

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER, NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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A Life of Faith and Works—George Muller

THE Bible emphasizes the value of a study of the experiences of men of God. Since the Lord still lives, and works through man as of old, it is quite possible for the Christian to receive help and encouragement from the study of the lives of men in this generation who have devoted their strength to the service of God.

George Muller, of Bristol, England, was a man called of God for a definite work, and signally directed by him in it. His biographer divides his life into five periods, or epochs. The first is the lost days of sin, in which he learns the bitterness and worthlessness of a disobedient life. It covers a period of twenty years. The second reveals the steps by which God prepared him for the work of his life. This covers the next ten years. The third period embraces the working out, during forty years, of his great mission. The fourth compasses the seventeen years devoted to missionary journeys in various countries. The fifth period covered the six years of well-earned quiet at the sundown of life.

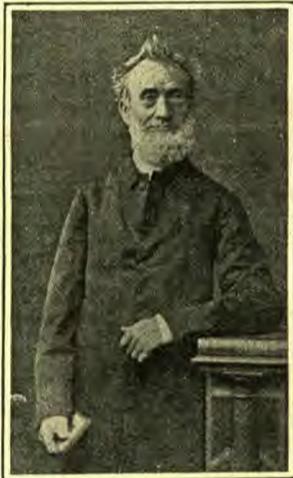
His Early Life

George Muller was born in Prussia in 1805. He had no proper parental training. His father's favoritism and indulgence were a decided injury to him. Before he was ten years old, he was an expert at cheating and lying. When eleven, he went to Halberstadt to be fitted for the university. His father wished to educate him for a clergyman, even though he knew the boy's evil habits and tendencies. Novel reading, card-playing, drinking, and other vicious indulgences were sadly mixed with his school studies. The night his mother lay dying, her boy of fourteen was reeling through the streets drunk. The loss of his mother caused no change in his downward course. He became so calloused that on the evening of his confirmation he indulged in vicious sins.

Later on when placed in a responsible position, he collected heavy dues from his father's debtors, spent the money, and concealed the fact that it had ever been paid. When away from home, he would stop at costly hotels, run up heavy bills, then go away without meeting them, or have his clothes kept as security. Once he was caught and imprisoned. His father, hearing of his disgrace, sent the money to pay the bills, and also for his return home. For a time he promised a reform.

Then he left home to attend school. He made his father think he was going to a certain school, but he chose another of less rigid discipline. During two and one-half years he was a hard student, and rose in favor with teachers and students.

When dissipation, as it often did, dragged him into debt, he would borrow until no one would lend. Once in his extremity he pretended that the money he had spent in riotous living had been stolen from him. Having forced the locks of his own trunk and guitar case, he ran into the directors' room half dressed, feigning fright, and declared that he was the victim of a robbery. He excited such pity that friends made up a purse for him; but his deception was later discovered, and he became conscious that it was not relished by his friends. On returning to his father during vacations, he resorted to a chain of falsehoods to account for his allowance. Thus nearly twenty years of his life was spent in absolute viciousness. His various attempts at reformation and his signal failures proved conclusively that there was no power within him to make even a respectable citizen. But the dawn of a better day came. George Muller was converted.



One afternoon as he and a friend were returning from a walk, the young man remarked that he was going to a meeting. George Muller at once felt a desire to go, though he could not have told why. He did go; but on arriving at the meeting place, he found himself in a strange company. He felt uncertain as to his welcome, so made an apology for being there. The good man in whose home the meeting was held, replied, "Come as often as you please! house and heart are open to you." All present sat down and sang a hymn, then a brother fell upon his knees, and began to pray for God's blessing. The kneeling before the Lord in prayer made an impression upon Mr. Muller that was never lost. He had never before seen any one on his knees praying, the Prussian habit being to stand. A chapter was read from the Bible, and then a printed sermon.

Mr. Muller found a new joy was coming into his heart, and he remarked on his way home, "All I saw on my journey to Switzerland, and all my former pleasures, are as nothing compared to this evening." A strange peace and rest somehow found him that night as he lay in bed. The change was wrought quietly, but surely. A relish for divine things came to him, so that three times during that week he visited Mr. Wagner's home, where the meeting was held, and studied the Bible with him.

"There came also a distaste for wicked joys and former companions; the frequenting of taverns entirely ceased, and a lying tongue felt new and strange bands about it. A watch was set at the door of the lips, and every word that went forth was liable to a challenge. Though weak and often vanquished in his fight against

sin, he did not habitually continue in sin, nor offend God without a godly sorrow." He took his stand boldly for the Saviour, though he was ridiculed by his old associates. The Bible soon became to him a very precious book; because of the great love it revealed. During the last twenty years of his life, he read it through carefully four or five times each year. It early became to him the basis of all his actions; and his carefulness to follow strictly its teachings, whatever might be the teaching of the Christian world, made him the unique man he was.

Courageous, Conscientious Acts

His first act of marked self-denial in surrender to the voice of the Spirit was the burning of a French novel, in manuscript, that he had translated into the German language, with the hope of gaining means from its publication to visit Paris.

Another step in self-surrender was taken while still a university student. His father did not sympathize with him at all in his Christian work, but insisted on his son's following out the line of work that he had chosen for him—that of clergyman in the state church, a lucrative position. Mr. Muller decided that, by using his father's money, he was placing himself under obligation to do as the father desired. So in order to be wholly free to follow the leading of the Lord, he refused to take any further help from his father. He did not know how he would be able to finish his school work; but an opportunity of tutoring American students soon came to him, so that he easily paid his expenses. Another act that cost him a struggle was to give up an alliance with a young woman, which he had every reason to believe would not allow him to carry out successfully his desire to be a foreign missionary. Some years later he married a devoted Christian young woman, who was of very great help to him in his life-work. The union proved a happy one in every way.

(To be continued)

"Pussy's Friend"

A Sketch of the Life of Mme. Ronner

ONE day, years ago, a little blue pincushion was seen hanging on the door of a well-known house in Amsterdam. This strange, though to that city most ordinary, sign showed that a little girl baby had come to make her home there, and by her future life to prove whether she were deserving of a place in the famous country which has been so aptly called the "Land of Pluck." Now this you shall judge for yourself. This baby was the daughter of Herr August Knip, a painter. From her babyhood this little daughter, Henriette, was seen to be wonderfully observant of all the strange and curious things around her.

When only five years old, she began drawing from nature everything that came within the range of her young eyes. These first drawings were all dated and kept, with greatest care, by her father, whose heart was filled with pride for his talented little girl.

