

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH



## A Glimpse of Yellowstone Park

WHEN our train of eager sight-seekers pulled in at Gardiner, we saw a very pretty rustic station and a few stores and houses scattered about. Upon crossing the platform, however, we were met by tallyhoes drawn by six sorrels, bays, or blacks which were to carry us to the first hotel. More than thirty climbed into each coach; the baggage was put behind, and in a moment we had passed through the gate which welcomed us with the inscription, "For the benefit and enjoyment of the people." Going through our National Park one drives one hundred and fifty miles, stopping for the night at hotels. There are five of these arranged in a loop. Only twenty miles of the whole road is doubled, and the new road planned for next year will do away with that.

The drive to our first stopping-place, the Mammoth Springs Hotel, is five miles, along a pretty river and up a small canyon where we saw eagles' nests and passed the boundary line between Wyoming and Montana.

A guide took us to see the Mammoth Hot Springs. The ground around the formation and wherever the hot water had been is a white limestone, which the guide said so eats into shoes that he has to have a new pair each week. The formation is in the shape of terraces, and is very dazzling when the sun shines. Where the hot water now flows are the most beautiful and delicate shades of red, blue, green, brown, and yellow, blended in exquisite color patterns. The Cleopatra terrace is a marvelous mixture of colors, while the Jupiter and Pulpit terraces have more of red than of any other shade. On some of the steps are pools of steaming water, whose temperature is one hundred and ninety degrees. All tourists must carefully follow the guide, or they will go back with a scalded foot. Here, as throughout the park, there is no green about any formation; everything is dead white.

Near the first hotel is Fort Yellowstone, where are stationed three companies, who keep the roads well-sprinkled and free from stones, and who see that no one carries a gun or disturbs the animals, and that no specimens are carried away unless they are those sold in curio shops. At Mammoth, too, the parties for the whole trip are made up. One can have as large a carriage as is wanted, but the same one is kept throughout one's stay. The next morning, the crier called out the names for each carriage, and we took our places in turn and drove off. There were nine of us including the driver, and our horses were named Baldy, Shorty, Brownie, and Clothes-Rack. During the morning drive of twenty miles, we passed the Golden Gate, a high wall of stone on one side

and a yawning chasm on the other, and Obsidian Cliff, a hill of black glass, pieces of which the Indians made into arrow-heads. Coming to Norris Station for lunch, we saw our first geysers, and also had our first experience in a genuine college rush for lunch. The dining-room held but fifty, and there were three hundred in the party for the day. The afternoon's drive brought us to the Fountain Hotel, where we first saw the bears. The famous fountain geyser is there, also the paint pots, which are certainly among the wonders of the park. They look like pink, cream, and white mush getting almost too thick to jump, yet still steaming and slowly bubbling up as if in the last effort. They have calcimined the



BEARS IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

dining-room of the hotel with the pink variety without mixing it with any other substance. It appeared as ordinary calcimining.

The sixteen miles next morning brought us into the Upper Geyser Basin and to the wonderful Old Faithful Inn. This hotel is built entirely of logs, and has one hundred and thirty rooms. The roof is gabled, the two rows of pillars, one supporting the porch and forming a driveway with the other, are made of logs laid crosswise. The stairs are logs halved longitudinally with the smooth side up. People thought the builder was insane because he used so many crooked pieces and the plan was so odd. Certainly he has gotten a marvelous collection of curved logs and put them in very artistically. Upon entering the lobby, the great stone chimney, which contains eight fireplaces, first attracts the eye. To be on a level with the open face of its iron clock one must climb to the third floor. The pendulum and weights nearly reach the floor. The electric lights are in candle-shaped holders, and are fastened to the wall by short cross-pieces of logs. Even the faucet which we turned to get our drinking water is encased in a curved twig suspended over a stump hollowed out with a knot on one side as a place to set the glass. The fires were welcome although it was July.

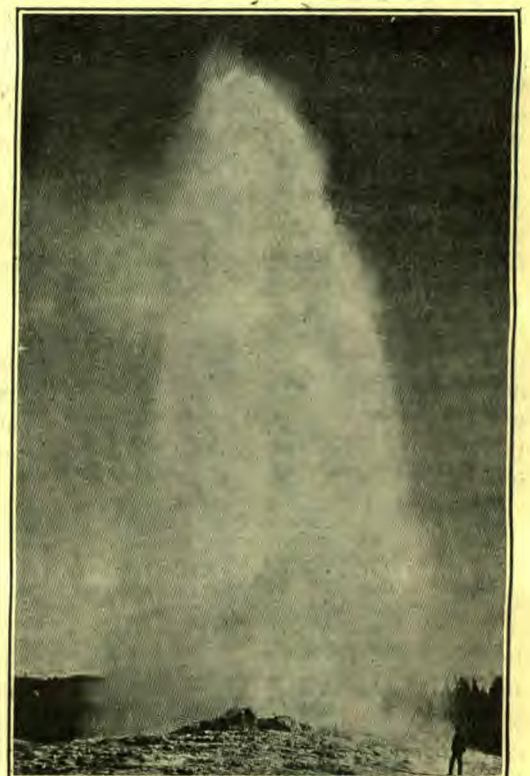
In the evening as we sat around the fires, the head porter popped dishpans full of corn, and gave each of us a generous amount. The doors of our bedrooms were opened with thumb latches, and numbered with figures made of nail heads. We hung our clothes on wooden pegs, and our beds had four gilded posts instead of head and

foot pieces. But it was all comfortable and very pretty. The guide-books call it "a unique building in a unique spot," and indeed it is more than that. Around the inn is a belt of geysers, the Old Faithful being the best known. This plays for four minutes in every sixty-five, night and day. To see the water thrown up one hundred and fifty feet in the air, apparently for no reason, but still leaving its unmistakable trace in adding color and substance to the cone, is a novel sight for a Chicagoan. The Giant excels the others in throwing the water two hundred and fifty feet into the air, but each seems to have an individual mark. There are twenty-nine geysers in this basin, some, of course, playing very irregularly. The Beehive, Grotto, Surprise, and Economic (so called because all the water falls back into the basin instead of flowing away) are a few characteristic names.

But if I stop longer here, I could not tell you of the canyon, which is the culmination of beauty in the park.

At the Thumb lunch station the next day, the best-known sight is the geyser near the shore of the lake. On its cone a man may catch a fish, then turn around and cook the fish in the hot water behind him. The afternoon drive was indeed beautiful, the brightly colored flowers dotting the grass, the snow-covered Tetons across the lake, and the broad expanse of blue water

which is so clear we saw many fish from the road. At the Lake Hotel we had our little experience with the bears. Toward evening the bears come from the woods to eat from the garbage piles, which are generally a block or two behind the hotels. After dinner many tourists



OLD FAITHFUL

go to see them. Two soldiers who have guns are there to keep the people at a safe distance, and to take a hand if there is trouble. One can get within about twenty-five feet of them if he wishes. This evening, Madam Bruno, Johnnie, and Jimmie had come down, and their aunt and three cousins soon followed. The little bears played like kittens, and were very amusing until Mr. Grizzly appeared at the edge of the opposite wood. The brown bears think themselves masters of all they survey, and the black yield them the superiority. So at his first grumble, Madam Bruno departed with her children, and two of the cousins scampered after them. But the third cousin ran directly toward us, the mother following. The ensuing scene can better be imagined than described; in fact, I did not see it, for I was fleeing the other way. They said the little one was as frightened as we, and turned off into a by-path. They had disappeared when I looked back. We retraced our steps part of the way, but soon went back to the hotel about decided that it was almost as interesting and far more safe to study the bears with the searchlight than by personal inspection. The following morning we walked a little ahead of the coaches and saw a doe and two fawns. Many deer and buffalo are in the park besides the bears, squirrels, and smaller animals.

