

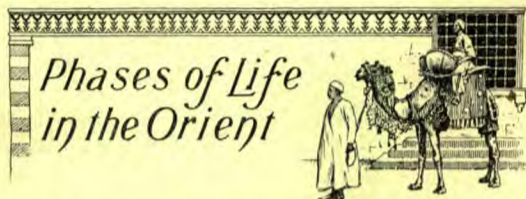
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Phases of Life in the Orient

AN ORIENTAL COLONY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE papers have been so full of news about the Philippines, Hong-Kong, Singapore, and other Asiatic countries, during the last year,

Philippines and the establishment of their own authority.

From a knowledge of the country and the class of people to which Aguinaldo and his associates belong, we are inclined to believe that they were ambitious rather than patriotic men, and therefore did not scruple to resort to any measures that promised them success in their revolutionary enterprise.

The "Straits Settlements" is a name given to a few small strips of land at different points along the West Coast of the Malay Peninsula,

also by the fact that the entire Malay Peninsula and a goodly portion of Siam are, actually or tacitly, under the protection of the British crown; and it is only a matter of time when the whole peninsula will be colored red, and Siam will become a mere dependency of the British Empire. This colony was founded in 1819, by Sir Stamford Raffles, who was one of the ablest statesmen that Great Britain has ever produced through her colonial policy.

During the Napoleonic wars in the opening years of the century, the whole of the Nether-



SCENE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, SINGAPORE.

that it will doubtless be of interest to our young people to know something about the Straits Settlements, a crown colony of the British Empire.

Aguinaldo and his confederates came to Singapore, and endeavored to secure the friendship and co-operation of the American government through our consul-general, and so far succeeded as to involve that gentleman in considerable trouble through the too generous promises that he ventured to make without proper authority for so doing, their object being the overthrow of the Spanish power in the

beginning with the Prince of Wales Island on the north, and ending with the Island of Singapore on the south, and including between them the district of Malacca and the Dinding Isles. The actual land area of these red-colored portions on the map would not exceed one thousand square miles; yet their importance is so great, from a commercial standpoint, that this colony ranks third in importance, if the different sections of Australia are considered separately. India ranks first, Canada second, and the Straits Settlements third; but the importance of the Straits Settlements is measured

lands Indies, and the District of Malacca on the mainland, were in possession of the Dutch, but were seized by an expedition in charge of Mr. Raffles. When the settlement was finally made, in 1819, this territory was restored to Holland. Sir Stamford Raffles then proceeded down the Straits of Malacca in quest of a suitable location for the establishment of a colony. He reached the harbor on the south side of the Island of Singapore, and decided to settle there. He pitched his tent ashore, then paid his respects to the *Y'mungong*, brother of the sultan, who represented that dignity in the

island. After considerable parleying, a satisfactory understanding was arrived at; and in a few days, when the sultan himself had been interviewed, a treaty was signed, giving the British government equal authority on the island with the sultan, and guaranteeing to the kingdom of Johore an annual subsidy in consideration of the rights secured to the English. Mr. Raffles, being a wise man, saw that a free port and adequate protection in so favorable a location would undoubtedly attract trade as well as population.

Valuable lessons were learned in the early days of this colony, and some serious dangers averted; but eventually this small ship of state was successfully launched on the high seas of national life. The Straits Settlements has steadily increased in influence and power to the present time; and the little pebble which Raffles dropped into the sea in the harbor of Singapore has sent its wavelets to all the surrounding shores. The population of Singapore is about two hundred thousand, while that of the entire colony would scarcely exceed a million; but including its sphere of influence, it would probably exceed five million.

The policy of the British government here, as in other parts of the world, has been to guarantee protection and equal rights to the native population. This assures quietness and prosperity, and thus quickly secures rich returns in revenue to the government, besides extending her protecting arm of power over the native races. Whatever Great Britain's faults as a ruling power may be,—and that she has faults is undeniable, and some of them are of a serious nature,—her presence has ever contributed to the general uplifting and betterment of the native races over which she has extended her rule. Such, at least, has been the case in India and the Straits Settlements. Her judges are incorruptible, her laws are impartially enforced, and oriental and occidental stand on the same footing before the law. To this I attribute largely the success of England's colonial policy.

Situated as the Straits Settlements are, in the mid-tropics, nature has lavishly bestowed upon the landscape her richest shades and her brightest colors. It is a paradise of beauty. The stately palms, the wonderfully beautiful traveler's-tree, the slender areca-nut, the feathery bamboo, and the crimson "flame of the forest," together with the exquisite ferns and superabundant vegetation, always in a state of vernal freshness, make this region Edenic in its beauty. The soil is fertile; and beautiful plantations of pineapple, coffee, tea, pepper, and other tropical products are seen on every hand. The forests of stately trees, whose wood is of great value; the jungles filled with the rattan of commerce, not to mention tigers, pythons, and monkeys; and the mineral resources of the peninsula, make it attractive to miner, trader, and hunter. It is a region of the highest value to any state. The tin-mines of the peninsula supply sixty per cent. of the tin handled in the world's markets.

R. W. MUNSON.

(Conclusion in next number.)

CRUMBS OF COUNSEL

"THEY are most unsatisfactory who are most satisfied with themselves."

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; of adversity, fortitude.—*Francis Bacon.*

THE one serviceable, safe, remunerative quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention.—*Dickens.*

DO NOT dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—*Phillips Brooks.*

I FIND nothing so singular in life as this,—that everything opposing appears to lose its substance the moment one actually grapples with it.—*Hawthorne.*

CHARACTER BUILDING

COURAGE.

Who fails to strike when man's assailed,
For fear of selfish pain or loss;
Who weakly cowers when right is nailed
Upon the proud world's heavy cross;
Who fails to speak the splendid word
Of bold defiance to a lie;
Whose voice for truth is faintly heard
When party passions mount on high;
Who dares no struggling cause espouse,
And loves no paths by martyrs trod;
Whose timorous soul no call can rouse
To dare to stand alone with God,—
That man is coward, and no deeds
Of valor done on fields of strife
Can prove his courage. Battle meeds
Are naught beside a tested life.

Who dallies with temptation's lure,
Nor hurls his tempter to the ground;
Who champions not the weak, the poor,
Whom power and strength with cords have
bound;
Who bows obsequious to the strong,
And crushes what he knows is weak;
Who palter with a deadly wrong,
And dares no vengeance on it wreak;
Who crouches 'neath opinion's lash,
Nor dares his own true thought proclaim;
Who never with an impulse rash
Ran on before his time—is tame,
Is coward, and no work uprears
Which lasts. God's edict from on high
Says, Courage shall outlast the years,
But every coward soul shall die.

—*Hattie Tyng Griswold.*

GOD'S PURPOSE CONCERNING THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY.

I.

GRAVE responsibilities rest upon the youth. God expects much from the young men who live in this generation of increased light and knowledge. He expects them to impart this light and knowledge. He desires to use them in dispelling the error and superstition that cloud the minds of many. They are to discipline themselves by gathering up every jot and tittle of knowledge and experience. God holds them responsible for the opportunities and privileges given them. The work before them is waiting for their earnest effort, that it may be carried forward from point to point, as the time demands. If the youth will consecrate their minds and hearts to God's service, they will reach a high standard of efficiency and usefulness.

This is the standard that the Lord expects the youth to attain. To do less than this is to refuse to make the most of God-given opportunities. This will be looked upon as treason against God,—a failure to work for the good of humanity.

