

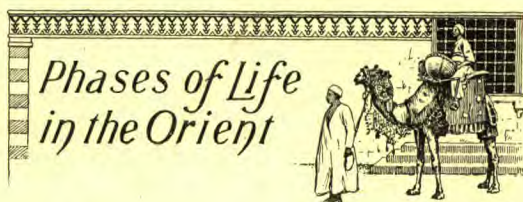
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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AN ORIENTAL COLONY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(Concluded.)

THE population of Singapore amounts to about two hundred thousand, and includes a score or more of races. Indeed, representa-

may be seen floating from the mastheads of the merchant marine that anchor in the spacious harbor. Singapore is one of the coaling-stations of Her British Majesty's navy, and for this reason it is strongly fortified. The little islands that flank the harbor and the southern shore of the Island of Singapore bristle with cannon of the latest type, and a strong garrison is maintained, consisting of a thousand troops, besides several men-of-war. The governor is appointed by the crown, and the control of the colony is entirely in the hands of the home government, their condition being similar to that of the American colonies under George

III. A partially representative government is maintained, but it is such only in name; for while the property-owners of the colony are able, through the unofficial members, who are elected by them, to express their wishes through a legislative council, the governor, together with the official members, can at any time outvote the

to by the people of the colony to prevent an unjust tax laid upon them by the home government. In 1893, when the Sherman silver bill was passed by Congress, the Mexican dollar, which is the current coin of the colony, was rated in the exchange market at about ninety-five cents in American gold; but it soon began to decline, and in the course of two or three years had fallen to about fifty cents. The reason was that the military contributions levied by the home government, of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, increased from about six hundred thousand to one million dollars. The citizens, the legislative council, and various other bodies made vigorous protests and touching appeals, but without obtaining any relief. The hard-hearted ministers of state could not understand why they should make any concessions to a colony that was so prosperous; but when the newspapers began to remind the people of England of the scenes of 1776 and the Boston tea-party, and talked about taxation without representation; when every man who held an honorary position under the government resigned his commission, and rousing mass-meetings were held, attended by the entire community who had interests that were affected,—then, and not till then, did the Colonial Office relax its grip upon the purse-strings of the colony, and consent to compromise on the



BAMBOO BUSH, SINGAPORE.

tives of many more nationalities are seen upon her streets. On the shelves of the British and Foreign Bible Society's depot there are found portions of the Scriptures printed in more than eighty languages. The Chinese outnumber all the other races combined, and will probably reach one hundred thousand. The Malays, who are the natives of the soil, will number perhaps thirty thousand. Natives from different parts of India, chiefly from the east coast, will aggregate twenty or twenty-five thousand. There are several hundred Japanese, and a considerable number of Arabs, Armenians, Jews, Englishmen, and Germans, not to mention other nationalities.

As already stated, this colony is remarkable for its commerce. Singapore and Penang, situated on the Prince of Wales Island, are the chief centers of commercial industry. Singapore is like the hub of a great wheel, whose spokes stretch out in all directions up the coasts of the peninsula, to Siam, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and even to India, China, and Australia. Indeed, flags of every nation on earth

unofficial portion, and so carry any measure that the Colonial Office wishes to pass, whether the people of the colony and their representatives in the council like it or not. The only thing that would restrain them from taking such a course as this at any time would be the fear of raising so much hostility as to affect materially the interests of the crown.

The government in general aims to be just and equitable, and as a rule the people of this colony are fairly dealt with; but once in my recollection, extreme measures were resorted

basis of seventeen per cent. of the gross revenue in silver, the home government to stand the fluctuations in exchange.

The importance of this possession to Great Britain will be better understood when I tell you that the governor receives an annual salary of eight thousand pounds sterling, together with perquisites and expenses, which bring it up to at least ten thousand pounds,—almost as much as our own President receives.

The incomparable civil-service system of India is in force here; and in shaping the colo-



FAN PALMS, SINGAPORE.

nial policy for our newly acquired island possessions, the United States would do well to study carefully this branch of the Indian government's policy, and its highly gratifying success. Every civil servant is employed strictly on the basis of qualification, is promoted for faithfulness and excellence in service, and after having remained for twenty-one years on the pay-roll of the colony, is retired for life on a pension amounting to two thirds of the salary received at the time of retirement. The result of this policy is that only the best men are engaged, and only the best men remain, in the colonial service. The advantages of such a system are obvious.

This colony is one of the most important links of the great chain of African and Asiatic possessions that connects England with the far East, and the most cursory observer will understand why Great Britain rejoices to see Uncle Sam acquire such extensive and valuable possessions as the Philippine Islands so near the Asiatic coast. Great events are looming on the horizon; and some of the most important, as well as the most interesting, scenes of all human history are undoubtedly within the near future,—so near that their shadows can almost be discerned athwart the landscape.

I have said nothing of the peculiarities of the races, languages, and customs of this part of the world, and can not do so in the space allotted me; but those who would like to study further this part of the Orient will find a series of articles in the *Medical Missionary*, beginning with the December number, 1898, on these subjects.

R. W. MUNSON.



THE QUIET HOUR.

When day has let her fires burn down
To glowing embers in the west,
And busy Care, with folded hands,
Forgets her toil and drops to rest;

When shadowy pictures come and go,
As twilight deepens o'er the plain,
And dewy silence, breathing balm,
Revives the drooping leaves again,

How sweet to worn and troubled hearts
The falling shade, the soothing power
Of ministries that nature holds
To bless us in the quiet hour.

We do not heed them in the din
Of toil and traffic on the street;
They do not linger in the halls
Where pride of wealth and fashion meet;

But, duties done, and thought released,
And daylight closing like a flower,
With home's dear peace enwrapping all,
How precious is the quiet hour!

— C. M. Goodrich.

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

II.

TO KEEP our souls in the love of God, requires strict self-discipline and watchfulness, mingled with earnest prayer. Every youth should seek to make all he possibly can of himself, that he may grow in grace, and in favor with God and man. His highest aspiration should be to give to others the treasures of science and knowledge that he has gained by following God's will. Thus his works will harmonize with the works of Christ. Those who do this are constantly in communication with the angels of light, who minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.

God expects the youth to think soberly and intelligently of how those of past generations toiled and sacrificed to leave to future generations a heritage of light. The patriarchs and prophets and the disciples of Christ received

impressions from the Great Teacher, and this light and knowledge they bequeathed to those who live in this age. The youth now have the privilege of improving all the treasures that have been acquired by past generations. The Lord expects these hereditary trusts to be gathered up as golden treasures, and imparted to others.

Paul wrote to Timothy: "Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded, in all things showing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptedness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech, that can not be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you." "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

God calls for large-hearted, large-minded young men, who hear the word of God and obey it; who are not trifling, but deeply in earnest. "Wherefore he saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

God calls for young men who are cultivated, sanctified, refined, ennobled, through the truth, which has not merely been assented to, but brought into the inmost recesses of the soul, sanctifying the entire man. Such youth will learn daily in the school of Christ. Jesus died for the world, and souls are perishing for want of the knowledge that he came to bring. Knowing this, will young men who have all the facilities for gaining an education, both in science and religion, stand back, careless, unconcerned, and indifferent, content to spend their blood-bought time and privileges in self-gratification?

The great work for this time has already begun, and is awaiting men who, with hearts subdued by grace, will carry it forward and upward, their ability refined and purified to do God's will, their lips touched with the holy fire which burns its way to the hearts of the people. Will youth merely look on at such a time as this, feeling no burden of responsibility? Shall the work be crippled in all its branches for want of men to teach the truth to others? Where are the laborers who will go forth, consecrating to God their time, their talents, and every jot of the ability they possess?

At this late hour shall the work of saving souls be retarded? Shall but little be done, when the curse of sin has grown to such proportions that already the Spirit of God, insulted, rejected, and abused, is being withdrawn from the earth? Just as fast as God's Spirit is taken away, Satan's cruel work will be done upon land and sea. Judgments by fire and flood will increase in fearfulness; for Satan claims his harvest of souls in the destruction.