From the Canyon Hotel we drove up the canyon, getting many magnificent views, and finally stopping at the last, Inspiration Point. The place is truly named, for the scene is one of indescribable grandeur. You stand out on some projecting rocks just over the abyss, looking at the falls, the water plunging and madly foaming down three hundred and sixty feet, then settling into a calm, green stream until it is disturbed in its path by rocks, when it again shows the colors of the spray. On each side is the canyon, fifteen hundred feet deep and two thousand feet across, with steep, projecting rocks in places, then the sand slides in delicate shades of red, brown, yellow, pink, blue, and white. There have been eighty different specimens taken from these sands, and it shows but little of the coloring. It is truly awe inspiring. You are speechless and can not help but wonder at the power of nature's God in your vain attempt to realize and comprehend a sample of his work. True, Niagara is of greater volume, but not more beautiful. There are also canyons in other countries and others in America, but there is none other of such brilliant and varied coloring. We turned away only to look back and imprint more deeply the picture which I hope will never be erased from my memory. Later, with others of the party, I climbed down to the foot of these falls, where we could feel the spray and see its rainbow colors. We felt the river water, and it was cold. We went a little deeper and drew our hands quickly away, for it was almost burning hot. The geyser action is very evident there, too, in tiny geysers. The smallest in the park is there, just one half an inch high, yet perfectly formed and colored and playing every fraction of a second.

I have scarcely mentioned half of the wonders we saw, but I think enough has been written so that you will agree with me in thinking that our Yellowstone National Park is a veritable fairy-land of nature.—*Elsie Green.*

"THE report from St. Petersburg that General Stossel had been condemned to death by a court martial, for surrendering Port Arthur, was followed by a picturesque incident: a vigorous defense of the general by the man to whom he surrendered—his old enemy, the Japanese General Nogi. The world will probably think that General Nogi knows more about the matter than the members of the Russian court martial."

#### The Voice of the Stars

THE cares of the day were over,  
And my spirit, somewhat depressed,  
In the calm of a summer evening  
Had sought to find a rest.  
As I watched the bright stars shining,  
Rich gems in an arch of blue,  
They whispered the sweet old story,  
That is still so strangely new.

Far, far away to the northward,  
With a clear and radiant light,  
Shone the star that guides the pilgrim  
Through the silent hours of the night.  
An emblem, methought, of Jesus,  
Who ever remains the same,  
Whose eye still guides the believer,  
Who trusts in his holy name.

There too hung the great North Dipper,  
And it seemed to say to me,  
"Come, drink of the living water,  
That floweth so pure and free;  
The fountain is Christ, your Redeemer,  
Who suffered for all mankind,  
And they who drink of this water,  
Shall true refreshment find."

The Crown in its regal beauty,  
Appeared in the western sky,  
And told how the Prince of heaven  
Once left his throne on high,  
To wear on his brow the thorn-crown,  
So great was his love for me,  
That I the crown of the righteous  
Might wear in eternity.

I looked at the sparkling Sickle,  
And thought of the day to come,  
When, armed with his sickle, the Reaper  
Should gather the harvest home.  
You may plant, and I will water,  
No labor shall be in vain,  
And the Lord of all the harvest  
Shall garner the golden grain.

I watched the stately Orion,  
With gleaming buckler and sword,  
And thought of the well-armed Christian,  
Whose sword is the Holy Word,  
Whose girdle is truth, and whose helmet  
The hope of salvation, free,  
Whose shield is faith; 'tis the armor,  
Dear Christian, prepared for thee.

I searched through all the heavens  
For an emblem of his love.  
Would I find it?—Yes, clear shining  
From the deep-blue arch above  
Were the seven little sisters,  
A fitting emblem were these;  
For seven, the perfect number,  
I found in Pleiades.

Above me belting the heavens,  
Stretched the beautiful Milky Way,  
Like the path by the Spirit lighted,  
That ends in eternal day.  
They come from the north, from the southland,  
From the far east, from the west,  
Who traverse the narrow pathway  
To the city of the blest,—

The city whose hidden glories  
God's children shall behold,—  
The throne, the river, the mansions,  
The streets of burnished gold.  
And the hand that leads them thither,  
A gate of pearl unbars:  
'Tis the story breathed in the stillness  
Of the evening by the stars.

—*Marion Lumley, in N. Y. Observer.*

#### Campbell Morgan's Habit

A GENTLEMAN who is well acquainted with the devotional practise of Dr. Campbell Morgan said the other day: "Do you know that you can never see Campbell Morgan in the morning? His mornings he keeps religiously for study of the Bible and for meditation. This is his practise in prayer: He takes two chairs, and places them opposite one to the other. He seats himself in one, and imagines Jesus Christ seated in the other. And then he talks to his Lord of what is in his heart, and seems to hear his Lord speaking freely and tenderly to him. It is be-

cause of this deliberate and determined attitude to the world, which he compels to 'let his religious hours alone,' that Campbell Morgan has become the great exegetical preacher that he is. He has come to know his Bible intimately, because he takes time to know his Lord." Not all may have Campbell Morgan's call, but all may have his opportunity of being face to face with Jesus, and find it "good to be there." In the intimacy of a divine communion—sweet, tender, and free—is to be found the renewing of strength day by day for life's task.—*William T. Dorward.*

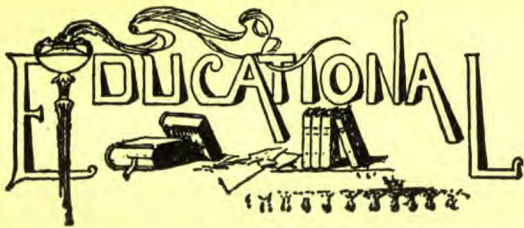
#### Great Souls Recognize the Worth of Common Things

THE greater the man, the more vividly does he recognize the essential charm and worth of common things. Newton beheld the secret of the rainbow in a soap-bubble; Linnæus found the magic of paradise in a gorse bush; Tyndall was bewitched by a snowflake; and our geologists exult in the knowledge that the common highway is not dust and dirt, as the ignorant contemptuously suppose, but jasper, sapphire, and gold. And this is equally true in regard to the relations and environments of human life. The rich, the titled, and the fashionable, if only sufficiently little of soul, will sneer at the common people; but all seers, all great souls, discern the grandeur of the honest man, however colorless his lot, the sufficiency of the most meager circumstances for the attainment of the highest ends; and our Lord pre-eminently enforced these great lessons. He who revealed so much revealed the essential glory of the unheroic. By his example, not less than by his word, he taught that life does not consist in the abundance, the uniqueness, or the splendor of what we possess.

