

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 27.

Phases of Life in the Orient

A MALAY VILLAGE.

In the Malay Archipelago there are several branches of the race inhabiting different sections, possessing local characteristics and distinct languages, but all belonging to the great family of Malay peoples. In the picture of a Malay village, in No. 8, Feb. 23, we have the typical Malay house. This village is inhabited by Bugis (Boo'-gees), natives of Celebes. If you will turn to your geographies, and look at the map of the East Indies, you will see that Celebes lies to the east of the great island-continent of Borneo, and extends on each side of the equator. It is situated in the middle of the tropics, and its shores are bathed by the tepid waters of a shallow sea. It is rough and mountainous, and is inhabited by a warlike and daring race, who are renowned for their skill as seamen. This applies only to the navigation of the boats which they themselves construct; but with these they face heavy seas and strong winds, and weather gales that would easily swamp boats of equal size in Western waters.

The Bugis are great traders, and ply between Celebes and the large European trading-ports of this region for purposes of traffic. They have also penetrated all regions of the archipelago. Some of their boats are constructed something after the fashion of a brigantine. The seafaring qualities of these are by no means insignificant, and they are capable of a high rate of speed. Other boats are designed for less extensive voyages, and still other smaller ones are used only for local navigation. Passenger-boats are supplied with awnings made of sword-grass, supported by slender poles. The speed with which these boats travel is indeed marvelous. They sit lightly upon the water, and are so constructed that a minimum

amount of energy is expended in their propulsion.

The Malays are not only great sailors, but also great swimmers. Their fondness for the water accounts for their building their habita-



MALAY "KAMPONG," OR VILLAGE, IN THE JUNGLE.

tions so near it, as in this case. Malay children learn to swim at an early age, and any but a Malay mother would never permit her little ones out of her sight in such habitations as these; for they would be morally certain to be drowned in less than twenty-four hours. But with the Malays there is no occasion for anxiety; for when a child is old enough to walk, it very soon thereafter is old enough to swim. A disobedient boy, fleeing from paternal wrath, would not hesitate to plunge into the sea to escape a "tanning;" and Malay mothers have been known to kick their children into the water for no other purpose than to teach them good manners.

You will be interested to know something about the construction of these houses. The

roofs are invariably made of palm-leaf thatch, while the walls are usually constructed of thin boards. In remote parts of the archipelago the natives use the same material for the sides that they use for the roof; or if their circumstances will permit, they make a wall of split bamboo, woven into a sort of basket-work, which is both strong and attractive in appearance. To American children the interior of these dwellings would appear very bare and ill-furnished; but the Malay boy, never having known anything different, is just as happy and contented as any of my readers, in their more pretentious homes. When he sleeps, his bed is the floor, with only a grass mat under him and the thinnest of blankets over him, and his pillow is made of cotton, tightly packed into a cover; or else, as is often the case with the poorer classes, it is made of slits of bamboo

stretched across two boards, held apart by a round stick in the middle. When he rises in the morning, and is called to breakfast, he sits cross-legged on the floor, and eats his rice from a banana leaf with his fingers. Knives and forks and spoons — in fact, dishes of any character — are rarely used, except to hold the food, or for drinking purposes. The furniture of one of these houses could be made into a bundle and carried on a man's back. It is common for some of these Malay tribes, particularly in Borneo, to move the entire village, houses and all, to a more favorable location, where the soil is fertile, and game more abundant.

Perhaps you have read that the Malay native sits in his doorway, and fishes by throwing his line first into the water and then into the kitchen, with a member of the finny tribe attached; but this is largely fiction. The fellows who inhabit this village would fast long and well if they depended for their daily food upon the fish they might catch in the waters that surround their huts. They rise long before dawn, and in one of their smaller boats make their way six or eight miles out into the deep waters of the straits, where some of the finest fish that swim are daily caught for the market.

R. W. MUNSON.

(Conclusion in next number.)

REJOICE at the good of others.



THE VOICE OF LOVE.

LONG, sunshiny country road, lying like a streak of gold in the shady wood to the left, and to the right a succession of hills, which gradually become more elevated until the far-away peaks of the Blue Ridge are outlined against the sky,—this is the delightful view upon which I gazed from beneath the cool shade of a large tree. It was a beautiful spot, and well-beloved of birds. The saucy robin chatted volubly as he gaily flitted to and fro among the branches overhead, scolding me for thinking I was early, when he had been frolicking among the trees for hours. The robin is a bird of decided opinions. Like sparks of golden sunlight, the little yellow-birds, or American goldfinches, bound through the air, singing their sweet songs, the very embodiment of gladness. Now the swallows sweep by in pairs, darting, wheeling, diving, and chattering; an oriole flashes past, or sings from a neighboring tree-top; and a cardinal-bird, looking like a bright flower on the dead limb he has chosen, pours out his heart in song.

As I listened to the delightful music of the birds, in whose chorus even the harsh notes of the blue jay, discordant indeed when heard alone, blended harmoniously, I was led to reflect that all this harmony is only a part of the triumphant strain sung by all nature. The sun that floods the earth with golden light; the stars that glow in the heavens, upheld by a never-failing power; the miracle of the spring, making the bare earth blossom as the rose; the little brown sparrow and the wayside daisy,—all sing the praises of Him who, with infinite wisdom, has fashioned them so beautifully. As I gazed at the tranquil scene before me, my heart was filled with gladness; and like a strain of music came the words of the promise: "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace."