Those who strive to become laborers for God, who seek earnestly to acquire in order to impart, will constantly receive light from God, that they may be channels of communication. If, like Daniel, young men and young women will bring all their habits, appetites, and passions into conformity to the requirements of God, they will qualify themselves for higher work. They should put from their minds all that is cheap and frivolous. Nonsense and amusement-loving propensities should be discarded, as out of place in the life and experience of those who are living by faith on the Son of God, eating his flesh and drinking his blood. They should realize that though all the advantages of learning may be within their reach, they may yet fail of obtaining that education which will fit them for work in some part of the Lord's vineyard. They can not engage in God's service without the requisite qualifications of intelligent piety. If they give to pleasure and amusement the precious mind that should be strengthened by high and noble

purposes, they degrade the powers that God has given them, and are guilty before him, because they fail to improve their talents by wise use. Their dwarfed spirituality is an offense to God. They taint and corrupt the minds of those with whom they associate. By their words and actions they encourage a careless inattention to sacred things. Not only do they imperil their own souls, but their example is detrimental to all with whom they come in contact. They are utterly incompetent to represent Christ. Servants of sin, careless, reckless, and foolish, they scatter away from him.

Those who are satisfied with low attainments fail of being workers together with God. To those who let the mind drift where it will drift if not guarded, Satan makes suggestions which so fill the mind that they are trained in his army to decoy other souls. They may make a profession of religion, they may have a form of godliness; but they are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. There are youth who have a certain kind of cleverness, which is acknowledged and admired by their associates, but their ability is not sanctified. It is not strengthened and solidified by the graces and trials of experience, and God can not use it to benefit humanity and glorify his name. Under the guise of godliness, their powers are being used to erect false standards, and the unconverted look to them as an excuse for their wrong course of action. Satan leads them to amuse their associates by their nonsense and so-called wit. Everything that they undertake is cheapening; for they are under the control of the tempter, who directs and fashions their characters, that they may do his work.

They have ability, but it is untrained; they have capacity, but it is unimproved. Talents have been given them; but they misuse and degrade them by folly, and drag others down to their own low level. Christ paid the ransom for their souls by self-denial, self-sacrifice, humiliation, by the shame and reproach he endured. This he did that he might rescue them from the bondage of sin, from the slavery of a master who cares for them only as he can use them to ruin souls. But they make the love of the Redeemer in their behalf of no avail to them, and he looks with sadness on their work.

Such youth meet with eternal loss. How will their fun and frolic appear to them in the day when every man shall receive from the Judge of all the earth according to the deeds done in the body? They have brought to the foundation wood, hay, and stubble, and all their life-work will perish. What a loss!

O, how much better is the condition of those who act their part in God's service, looking to Jesus for his approval, writing daily in their account-book their mistakes, their errors, their sorrows, the victories they have gained over temptation, their joy and peace in Christ! Such youth will not have to meet their life-record with shame and dismay.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

TRUSTING JESUS.

WHEN the Saviour was here on earth, he once took an infant, and set it in the midst of his disciples, and from it taught them a lesson. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children," he said, "ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Surely it is not the whims or caprices of childhood that we are to imitate, but its simple faith. A child has perfect trust in its parents, lying down at night in security, fearing nothing if they are near.

Our Father in heaven is better able to protect us than are our earthly parents, and he is even more willing to do so. Is it not a blessed thought that there is a Hand that controls the smallest affairs of our every-day life? We do not have to work out the problem of existence alone; for He knows what we most need, and will do for us above all that we can ask or think. Shall we not begin now to trust him fully? Why should not this be the turning-point in our experience, when we shall have a richer faith, and know more of what it means to have perfect confidence in our Heavenly Father?

A. R. WILCOX.



STRAWBERRY-BARRELS.

A NOVEL way of raising strawberries has been developed by Mr. J. P. Ohmer, of Dayton, Ohio. He sets the young plants out in barrels instead of in beds, and claims marked advantages for his method over the ordinary way of growing this delightful fruit. He has raised berries in barrels for the last twenty years, adding a barrel or two to his stock each season, so that at present he has a considerable number of them.

In order to make one of these small "hanging-gardens," take any iron-bound barrel except those that have been used for pickles, vinegar, or sauerkraut, bore four holes in the bottom, and remove all but four of the hoops. There should be five rows of holes around the barrel for the plants, the first eight inches from the bottom, and the last five inches from the top. Each row should have twelve holes, evenly spaced around the barrel, thus providing for sixty plants. In making the holes, bore out two, one above the other, and cut out the wood between. Use a one-and-one-half-inch bit.

When all the holes are made, put two inches of clean gravel in the bottom of the barrel to insure good drainage; fill in clay soil, thoroughly mixed with well-rotted manure, about three inches above the first row of holes; then get in, and tramp it down solid. Loosen the soil with a trowel where the plants are to go, and set out the first row, putting the plants as near the top of the holes as possible, to allow for settling. Spread the roots out well. Fill in the soil about half-way up to the next row of holes; take a common drain-tile twelve inches long by three or four inches in diameter, put it in the center of the barrel, and fill with coarse sand; then put into the barrel enough soil to reach about three inches above the second row of holes. Cover the tile, so none of the soil can get in, and tramp again, being careful not to move the tile. After setting out the second row of plants, lift the tile, allowing the sand to settle; fill it again; then put in soil above the third row of holes, tramp, and set out plants, repeating the operation until all the rows are planted. *Do not fail to tramp the soil.*

After the last row is planted, the soil is put in to reach the top of the barrel; but the tile is left empty, to take the water for the three lower rows; the two upper rows are watered from the top of the barrel. It would be impossible to water the lower rows without the tile and the core of sand. Be careful not to water the plants too much. If the tile is filled once a day, and two quarts of water are poured around it, the plants will have sufficient moisture.

The barrels should be set on bricks, and may be painted some light color before the plants are set out.

In selecting your plants, choose the largest fruiting variety that does well in your section, and a perfect blooming sort if possible. In order to secure the best results, the plants should be set out in August or early in September, although those set out early in the spring will bear fruit the same year. The plants will bear two crops. All runners should be cut off as soon as they appear. In the latitude of Dayton, the barrels will usually need no protection in winter. In all Mr. Ohmer's experience, no plants were winter-killed until last winter, which was unusually severe.

Berries grown by this method are said to be much larger and finer than those raised in the or-

inary way. The fruit is thoroughly ripened all around, and is easily gathered. Each barrel produces half a bushel of berries. At this rate a dozen barrels set four feet apart in a small city garden would supply an ordinary family with this delicious fruit fresh for the table. And there is a vast difference between the travel-worn, half-ripened, jammed, sandy berries of the market and the luscious scarlet fruit, fresh from its shining vines, as every one knows who has been so fortunate as to be "turned loose" among them, and told to help himself.

We are indebted to Mr. Ohmer for directions for planting, also for the accompanying illustration, which shows one of his barrels on a spring-wagon, as it appeared at an exhibition. The plants in this barrel were set out the spring that it was exhibited.

This method of strawberry culture contains a good suggestion for the missionary gardeners, especially those living in cities. Any bright boy can prepare two or three of these barrels; and as the fruit so grown ripens early, and is of superior quality, can get a fancy price for his berries. Try it! May there be many of these missionary barrels started this fall.



MR. OHMER AND ONE OF HIS STRAWBERRY-BARRELS.

THE BLESSING OF GARDENING.

"NOTHING is denied to well-directed labor."