Will young men now humble their hearts before God, and give themselves to his service? Will they not accept the holy trust, and become light-bearers to a world ready to be consumed by the wrath of an offended God? The use of intoxicating drink, which dethrones reason, and of tobacco, which clouds the brain and poisons the life-current, is increasing. Are our young men prepared to lift their voices in defense of temperance, and show its bearing upon Christianity? Will they engage in the holy war against appetite and lust? Our artificial civilization encourages evils which are destroying sound principles. The Lord is at the door. Where are the men who will go forth to the work, fully trusting in God, ready to do and to dare? God calls, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." If the young men of to-day will give themselves to God, he will make them heaven's chosen depositaries of truth, and will empower them to present before the people truth in contrast with error and superstition. May the Lord roll the burden on strong young men, who have his word abiding in them.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

SEVERAL years ago it was reported that Thomas A. Edison, "the Wizard of Menlo Park," had devised a successful means of telegraphing from a wire to a moving train of cars, the message operating a receiving instrument by induction through a metallic roof on one of the cars. This was the nearest approach to "wireless" telegraphy until the year 1895. In that year, Marconi, a young Italian experimenter, set up on his father's estates a series of tin boxes, which he called "capacities," on poles of varying heights, and connected them by insulated wires with a crude form of receiver and transmitter, which he had invented. The extended surface in these tin boxes served the same purpose as Edison's metallic car-roof.

Continuing his experiments, Marconi found that the higher his boxes were set, the longer the distance was through which signals could be transmitted between them. Intervening hills or other bodies did not obstruct the transmission. In 1896 he went to London, and extended his experiments on a larger scale. He sent up ten-foot balloons covered with tin-foil for "capacities," and afterward used large calico kites, messages being sent in this way between points more than eight miles apart. Finally, in 1897, it was discovered that a single wire suspended from a supporting mast furnished all the surface necessary to constitute a successful "capacity." Since that time the experiments have produced results of steadily increasing interest and value. Among the latest achievements is the perfect interchange of messages across the English Channel, over a distance of about thirty miles.

Mr. Marconi does not assume to say what are the kind of waves that are transmitted from one station to another, further than that they are generated in some way by the electric pulsations in the terminal wires. These waves travel outwardly in all directions unless directed, as they may be, for short distances, by a large parabolic reflector. The well-known "Morse code" is used in sending and receiving messages. The transmitting instrument includes an induction coil capable of producing a spark ten inches long. A single spark corresponds to a dot in the telegraphic code, while a dash is produced by a stream of sparks continuing as long as the operating key is depressed. Messages are sent at the rate of about fifteen words a minute.

The transmitting instrument is comparatively simple to understand. It is in the receiving instrument that the greatest ingenuity and originality are displayed. The waves which are transmitted from the terminal wires are very feeble, compared with the electric current from the induction coil, and must be caught by a delicate mechanism in the receiving instrument. In fact, the waves must be electrically re-enforced before they can register their message on the tape of the receiver. This is accomplished through what is called the "coherer." It is a vacuum tube, like a thermometer, about two inches long, and containing two silver plugs attached to the circuit of a light battery which works the recording apparatus. This circuit is broken by a very minute distance between the silver plugs, and this slit-like space contains several hundred minute particles of nickel and silver. Marconi discovered that these particles of metallic dust would "cohere" under the feeble impulse of the ether waves, and thus complete the metallic circuit of the recording battery. But when they have once "cohered" into a solid chain, the battery current would hold them in that relation, and so record nothing but a continuous mark on the tape. So at the end of each dot, the Morse recorder automatically strikes the "co-

herer" with a little "tapper," which shakes the dust-particles down, and so breaks the circuit until the next wave-impulse draws them together again. Each impulse thus records a dot, and the groups of dots form the letters in which the message is spelled out.

Many useful applications of this "wireless telegraphy" have already been foreseen. With terminal wires raised to a sufficient elevation, messages may be sent thousands of miles, without the use of submarine cables or overland conductors. Vessels at sea, in storm or fog, can signal their approach to harbor, or, in return, receive warning or directions from lighthouses and life-saving stations. Collisions between approaching vessels can be easily avoided through its use. These and many other applications of the principle are certain to be developed as soon as further experiments have prepared the way.

And so we see that many things which would have been considered miraculous a generation ago are rapidly becoming commonplace to us. History is being made very rapidly in these closing days of the nineteenth century, and the way is being prepared for many wonderful developments that seemed impossible only a few years ago. The Word of Prophecy is the only record that can give us a definite knowledge of what the future is to bring. F. W. HOWE.



Chapter III.

THE dragging afternoon hung heavily about her weary feet. How could Shirley leave her for an hour, even if father *was* provoking?

Hours passed; supper-time came. Shirley was still absent, and a desolation like that of death, to which even her moody face would have given gladness, settled over the farm.

The harvest-hands had seen Shirley running along the road, and knew that something had happened. Seth had been at the well near the kitchen for water, and had heard Mr. Goss's last words to her; and knowing him and the spirited girl and her home life as he did, he was not surprised to see her fly, headlong, hatless, and with sleeves rolled to the elbow.

He understood. His love made him intelligent on the subject of Shirley Goss, and his heart leaped loyally after her.

"Goss's arbitrary way with the girl is playing the mischief," he said to himself; "might as well shut off the escape-valve, and keep the fire roaring under the boiler. She's too high-strung to be handled like a mowing-machine or a potato seedling,—but you've got to give *them* a chance to act out nature, if you get any good out of them. I've seen what's coming before to-day. I ain't surprised to see her run, but I'm surprised at myself that I could ever have said what I have to her. But I felt cheated; I wanted her to look natural; to talk and smile and be herself,—and what would the musicale be with her not going to sing? How could I ever sing my part without hers trilling in my ears? It made me mad to see her so sober and still and mopey, and refusing to say she'd sing."

Seth had brooded over those cutting words ever since, even more than Shirley did; and he hated himself for his momentary lack of sympathy for the young girl who was being driven to recklessness by the very people who loved her best, and among whom alone she would probably find safe shelter from a world that, having no heart, could have no pity.

Seth had been in a state of nervous tension all the afternoon. Several times he was on the point of leaving his team, and running after Shirley; and only that the eyes of the men were on him expectantly, he might have risked such a move, in spite of the instinctive fear that it would be dangerous as regarded any future relations. So he kept prudently at work,

while in spirit he was more absent than present. The supper-call brought together a sober company.

Shirley seemed to have taken everything with her except the cloud that had been so offensive to them all. That she had certainly left behind, and it had settled over every face.

Mr. Goss at first made a good show of being the same as ever; but even his anger was not able entirely to sustain his pride. He was troubled and constrained in spite of himself. No one had realized how large a place the girl had filled in that home until now.

Mrs. Goss wore the traces of tears, and sat behind the coffee-pot silent, abstracted, eating nothing, and failing in service to the others. At last, when she passed an empty cup to Seth, Mr. Goss looked angrily at her, and said, with unusual roughness, reaching over and grasping the coffee-pot: "Here,—have I got to pour the coffee, too, if the hands have their rights? We'll all have to turn in and cook our own victuals and wash our own dishes next."

Seth had taken the empty cup, and now, as Mr. Goss attempted to fill it, turned it bottom side up in the saucer, and, lifting his head, looked squarely into Mr. Goss's face, and said: "Thanks awfully, I'll take mine so. Fact is, I'd choke before I'd drink from your filling."

He set the cup down, pushed away from the table, arose, and went on: "And see here, sir, I saw Shirley when she went; I was at the well, and heard you. I don't need anybody to tell me what it all means. I want you just to understand that I'm,—well, sir, I'm going to find her, since she has n't any father to care what happens to her. Have you anything to send to her, Mrs. Goss?"

Mrs. Goss opened her lips, but it was Mr. Goss who spoke: "Will you kindly leave us alone with our affairs, sir? When I have anything to send to anybody, I can choose my messenger, or go myself. I forbid your going to find my daughter, and you can get off my premises. I can put in my grain without you. There," taking a roll of bills from his pocket and fumbling them, "is what I owe you."

Seth kept his hands about the crown of the hat that he had taken from the floor near his chair, threw his head back, and laughed.

"This happens to be a free country, Mr. Goss," he said, "and since Shirley did n't take the road with her, and I own my own legs, your forbidding don't amount to much. As for the cash, I'll take mine from the man I work for, and this time it happens to be Sam Jordan there. It's his seeder I'm riding this spring."

"And," said Sam, "you come back when you get ready, Seth; it's you and I, as you say, this time."