EVA M. CARTER.

THE CONVERSION OF FRANÇOIS COPPEE.

In the preface to his last volume, "La Bonne Souffrance," François Coppée, one of the most brilliant French writers, relates his conversion, or what he calls "the transformation which took place in my soul." He found, in the gospel, God as a Saviour and a Father, and his whole being was filled with light and peace. I am sure you will enjoy his beautiful testimony, which I will endeavor to relate in his own words:—

"Toward the decline of my life, and when suffering reappeared, I had the happiness, although I had badly used the time of prosperity and the favors showered upon me by God, of receiving a ray of his divine grace, which restored to me the consolation of prayer and faith. My conversion was rapid, but not sudden nor accompanied with extraordinary circumstances. It must be attributed only to divine grace; for when I compare my present state with what I was only a few months ago, I am stupefied in face of such a change, which appears to me as nothing less than miraculous. The benefit that we may all receive from this change is within the reach of all. In order to obtain it, it is sufficient to ask for it with a humble and submissive heart.

"Although my intellectual life has been filled almost wholly with literary work and care for my art, I have been at times troubled, as every thinking man is, by the great mystery which constantly surrounds us, and have asked myself: 'Why is life? why death? and above all,

Why suffering? why tears?' In view of these formidable problems, the human mind has arrived at only uncertain and contradictory solutions. None satisfied me; those who deny a God who sees and judges us, those who reject our responsibility toward a future life, were always and especially distasteful to me. In view of so much injustice, the supposition that the good and evil done by men bear their only consequences in this world, appeared to me entirely absurd. In other words, I have always felt the need of God. To believe in God and in a responsible soul, is assuredly but a minimum of spiritual life; and yet, however cold or meager this religious sentiment may be, it suffices to keep many in their respective duties and conditions of life.

"My conscience, especially for a few years, was more exacting. Every time when I thought of my last days, and tried to judge myself as God would judge me, I was not satisfied. When I summoned up my past, I had often to blush, and felt the weight and heavy burden of my sins. Through weakness as well as through cowardice I did not reform. The God of all kindness had in store for me a far better than a hasty and timid repentance,—'the repentance of the hour of eternity.'

"The improvement in my physical condition was of but short duration; and only through the introduction of a new method of treatment was I once more stopped at the doorway of death. This relapse obliged me to keep in painful quietness for many long days, some of them extremely hard to endure. It was then that my mind turned more than ever toward serious thoughts. Having examined my life with the most scrupulous severity, I was disgusted, and abhorred myself; and at this time my spiritual adviser gave me the following prescription: 'Pray only,' said he, 'and read the gospel.'

"During the following weeks and months of my convalescence, which I spent mostly in bed or in my room, I lived with the gospel; and little by little every line of this Book of Life became alive indeed to me. In every word of the gospel I have seen the truth shine like a star. I have felt its throb like the beat of my heart. Why shall I not henceforth believe in miracles and mysteries, when just now one has been performed within me?

"My soul was blind to the light of faith; but now it sees it in all its beauty and splendor: it was deaf to the word of God; now it hears it in all its sweet persuasion everywhere: it was paralyzed with indifference; now it soars toward heaven with all its might, and the impure demons that troubled and possessed me are chased away forever. All this only by prayer and faith. 'According to your faith be it unto you.'

"Two years ago, when in comparatively good health, I felt with terror the approach of the infirmities of old age; to-day, as it prematurely oppresses me, I greet it with courage, almost with joy, because I do not fear it any more, having learned in the gospel the art of suffering and dying. I have tried to become like those little children of whom our Lord said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom.' I have listened to the divine Word with as much simplicity as did the fishermen of Tiberias, to whom Jesus spoke, seated at the prow of the ship. An imperious desire drew me to God. I have not resisted, but have allowed myself to be guided; in one word, I have obeyed, and to-day I taste the joy of obedience."

Dear young friends, has your soul undergone such a transformation? Have you followed the still, small voice of Jesus, which says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," and pleads: "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? If not, remember that "now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

C. V. S. BOETTGER.

Ottawa, Ontario.
"IV, U."

"THE ready never wait long for opportunities."



THE BEST THINGS ARE GIFTS.

If sunshine were to be bought by the square inch, how eager we should be to possess it! How readily we would economize, and deny ourselves in other things, if only we might fill our homes with sunbeams! But while God gives them to us in such abundance, we are quite likely to draw down the shades, for fear this heavenly gold will take away some of the brightness from our house-furnishings.

If the small courtesies and kindnesses which have so much to do with our home happiness, were the result only of long effort and training, how earnestly we would strive to cultivate them! Like the student or the artist who devotes years of life to developing some especial ability, we would work hard to cultivate the grace of sweet and courteous manners. But since they need only a little thought and care, we fail to realize their worth.

Flowers which grow outdoors without receiving any special care, are usually looked upon as weeds by those who tread them underfoot. In another climate, where the same plant needs the most careful cultivation, it is prized and cherished. And this fact illustrates a decided weakness of human nature. We should be very much wiser, as well as vastly happier, if we could learn to appreciate the things that come to us without any special effort on our part. It is for trifles that we toil and struggle and waste our lives. The best things are to be had for the taking.—*Young People's Weekly.*

CONDITIONS OF WATER.

