

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

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VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

I SAW the mountains stand,
 Silent, wonderful, and grand,
 Looking out across the land
 When the golden light was falling
 On distant dome and spire;
 And I heard a low voice calling,—
 "Come up higher, come up higher,
 From the lowlands and the mire,
 From the mist of earth-desire,
 From the vain pursuit of pelf,
 From the altitude of self,—
 Come up higher, come up higher.

"Think not that we are
 cold,
 Though eternal snows
 have crowned us;
 Think not that we are
 old,
 Though the ages die
 around us.
 Underneath our
 breasts of snow,
 Silver fountains sing and
 flow;
 We reflect the young
 day's bloom
 While the valleys sleep
 in gloom;
 We receive the new-born
 storms
 On our rugged, rock-
 mailed forms,
 And restore the hungry
 lands
 With our rivers and our
 sands.
 He who conquers inward
 foes
 All the pain of battle
 knows,
 And has earned his calm
 repose.

—James G. Clark.

BEAUTIES OF OUR OWN LAND.

IT has been the writer's privilege to travel extensively in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, the Sierras of California, and the Cascades of Oregon and Washington. In almost every part of these mountains, one will see something beautiful, grand, and awe-inspiring. Wild flowers rivaling in beauty and fragrance the most successful product of the florist's care and skill, can be found growing within arm's length of the snow. Precipices are often seen where a pebble, lightly tossed outward, will go whirling down more than a mile. Here, you see the marks of the earth's struggles in the long ago,—a mountain thrown up at a single upheaval, or built more gradually by volcanic action; or a lake where once stood a mountain that the earth has swallowed up; there, some cañon, perhaps thousands of feet in depth, the work of a turbid stream that has been cutting

away the solid rock ever since the flood. Or perhaps you may stand looking down into a deep ravine, whose sides are made up of loose rocks, lightly embedded in sand or gravel. It may not look steep, and you may be tempted to descend; but before doing so, kick one of the smaller rocks from its substantial foundation, and watch the result. The rock you have loosened may be no larger than your two fists; and at first it will move so slowly that you could easily overtake it, and without danger stop it with your hand or foot. But its speed increases as it goes, until it strikes a larger rock with sufficient force to start it downward. This, in turn, starts another, until from that small beginning, a great avalanche of rocks, some weighing hundreds of tons, is rushing down the sides of the ravine with an irresistible force. Watch some of the larger boulders. They will at first roll slowly, then move in

between two ridges of one peak, and are consequently smaller, although one of the nine supported by Mt. Rainier is nearly ten miles long, and at some points more than half a mile wide.

A glacier is simply a river of ice. In winter, and often in summer, more snow falls upon the mountain-top than can be melted by the sun. As it accumulates, the pressure of the snow above solidifies that lower down, until it becomes a solid mass of ice. When the weight becomes too great, it begins to creep down toward the valleys. Often where the incline is very great, a part of the ice becomes detached from the main body, and goes rushing down the mountainside in an avalanche, tearing up huge boulders, uprooting trees, and sweeping everything before it. As time goes on, the slow-moving ice forms beds for itself along the course of the least resistance, just as river-

beds are formed. Year after year the glacier tears up the bosom of the mountain that gave it birth, grinding the great boulders or blocks of lava into powder to be carried away by the stream that begins where the glacier ends.

About seventy-five miles east of Tacoma, in the heart of the Cascade Range, Mt. Rainier, or Mt. Tacoma, as it is sometimes called, towers high above the surrounding peaks, and stands the king of American mountains. Its altitude is fourteen thou-



AT TIMBER-LINE ON MT. RAINIER.

short leaps, which gradually lengthen until they go whirling through the air hundreds of feet at a bound. Now they strike the bottom of the ravine; and you see a cloud of dust, from which fragments of rock fly in all directions, and presently you hear a report like the booming of a distant cannon.

Most people have heard of the famous peaks and glaciers of the Alps; but many are not aware that in the extensive mountain ranges of our own country are peaks and glaciers that outrank in height, and rival in grandeur, the most famous of the Alps.

In the Cascades there are nearly a dozen peaks that have an altitude of from nine thousand five hundred to fourteen thousand five hundred feet. Most of these mountains support several glaciers. In the Alps, glaciers are usually formed between two mountain peaks, and many of them are of great size. Those of the Cascades, however, are always found

sand five hundred and thirty-two feet. The altitude of its timber-line is between seven and eight thousand feet; while the line of eternal snow is about one thousand feet higher.

Two of the principal glaciers of this mountain begin at about the same altitude, and are separated by only a high ridge of loose rocks. From this point they flow in slightly different directions, forming two sides of an irregular triangle. From each springs a river that bears the name of the glacier that gave it birth,—the Cowlitz and the Nisqualli. The Cowlitz River flows past the east end of the Tatoosh Mountains, while the Nisqualli passes to the west, completing the triangle. The Tatoosh Range, the third side of this triangle, is quite unique in formation. The peaks are nearly equal in height,—between eight and nine thousand feet,—and the range follows the points of the compass east and west almost as straight as a crow would fly.

Within this triangle, nature has spread beauty and grandeur with a lavish hand. Paradise Park, it is called; and certainly no name could be more fitting. The soil is very rich, and the lower altitudes are covered with dense forests of cedar, fir, and mountain hemlock. Higher up, where the winters are more severe, the trees are dwarfed and ill proportioned. But the beauty of the wild flowers more than makes up for the plainness of the trees. More than four hundred varieties were gathered and classified by one man during a summer's botanizing in Paradise Park. They grow wherever they find soil in which to take root. The most common flower is a pure white lily, called adder's tongue. In some parts of the park these lilies grow so close together that they form a great carpet of delicate white and green.

Were Paradise Park divided into five-acre tracts, each would contain some charm peculiar to itself. There are cataracts from one hundred to one thousand feet in height, and lakes from a few rods to half a mile in diameter. There are deep cañons and high mountains, bare rocks and green meadows. Everywhere there is something new, something beautiful. Volumes might be written in description, and the reader would still have but a faint idea of what Paradise Park really is.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



REDEEMING THE TIME.

Up, up, my soul! the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps while yet thy light is beaming:
The time, the time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou mayest need the sympathy of others:
The time, the time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word, and action ever,
The time, the time is short.

Each thought resentful from thy mind be driven,
And cherish love by sweet forgiveness bought;
Thou soon wilt need the pitying love of heaven:
The time, the time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of heaven:
The time, the time is short.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

DOERS OF THE WORD.

II.

THE sayings of Christ are truth, eternal truth. He has sent his message, and we must hear with ears of faith. All who hear the word are to be doers of the word. The Saviour seeks to impress our minds with the necessity of charity, love, that earnest prayer that will ascend to God from hearts that are sincere in their religious duties. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

When Christ asked his disciples, "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter answered: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter [which by interpretation means a stone], and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The name Peter means a stone, but Christ did not refer to Peter as the rock. He spoke of a rock altogether stable and immovable. He referred to the words Peter had spoken: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" and he said, "I say unto thee, . . . upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell

shall not prevail against it." The Truth, the Life, the Light of the world, was to be the foundation of the Christian church.

In plain language Isaiah tells who is the stone upon which the church is built: "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste. Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place."

Peter afterward wrote: "To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious, ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. Wherefore also it is contained in the scripture, Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded. Unto you therefore which believe he is precious: but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient: whereunto also they were appointed."

Those who build upon Christ Jesus will be safe; but those who build according to the wisdom of worldly-wise men, will find their wisdom foolishness. The great questions for us to settle are, How are we building? What characters are we forming in this our probationary time? The corner-stone of right character is Jesus Christ. His word, if practised, is sufficient to develop harmonious characters in all who believe, and who fashion their lives in accordance with it. The life that is given to God will become most valuable. He says, "I will make a man more precious than gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."

"Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building," and you are under obligation to God to render him perfect service. You are in Christ's training-school. What do you propose to do with yourselves,—to be taught of God, or to take yourselves into your own keeping, and live in opposition to the plans of your Redeemer? Do you purpose to lay up treasure in this world, simply to expend upon your desires, and thus become unblest of God in this life, and bankrupt for eternity?

"Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price." All the physical strength you have is Christ's. You live because he keeps you by his power. He made you for himself. He has a right to you, soul, body, and spirit. He has given you his plan for your life. It is to meet his requirements, that he may endow you with the gift of everlasting life. In order to become a member of the royal family, you must receive Christ by faith, believe in him as your personal Saviour, and take your place in his service. All your possessions are God's, not to be trifled away, not to be used to gratify yourselves. You are to remember that the gold and silver, the houses and lands, bear the royal stamp, the signature of God. All are his property, to be used to glorify his name. You are to be his representatives, his faithful stewards, using his means to advance his work. God is greatly dishonored when his entrusted goods are used unfaithfully, and diverted to please the selfish heart.

God would have you draw wisdom from him; then you will be all-round Christians, reaching the highest perfection of usefulness in this life. By bringing every advantage God has given you into this work, your consecrated efforts will win souls for Christ. Set Christ ever before you. Recognize him as the first, the last, the best, in everything. Lay all the plans of your life before the One who died for you, that he might bring to you life and immortality. Remember that just the character-building you now make will determine your eternal salvation or your eternal ruin.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"ONLY a strong soul can refrain from making excuses."



ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE.

IN a few of the great libraries of this country and England are preserved copies of the quaint old book, "Up Biblum God," Eliot's Indian Bible. The Indians for whom it was written are gone, and no one living can speak their language or read their Bible; yet large sums are frequently paid for the scattered copies that remain.

Though the language in which it is written is dead, the book itself is a fitting memorial of its author. John Eliot came to this country just two hundred and sixty-eight years ago, and settled in the little town of Roxbury, Mass., as a religious teacher. He was much interested in the Indians. Acquiring their language, he labored successfully among them, bringing many to a knowledge of Christ, and thus gaining the title of "Apostle to the Indians of North America."

Aided by a society for the propagation of the gospel, arrangements were made for preparing young Indian converts to go as missionaries to their own people. That this might be properly done, Eliot translated the Bible into the Mohican dialect, and had it printed at Cambridge in 1663. Materials were imported especially for the work, and eight years elapsed before the first edition of one thousand copies was announced. A second edition of two thousand copies was ready in 1686. This was, by many years, the first Bible published in any language in America.

While Eliot was translating the book of Judges, he came to the verse, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice." Not knowing the Indian equivalent for "lattice," he applied to the Indians, describing to them, as well as he could, what a lattice is. They gave him a long, barbarous, unpronounceable word; and he went on with his work, soon forgetting the incident. Imagine his astonishment some years later, when he knew more of the language, to read, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the *eel-pot*."

EDISON J. DRIVER.

INDIA INK.

INDIA ink, so largely used by artists all the world over, forms the subject of a recent trade report by Mr. Fisher, British consul at Wuku, on the Yangtse. The ink, which is more correctly described as Chinese ink, is made only in the Anhwei province, and from Anhwei is exported to all lands. The material of the ink is lampblack of particular preparation, and the ink doubtless owes its beautiful quality to careful choice of its constituent parts. A vegetable oil, either colza or the oil expressed from the poisonous seed of a tree extensively cultivated for the purpose, and also well-known in Japan, forms the basis of the product; and to this, varnish and pork fat are added. This does not seem a promising beginning for an ink used for fine drawing; but it must be remembered that the mixture is burned, and its smoke collected to produce the actual material, the lampblack, of which the ink is made. This lampblack has a small quantity of glue and water added to it, and is then beaten with steel hammers on wooden anvils, scented with musk, and forced into wooden molds. In fine weather the contents of the molds will become dry in twenty days, when the sticks of ink are gilded with leaf gold, and are ready for market. There are about a dozen different grades of ink, varying from two shillings to seven sovereigns a pound. This ink is sold not only for drawing but also for writing purposes; for throughout China, Japan, Korea, and some adjacent countries, the natives use ink in this form only, rubbing the stick down with water, and using a brush set in a bamboo holder.—*Selected.*



Chapter I.

"So THAT is it, mother!"

"That is it, dear, and I think it can be made to do rather nicely."

"O mother! don't! I know you feel just as I do; don't let's 'put on' with each other; neither of us would ever have picked out that horrid green, you know it."

"Yes, I know, dear, but —"

"And I just won't wear it, so there now! make me look like a perfect fright."

"O Shirley! don't! you know we can't fight father! and I —"

"Well, yes, you, mother,—for your sake I've done lots of things that made me the laughing-stock of the other girls. There, I didn't mean to say that exactly; yet I did, too. I wish I could say what I must say, without making you feel bad, mother."

"I know, dear child,—I know it all. Of course we must respect father, and let him have his way; and you know he is a good man, Shirley. It is not as if he drank, like Mr. Mc Carthy."

"Mother, drink is awful, but it is n't the only vice: I don't know what name to call father's by, but I believe his chewing so much has something to do with it. However, it's his determination to handle every single penny himself, that I just can not stand any longer. Do you know, I never bought a thing in my life! If he had good taste, it would be bad enough never to pick out a thing for one's self, but his taste is awful; I never had a becoming thing yet, no more have you, since I've known you; and I just will not stand it. I won't wear that dress; I won't go to the exercises; I won't sing in that cheap, sleazy, horrid green rag."

"I am eighteen years old; I work, and save a girl's wages for father. I am willing to work,—I like to,—and I want to do everything a daughter can for him; and —and —you know, mother, dear, what I want to do for you, and will do always; but he has got to find out, one of these days, that I am a woman."

"Well, you see that's it, dear; he has queer ideas about women, you know."

"Yes, I know, and he's got to change them. I can do things, if I am a girl. You are as smart as he is, if you are a woman; and we ought at least to be allowed the privilege of picking out our own hats and dresses. I never looked fit to be seen in my life unless I tried on something of Aunt Nell's."

"Shirley!"

It was an impatient man's voice from the kitchen. The girl's face grew more contemptuous as she answered her father's call by continuing to her mother: "And there's another thing—as if we could n't run the house. It's the dishes—I left 'em a minute, you see."

"Shirley!" came the call, louder and harsher.

"Run, dear, do; don't clash with father, please."

"All right, for your sake—yes, father."

"Are you going to let these dishes stand all day?" asked Mr. Goss, coming toward the bedroom where the two women had been. Shirley did not reply, but went slowly, doggedly, toward the sink, and began to drain off the cold suds, preparatory to replenishing with hot.

"There, you are wasting that soap!" growled her father, who had turned and followed, and stood watching her angrily.

Shirley answered only with darkly lowering brows, which hung like a cloud over a face that should always have been more than pretty.

Her father recognized the sullen sign. It had come in these days to be almost the only look he ever saw on his daughter's face. At sight of him the light which greeted everybody else, the gaiety which her girl friends evoked, and the tenderness that answered her mother's pleading eyes, all vanished; and in their place came this ill-tempered, morose scowl.

"Shirley, what is the matter?" at last asked Mr. Goss, sternly.

"Nothing."

"Well, then, see here; you have been asked that question a dozen times in the last six months, and have always given the same answer, and if that's true,—if there is n't anything the matter,—you have simply got to put off that glum, discontented face, and stop your moping about the house, and act like somebody. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

For her mother's sake she still answered her father when he required it; for her sake she had never yet come to the actual clash which her mother, timid and gentle as she was, dreaded.

"Well, then, are you going to chirk up?"

What could she answer to that? She knew she was not going to chirk up just yet, but it would scarcely do to say so. She stood still with her hands down in the sudsy dish-water, and was silent.

"Look at me."

She scarcely dared defy that tone, so she glanced up at him with burning eyes, and then turned and gazed at the fair sky and fields, and the teams, and the men who were busy putting in the crops of a large farm. Why did not her father go to the field, and let her alone with her work?