"Few things" are enough for a many-sided discipline of character. A superior mind, a pure heart, discovers rich and infinite entertainment in ordinary duties and joys, from which coarse souls turn with loathing as being insipid and worthless. A philosopher tells us to study "small variations of the commonplace;" and no doubt if we do this intelligently and sympathetically, we shall need no other dramas or romances. The dreariest lot has openings for magnificent charity and sacrifice. The most prosaic course and calling, duly interpreted, is replete with glory, honor, and permanence, and is crowned with eternal recompense.

There ought not to be in any human life servility and dependence; no painful need or vulgar wretchedness should embitter and degrade; drudgery proper, beggarliness, meanness, and pauperism form no part of God's ordination for any man, and there is much seriously wrong when such a state of things is possible. Our Lord's life was just as far from vulgar poverty as from vulgar greatness, sordid wealth, or selfish gaiety. But none need be ashamed of the common lot; its honorableness, its efficacy, its boundless possibilities, have been demonstrated by Him who is at once our supreme Teacher and Example. A special silver medal was recently given by the Botanic Society to an exhibitor who showed how to convert an ordinary and ugly wall into a delightful rock garden. Our great Master can teach us how to convert the poorest, dreariest life into a thing of beauty which shall also be a joy forever.—*Editor Christian Endeavor World.*

"THE man who takes an inward sweet delight In God, shines like a candle in the night. The world's black shadow of care, and doubt and sin Is beaten backward by that power within; He walks in freedom; neither time nor place Can fetter such a spirit; in his face A light, not of this earth, forever clings! And, when he will, strong spiritual wings Bear him aloft till silent grows all strife."



### Pleasure and Profit in Bible Study

THE latter part of the nineteenth and the opening of the present century is indeed a marvelous age of publication and dissemination of literature both in periodical and in book form. While it is true that the age of Pericles of Greece, the Augustan Age of Rome, and the Elizabethan Age of England were in their own times dominant in literary pursuits, men of giant intellects having contributed their best to our pleasure and profit, never was there a time when the world was so abundantly rich in literature as to-day. In the United States copyrights are being daily granted to new books, and to old ones that have been revised. Hardly can a popular magazine be found that does not in its advertising pages contain announcements of new books. Scarcely can one pass by a bookstore in a large city without having his attention attracted to new books of fiction with their fanciful titles. Popular classics can be bought nowadays for a few cents. Bibles and Testaments, which cost from fifty to one hundred dollars before the invention of printing may now be had by the poorest peasant in the country. Public libraries are provided in nearly every township in the United States whose inhabitants exceed three or four thousand. Solomon, living about ten centuries before Christ, truthfully said, "Of making many books there is no end." What would he say were he living to-day?

In view of these facts, the most vital question with which we are concerned is, What shall I read so as to secure the most pleasure and profit? The answer to this no one can give. Each must be his own counselor; each must make his own choice. Out of the great and inexhaustible mine of healthful and useful literature, one can easily select just the kind of reading most congenial to his individual taste and most adaptable to his individual needs.

But to our young people we can recommend no better book than the Bible, the paragon of all literature and the foundation of all truth. There is no production of the human pen that is so lofty in sentiment, so transcendent in literary merit, and so logical in treatment as the sacred writings. For centuries the Bible has been recognized as one of the classics of the English language. Masters of literature have made it their constant study and research; even infidels admit its superiority. A French author of distinction, but a noted infidel, once said: "The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment, and the sanctity of the gospel addresses itself to my heart. Look at the volume of the philosophers with all their pomp; how empty do they appear in comparison with this! *Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, can be the work of man?*"

With some conception of the sublimity and transcendence of the Bible, let us seek true pleasure and profit from its perusal. In the first place, we must not regard it as an ordinary piece of literature, but as a revelation of God's thoughts to us individually. The life that the Bible recommends is one of joy and victory, and we should read it as an epistle of good tidings from a dear Friend. The Bible is absolutely free from prejudice and personal bias. Seeming contradictions may be found; but the diligent seeker after truth will be greatly astonished at its harmonious whole, one portion complementing and supplementing the other; in a word, it is precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little, and there a little. Isa. 28:10. He who wishes to seek

true pleasure and profit in Bible study, must do it sincerely and prayerfully; for without the guidance of the Holy Spirit precious hours will be spent in vain.

We shall now discuss briefly a few subjects usually forming a part of school curricula, and their relationship with the Bible.

### Science

To one who thoughtlessly reads through the first chapter of Genesis, it may not seem extraordinary or striking; but to the careful student, it is the substratum of all true science. In this single chapter, God has given us the origin of astronomy and geology, light and heat, vegetation and animal life, in short, everything that is essential to modern discoveries of scientific principles. Indeed, no one would argue that the Bible was originally designed as a text-book of science or a collection of scientific conundrums; but it is a grand fact that not a single scientific error, blunder, or obscurity has ever been found therein.

**ASTRONOMY.**—This science has always been a subject of speculation. It leads one either to a truer appreciation and a more profound reverence of God's infinity, immensity, and eternity, or to an ultimate rejection of his omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence. For centuries men had advanced the theory that the earth was the center of the universe, and that it was actually supported by some object; others supposed it to be flat. Had they diligently searched the Scriptures for information, their efforts would have been abundantly rewarded. Such expressions as these: He "hangeeth the earth upon nothing" (Job 26:7); "Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place?" (Job 38:12); "It is he that sitteth upon the globe of the earth" (Isa. 40:22), would have been as a flash of light into the most gloomy dungeon.

How grand the thought is that the earth is not supported by any solid material, as taught by pagan mythology, but held in space by the invisible force, gravitation, which is merely the power of God; for we read, "And he [Christ] is before all things, and by him all things consist," or hold together. Col. 1:17.

Hipparchus, Ptolemy, and others variously estimated the number of stars to be between 1,022 and 1,026; but on a moonless night one may, with the naked eye, behold about 1,060, or, if he could watch the entire celestial sphere, about three thousand. Not until the powerful telescopes were turned to the starry heavens by Galileo, the great Florentine astronomer, were men satisfied that the stars can not be numbered any more than can the sands of the seashore. This statement had been made by Jeremiah about twenty-two centuries, and made also to Abraham about thirty-five centuries, before Galileo's time. The more powerful the telescopes, the greater infinitude of space and the larger multitude of stars they reveal—worlds upon worlds, wonders after wonders! The galaxy alone reveals nearly four hundred million stars. The nearest star to our earth is over twenty-three trillion miles distant. It is believed that there are stars that have been traveling toward this earth with the speed of light—186,000 miles a second—ever since their creation, and still, because of their immense distance from us, have not made their first appearance.

**NATURAL HISTORY.**—In the department of natural history, the Bible constantly tells us to cultivate our observational faculties. Our Saviour, the great teacher from God, not infrequently illustrated truths from nature by parables. What do these expressions mean: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise;" "Ask now the

beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee: or *speak* to the earth, and it shall teach thee: and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee"? These, and many others like these, mean that outdoor study—actual study of botany and zoölogy, instead of studying about them—is the only method recommended by the great Scientist and the wise man, and the only worthy way for the most successful students and most advanced investigators. Thus, indeed, we shall be brought more closely in touch with nature and nature's God.

**PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY.**—What modern commentator on physiology can utter a more sublime statement than did David when he studied and contemplated God's wonderful power and watchful care over his microcosm, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made"?

**PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.**—If we find pleasure and profit in the study of the observational sciences, no less do we find them in the study of the experimental sciences. The Bible proves very consistent with the latest discoveries in physics and chemistry. Men had always regarded air as useful and indispensable. Ancient and modern philosophers, such as Aristotle and Bacon, had never dreamed of air as having weight, nor did they think it necessary to give momentum. People are not usually aware of the weight of the air from the atmosphere; yet the discoveries of science show that its pressure at the sea-level is about fifteen pounds to a square inch, or 2,100 pounds to a square foot, or 58,611,548,160 pounds to every square mile. The entire pressure on the surface of the earth is about five thousand millions of millions of tons. What a fabulous, enormous figure! Over thirty centuries before Torricelli's discovery of the pressure of the air, Job declared it to have weight. Read Job 28:25.

We ask, What is that force called universal gravitation in physics, or chemical affinity in chemistry? We can feel and see its effects, but as to the real question itself we can give but one answer: it is the power of God manifested in his works.

Science and religion are not two distinct things. Well has one author remarked that "science is the handmaid of religion." The whole system of Christian education is but a twofold science—creation and redemption. Religion is God's thought revealed in his *Word*, and science is God's thought in his *works*. Our mortal minds are able to comprehend only a few letters of God's great alphabet of truths, and our evanescent life is long enough to study the introduction of his eternal literature; but we are at the threshold of that grander and better life where we shall be privileged to study under our Great Teacher the unveiled and unrealized beauties of God's wonderful works and his glorious character. Let us, then, say hopefully, with Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. 2:9.

### Mathematics

Akin to the natural sciences is the department of exact mathematics. True it is that the Bible is not designed to be a text-book of mathematics; but many of its prophecies are dependent for explanation upon exact mathematical value. Because of its precision in the fulfilment of these prophecies, there arise true pleasure and profit in its perusal. The Bible does not teach to add such *quantity* as one and one-fourth dollar to two and one-third dollar, but it adds *quality*: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." 2 Peter 1:5-7. We do not have to invest large capital or secure bonds in order

to add to our treasure-house certain "cubits," but we have the blessed assurance that all temporal and necessary things shall be *added* unto us *if* we seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. It does not take away such petty quantities as two thirds from six sevenths, but shows that God will take away the name of an individual from the book of life if he does not conform to the principles laid down in the Word. It does not multiply two dollars by six per cent for one year, but it encourages us by saying to our father Abraham, "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will *multiply* thy seed," or, "Grace and peace be *multiplied* unto you." It does not divide a certain number by another to extract a square root, but entreats us to "study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly *dividing* the word of truth." It would take the entire universe on one side of the equation and this fallen world of ours to balance the other. For the Saviour himself tells us, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15: 10.

#### Physiology and Logic

In the department of logic and philosophy, the Bible has abundant illustrations. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, who met logic with logic, and philosophy with philosophy, with the best thinkers then existing on earth, was better able to give us reasonings on divine things than were the teachers of worldly philosophy. There are questions that confront us which can not be settled in a day, or accepted as mere opinions of man—questions which concern our eternal destiny. The logical conclusions reached are not such unimportant things as, "If M is P, and S is M, therefore S is P;" but, "There is *therefore* now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;" and, "Now *therefore* ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." So let him who wishes to employ his mind with divine things turn to the infallible Word with confidence.

G. DOANE WONG.

(To be continued)

#### God's Hunters and Fishers

"BEHOLD I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them; and after will I send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks." This is what is required of the faithful canvasser. We of ourselves can do nothing, but if we allow the Lord to use us in his service, he will lead us into the mountains and hills, and into the holes of the rocks, to hunt for souls that are perishing.

Last week the work seemed rather hard and slow: the enemy tried to convince me that I had better get out of that section of the country, and try new territory; but the angel of the Lord was my guide, and soon directed me into paths that I did not know. He had some dear souls in the hole of a rock that I was commissioned to fish or hunt for. As I introduced myself to the lady of the house and told her what I wished to explain to her, she turned away from me, and said, "I have no time; I am too busy." But the Spirit of God gave me words to speak which pricked her heart, and caused her to return with astonishment. She became much interested in my talk and in my book. She called her husband from the barn, and he also became deeply interested. They asked questions on important truths, which the Spirit of God gave me wisdom to explain, and they declared they had never heard such things. I sold them a copy of "Christ's Object Lessons," and before I left, the man shed tears because of the truth he had heard. They both promised to read the book carefully. By faith I can see them accepting the precious truth that is awaiting them.

The Lord has many more such precious souls in the mountains and hills. He is calling you to hunt them. Will you heed his call? or will you leave them to perish, their blood staining your garments? God forbid that this should be so.

G. W. HOLMAN.

#### Forgiving Another

At the battle of Wagram, Napoleon recognized among the slain a colonel who had displeased him. He gazed for a moment upon his sadly mutilated body, and then said, "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten everything."

When some of the courtiers of Philip the Good would have persuaded him to punish a prelate who had used him ill, he declined, saying, "It is a fine thing to have revenge in one's power; but it is a finer thing not to use it."

Tolstoi's granddaughter came to him crying, saying that Peter, the coachman's son, had abused her in play, and demanding that he be beaten. Tolstoi said, "Go to the kitchen and get a pot of jam, and take it to Peter to spread on his bread." Much surprised, she obeyed, and soon the trouble was all healed by the gospel law of forgiving an injury and loving an enemy.

When Louis XII was made king, the magistrates of Orleans, who sent a deputation to ask pardon for indignities which he had suffered while a prisoner in that city, were dismissed with the generous and celebrated answer that "it did not become the king of France to resent the injuries of the Duke of Orleans."

A young man fell into evil associations, was implicated in crime, and went to prison. Some of the people of the church to whose Sunday-school he had belonged believed that he could be saved; they secured for him a pardon, brought him home, and assured him that they would stand by him, if he would go right back to his old place in the choir and in the Sunday-school. The young man rose to be a great manufacturer, he poured out his gains by the thousands into worthy charities, and the church which had forgiven and saved him was enriched in after years by his munificence.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

#### Resolved to Rise

TWENTY years ago, two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, in New England, went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which, when bleached and dried, is sold as Irish moss, for culinary purposes. The boys lived in a little hut on the beach; they were out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his schoolmates. The first boy is now a middle-aged man. He still gathers moss on the coast near Plymouth. The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and is now a wealthy, influential citizen.

"No matter what was my work," he said lately, "I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. That is the cause of my success in life."

A similar story is told of the president of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen, he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the State. There were three other men employed in the forge.

"I will not always be a blacksmith, I will be a machinist," said the lad. "I mean to study arith-

metic at night as a beginning." Two of the men joined him; the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment.

Diligence and industry are always sure of their reward sooner or later.—*Selected*.

#### Animals Do Reason

THE other day some careless or cruel person tossed a lighted match into the straw in the cage at Glen Island Park, New York City, in which are kept more than one hundred monkeys. The straw flared up, and shrieking with terror, the monkeys fled from the flames as far as the cage bars would permit—all but one, a ring-tailed Brazilian monkey known as Chet. He came toward the fire, pushed the big drinking pan close to the burning straw, upset its contents upon the flames, gravely watched them go out, and then manifested his delight in monkey fashion.