I.

THE clouds, heavy with moisture, hover around the mountain's brow; and soon the chill winds condense the vapory mass, and let fall the crystal drops in showers to the earth. How the parched ground drinks in the bountiful drafts, and all vegetation, refreshed, lifts leaf and blossom in grateful recognition of the Heaven-sent bounty.

Observe how the copious floods sink down in the soil, reaching the rootlets of every herb and tree, each plant instinctively selecting its own peculiar food-element.

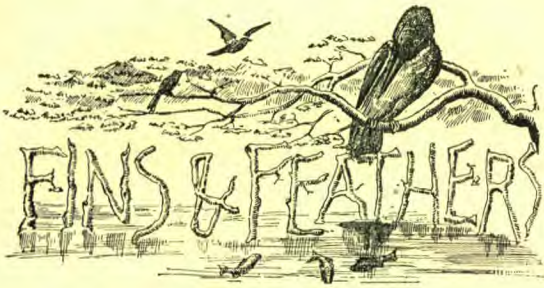
The waters flow on, on, through sand and rocky fissure, gathering volume and force, and burst out on the slopes in beautiful fountains, rippling streams dancing along hillside and valley, forming springs and cascades; then hastening on, the rills and brooks, according to the Creator's law, never resting, increase to rushing rivers, hurrying on to the mighty sea. Here they blend with the restless, rolling waves, joining in the deafening, solemn song proclaiming the creative power that first gathered the sea in bounds, that the dry land might appear.

This vast storehouse of waters seems first in time in the great work of creation. Connected with this, we trace the phenomena by which the land is supplied for all the needs of plants and animals. The heat of the sun, falling on the vast expanse of waters, is ever raising vapor, visible or invisible, which accumulates in masses of visible clouds, again ready to pour down their fulness on the earth.

Wherever we turn our eyes in the varied fields of nature, we find the beautiful and wonderful to admire; but when we stand by the boundless, deep, surging sea, we are solemnly impressed with a sense of the presence, power, and majesty of the great Creator, who upholds and guides the universe. O wonderful deep! where brooded the Spirit of God in the mystery of darkness,—that primeval night before creation's morning shone forth upon the world.

Says the psalmist, "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."

MRS. S. M. SPICER.



INSUBORDINATION IN THE THRUSH FAMILY.

EARLY one morning in the middle of June I was an unwelcome but interested witness at the début of a family of young wood-thrushes. The nest was situated on the horizontal fork of an oak limb branching from the trunk some twenty feet from the ground, the fork being fully ten feet distant from the center of the tree. The nest was large, and well-shaded with oak leaves, only two points commanding a clear view of it. Two large heads and two pairs of yellow-rimmed eyes peered over its edge when first noticed. The male bird soon came and fed the owners of the eyes. He was followed shortly by the female, who, seeing me, thought it prudent to remain, and first perched on the edge of the nest, then covered her large babies completely with her body. Against this latter precaution they obviously rebelled, and presently two red-brown heads struggled up into a squeezed position between the rim of the nest and the creamy, spotted breast. She was clearly thwarting rising ambition; for soon she was obliged to rise to her feet and stand over the turbulent oppressed, while the nursery rearranged itself more comfortably, when she settled down to stay.

The male next came and fed the youngsters; and as he touched the outer threshold, like an arrow from a bow the female was off and away. She doubtless thought he would care for, and keep intact, the contents of the home; but having ministered to its wants, he seemingly had business down-town, and soon disappeared. Instantaneously, on his departure, the eldest member of the brood arose, shook himself, and unhesitatingly plunged a short, wavering distance into the future, fluttering a few feet from the nest, where he stood motionless on a small limb, breathing hard, and staring about with wondering eyes.

The exit of No. 1 was plainly a relief to No. 2., who rose higher in the family circle; puffed out his feathers freely; stretched, with the stiff, weary expression of having spent several nights in a sleeping-car berth; and prodded his bill diligently into his feathered flesh, making a careful toilet, with the exception of his ruddy head. This he did not touch, and it continued to bear its feathers fiercely erect, in ludicrous contrast to the meek expression of his unaccustomed young eyes. It seemed as if this young thrushling could not get enough of stretching, and his evident comfort aroused heartfelt sympathy for what must have been his previous cramped condition. Now, in turn, a third head came to view beside his, and the nest, to all appearance, was as full as before.

Mother thrush was now returning, and I was curious to see how she would accept the changed state of affairs in the nursery. As she neared the oak, No. 1 fluttered a short distance farther away from the nest, and I lost sight of him; for, amazing to relate, No. 2's young idea was ripe for flight; and, swifter than thought, he was away, straight, unswervingly, through the upper foliage full thirty yards before he settled slowly to the ground!

Instead of awaiting the scene of maternal consternation that surely ensued, I made the mistake of following the astonishing first flight of No. 2, and returning from a fruitless search, found that the mother had firmly and uncompromisingly set herself down upon the nest and the remaining two urchins, having made up her mind that they were not to be permitted the chance of following the mad example of their brothers. Interested to see what her success would be, and whether they were to be starved into submission, I went again, about five o'clock in the afternoon, only to find, in accordance with my expectations, an empty nest, an outgrown cradle. The point of rebellion had come to the whole brood, and they were scattered abroad in the forest, whose enchantments had long wooed their peeping eyes.