"All right, Sam," replied Seth, as he strode out, leaving Mrs. Goss weeping bitterly; Mr. Goss in a rage, and the "hands" as expressive of sympathy as the process of eating and drinking would admit.

Not one among them but would have gladly gone with Seth or in his stead; but no one considered the matter more serious than a family row, which would doubtless soon end by the girl's return, and would then be forgotten.

Seth was sure he knew where to find Shirley. "She's gone to her Aunt Nell's," he said to himself. "Aunt Nell will understand, too," and he walked rapidly in that direction. "Three miles at least," he muttered, "this hot day, after all she's had to do in the kitchen. She'll be dead tired, but I admire her spunk,—no hat, sleeves up, apron flying,—my! but she is fine."

Seth walked fast, and had made two thirds of the way over the dusty road when he stopped suddenly, and stood awkward and abashed; for there, on a log by the roadside, sat Shirley, fanning herself with her apron.

She was looking at him, and he saw nothing in the look to reward him for coming this far, or to invite him nearer.

Shirley was, in fact, still very angry,—more so because she felt foolish and undecided.

She had left hastily, and had sat down by the wayside to repent a little before she went on, *if* she went on, which was now, however, scarcely a question; but where and how?

No girl ever likes to be seen at a disadvantage by anybody, much less away from home. Of course Seth had seen Shirley hatless, in her calico dress, gingham apron, and coarse shoes before; but that was about the farm. He had, in fact, never seen her tastefully dressed anywhere, either according to her own notion or to his. He had seen her cross, but it was different then. Everything seemed different two miles from home on the public highway; and besides, she was very tired. She was homesick, heartsick, and did not want to be followed; least of all did she want Seth; yet there he was looking at her, bareheaded, untidy, undecided, as she was. She would not go back, she would not be sent for. She would go to Aunt Nell's, borrow some clothes and money, and go on to the city.

This had been dimly suggested to her before; but when she began to feel foolish, she was on the point of going back to her mother, though never to her father. She could go, she thought, and live with her mother, work for her, and ignore her father. Seth's appearance, however, put even that out of the question. She would not go home.

She did not wait for him to recover sufficiently to speak; she did not wait at all. She no sooner was sure that he saw her, than she was on her feet, saying, "You need not follow me, Seth Adams. Don't you come one step farther. Go back to them that sent you. I am not a sick sheep or calf to be thrown over your shoulder and taken home."

"But, Shirley, I—"

It was no use; she did not hear. She was running again, bounding like a deer away through the dust, surrounding herself with a thick cloud, and sending a smudge behind her.

"My!" ejaculated Seth, "but ain't she mad? She's got it in her,—but I like her all the better, *considering*. If she hadn't held on, and took so much all along so patiently, it would be different. Goss is a mighty careless hand with fire. Fire is handy to have, but you want to keep it where it belongs; there is n't any use sending it flying all over creation, any more than letting the fire out of the stove into the house and furniture. I'll not forget the lesson that Benjamin Goss has given me a chance to learn. I'll put it where it'll keep for future reference."

Seth sat down on the log in the very place that Shirley had occupied. "Just to think," he muttered, "she supposed I came because I was sent to follow her, and carry her back, like a sick sheep or calf on my shoulder. My, but she's mad, to think of such things! But I'm with her, just the same, and I'll find a way; she'll hear from me yet, when she needs somebody. A man like Benjamin Goss has n't any right to have a girl."

He sat still on the log, working away on the problem of Shirley Goss long after it was too dark to see.

He could not help looking and listening as he passed Aunt Nell's on his way home. But neither sight nor sound rewarded him. He kept the place in sight until it was very late, then he went with a heavy heart to the home that he shared with his mother.

The next day a boy who was passing on horseback left a note for Mrs. Goss. It read:—

DEAREST MOTHER: For your sake I am sorry, but I am not going home any more. I can not live so any longer. You will understand, and I really do not think you will wonder any, or blame me much.

I have borrowed some clothes and a little money to begin with. I am going to the city to find work. Father said he thought it would do me good to earn my own living. One thing I know: it will do me good to have the money I do earn, and spend it as I choose, so I am going to do both.

I will write when I get settled at anything. I shall miss you, dear. Don't you worry. I shall do right always, and love you always. Good by. Your loving little—

SHIRLEY.

P. S.—Don't be afraid, mom dear. I'll do right *always*. I'll try not to be so worldly, any more; and whatever work I do, I'll keep the Sabbath—for your sake.

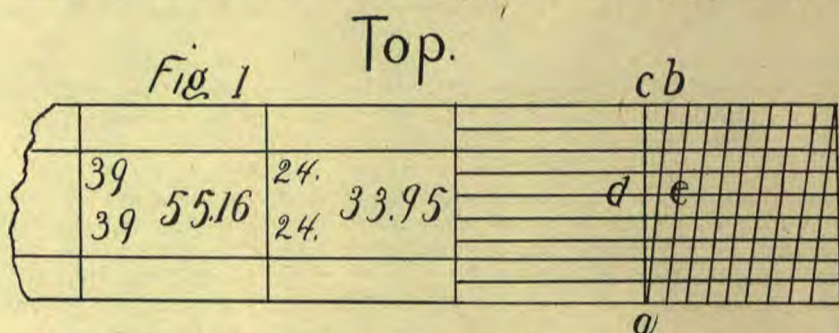
MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)



SOME THINGS ABOUT THE STEEL SQUARE.

THERE is probably no other tool in use among mechanics that has half the capacity for usefulness, or of which half so many applications can be made, as the steel square. A mere list of the operations that may be performed with it, and of the purposes for which it may be advantageously employed, would occupy more space than we can devote to this article. This familiar tool has been underrated, and is entitled to more attention than is usually given



to it. In the hands of the mechanic, it is a calculating-machine of wonderful capacity.

In the study of the square, we will first give the names of the parts of the square itself, and then notice the marks and scales on it. The long part is called the blade, the short arm is called the tongue, and the connection between the blade and the tongue is called the heel. The blade is twenty-four inches long, the tongue from fourteen to eighteen inches. The blade in a perfect square is two inches wide, and the tongue is an inch and a half wide.

The first marks that we will notice will be the division into inches and fractions of inches. The heel of the square is the point from which it is most convenient to measure, both along the blade, and also on the tongue. In numbering inches, therefore, we begin at the heel, on the blade and the tongue respectively. The inch-marks on the inside edge begin numbering with the interior angle.

The blade of a good square has a row of figures, beginning with the outer end, between the other two rows of figures, which adapts this part of the tool for use in measuring the depth of mortises, etc. The different edges of the square are variously divided into fractions of inches. The outside edge on one side of the square is divided into sixteenths, while the inside edge is divided into eighths. The edge on the opposite side of the square is divided into twelfths, and is used as a scale for drafting,—an inch to the foot, each twelfth representing an inch. The fine lines ruled longitudinally on the tongue between the inch-marks 2 and 4 are parallel lines divided into tenths. The diagonal lines between 2 and 3 are also one tenth of an inch apart. By these lines the workman is enabled to find hundredths of an inch. As you will see in Fig. 1, from the line where the line starts at *a* to *b*, the distance is one tenth at *b* from *a*, and following up the line from *a* to *b*, the second line would be one hundredth, the third line two hundredths, and so on up to ten hundredths. Every time you move to the next line on the right, you gain ten hundredths more.