"Shirley, do you understand? I will have no more of this. I will not have the house clouded all day with such a face as you carry. You have no reason. What more do you want, I should like to know? Don't I get everything for you that you can use? You have too much done for you, that's the trouble. It would do you good to have to go out and earn your own living somewhere."

Shirley let her eyes come back slowly to meet her father's; and for the first time in her life asserted herself before him, and said: "I do earn my living."

Mr. Goss was surprised; but he was a fair-minded man, as far as he recognized another's right; so he replied, justly, as he thought: "Yes, I am not complaining as to that; you do your work, after a fashion,—pretty well, in fact, as a rule, unless you get a dawdling, sulking fit on; 't is n't that I mean. You ought to have to go off, and look after yourself, that's what."

Shirley's heart gave a great jump, the color mounted to her cheeks, her eyes sparkled; she did not, however, look up, and probably the angry man before her would not have understood if she had.

"If I could!" was the cry of her heart; "if I could be free; if I could have just one dollar of my own, to do just as I want to with; if I could ever move the things in my own room to suit myself once, without having to 'put them right;' if I could do anything my own way, just once,—if I could be just my own self one little hour, so I could get an idea of what I am like!"

She did not speak, or even look, aught of all this. It was buried too deeply to be easily upturned to the light. Besides, what would have been the use of speaking? It would have done her no good, and only hurt mother.

She stood quite still, leaning over the sink, bearing her weight on her two hands, which were soaking in the dish-water.

Benjamin Goss was at his wit's end. He did not want to go any further in this matter now; for he was a little afraid of himself, if not of the girl, who was so much like him.

If he should really "set out" to make Shirley shine out of this cloud, he would be pretty sure to go on to extreme measures before he gave up. In fact, he never gave up; and he was afraid Shirley would be slow to shine unless she chose to do so; hence he hesitated to take a step that might precipitate a conflict such as he did not care to think about. He was not a fighter, only autocratic. He began to fear that a standing army would become necessary to support his form of government; but he was not quite ready to make a declaration of war against his one child, who had been as the light of his eyes, and who was still his pride, as all his neighbors knew. Yet something must be done. He would not, could not, have this moody, discontented face like a nightmare in his home.

And what did it mean? If she would only speak, and give a reason for growing into this sullen temper. The time was when she filled the house with sunshine, flitting here and there with daisies in her belt or hair, dimpling, laughing, singing, just as she always ought to. And who ever sang as she did?

Seeding, haying, and harvest always used to bring added merriment with the extra work; for the young fellows who came to help were neighbors and friends, and Shirley was a favorite with them all, and unkind to none. But now she manifested no pleasure in any of it; nothing brought out a dimple, smile, or sparkle. She went slowly about her work as her mother's sole assistant, sometimes really hindering more than helping. Not even Seth Addams, who had been almost recognized as her one especial friend, could win more than the shortest replies from her.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

Physical Culture

FURTHER BREATHING-EXERCISES.

AFTER mastering the physiology of breathing, it is profitable to continue breathing-exercises with other movements. Stand erect, the right foot slightly in advance of the left (about the distance of one foot-length), toe pointing out to the right, and rise on toes slowly; at the same time raise the arms even with the shoulders, and breathe deep. Inhale as the arms rise, and the body rises on toes; exhale as body and arms slowly sink to position. This movement should be taken six times with the right foot in advance; then six times with the left foot forward.

These exercises may be varied by combining all the previous arm-movements (breathing) with the foot-movements. For instance, place the right foot in advance, arms extended in front, palms together; slowly rise, inhale, putting the arms back as far as possible, and allowing the chest to expand fully. Bring the arms together in front, slowly sinking on the heels as the hands meet. Repeat the exercise, placing the backs of the hands together. A third variation is to place the hands together in front, bringing them out to the sides even with the shoulders, rise on toes, and inhale; then slowly sink on heels, exhale, and let hands sink to sides.

Again: hands at side, rise on toes, inhale, draw arms up straight over the head, backs of hands together. Slowly sink, exhale, lower arms to side. This exercise should be taken slowly, and with deep, lateral breathing. Practise breathing with arms folded behind the back at waist-line, and also with hands clasped at back of neck, taking care to keep the elbows far apart. Another excellent "all-around" exercise is to raise the hands high over head, inhale, and bend at hip-joints to touch the floor if possible. Begin to exhale as the body rises to position. Fill the lungs full, inhaling slowly through the nostrils. This exercise is said to be a sure preventive of the stiffness of old age, and should be taken every day, morning and evening, four or five times.

The importance of intelligent breathing can not be overestimated; and when we remember that God breathed into man the "breath of life," we who prize "life" will value the ability to drink deep drafts of this, which is the life of God. He has the power to withdraw it from us; but as long as he allows us access to the vital breath, let us prize it, appropriate it as his gift, and use it to his glory.

I can not close this article without a word concerning the wrong use of our breath. Let us be careful not to pervert this priceless gift of God to Satan's service. "Kept for the Master's Use," by Frances Ridley Havergal, is a happy expression of the use that should be made of our bodies. May God grant that we all may be "meet for the Master's use."

MRS. M. D. MCKEE.

HOW SOME THINGS ARE MADE

PLANT TREES.

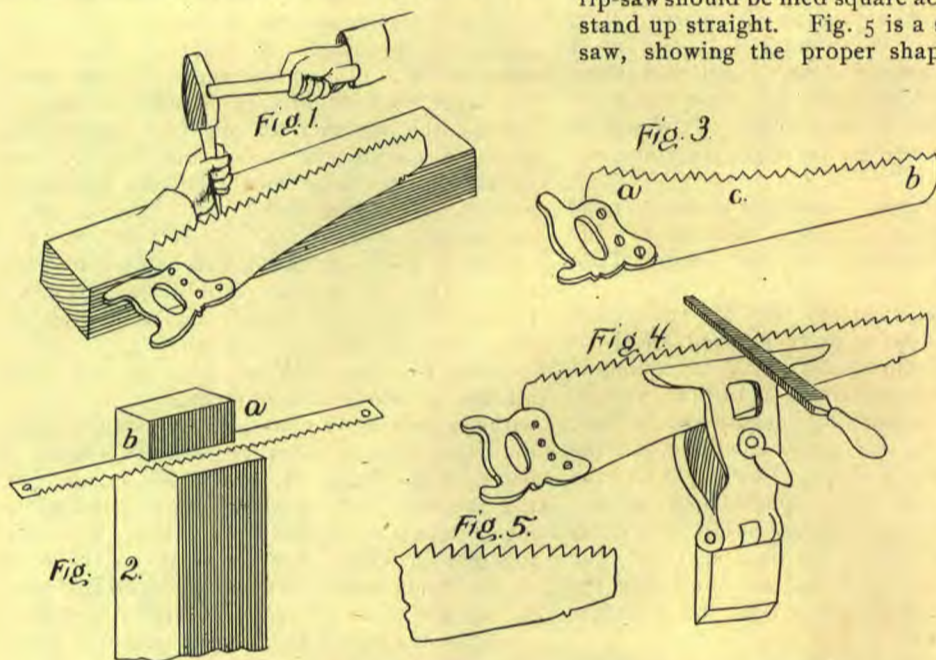
WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea;
We plant the masts to carry the sails;
We plant the plank to withstand the gales;
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee,—
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be,—
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

— Selected.

SETTING AND FILING SAWS.

SOMETIME ago I promised that in a future article I would tell you how to sharpen saws. To do first-class work, it is important to have one's saws in order. Many can work well when their tools are in good shape, but do not know how to keep the saw in the best condition.



I do not like a saw that is too hard,—that is, too highly tempered,—as it is much harder to file, and the teeth are more liable to break out in setting it. I think the saws now made, of rolled steel, are not tempered so highly as formerly, when the plates were hammered out.