Small blame to the parent bird, however, considering the matter from a practical point of view, if she worked hard to keep her babies in the nest. With the empty mouths gathered within

shy bird. Finally all trace of him was lost; and we went on over the hillside, arguing, from what we had seen, that he was either a fox-sparrow or a brown thrush. The sparrow was more probable from the time of year; in fact, a brown thrush had never been seen in Massachusetts in winter. Fox-sparrows, on the other hand, are not so shy, would hardly look so large, and so on.

Suffice it to say that the chance of its being a thrush was sufficient to bring us to the spot two days later. It was a beautiful sloping hillside, known to us for many winter-birds. It was bounded by fir-woods and orchards, and covered with large deciduous trees and clumps of short cedars. Stone walls cut it in various directions, and two little streams flowed by. Along one of these stone walls a brown thrasher jumped up with a loud "chuck," and flew clumsily off a short distance.

Poor bird! we began to conjecture what had caused him to stay behind,—a young bird lost on the journey; or perhaps he had been shot in the wing and disabled. He soon showed signs of embarrassment under our fixed stare, and flew a little farther off. As he lighted, we noticed that his left wing drooped. This was probably the explanation of his staying behind, and remaining so persistently in the same spot. Some mischievous small boy or marauding Italian had broken his wing.

If this was the explanation, the wing was by this time healed sufficiently to permit short flights; and these the bird indulged in, not wishing to make friends too easily. So far, the ground was bare, and no doubt bugs were plenty; but one day a heavy snow-storm came, leaving a crust on top hard enough to walk on. We thought of the thrush at once, and set out to encourage him. He was sitting on one of the lower limbs of a cedar, looking the picture of discontent. Probably benumbed with cold and hunger, he allowed us to approach, looking at us with keen, bright, suspicious eyes. Without disturbing him, we laid a few crumbs on the snow, and withdrew behind two cedars.

He puffed out his feathers, craned his neck forward, flopped down on the snow, and hopped cautiously toward the crumbs, looking suspiciously at us. He tasted one, liked it, ate another, then another and another, till they were all gone. Bayberries were the only other possible food we could think of not covered by the deep snow.

From this first snowfall till early March the ground was not once bare; and regularly three or four times a week we brought provisions, consisting of Indian meal, meal-

worms, meat chopped fine, and bread-crumbs. The meal, soaked in water or milk, was his staple. Creatures seem always to be tamed by hunger; and in time our brown thrush became very rash, but never confident. He soon learned to recognize us, and even distinguish us from those he did not know. When he saw us coming in sight, he would fly straight to the spot where we fed him, and wait for us impatiently. As soon as we had put his food on the snow, and withdrawn a few feet, he would begin to eat, simply gorging himself before the meal became frozen. All the rest of the day he was obliged to pick off one bit at a time, and melt it by swallowing it. With each fresh snow-storm the meal was covered; but, however deep it was, he always dug through till he found enough to satisfy his hunger.

A few warm days in the first of March melted the snow on the open grounds, and the thrush disappeared, never to be seen again. Hard as it had been to feed him, we were sorry to miss him, and looked in vain for him to return the next winter.—Arthur Scott Gilman.



THE THRUSH.

the shelter of the oak, her task was simplified; but with them dispersed throughout the wood, she has not only to hunt the dainties which tempt thrush appetites, but also to hunt the open mouths awaiting nourishment, and the latter are not at all sure to be found twice on the same twig when untried wings tempt flight. Whether it is particularly so with young thrushes, I do not know; but with most bird-babies it is long after they first try their wings before they feel it incumbent on themselves to provide their own food.—Selected.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

ONE winter I did more for a bird friend than I have ever done for any human being. On the fifteenth of December I was walking with a friend over well-known ground near Arlington, Mass., when, as often happened, our conversation was interrupted by the glimpse of a wing or tail. Instantly the idea of identification sprang to our minds, and we glided and peered about in vain efforts to get a good look at this



Chapter IV.

AUNT NELL was Mrs. Goss's youngest sister, and only ten years older than Shirley. She was not a great admirer of her brother-in-law. She thought his "way" tiresome; yet she did not approve of Shirley's quarrel with him, nor of her determination to leave home.

"Depend upon it, Shirley," she said, as they sat on the back steps, talking late into that spring-time night, "it is very foolish to run away from home; and a father is a *father*, you know. You will regret it if you persist in this. You have gumption enough to carry you through most anything; but you don't know much about getting on. You are as ignorant of the world as a chick with the shell on its back."

"Well, who's to blame for that, I'd like to know?" interrupted Shirley, with spirit, "and how am I ever to know anything? Father doesn't think it necessary; he doesn't think me capable of knowing anything. He intends me to go on just as I have been going, with him buying my dresses,—taking all I earn in my work on the farm in goods that I don't want, instead of the money that is *mine*; for I do earn it, Aunt Nell, and you know that I never had a whole dollar in my life at once. I never bought anything, never had any 'say' about what I should wear."