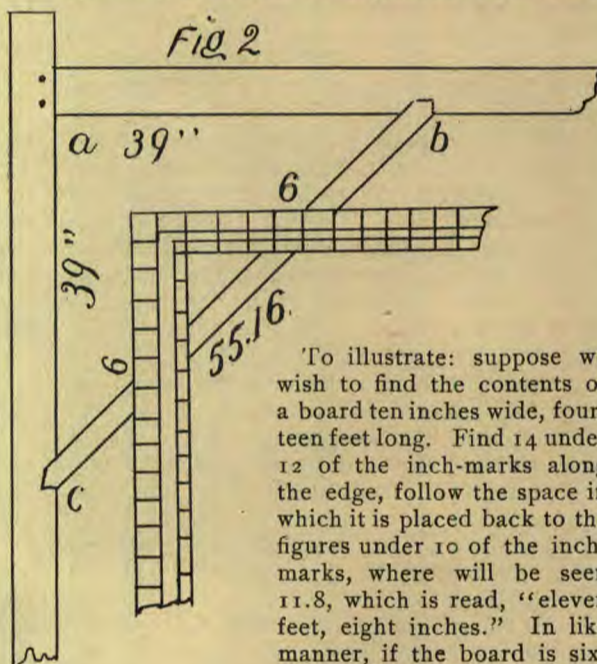
In Fig. 2 we have an illustration of practical work. If you were putting up a timber frame of any kind, and wished to frame in a brace, you would need to know exactly how long to cut the brace. The space from *a* to *b* and from *a* to *c* is called the run. The run from *a* to *b* is thirty-nine inches, and from *a* to *c* thirty-nine inches. To find the length that the brace should be cut, look on the tongue of the square, and notice the figures, as shown in Fig. 1: $\frac{39}{39}$ 55.16. The thirty-nine inches is the

length of the run, and the fifty-five inches and sixteen hundredths, the length of the brace from *a* to *b*, or four feet, seven inches, and sixteen hundredths of an inch. To find the measure as found on the square, run from the bottom line, Fig. 1, at *a*, up six lines to *d*. From *d* to *e* on this line is six hundredths of an inch. By adding another space at the right, you have the sixteen hundredths of an inch, which, added to your four feet seven inches, gives you the length of the brace. You will find the figures on the square for any run you may want. The length of the brace is found in the same way.

To get the bevel to cut the shoulder of the brace, lay the square across the brace, as seen in Fig. 2, an equal number of inches on the blade and the tongue. It is not customary in coarse framing to pay any attention to the hundredths; but in fine work, where needed, this gives an exact measure.

The parallel rows of figures along the blade of the square constitute what is called a board measure. The manner of using it is as follows: Under 12 of the inch-marks along the outer edge of the blade will be found the figures 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15,

which represent the length of the plank or board to be measured. The contents in feet and inches will be found under the several inch-marks on the outer edge of the blade, corresponding to the width of the piece to be measured.



To illustrate: suppose we wish to find the contents of a board ten inches wide, fourteen feet long. Find 14 under 12 of the inch-marks along the edge, follow the space in which it is placed back to the figures under 10 of the inch-marks, where will be seen 11.8, which is read, "eleven feet, eight inches." In like manner, if the board is sixteen inches wide, the result

(under 16 of the inch-marks) is found to be 18.8, or eighteen feet, eight inches. Many other examples might be given.

Try to lead a life as square and true as the tool you work with.

W. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

UP-AND-DOING.

Of course you all have heard about
The Up-and-Doing Land, I know.
Geographies have left it out,
But 't is not very far to go
To find its cities, old and new,
And all its happy people, too;

For Up-and-Doing Land is true,
And not a fairy-land at all;
And all have work enough to do
To keep them busy, great and small:
The Up-and-Doing people are
The busy people, near and far.

The children always find a way
To keep the idle strangers out;
And whether at their work or play,
They're bright and wide-awake, no doubt.
Take warning, when you loiter down
The streets of Up-and-Doing Town.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

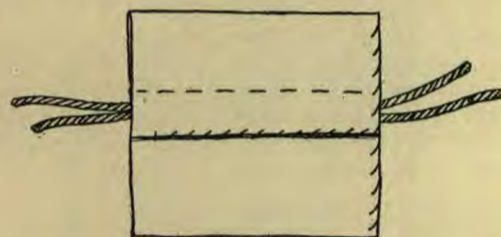


Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

—Mrs. Osgood.

FINISHING THE SEWING-BAG.

Now that the bag is sewed at the side and end, turn down the top for a hem. First turn under the edge, then turn a hem about two and one-half inches wide. Begin at one side, basting the hem the same as you did the sides; then, pointing the needle from you, insert it at the edge of the fold, one third of an inch from



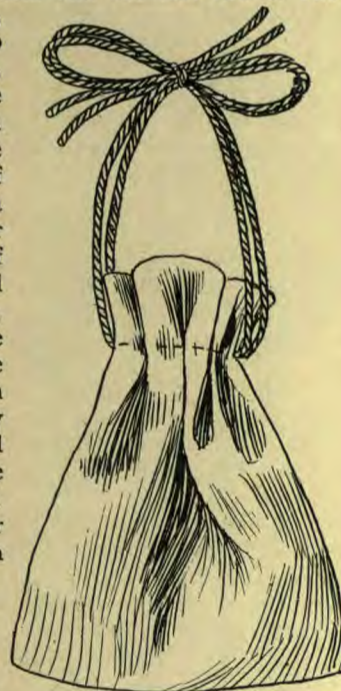
the right-hand end, and bring it out close to the end. Carefully draw the needle through, leaving a little of the thread at the end, to be tucked under the hem, and sewed down with the first stitches. Take up one or two threads of the cloth, insert the needle in the fold of the hem two or three threads to the left, bring it out two or three threads to the left of the place where you insert it, and draw the thread through; take up one or two more threads of the cloth, and continue as before. Be careful to take up only one or two threads at a time.

When the hem is finished, make a place for the draw-string. To do this, insert the needle at the edge of the fold, about three fourths of an inch above the fold of the hem, thus making the place for the string three fourths of an inch wide. Draw the needle through, and baste a line along it, to make it even. Insert the needle as before; draw out and sew along this line of basting with a running-stitch, by passing the needle in and out of the material at regular intervals, taking up two or three threads of the cloth, and passing over the same number.

Make a slit in each side of the bag between the edge of the hem and the last row of running-stitching, for the tape to come through, and overcast the edges of each closely. Take two pieces of tape or ribbon a few inches longer than the width of the bag, thread the tape-needle, and insert in the slit on one side between the hem and cloth; carry it around, and bring it out at the same opening. Thread the other piece, insert it in the other in the same manner, carrying it around, and bringing it out at the same opening in which you inserted it. Press the bag smooth with a warm iron, trim it, tie the ends of the tape, and draw it up.

The bag is now ready for your tools, which should always be kept in it, so you will know just where to find them. Much precious time is lost in looking for things that have been carelessly laid down. Let us be careful in all these little things.

NELLIE V. DICE.





TIMOTHY.

I WONDER how many of you have read the first and second letters of Paul to Timothy. Have you ever noticed how tender and loving these letters are? Paul must have thought a great deal of his "son," as he called Timothy. Was he really Paul's son?—The second verse of the first chapter of the first letter tells us that he was his "son in the faith."

Timothy was a worthy young man: he had been a good boy. He had enjoyed the training of a godly mother and a pious grandmother. But not every boy who has had all these advantages becomes a good man. There is one thing that we must all have in order to please God. Can you tell me what it is?

"Faith in Jesus Christ," I hear some one answer. That is true; for "without faith it is impossible to please him." But there is such a thing as pretending to have faith when we do not have it. If we profess to love Jesus, and do not show love for his children; if we are cross and uncourteous at home, if we are sly and revengeful, we have not true, saving faith, but a feigned faith. This is the opposite of the faith which young Timothy had, and which is so beautifully mentioned in the first chapter and fifth verse of the Second Epistle. He must have been a tender-hearted young man; for the fourth verse of the same chapter mentions his tears. I suppose he did not have a very easy life,—none of the early church had that,—but the Master himself endured far more than any of his followers have been called upon to suffer; for sin causes all the suffering and anguish that has ever cursed our earth, and the Master bore the sins, and therefore the grief, of the whole world.

Probably no small share of the sorrows of Timothy was caused by the cruel and ungrateful manner in which his dear friend and father in the faith was treated; for Paul was a stanch soldier of the cross, and because he did not hesitate to preach the truth, he gained many enemies. "All they which are in Asia," he sorrowfully wrote to Timothy, "be turned away from me." We can easily imagine that the tears of this loving young man flowed faster still as he read the affectionate letter from his absent friend.

This letter was not written alone to Timothy, but to all the followers of that Saviour whom Paul loved. Let us, like Timothy, in youth be students of the holy Word, that it may produce in us, as it did in him, "unfeigned faith," gentleness, love, and an affectionate and sympathetic disposition. "Study to show thyself approved unto God."

Take ye the Bible, and list to its counsel,
So shall it guide you in pathways of right,
Lead your young feet to the city eternal,
Be to your soul like a beacon of light.

