. My heart aches when I think of his people gathered together for service, and I am not with them,—what used to be the chief pleasure of my life.

Now you know the reason of my physical condition. I have never told any one before. Oh, that I had the courage to come back and walk hand in hand with my Lord as I once did! You must pray for me, or I shall be lost, eternally lost. Write to me soon.

"The Holy City"

THIRTY men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:—

"Last night as I lay sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there,"

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother!"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. At length one man protested.

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this——" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:—

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er!

Hosanna in the highest! hosanna forevermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

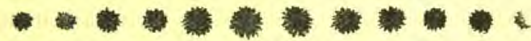
The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Be as neat as a pin, and as brisk as a bee."



Nettie's Asters

By Benjamin Keech



NETTIE HARLOWE was a happy little girl when, one morning in March, the postman handed her a small, neat package bearing the postmark of "New York." A few weeks before, Nettie had read an advertisement in a magazine which said that in order to increase his trade, a certain reputable seedsman would send to any one five packets of choice aster seeds for twenty-five cents. Nettie was very fond of flowers, and easily secured permission from her mother to invest a quarter in the coveted asters. When the seeds arrived, Nettie was more than delighted, for the dealer had generously given her an extra packet. It was labeled "yellow asters—choice," and these were something for which all the family had been longing. The others were "selected purple, crimson, and lavender Victoria," "selected white comet," and "selected light pink, branching." Nettie saw visions of a beautiful garden, not far distant.

Mrs. Harlowe had saved a generous box of prepared and sifted earth from her last autumn's bulb planting, and Nettie knew that this was exactly the right soil in which to sow her seeds. So she got three shallow cigar boxes from the grocer, and three small tin basins from her mother, and filled them with the nice, mellow soil. But first she aired and cleaned the boxes, and with a nail punched several holes in the bottoms of the basins. This was to allow the surplus water to escape. She also put a layer of rather coarse, lumpy dirt in the bottom of each receptacle, for drainage, and over this a thin covering of decayed leaves. Nettie knew that this was not always necessary, but she wanted this time to give her flowers every advantage.

After pressing the soil gently into the boxes and basins, the little girl sowed the seeds evenly over the surface, then watered them thoroughly with her mother's plant sprayer (a whisk-broom could have been used). Each variety occupied a dish by itself, and its name was plainly written on the side of its receptacle. Nettie's father constructed a neat shelf, half way up the length of a sunny, South window, and on this the dishes of seeds were placed. Nettie cut a large sheet of blotting-paper into pieces that fitted nicely over the tops of the dishes, and these were kept moistened, so the soil did not require to be watered in a long time. The aster seeds were very prompt, for within ten days most of them had sprouted. The whole family became interested in watching their progress. When the sun shone brightly, Nettie was particular to keep a newspaper pinned next to the glass. She knew that strong sunlight, beating on the soil when moist on top but dry underneath, was liable to make the seedlings decay at the base. However, the soil was nicely wet all the way down. The blotters were, after a time, removed, and the

little asters stretched and grew in search of light. Moisture was given now by setting the dishes in some slightly warm water, removing as soon as the surface soil grew wet. Along in May, Nettie set the young plants out on a sunny porch, covering them at night, or bringing them into the house. In this way they grew strong and stocky. By the tenth of June, danger from frost was past, and Nettie planted the seedlings in a fine large bed that her father had made for her. Each variety occupied a section of the plat by itself, and each specimen was planted a foot apart from its neighbor.

Nettie took first-rate care of the bed. The plants were well tended, and the flowers, in consequence, were all that could be desired. The yellow asters and the purple ones blossomed first, each coming into flower at about the same time. They received unbounded admiration. The white and pink varieties were somewhat later than the others, and did not bloom until several weeks after the lavender ones had gone to seed. And just as they were beginning to unfold, Nettie was horrified, one morning, to see a neighbor's cow calmly chewing the tops off the pink ones. She drove the animal away, and was sorry to find that the only asters she had left were white comets. However, they were extra large, beautiful and "feathery," and received even more admiration than the lauded yellow ones.