"Neither did a robin."

"Well, I'm not a robin."

"No; and I know, Shirley: I think it ought to be different at your house in a good many things; but you have been placed in that lot in life, with its peculiar difficulties, for some good purpose. Every place has its difficulties, everybody has hard things to endure, and believe me, there are worse things than having a father who insists on buying one plenty of clothes and things, even if they are such as one would not exactly choose for one's self. I've not lived so very much longer than you have, but I've seen a good deal; and I tell you, you had better go back home. Have a good, square talk with your father, but come to some sort of kindly understanding, instead of going off in this way. I believe in the authority of the commandment, 'Honor thy father.'"

"Aunt Nell, it's of no use; I can't talk to father. Don't try to take me home by way of Sinai: I'm not going home. If you won't lend me things to go decently, I'll go as I am."

"Don't be silly, child. You know you would never go as you are. Of course, if you are determined to go, I shall help you to go decently and safely, just as I said at first; but you will not be in a hurry?"

"I shall take the 5:10 train to-morrow morning. Do you suppose I'm going to hang around here, and have father coming or sending after me again? If Seth Adams should come, I know I should hate him as long as I live, and I don't—really—want to do that."

"O, you don't," laughed Aunt Nell; "Seth would have liked to hear that."

"Aunt Nell, if you tell him——"

"Shirley, do you think me capable of meanness?"

"No, I don't; you are as good as gold; forgive me: but I am so perplexed, and I think I am a little afraid of everybody, until I get off for good. Don't try to hinder me, Aunt Nell; I will not be hindered by anybody."

"Very well," replied Aunt Nell, gravely, "I'll get you started off comfortably,—only you must promise that you will keep me notified of your whereabouts; and if anything happens, and you don't get on all right, that you will let me know at once."

"Aunt Nell, I shall not make any such promise. I will promise that when I get to work and settled, I will let you know. But I expect to have trouble; anybody would, brought up as I have been. I'm not going to tell my troubles,

though, and have everybody worrying about me."

"You are fixing things so no one will worry, I should say," and Aunt Nell's voice was teary and indignant. "You are just like your father, Shirley. It is very unfortunate that you are a girl. I don't know what to do with you. I wish Will was at home."

"And what would he do?" asked Shirley, with a little smile.

Will was Aunt Nell's husband, of four years' standing, and the jolliest fellow alive, as everybody knew. He always believed that everything and everybody were coming out all right.

"You know, Aunt Nell, that Uncle Will would n't do one thing to hinder me. He'd just laugh, and say, 'Well, go it, old girl! take care of yourself. Stay as long as you can, and come back when you get ready.'"

Shirley had so exactly copied him in tone and manner that they both had to laugh, and Aunt Nell had to say: "That's just about his style, for a fact; but he would take a serious view of this, I know he would. He would insist on going to Chicago with you, if he had to dress up as a girl to do it."

"No, he would not; I would not have him, nor *anybody*. I tell you, Aunt Nell, I am going by my own self; so no more this time. It's getting late, and I must get my things together. Will you let me take that gray dress and sailor hat,—that is such a neat outfit,—and lend me five dollars? You can go to my closet, and pay yourself out of my clothes, such as they are."

"You'll need more than five."

"Not a cent more. It will cost me one to go, and girls who know how to do housework are always wanted. I shall get a place before a week is out, and it would cost me only four dollars for that week, I know."

"I think I'm crazy to let you go," said Aunt Nell, desperately, "but——"

"But," interposed Shirley, laughing, "since you can't help yourself, you will."

"I suppose that is about it. You are a regular highwaywoman, compelling me to do things that I would not do for the world if I could help myself. I shall insist on buying your return ticket outside of the five dollars."

"You will not. I tell you, I am not going to owe one cent more than I must, so let us go and get the things ready, and stop talking."

They arose, and went in, Aunt Nell busily planning how she could prevent this escapade on the part of her wilful niece; but she could see no way. She was alone with two little children, her husband, who was a canvasser, being off in the field. Besides, she was afraid of driving Shirley to some more reckless act if she attempted to thwart her purpose.

If she could but detain her for a day! If she could cause her to oversleep in the morning, and to miss that early morning train. If the girl could but have time to cool down a little, so that she could think calmly before she did this rash thing. But at all events she must not drive her away from herself.

She got the things that Shirley would need, and placed them on a chair by the little bed, which was just off her own room; hunted up an old, well-worn purse, into which she put the contents of her own new one, except a five-dollar bill, which she left in it for Shirley, who must not go shabby in any part of her outfit: the old purse would do for herself again, until she could afford a new one.

Another five-dollar bill she folded in a handkerchief, and secured it with a safety-pin to the pocket of the dress that Shirley was to wear. A small satchel was packed with a change of clothing, including the work-dress and apron in which Shirley had fled, not forgetting brush, comb, and a tooth-brush that had just been purchased to replace an old one, nor yet any of the odds and ends that go into a girl's supplies.

A tiny Bible was slyly tucked down at the end, where it would not be quickly discovered, for Shirley was not in the least "religiously inclined;" and if she found the book too soon, it might not be as well for the book.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)



THE SPEED OF INSECTS.