Wonderful news of sins borne and forgiven,
Sent from the Father of infinite love;
Angels come bringing the message from heaven,—
Bringing sweet peace from the Master above.

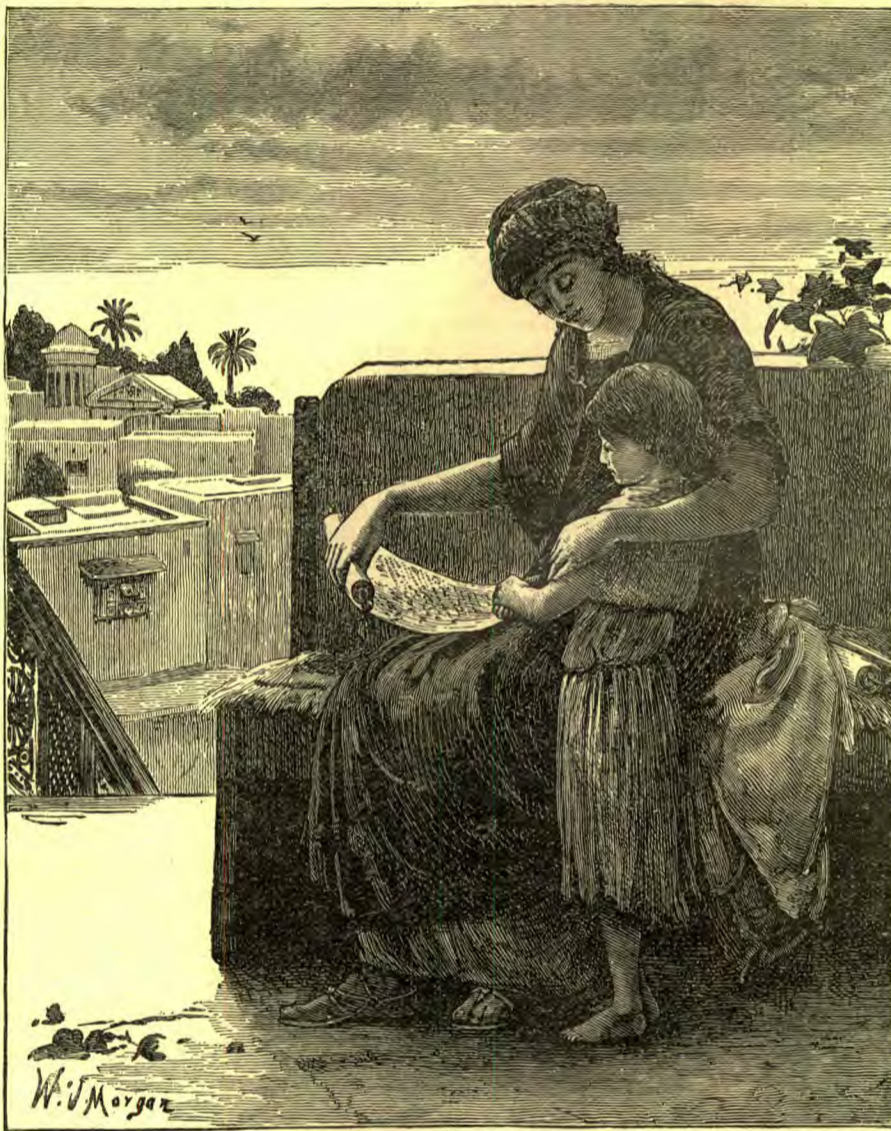
Wonderful plan of a wondrous salvation,
Here in this heaven-sent Record we find;
Let us rejoice in the blest mediation
Of the Redeemer, who died for mankind.

If, like young Timothy, while in life's morning,
Ere o'er the hills shineth life's setting sun,
We but give heed to its counsels and warnings,
We may rejoice o'er the plaudit, "Well done."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

WHAT DICKY HEARD.

A LITTLE boy and a little bug. The boy was Dicky. The bug was little Mistress Tumble-bug, and she was slowly and carefully crawling up a sloping mound of earth, carrying home a bite of something good for her babies' breakfast. But every time she reached the top of the little mound of earth, Dicky would tip her over on her back, when she would roll help-



THE CHILD TIMOTHY AND HIS MOTHER.

lessly down to the bottom again, while Dicky shouted with laughter. It was such fun—so Dicky thought.

The little bug was a courageous and persevering little creature, however. No sooner would she land all in a heap at the bottom than another brave effort to reach the top, would be begun. She would wiggle slowly over to her feet, and begin to crawl up again, only to be tipped over on reaching the top, and to roll down the little hill again. Dicky laughed till the tears stood in his eyes—the little tumble-bug did look so funny, rolling heels over head down-hill! The little bug did not laugh, although I'm not sure but that tears were in her eyes.

She was crawling bravely up the hill for the eleventh time when Dicky heard a whistle close behind him, and turned about in terror to find big Ben Walden reaching for the silky curls that clustered under Dicky's plaid tam-o'-shanter.

Ben was the horror of Dicky's life just now; for he had a way of reaching for those silky curls, taking out his knife, sharpening it carefully on his boot, and pretending to cut the curls off, one by one, counting them carefully

as he pretended to lay them down upon the ground behind Dicky.

It was all so real that the little boy would tremble all over, and cry as if his heart would break. But Ben would laugh, and snatching off Dicky's cap, which was the joy of his heart, would propose to rub it in the dirt, or to cut the top out with his knife.

He finished his "fun"—as he called it—this morning by standing Dicky on his head in the dirt; then went off laughing, with Dicky screaming after him, through his sobs, "It's mean, mean, mean, for a great big fellow to plague a little fellow so!"

Then Dicky rubbed the tears out of his eyes, brushed the dirt off his clothes, and finished just in time to find the little tumble-bug triumphantly reaching the top of the little mound of earth.

Dicky put his finger out quick to tip her over again,—but what do you suppose he thought he heard?—"It's mean, mean, mean, for a great big fellow to plague a little fellow so!" Do you suppose it was the squeaky-voiced little tumble-bug that said it, or something inside of Dicky, that begins with a c-o-n?

Whichever it was, Dicky drew his hand back, stood still a minute, then walked away with a very thoughtful look on the little face under the plaid tam-o'-shanter.—
Youth's Companion.

A VERSE A DAY.

IN one of the Christian "Settlements" in New York City, a little brown envelope is given to every girl and every child on Sunday afternoon. In these envelopes are seven typewritten texts and promises,—one for every day in the week. In many of the homes where these little packages of promises thus go, a Bible would not be allowed to come. Indeed, one girl who had for some time enjoyed these texts, and by this means had come to love the Bible, at length ventured to take a copy of it to her poor home, only to have it thrown into the fire.

In connection with this mission it is related that during the Christmas holidays of 1898, one of the little cash-girls employed in a large store brushed against an expensive glass, which fell to the floor and was broken.

"When that glass fell and broke," she said, "and I knew

that its cost was a dollar and a half, I was so frightened that everything around me grew dark for a moment; I was faint. I said, 'I can never afford to pay for that, and how shall I dare tell my mother?' Then my little text for the day came into my mind, 'I will trust and not be afraid,' and I remembered that God would take care of me, and that he was able to do everything I needed. I kept saying that over and over to myself, and by and by they sent for me to come to the desk, and they did not charge it. The clerk said, 'This is a very busy time, and the store is crowded, and you are generally careful, so I will not charge it against you.' Then I knew that God had taken care of me." Thus God rewarded the faith of this little girl, who was reminded by her text to trust him; and surely Heaven's smiles must have rested in loving approval on the busy clerk at the desk for his courteous thoughtfulness of the child. Perhaps he had a verse for that day, too.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it: toil is the law.—*Ruskin.*

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 2.

(July 8, 1899.)

SERMON ON PURITY; MEETING WITH THE SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN.

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 15: 1-28; Mark 7: 1-30.

Memory Verses.—Mark 7: 21-23.

TIME: A. D. 29. PLACES: Capernaum, region of Tyre and Sidon. PERSONS: Scribes and Pharisees, apostles, Jesus, Syrophenician woman.

QUESTIONS.

1. While Jesus was in Capernaum, who came to him? Matt. 15: 1. In what capacity did they come?—As spies. Upon what customs did these men place much importance? Mark 7: 3, 4. What question did they address to Jesus? Matt. 15: 2. With what question did Jesus meet theirs? V. 3. By what practise were they violating the law of God? Vs. 4-6; note 1.