By a sad fate the poor father was not destined long to see the progress of his daughter, for when she was only eleven years old, he lost his eye-

sight and became totally blind. His ambition for little Henriette, and the desire that the talent which he recognized should be developed to the utmost, became, even in his blindness, his ruling passion. From this time began for the young girl a life of such hard and constant labor that I fear there are not even many boys in America who would not have felt like rebelling against such severity, and have considered themselves very unfortunate indeed. This brave little girl had a natural love of work and a strong constitution; these, combined with a noble desire to please and reward the dear father, whose hopes were all centered in her, enabled her to endure the severe life of study which followed.

Her father was her only teacher. Under his loving care and direction alone she developed and cultivated her extraordinary talent. Living then in the country, she spent every day, from sunrise to sunset, at her easel,—when the days were clear, always out of doors in the fresh air, and when cloudy, in her studio,—stopping her work only at meal-times, and for two hours in the middle of each day, which her father compelled her to spend sitting in a perfectly dark room, so as to give complete rest to her eyes.

When only seventeen, she exhibited her first pictures, and these won for her the praise of the severest art critics, who promptly called attention to her rare talents, and ever since then her works have held an honorable position in Europe.

America, always appreciative of true worth, was not slow to acknowledge the merit of her work, and one of her pictures gained a high prize at our Centennial Exhibition, where they were first brought before the American public.

Her father, while he guided and directed her study, in no way interfered with the bent of her own inclination, and he left her free to exercise in her own way her unusual qualities of observation and imagination.

She painted everything that attracted her attention,—animals, interiors of houses, or landscapes,—though from a little child animals were always the subject she liked best.

In 1850 Henriette Knip became Mme. Ronner, and, with her husband, went to Brussels to live. When first married, their income was very small, but the young artist had brought with her to her new home that which I am sure each boy and girl will agree with me is much better than mere dollars and cents, and which in the end usually gains all things, dollars and cents included, and that was her Dutch pluck and perseverance. With these she set to work to overcome all difficulties. At this time she would often be at her easel as early as four o'clock in the morning. Later Mme. Ronner devoted all her time and talents to the painting of dogs and cats, which have ever been the favorite subjects of her brush. These household pets, indeed, have found a true friend in this gifted artist, who understands them so well, and who reproduces on canvas so truly all their different moods and expressions, which are almost as varied as the expressions on the faces of the boys and girls.

No more sincere compliment could have been paid to Mme. Ronner's skill than was offered her by a dog. The queen of Belgium, and her sister-in-law, the Countess of Flanders, each had several favorite dogs whose portraits they wished painted by Mme. Ronner. They were brought to the studio at different times for their "sittings," and on a certain occasion one of the countess's dogs, a rather savage, ill-tempered animal, coming into the room, found the newly finished portrait of one of his companions standing on the floor. Barking furiously, he rushed excitedly to it, prepared for a violent battle, when, seeing his mistake, he stood quite still with astonishment, staring at the picture, unable to understand why his friend should be there, and yet not offer to play or fight. Still later, Mme. Ronner almost entirely gave up the painting of dogs, and devoted

all her attention to cats, whose restless playfulness makes them such difficult as well as such fascinating subjects. But Mme. Ronner's wonderful quickness of observation enabled her to catch every trick and expression of these little animals, at once so frolicsome, so active, and so difficult to picture with the brush, and yet which she portrayed with, as one critic humorously says, "a care that might kill a cat."

It is her paintings of cats especially that has established her reputation, and placed her, even in Paris, on a level with the great specialist Eugene Lambert. It is quite a revelation to see how many different expressions Mme. Ronner's pussies have. She never makes the mistake of giving them a human expression, as so many painters do: they are always cats, but so varied that it makes one think that each kitten is a distinct individual in its way, and not at all to be judged and treated by one general rule which must apply to the whole cat race.

Every one of my readers, I am sure, would be charmed could he have looked into Mme. Ronner's beautiful, sunny studio as I saw it. There the walls were covered with paintings of old cats and young cats, big cats and little cats, sleeping cats and waking cats; and on the floor, darting in and out among the chairs and easels, springing from the tables, and playing bo-peep with one another behind the portieres, were all kinds of live cats.

These favored pussies lived in Mme. Ronner's studio, and all her pictures were sketched from life, and each one portrays some actual situation in which she had found her kittens. If you look at many of these pictures, they will give you a good idea of how restless and mischievous cats are—almost as lively as monkeys, or, I was going to say, little boys and girls.

In the midst of this charming studio, with her easel always before her, sat a dear old lady with pink cheeks and snow-white hair, and eyes so kind and gentle that you feel sure they must see the best, not only in cats and dogs, but in everything. This was Mme. Ronner, whose life has been a very simple one; for, although the artistic world is proud to do her homage, her nature is strangely retiring and unaffected, finding her greatest happiness in her peaceful, happy home life, and her dearly loved art, to which now, at eighty-three, she devotes as much time and strength of energy as in her younger days.

Yet it is impossible for her to refuse the richly merited honors that are thrust upon her, and she has received a great number of medals from different countries, including the cross of the Order of Leopold, conferred by the king of Belgium, a distinction which few women possess. Holland, her own land, has not been behindhand in doing her justice, for in the magnificent museum opened a few years ago in Amsterdam, the name of Henriette Ronner is inscribed among the most illustrious painters of her native country.—*F. B. Wickersham, in St. Nicholas.*



The Making of a Day
"Between six and eight
You fix its fate"

It has the sound of a couplet from a fairy tale of our childhood, when, as in the days of Aladdin and Sindbad, by swallowing a certain mysterious powder before breakfast, one was guaranteed a day of glorious success. If a twentieth century magician were to offer such assurance, the temptation would be great to sell one's substance and lay in a stock of these valu-

able antidotes against failure and discouragement. And yet in all seriousness there is such a blessed potion, whose composition is an open secret to all who will take the trouble to learn it, and which must be prepared and taken in the early morning hours. The men and women who have reached most deeply into the lives of their fellows, and whose work is to be measured by eternal values, have counted the first hours of the day well spent in preparing it.

In the crucible of your desire and your will it must be prepared. In the hours when the brain and heart are fresh and keen, fashion the day in your thought and your determination.

Put into this crucible gratitude for blessings past, a generous portion of serene faith in a divine Father for blessings future, an unstinted measure of trust and belief in those with whom you shall associate, a fervent purpose to pack the hours of the day full of wisdom and strength and cheer for yourself and for others. Let it all simmer over a bright fire of prayer and meditation.

Forget not that to be of its greatest value it must be prepared and taken while the day is new and plastic. Later there may sift in unawares bits of selfishness and irritableness that will defeat the enchantment.