IT is the popular belief that the flight of birds is much swifter than that of insects; but a number of naturalists who have been making a study of the matter think that such is not the case. The common house-fly, for example, is not very rapid in its flight; but its wings make eight hundred beats a second, and under ordinary circumstances send it twenty-five feet through the air in that length of time. When the insect is alarmed, however, it increases its speed to over one hundred and fifty feet a second. If it could continue this rapid flight for a mile in a straight line, it would cover that distance in exactly thirty-three seconds. It is not an uncommon thing, when traveling by rail in the summer, to see a bee or a wasp keeping up with the train, and trying to get in at one of the windows.—*Christian Neighbor*.

THE LANTERN-FLY.

I WONDER if any of you have ever seen a lantern-fly. I hardly think you have, because you would be obliged to go to China, or Guiana, or Brazil, or the West Indies, to get sight of this large firefly.

Would you not like to know where the lantern-fly keeps its light?—It has rows of light on each side of its body, and sometimes leaves a line of light behind it, but not very often. When the insect is flying, of course its wings do not cover its body, and its light can be seen; but when it folds its wings over its body, it hides its light.

Sometimes in the summer months, when the young people in Brazil have their festivities, persons galloping through the streets on horseback have their own clothes and their horses covered with these fireflies, so that, as they dash through the town, they look like moving bodies of light. In China, Brazil, and the West Indies, are the largest fireflies in the world.—*Selected*.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

HAVE you not all noticed, during the early summer days, troops of these graceful creatures hovering over some pond or sluggish stream, or darting here and there among the flowers of the garden or the weeds of the roadside?

The dragon-fly, often called "devil's-darning-needle," is really a beautiful insect. Its marvelous gauzy wings, of which it has two pairs, are extremely delicate, and often completely transparent. They are painted in colors of red, brown, yellow, and a shimmering sapphire blue; and as the insect flies here and there in the bright sunshine that it loves, the colors of the rainbow seem tangled in its wings.

These same wings, which look too frail for even the light body of their owner, do a vast amount of work. Watch one of these insects, and notice how seldom it stops to rest. Darting, wheeling, turning, forward and back, up and down, it seeks its prey, in the effort to satisfy the voracious appetite that is one of its chief characteristics. It is while on the wing that it secures the flies, gnats, midges, etc., that make up its bill of fare. It is said that two or three dragon-flies placed in a sleeping-room will destroy mosquitoes, and not injure the human occupants.

The dragon-fly can move backward, forward, and sidewise without turning its head. "There are very few insects that the swallow, with its marvelous speed and dexterity, can not catch; but the dragon-fly is one of them. The insect, without any apparent trouble, will keep a few feet ahead of a swallow for half an hour at a time; the swallow may fly never so swiftly, but the dragon-fly is never just there when it makes its swoop. This is because the swallow has to turn its body, while the dragon-fly only reverses its wings."



IF I WERE YOU.

If I a little girl could be,
Well, just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see

That every one would turn
to say:

"'T is good to meet that child
to-day."

Yes, yes, my bird, that's
what I'd do,
If I were you.

Or if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know;
With crisp curls sparkling
in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright
with fun,—

Ah, if I could be so! —
I'd strive and strive, with
all my might,
To be so true, so brave,
polite,

That in me each one might
behold

A hero, as in days of old.

'T would be a joy
To hear one, looking at me,
say:

"My cheer and comfort all
the day."

Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.

—Independent.

A LESSON IN FAITH.

WHEN we passed through Kangra, in northern Punjab, a little Marathi girl came down from the Cashmere hills with her father, and presented Mrs. Kempton, the missionary's wife, with a shawl of exquisite workmanship. It was a gift of gratitude, so courteously bestowed that it was impossible to refuse it. Upon questioning her father, Ramon May, we learned that it had been four years in the making.