2. In what words did Jesus describe their character and the nature of their service toward God? Vs. 7-9; note 2. In contrast with their tradition, what truth did Jesus then utter? Vs. 10, 11. What are the things which really corrupt? Mark 7: 21, 22. Are we to understand from Christ's teaching that it matters not what our food is? Note 3.

3. Leaving Capernaum, to what place did Jesus go? Matt. 15: 21. Who came to him here? V. 22; Mark 7: 26; note 4. What was the woman's request? Matt. 15: 22. How did Jesus outwardly receive her petition? What position concerning her did the disciples take? V. 23. As a rebuke to them, what did Jesus say? V. 24; note 5.

4. Notwithstanding the opposition of the disciples, what did the woman do? V. 25. With what word of seeming coldness did Jesus reply? V. 26. Why did he use the term "dogs"? Note 6. Catching the real meaning of Jesus, what touching answer did the woman give? V. 27. What benediction did Jesus then pronounce upon her? V. 28. What did she find, upon returning home? Mark 7: 30.

NOTES.

1. They [the Jewish teachers] taught the people that the devotion of their property to the temple was a duty more sacred than even the support of their parents; and that, however great the necessity, it was sacrilege to impart to father or mother any part of what had been thus consecrated. An undutiful child had only to pronounce the word "Corban" over his property, thus devoting it to God, and he could retain it for his own use during his lifetime, and after his death it was to be appropriated to the temple service. Thus he was at liberty, both in life and in death, to dishonor and defraud his parents.—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pages 396, 397.

2. The Jews pretended to keep the law of God, and were zealous in defending it; but in practise they violated every one of its holy principles. They had the form of godliness, but no power; and, lacking the power of the Holy Spirit, they sought to make up for this lack by multiplying the forms. Even the law of God, through tradition, became to them only a theory, no more than the many useless ceremonies with which they burdened it. Thus they worshiped in vain, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.

3. It is a well-known fact that what man eats and drinks has much to do with his character. Certain kinds of food make feverish blood, which, in turn, makes a feverish brain, and consequently a deranged condition of the entire system. It were foolish indeed to believe that Jesus meant to break down these laws of our being, of which he himself is the author. He was breaking down, rather, the wicked ceremonialism, which was contrary to a righteous life. That we are to observe the laws of health, see 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20; 3: 16, 17; 10: 31; 2 Cor. 7: 1.

4. The woman was by language a Greek, by nationality a Canaanite, and by residence a Syrophenician. See *"The Desire of Ages,"* page 399. Syrophenicia was a sub-province of Syria, and included Phenicia proper, Damascus, and Palmyrene.

5. The expression, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel," was, of course, strictly true; but Jesus included in its scope the entire world. The "house of Israel" includes all who will be gathered from among the Gentiles.

6. The Jews used the term "dogs" as applying to all heathen. The woman understood that she was so regarded; and accepting the fact as truth in her case, she claimed by faith the dog's portion. "Dogs are not left unfed. They have a right to the crumbs that fall from the table."

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 2.

(July 9, 1899.)

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Lesson Scripture.—Dan. 1: 8-21.

Related Passage.—Dan. 1: 1-7.

Golden Text.—Dan. 1: 8.

QUESTIONS.

What can be said of Daniel's genealogy, captivity, and character? What place does his prophecy occupy among the prophecies? Describe Babylon. To what purpose did Daniel adhere in the king's court? How long a time did he suggest to test a vegetarian diet? What did he wish to drink? How did the steward like the result of the experiment? What did God do for Daniel and his companions? What did Daniel become? How long did he continue prominent?

NOTES.

1. The book of Daniel is the fourth and last of the major prophets. The Saviour called attention to it, saying, "Whoso readeth, let him understand." It is of especial interest to the generation now living; for it was to be "sealed till the time of the end." In that time, many shall run to and fro, knowledge shall be increased, and "the wise shall understand." The lesson of abstinence taught by Daniel's example is of especial value to those who would be fitted to stand before the King of kings. The agency by which the book was given to the world, was a Jew of the royal family of Judah. When but a youth, he was carried captive to Babylon, and, with three other Jewish youths, was chosen for the Babylonian court, and educated in all the wisdom of the Chaldeans. He was taken captive in the third year of Jehoiakim's reign (B. C. 609-599), in the time of Nebuchadnezzar. He served in his court, and through the reigns of Belshazzar and Darius, and until the second year of Cyrus, his life covering the entire time of "The Captivity." It is supposed that he died at Susa, or Shushan, in Persia, in his ninety-fourth year. For description of Babylon, see "Thoughts on Daniel," pages 45-47.

2. In accordance with Oriental custom, youths chosen for court training were taken into the palace, and maintained at the king's expense, eating from the royal kitchens, and in all respects treated as members of his vast household. They also received new Babylonian names.—*Geikie.*

3. "Daniel and his friends were far from home, surrounded by wicked persons, in a court where sin was fashionable, yet they lived pure lives. If Daniel could be upright in Babylon, a young man can maintain his character anywhere; and character is an element of success."

4. He had been brought into favor with the "prince of the eunuchs," and the friendly word of the king's servant no doubt went a long way toward the success of his request. At that time the king and his courtiers were free from the narrow, cruel bigotry that seeks to compel men to act contrary to their best convictions.

5. "Purposed in his heart." This purpose was the working of God within,—working in him both to will and to do. The strength of a pure purpose gives boldness (see Acts 4: 18-20). But though possessed of an unalterable purpose, Daniel does not announce it, but courteously requests that he be permitted to carry it out. "Daniel's will was iron, but his manner was velvet."

6. It was frequently the case that the meat used by the kings and princes of heathen nations, who were often the high priests of their religion, was first offered in sacrifice to idols, and the wine they used, poured out as a libation before them; and again, some of the meat of which they made use was pronounced unclean by the Jewish law; and on either of these grounds Daniel could not, consistently with his religion, partake of these articles; hence he requested, not from any morose or sullen temper, but from conscientious scruples, that he might not be obliged to defile himself; and he respectfully made known his request to the proper officer.—*"Thoughts on Daniel,"* page 29, edition of 1897.

7. In ten days Daniel and his companions were fairer and fatter than those who were nourished from the king's table. They did not need to preach health reform; for their countenances revealed the benefit of their diet. In intellectual test, also, they were ten times better than the magicians. Salvation means harmony with law; and this harmony will tell its own benefits, physically, mentally, spiritually.

8. The object of Daniel's captivity was to reveal the character of the true God and the benefit of his worship. Abraham, Joseph, Daniel, Job, are representatives of the ministry of all God's people in the world. They are to be "the light of the world," "the salt of the earth," "a savor of life unto life." The temperance shown in Daniel's character is the very groundwork of true Christian success. He denied his appetite, lived in harmony with God's directions, abstained entirely from stimu-

lants, practised self-control, and reaped gloriously in intellectual and spiritual wealth. He was "greatly beloved" of God and honored of men.

9. One of the signs of the last days is unlawful indulgence of appetite. To us comes the lesson of Daniel's example, as to no other age. The victims of gluttony and strong drink can hardly be numbered. Those who shall stand before the King of kings will be those who have not defiled themselves with the unlawful stimulants of this time. They will not be found "eating and drinking with the drunken." The flesh of animals is becoming unsafe for food, as it is infected with tuberculosis and other dreadful diseases, and the fate of the drunkard surely is enough to warn men from the intoxicating cup. In spiritual eating and drinking, we should choose, as did Daniel, the seed, which is the word of God, and so avoid that which is sacrificed to devils, and the wine of Babylon.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Immigration Increasing.—During the last six months of 1897, 125,283 immigrants landed in this country, nearly 26,000 more than came during the corresponding period of 1897. Italy furnishes a larger number of immigrants than any other country, the figures for the principal countries for a specified period being: Italy, 20,616; Russia, 12,323; Ireland, 10,362; Germany, 9,483; Switzerland, 6,995; England, 5,672; and Hungary, 3,585. Germany, Ireland, and Sweden furnish more women than men; but with the other countries the disparity is on the other side.