Keep the soil mellow, and remember that a thorough stirring after each rain will be of great benefit to the growing crops. Many persons are satisfied when then they have hoed between the rows; but the vegetables themselves need the effect of stirring, and work should be done as near them as possible without injury to the roots.

There is health in tilling the garden as well as from its products. If we are to preach health-reform principles, we ourselves must be examples of health. If we spend more time in the fresh air and sunshine, we shall have better health, and its bloom will be seen in our faces.

If you can encourage your neighbors to plant a garden, you will do a good work. Invite them to come in and look at your garden; tell them how you rotate your crops; pull up a large radish and give them a taste; show them the luscious strawberries, the growing melons, the raspberries, currants, gooseberries, grapes, etc. I do not know that I can do better here than to quote a few extracts from "How to Make the Garden Pay," by Mr. Greenier:—

"How I pity the sad-eyed housewife, with the daily questions to answer, "What shall I

cook for breakfast, what for dinner, and what for supper?" with nothing but the pork barrel, the flour-chest, and the potato-bin from which to draw material! How I pity the mother whose children are crying for fruit and vegetables, and who is compelled to hand them—worse than a stone—a piece of salt meat.

"Fried meat, fried potatoes, poor bread made from poorly ground flour, greasy pies, and rich cakes,—these, with hardly a variation, are the chief articles of food for thousands of farmer families. Can you draw health from a pork-barrel?—No more than you can gather grapes from a thorn-bush.

"Many a farmer, having sown a small patch of peas, from which his family may have an abundant supply for a whole week, and told them to help themselves to all the roasting-ears they may desire from the corn-field (half a mile away) for another week, thinks his whole duty is done. According to statistics taken in Illinois a few years ago only seventeen per cent. of the farmers in that State had the luxury of a strawberry-patch. Think of it!—only one boy in every six knew what it is to pluck this luscious fruit from the vines, and eat

to his heart's content! Without the cooling, stimulating effect of fruit and vegetables, what wonder that the blood of so many is sluggish and laden with impurities, and that dyspepsia, scrofula, and similar affections are alarmingly common?"

These facts can not be disputed; and we to whom the Lord has given the light of health reform should be in earnest to carry it to others.

A few words on the culture of the tomato will not be out of place here. There is no question but that a better quality and a greater quantity of desirable fruit are obtained when the vines are elevated on frames, as the fruit is thus exposed to the sun and air. Often hoops from nail-kegs are employed for this purpose; any arrangement that will lift them from the ground will answer.

The maturity of the first fruit will be hastened if the tops and the surrounding shoots are pinched off. A good rule is to cut off all side shoots when the first blossom appears. If you wish to train the tomato, drive stakes six or seven feet long near the vines. Tie the plants to the stakes with strips of cloth, and cut off all the side branches, leaving only the central stem; this should be done every week until the last of July. When sufficient clusters have been formed, pick off all inferior ones. By following these directions you will have larger, better formed fruit, besides hastening the ripening period.

If you wish to have late tomatoes, a good plan is to set a plant in each watermelon-hill. The plants will not interfere with the melons; and the tomatoes will ripen later, and are better for canning, than the early ones.

ARTHUR F. HUGHES.

NATURE'S price for health is regularity. We can not safely bottle up sleep to-night for to-morrow night's use, nor force our stomachs at one meal because we expect to eat sparingly at the next, nor become exhausted in working day and night, expecting to make it up later. Nature does nothing before her appointed time, and any attempt to hurry her invariably means ultimate disaster. She takes note of all our transactions, physical, mental, and moral, and places every item to our credit. There is no such thing as cheating nature. She may not present her bill on the day we violate her law, but if we overdraw our account at her bank and give her a mortgage on our minds and bodies, she will surely foreclose. She may loan us all we want to-day; but to-morrow, like Shylock, she will demand the last ounce of flesh. Nature does not excuse man for weakness, incompetence, or ignorance. She demands that he be at the top of his condition.—*Success.*



HOW TO MAKE A BLACKBOARD.

WHEN I was going to school in my boyhood, we had a blackboard made of boards matched together. We also had one put together in the same way for the singing-school. When these boards were dry, they would shrink, leaving a crack about one fourth of an inch wide. This cut the chalk, making bad work. I often wondered if there was not some way to make a board that would not crack.

I have a board in my shop now that I made twenty-three years ago. It is six feet long by four feet six inches wide, and has never shown any signs of coming apart. I will tell you how to make one.

First, decide upon the size you want your board. Then dress your lumber one-half inch thick, which will be heavy enough. Joint up the edges straight. Warm them well, and put them together with good glue. Clamp them up tight. If you have no clamp, take some pieces of scantling, as directed in a former article, and wedge them up tight. When the glue is thoroughly set, glue a piece of strong

eighths of an inch thick. Cut it in two in the middle. After it is all dressed up, put some wire pins, or dowels, in the joint at *a*. Get out two pieces twelve inches long, as seen at *b, b*, in the same figure, the thickness of the board and one inch wide. Get out and glue on some small blocks one fourth of an inch thick, as shown at *b, b*. The same is shown in a section, Fig. 6. Make holes through, into which insert cotter-pins. By taking out these pins, your board can be taken apart, and put into a satchel or shawl-strap; this makes it easy to carry from place to place. Paint over with black paint, using plenty of turpentine, so there will be no gloss. Some use liquid slating.

W. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

A LONG, long time ago, before we began to reckon years as we do now, that is, before men began to talk about "the year of our Lord," games with marbles were played. But the marbles of those days were played with small, water-worn pebbles, picked up on the seashore.

The common gray marble is made from a hard stone found near Coburg, in Saxony. The small pieces, broken from larger ones, are mostly used, so that there is no waste. Men and boys are employed for this purpose, and they break the pieces into small cubes. The little cubes are then put upon a kind of mill-

stone, which has a number of grooves in it, in the form of circles, one within another. This stone remains at rest, but an upper stone is placed upon it, and made to revolve rapidly. By means of this "runner," as it is called, the marbles in the grooves of the lower stone are rolled over and over quickly in all directions. Water is allowed to trickle into the grooves. From one to two hundred cubes are put in at one time; and in about twenty minutes they are turned into perfectly round marbles.

The finer sorts are then put into wooden casks, in which are stone cylinders. These casks revolve; and the marbles, by rubbing against one another and the cylinders, are brought to a very fine surface. They are then polished with emery-powder, or with what is known as "putty-powder."

Chinese marbles and alleys are often pressed in wooden or metal molds, made to fit closely together so that no ridge can be detected. Afterward they are painted and baked.—*Selected.*

HE WANTS AN EASY PLACE.

OH, that's it; you want an easy place, do you? Oh, yes, I understand you, my boy. I have been right there myself. I traveled over that road many years ago, when I was probably about your age; so perhaps you will permit me to offer a word of advice: Don't ever think of being an editor, or a lawyer, or a merchant; don't be a mechanic, avoid all shops and stores; don't undertake the practise of medicine; all kinds of public speaking and oratory let severely alone; don't undertake to write for the papers; don't, don't, my! don't you ever think of being a farmer; never do you soil your little hands with work, my boy; avoid all study, don't read, don't think: these are all hard.

Oh, you have money and noble parentage, have you? That makes not the slightest difference. You must build up a character of your own, young man.—*George K. Edwards.*



IN DAISY DAYS.

Oh, fair the earth, and sweet her ways,
When dawns the month of daisy days,
And bees hum in the clover;
The orchard with its sweetness fills
The light winds trooping o'er the hills,
And birds with song brim over.