The possibility of the morning hour to shape a day is an interesting and fascinating thought. An unwholesome, uninviting breakfast is often held responsible for disordered digestions. But although the menu of a breakfast may be perfect from a culinary point of view, if it fail to furnish inspiration for right living, its power for evil may be immense. Many a hopeful, promising day has been snuffed out at a dull, depressing, or a disputatious breakfast table. The social thermometer is liable to register its lowest at that hour, and in the haste and hurry incident to the morning meal it does not seem worth while to produce one's choicest thoughts, and thus the meal becomes a feeding, or even a bolting, time, and not a social occasion.

The atmosphere of a cheerful, happy breakfast table may give the coloring to half a dozen days in as many different lives. The impetus afforded by a lively, ardent, enthusiastic group gathered for the morning meal, may send a man or woman out to a successful day's work, which otherwise would have been a failure. A carefully planned breakfast menu, which takes into account hunger of mind and soul as well as of body, often furnishes impulses for victorious days, soul-winning days, epoch-making days.—*Julia F. Deane, in Sunday School Times.*

How a Sermon Was Spoiled

"TEN persons stole the best part of my sermon to-day!"

Aunt Sophia bit off the end of her sentence with a little click as if she would like to take a little bite or nip right out of every one of those ten sermon-robbers.

"Well," laughed mother good-naturedly, "if it did them any good, I suppose you —"

"It didn't!" snapped Aunt Sophia. "That's the worst of it. First thing, they took the text and ran off with it. That was Jenny Peters. She coughed, a nice little hacky kind of cough, just as the minister was going to give the chapter and verse. Something about 'redeeming the time;' I suppose I can look it up in the concordance. Next Sunday I think I shall carry some slippery-elm lozenges, and pass them round in my immediate neighborhood."

"Too bad," said mother, soothingly. "But ten, you said. There couldn't have been nine more troublers of the peace in one congregation."

"There could, because there *was!*" said Aunt Sophia, firmly. "I settled down to do without looking up the text, though I always like to look it up and mark it, when three pretty-appearing

young persons, who had at last succeeded in getting ready to come to church, came tiptoeing in, and the rustling and all made me lose the whole fore part of the introduction, or outline, which I don't like to lose any more than I like to step right into a big house straight off the sidewalk. Sort o' needs a pair o' steps and a front entry or something.

"Five? Yes, number five was a fidgety woman in front of me. She had a long chain of black beads that her little bead purse was fastened to; and she played with it. And she had a fan that she flirted some, and the rest of the time spent hunting after. She had a little belt-bag that she kept snapping. She looked at her watch right in the face and eyes of the minister, and that had an old-fashioned hunter's case that snapped, too. At first she felt shivery, and took her cape off; and by and by she put it on again. Her gloves seemed to bother her a good deal by being tight round the wrists, and she held her hands right up in front of her and undid the lacings, and did them up differently. There were a number of other things she did, too numerous to mention.

"Over across the aisle was a young man that read the hymn-book. I presume to say he was deaf, or partially so, for everybody else could hear the leaves rustling. A girl and a young man in front of him sat and whispered. I don't wonder the Bible has so much to say about whisperers, and names them in pretty bad company. One sat with me, a woman that wouldn't listen when the hymns were given out, and always had to lean over and ask me what was the number announced. Once, near the end of the sermon, she didn't quite catch a word, and leaned over to ask me what it was, and by that means I lost two whole sentences.

"The last stroke and straw was when somebody finally concluded she felt faint or something, and started to go out, and in so doing tumbled over the footstool. No, I don't feel to say that I enjoyed the sermon. What I'm wondering is, whether the minister did. He must have seen and heard some of it."—*Anna Burnham Bryant.*

Do Your Best

It is important in every line of work you undertake, to do your best. If it is mending a dress or a coat, remember that a stitch in time saves nine; and that a few poor stitches may mean that the garment will shortly have to be again repaired. If a rotten piece of timber is put into the structure of a ship, it may cause it to sink.

One bad habit cherished and developed will eventually undermine our characters, and sink all our prospects of eternal life, and leave us with all the hosts of evil outside of the city of God.

Do your best. Do not think that because you can not do some great thing, or just the kind of work some one else is doing, your life is a failure. Is not the work of the humble laborer who handles the shovel just as necessary on a line of railroad as is that of the one who controls the movements of the trains? If not just as important a position, it is just as necessary. And it is just as necessary that he do his very best work.

Take a child that is going to school. It must learn the simplest things first. Yet those simple things—reading, writing, spelling, numbers, and a knowledge of God's will—are the very foundation of his future knowledge. The child has not the ability of the college graduate; yet it is just as important for him to learn his lessons well as for the one of more mature mind. So with the one who accepts the gospel; when he comes to Christ, perhaps he may know but little of God's will or what it means to lead a Christian life; but if he comes to him as a little child, confessing his sins, and asks for pardon, and believes he has it, then he is accepted of the Lord, and

may at once through grace become as able a worker as the one who has long proclaimed the gospel from the pulpit.

The man who went into a far country, having delivered talents unto his servants, did not excuse the one to whom he gave only one talent any more than he would those who were given two or five talents. Many persons to-day excuse themselves from doing anything for the Lord because they have only one talent. All can do something. The poor widow cast in more than they all. So now and always, do your very best.

JUDSON A. BAKER.

In Girlhood's Hours—The Little Things

SAID the wise Hannah Moore: "When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues." I would like to add to this aphorism that everywhere and always we have to take careful notice of the little things that compose the great sum of our days.

The temptation to despise the little things, to sit in the seat of the scornful, when we consider the hundreds of minute details which smooth life's road, yet make no stir, assails many girls. For instance, it seems a small thing to shut doors gently, to thread needles for aged eyes, to give the coziest place in the house to the ailing mother, to see that the lamps are filled every morning, and that the ink and pen and paper on the common desk are ready for any one who wishes to write a note. But these are small duties that fall directly into the lot of the daughter of the house. Other equally unobtrusive duties there are that fall to her share, and they include the things she would better not do. A lady said to me one day, alluding to a youthful kinswoman: "Elizabeth annoys me beyond words. The instant a new magazine or a new number of our weekly paper arrives, she seizes it, and no one has a chance to read it, until she has finished. In the interest of my patient husband, I have actually to lie in wait for the postman, so that Robert may have the first look at the literature he pays for." I am very sure that Elizabeth's ill manners in this particular were due to want of thought. She had not been trained to watch for the little things.

"In the family, our tempers," said Hannah Moore. When you think of it, amazement grows that it is so hard to be amiable, and even gentle, in our own households. But there we are off guard, and so—

"We vex our own
With look and tone,
Though we love our own the best."