The keeper, who reached the spot with a hose just as the fire was out, told the many witnesses that the monkey had been burned several times with cigars and firecrackers, and had been taught that cold water would relieve the pain. Hence the keeper concluded that the monkey had reasoned from such experiences that water would put out fire.

In spite of some eminent naturalists who insist that animals do not and can not reason, it seems difficult to believe that the monkey's act did not show reasoning power. Of course it is possible that the monkey had seen a man pour water on fire, and that its act was merely imitative.

In view, however, of the universal fear of fire shown by wild animals and their universal instinct to get away from flames, it is probable that there was some element of reason in the monkey's conduct in facing the fire rather than running from it.—*Selected*.



#### August Field Study

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.  
Prayer.  
Scripture Reading: Psalms 46.  
Song.

FIELD STUDY:—

"The Iberian Peninsula" (*Review*, June 14).  
"Missions in German East Africa" (*Review*, June 14).  
"Algeria" (*Review*, June 21).  
"A Ko-Nien Trip" (*Review*, June 21).

REMARKS: "Laborers Together with God" (*Review*, June 7).

INCIDENTS: "He Will Guide;" "Struggling toward the Light."

LETTERS: Cuba, West Australia, China, Porto Rico, British Guiana, Burma, Rhodesia, Jamaica, South Africa, Spain, Korea, India, Portugal, Barbados.

SONG.

BENEDICTION.

#### Note

The short articles given under "Incidents" will be found in the *Review* of June 7. Notice the relation between these incidents, as related by two missionaries, and the article "Laborers Together with God."

# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## A Visit to the Mammoth Cave True Stories from the South

"GRANDMA, tell us about your visit to the Mammoth Cave when you were a little girl," said Tom B.

"It was not when I was a little girl," replied grandma, "but shortly after my marriage that I first saw the cave. I was married in 1853, and in 1856 my husband took me to see the cave, and we visited it again in 1860, the year Mr. Lincoln ran for the presidency.

"It was not then what I am told it is now,—a very easy and pleasant matter. I understand that now many difficulties have been removed, and that the cave is lighted with electricity.

"When I went to the cave, the opening was a rough hole about the shape and size of a common house door, and visitors picked their way from the hotel through the weeds, following a little path. Now, I presume all that is changed, and that there is no special preparation necessary. At that time, however, the ladies were obliged to wear bloomers of close-fitting flannel, with caps to match, and both ladies and gentlemen had to dispose of their clothing snugly so that no portion might catch in anything as they passed the dangerous places.

"I do not know how it is now, but at the time I speak of there were two routes through the cave—the short and the long route. The first was always undertaken after dinner, and the party would return in time to dress for the evening. The long route was begun always after breakfast, and the members of the party would come to the meal ready to start immediately after.

"When we went into the cave the last time, there were about seventy-five in the party. An excursion had come in from Louisville, bringing one hundred and fifty persons. There was no railroad then to the cave, and visitors came by stage from the junction.

"As I said, it was the year that Mr. Lincoln ran for the presidency, and the report was circulated that Mr. Lincoln's daughter was among the excursionists. So when the stages drove up to the hotel, all the guests were on the porches to receive them, dressed in their very best, all eager to catch sight of Miss Lincoln. No doubt the ladies among the excursionists wondered at the notice they attracted. I picked out a dark-haired, and black-eyed, tall, graceful girl as Miss Lincoln, and went home believing that I had seen the future president's daughter. It was several years after before I found out that Mr. Lincoln never had a daughter.

"Guides went ahead of us into the cave, some of them carrying great hampers of food for our lunch. In entering we went down some eight or ten rough steps, hewed out of the rock, I presume. Each one carried a tiny lamp with a circle of wire attached to put the arm through. The guides carried extra oil and matches.

"We came first to a large opening, and walking on, stopped at some ox-stalls, with corn-cobs scattered about, where the cattle had been fed, and near by some vats where saltpeter had been manufactured. All over the floor were the tracks of the animals, and everything looked as if the work had been going on that very day, yet it is so long since saltpeter was made in the cave that no one living knows when it was or who were engaged in the work.

"Soon we came to numbers of log cabins built to house consumptives, a large number of whom came every winter and lived in the cave. Above us wherever we went, the roof was covered with the most beautiful stalactites. These you must understand are formed by water seeping down through the rocks, and mixing with the carbonate of soda gathered on the way down. The substance hardens, and as the water continues to flow, makes a shape just as you see icicles do in winter.

"The next morning we entered the cave to follow the long route. There had not been very much of interest other than what I have described in the short route, but it was quite a different

### Making Believe

I FEARED a shower was coming,  
Because the laughing Sun  
Had hidden in a snow-white cloud,  
With dimples overrun.

But, through a crack unguarded,  
The cloud the Sun revealed,  
Still laughing more at my concern  
O'er Sun by cloud concealed.



Then parting in the middle,  
That dimpled, snow-white cloud  
Flew back, and left that saucy Sun  
To laugh at me aloud.

We like to play at "make believe,"—  
The little Sun and I,—  
For all the clouds of "make believe"  
Float in a sunny sky.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

story on this next trip, and I shall never forget it, never.

"The route for a short distance was the same as before, but we soon turned suddenly in an altogether different direction, coming out into an immense room, or chamber, called the Star Chamber. Here our guides directed us to blow out our lights and to look up. We did so, and saw one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld. The immense roof was studded with a gorgeous array of brightly twinkling little stars, making a blaze of light.

"Relighting our lamps, we continued our journey, coming next, I think, to Martha's Vineyard, so called because in that chamber the sta-

lactites were in the shape of huge bunches of grapes.

"Then, too, we passed some terrible places, with awful names. Once we had to climb through a dreadful place, and jump off of a ladder into the arms of the guides. Then we had to pass the Devil's Pool and the bottomless Pit. These were both railed in, and we were not allowed to go to the railings. I remember we also passed the River Jordan.

"On all the rivers there were small boats. The material had been brought into the cave, and the boats were put together inside. All the rivers were stocked with sightless fish, without eyes. We could put our hands into the water and catch them. The rivers, though small, scarcely wider than this room, were very beautiful, particularly the Stix and Echo Rivers. On the latter some of the musicians in our party sang, and played on their instruments, and the effect was charming.

"At last we came to a place called Fat Man's Misery, or the Corkscrew. Here we had to lie down flat, and worm, or twist, ourselves through between the upper rock and the floor, and to any one with much of a stomach it was quite a task, with some danger of sticking tight. We came out, if I remember rightly, into what was called Washington Hall, and here we ate our lunch. I think it was here that one of our guides left us and began climbing up the steep rocks. He was soon lost to sight, and then appeared way up above our heads, and again disappeared. Soon we heard his voice far above us singing, and crowing like a rooster. It made one dizzy to look up to the great height whence the voice came."

"Were you glad to get out again, Grandma?" asked Susie.

"Yes, indeed, child, and glad to get to the hotel and lie on the bed to rest, I can tell you."

"Tell us another story, Gran'ma," said Tom B.  
"Not to-night, but some day I will tell you about my three weeks' trip in a stage-coach going to school."

"Will that be the next story, Grandma?"  
"Yes, that will be the next one."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

### Little Foes of Little Boys

"BY-AND-BY" is a very bad boy;  
Shun him at once and forever;  
For they who travel with "By-and-by"  
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward,  
A boy that is half a man;  
Set on him a plucky young terrier,  
That the world knows and honors—"I Can."