'T is then a blushing orchid's face
Peeps out from some neglected place
Where ferns unfurl their laces;
And not a flower, from daffodil
To those which brave October's chill,
Can show so many graces.

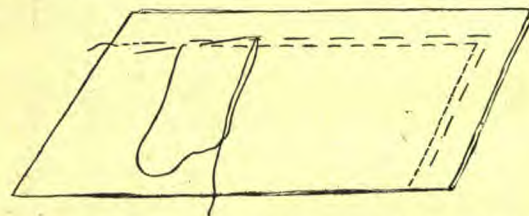
Oh, sing a song of daisy days,
Ripe strawberries in meadow ways,
And butterflies in session,—
Of days when bobolinks will tell,
Above the bindweed's snowy bell,
That music's their profession.

—*Katharine H. Terry.*

BASTING-STITCH, BACKSTITCH, AND HALF-BACKSTITCH.

THE position of the body while sewing is of great importance: a careless attitude may cramp the arms and hands, and injure the health. The chair should be of a height to permit the feet to rest flat on the floor. The lower end of the spine should be firm against the back of the chair, and the trunk of the body free and erect. The work should never be nearer the eyes than is necessary clearly to see the stitches. The shoulders should be kept well back, to allow the chest full expansion. The head should not be allowed to droop so as to affect the circulation of the blood to and from the brain. The arm should never rest upon the desk while sewing. The light should not shine directly into the eyes, but should come from over the left shoulder.

Now we are ready to begin our sewing-bag. Take the piece of outing-flannel, fold it so it will be longer than it is wide, pin it firmly along one short end and along one side; then thread a No. 7 needle with an arm's-length of No. 40 cotton, putting into the eye the end that comes from the spool first, to avoid knotting. Make a knot, baste the short end and the side you have pinned, by taking stitches about one fourth of an inch long. Begin to sew from the folded corner, inserting the needle between the edges of the seam, so the knot will

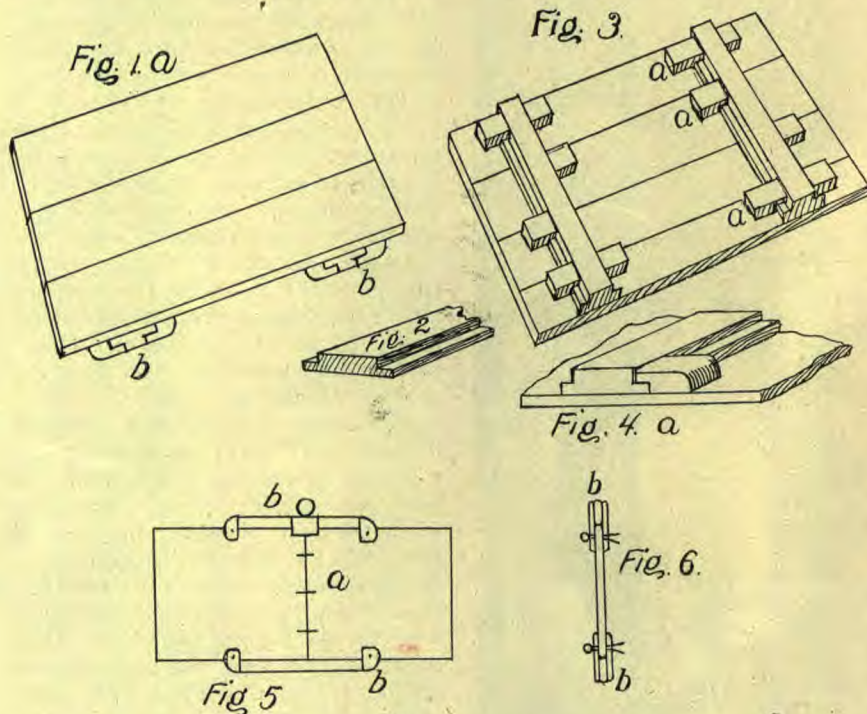


not show, and draw the needle through; put the point of the needle back a few threads from where the needle comes through the cloth, and bring it out the same distance beyond; continue putting the needle back each time into the last stitch; make the stitches even, and keep the seam straight, leaving one thread of the cloth between the stitches and the basting. This is called backstitching. Turn the corner, and sew down the side with a half-backstitch, made by putting the needle only half-way back, leaving a space between the stitches. These stitches are plainly shown in the illustration.

We will finish the bag next week.

NELLIE V. DICE.

"TO-DAY is beautiful and blest,
Because it only lives;
It holds our joy, and toil, and rest,
And all the good God gives;
For time that seems to move is time
That evermore doth stay,
And all in earth's encircling clime
Is kept in God's to-day!"



factory cloth about two inches wide over the back of the joint.

Fig. 1, *a*, shows the front of a board made with three boards glued together. At *b, b*, you will see the end of some cleats that are rabbeted out, as shown in Fig. 2. These run across the board, on the back of it, as shown at Fig. 3. These cleats, *a, a*, are glued to the blackboard. Put two inches of glue on one end of the cleat. Let each end of the cleats come even with the edge of the board.

In Fig. 4, *a*, you will see one of these cleats with a block against the cleat. Make use of a number of these blocks, as they keep the board from warping and splitting. On a board twelve inches wide it is well to use three or four on a cleat, as seen at *a, a, a*, in Fig. 3. These blocks should be about two inches long by an inch and a half wide. Cut a notch three eighths of an inch deep and half an inch long. Glue to the blackboard, as shown in Fig. 3. Have these blocks loose enough to slide on the cleats. Be sure not to get any glue on the cleats, to prevent their slipping when the boards shrink and swell. Now make the board smooth, and it is ready for the paint. If you follow these directions, you will have a board that will always keep its place. In damp weather my blackboard is more than half an inch wider than when I have a hot fire in my shop, because it slides back and forth on the cleats.

Fig. 5 represents a small board made to take apart. For this purpose use a board about sixteen inches wide, two feet long, and three

The CHILDREN'S Library

THE THITHER SIDE.

IVE been told," I said to a little maid I met on the beach one day, "There are beautiful shells—wilt thou tell me where?"—"Oh, yes! just over the bay!"

"Then where," I said, "are the agates rare, which wash in with the tide?"

"O lady, they, like the beautiful shells, are on the thither side."

"Wilt thou tell me, maid, where the wintergreens grow, with their berries, fragrant, red?"

"Thou'lt find them near by the agates and shells," the maiden smiled and said.

I took a boat across the bay. On the beach I met a child;

"The agates and shells, and the wintergreen beds?—They 're over the bay," she smiled.

I sighed; when lo! at my very feet a beautiful agate lay;

And I marveled much at the shells I found on the thither side the bay.

early when they left their own doorstep. It seemed to be getting late very, very fast; and still no sulky with a long-tailed bay horse to it came in sight.

Daniel's short steps began to lag now. He really had gone a long way for such a little boy. "I don't b'lieve papa is ever tomin'," he whimpered.

"Oh, yes! he is," said the brave little sister. "Mama said so. I s'pect he's just round that bend in the road."

She coaxed Daniel to the bend, but papa was not there; and although they could see a long way down the dim road, there was neither man nor horse on it.

It was quite dusk now, and Susie herself was afraid to venture farther down that dark, empty road. They sat down on the roots of a friendly old oak-tree, and waited. Oh, how late and lonely it was! And a little screech-owl above them howled so mournfully that it made the cold chills run down their tired little backs.