Sisters who adore one another dispute over trifles. Jenny borrows Madge's stocks or handkerchiefs without asking. Madge passes through Jenny's tidy room, and leaves it in disorder. Should either be at the point of death, love would express itself in countless ways. It is only at the point of daily life that love hides behind frowns and descends to nagging and scolding. Oh, the much ado about nothing, that scars the surface of home life, and mars its beauty! The vocabulary of love should never be enlarged by words of crossness. A little forbearance, a little concession, a little formality and courtesy, properly mingled in human life, add to its harmony. Little civilities count for more than we think in daily intercourse. Deference to those older than ourselves is a beautiful trait, never more beautiful than when shown by a young girl to a man or woman with silver hair. "A man's own good breeding," said Lord Chesterfield, "is his best security against other people's ill manners." It may happen that the older members of the family are unreasonable and difficult. Some old persons are both. But polite attention and thought for their caprices as well as their comfort, will usually win them to a better mind.

"In company, our tongues!" Ah, do not you and I need this caution? We rattle on, in a gale of merriment, and we say more than we mean. We repeat thoughtlessly something we have heard; we reveal the confidence another has reposed in us. This is no little thing—but little words are part of it, and we need to be on guard here. A girl who is quick in repartee may say clever things, yet she must be careful lest her sharp wit wound some sensitive friend.

In another department girls must keep an eye on little things. If you would live honest lives, be fastidious in little matters of money. Do not spend more than you can afford. Avoid debt. Never borrow unless you can instantly pay. I heard of a girl in a boarding-school, who, at the beginning of the term, asked a loan of her roommate. The amount was small, but it seriously crippled the lender, who was poor, and weeks elapsed before the borrower, who was rich, gave her debt a single thought. This, too, is a little thing that looms very large in its revelation of the kind of girl you are.

Little notes of grateful thanks for gifts, immediately sent, little courtesies, like rising when your elders stand, offering chairs to visitors, helping an old gentleman on or off with his coat, are indications of the well-bred girl.

She must not be petty in her own soul. It is petty to bear a grudge, to single out one you do not like and treat her with rudeness, to care only for your own way and to pursue it, trampling on the rights of your neighbor. To feel above one less fortunate than yourself is to be petty. No girl can afford to be this. For the rest, in the home and in company,—

"Thou need'st not ask the angels where
His habitations be,
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair
And he will dwell in thee."

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Why They Are Poor

THEIR ideas are larger than their purses. They think the world owes them a living. They do not keep account of their expenditures. They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters. They reverse the maxim, "Duty before pleasure."

They have too many and too expensive amusements.

They do not think it worth while to save nickels and dimes.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

The parents are economical, but the children have extravagant ideas.

They do not think it worth while to put contracts or agreements in writing.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They have indorsed their friends' notes or guaranteed payment just for accommodation.

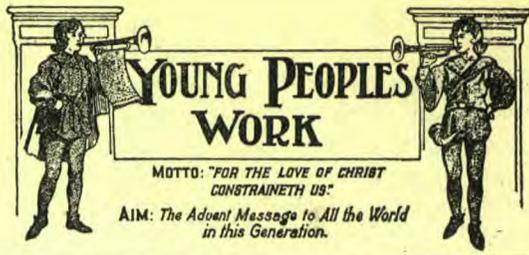
They think it will be time enough to begin to save for a rainy day when the rainy day comes.

They do not realize that one expensive habit may introduce them to a whole family of extravagant habits.

They subscribe for everything that comes along—organs, lightning-rods, subscription books, pictures, bric-a-brac—anything they can pay for on the instalment plan.

They have not been able to make much in the business they understand best, but have thought that they could make a fortune by investing in something they know nothing about.—*O. S. Marden, in Success.*

"Honor will show its inward strength by a firm respect for the rights, the claims, the feelings of others, even the least of one's fellow men."



LIKE the sound of the sea swells the chorus of praise
Round the star-circled throne of the Ancient of Days.

—Henry Turner Bailey.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

THE Field Study was omitted this month, and it has been thought best by those in charge of the Young People's work to omit also the lessons on the life of Paul for two weeks. This will give the leaders of the Young People's Societies an opportunity to construct programs from the material that has appeared in the *Review*, the stirring reports and appeals given by the foreign delegates to the General Conference, and the reports of the president, secretary, and union conference presidents. By wise effort these studies may be made intensely interesting and profitable.

The Young People's Work in Australasia

A BEGINNING has been made in the organization of Young People's Societies in Australasia, and the result so far has been very encouraging. It has been the aim in starting these Societies to organize them in harmony with the plans sent us from the General Conference. Such organizations may degenerate into mere literary societies, unless the officers of the church and persons of mature experience and judgment shall unite heartily with the young people in planning for the meetings and work of the Society. Most of our Societies have heartily co-operated with this plan. As a result a good work has been done for the young people themselves, the churches have been stimulated to greater activity, and the principles of the third angel's message have been brought to the knowledge of the people who are living in the vicinity of these churches. Thousands of papers have been sold, tracts have been loaned and given away, the sick and afflicted have been visited, money has been raised to assist in various island mission enterprises, many Bible readings have been held, and the more mature young men have held meetings wherever and whenever opportunity afforded.

The Young People's Society of the Avondale School holds its meeting from 10 to 11 A. M., every Wednesday. The time is so appointed that nearly every student is able to be present, and they all look forward to this hour as a time of special pleasure and profit. The teachers and students unite in planning for the meetings and prosecuting the work of the Society. The students esteem it a privilege to take an hour out of the midst of their studies and work, and devote it to the consideration of the spread of the third angel's message in all parts of the world. After the usual opening exercises, a carefully prepared program is rendered each week on some phase of missionary effort. Time is often given for oral reports of work done by the members, and at the close of each program the Society divides up into sixteen divisions for the wrapping and mailing of a large club of *Signs*. Each division has a leader who takes a record of all the missionary work done by the members of his division, and these items are embodied in the secretary's report to be read at the next meeting.

The work done by the members consists of missionary correspondence, conducting Sabbath-schools, distributing tracts, holding Bible read-

ings and meetings. Each member is expected to hold himself in readiness to act his part in the missionary meeting, or to act as an officer in such capacity as the Society may decide by vote.

It is safe to say that as a result of these meetings the majority of the members of this Society have received a definite inspiration to consecrate their lives to missionary work, preferably in foreign fields if the Lord so wills.

We have every reason to be encouraged at the favorable beginning of our Young People's work, and it is our sincere hope and prayer that their usefulness may grow until they will form no small part in swelling the loud cry of the third angel's message.

C. W. IRWIN.

A Good Idea

[THE letter given below was not intended for publication; but I thought that its appearance in the *INSTRUCTOR* might bring to the question asked the most satisfactory response. The request is in harmony with a resolution just passed at the General Conference. Two or three small Societies might unite with the New York Society in the support of a foreign missionary. Will not the officers of some Society write to the editor, who will at once pass the word on to the secretary or president of the New York Society? — Ed.]