On her way to and from school, Nettie had to pass the home of an invalid woman who lived alone, and who was obliged to call on passers-by for errands. Nettie was one of the lady's special friends, and often called to see her. Auntie Bridges, as the woman was called, dearly loved flowers, and received many a choice bouquet from the little girl's garden. "O auntie, I've got some perfectly beautiful comet asters in blossom now," said Nettie, as, one September evening, she sat down on her friend's door-step. "You know you said you liked asters better than any other flowers, and I'm going to pick every one of mine and give them to you—except just one to go to seed." Generous Nettie was kindly thanked for her thoughtfulness, and went home with a happy heart.

The next day the news spread round the village that an important man of affairs had died; and very soon every one began to wonder what he should do for flowers to take to the funeral. The local greenhouse had recently burned, and the plants in the few gardens around town had been sadly neglected during the hot, dry weather. Nettie's asters were almost the only flourishing flowers in the little community. "But I just can't let them go," Nettie replied, both to her conscience and to her father, each speaking at the same time. "I've promised to take them to Mrs. Bridges, and I just can't break my word." However, when Mr. Spencer, a rich bachelor, who lived across the street from Nettie, and who was a personal friend of the deceased man, offered her three dollars for her asters, the little girl was sorely tempted.

"Just see," he said, counting the flowers, "there are only two dozen, and I am allowing you over ten cents apiece for them. Three dollars does not grow on every bush." Nettie thought hard, but soon dismissed from her mind every thought of the new school-books that she

needed, and of the new jacket that she wanted. "No," she said, "I can't do it. I've promised to give them to Mrs. Bridges, and what would she think if I didn't keep my word? I'm sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Spencer, but I don't see how I can help it." Mr. Spencer gave a half-amused, half-annoyed chuckle, and without further argument, walked out of the yard. The next day Nettie cut the asters, and took them to Mrs. Bridges. The invalid was worse, and she thanked Nettie with a new note of tenderness in her voice. Three days after that, the little old lady passed quietly away, and Nettie was very glad to think that she had made her last moments more pleasant.

A few weeks later, while Nettie was gathering some verbenas, Mr. Spencer strolled into the yard and seated himself on the back steps. "Nettie," he said, after watching her for a moment, "what is your very dearest wish?" Now Nettie had a dearest wish, and she did not appear surprised at his question. "Why," she said, straightening up and looking meditatively into his face, "I'd rather have a piano and take music lessons than anything else in the world. But why?" Mr. Spencer nodded his head thoughtfully two or three times, and when Nettie inquired again why he asked her such a strange question, he said, "Oh, nothing much; I just wanted to know, that's all."

However, on her fourteenth birthday, exactly one month later, Nettie received a much more satisfactory reply. Coming home from school, she noticed that every one looked happy and excited, and when her mother said, "Go into the parlor, dear, and see what is there for you," Nettie obeyed with alacrity. The object that met her gaze was a beautiful, new upright piano, and on the keyboard reposed a large square of white paper, with these words printed upon it: "To the girl with a conscience. From her friend, Mr. Spencer." What Nettie did then was to sit down on the piano stool and burst into tears. "Oh, I just love Mr. Spencer," she wailed, then added, "but I've never done a single thing to deserve this dear, beautiful piano."

"O, yes, you have, too," said Mr. Spencer, appearing from behind a pair of portieres. "You wouldn't let me bribe you to part with those asters when you had promised them to Mrs. Bridges. You set me to thinking, my little friend, and I've decided to see you through with your music studies. No! no! don't thank me!" he expostulated, as every one began to talk at once. "I can do it as well as not, and I'm going to. Nettie has natural ability, and should be encouraged. I say, 'God bless the girl with a conscience.'"

"If your lips you'd keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how and when and where."

"CHERISH the unfailing conviction that Jesus stands forevermore between thee and thy foes."

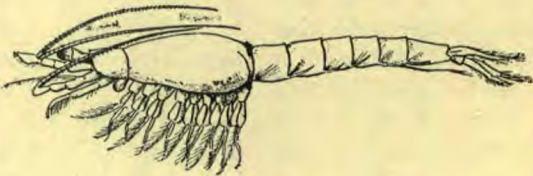
"THE blessing of a house is goodness. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is cleanliness. The happiness of a house is contentment."