"Come, brother; we must turn back," said Susie, getting up, resolutely. "Papa is n't coming, after all. Something has kept him. We must go home."

But now Daniel howled more dismally than the owl.

"I tan't walk so far! I'm tired! My legs hurt!" sobbed the baby.

For one bad quarter of a minute Susie thought she was going to break down and cry, too, it

"How funny!" said Daniel, staring at her; "I cwied when we was lost, and Susie cwies when we is found."

But papa seemed to think the tears were all right, and he kissed each one as it fell, calling Susie the bravest little woman in town; for Daniel had insisted on taking the gray horse with the green tail into the sulky, too, and papa was hearing from him the wonderful tales that Susie had fed this new horse's rider on. He saw right down into the brave little heart, and understood all about it.

"Were you very tired, little daughter?" he asked, tenderly.

"No, papa," she said, smiling away her tears. "The stories kept me from thinking about it; it was so hard to remember 'em all."

"Ah!" said papa, with another kiss, "the gray horse with the green tail carried double, then. Most unselfish deeds do."

If you know what he meant, it is a long sight more than Daniel did. But Susie was smiling in a wise way.—*Elizabeth Preston Allan.*

A TOAD STORY.

ONE day my father, sister, and I were out in the garden, watching a little toad.

My father took a little stick, and very, very gently scratched one side of the toad and then the other. The toad seemed to like it;



THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

And the wintergreen beds, which I longed to find, with their berries fragrant and gay,— I found them everywhere I went, on both sides of the bay.

MYRTA CASTLE MANSON.

THE HORSE THAT CARRIED DOUBLE.

A True Story.

DID you ever see a gray horse with a green tail? Although this is a strictly true story, the horse that belongs to it was of those two colors. Now for the story.

On a certain mild afternoon in the early spring you might have seen two little travelers on the Fancy Hill road; and if you belong to our town, you would have known them at once for Susie Pointz and her little brother Daniel. In fact, several persons did recognize them, and one and all stopped to ask what they were doing so far from home by themselves.

Nothing could have pleased the small travelers better. At each surprised question they recognized the lark they were on, and went forward more joyously.

"We are going to meet papa," was the answer they made, in proud tones. "Mama lets us. He's coming from the bridge in the sulky, and we'll ride back with him."

And on they went in the sweet afternoon sunshine, exploring fence-corners for dandelions, counting the soldier blackbirds with their red epaulets, and pretending to hear lions roaring in the woods.

Somehow papa was longer coming than they had expected; but then, children always do expect things to happen right off. It was not

was so doleful; but the responsibility for the smaller and weaker one kept her up. The sister-love in her heart, that was kin to the "love divine, all love excelling," made her strong.

"O Dannie!" she cried, with a womanly pretense of glee, "I'll get you a horse to ride, and then you won't get tired."

Fortunately some wood-hauler had dropped by the roadside a small, light sapling, only a few feet long, with a tuft of leaves at the end. Daniel was persuaded to bestride this "horsey," which was named Rob Roy, after the long-tailed bay; and Susie set herself to beguile the way with many a treasured bed-time story.

When the story flagged, little Daniel's legs began to ache; but when it rose again on the wings of tired Susie's memory, the ground was covered without the child's knowing it. So they fared along the road, now really very dark.

Do you wonder what had become of papa?—Why, my dears, there are two roads from the bridge, and papa had taken the other one. He stopped on the way, too, and was late getting home, and you may well believe he found mama in a terrible fright about the children.

Rob Roy—the real, live Rob Roy—had never been made to spin over that Fancy Hill road at such a pace as he spun now; but no doubt he knew that something was wrong when there were no children at the gate to rub his nose, and give him an apple.

The two little tramps were half-way home when papa met them. Glad? I don't know who was the most joyful, papa or the children. Oh, yes! I do, too; for their little hearts could not have held the thankfulness that filled papa's.

But now Susie broke down and cried.

for when he was scratched, he would roll from side to side and blink.

I was so interested that when they went in, I took the stick, and did as my father had done. I thought, If he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what will he do if I run the stick down his back?

I did so, and what do you think happened?—His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam. There was a bright new coat under it.

Then my quiet little toad showed how wise he was. He gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin. He took it off the body and legs first; and then, blinking it over his eyes, till—where had it gone?—He had rolled it into a ball, and swallowed it.—*Adapted from Our Dumb Animals.*

I WOULD N'T FRET.

DEAR little lad with flashing eyes,
And soft cheeks where the swift red flies,
Some one has grieved you, dear; I know
Just how it hurts; words can hurt so!
But listen, laddie—don't you hear
The old clock ticking loud and clear?
It says, "Dear heart, let us forget;
I w-o-u-l-d-n'-t f-r-e-t, I w-o-u-l-d-n'-t f-r-e-t!"

Why, little girlie, what's gone wrong?
My song-bird's drooping, hushed her song.
The world has used you ill, you say?
Ah, sweetheart! that is just its way.
It does n't mean to be unkind,
So, little lassie, never mind;
The old clock ticks, "Forget, forget;
I w-o-u-l-d-n'-t fret, I w-o-u-l-d-n'-t f-r-e-t!"

—*Florence A. Jones.*

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 1.

(July 1, 1899.)

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 14:13-34; Mark 6:30-56; John 6:19, 26-70.

Memory Verses.—John 6:51, 63.

TIME: Spring, A. D. 29. **PLACES:** Sea of Galilee, desert near Bethsaida, land of Gennesaret, Capernaum. **PERSONS:** Jesus, apostles, multitude.

QUESTIONS.

1. When the twelve apostles returned from their preaching tour, what invitation did Jesus extend to them? Mark 6:30, 31. To what place did they retire? V. 32. By what was the period of rest interrupted? Vs. 33, 34.

2. What disposition of the multitude did the disciples wish to make? Vs. 35, 36. What did Jesus reply? What unreasonable view of his word did the disciples take? V. 37. How much food had they in store? V. 38.

3. Before beginning his work for the people, in what order did Jesus have them arranged? Vs. 39, 40. By what means was the small supply of food made sufficient for the multitude? V. 41. What part did the disciples act? How abundant was the supply? Vs. 42, 43. How many were fed? Matt. 14:21. What lesson in economy did the Saviour teach his disciples on this occasion? John 6:12.

4. Immediately following the miracle, what did Jesus require the disciples to do? Matt. 14:22. To what place and for what purpose did he retire? Vs. 23. What experience overtook the disciples? Mark 6:47, 48. When and how did Jesus go to them? Matt. 14:25. What were their feelings as they saw Jesus? V. 26. What occurred to give them faith and rest? Vs. 27-33.

5. To what place did they then go? Mark 6:53. How extensive was the interest there? Vs. 54, 55. How many were healed? V. 56.

6. What did Jesus say to the people who crowded around him? John 6:26? For what rather did he say they should labor? V. 27. What did he say concerning the bread of life? Vs. 48-51. What did he afterward say which made plain his teaching relative to eating his flesh? V. 63.

NOTES.

1. The news of John's death doubtless had something to do with suggesting the proposed rest. It was to Christ the warning that his labors in Galilee must also soon terminate through the people's rejection of him, and the shadow of his own violent death as well. There were many things to communicate to his apostles, which could not well be said before the multitude. Besides, they needed a spot for quiet meditation and prayer. The Bethsaida here mentioned as the place of retirement is supposed to have been a place six miles from Capernaum, at the head of the Sea of Galilee, east of Jordan, sometimes called Julias, in honor of Julia, a daughter of Emperor Augustus. It was beyond the territory of Herod Antipas, and in the tetrarchy of Philip, therefore entirely distinct from the place by that name west of the Sea of Galilee.