First, you must learn how to set a saw. There are many kinds of saw-sets manufactured; and some carpenters think that in order to set a saw, they must have one; but for my own use I would not give twenty-five cents for all I have ever seen. Take, as shown in Fig. 1, a piece of maple or apple-tree scantling about two and one-half feet long, and four by five inches square, plane it smooth on one side, and lay on your saw. Then take a hard nail-set, put one corner on a tooth, and with a light hammer strike a blow on every other tooth. Then turn the saw over, and go through the same process again. With a little practise, you will be able to strike blows of a uniform weight.

Fig. 3 shows a saw that was brought to me last week to be put in order. I wore out two files on it. You will notice that this saw is very concave, and therefore not straight on the teeth; also that the teeth are not of a size, or of the same shape. At *a* and *b* I filed the teeth off twice, and then filed them in again, to make the saw straight. Where this has to be done, it is better not to set the saw until after it is filed.

To run easy, a saw should be about one fourth of an inch crowning, or convex, on the cutting edge, as shown in Fig. 4. Were you sawing off a board with a saw shaped like Fig. 3, when the saw had cut to *c*, it would strike solid, with a "chug." A saw gets in this condi-

tion by being filed only when dull; for instance, if you strike a nail or other hard substance, and sharpen only the dulled teeth, and follow up this practise, your saw will soon be all out of order. When such an accident happens to your saw, take a flat mill-saw file, and joint off all the teeth by lightly running the file lengthwise over them, always keeping the cutting edge rounding, as shown in Fig. 4.

Fig. 2 represents a piece of lumber in which is inserted a whip-saw. Cut out a notch, as seen at *a*. At *b* saw in a little way; and into this slit put the back of the saw. The saw being narrow, it is thus held while you set the teeth. Shove it along as you set it.

In Fig. 4 you will see a saw-clamp. Screw this into your bench vise, and place your saw in the clamp. If the teeth are uneven, run your flat file over them lightly until they are even; then, beginning at the small end, file against the front edge of the tooth. Hold the file nearly level. File off the back edge of the tooth near where you jointed it. In this way go the whole length of the saw, taking every other tooth. Then turn your saw around, and file the other side, always being careful to hold your file at the same angle with the saw, and to have the same bevel for the pitch of the teeth.

The teeth of a crosscut-saw, or cutoff-saw, should be filed "flemming;" but the teeth of a rip-saw should be filed square across, and should stand up straight. Fig. 5 is a section of a rip-saw, showing the proper shape of the teeth.

The least set you can have in a slitting-saw, the more easily it will work.

After filing your cutoff-saw, lay it down on a board or bench, and rub the sides of the teeth lightly with a whetstone. This takes off the burr that the file makes.

In filing do not bear down on your file when drawing back, but bring it back lightly. The file cuts when you shove it from you.

W. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

A CURIOUS TREE.

THE whistling-tree is found in the West India Islands, in Nubia, and in the Sudan. It has a peculiarly shaped leaf, and pods with a split, or open, edge. The wind passing through these sends out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbados there is a valley filled with these trees; and when the trade-winds blow across the island, a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it, which, in the still hours of the night, has a weird, unpleasant effect. A species of acacia, which grows abundantly in the Sudan, is also called the whistling-tree by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvæ of insects, distorted in shape, and swollen into globular bladders, from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of the swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, resembling in sound a sweet-toned flute.—*Tid-Bits*.

"LUCK is waiting for something to turn up; Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, turns something up. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; Labor turns out at six in the morning, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation for a competence. Luck slips down to indigence, while Labor strides upward to independence."



"LIKE warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy, like the keys
Of an organ vast.
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run."

WEAVING.

IN this lesson we will learn something about cloth, a fabric woven from cotton, wool, linen, or silk. Cotton cloth is the cheapest, and silk is the most expensive. From cotton are made many qualities of bleached, half-bleached, and unbleached cloth, also calicoes, ginghams, muslins, nainsooks, cambric, etc. From wool are made flannels, cashmeres, and many other kinds of dress-goods. Linen cloth is made in all grades, from the finest lawn to heavy canvas. The threads of the cloth are called the warp and the woof. Warp is prepared on one machine, and woof on another. The warp is made stronger than the woof, as a greater strain comes on it. For this reason any part of a garment requiring strength should be cut lengthwise of the cloth. After the warp and woof are prepared, they are woven into cloth on a machine called a loom, great care being taken to keep every thread in its proper position. In weaving, the warp-threads are first passed from the "warp-beam," at the back of the loom, to the "cloth-beam," in front, on which the cloth is to be wound. Plain weaving is done by passing the woof in a shuttle alternately over and under each thread of the warp. This may readily be seen by unraveling a piece of cotton cloth.

The selvedge, or "self-edge," of the goods is formed by small loops made of woof thread as it is turned to be woven back. It should never be torn, as it strains the goods to tear the warp-threads at the selvedge, where they are laid close together for strength.

Life is sometimes compared to a loom, and time is called the weaver. The character is the marvelous fabric woven in this loom, which goes on with its work day after day, never stopping a moment. Earnestness, helpfulness, sincerity, unselfishness, gentleness, purity, patience,—all these virtues shine like golden threads in the wonderful robe of character.

There is another robe that each of us may wear if we will,—the spotless white robe of righteousness. This is the gift of Jesus, and is, indeed, his own pure character, which he will give to all who believe on him. The finest cloth that men can make will become soiled and frayed, lose its freshness and beauty, and wear out or fall to pieces; but this shining robe will last forever.

Have all your material ready for our next lesson, so we can begin our sewing. The little sewing-bag will be our first work.

NELLIE V. DICE.

"OH, I'm only a little child; I can't do anything in the Lord's work"—did any of you ever have such a thought? Do not cherish it for a moment. There is a place for every one, even the smallest, in his great harvest-field, just as there will be, by and by, a place in the beautiful new earth for all who love him, and follow in his steps.

"GLASS cloth seems a difficult thing to make, yet it was brought into practical use as long as half a century ago. Being spun into threads of exceeding fineness, glass can be woven like cotton or silk. One of the most common uses for glass cloth to-day is in the making of filters for laboratories. There is one advantage, at least, that we should enjoy if glass garments ever came into use, and that is that the great grease-spot evil would be abolished forever."



DAYS AND NIGHTS.

If days were only twice as long,
'T would be a splendid thing;
'Cause, don't you know, 'fore you 're quite dressed,
The breakfast bell will ring;
And then 't is time to go to school;
And then run home at noon,
And back to school; and four o'clock
'Most always comes real soon;
And then you just begin to play,
And then 't is time for tea;
And then, in such a little while,
Your bedtime comes, you see.

If nights were only twice as long,
'T would be a splendid thing!
'Cause, don't you know, when you 're tucked up,
Sometimes your mother 'll sing;
And first you lie and watch the stars,
Or maybe there 's a moon;
And then you get all nice and warm
And sleepy pretty soon;
And then, perhaps, you shut your eyes;
And then your mother 'll say,
"Have I a little boy that means
To lie in bed all day?"

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

OUR LETTER FROM MEXICO.

GUADALAJARA, JALISCO, MEXICO, May 23, 1899.

Dear Children of the "Instructor":

YOUR editor has asked me to write something about Mexico for you, and I thought you would enjoy a letter occasionally about the people of this land and their customs. There are many children in this city, and in other cities of this republic, who call me "Tia Anita," so I shall sign this name, which means "Aunt Anita" to my letters to you. My little Mexican nieces and nephews are all dear to me; and I am sure you would love them if you knew them. Many of them come from homes that are very poor, and their lives contain but few of the joys known to American girls and boys.

One of their chief delights is to spend a day in the country. A few weeks ago we all went on burros to a cotton-mill eight miles from the city. The mill is situated on the banks of a small river, and is surrounded by a beautiful grove of zapote trees. A large waterfall turns the wheels of the mill. The children enjoyed every moment of the day; and I am sure you would have laughed to see the burros helping themselves to our dinner.