Little Water Folk

BENEATH the ripples of the brook that winds its way through my wild garden live a host of curious folk. We are well acquainted with the trout, the turtles, snails, and frogs. Would you like to know some of the strange creatures who seldom come up to the top of the water, but lead a jolly, rollicking life below? Let us go to a performance given by the water sprites, for most of them are born actors.

The easiest way to do this is to dip up some of the brook water into a shallow dish. If there is a good glass handy, so much the better; but if not, there is much we can enjoy without it. This is the liveliest kind of a variety show, and the performers follow



ONE OF THE BUSY SHRIMPS

one another in quick succession. First comes a band of Shrimps with their curled bodies and their feathered feet. They jerk themselves across the stage. See their clumsy efforts to scamper away when they think a hungry trout is coming along. The Shrimps are some of the busiest of the water folk. They are always hunting for bits of decaying animals or plants which they devour with great gusto.

The Nematoid Acrobatic Company follow the Shrimps. They are tiny whitish worms no thicker than a cambric needle and about a quarter as long. The stage is covered with them. A half dozen are turning somersaults so fast that you can hardly see them; others are swimming. It is pretty hard work to swim when one has neither fins, arms, legs, nor tail, but they manage it in first-class style by their wonderful little wriggles. Suddenly every Nematoid stops what he is doing. What can be the matter? Has an electric current shot through the water and killed them?

Ah! a dark shadow appears to the right of the stage. As it comes nearer, the Nematoids seem to become reanimated, and they all tumble off at the left as the shadow develops into a fierce "Water Tiger," who is followed by a splendid great beetle, Lord Dytiscus. The "Tiger" has a pair of strong pincers, and he would enjoy nipping our fingers. Each nipper is a hollow tube. Here comes a poor little pollywog; the "Tiger" grabs him with his pincers, and sucks all the blood from his body through the hollow tubes. There is nothing else he enjoys so much as seizing little worms, fishes, and snails in his terrible nippers. After a while the "Tiger" will turn into a beetle like Lord Dytiscus. This young lord is an athlete, and his greatest pleasure is diving. If you understand the dead languages, you will know that Dytiscus means "fond of diving."

Now comes the jolliest band of all — the Water Skaters. See them play tag, leaping from stones half a foot high, and always alighting on their six feet, right side up. How gracefully they skate up stream against the strong current! Watch this little leaf hopper that has just fallen into the water. How the clan gathers to feast on him! Poor fellow, it was surely an ill wind that blew him into the brook.

The Skaters wear a natty uniform of black velvet and silver. When they are leaping and diving, we can see the silver on their under sides. They never get wet, though they live in and under the water, because they are covered closely with downy hairs that shed the water. They are a hardy race, and when almost all the other

water folk are taking their long winter's nap, the Skaters come out on sunny days, even when the brook is fringed with ice, to practise for their spring skating matches. One of their favorite games is to skate up stream as fast and as hard as they can, and drift down with the current. Even the babies have their little velvet water-proofs which keep them always dry.

Here comes the Emerald Hydra Troupe — expert lassoists. They are more wonderful than any of the performers that have preceded them, but so tiny that you will need a good glass to watch them. The slide of a microscope is the best stage for them to play upon. As the curtain rises, we see a row of queer little green things shaped like bean pods, with six- and eight-rayed stars for covers. They begin to rise, the bean pods turn into tall, slender stems, and the little stars shoot out their rays into long tentacles. "This is truly magic!" you exclaim. But wait; these tentacles are the Hydra's arms; each one is covered with

knobs, and in each knob there is a lasso coiled up with a sting at its end. Hydra's mouth is in the middle of the circle of arms. A tiny shrimp comes jerking along through the water. Hydra throws out some of his lassos with a steady hand and a sure aim; he never misses. Suddenly the shrimp stops and tries to turn back — too late; the cruel arms gather him in and poke him down Hydra's throat. To-morrow he will come out again looking quite like his little green-grey self, but this is only an empty shell. The Hydra has eaten all that was within.

When the Hydra wish for a change of scene or water, each loosens his stem, and then some of them drop into the stream and float down till they come to a spot where they wish to stop awhile. Some prefer not to trust themselves to the freaks of wind and wave; so they creep along like the inch worms, using their arms for feet, and stretching out one or two in front to see if the footing is safe before venturing their whole bodies.