"No Use in Trying"—nonsense, I say:  
Keep trying until you succeed;  
But if you should meet "I Forgot" by the way,  
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys, they're a pair,  
And whenever you see the poor dolts,  
Say, "Yes, we do care," and 'twould be "Great Matter"  
If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.

—Harper's Young People.

### A Slip of Paper

A DISSIPATED young man entered, one day, a street-car in one of our large cities, and sat down all unnoticed. Listless, unobserved, he heeded not nor cared who occupied the seat beside him; he would go to the other part of the city and try for work.

He had lost one job after another because of his dissipated habits, and now the extremity had come. He mumbled to himself, "If I can not get work, I can die—there's an end to all things. When one ceases to be useful, he ought to be out of the way."

He then looked back to the time when he had come to the city, full of hope, ambition, and promises to mother to be a pure, honest boy. But alas, the old, old story!

A sparkle came into his eyes as he thought of the fortune he so soon thought to lay at her feet. Then, realizing his condition a wave of shame and distress swept over the once manly face.

Now he found himself alone—the man beside him had just left. Where did he want to get off? He did not know or care.

With downcast eyes he espied a slip of paper. Slowly and thoughtlessly he picked it up, and was about to throw it down when he thought the handwriting looked familiar. As he glanced at the script, the words attracted his attention; he read and re-read them until the words burned themselves into his memory. "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies."

He was aroused to a sense of his surroundings as the car stopped, and he saw they were at the terminus of the line. Yes, he would get off. So, without noticing what he was doing, he crossed the street, and sat down on the grass in the shade. With head down, eyes fixed upon the ground as if seeing them there again, he repeated the words, "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet—"

He was coming to himself, as many another prodigal has done. He was thinking hard.

He did not know he was being watched by a lady on the veranda across the way, and had not heard her daughter singing; but now the words floated out through the open window—

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.  
Leave, O, leave me not alone!"

"Alone, yes, alone," he said, while he wept. He glanced up as a little fellow about three years old ran past him, then turned and looked at him with his countenance full of pity, and said, "Have you lost anything?"

"Yes; I've lost my all, my manhood!"

The lady had missed the little urchin, and called him, but he paid no heed. As she came across the street for him, the little boy said, in tones of sympathy, "Mama, he lost something."

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked in the kindest, sweetest tones he had heard since he had left home and mother.

She drew from him the story of his present condition, and invited him to her home, saying her husband would be in soon, and she was sure he could help him. In the meantime she prepared tea, and Nellie sang for him.

He is now the noble man he had planned to be. With constant employment and pleasant Christian surroundings in this home, whose motto was, "Look up, lift up," his feet had been turned and the lost found.

A few years later he remarked to Nellie, who had become his wife, "I wish I might see the man who dropped that slip of paper on that memorable day. I want to thank him for it."

Nellie promptly replied, "Thank God instead, for it was he that willed it. It was the Lord's words you needed. He says: 'So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.'"—*The Round Table*.



### Work for Little Fingers—No. 18

FOR this lesson, which is to be our last for the present, we have three envelopes. Fig. 1 shows one nine inches square in which you may keep the set of drawings for this course of paper work. For this envelope you will need a sheet of heavy paper fifteen and one-half inches wide and nine-

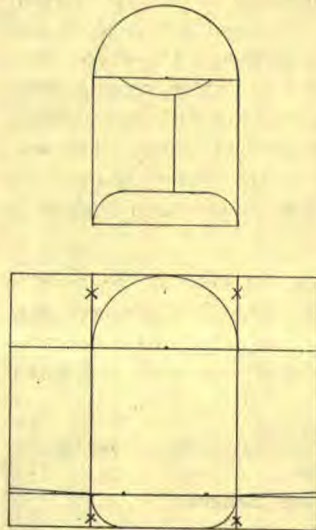


FIG. 1

teen inches long. Lay it on the table with one of the long sides toward you. Make a point five inches from each corner on the upper and lower edges, the *long* edges. Connect these points. Make a point on each short side of the paper one fourth of an inch above the lower lines. Draw slanting lines from these points to the points where the upright lines cross the lower line. Make a point on the upper and on the lower line, exactly in the center between the upright lines. Place the ruler across these points, and make a point one inch below the upper edge of the paper. Make a point on the lower line two inches from each of the upright lines, *measuring toward the center*. Open your compasses two inches, place the point in turn at each of these last two points, and draw curved lines from the points where the upright lines cross the lower line, to the lower edge of the paper. Open your compasses four and one-half inches, place the point at the point in the center of the upper line, and draw half a circle above the line. Be sure to have the half circle begin and end exactly at the crossing of the lines. Cut

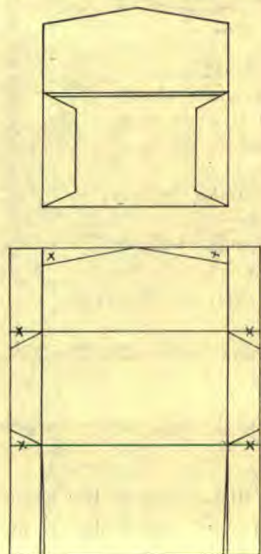


FIG. 2

out the parts marked X; also cut the slanting lines. Fold the upright lines. Open your compasses four and one-half inches; place the point at the point one inch below the upper edge in the center of the upper part of the paper, and draw a curved line on the folded sides of the paper. Cut this curved line. Paste or glue the folded sides together. Fold the lower flap up over these, and paste. Press until dry, then fold the upper flap down, and your envelope is ready to receive the drawings.

Fig. 2 shows another size and style of envelope made from a sheet of paper exactly the same size as the first. The finished envelope is seven by eleven and one-half inches. It is sometimes called a portfolio, and is very convenient for loose papers or newspaper clippings.

Lay the sheet of paper on the table with one of the short sides toward you. Make a point

two inches from each corner on the upper and lower edges. Connect these points. Make a point on each of the long sides of the paper, six and three-fourths inches from the lower corners, and five and one-fourth inches from the upper corners. Connect with straight lines. Make a point on each long side one inch from the upper and lower lines, measuring toward the center. Draw a slanting line from each of these points to the nearest point where the long lines cross each other. Make a point in the center of the upper edge of the paper. Make a point on each upright line one inch below the upper edge of the paper. Connect these points with the central point in the upper edge. Make a point on the lower edge of the paper one fourth of an inch from each upright line, measuring toward the center. Draw a slanting line from each of these points to the nearest point where the long lines cross each other. Cut these slanting lines, and cut out the parts marked X. Fold the lines that remain, and paste or glue the side flaps.

Fig. 3 shows a small envelope made from a sheet of paper six and one-fourth inches wide and eight inches long. Place the paper on the table with one of the short sides toward you.

Make a point on the upper and lower edges one and one-half inches from the left corners and one and three-fourths inches from the right corners. Connect upper and lower points with straight lines. Make a point on the long sides of the paper one and one-half inches from each corner. Connect with straight lines. Make a point on each of these lines midway between the upright lines. Open your compasses one and one-half inches, place the point in turn at each of these points, and draw half a circle above the upper line and below the lower line. Make a point on the long sides of the paper one fourth of an inch from the upper and lower lines, measuring toward the center. Draw a slanting line from each of these points to the nearest crossing of the long lines. Cut these slanting lines, and cut out the parts marked X. Fold the remaining lines. Place the narrower of the side flaps on the outside, to bring the edge in the center. Paste these, then turn up the lower flap and paste.