On our way home some of the burros wanted to rest; and when we least expected it, some of us would be rolling in the dust. The burro needs no bridle to guide him, but is driven along by a man whose business it is to drive burros. The country is threaded by narrow burro paths; and when once the contrary little animal is in this beaten path, it is almost impossible to turn him aside. The saddles used on burros look something like sawhorses, with straps to support the back. With plenty of pillows, they can be made fairly comfortable. The Mexican children prefer the pack to the saddle, but I always call for the saddle.

In my next I will tell you of a visit to a beautiful cañon not far from this city.

TIA ANITA.

IN A MINUTE.

ETHEL was out on the long plank wharf when the dinner-bell rang. She was feeding the cunning little baby ducks with cracker crumbs.

"I'll go in a minute," she said to herself, as she broke another cracker into tiny pieces. But the baby ducks were hungry; and it was

such fun to feed them that Ethel forgot all about her dinner and the big brass dinner-bell. She had only one cracker left when Bruno came running down the wharf to see her.

The old mother duck spied him as he came bouncing over the planks.

"Quack!" she called, loudly; and what do you think? Every one of those baby ducklings scrambled and scabbled, and went into the water with a splash!

"Quack!" said the mother duck again, and all the little duckies swam hurriedly after her, and disappeared among the rushes that grew by the edge of the pond.

"Why!" exclaimed Ethel, in astonishment, "they did n't wait to gobble another piece. They minded their mother the very first minute she called them!"

Very still she stood for a second, thinking; and then she gave her basket to Bruno, and ran quickly into the house.

"Late, as usual," said brother Hal, as Ethel came into the dining-room, and took her seat at the table.

"It's twenty minutes, instead of one, that you waited this noon," he continued, as he glanced up at the clock.

"But it's the last time I'll be late," said Ethel, decidedly, "'cause—'cause—it is."

And Ethel kept her word. She had learned her lesson, and learned it well, and nobody but the big white mother-duck knew who taught it to her.—Margaret Dane, in *Youth's Companion*.



"IF NIGHTS WERE ONLY TWICE AS LONG!"

A MOTHER ELEPHANT AND HER BABY.

I WONDER if any of our little people have seen a mother elephant put her baby to bed?

I saw it once, and it was such a pretty sight that I should like to tell you about it. It was sunset time in summer, and the gentler animals of the Zoo in one of the great cities of the world were in yards and folds outside the buildings. When I reached the enclosure belonging to the mother elephant, many men, women, and children were standing along the fence. They were very quiet, as if they were afraid of disturbing some one. As I stopped by the fence, and looked into the yard, a small girl touched my skirt, pursed up her mouth, and, giving me a solemn look of warning, pointed to the elephants.

Mama Elephant had her trunk around her baby's neck, and seemed to be whispering to him, and encouraging him, as he rubbed his head against her knee. He stood a moment, then raised his head, flapped his big little ears, gave a flirt of his little cord of a tail, and trotted off by his mother's side to the center of the yard. There she left him, and went to a pile of hay that stood in a corner. She then took up the hay, bunch by bunch, with her trunk, and spread it around her child, who had not stirred from the spot where she had left him.

When the hay had been all spread around the baby, the mother stepped into the center, and began to tread the hay down with her feet,

the little one following her motions exactly, till a perfectly even space had been trodden down. Then Mama Elephant stepped out again, went to the further side of the yard, and fumbled about the ground with her trunk. As she came back, her baby flourished his small trunk and flapped his ears, making at the same time a soft, grunting sound, as if he knew what was coming, and liked it.

This time the old elephant stood beside the baby's bed, and, beginning with the back of his ears, blew a small cloud of fine dust into the folds of skin behind them; then into those around his legs, and under him, till he was thoroughly powdered for the night. This done, she again put her trunk about his body, and the little fellow dropped to his knees on the carefully trodden bed. After a few soft pats and a few soft grunts from his mother, he lay down just as a well-trained child of the elephant family should lie.

The mother's work, however, was not yet done. She took the hay up delicately from the edge of the bed, and began tossing it lightly along his sides and up toward his back, till its ridge no longer showed.

When all was done, the small girl who had warned me not to disturb the proceedings heaved a great sigh, and turning to me, said: "I should just like to know what they do it for!" So I told her, explaining the habit which wild animals have of treading their beds to make sure there are no snakes in the grass; the necessity of dust-powdering the young, whose skin is so tender in the folds, and who are troubled by insects; the piling up of the dry grass around them to conceal them from the possible hunter.

"My! don't they know a lot! More'n some folks, I fancy!" said the little girl. "And she never punched nor pushed him, neither, though he was n't very quick," she added, speaking to a tired-looking woman who stood by, smiling. "No, dear," said the woman; "the elephant has but one child at a time to put to bed."—Louise Delisle Radzinski, in *Outlook*.

"JESS GOINGTO."

"JESS GOINGTO!" I heard some one say. "Why, who is she? Do you know her? Tell us what she is like."

Yes, I know her only too well. Her name is often on the lips of certain of my young friends; but I am sorry to say that my opinion of her is not very good.

"Have you washed your face yet, Kitty?"

"No, mother, but I'm Jess Goingto."

Kitty's features present an unmistakably soiled aspect for perhaps an hour afterward.

"Put some coal on the fire, Harry."

"Yes, mother, I'm Jess Goingto."

Ten minutes later the fire goes out.

"Water those cuttings for me, Tom, before you forget it. They are very dry."

"Yes, father, I'm Jess Goingto."

Two hours later father's choice cuttings droop and die. Peculiar, is n't it?

Another bad habit which results from association with Miss Jess Goingto is the making of idle excuses.

"Here 's a dreadful mess you have left from your fret-work, Herbert," says his mother. "Why did n't you clear it away?"

"I was Jess Goingto, mother, only Annie called me, and then I forgot."

"I believe you have not given your bird any fresh water this morning, Nellie. How thoughtless of you!"

"No, mother; I was Jess Goingto when Lucy came for me, and I had n't time."

Never is the name of Jess Goingto associated with duties done, kindness performed, or requests obeyed; but always do we hear of her in connection with heedlessness, idleness, disobedience, and neglect. Many are the scrapes into which those fall who are much in her society; and many tears, late and unavailing, does she cause them to shed.—S. S. Call.

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 13.

(June 24, 1899.)

THE TWELVE SENT OUT: DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST; CAPERNAUM.

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 10:1-39; Mark 6:7-29.

Memory Verse.—Matt. 10:32.

QUESTIONS.

After calling together his twelve disciples, what power did Christ give them? Matt. 10:1. To whom were they sent? Vs. 5, 6. What was their mission? Vs. 7, 8. In how large companies were they sent? Mark 6:7. What provision were they not to make for their journey? Luke 9:3. What further instruction was given with reference to their conduct? Vs. 4, 5. What was the burden of their message? V. 6; note 1. What position did Jesus say his disciples would occupy in the world? Matt. 10:16-18. When called to answer for their faith, what were they instructed to do? Vs. 19, 20. What when severely persecuted? Vs. 21, 22. What assurance did he give them of the Father's care? Vs. 28-31. After further exhortation, what did Jesus say with reference to the character of his work? Vs. 34-39. After receiving this instruction, what did the disciples do? Mark 6:12. What success did they have? V. 13. What king heard of the miracles of Christ and his disciples? V. 14. How did he feel, and why? Luke 9:7, 8. What did Herod desire to do? V. 9. At what decision did he finally arrive? Mark 6:16. What led Herod to imprison John the Baptist? Vs. 17-19. What prevented John's death for a time? Vs. 19, 20. Relate the circumstances under which the king was induced to consent to the death of this holy man. Vs. 21-28. What was done with the headless body of the prophet? V. 29; note 3.

NOTES.

1. They were to go preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere. This was the work of Christ himself. The disciples were his representatives, possessing, through faith, the same powers that he exercised. God's people to-day have principles that are alike effective in supplying the needs of soul and body. No man can fully follow in the footsteps of the Master without being something of a medical missionary.