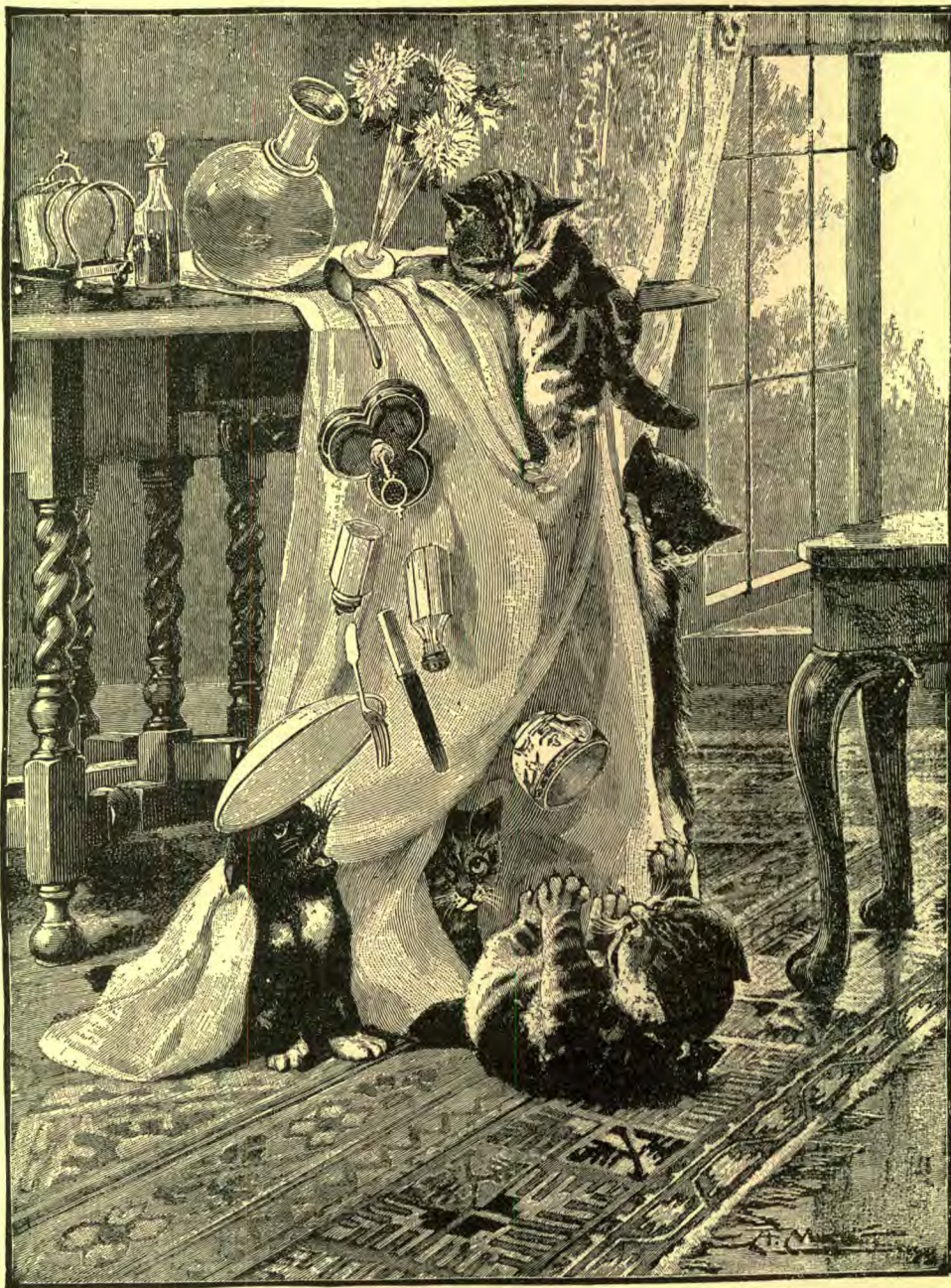
The year before, when the Kemptons were traveling near Sealkot, they stopped overnight in the hut of Ramon May, whom they found in great distress on account of a debt that he had incurred to the chief of the province, and for which he was about to be imprisoned. In vain he had pleaded inability to meet his obligations; the chief's officers were inexorable until Mrs. Kempton paid the two hundred rupees, when they gave Ramon a seal of security, and left him in peace. Ramon was deeply touched by the missionary's generosity, and promised to repay the money, which he did in the course of the year by the sale of Cashmere wool.

We admired the gift so much that Ramon invited us to visit his hut to see the shawl-making in progress; so one morning we rode over the Cashmere border to the quaint little house in the shadow of the deodars, where the workers sat stitching away at their precious webs.

There were four women at work,—Ramon's wife and two grown daughters and a neighbor woman,—all dressed in short, bright-colored

garments, with little red-and-gilt jackets exactly like our zouaves in shape, but more gayly embroidered. They had gentle, dark faces; large black eyes shadowed by long lashes; and black, silky hair, with little crude gold and silver coins interwoven in the thick, glossy braids.

Ramon's wife was a very skilful worker. She held a bit of tracery before her, and directed the design, which was worked wrong side up in tiny, rainbow-colored squares. A different needle was used for each thread, and sometimes the pattern was so intricate as to require only a few finger-lengths of one colored thread. The result of the hour's work was barely perceptible to our inexperienced eyes, but Ramon's wife pointed out a few delicate threads of sulphur color picked into the warm browns, that gave the look of flecks of sunshine glint-



A CATASTROPHE.

ing through the web of shadow. It would take five years of diligent labor for one person to finish the piece then in hand, so delicate was the needlework, yet it was not among the most difficult patterns.

What a lesson in patience and faith! The workers never clamored to see the design, but worked on cheerfully, steadily, and hopefully, knowing that all would be right if they followed the master's directions; and that, little by little, the pattern would grow into a thing of perfect beauty.

Shall we not perform our allotted tasks cheerfully, and trust our Heavenly Father with the great issues of life? If the web of life looks intricate and hopeless to us, we need not despair; he is able to bring all patient effort to perfect fulness.

MRS. O. PETERSON.

"THERE is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self."

A PROBLEM IN PUNCTUATION.

A FUNNY old man told this to me
('T is a puzzle in punctuation, you see):
I fell in a snow-drift in June said he
I went to a ball-game out in the sea
I saw a jelly-fish float on a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred the milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I ask your pardon for this, said he;
But 't is true when told as it ought to be.

—Selected.

OUR LETTER FROM MEXICO.

GUADALAJARA, JALISCO, MEXICO, May 16, 1899.