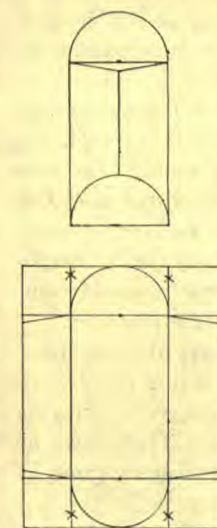


FIG. 3

lower flap and paste.

The finished envelope is three inches wide and five long. It is intended for flower or garden seeds. Make one for each kind of seed. Label distinctly, and put away for use next spring. Do your work so accurately that not the smallest seed can escape from the corners.

Mrs. E. M. F. LONG.

### Look for the Best

WHEN fortune frowns, we are apt to become gloomy. We see everything in a dismal light, forgetting that, out of what is left us, we must hunt out that which is best and most cheering, even though there be little of it. If we do this, more brightness will come to us.

A widow and her two children were suddenly deprived of a fine home and a large income. The resources left them were so small they could not remain in the city, where all expenses are so great; and therefore the mother disposed of most of her effects, and, with her children, went far into the country, where rents were low. Even at this she was obliged, from circumstances, to take a very small place.

The house was small and old, the floors were very uneven, and the doors and windows so sagged and crooked that, together with the floors,

the effect was such as to make them "seasick," the children declared.

They were timidly ashamed to be seen in such quarters. They much preferred that passers-by would look at the scenery off in another direction than at their ugly looking little home. They had not taken into account the semicircle of cherry trees, which reached across behind the house and came around both ends to each front corner. The trees were very tall, and at the corner of the house there were large clumps of blooming shrubs. When the time came for blossoms, the trees were one beautiful mass of snowy bloom; and, with them, the shrubs put out their white blooms also.

The family were keeping much within the house, mourning for their lost and beautiful home. They had not been across the road to take a good look at their little abode, but one day an artist came that way. He stopped and looked, a beautiful expression on his face, the reflected beauty of the picture before him. He felt it in his soul, as he walked here and there, in different directions, admiring the little place. The artist came several times, and finally, at dusk one day, he placed his stool a little down the road, on the other side, and made a picture of it in his sketch-book. To him it was "the home beautiful."

Again he came, this time with canvas and colors, and there he worked in early dusk, making the most lovely picture—a twilight picture—of that tiny home enclosed in its white halo of bloom.

The artist came often, as he could work but a short time under the exactly desired light, and worked until he could scarcely see his brush. Such a beautiful picture it was!

At last it was complete, and the family were shown the picture of their little home as seen by an artist's eyes. He brought his artist friends to see the place, before the blossoms snowed down. Other people came to look at the pretty place the artist had made the picture of. He was so pleased with his work that he made another picture, on a "big" canvas, copying from the first, as the blooms had now fallen. And now the children go and sit across the road to look at and admire their pretty abode, for it has become pretty even to themselves. People passing in carriages stop to look at the lovely place of which the noted artist made a picture, and are proud to tell their friends that they "have seen the very place."

When you are discontented and inclined to fret, take a view of the situation from all sides, and you may, possibly, discover that out of which may come to you something fine indeed, which will cause you to rejoice with a full heart.—*Franke N. Combs.*

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### V—Paul at Ephesus

(August 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 19: 21-41.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Ex. 20: 3.

"After these things were ended, Paul purposed in the spirit, when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem, saying, After I have been there, I must also see Rome. So he sent into Macedonia two of them that ministered unto him, Timotheus and Erastus; but he himself stayed in Asia for a season.

"And the same time there arose no small stir about that way. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by

this craft we have our wealth. Moreover ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands: so that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth."

"And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And the whole city was filled with confusion: and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theater.

"And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain of the chief of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theater. Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with his hand, and would have made his defense unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

"And when the town clerk had appeased the people, he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshiper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter? Seeing then that these things can not be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly. For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of churches, nor yet blasphemers of your goddess. Wherefore if Demetrius, and the craftsmen which are with him, have a matter against any man, the law is open, and there are deputies: let them implead one another. But if you inquire anything concerning other matters, it shall be determined in a lawful assembly. For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse. And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly."

#### Questions

1. After these things, what plan did Paul have in mind concerning his future work? What city did he wish especially to visit? Whom did he send into Asia? Where did he himself stay?
2. Who was Demetrius? What was his occupation? What stirred up his anger?
3. Whom did he call together? What did he say of their craft, or work? In what way was Paul's teaching likely to hinder it? If the people of Ephesus learned to believe in the one true God, what would happen to the temple of the heathen goddess Diana?
4. When the silversmiths heard those words, how did they feel? What did they cry out? With what spirit was the city soon filled?
5. On what two men did the angry Ephesians lay hands? Where were they taken? How was Paul hindered from following them there?
6. How great was the confusion? Who tried to speak to the people? How was he hindered? How long did this shouting continue?
7. What man finally quieted the people? Of what did he first speak? How did he calm the fears of the assembly?
8. How did he speak of the men whom they had taken prisoners? What course did he recommend to Demetrius and his associates?
9. Of what did he say they were in danger? What was the effect of these words on the people? When he had thus spoken, what was he able to do? Who overruled in all this matter?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### V—Our Words and Thoughts

(August 4)

MEMORY VERSE: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer." Ps. 19: 41.

#### Questions

1. Of what are words a sure index? Matt. 12: 35.
2. What caution is given concerning our words? Eccl. 5: 2.
3. What does a multitude of words usually indicate? Eccl. 5: 3; Prov. 10: 19.
4. For what must we render an account? Matt. 12: 36.
5. What weight will our words have in the judgment? Matt. 12: 37.
6. What kind of words should mark the conversation of the Christian? 1 Tim. 6: 3; 2 Tim. 1: 13.
7. What kind of words should never pass the lips of the Christian? Eph. 5: 4; note 1.
8. How does Paul describe the conversation of the Christian? Eph. 4: 29.
9. What good may be accomplished by a kind word? Prov. 12: 25; 15: 23; note 2.
10. How is vain religion defined? James 1: 26.
11. What thought concerning our words should rule in the home? Prov. 15: 1; note 3.
12. What, besides our words, will be considered in the judgment? Eze. 11: 5. What else? 1 Sam. 2: 3.
13. Upon what should we think? Ps. 1: 1, 2.
14. Give a good rule for deciding proper subjects to think upon. Phil. 4: 8.
15. What is an appropriate prayer for all? Ps. 19: 14.

#### Notes

1. Those who profess to believe the third angel's message often wound the cause of God by lightness, joking, and trifling. I was shown that this evil was all through our ranks. There should be a humbling before the Lord; the Israel of God should rend the heart, and not the garment.—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, page 133.* Jestling, joking, and worldly conversation belong to the world. Christians who have the peace of God in their hearts will be cheerful and happy, without indulging in lightness or frivolity. While watching unto prayer, they will have a serenity and peace which will elevate them above all superfluities.—*Ibid., Vol. III, page 241.*
2. Is it not a better thing to seek to make the living happy than to leave them to walk along dreary paths without sympathy,—unhelped, neglected, perhaps wronged,—and then flood their coffin with sunshine? Do not, then, keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave.—*"Weak-Day Religion," pages 159, 160.*
3. Unkindness, complaining, and anger shut Jesus from the dwelling. I saw that angels of God will flee from a house where there are unpleasant words, fretfulness, and strife.—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, page 307.*  
A house with love in it, where love is expressed in words and looks and deeds, is a place where angels love to manifest their presence, and hallow the scene by rays of light from glory. There the humble household duties have a charm in them.—*Ibid., Vol. II, page 417.*

"KEEP yourselves in the love of God."