2. On this first tour the disciples were to go only where Jesus had been before them, and had made friends. Their preparation for the journey was to be of the simplest kind. Nothing must be allowed to divert their minds from their great work, or in any way excite opposition and close the door for further labor. They were not to adopt the dress of the religious teachers, nor use any guise in apparel to distinguish them from the humble peasants. They were not to enter into the synagogues and call the people together for public service; their efforts were to be put forth in house-to-house labor. They were not to waste time in needless salutations, or in going from house to house for entertainment. But in every place they were to accept the hospitality of those who were worthy, those who would welcome them heartily, as if entertaining Christ himself.—"The Desire of Ages," page 351.

3. Tradition says that Herodias ordered the body of the apostle to be thrown over the battlements of the palace for dogs and vultures to devour.

4. To many minds a deep mystery surrounds the fate of John the Baptist. They question why he should have been left to languish and die in prison. The mystery of this dark providence our human vision can not penetrate; but it can never shake our confidence in God when we remember that John was but a sharer in the sufferings of Christ. All who follow Christ will wear the crown of sacrifice. They will surely be misunderstood by selfish men, and will be made a mark for the fierce assaults of Satan. It is this principle of self-sacrifice that his kingdom is established to destroy, and he will war against it wherever manifested. . . . God never leads his children otherwise than they would choose to be led, if they could see the end from the beginning, and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as co-workers with him. Not Enoch, who was translated to heaven, not Elijah, who ascended in a chariot of fire, was greater or more honored than John the Baptist, who perished alone in the dungeon. "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." And of all the gifts that Heaven can bestow upon men, fellowship with Christ in his sufferings is the most weighty trust and the highest honor.—*Id.*, pages 223-225.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 13.

(June 25, 1899.)

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Topic.—Jesus our Saviour.

Lesson Scriptures.—John 11:32 to 20:20; Col. 3:1-15.

Golden Text.—1 Tim. 1:15.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

Time.—How long a time is covered by the lessons of this quarter? How many days had Lazarus been dead when he was raised? How long before his crucifixion did Mary anoint Jesus? How many hours did Jesus hang on the cross? How long did he stay in the grave? How long did the body of the risen Christ remain on earth?

Places.—In what village did the family of Lazarus live? Where did Jesus and the twelve observe the Pass-over feast? Where was the discourse of John 14 to 16 given? Where was Jesus arrested? Where was he first tried? Where was his civil trial held? Where was he crucified?

Persons.—Name the members of the family of Bethany. Which disciple said that Jesus should not wash his feet? Which one said he knew not whither Christ was going? Who asked for a vision of the Heavenly Father? Which disciple betrayed Jesus? Which one denied him? Which one stood by him to the last? To whom did the risen Christ first appear? Which disciple first fully believed that Christ still lived? Who wrote the letter to the Colossians?

Customs.—How did Jews prepare the dead for burial? What tombs did they use? What use of ointments is common in the East? How did people of Jesus' day gather around a table for a meal? What custom of foot-washing prevailed in Jesus' time? What minor matter were Jews very punctilious about when they were working to have Pilate order the crucifixion of Jesus?

Teachings.—What is the quarter's topic? Why did Jesus come to this world? What did his coming evidence? Can they who love Jesus ever be truly separated from one another? Why is the story of Mary's love-gift to Jesus preserved for us? Of what is true humility an evidence? How is Jesus the way, the truth, and the life? Who carries on Jesus' work now? What is the work of the Holy Spirit? How closely does Jesus wish to unite us with himself? On what charge was Jesus condemned by the Jewish court? On what charge was he tried by the Romans? What was Pilate's verdict? Why did Jesus suffer crucifixion? What tears does the risen Jesus wipe away? Where do the hearts of those who love Jesus now have the privilege of living? What can they *put off*? What shall they *put on*?

NOTES.

1. The story of this quarter is indeed the story of love. We see how love can conquer death; that it counts no cost; stoops to help the lowest; opens the way to heaven, and the door of the heart to the Comforter. We find how terrible it is to pretend to love, and not love,—to promise to love, yet fail when hearts need love most. The power of true love—how plain it is made to us! How it crowns the cross with glory! How it will give to us the life that bears fruit, and the secret of the highest Christian experience! Let us sum up the lessons in words never to forget: To love not, is to live a hard, cruel life; to love the low and base is to sink to sin and perdition; to seem to love, yet not love, is the basest sin; to love others is to be like Jesus, who loved us so much that he died for us; to love him is to be linked with him, to share his power, usefulness, joy, life, comfort, and be forever with him in the "many mansions." The lesson of lessons is that not money, nor place, nor creed, nor character is the measure of a man, but *love*.—*Rev. Fisher*.

2. The lessons of the quarter open with a manifestation of Christ's power over death, in raising Lazarus from the grave. The closing lessons demonstrate the same fact in his own resurrection, and in his power to give to believers a new spiritual existence.

3. The second lesson, the anointing by Mary, opens up the intuitions of love, or the revelations of God to a loving, fully consecrated soul. No one but Mary understood the sacred secret that Jesus had sought to reveal,—his death for men. The broken alabaster box, the ointment poured forth, the fragrance that betrayed its source and quality, and returned upon the head of Mary,—all these were symbolic of the divine love, and unfolded the plan of salvation, even to that last wondrous miracle,—the transformation of human character into the divine image, as exemplified in Mary, who gave her best, her all, to Jesus.

4. The third lesson is on the humility of divinity. God is love, and love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Love serves others. The disciples had been quarrelling about their position in the kingdom. "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet." The ordinance, as an ordinance, may dwindle down to the mere husk of the truth; but he who has the true spirit of love will love the ordinance and the character that it indicates.

5. The fourth lesson,—the Way, the Truth, the Life. "If men need not go to heaven by the cross, but by some other way, then the cross may become an old, worn, unused way. . . . We are lost men outside of God's kingdom. There is a way into it—Jesus Christ. There is a name, one name, given whereby we can be saved: that name is Jesus. There has come from the sweet heavens over us no other. It is enough. We need no other."—*Drummond*.

6. The fifth lesson tells of the promised Comforter, who brings to remembrance all that Jesus has said, who glorifies Christ, who uses humanity as a channel for heavenly love, who comforts. "The work of the Spirit is to convince, convict, counsel, and comfort through the word of God."

7. Lesson six,—the vine and the branches. How beautiful is the sequence of Christ's last instruction! On the way to the cross, where the rich cluster of the Heavenly Vine was to be crushed in the press for humanity's tasting, Christ gives the word-picture for the life lesson.

8. Lessons seven to eleven cover the ground from Gethsemane to Calvary, and represent the attitude of the world to Jesus. What are we doing with Jesus?

9. Lessons eleven and twelve cover the resurrection, physical and spiritual. Christ lived the resurrection-life from birth to death, and could not be holden in the tomb. "He showed himself alive after his passion." Are we spiritually risen? Then we, too, will give signs of life. The final resurrection is sure; and he who is risen with Christ will live with him eternally.



Increase of Riches.—J. D. Rockefeller is said to be worth over \$250,000,000, and 70,000 people are dependent upon him for their labor and bread. This sum has all been amassed within forty years. In 1855 he was a poor man. Ten years later he was worth \$5,000, and in 1898 this had increased to over \$250,000,000. He controls 20,000 miles of oil-pipe lines; owns 200 steamers; and has 40,000 oil-tanks, 3,500 tank-cars, and 7,000 wagons for delivering the oil to customers. The heaping up of treasure is one of the signs of the last days. After warning the rich of what will come upon those who have increased their goods by fraud, the apostle adds this word for the comfort of the little flock: "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord; . . . for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

Reformed Spelling.—Superintendent Andrews, of the Chicago public schools, has sent to the school principals of that city a list of eleven words, the orthography of which has been "reformed" for use in the schools. They are: Program (programme); tho (though); thoro (thorough); thorofare (thoroughfare); thruout (through-out); thru (through); catalog (catalogue); prolog (prologue) decalog (decatalogue); demagog (demagogue); and pedagog (pedagogue). Many attempts have been made to secure uniformity and simplicity in spelling; but there seem to be as many minds in the matter as there are absurdities in the language. A Pennsylvania school journal terms the list "deformed spelling," and says that "it is too much like hearing a familiar song with a false note here and there, or the time of some notes changed, or frequent discords instead of harmony." It will doubtless be a long time before these spellings, with the exception of the first in the list, become general.