China's Postal System.—It is said that China still has the old-fashioned custom of private letter-carrying. When a Chinaman wishes to send a letter, he goes to a letter-shop, and bargains for its transmission. He pays two thirds of the cost, leaving the receiver to pay the remainder on delivery. The letter is then stamped with the mark of the shop, and sent on. It is said that there are four hundred letter-shops in Shanghai. Letters sent in this way travel by runners or mounted men at a rate of from one hundred to two hundred miles a day.

A Graven Image.—In the church of Ara Coeli at Rome is carefully kept a painted wooden doll, called the Bambino. It was carved from a block of olive-wood in the sixteenth century, and is supposed to represent the Child Jesus. This image is the object of great devotion, is richly dressed, and receives many gifts and legacies. A carriage and a jeweled crown are among its belongings. Miraculous powers are attributed to it, and it is often carried to the bedside of the suffering. Such image-worship is not one whit ahead of that of the most benighted heathen who bows in worship before some hideous idol that represents his idea of God.

The Cigarette Habit.—Many have written of the power of this habit, but only those who have been enslaved by this strong master can really understand the extent of the force with which he surrounds his victims. Recently a young man in Newark, N. J., who was a great lover of cigarettes, went to bed late after a night's dissipation, with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. He fell asleep before it was consumed. About two o'clock he was awakened by unpleasant sensations, and found his bed on fire, and himself severely burned. The fire was soon extinguished, and a physician was summoned to care for the victim. If boys were forced into such slavery, enough could not be said against it; but as they take it upon themselves, it is allowed to continue with but little resistance.

Locusts as Food.—According to the *Chicago Tribune*, whole wagon-loads of locusts are brought to the market in Fez, in the northern part of Morocco, as they form a regular article of food for the Moors inhabiting this part of North Africa. The locusts are eaten in every style,—pickled, salted, simply dried, smoked,—any way except raw. The negroes on the northern coast of Africa prefer locusts to pigeons, and eat from two to three hundred at a sitting. They remove head, wings, and legs, boil them half an hour in water, then add salt, pepper, and vinegar. Locusts are prepared in a similar way at other points in Africa and Asia. These habits seem strange to us; but the habit common in this country, of taking shell-fish from the mud of the sea-bottom, and eating them without cleaning, might seem just as strange to these locust-eaters.



WHAT HAVE I DONE?

DAY after day Heaven, listening, hears men cry:
 "What have I done that such a fate as this
 Should follow me? What have I done amiss
 That clouds of care should darken all my sky?
 That pain should pierce, and that shrewd poverty
 Should pinch me in that grievous grip of his,
 What time I tremble over the abyss,
 And long for death, yet, longing, dare not die?"

But when does Heaven, listening, hear men say:
 "What have I done that in the blue-domed skies
 The evening star should shine, the spring clouds
 move,
 The world be white with innocence that May
 Has set afield, and God in children's eyes,
 To win our hearts to wonder at his love?"

—Julie M. Lippman.

HE IS JUST THE SAME.

DO YOU know, dear INSTRUCTOR readers, that there are many professed Christians who really believe that God is not so powerful as he used to be? When they hear any one say he believes in faith-healing, they say, "Oh, God does not heal people nowadays!" And that is not the worst of it. When they hear of a case of healing in answer to prayer, they say, "Oh, well! I should have to see it before I would believe it!" or they declare that the person who was healed was "not really ill, just nervous," etc.

Don't such people know that it is just as wonderful to heal a sin-sick soul as to cure the body, which suffers because of sin? For my part, I believe that God honors genuine faith, and answers its prayer.

We may all be kept in health by living a life of faith, and we should trust God for our daily health, just as we trust him for our daily bread. If, however, one is taken sick through ignorance of the laws of health, or on account of carelessness, one might wish a regularly trained physician to diagnose the disease, and aid nature in restoring to health. Many times when doctors have pronounced a case hopeless, God has taken it in hand, and healed those given up to invalidism or death. I have heard of many such cases, given in testimony in meetings of the Christian Alliance, and believed them all; but one has come under my personal notice in this city [Providence, R. I.], and this strengthens my belief that the Great Physician still practises.

About four years ago one of our relatives lived next door to a Mr. B., who had his residence and a small store in the same house. My little boy used frequently to go to see his aunt, and thus became acquainted with Mr. B., who took a fancy to him, and finally asked him to work in his store during vacation. The child was a friendly disposed little fellow, and soon made the acquaintance of Mrs. B., who asked him about his home and family. Among other things she was informed that "mama wrote stories." Then Mrs. B. said: "Won't you ask your mother to come and see my daughter? She is interested in literary work, and she is an invalid. She would be so glad to see her."

In a few days, therefore, I went over to see auntie, stepped into the next house, and introducing myself, repeated the message that Mrs. B. had sent.

She was very cordial, and took me at once to her daughter's room. I found a bright little lady in bed, with a thin, pale face, and large, dark, intelligent eyes. We were congenial spirits, and before long she had given me an account of her illness and her hopeless condition. It seems that during an illness of her mother's, several years before, she had lifted something, and had injured herself. She realized at the time that she had hurt herself, but told no one; and as she was able to go about, and did not suffer acutely at first, she

went on with her work and her plans, not realizing her danger. Soon afterward she went to Paris to study art, where she worked several hours each day at her easel. Though suffering agonies, she remained there and at work for more than a year.

On her return, somewhat rested and desirous of repaying part of the expense of her art study, she obtained a position to teach Latin, and managed to teach during part of the year, when she broke down altogether, and had a severe illness. It was then that the physicians discovered the injury that she had received two years before, and they said that she could never get well without an operation; but if that was successful, she would recover her health. She submitted to the operation, and the doctors said it was successful, and promised that in a few weeks she might get up.

But when the time came, it was found that the operation had *not* been successful, and Miss B. could not walk a step without great suffering, followed by extreme weakness and nervousness. She waited for weeks, and then tried again, with the same result. So for over a year she had been confined to her room, and most of the time to her bed, suffering great pain, and nearly wild with a nervousness which, with all her determination, she could not control. She grew weaker. The doctors tried different medicines and different treatments, but could not help her, and did not dare say they could cure her. She was a devoted Christian, and was trying to resign herself to helpless invalidism until death should release her.

Thus I found her on my first visit, and thus I found her at each visit for several months. I went in often to talk with her, and found her so bright and sweet and cheerful that it was a great pleasure to go.

One day in February my husband's mother went over to see her sister, and on her return she said to me, "Miss B. was out walking to-day."

"Impossible!" I cried, "she can't walk a step! She hasn't left her room for over a year."

"I can't help that," said mother; "she was out in the yard, walking off as briskly as you could."

The next day found me at Mrs. B.'s door. She met me, and we sat down for a chat. Finally I said, "How is Miss B. to-day?"

She looked surprised, and replied, "Why, haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Hattie is well,—as well as you, or I, or anybody!" she said, with a glad smile.

I begged her to tell me all about it; and she said that, having become discouraged with the results of the doctor's efforts, and having heard of a man who had often helped sick people, she had asked the doctor if it would not be a good idea to send for him, and see if he could help her. The doctor told her to do so by all means; for he thought perhaps the man could help the invalid's nervousness. So Mrs. B. sent for him. He came, a pleasant, kind-appearing gentleman, and after being introduced to the invalid, began to talk to her.

He told her that his belief was that Christ is the same to-day as when he walked the earth, and healed all who came to him; that we can claim his promises if we fully trust; that if our minds are in harmony with God's mind and laws, we are well and happy; but if we get out of harmony, by any means, we are liable to be sick; that sickness is the result of sin; and that health may be regained by putting ourselves right with God, and then claiming the promises, believing that whatever we ask in faith, nothing doubting, we shall receive.

Miss B. was, as I have said, a devout Christian, so she easily agreed with his statements, and was able to claim healing. Mr. T. called on her several times, but it was after his first call that she trusted, arose from her bed, and walked about her room. She returned to her bed and rested, and the next morning went down-stairs to breakfast. Later she went out in the yard to walk, and in about two weeks she was dressed, and out making calls. In fact, she was out calling when I arrived; but

she came in before her mother had finished telling the wonderful story. I had never seen her out of bed before, and the change was striking. When I had last seen her, she was pale and helpless. Now she stood before me, bright and smiling, and moving about as easily as any one. She repeated what her mother had told me, and added much of her experience that no one else could tell. She said that one night after she had completely given herself up to the Great Physician, she distinctly felt the healing touch, and ever since then she had felt perfectly strong where before she was so weak.