The Young People's Society of the New York Seventh-day Adventist church requested me to ask your advice concerning the distribution of some funds now in its treasury.

The organization has a membership of ten, and holds its meetings Friday evenings. They are fairly well attended. Bible readings are given by different members, who make them interesting and instructive. Last year we had more members, but quite a number have dropped off, some having moved away, so we can not accomplish as much as we did.

We have sent two barrels of clothing to North Carolina; the young men distributed over four thousand copies of the *Signs*, and the young women have written a number of missionary letters.

In place of dues we are now taking collections amounting from twenty cents to sixty-five cents each week. We have about six dollars on hand, and we would like to place the amount in some missionary work. We thought you might know of some other Young People's Society with which we could co-operate. By putting the funds of two or three Societies together, perhaps we could help support a missionary.

Thanking you in advance for any advice that you may give, I am,—

Your sister in Christ.

Science Stories

Evolution

"WE have come now to earth's topmost round," remarked President Merriam at the next meeting of the club.

"I wish to ask our naturalists if they have ever found in their researches anything that favors the theory of 'development;' that is, higher forms being evolved from lower ones. Such a thing would contradict Moses' history of creation."

"On the contrary, Mr. President," replied the geologist, "my science proves the degeneration of species. Petrifications show much larger specimens of both plants and animals than are now found in the same localities; men have been exhumed of much larger stature than any now living."

"And we may reasonably infer that with larger physical frames, their greater vigor produced intellectual and spiritual natures correspondingly superior," added the president. "Does our chemist know anything that proves development?"

"Nothing whatever, sir," was the emphatic reply. "There is no way to account for chemical affinities; but there is one thing certain about them, they are immovably fixed. Well is it for us that they are; for if they were subject to change, we could never know what to depend upon. When the cook adds soda to his acid, he might get a bitter; and when he puts his bread into the oven, it would as likely as any other way separate into its original ingredients, instead of baking; and so on, *ad infinitum*. We should have a 'chance world' in earnest.

"New affinities may be discovered, but there is no progression in the fundamental constituents of things, nor has there ever been. The integrity of the world depends on this fact."

"What about the vegetable kingdom, Miss Ford? Do the grasses ever step up into what we call a higher class?"

"Oh, no, sir. We have progress which makes variety possible, but a species never loses its family characteristics. Cultivation improves the grasses, but never changes them into wheat; an apple-tree never becomes a pear-tree, and no pomologist ever attempts the change. The way is open for endless improvement, but never a change of species."

"From this standpoint what can the physiologist say of Charles Darwin's evolution of the human body? Was he right when he taught that at first animals of the lowest type lived in the ocean, having neither heads nor tails; that after a time one crawled on to the land, where he needed a head, so a head grew for him; the other decided he needed a tail, so a tail grew for him? What evidence do you find for such a belief?"

"I call it *retrogression*. That theory supposes that more wisdom and ability inhered in the creature which had no brain, than is now to be found in any human being. I have personally known men who were greatly dissatisfied with a short stature; so they 'took thought' and exerted all their powers; but they could not 'add to their stature one cubit.'" — Mrs. M. E. Steward.

Come, Take a Walk To-day

COME out and take a walk to-day; 'tis June, and everywhere
The sun is shining brightly; there is gladness in the air;
The great, white clouds are drifting in a sea of azure blue,
And o'er the fields the shadows of the clouds are drifting, too.

'Tis June, and wild-rose blossoms fill the air with fragrance, sweet;
The clover and the daisies are a-blooming under-foot;
The bobolink sings joyously in meadows far away,
And Nature smiles a sunny smile: "Come, take a walk to-day."

The carpet, stretched across the fields, in sunny spring, was green;
But June, the artist, one omission plainly has seen;
And now the carpet blossoms forth, in many a pattern, bold,
Worked out in skilful meaning, by the buttercups, in gold.

The maples, in their vivid green, stand out against the sky,
And berries, ripe and red, are hiding 'mongst the grasses high;
From distant meadows comes the sound of men a-mowing hay,
And Nature says, in pleasant mood: "Come, take a walk to-day."

'Tis June, bright June; from far and near sweet messages of love
Are pulsing through the radiant air from wondrous worlds above;
All Nature speaks of Him: O, come and listen while you may,
For peace shall dwell beside you, if you take a walk to-day.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

Children's Page



Covering Secrets

LITTLE birdie, tell me true
 What the sunshine says to you,
 What the trees, and flowers, and
 grass
 Whisper to you as you pass.
 There are secrets summers say,
 Tell me, birdie, yours I pray."

Insects and Their Habits at Home and What Harold Learned about Them

UNCLE FRANK was coming on a visit, all the way from London, and Harold was delighted. "What did you say Uncle Frank was, mama? I never can remember," questioned Harold for the twentieth time, the day before his uncle was expected.

"An entomologist, which means a person who has made the habits of insects a study. Your uncle has learned much about ants and spiders and bees and bugs of all kinds; and a very interesting study it is."

Harold's papa had just begun keeping bees, and the little lad never tired of asking questions about them, and watching them as they hurried back and forth—an army of busy workers—all day long.

The next day, after the greetings were over, and Uncle Frank had enjoyed a hearty dinner with the family, Harold could wait no longer to conduct his uncle to the pleasant orchard, under the shady green trees, where papa had chosen to plant his colony of bees.

"I suppose you will tell me how the bees make their honey, Uncle Frank; I've asked papa ever so many times, and he always says, 'Wait till Uncle Frank comes; he'll tell you all about it.'"

"I'm afraid your father has set me a hard task, my lad; for really I do not suppose there is a man on earth who is wise enough to answer even so simple a question as that. But I'm sure we can learn very much about the habits of these useful insects if we watch them for an hour every day. Just see these little fellows pacing back and forth before the door; but be careful not to venture too near."

"I wonder what they are doing. They don't seem to go inside at all."

"No, and neither do they fly away. They are the sentinels, who warn the inhabitants of the hive of the presence of danger."

"How strange! they are just like soldiers in the army. But papa said you would tell me about the queen bees."

"Well, there are three different kinds of bees in each hive,—the queen, or mother bee, the worker, and the drone. But before I speak of the queen bee, I must tell you something about the way the strange little cells that hold the honey

are made. Did you ever notice, Harold, how wonderfully exact they are? These little creatures are great carpenters, and they build their cells in the very best way to insure their containing the most honey in the least space."

"Yes, uncle, papa said only the other day that he could not do as fine carpenter work as the bees; I wonder if they *think* about their work, as people do."