2. "Come ye yourselves apart," he bids us. If we would give heed to his word, we should be stronger and more useful. The disciples sought Jesus, and told him all things; and he encouraged and instructed them. If to-day we would take time to go to Jesus and tell him our needs, we should not be disappointed; he would be at our right hand to help us.—*The Desire of Ages*, page 363.

3. Let us look at the precept and example of our divine Lord regarding economy and making the most of the blessings of heaven. When Jesus had worked a notable miracle, and had fed five thousand persons, he said to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." This command had a double meaning; for it not only showed that every morsel of bread given through the miracle of Christ was sacred, but that those morsels, imparted to others, multiplied and extended the blessing to those who had need. From this circumstance we may learn a lesson in spiritual matters. As the bread was carefully saved to be given to others in need, so we should carefully treasure up all that God gives us, in order that it may again be imparted to those who have need.—*Mrs. E. G. White, in Review, 1893.*

4. "Rabbi, when camest thou hither?" was the expression of their [the multitude's] natural surprise; but it was met with perfect silence. The miracle of walking on the water was one of necessity and mercy; it in no way concerned them; it was not in any way intended for them; nor was it mainly or essentially as a worker of

miracles that Christ wished to claim their allegiance or convince their minds. Therefore, reading their hearts, knowing that they were seeking him in the very spirit which he most disliked, he quietly drew aside the veil of perhaps half-unconscious hypocrisy which hid him from themselves, and reproached them for seeking him only for what they could get from him. He who never rejected the cry of the sufferer, nor refused to answer the question of the faithful,—he who would never break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax,—at once rejected the false eye-service of mean self interest and vulgar curiosity. Yet he added for their sakes the eternal lesson, "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you."—*Farrar.*

THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 1.

(July 2, 1899.)

GRACIOUS INVITATIONS.

Lesson Scripture.—Hosea 14:1-9.

Helpful Readings.—Hosea 10:1-13.

Golden Text.—Hosea 6:1.

QUESTIONS.

In what year was the prophecy of the lesson probably uttered? Of which kingdom was Hosea a citizen? To what tribe did he belong? What was the condition of the land in his day? What was Israel exhorted to do? What was Israel's greatest sin? What are they exhorted to take with them to the Lord? What is meant by the calves of our lips? Who would not be able to save them? What does the Lord promise to heal? What does he promise to be to Israel? How was their growth illustrated? Who are the truly wise? Who are the prudent? What is said of the way of the Lord?

NOTES.

1. "Hosea prophesied for over sixty years, during the reign of the last six kings of Israel (B. C. 782-721). He prophesied before Isaiah in Judah, with whom he was contemporary for a while. In his day the land was full of wickedness; the kings were profligate, the priests corrupt, and the people forgetful of God. He was a citizen of the northern kingdom, probably of the tribe of Issacher."

2. "Asshur shall not save us." Asshur was another name for Assyria, with which Israel had been allied. "We will not ride upon horses,"—trust to Egypt, whence horses had come. With renunciation of idolatry is renunciation of all trust in human power, and a realization of the helplessness expressed by the words, "In thee the fatherless findeth mercy." Compare Ps. 10:14; 68:5.

3. "I will love them freely." Human forgiveness often has restrictions, and is stinted and provisional. God's is full, overflowing, unmeasured. He "upbraided not." His wrath is against sin, not against the sinner; and when sin is renounced, his anger is turned away. With his unmeasured love comes unlimited blessing. The withered, desolate condition of Israel, through returning to divine favor, was to be refreshed, until full vigor and beauty would again indicate the source of prosperity. "I will be as dew unto Israel." "The refreshing from the presence of the Lord" is symbolized by dew, by rain, and by abundant rivers. This promise is for Israel now.

4. The result of the refreshing is charmingly pictured in the simile of the growing lily. "He shall grow as the lily." No plant is more beautiful, more fragrant, more productive, than the lily. It is said that the root often produces as many as fifty bulbs. Palestine is very prolific in lilies of various kinds. The white lily is most common here; but in parks and conservatories we often see water varieties in red, blue, pink, and purple; and in the fields are hosts of lilies, from white to almost black, including streaked, mottled, and speckled lilies. Of Christ it is written. "I am . . . the lily of the valleys." No symbol better presents the character of those who are "holy, harmless, undefiled."

5. "Cast forth his roots as Lebanon." In the symbol of the lily is the suggestion of frailty, which the prophet corrects in the casting forth of Lebanon's roots. Beauty and strength are combined. Without root we wither. Matt. 13:6. The root must be in love. Eph. 3:17.

6. "His branches shall spread." "True religion will manifest itself in open profession. . . . His religion is luxuriant, and his heart expansive. He outgrows the narrowness of a creed and the boundaries of a sect. His sympathies and efforts are world-wide; his outstretched arms afford grace and protection to all. It 'becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.'"

7. "From me is thy fruit found." "Without me," says Christ, "ye can do nothing." It is the life-sap of the vine that causes the branch to flourish and bear fruit. Where, then, is boasting?—It can not exist in the heart where the Spirit abides, bringing forth love, joy, peace, long-suffering.



The Russian Calendar.—At the opening of the twentieth century, the Russian calendar will be changed to conform to that of all the other countries of the civilized world. The government is already taking steps to that end. It is impossible to estimate the results that would follow if, with this forward step, Russia would grant to all her subjects a greater degree of civil and religious liberty. But this seems to be the last thing likely to happen.

The Boy King of Spain is said to be anything but popular in Madrid, where his presence on the street arouses no enthusiasm. "At times when the guard is changed at the royal palace, his troubled face may be seen at a window, gazing out; but no one cheers, and he remains almost unrecognized. No hat is raised, or other obeisance paid him by his sullen subjects, when he rides abroad in melancholy state. Among a more generous people, his youth, his misfortunes, and a consideration of the troubled future which awaits him would at least awaken pity."

Negro Colony on Long Island.—The deplorable increase of "lynch law" in the South has given rise to a desire among the better element of the colored people to come North; and this many of them would gladly do if they were sure of employment. This has led to the formation of a company whose purpose is to establish a negro colony on the eastern end of Long Island, where it has secured several thousand acres of land. One thousand negroes will settle on this tract within a few months, and an exclusively negro town will be founded. No white person will be permitted to hold property within the limits of the colony. If this enterprise succeeds, similar colonies will be formed in other Northern States.

The Philippine Situation.—Notwithstanding the frequent reports that the end of the war is in sight, and that it will all be over in a few days, except, perhaps, some guerrilla warfare, General Otis cables to Washington that he must have more soldiers to take the place of the volunteers about to be sent home. He says he must have thirty thousand men, in order to deal successfully with the situation. He now has that number, but it will be reduced somewhat by the return of the volunteers. The message making this call for additional men, was received June 1, but was not made public. It is thought that the number of men required can be made up from the regulars in Porto Rico and Cuba without recourse to a call for volunteers, although such a call may have to be made in a few weeks.