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READY for service; ready for suffering; ready for sacrifice,—these express the Christian's attitude.

LET us turn from the dusty, heated thoroughfares of life to rest in the shadow of Christ's love. Here we gain strength for conflict.—Mrs. E. G. White.

LEST we become discouraged because of our trials and perplexities, our conflicts with the enemy of our souls, the apostle Paul counsels us to "consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." And then he reminds us that we "have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." Were we to stop often and consider the Saviour's suffering, and realize that it was all for us and none for himself, our own trials would seem far less severe.

A STRONG appeal not long ago came from Peru to the General Conference for more workers. The call was so imperative that Elder Daniells wrote to the principals of our various training-schools setting forth the situation, and asking if there were any students or teachers in the schools that would respond to the call from Peru. The principal of the Fernando Academy presented this appeal to his school, and there were three who responded to the call, two young men and one young woman. The students then set about raising the money required for their transportation. The effort resulted in securing for this purpose five hundred dollars.

OUR training-school in London has for its controlling force the need of the world for the third angel's message. This so enlists the interest and effort of the students that nearly all take up some line of missionary work. The first two years the attention is given largely to canvassing, the third and fourth years to Bible and ministerial work. The students raise up companies of believers, and are then put in charge of the companies. There are ten churches in the city of London, and five of these have been raised up by student labor. How fully this spirit of labor for others possesses the students is revealed in the fact that during the last five years there has been but one case of discipline, and that was not because of misconduct, but because of infidel ideas that were received from outside influences.

THE law of the State in which one of our training colleges is situated forbids Sunday labor. On account of the bitter feeling of two men in the school community, indictments were made against the managers of the school. But on account of certain technicalities the case was dropped. Later one of the men who brought the

indictments met two of our young men. The conversation soon turned upon some point of truth, and the man remarked to the young men that they talked like "those crazy lunatics on the hill, the Adventists." They replied that whether the people on the hill were lunatics or not, they themselves must be numbered with them, for they, too, were Adventists, and students of the school. On learning this the man was so angry that he almost crowded them out of the road. But as the conversation soon turned upon some point of truth, this interest led him to invite these young men to call at his home to talk with him, and they finally arranged for a series of Bible studies. When these studies had to be discontinued because of the closing of the school term, he asked if our people had no book that would aid him in his home study. They took him "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation;" then he called for another and another, until he had purchased eighteen dollars' worth of our literature. Those interested in him feel assured that before another year shall have passed, he will have fully cast in his lot with our people.

GOD has ordained that the gospel shall be preached by personal service. Many were the hearts the Saviour prepared for the reception of gospel truth by healing the body of disease. After a battle a minister went onto the field to see if there were any of the wounded to whom he could give spiritual help. He found one who was in a sad condition, so he spoke very kindly to him, and asked whether he were a Christian. The man did not seem to think much about his question, but remarked that he wished his head could be raised from the hollow in which it was. The minister at once tried to make him more comfortable, and not finding anything to place under his head, he took off his own overcoat and used it. Then he repeated his question in regard to the spiritual condition of the suffering one. But again his question seemed unheeded, the man expressing his extreme thirst instead of replying to the question. The minister relieved his thirst, then asked him if he were a Christian. Again the question seemed to be unnoticed, as the dying one was suffering from the cold. The minister could find nothing to put over him, except his own coat. This he gladly took off and wrapped around the sufferer. Now as the minister repeated the question, "Are you a Christian?" and prepared to read promises from the Bible, the man said, feelingly, "If there is anything in that Book that will make a man do for another what you have done for me, then read it to me."

## The Educational Convention

THE educational convention in session at College View, Nebraska, at this writing is one of intense interest to all in attendance, and it is one that must result in the advancement of the work of God along all essential lines. One addressing the convention said that never having attended a convention conducted by our educators, he wondered what kind of meeting it would be. He did not know but Greek stems and verbs and such technicalities would form the basis of discussion, but he had observed the key-note of the convention to be missionary work.

The one purpose of all our schools is clearly defined to be the preparation of young men and women for the service of God, and the energy of those entrusted with the work of education will be directed more fully and efficiently to this end than ever before. Effort will be made to have such service inseparably connected with the school work.

Our young people everywhere are urged to enter our training-schools, and through a thorough course of study, prepare themselves to enter upon the work of giving the "advent message to all the world in this generation."

If our young people fully sensed the advantages offered them by our training-schools, and sensed the need of immediate action, there would be hundreds who would at once turn their eyes toward our schools of preparation. They would begin to plan to enter school the coming autumn. Lack of means is no excuse to the young man or woman who is "valiant for the truth" of God; for during this last year there have been many who have entirely paid their way by work. None need sit around and wait for the way to open. "Be up and at it," says one; "take education by force." All heaven stands ready to help those who determinedly set about getting an education. Our Father may not see best to make the way easy; but he will surely open the way even though it may be along the rugged mountainside. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." Our young people can rest confidently on this promise.

Never before was the call from foreign fields for workers so imperative as now, and these calls must be filled by our well-trained, consecrated young persons. Let every one who wants a part in the closing work, delay not a day in entering upon the work of preparation. God needs you, and you need a part in his work.



ST. PAUL, MINN., April 13, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been a reader of the INSTRUCTOR for about three years, and like it very much. I have two brothers younger than myself. I am thirteen years old. One of my brothers and I go to church-school about a mile away. I have been going to the school ever since it was started in St. Paul. I have been baptized and have joined the St. Paul church. I hope to meet you all in the earth made new.

ALBERT W. CARTER.

KANSAS CITY, KAN., April 14, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I am interested in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, I will write a letter. We have a large church and Sabbath-school here. I like to go to Sabbath-school and hear the good lessons the Lord has given us. There are five in my class.

I am fourteen years old, and am in the seventh grade in public school.

I am trying to be a good girl so I can have a home in the Lord's kingdom. Pray for me that I may be faithful.

QUAINT BOSS.

GEDDES, S. D., April 3, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I received my paper to-day, and was glad the answers to the One Hundred Bible Questions did not appear. I have been very much interested in the questions, and hope we may have some more.

We have no church-school or Sabbath-school near us, as we are isolated members.

The INSTRUCTOR is the best paper I ever saw, and is a welcome guest each week.

I will send in my list of answers to the questions.

PEARL F. STAFFORD.

KANSAS CITY, KAN., April 9, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a few lines to the INSTRUCTOR, as I have never written before.

We have a large attendance at our Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. I take the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and think it is a fine paper. Our family are all members of the church. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Sister Boss, and my church-school teacher's name is Sister M. Blosser.

I am fourteen years old, and am in the fifth grade at school.

Pray for me, that I may be ever faithful and see all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

FLOY STRAIGHT.