For three years since the day I was surprised by this good news, I have known Miss B.; and she has been perfectly well, and full of a calm sweetness that but few possess. She has done a great deal of work, too. She has written and published a book; filled the duties of a secretaryship; called regularly on many sick persons, in order to help them as she was helped, and corresponded with others; edited a department in a religious magazine; belonged to a literary club; and taken up her painting again,—all this in addition to the numberless little things that all women find to do.

How was Miss B. cured? The physicians did not cure her, and are astonished at her recovery. Mr. T. does not claim that he cured her; but he does claim that she was healed by the power of God, in answer to believing prayer, and that any one who has faith can help another receive the blessing of healing.

The record says that Christ healed all who came to him: "Great multitudes followed him, and he healed them all." Will he heal the sick to-day? We may not have faith enough to trust entirely, but the failure is ours, not his.

MRS. F. A. REYNOLDS.

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A CONSTANT watch must be kept against the outcropping of self in our work. A selfish motive takes the bloom and beauty from the kindest deed.

AT the present time there are two thousand five hundred Roman Catholic priests in England. Fifty years ago there were only six hundred and twenty.

ONE may "work for" a home among the "many mansions" with a purely selfish motive, just as he would work for a beautiful home in this world—with this difference: he might obtain the one, but never the other. Only "love goes through the gate,"—love for God, that comes from the love of God shed abroad in the heart. This love will find its expression in working for others.

"WHAT is *your* idol?" is the startling question printed under the picture of a heathen bowed in worship before a hideous stone image. It is a pertinent inquiry; and brings to mind the fact that idolatry is not confined to image-worship. Pride, covetousness, secret sin, love of the world,—all these may become idols if cherished in the heart; and it is just as true of such an idolater as of him who "maketh a graven image, and falleth down thereto, . . . and prayeth unto it," that "he feedeth on ashes,"—a poor substitute indeed for the bread of life. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

EVERY one who is interested in the Sabbath-school lessons for this year should have "The Desire of Ages" to read in connection with his study. The most conscientious work has been done on this book in every detail, and no pains nor expense spared to make its mechanical features worthy of the Life it records. But take away the artistic cover, the hundreds of illustrations, and all that goes to make the book attractive to the eye, its intrinsic merit would still remain, and its words of admonition, comfort, and counsel be just as invaluable "to the great family for whom our Elder Brother lived and died." Occasional paragraphs from "The Desire of Ages" appear in the notes on the lessons, but you miss a blessing if you do not have the whole chapter to read on the topic. Published by the Review and Herald Pub. Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and by the Pacific Press Pub. Co., Oakland, Cal.

TO BE "poor in spirit" is entirely contrary to the world's standards of success: "poor spirited,"—the very term is regarded as a reproach! Nevertheless the leading beatitude says of such that "theirs is the kingdom of heaven." They show their citizenship, too, never pushing themselves forward, trying to attract attention, looking for slights, picking a quarrel, nor flying into a passion over some fancied injury. Their association is a blessing and inspiration, and their friendship a great gift. The meek and lowly Saviour is their pattern, and his kingdom is also theirs.

"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Here is laid down a principle in giving that is too often lost sight of: the acceptable gift comes only from the heart where Love dwells. No room in that heart for unkind thoughts against one's neighbor, for anger, harshness, or evil-surmising. If it chance that these are found, they must be put away. After reconciliation, offer your gift; and the love that prompts it will make it acceptable.

AN UNFORTUNATE SPECULATION.

GREED for gain sometimes oversteps the boundaries of prudence, and defeats itself. This was the case with a Texan, whom we will call Perkins. Seized with the speculative fever, he thought he saw an opportunity to make a fortune in goats. The result of the venture is thus chronicled by the *Detroit News*:

Just after the lifting of the blockade Mr. Perkins's partner was in Havana. The house was considering chances to make money there. Perkins had been in Havana, and knew that the people ordinarily used goats' milk. He telegraphed from Texas, "What could you do with a few goats?" The partner cabled back: "Might try a hundred."

A hundred! This set Mr. Perkins wild. If a hundred could be used, a good many more could be. He bought five thousand goats in Texas at a dollar apiece, and loaded them on a steamer. His partner, dumbfounded to find such an army on his hands, went to see the butchers, and told them what a nice consignment he had.

The butchers were very poor, and so were the people of Havana, and all they could offer him for the goats was fifty cents apiece. In spite of the most persevering efforts, that was all he could get for them. He consulted Perkins by cable, and it was agreed to sell the goats, pocket the loss of twenty-five hundred dollars, and let it go at that. The partner went to get the goats, and then found that the Spanish custom-house authorities demanded two dollars apiece before the goats should be landed! He did everything he could to evade this charge, but quite in vain. That night he went aboard the steamer and tried to stampede the goats off the deck into Havana harbor. The goats had too much sense to be frightened into suicide. Every one of them remained aboard. He took the steamer to Jamaica, and not one of them was wanted there.

Here the captain of the vessel said that he could not stand it any longer, as the goats were eating up his rigging, and he was afraid they would eat up the whole ship. Then they steamed back to New Orleans, and here they were not permitted to land, as the quarantine authorities held that the goats had had an opportunity to become infected with the germs of yellow fever in Havana. It took a great deal of expensive cabling and a long delay to get them released at last, and obtain permission to land the goats, and give them away at New Orleans.

Thus ended what was, perhaps, the most unprofitable speculation of its size in history.



SOME EVERY-DAY EXPRESSIONS.

"APPLE-PIE order" is an expression often used to describe the neat arrangement of a library, a room, etc. Some years ago the origin of the phrase was under discussion, and it was decided that it should be "alpha-beta order;" that is, "alphabetical order."

The origin of the motto, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," supposed by many to be in the Bible, is unknown.

"To make a cat's-paw" of another is to use him to do something disagreeable that we do not wish to do for ourselves. The expression is drawn from the fable of the monkey, who, having roasted some chestnuts, caught a cat, and used her paw to rake them from the fire.

"Humble-pie." In feudal times, when the lord of the castle and his honored guests were served with venison pastry, the "umbles," or entrails, of the deer were made into "umble-pie" for the servants and those who sat "below the salt." This led to applying the phrase to those occupying an inferior position.

The expression "O. K.," as used in this country, is supposed to have originated with old John Jacob Astor, whose shrewd good sense and sound judgment were highly valued by his friends. He was supposed to know the commercial soundness of other traders, and was often referred to by those who wished to make a safe investment. When he wished to indorse the standing of some person, he would write across the note of inquiry concerning him the letters "O. K.," which he supposed to be the initials for "all correct," and in this sense they are used to-day.

The raising and lowering of a ship's flag in saluting is regulated by pegs. When special honor is to be paid, the flag is raised to its highest. "To take down a peg," therefore, means to lower the dignity.

The word "news" is by some supposed to be formed of the first letters of the words, "north," "east," "west," "south."

A PRONUNCIATION DRILL.

THOUGH the following words are in every-day literary use, and are said to involve no case of disputed pronunciation, not many persons can correctly pronounce the whole list at the first trial. Consult a standard dictionary in regard to all the words you are in doubt about,—and perhaps it would be well to look up those you are "almost sure" of. The result will surprise you. To be able to pronounce correctly the sixty-six words in this list is a good beginning to that correct speech that marks the person of culture:—

interesting	mock	vocables
inquiry	goddess	pestle
oyer	vagary	visor
terminer	bade	flaccid
indisputable	reptile	lithographer
heinous	servile	tribune
pageant	rapine	seine
juvenile	pretense	gaunt
extraordinary	hiatus	futile
pedestal	precedence	docile
directing	precedent	pathos
spectators	simultaneously	ordeal
tiara	gross	virago
carat	railery	alias
nonchalance	promulgate	vaccine
leisure	anarchism	scabious
maniacal	probity	desuetude
laundress	predilection	obsession
squalor	patronage	irrevocable
detestation	dilate	inventory
hideous	glaciers	asylum
grimaces	franchise	homicidal

THE longest word in the English language is "proantitransubstantiationist," a jointed word of twenty-eight letters. "Transubstantiation-ness" is the next longest.