"I am very sure they must; for they work with marvelous speed and skill. But they do not all do the same kind of work. I'll tell you how they begin: the first bee clings to the roof of the hive with his fore legs, and another hangs by the hind legs of the first, and so on, until they form a regular ladder or clump of bees."

"How funny they must look! I wonder what they do then?"

"They just wait patiently a little while, and after a time, small, thin scales of wax appear on their stomachs; for these little workers are formed by their all-wise Creator for doing just this very work. They then knead and roll this wax with their legs, until it is ready to be glued to the roof to form the first layer. To this is added layer after layer by the other bees in the cluster, and then this detachment go out again into the fields, for a new store."

"What do the other bees do, when this first company go away for more wax?" asked Harold.

"O they are not idle by any means! Another squad of workers that seem to understand another part of the trade, begin at once to shape the mass into the six-sided cells where the honey is to be stored. They work so fast and with such skill that they can build four thousand cells in twenty-four hours."

"Just think, uncle, how long it would take a boy to do the same thing!"

"Yes, and a very strange-looking honeycomb we should have, I am thinking. But you see, Harold, that the Creator did not intend boys to do this kind of work, or he would have made them able to do it. But I promised to tell you something about the queen, or mother bee."

"Papa says there is only one queen in each hive."

"Yes, a colony of bees is very much like a kingdom governed by a king or queen. There are sentinels and workers and nurses and drones, besides a multitude of baby bees to attend to."

"I am wondering if the queen goes around in the hive to see if the others do their work all right," ventured Harold.

"O, no; there is small danger but that the bees will perform their work faithfully; for I am sorry to say these little insects are much more diligent in doing the work for which they were created than are many boys and girls,—or grown people, either. But the principal business of the

queen is to lay the eggs for a new bee colony."

"I suppose the queen lays an egg every day, doesn't she? like my white leghorns; they never disappoint me," and Harold smiled with satisfaction.

"O, the queen bee lays at least two hundred eggs every day, and continues this work all summer."

"My! but I should think she would get awfully tired!"

"Possibly, but she never complains. Indeed, this is all the work she ever does. The workers wait upon her, and tend and feed her with great care."



"But, Uncle Frank, you said there were nurses; that seem so odd; do explain what they do."

"They take care of the little bees before they become perfect insects. This generally takes twelve or thirteen days; and all this time the nurses feed the helpless infant a sort of white stuff which looks much like paste. When these babies grow larger, their taste seems to demand more and more sweet. This, the wise little nurses are careful to supply. So, little by little, the young bee develops all its organs, and becomes a perfect insect."

"Then I suppose the nurses leave it, don't they, uncle?"

"Not quite yet; the baby must have careful attention for a few hours longer; and this, the nurses seem to be perfectly willing to give; they support and tend it with almost human care until, if it is a young worker, it is strong enough to begin to make honey."

"Who teaches the baby bees how to do that,—do they have teachers who show them how to make honey and wax?"

"O, no, my lad; they have no teacher other than their Almighty Creator, who has implanted in their tiny heads a complete knowledge of their mysterious trade, so that the very first honey made by a young bee, is just as good as that made by its older relatives."

"How strange that people must be taught how to work, when little bees do not need a single lesson. Can you explain this, Uncle Frank?"

"No one can explain it, my child; it is one of the mysteries of creation, as is also the bees' strange secret of making their honey. The facts which are seemingly the simplest are often the hardest to explain, you know,—look out! look out, Harold!" cautioned Uncle Frank, for the little fellow had ventured too near one of the hives, and the inmates came out after him in a very angry manner. Papa had often warned him about this, but the boy's curiosity to see if he could locate some of the nurses, had overcome his caution. The poor child ran crying to the house, and the faster he ran, the more angry the bees became. Uncle Frank followed more slowly.

"I can't quite understand what made the insects so angry," said Uncle Frank to mama, "are you sure there is nothing about his clothes which the bees do not like? their sense of smell is very delicate, you know,—perhaps —"

Just then mama took from her little boy's pocket a handkerchief highly scented with cologne water, and tossed it to Uncle Frank.



BEE SHOWING WAX SCALES

"Ah, my dear, this is the secret of the attack, and I dare say our young scientist will be careful to remove his handkerchief the next time he ventures out to watch the bees."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.
(To be continued)

Bert's Mistake

"GUESS!" said Bert, rushing into the house with the air of one who had a very important piece of news.

"Guess what?" asked Tom, excitedly.

"Why, the best thing that could happen."

"Oh, I know!" Tom cried, his eyes shining. "Aunt Margie's coming! She said she would soon," and taking Bert's smile for assent, he hurried up-stairs to tell the good news to his sick mother. On the way he met Mary, the servant girl, and he told her. Next he stopped by grandma's door to let her know, and by the time he reached his mother's room, he was so out of breath from hurry and excitement that he could only gasp, "Aunt Margie — she's coming!"

"How do you know, and where is she?" cried Mrs. Williams.

"Why, Bert saw her, and I suppose she's walking up the street this minute."

How glad everybody was! Aunt Margie's visits were few and far between, for she lived many miles away, and her coming was quite an event in the family. Even Mary shared the general delight.

The minutes passed, and poor Mrs. Williams, lying up-stairs on her bed, waited patiently for her sister's appearance. "Why does she not come to me?" she asked herself again and again. She heard the outside door open and close, but no one came near her, and she was growing exceedingly nervous when steps sounded on the stairs, her own door opened, and she looked up to see no one but Tom.

"Where's Aunt Margie?" she cried.

"I don't know," Tom said in a disappointed tone, "she hasn't come yet. I watched and watched by the door, and I can't see anything of her."

"Why didn't you ask Bert where he saw her?"

"I can't find Bert, either. He ran right off and hasn't been back since. I thought he'd gone to meet auntie. I'm afraid now that he's just been fooling."

Some hours afterward the missing Bert appeared. Tom happened to be by the front gate, so was the first to see him.

"Where's Aunt Margie?" he demanded.

"I don't know," carelessly answered Bert.

"Where did you see her?"

"I didn't see her."

This time Bert laughed.

"But you said so."

"I didn't. I said for you to guess something, and you guessed Aunt Margie. I didn't say yes."

"You didn't say no, either, Bert Williams, and that was the same as saying yes." Tom returned in an injured tone.

"No, it wasn't," and Bert laughed heartily as he ran to the house.

In the sitting-room he met his father.

"Bert," said Mr. Williams, "I thought you always prided yourself on being truthful."

The smile faded from Bert's face, and he scarcely knew how to answer.

"You were untruthful this afternoon."

"I didn't say that Aunt Margie was coming."

"But you let Tom believe it. Besides, your words implied that something wonderful had happened. Is that your idea of truth?"

"It was only a joke," Bert said, meekly.