Here comes a night lover. A very giant he is compared with the tiny Hydra. He has a golden stripe down his back, and a pair of the brightest eyes you ever saw, and oh, such cunning little hands! He is a Newt, and looks very much like his cousins — the lizards. He hides himself away under the stones in the daytime, but at night he wriggles forth in search of a good supper. His chief accomplishment is fancy swimming, which he performs by the help of his tail. This member is quite as long as the Newt himself, and has two filmy fins, one above and the other below.

The Waterboatmen come rowing along on their backs, propelling themselves swiftly by their fringed legs, perfect little oars. The blue-back Whirligig Beetle, though not half the size of the Boatman, comes spinning down on him, whirling round and round, "like a tiny dervish of the waters," captures and devours the poor bewildered Boatman.

The curtain goes up for the last act. We clasp our hands in rapture. The stage is covered with troops of winged creatures, Dragon-flies, Stone-

flies, May-flies, and a hundred others. Every color of the rainbow glistens in their gowns, — black and orange, bronze and white, pale pink, baby blue, black with green, ruby red, every shade of brown, quaker grey with cream trimmings.

They have crept up from the muddy brook bottom, where they left their houses of stone and wood, their cracks in the rock, and their old larval skins, to fly about in the bright sunshine, all decked in shining robes. — Margaret W. Leighton, in *Young Americans*.

A True Story

EARLY last spring a pair of redbirds were seen every morning, hopping around in our back yard, picking up crumbs which were intended for them. They were very tame, and would allow one to walk very close to them. Later we learned that they had built their nest on a neighbor's front veranda, and they were very happy over two little baby birds.

The birds were watched with interest. It was still cold, winter not being entirely over. The neighbors put the nest of little birds in a cage, and took them to the kitchen at night. They made a hole in the top of the cage, so the old birds could get in and out. Sometimes the mother bird would accompany her babes. If she did not, early next morning she and the papa-bird would sit on the branch of a tree over the kitchen door, anxiously waiting for their young ones to be brought out. Then they would fly around to the veranda where the cage was kept in the daytime, and utter tones of gladness when their babes were resigned to them.

When the little birds were large enough to fly, Mr. Jacobs opened one of the doors of the cage; the old birds, seeming to understand, coaxed the young ones out at once.

Instead of going back to their nest in the cage, they roosted on the veranda. All the time they seemed perfectly happy and contented.

Mr. Jacobs had not intended from the first to keep the birds in bondage, but put them in the cage

so cats could not get them, and so they could be taken in at night out of the cold.

For many weeks after they learned to fly, the little family of four stayed closely about the veranda and lawn. The old birds still occasionally pay them a visit. ANNA FERN FRANKLIN.

Feathered Gluttons

CAREFUL field and laboratory study by the Department of Agriculture has led to some remarkable disclosures in regard to the amount of insects required to satisfy the appetites of nestlings.

Little wrens, cuckoos, robins, shrikes, scarlet tanagers, and other birds whose stomachs are not much more than a mere membranous sac, will consume in a day twice their own weight in foods. They begin dining before sunrise, and continue an almost uninterrupted repast until



GREEN HYDRAE



LORD DYTISCUS

after sunset. Their food is served to them on an average every other minute by the vigilant and provident mother bird. During a day nestlings sometimes gain nearly fifty per cent in weight.

Dr. Sylvester D. Judd, of the Biological Survey, has made observations on a farm near Washington, and has discovered that from two hundred to four hundred insects a day, such as grasshoppers, green caterpillars, white grubs, and bugs constitute the diet of an ordinary nestling bird. And as the insects chosen for the diet of the nestlings are in the main injurious to agriculture, the prodigious supply required by the nest birds is a matter of great interest to the farming industry.

The amazing diet of nestlings is of special interest, inasmuch as the nesting season comes at a time when agricultural pests are most active, and when they can do the greatest amount of damage. The department therefore recommends that birds be encouraged to build their nests in the vicinity of growing crops.—*Selected.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—Jerusalem Destroyed

(October 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 24 and 25.