A New Trial for Dreyfus.—Ever since the degradation and exile of Dreyfus, officer of the French army, accused of betraying official secrets, the world has looked on with increasing interest at the developments in this famous case. Many believed the prisoner to be the victim of a military plot, declaring that he was convicted only to shield his superior officers; and subsequent events go to show that this idea was not without foundation. Count Esterhazy, abandoned by the chiefs of the French army, has lately signed a confession in which he declares that he himself wrote, under orders, the famous *bordereau* (memorandum) that resulted in the arrest, trial, and conviction of Dreyfus. While the prisoner has been until recently cut off from all communication with the outside world in his lonely prison on the French Guiana coast, his friends have worked unceasingly to prove his innocence, and to have it acknowledged by France. For a long time everything appeared to go against them; but on June 3 the Court of Cassation, which for some time has had the matter of revision under consideration, ordered that a new trial by court-martial be granted; and the decision was placarded in every town and village of the republic. Dreyfus will be brought to Rennes, where the new trial will be conducted; and for the present his military rank and titles will be restored to him. The fact that M. Zola, the novelist, who last year was prosecuted, convicted, and obliged to leave the country, on account of his zealous advocacy of the Dreyfus cause, has returned, and is to be reinstated in the *Legion de Honneur*, is a straw that shows the revulsion of popular feeling in France. It is said that the government will take action against all the army officers guilty of "illegalities" in connection with this case. The outlook at present indicates that it will have its hands full for some time to come.



Chapter II.

SHE did not put on her white apron after supper, and loiter, sweetly unconscious, under the great maple, until Seth should join her, this spring; she was not ready for a frolic or a stroll; she wore no pansies nor spring daisies; she fished for no compliments; she cared for nothing.

Seth was glum, her mother fearful and peevish, and her father angry.

Mr. Goss was noted for having ways of his own about everything. He posed as an "original,"—"the only and original Goss," as he had been styled by a facetious neighbor, and afterward by the community.

His farm, which, by the way, he had "inherited from his wife," was managed according to notions of his own,—not altogether bad, as farming goes; in some things, better than the average. He had some little triumphs over his laughing neighbors, and had been able to retort, "Let him laugh who wins," as he came home from the county fair with a prize badge. He had acquired some celebrity as a progressive farmer, not afraid to try new things. He had even fortified his reputation as an "original" by producing a seedling potato that bore the family name, and was acknowledged to be "quite a good potato."

"Goss's way" had come to be a sort of proverb, even among those who laughed at him; for since it brought prosperity to the Gosses, it seemed, after all, to be a very good way indeed, even if it was a "freak."

Shirley was as nearly like her father as a girl could be, but she had had no opportunity to develop a way of her own. It was in her, however,—a positive, dominating force, struggling for expression; and the time was at hand when it could no longer be suppressed.

If her father could only have understood! Her mother knew; but she had long since come to keep her thoughts to herself. "Goss's way" had been too much for the gentle woman. She had been quickly brought under its spell, and had learned silence.

Benjamin Goss would have been astonished had he been told that either his wife or daughter was in need of anything. He provided liberally everything that "heart could wish," he was sure. Neither of them had ever been burdened with the responsibility of a purse, never had to go through the weariness of shopping. They were well-dressed by his forethought and providence. Shirley had never known the want of a pair of gloves, never been left to plan and deliberate about the choice of a dress, never even felt the need of a dress: everything she could use came to her without her care, as if she had been a bird or a squirrel,—and yet she was not happy.

Mr. Goss did not intend to be arbitrary. He did not know that he was. He was simply the "head of his own house," and turned the whole body accordingly. His will was so strong that in its operation it amounted to a blind force. He had settled the plan of his crops in regular rotation for years to come, and in the same way had fixed the destiny of his daughter. It was his boast that his word was law in his house.

"We have no whipping at our house," was one of his pet expressions; "when I say a thing, that is the end of it,"—which accounted for the fact that he was ignorant of all that was smoldering in the breast of his daughter and weighing upon the heart of her mother.

He had no confidence in a woman's ability to mark out a way of her own and follow it; to have a conviction of duty, and answer alone to God for it; to recognize a personal right, and seek to obtain it. These things were altogether outside the life of a woman, as he recognized it; hence, with the utmost care, and all of fatherly love of which he was as yet capable, he was holding to a course with Shir-

ley that would, he thought, keep her safely, and bring ultimate happiness; while Shirley, utterly discontented with this hedged-in life, which left no scope for the use of her own powers, "was watching for, she knew not what, but something, anything, that promised a change.

She had been slowly approaching the crisis of her discontent; and on this warm, humid spring day, with the house full of work, everything had conspired to precipitate it.

There was to be a May musicale at which she was expected to sing; for she had a fine voice, and with her sweet, fresh face had always been one of the chief attractions at every "Children's day," and at all Sabbath-school "doings," from her earliest days; but now she had no interest in any of the neighborhood plans. She had refused to sing; and when at last her father had demanded the reason, had answered: "What have I to wear?—nothing that any other girl would wash dishes in."

Then had followed an angry retort from her father, in which he had again tried to place his unselfish providence and her ungrateful discontent in their strongest light.

She had listened in the usual sullen silence, but steadily refused to furnish her accustomed share of the musical program. At last Mr. Goss, whose pride in his child was his great passion, had said, desperately, "Well, if it's a dress, of course you can have a dozen; but you will have to sing."

Shirley had been once on the point of saying, "I will sing if you will give me the money, and let me buy my own dress;" but she had brooded so long over her discontent that she had neither the interest nor the courage to make even this little struggle for independence, and without a word saw her father ride away to the country village to get one more dress which she knew perfectly well she should loathe at sight.

When he returned with it, he did not bring it to her, but threw it on the bed in her mother's room, where Mrs. Goss found it, and with many misgivings opened it out, calling Shirley as cheerfully as she could, with the result already narrated.

Shirley had not expected any change in her father's absurd taste in colors; but the morbid outlook of her life on that tiresome, vexing day had made this latest purchase seem positively bilious to her sight, hungering as she was for something dainty, fresh, and crisp in which to clothe herself in something like harmony with the season. And besides, she was tortured with the knowledge that everybody was displeased with her because she would not sing,—because she could not be gay, and sweet, and bright, as of old.

Even Seth had begun to be sarcastic and look crossways at her; he could not tolerate that sour face; she had no right to be anything but lovely. Her mother was more peevish and pathetic than ever,—tears always ready to ooze out at the corners of her eyes, and such a tiresome droop to her mouth,—and now Shirley herself was like a bunch of faggots waiting only the proper conditions to break into flames.

Her father supplied the conditions. He was both spark and bellows. Such had been the habit of acquiescence in Shirley all her life that there could be no sudden flash. It was rather a process of slow kindling by which she was to be fired. But Mr. Goss did not for a moment relax the necessary fanning to produce the undesirable result.

In spite of the cautionary suggestions that his good angel had whispered to him, he went on, and uttered the one word too much, considering that he was dealing with a conscious soul instead of with a machine.

As she stood silent, sullen, motionless, with her hands still down in the dishwater, his will grew tense and rigid as iron, his anger fierce and relentless; and at last, seizing her by the arm just above the elbow, he exclaimed, "Do you hear me? Speak! Answer me, or I will whip you, if you are as big as your mother."

At the touch of his fingers on her arm, and the tone even more than the words, all the latent energy of her nature was aroused; and

springing out of his grasp with the lightness of a cat, she leaped the low sill of the open window, and ran.

She was still conscious enough of her father not to do battle; she could not fight him, but she could run from him; and not caring who saw her, she made her grand dash for liberty.

Benjamin Goss was not the man to run after any woman, much less his angry daughter. The moment she flung herself away from him in that manner, and flew from the window, she put herself so far outside his life that for the time being she might have been a stranger.