"A joke! and for the sake of a joke you acted deceitfully, you disappointed the whole family, you made Mary stop her work, and begin to prepare a lunch that was not needed, you caused your sick mother to so excite herself that her fever has returned, and I am sure she —"

Bert started, and said, "I didn't know that."

"No, and I am sure you would have refrained if you had thought of such a consequence. But leaving your mother out of the question, do you think it is worth while to stoop to deceit at any time for the sake of a joke? Do you believe it is worth while to lower yourself by acting deceitfully under any circumstances?" — *New York Observer.*

Pieces for Recitation

SOME of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR have requested that there be printed at times selections suitable for recitations. The poem given below was sent in to be used in this way. It is well to commit to memory choice selections from the best writers. The "Leak in the Dike" was written by Phoebe Cary. This fact alone enlists our interest in the story of the little hero portrayed in the poem.

The Leak in the Dike

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who
Lives across the dike, for me;
And take some cakes I made for him —
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf ablazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's-tender shade:
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place —
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes went back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret nor grieve —
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter

"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long.
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear,
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying — and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

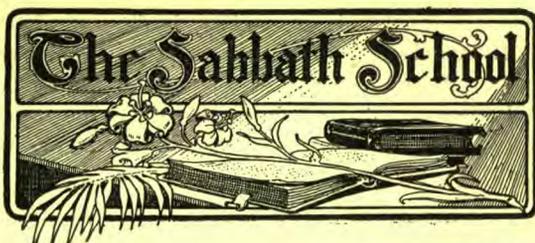
The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night,
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he came before!

"He is dead!" she cries, "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife —
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good;
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears;
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

— Phoebe Cary.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—The Sermon on the Mount

(June 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 5 to 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Matt. 7:12.

"And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. . . .

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill can not be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. . . .

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. . . .

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your

body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

"Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek): for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. . . .

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. . . .

"And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

Questions

1. Where did Jesus go soon after he had chosen the twelve disciples? What are the words that he spoke to the people and to his disciples at this time called?—*The sermon on the mount*. With what did this sermon open?—*The blessings, or beatitudes*.
2. How many beatitudes were spoken? Learn as many as you can of them. Why should we rejoice under persecution?
3. To what does Jesus compare his followers? How are they the light of the world? What is the office of a light? How may we let our light shine?
4. What had Jesus often been accused of doing?—*Of breaking the law*. What did he now declare he had not come to do? How long did he say the law of God will endure? How much would be taken away from it? What would be done to one who broke one of the least of the commandments?
5. What had the prophet said that Jesus would do? Read Isa. 42:21. How did Jesus "magnify" the law in the sermon on the mount? Notice especially verses 21-24 of Matthew 5.
6. What did Jesus teach the people in regard to laying up treasure? Why is it better to have one's treasure in heaven than on earth?
7. What beautiful lesson does Jesus teach from the birds? What from the lilies?
8. For what did he say we should take no thought? Who knows the needs of men? What should we seek above all other things? What promise is made to all who do this?
9. What precious promise is made to all who ask of the Father? How many receive? How does Jesus impress the love of our Heavenly Father for his earthly children? What beautiful law does he lay down as the rule which should govern all our acts toward one another? Memory Verse. What is this law often called?
10. What was the effect upon those who listened to the wonderful words of this sermon?

How did it differ from the teaching that they were accustomed to listen to in the synagogue?



XIII—The Lord's Supper and the Ordinance of Humility

(June 24)

MEMORY VERSE: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John 14:6.

Questions

1. How many of the disciples ate the last Passover supper with Jesus? Luke 22:14.
2. What strife arose among them? Verse 24; note 1.
3. Who did Jesus tell them would be the greatest among them? Verse 26.
4. To teach them how to be truly great, what did he do? John 13:4, 5.
5. What remonstrance did Peter make? How did Jesus answer him? Verse 8.
6. When he had finished washing their feet, what question did Jesus ask the disciples? Verse 12.
7. What did he say we ought to do? Verses 14, 15.
8. What blessing did he pronounce upon those who know these things and do them? Verse 17; note 2.
9. Following this ordinance, what did Jesus do? Matt. 26:26-29.
10. What is said concerning the bread? 1 Cor. 11:23, 24.
11. What does the wine represent? Verse 25.
12. Of what future event is this ordinance also a pledge? Verse 26.
13. When will Jesus again eat with his children? Matt. 26:29; note 3.

Notes

1. "There was a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest. This contention, carried on in the presence of Christ, grieved and wounded him. . . . The request of James and John to sit on the right and left of Christ's throne, had excited the indignation of the others. That the two brothers should presume to ask for the highest position, so stirred the ten that alienation threatened. . . . When the disciples entered the supper room, their hearts were full of resentful feelings. Judas pressed next to Christ on the left side; John was on the right. If there was a higher place, Judas was determined to have it, and that place was thought to be next to Christ. And Judas was a traitor."—*"Desire of Ages,"* pages 643, 644.
2. "This ordinance is Christ's appointed preparation for the sacramental service. While pride, variance, and strife for supremacy are cherished, the heart can not enter into fellowship with Christ. We are not prepared to receive the communion of his body and his blood. Therefore it was that Jesus appointed the memorial of his humiliation to be first observed."—*Id.*, page 650.
3. Note the solemn import of the words, "I shall not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom. The Saviour has not tasted the wine since that sad hour in the upper chamber. Neither will he, until at the marriage supper, when he has his redeemed family all home. Then, seated at that table which is "miles in length," he will gird himself and serve them, and drink with them the new wine of the kingdom. Jesus is looking forward to this time with joyful anticipation, and when he sees his ransomed ones all safe from the power of sin, then will he indeed "see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Isa. 53:11.
4. Study carefully chapters seventy-one and seventy-two in "Desire of Ages."



Wood fiber is now being successfully converted into thread to be used in the manufacture of cloth.

THE czarina of Russia has among her collection of shawls from various countries one that it about ten yards square. It is so fine in texture that it can be passed through a finger-ring, and, when folded, makes a parcel of only a few inches.

ETHER and chloroform, which put man to sleep, stimulate plant growth. Denmark and Germany have produced marvelous results in forcing flowers in rooms and glass houses by the use of these chemicals.

FROM Pennsylvania comes word that the great operators are preparing to precipitate another labor convulsion in the anthracite regions. The crisis is expected to come in July. This will send the price of coal up to fabulous figures, and all America will suffer.

MR. J. B. FOWLER, an electrician, for fifteen years has been studying to make it possible for two persons using a telephone to speak "face to face." He has finally succeeded in "telephoning" the portrait of an operator nearly one mile; and he has full confidence that in a few years he will make it possible for a person in Chicago to really see his friend in New York with whom he is talking over the telephone.