MEMORY VERSE: "Oh that my people had harkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries." Ps. 81:13, 14.

When Josiah had reigned thirty-one years in Jerusalem, Pharaoh-nechoh, the king of Egypt, passed through Palestine with an army on his way to fight with the king of Assyria. Josiah went out against him, and was slain at Megiddo. His servants brought him back to Jerusalem, and buried him with honor, and all the people mourned for him.

Jehoahaz, the son of Josiah, was the next king; but he reigned only three months. Then Pharaoh-nechoh, who was returning to his country, stopped at Jerusalem, took Jehoahaz captive, and made his brother Eliakim king in his place. Eliakim's name was changed to Jehoiakim, and Jehoahaz he carried to Egypt, where he died. Before Pharaoh went away, he laid a heavy tribute on the land, and this Jehoiakim raised by taxing the people.

"In the third year of the reign of Jehoiakim, . . . came Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon unto Jerusalem, and besieged it." He bound the king in fetters, to take him to Babylon, but afterward set him free, and put him under tribute. At this time King Nebuchadnezzar took away some of the vessels from the house of the Lord, and put them in the temple of his god at Babylon. He also brought away captive certain of the children of Israel, and of the king's children, and of the princes. These captives were chosen for their beauty, their skill, and their wisdom. Among them was Daniel, whom the Lord afterward used to his honor in Babylon.

Jehoiakim reigned eleven years. At his death his son Jehoiachin was made king; but he had reigned only three months when Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem the second time. Jehoiachin and all his family were taken to Babylon, and with them all the men of might, and all the skilled workmen, and all who were strong and apt for war.

Before Nebuchadnezzar went away this time, he made Zedekiah king in Jerusalem. Zedekiah was a very wicked king, and both he and the

people did evil in the sight of the Lord, and polluted his house. "They mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words, and misused his prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against his people, till there was no remedy."

Zedekiah had pledged to serve the king of Babylon; but he broke his pledge, and rebelled against him. Therefore in the ninth year of the reign of Zedekiah, Nebuchadnezzar came against Jerusalem the third time and besieged it. This was a long and hard siege, but in the end the city was taken. Then the sons of the king were slain before him, his eyes were put out, and he was bound with fetters of brass, and carried to Babylon. The walls of the city were broken down, and the king's palaces and all the best of the houses were burned. The temple also was robbed of its treasures; its vessels of gold and silver and brass were all taken away; its brass pillars and brazen sea were broken in pieces; and all the rest that would burn was destroyed by fire.

Thus was fulfilled the word of the Lord, sent so often to Israel, that if they would not serve the Lord, but turned to false gods, he would set over them a king whom neither they nor their fathers had known. As we study the history of God's ancient people, and see how surely his word is fulfilled, should we not learn to take heed to ourselves? We live in a time when the prophecies of the Lord are fast fulfilling; and it is of importance that we serve the Lord with a perfect heart.

Questions

1. Tell how King Josiah met his death. Where was he buried?
2. Who was the next king? Tell how his reign came to an end. Who was made king in his place? What name was given to him? What was done with Jehoahaz?
3. Who came against Jerusalem in the third year of Jehoiakim? What did he do to the king? What did he take away from the house of the Lord? Describe the captives that he took back with him. Who was among these?
4. Who was made king at the death of Jehoiakim? When he had been on the throne for three months, what happened again? What became of Jehoiachin? Who were taken captive to Babylon at this time?
5. What man did Nebuchadnezzar leave as king in Jerusalem? What kind of king was he? What did both the king and the people do?
6. What caused Nebuchadnezzar to besiege Jerusalem the third time? When the city was taken, what was done with the king and his sons?
7. What was done to the walls of the city? How were its palaces and fine houses destroyed? Tell what was done to the temple and its treasures.
8. In thus allowing Jerusalem to be destroyed, and his people to be carried away captive, what word of the Lord was fulfilled? How could Israel have saved themselves from this great sorrow? What does the Lord say that he would have done, if they had walked in his ways? Memory Verse. What should we learn from this sad history?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II—Some Will Be Looking for the Lord's Return

(October 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Heb. 9:28.