"Very well, madam," was his cold, quiet comment, as he watched her scudding across the lawn, and out to the road, "You can go until you are glad to come back; I can stand it as long as you can."

Mrs. Goss did not take the matter quite so philosophically, but any "fuss" which she might make was entirely useless. She was aroused by her fears to one outburst of remonstrance; but after that she could only cry in secret, and trust to Shirley's good sense, or the hard ways of the world, to bring the child back speedily. She *must* come back at once, —for what would her home be to that lonely, weary mother without the presence of her only darling?

She quickly forgot all but Shirley's sweetness, the dimples, the laugh, the skipping step, the snatches of song, as they used to be before that cloud of discontent settled over them, and hushed and darkened all. The helpful hands of former days alone were remembered, not the hindering listlessness of the recent past.

How she needed those helpful hands now! What could she do, alone, with all this unfinished work, and these hungry men to feed?

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

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The Advertising Rate

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Entered at the post-office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter.

THIS week we begin the publication of Elder Munson's articles on "Phases of Life in the Orient." His residence of several years in Oriental lands, and his experiences as a missionary there, will give special value to this series.

APPRECIATION of earnest effort is always pleasant; and the many kind words of approval received from friends of the INSTRUCTOR, east, west, north, and south, are a great encouragement to those having the work of the paper in charge.

"If we neglect what God has said to us," said some one the other day, "we soon find that we have n't much to say to him, and the result is that we backslide." It is a law that if we live, we must eat. No one would think of going without food for a month, a week, or even a few days, and expect to keep up his strength, and be able to do his regular work; neither would he be satisfied with one or two mouthfuls a day. But too often the spiritual food is neglected, or limited to the least possible quantity, with the sad result that many who profess Christ are spiritually dead. The battle against sin is unceasing, and we must be strong in the Lord in order to win. Spiritual food gives spiritual strength.

JULY, 1899.

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1839), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you *now*, and mailed to Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

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"COME YE . . . APART, AND REST AWHILE."

THE following poem so beautifully sets forth one of the lessons to be drawn from these words of the Saviour to his disciples, noted in our Sabbath-school lesson this week, that it is given here:—

"Thou sayest, 'The work is great, the night draws nigh,'
And feverishly thy tired hands grasp the plow,
Panting, 'The rest comes after; here and now
God must be served before the daylight die.'
And so the trampling feet and strenuous cry
Drown the sweet voice that with most loving grace
Rebukes the energies which would efface
The finer sense and cloud the inward eye.

"Listen, O worker, faint and overwrought!
It is the voice that called the twelve of old,
And led them where, upon their fret of thought,
Peace from the lake's calm and the sunset's gold
Slid softly, and the hillside whispers taught
Deep things of God, that words could ne'er unfold."

Chapter 38 of "The Desire of Ages" should also be read in connection with this topic.

BRAZIL is the Special Topic of the June number of the *Missionary Magazine*, its cities, missions, customs, domestic life, etc., being treated in eleven articles from our workers in that country. Excellent illustrations add to the attractiveness of these articles. A letter from Elder E. H. Gates, describing his recent visit to Pitcairn Island, and F. I. Richardson's notes on his journey in the Holy Land, will be read with interest. Other articles make up an exceptionally readable number. The *Missionary Magazine* should be in every Seventh-day Adventist home, that the young people of the church, as well as the older members, may be kept in touch with our work in foreign lands. The regular price to subscribers in this country is twenty-five cents a year. Published monthly by the Foreign Mission Board of Seventh-day Adventists, 1730 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NEXT NUMBER

Of the *Christian Educator* will be known as "The Church-school Number," and will contain much valuable matter on this important line of Christian education. Among the special features will be the following articles:—

Need of Reform in Educational Work, *Mrs. E. G. White.*

Christian Education, *Prof. J. E. Tenney.*

The School of the Future, *Prof. E. B. Miller.*

How Shall We Study Nature? *Prof. M. E. Cady.*

Basket-making in School, *Mrs. E. M. F. Long.*

Unseen Force in Character-making.

Maternity and Motherhood.

How to Organize a Church School.

The Duties of a Church-school Teacher.

Classified Answers to Questions (recently sent out to all our church-school teachers.)

A Symposium on Church-school Work. (Reports and discussions of actual experience of teachers during the last year.)

Besides these special subjects, there will be the regular articles in the series on "Physiology," "Science Studies," and "Bible Psychology," and an illustrated article on "How the *Educator's* Illustrations Are Made." Altogether, this number of the *Educator*, which ends the present volume, will be the best issued during the year. You can have a copy free by sending your name and address at once, mentioning this notice in the INSTRUCTOR. Send also for a marked copy of the May *Educator*, showing how you can secure a year's subscription free for yourself or your parents.



SUCH THINGS DO HAPPEN.

A SAD suicide recently occurred. The story would scarcely be believed had it not been witnessed by a number of persons who were walking on the quay. The puppies of a little terrier had been taken from her; and three times did the poor, despairing mother try to throw herself into the sea. Each time she was recovered, but it was evident that she intended to die; for, at length escaping from her rescuers, she threw herself for the fourth time into the water, and held her head under until she drowned.

Such things do happen. We have not only read of many well-proved cases, but once saw a dog deliberately commit suicide.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

AN INSTANCE OF DEVOTION.

IN the garden of Eden, where all was peace and harmony, the animals understood, obeyed, and loved man. A lion would do his bidding, or a bird come at his call. Even now, cursed as this dark world is with sin, we see instances where an animal's attachment to his master is stronger than his love of life.

One cold, wintry night an old man and his dog started from "the store" for their home several miles away on a mountain trail. Being drunk, the man soon lost the way, and becoming sleepy, lay down in the snow.

Three days later they found him there—him and the dog. A beaten path was around his body, and beyond it were many wolf-tracks.

They tried to remove the body for burial, but the powerful sentinel stood between; they coaxed the dog with food, but he deigned not to notice it; they stoned him, but he would not move; and finally they were compelled to shoot him, in order to get the body.

Jesus said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." What shall we say for the dog?

EDISON J. DRIVER.

PILGRIMS OF THE AIR.

AT the time of the great fire in Chicago, some years ago, a family living near the lake shore had a large number of pet birds. They had added to the parlor a long, narrow room, with glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor, for the pleasure of these feathered friends. People often stopped to see the pretty creatures fluttering about, to hear their songs, or to watch them as they bathed.

One afternoon, the week of the fire, a cloud of fluttering wings moved wearily up the street. Presently these homeless birds caught sight of their happy cousins in the beautiful glass house. The sight gave them fresh courage. Some even tapped for admittance.

Without delay the home birds were shut off into what might be called their back parlor; but through the glass door they could see all that went on.

Then a window was opened, and, ready to drop from fatigue and hunger, the tired travelers went in. Some would have fallen but for hands held out in welcome.

They could not at once eat or bathe. They lay panting, grateful for rest and safety. There were perhaps twenty of them, and nearly all canaries. They had joined one another by the way in their pathetic search for protecting love and care.

When these tender wayfarers had rested and eaten supper, the home birds—and there were nearly fifty of them—fluttered briskly in, with hearty greetings. It was charming to see what cheerful, even tender, welcome they gave.

Fortunately there was a goodly store of birdseed, and shelter was given to these plucky guests until other homes were found. This is a true story; for the somebody who writes it saw it all.—*Our Little Ones.*