THE courage and perseverance of the Japanese soldiers is so great that rather than fail in their undertaking, they will resolutely overcome all obstacles. Recently they wished to evade the eye of the Russian soldiers, so were forced to crawl many yards on their hands and knees. They found the lot over which they were to pass filled with pitfalls and electric mines. Great care must be exercised. Time was pressing; they were in great danger of discovery; so, for lack of proper instruments, they all fell upon the electric wires, which consisted of twenty-four small ones, and bit them off with their teeth.

Wonders of a Long-Distance Microscope

M. DE GOSPARIS, an Italian scientist of the University of Naples, is credited with the invention of an improvement on the microscope, which he names the bioscope, as it is to be used for the study of the phenomena of animal life. It is in construction a "long-focus" microscope, its purpose being to enable the observer to watch magnified small animals at a distance not possible with the ordinary microscope, and see their life motions when in a state of complete freedom.

Ants and spiders can thus be watched amid their ordinary operations, and when magnified so largely as to look like veritable monsters: swimming animals can be observed in an aquarium; and there are other uses to which the instrument can be put. At a distance of 19.5 inches it has a magnifying power of more than twelve diameters. A camera lucida permits the drawing of the objects observed.—*Search-Light*.

Uralite, the New Fire-Proofing

URALITE, a new invention, is superior to anything of the kind that has yet been produced. It is the invention of a Russian artillery officer and chemist, named Imschenetzky, and its claim

to distinction is that it is absolutely fire-proof, and adaptable to many uses.

Uralite is composed of asbestos fiber, with a proper proportion of silicate, bicarbonate of soda, and chalk, and it is supplied in various finishes and colors, according to the purpose for which it is intended. In a soft form a sheet of uralite is like an asbestos board; when hard, it resembles finely sawn stone, and has a metallic ring. Besides a non-conductor of heat and electricity, it is practically waterproof (and may be made entirely so by paint), and is not affected either by atmospheric influences or by the acids contained in smoke in large towns, which destroy galvanized iron.

Moreover, it can be cut by the usual carpenters' or woodworkers' tools; it can be veneered to form paneling for walls or partitions; it can be painted, grained, polished, and glued together like wood; it does not split when a nail is driven through it; it is not affected when exposed to moisture or changes of temperature, and it can be given any color.—*Search-Light*.

A Life-Raft to Carry Fifty Persons

THE French liner "La Savoie" came into port at New York on April 15, equipped with the Matson life-raft, an invention of Harry Matson, the "Savoie's" chief steward. The raft has had so successful a trial that other vessels of the line may carry it.

The raft is water-tight, and has compartments for food and fresh water. It is twelve feet long, nine feet wide, and three feet deep, and capable of carrying fifty persons. The great advantage claimed for it by the inventor is that within a fraction of a minute, by simply turning a crank from the bridge, all the life-rafts on one side of the boat can be thrown overboard. The rafts rest on platforms supported by uprights held in place by pins. By the turning of levers these pins are removed, and the platforms tilted so that the rafts slide into the sea.

The trial of the life-boat raft took place at Havre on April 7. The raft was put on the bridge of "La Savoie," thirty-three feet above the water, and Commander Boyer, of the French Naval Reserves, the agent of the French line in Havre, launched it by pulling the lever chain. An automatic pulley was used to lower twenty-five men into the raft, and within five minutes after she had touched water, the raft boat pulled away from the vessel's side.—*Search-Light*.

The Horn of a Cow

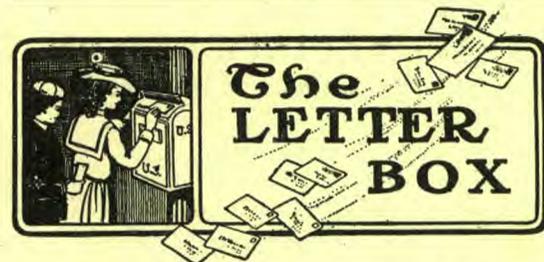
SCIENTISTS tell us that a cow's horn is a combination of phosphate of lime, gelatin, and albumen, with these three substances in the right proportion to make the horn not only serviceable to the animal, but useful to man. The lime makes the horn hard; but there is just enough to make it hard without making it brittle, and there is just enough gelatin to make the horn easy to cut and shape.

Inside the horn is a core, which is bone. To get it out, the horn is soaked in water for several weeks; and when the core comes out, it is ground up and made into crucibles, which are used for melting gold and silver in.

The outer end of the horn is hard and solid, and is used for making knife handles and other things. The main part of the horn is soaked for half an hour or so in boiling water, when it becomes soft, and may easily be split with a knife. It is then spread out flat, and put between iron plates. There was a time long ago when these horn plates were made very thin by hard pressure, and used in windows and lanterns as we now use glass. The "hornbooks" of the olden time, from which children learned the alphabet, were made of the same.

When horn is heated, it may be molded into

almost any desired form. That is the way that knife handles, buttons, and other articles are made. A mold of the required shape is used; and when the heated horn substance is put into it and subjected to pressure, the material takes the shape of the mold.—*Boy's World*.



OSKALOOSA, IOWA, April 1, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am twelve years old, and go to Sabbath-school. My teacher is Miss Katie Earl. I like the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and the stories in it. I hope I do not crowd out any one's letter. I have two brothers and one sister. I hope some one will write to me. There are about fifteen members at our Sabbath-school.

ARTIE STROUSE.

VILLA GROVE, COLO., March 16, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy our INSTRUCTOR lessons very much, and they are so plain for the younger children as well as the older ones.

I am thirteen years old, and am in the seventh grade. After I finish the grammar school, I would like to take the course in missionary work to teach people to obey God and walk in his righteous way. We have a small Sabbath-school here, consisting of five members.

I enjoy Mrs. E. M. F. Long's reed work. I made some mats, with mama's help, which were very pretty when they were finished. I have a Christian father and mother, and a baby sister one year old.

I hope I may meet all my INSTRUCTOR friends in the new earth.

MARGARET PARSONS.

SOUTH CORINTH, VERMONT,
March 31, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first piece of poetry. I am thirteen years old. It is entitled,—

He'll Keep Me

God made the little lilies,
That bloom so bright and fair;
And if he keeps the lilies,
He'll keep me free from care.

God made the little birdies,
That sing so sweet and free;
And if he keeps the birdies,
He surely will keep me.

God made the little children,
To work for him with love;
And if they're faithful, he will take
Them home with him above.

And when this life is over,
And we are called above,
He will reward his children
With everlasting love.

I would like to see this in print, as it is the first I have written.

HAROLD W. CLARK.

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FANNIE M. DICKERSON EDITOR

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