Questions

1. What are God's people exhorted to do? Titus 2:11-13.

2. Who only will be saved at the second appearing of the Lord? Heb. 9:28.

3. What evidence have we that there will be a class of people who are looking for the Saviour? Isa. 25:9.

4. What is said of those servants whom the Lord when he comes finds watching? Luke 12:37.

5. Will these know just the hour of his coming? Verses 39, 40.

6. What will they be doing? Verse 38.

7. What experience in ancient times illustrates the condition of the world at the second coming of Christ? Matt. 24:37-39.

8. Had the people been warned? Heb. 11:7; note 1.

9. Will every one be looking for the second coming of Christ? 1 Thess. 5:1, 2.

10. What evidence have we that all will have heard that the advent is at hand? Matt. 24:14; 2 Peter 3:3, 4; note 2.

11. What message will some be giving just when the promise of his coming is fulfilled? 1 Thess. 5:3; note 3.

12. How do God's people differ from this class? Verse 4.

13. What are we exhorted to do in view of this? Verse 6.

14. How will the Lord's own people greet him? Isa. 25:9.

15. Seeing we look for these things, what should characterize our lives? 2 Peter 3:14.

Notes

1. "While Noah was giving his warning message to the world, his works testified of his sincerity. It was thus that his faith was perfected and made evident. He gave the world an example of believing just what God says. All that he possessed, he invested in the ark. As he began to construct that immense boat on dry ground, multitudes came from every direction to see the strange sight, and to hear the earnest, fervent words of the singular preacher. Every blow struck upon the ark was a witness to the people.

"Many at first appeared to receive the warning; yet they did not turn to God with true repentance. They were unwilling to renounce their sins. During the time that elapsed before the coming of the flood, their faith was tested, and they failed to endure the trial. Overcome by the prevailing unbelief, they finally joined their former associates in rejecting the solemn message. Some were deeply convicted, and would have heeded the words of warning; but there were so many to jest and ridicule, that they partook of the same spirit, resisted the invitations of mercy, and were soon among the boldest and most defiant scoffers; for none are so reckless and go to such lengths in sin as do those who have once had light but have resisted the convicting Spirit of God."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 95.

2. The very fact that some will be saying, Where is the promise of his coming? is evidence that they have heard the message concerning that event. Otherwise they would not be found deriding those who are expecting him. They are willingly ignorant. Then the promise that this message is to be preached in all the world for a witness shows that all will have been warned.

3. The prophecy fortelling the forerunner of Christ was given seven centuries before the coming of Christ. Isa. 40:3. It was not fulfilled till the time came; then John appeared on the scene in fulfilment of the divine prediction. So also in the last days. When the Saviour is about to come the second time, the Lord will raise up a people who will fulfil his word. The fact that some are said to scoff at the coming of the Lord is evidence that the subject will be agitated in the last days. Those who oppose it are called "scoffers."



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THE world makes way for the determined man.

We get out of life just what we put into it.

PADEREWSKI's hands are insured for \$50,000. He says that his fingers are as precious as his life.

MRS. LOPER's articles on "Good Manners" are well worth preserving by every church-school teacher for practical use in the schoolroom. Each article is a string of pearls.

SOME one wrote of Whittier, "To live near the heart of Christ was his creed." Should not this be the creed of every Christian? "Continue ye, in my love," was the Saviour's exhortation.

GERMAN medical journals are recommending a new and peculiar remedy for appendicitis,—"not only original, but almost aboriginal," says one. Even chronic appendicitis, it is said, will yield to the remedy, if faithfully applied. It consists of walking on one's hands and feet for twenty minutes four times a day.

"AN artist painted life as a dark, storm-swept sea, covered with wrecks. Then out of the midst of the wild waves he made to rise a great rock, in a cleft of which, high up, amid herbage and flowers, he painted a dove sitting quietly on her nest. It is a picture of Christian peace in the midst of this world's strifes and storms. In the cleft of the Rock is the Christian's safe retreat—a sure refuge in the time of storm."

FROM an official report of the city of Topeka, Kansas, it was learned that out of two hundred and sixty-six boys in the reform school, only three were from the country, and one of these was there simply because he had no home nor living parents.

Another forcible comment on the evils of city life is in the fact that while only forty per cent of the world's population is in the cities, ninety-eight per cent of its crime is credited to the cities.