The Possibilities of Telegraphy.—In considering the wonderful results of the invention of the telephone and of wireless telegraphy, some may have lost sight of the surprising things that can be attained by means of the common Morse system. An incident that happened June 1 will doubtless surprise some at first thought. Elder G. A. Irwin, who recently left this city for Australia, arrived on that day at his destination, and at noon sent messages to his friends here. Being sent from our antipodes, the messages reached this country some time in the night, and were held till the offices were opened in the morning; but for all that they were received before eight o'clock on the morning of June 1, or more than four hours before they were sent, if the time of day is considered. The explanation is this: Noon of the day in question started at the day-line, and traveled west. It reached Australia in a few hours, but it took more than half a day for it to pass over Asia, Europe, and the Atlantic, and arrive in Battle Creek. A telegraphic message makes the circuit of the globe in a few minutes.



MAKING HOME PEACEFUL.

XXVIII.

MORE than eight years have passed since the events recorded in the preceding chapters took place. Ellen Beardsley's jetty hair is streaked with gray, and mourning for her wayward son has imparted a pathetic droop to her thin lips. Still through all these sorrowing years, the grace of God has been to her a mighty bulwark, a tower of strength. James Beardsley is happy in the thought that he is no longer *alone*, and in the sweet consciousness that the wife of his youth is walking with him the narrow path of peace; and although sharing with her the terrible grief of mourning for the wayward son, from whom they have heard nothing but the most meager reports in all these years, he can say from his heart: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!"

Grandmother Sharpe appears actually younger than she did on the day when Reginald left home. The small black eyes are filled with a kindly light, and the shrill voice has somehow lost its harshness. Baby Bessie is a tall, sweet-mannered, helpful little maiden, thanks to the Christian training of the last eight years.

Flossie,—I can see an eager, expectant look shining in the eyes of my young readers at mention of this name,—Flossie, patient, tender little Flossie, is the same as of yore, only the passing years have given an added grace to her manner, and an added beauty to the almost classic features. She loves to hear stories of the angels, and believes with all her heart that some kind messenger of the glory-land is watching over her big brother, and will some day bring him back.

Janet still stays,—a faithful creature,—and poor Mrs. Mallory, cheerful and grateful, lives in a tiny, comfortable cottage,—the happy pensioner of James Beardsley.

Come with me now to a pleasant rural village in the sunny South. It is late in December; but the days are bright and warm, and the sweet scent of roses fills the air. Everywhere they toss their brilliant heads, vainly attempting, from their very profusion, to gain the admiration that they richly deserve.

It is evening, and from the few pedestrians who are seen upon the streets, we judge that the hour is late. The street-lamps give a bright light in the better and more central part of the village; but the outskirts are deserted and quite dark, save for the soft light from the moon, which is near its full. The old bridge, which spans a small tributary of the mighty Mississippi, and leads from the village toward the east, is quite in the shadow. The note of a "chuck-will's-widow" is almost the only sound that breaks the stillness.

For some time the old bridge has been undergoing repairs, which have but recently been finished; and the temporary bridge for the workmen, consisting of only two or three narrow boards, laid at one side and extending to the middle pier, has not yet been taken down.

Look! along this slender platform a man is making his way slowly and with uncertain steps. It takes but a second glance at the swaying figure to decide that he is intoxicated. See! he has reached the extreme end of the slender walk now, though how he has accomplished the feat in his unbalanced mental condition is a miracle. He stands for a bewildered moment on the stone pier; for the walk extends no farther. Quickly, as if dimly comprehending the state of affairs, he turns to retrace his steps, his foot catches in the loose planks, there is a cry of horror, a splash, and the dark waters close over him. The cold water sobers him in an instant, and he makes a hard struggle to reach the opposite bank several yards away. But his right arm is broken, and hangs limp and helpless at his side. It is an unequal

struggle. Visions of a pleasant home, of a kind but overindulgent mother and a Christian father, and of a little golden-haired sister, float before his eyes. Again he feels two tiny arms around his neck, and hears a soft, sobbing voice close to his ear: "I guess the pretty angel won't ever leave you." Then a white, aged face and a bent form pass before his eyes; and passages from the Book of God, repeated by the trembling lips, seem graven as with a pen of fire upon his brain. He thinks of that summer evening—oh, so long ago!—when his grandfather died, and the cruel words of a reckless lad, the last he ever spoke to the dear old man, ring mockingly in his ears. Then he thinks of the noble young man whom he so cruelly wronged, and wonders drearily where poor Tom is. A vivid panorama of his years of wandering and sin and shame, of the many times he had resisted the impulse to go home, like the poor prodigal, and beg forgiveness, passes before him. Oh, that he had heeded the voice of his good angel! Now it is too late! Is this to be the end? Oh, for one more opportunity to redeem the past! He seems to have lived a thousand years in one brief moment.

But help is at hand. A man is standing on the bridge. We have not seen him approach; but he must have heard that piercing cry of terror, and hastened to the rescue. In his hand he has a long rope, fortunately left by the workmen on the bridge. "Catch the rope! Hold on to the rope!" he cries; "steady!—look out for the rock! That's good; we'll have you out of there in no time," he continues, cheerfully, as with a strong hand he draws the drowning man steadily to the bank. The poor fellow is more dead than alive, and at first is unable to stand.

"I have broken my arm, I think, sir," he moans, in a voice strangely familiar to us, "and I have no friends in the village,—and— and," he faltered, "I have no money."

"Never mind that, never mind that; I'll have to play the part of the good Samaritan; for I'll not leave one of God's creatures to perish. Why, that's my work, the work of my life, to help save poor souls. There's a friend of mine,—or at least I've known him for the few days I've been in the village, and he's a noble Christian man, I believe, if ever one lived,—and I think he'll take you in till you are able to go home—did you say you were going home?"

"Home!" how the very word thrills the wanderer's heart! Going home! would they receive him? While these thoughts pass through his mind, his rescuer continues: "There's my friend's house, right over the bridge,—that quaint old mansion, with a light in the window. They are waiting for me. I've been lecturing on temperance in the village, and already a few poor souls have been rescued, thank God!"

They ascended the stone steps laboriously, for the bruised body and limp arm throbbed painfully, and rang the bell.

"Why, Mr. Blake! you are later than usual. I've been waiting for you; wife was tired, and has gone to bed. You must have found some personal work to do—why—has there been an accident? What is the trouble?"

At the sound of the familiar tone, the wanderer trembled, and shrank farther into the shadow.

"Well," explained Mr. Blake, "I was providentially detained, and was just crossing the old bridge when I heard a cry. My friend here had fallen into the water; and as his arm seems to be seriously hurt, he will need care for some time. Was I right to bring him here?"

"Yes! God bless you, yes! What are we in this world for, if not to help one another? I'll call Maggie," and Mr. Willis stepped into another room. When he returned, the bright light was shining full into the young man's pain-drawn face. With a cry of surprise, his kindly host sprang toward him with extended hands: "Reginald Beardsley! is it possible!"

"Yes, it's possible, Tom Willis; and now that you know who I am, I suppose you will curse me for a drunken dog, and turn me out to die!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

"God forbid! who am I that I should curse one for whom Christ died?"

At the mention of the name "Beardsley," Mr. Blake scrutinized the features of the stranger sharply.

"'Beardsley'? Young man, what is your father's name?"

"James Beardsley."

Mr. Blake turned, with an eager smile, and laid his hand caressingly upon the dripping, ragged sleeve. "So you are little Jimmie Beardsley's son. Praise the Lord! His ways are past finding out! Why, my boy, your uncle Paul and I used to be fast friends—are yet, for that matter. He wrote me from India, less than a month ago, that he was soon coming home to surprise his brother. I used to know the whole family—noble family, too. The last time I saw your father, he was about your age. Did n't you ever hear him mention Sim Blake?"

"Yes, yes! O sir! did you know my father?"

"From the time he was a little chap. Oh, I'd like to see Jimmie!"

"Come, Reginald," said Tom, "if you're able to step into the bath-room, I will help you get on something dry and warm. I've sent a boy after the doctor, who'll be here shortly; then we shall know the extent of your injuries. But whatever happens, remember you are to have a home here as long as you need one."

Reginald Beardsley was too humiliated to reply. He rose silently, and attempted to follow his host. Strange memories and stranger emotions rushed over him. He grew weak and faint, a sudden dizziness came upon him, and he fell to the floor.

When he awoke, kind voices sounded in his ear, and tender faces bent over him.

"I remember you said, once," he sobbed, brokenly, to his host, "something about 'heaping coals of fire.' I didn't know what you meant then, but I do now. But how came you here? I thought you lived at Mile's Creek."

"Why, you see, uncle and aunt died some years ago; and then Maggie and I came a little farther South, where I found my good wife,—poor fellow! how white you look!"

I need not tell you of the weeks of suffering the poor wanderer spent at the home of Tom Willis, who proved to be a true friend, but will only say that, like the prodigal son, he at length decided to go back to his father. The infinite Love which has followed him these weary years triumphs, and the white-winged messengers about the throne of glory shout,—

"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his own!"

One afternoon early in March the postman stopped at the old home in Harrisburg, and handed Mrs. Beardsley a letter, addressed in her son's handwriting. At the sight her hand trembled so she could not open the envelope.

"Here, James, open it,—it's from Regie," she said, and, almost as white as the masses of drifting snow outside, sank into her chair.

In his letter, a long one, Reginald told of his years of wandering, and of his sin and shame and final repentance; confessed his dishonesty at his uncle's, and told of his determination to repay the amount stolen from him; spoke of his injustice to Tom Willis, and told how Tom had taken him in, and cared for him like a brother; and mentioned his rescue from a terrible death, by his father's old friend, Sim Blake, whom he had induced soon to accompany him home.

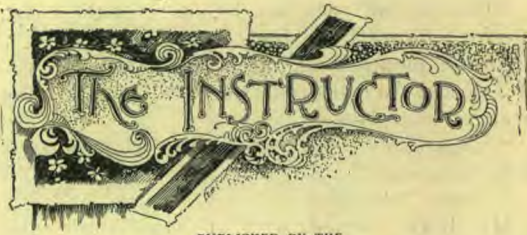
We will listen to the last paragraph of the letter:—

Mother, I must return to Harrisburg, and redeem the past; and as I have made the home of my parents a place of discord and unhappiness, I desire now, by God's grace, to unite with them and my sisters in the beautiful work of MAKING HOME PEACEFUL.

James Beardsley smiled through his tears as he glanced at the wife of his youth, upon whose face the peace of God rested like a benediction,—a face stamped by a character made perfect through suffering,—and said, reverently: "And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places." "And the work of righteousness shall be peace."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

THE END.



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IDLENESS has no place in the Master's kingdom. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," he said. Every one who follows him, then, will gladly work, too,—will choose to work,—for that was his choice.

CRITICISM, even the kindly, well-meant criticism of friends, is n't always pleasant; but it may always be valuable. Even the harsh judgment of "the people who do not like us" is an excellent discipline if we receive it in the right spirit, look it honestly in the face, and then set about to remove the cause.

"AN engine of one-horse power, running all the time, is more effective than one of forty-horse power standing idle." That is true. One promise that can be depended on is worth a dozen lightly made, and as lightly broken. Ability to do one thing well is of far more value, and will be of more use to its possessor, than a smattering of ideas on a wide range of subjects.

THE "precious promises"—what joy and confidence they put into life! There are so many of them that in easy times we almost forget them; and God, who desires above all things the happiness of his children, sometimes allows trials to come to help us remember. There is a promise—there are many promises—to fit every circumstance that the changes of time may bring into the life. Are we in prosperity?—remember that "it is the gift of God," who "giveth thee power to get wealth:" in adversity?—be not cast down; for "though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, . . . thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way:" afraid?—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them:" in trouble?—"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee:" overburdened?—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee:" perplexed?—"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally:" friendless?—"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother:" weary?—"I will give you rest:" homeless?—"I go to prepare a place for you," and then, O blessed word! "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." The last verse of the Holy Book is a benediction; but the next to the last contains the crowning promise, dear to every loving heart, "Surely I come quickly." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."



CARE OF THE FARM IMPLEMENTS.

"A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place."

Many farmers and gardeners are thoughtless and careless in caring for their implements. To such a few words of advice will not be amiss. It is not an uncommon thing, in the spring, to see farm implements standing where they were used the previous season. The mower, twine-binder, hay-rake, plows, hoes, and spade are left outside to endure freezes and thaws as if they were so many stones.

In the spring, the farmer begins to wonder why his plow will not scour, why his binder and mower work so hard, and why the soil sticks to the spade and hoe; in fact, everything seems to be against him. What is the matter? Had he used some of the energy in storing his tools away that he now uses in scolding and fretting, his tools would be in good order.

If your tools are not polished, see that they are, and then keep them so. Have a place for every implement; and when you are through using it, be sure to put it in its place. Never put implements of any kind away until they have been cleaned. Wipe them dry with a piece of old cloth before putting them away. A little oil or paint will not be amiss if they are not to be used for some time.

It will pay to build a shelter for the implements. A plow which, with good care and protection, will last eight years, will become useless in four years if it is left exposed to the weather both winter and summer. Rain and dew are destructive to all kinds of woodwork, and the cracks from the heat of the sun admit the moisture to work havoc. This means a loss of fifty per cent. If the woodwork must be left exposed, frequent applications of painting-oil, to fill up the cracks formed by the sun's heat, will be of benefit.

The careless gardener is equally thoughtless in other things. He goes around with his coat collar turned in, and his hat jammed down on his head, his uncombed hair sticking out at the top. He goes to the table and among company in his shirt sleeves. Even at market, where he should be neat and tidy, he carries his careless habits. Of course he can not sell his produce nearly as well as the man who is neatly dressed, and who takes pride in his personal appearance.

In youth begin to cultivate habits of neatness and carefulness. "Before you are five and twenty, you must establish habits that will serve you all your life; hence the necessity for the greatest care and watchfulness against the inroad of any evil habit; for the character is always the weakest at the point where it has once given away; and it is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved." "Habits are a necklace of pearls: untie the knot, and the whole unthreads." ARTHUR F. HUGHES.

THE DISCONTENTED FARMER.

THE really discontented farmer is one who neglects his home and his business. He finds time to loaf in town while his fences remain unrepaired, his farm implements unsheltered, and his stock in like condition. He sees no work to do outside the field, and upon his place there is no fruit, in orchard or bush, and the farm is as barren as barren can be. He takes no pride in trees and green yards, and everything shows the spirit of "don't care."

We shudder when we pass such homes, and wonder if life beneath such a roof must not be almost a burden. The front yards and porches are almost disreputable in their stages of untidiness, clutter, and confusion, and we know the housewife within must be lacking in spirit and ambition, and that she is either densely ignorant or dreadfully discontented.

Unambitious content with to-day is not to be lauded, for under such conditions we should never make progress. There is in every ambitious heart a spirit of unrest sufficient to spur one on to attempts to reach higher, and to a better, more remunerative plane. But it is the indolent and improvident who are most discontented among our farmers, take it the world around. The busy ones and ambitious ones have neither time nor inclination toward discontent.—*Nellie Hawks.*

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JUNE, 1899.

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