Skim Milk for Paint

A USE to which skim-milk, sour milk, butter-milk, or even whole sweet milk is often put is paint-making, yet this product of the dairy, says the *Scientific American* makes possible one of the most enduring and inexpensive paints for barns and outbuildings. It costs little more than whitewash, provided no great value is attached to the milk, and it is a question whether for all kinds of rough work it does not serve all the purposes of the ready-mixed paint, or even prime lead and paint mixed in the best linseed oil.

It is made as follows, and no more should be mixed than is to be used that day: Stir into one gallon of milk about three pounds of Portland cement, and add sufficient Venetian red paint powder to impart a good color. Any other colored paint powder may be used as well. The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement, being heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle.—*Farm News*.

Used to Such Things

A GERMAN clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all their raillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark.

The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of neighbors.

One of them, at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"O, yes, but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."—*Selected*.

Invention of Cotton Thread

MARTHA WASHINGTON could not have asked her husband to stop at the store on his way home and get six spools of sewing cotton for her, as there was no sewing cotton made in the days of the Revolution. It was another and later war that brought about the revolution in the manufacture of thread. How it happened was recently described at a political meeting in Paisley, Scotland, by Mr. Clark, former provost of the town. He said that when Napoleon occupied north Germany in 1803, the supply of silk from Hamburg, which was used in making heddles, or the loom harness in Paisley, was cut off. Unless some substitute could be found, Paisley's weaving industry would be ruined. Peter Clark experimented with cotton-warp yarn, and succeeded in making thread like the six-cord sewing thread used to-day. It took the place of silk in the heddles, and the weaving business went on, uninterrupted by the war. Then it occurred to another man to use the cotton thread in place of linen for sewing, and he recommended it to the women of the town. It was so much smoother than the linen that the women liked it. The thread was sold in hanks, and wound by the purchaser into little balls, but the merchant soon decided to wind the hank on a bobbin or spool for his customers, as an added inducement to purchase it instead of the linen. From this beginning the cotton-thread trade has grown, and now silk and linen are used only for special work.—*Youth's Companion*.

Announcement

THE life of Christ contains the very essence of the truths of salvation. He is "the way, the truth, and the life." A diligent and prayerful study of the Saviour's life will produce marvelous results in the lives of those who pursue it. To stimulate such careful study has been the aim of the "Lessons in New Testament History," prepared by M. E. Kern, the second volume of which is just out. The letters received from fellow teachers in various parts of the field indicate that there is a general desire for some systematic guide to Bible study for the youth—something that will show them how to study and gain the "celestial gold,—that wisdom which will make them wise unto salvation."

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I am teaching New Testament history, and must say that I am well pleased with the book. I am sure it will enable the student to do more effective work than he could do if he did not have the book.

The following encouraging words are from Prof. C. C. Lewis, president of Union College:—

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OGDEN, UTAH, Aug. 13, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. There are many nice pieces in it. I am a little girl, eleven years old, from Colorado. I go to Sabbath-school, where I get the *INSTRUCTOR*. I enjoyed the story about the "Corner Grocery," by Mr. Keech. I go to school in the winter, and am in the fifth grade. I like to go to school. We have been in Ogden, Utah, for four months.

NELLIE BACON.

OGDEN, UTAH, Aug. 13, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I like to read the stories in the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I go to Sabbath-school and get the *INSTRUCTOR* every Sabbath. I liked the story of the "Big Red A," and wish there were more like it. I am twelve years old. I am in the youth's class at Sabbath-school, and enjoy the lessons very much. I wish some of the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* would write to me. My mother and father, sister and brother, are attending camp-meeting, which is held at Provo, Utah. I want to be ready to meet Jesus when he comes, and I hope to meet the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* readers in the earth made new.

HELEN D. JEFFERIES.

ST. CLAIR, NEVADA, Aug. 13, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I get the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* every Sabbath. I like the stories in it very much. I attend church each week. We have Young People's meetings every other Sabbath. I live on a farm with my one brother, father, and mother. I am trying to be a good girl. I am thirteen years old. I would like to correspond with some of the readers.

HELEN M. CUSHMAN.

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