DEAR CHILDREN: In my last letter I spoke of next describing my visit to a beautiful cañon, but I believe I will save that description for another letter, and tell you to-day about the funeral of the archbishop of this state, who died last November. He was greatly beloved by his people, and at his death business in this city was almost entirely suspended. His body lay in state for three days. The funeral took place from the cathedral at four o'clock in the afternoon. I was fortunate enough to have friends along the line of march, who invited me to look at the scene from their balcony; so I had an excellent view. First came a company of women dressed in black, marching by twos. The first two carried a large wreath of white flowers. These were followed by all the girls' parochial schools of the city. Then came all the different societies, followed by the governor and his staff, and the government envoys from all the nations represented here. The United States consul was among the number. After these followed all the boys' schools of the city (Catholic). Then came the society for poor men and women, all wearing the sign of the society, next the divinity students, and then the priests. There were three hundred priests; and in their midst, on the shoulders of eight men from the better classes, was borne the coffin.

From the coffin extended six gold cords, held by the priests. The bishops from this state and others walked near the coffin. The carriage of the deceased fol-

lowed. It was drawn by four black horses, covered with black velvet and gold. The carriage was entirely covered with black, trimmed with gold fringe. On the four corners of the coach were wreaths of white flowers. There was no driver, but the four horses were guided by four grooms, all in black. This was followed by the hearse, draped in black and violet satin,—the colors of the prelate. The hearse was driven by a black coachman from Mexico City. Over one hundred carriages followed in line, most of them empty. It was the most imposing funeral procession I ever saw.

The archbishop was laid away in a private vault in Belen, and at the end of five years is to be interred in the crypt beneath the main altar in the cathedral. His fortune is to be distributed among the poor.

As I witnessed this scene, I could not help thinking of the time, so soon to come, when all who sleep in Jesus will awake, and, with those who serve him on the earth, will enter into eternal life with him.

TIA ANITA.

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 3.

(July 15, 1899.)

FEEDING THE FOUR THOUSAND; HEALING THE BLIND, DEAF, AND DUMB.

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 15:29 to 16:12; Mark 7:31 to 8:26.

Memory Verses.—Matt. 15:30, 31.

PLACES: Decapolis, Dalmanutha, Sea of Galilee, Bethsaida. **PERSONS:** Jesus, man with an impediment in his speech, Pharisees and Sadducees, blind man, apostles.

QUESTIONS.

1. What was the field of Christ's labors after leaving Syrophenicia? Mark 7:31. Who resorted to him there? Matt. 15:30. What was the effect of the work done? V. 31. For what case was special assistance asked? Mark 7:32. What course did Jesus pursue in healing him? Vs. 33, 34. What request did Jesus make at this time? V. 36. Why? Note 1.

2. After healing the sick, what next received the Saviour's attention? Mark 8:1-3. What parallels exist between the facts and the circumstances of this miracle and those of the feeding of the five thousand? Compare verses 1-9 with chapter 6:34-42. With so great similarity between the two cases, why is the second one mentioned? Note 2. How many were fed? V. 9.

3. Crossing the sea, to what place did Jesus and his disciples go? V. 10; Matt. 15:39; note 3. Who came to him there, and for what purpose? Matt. 16:1. What reply did Jesus make to their request? Vs. 2-4. What were the "signs of the times"? Note 4.

4. Against what did Jesus now caution his disciples? V. 6. What idea did they get from his words? V. 7. Why did they so misunderstand? V. 8. To what did he direct their minds, in order to correct them? Vs. 9-11. What truth did they now understand? V. 12; note 5. To what place did they go after leaving the Pharisees at Dalmanutha? Mark 8:22. Who was brought to Jesus for healing? *Id.* Tell what was done in this case. Vs. 23-25; note 6. What request did Jesus again make at this time? V. 26.

NOTES.

1. Jesus' object in requesting that they "tell no man," was to avoid, as far as possible, stirring up premature opposition. He did not wish to have his work unduly cut short. See "The Desire of Ages," pages 264, 265.

2. The five thousand were Jews, while the four thousand were Gentiles. The details, though alike, are repeated to show that the blessings of the gospel are for all alike, both Jew and Gentile. Jesus was also laboring to remove still further the prejudices of his disciples against the heathen.

3. But little is known concerning these places. From the record it is evident that they were on the western shore of Galilee. It is supposed that Magdala lay a few miles to the southwest of Capernaum, Dalmanutha being about a mile farther to the south.

4. The "signs" to which Jesus had reference were the miracles and teachings of his own life. See Matt. 12:40, 41. In their blindness, they failed to discern these "signs," as found in the life of the One who stood in their midst. "Signs direct from heaven had been given to attest the mission of Christ. The song of the angels to the shepherds, the star that guided the wise men, the dove and the voice from heaven at his baptism, were witnesses for him. . . . Every miracle that Christ performed was a sign of his divinity. He was doing the very work that had been foretold of the Messiah; but to the Pharisees these words of mercy were a positive offense. The Jewish leaders looked with heartless indifference on human suffering. In many cases their selfishness and oppression had caused the affliction that Christ relieved. Thus his miracles were to them a reproach."

5. The disciples had drunk in so much of the false teaching concerning the Messiah, that their minds were gross, and slow to discern spiritual things. They were like children, who take literally everything that is said. The chief cause of their blindness was that they cherished continually the thought that Jesus would set up a temporal kingdom; and with mind dwelling upon this, Christ's words, full of spiritual thought, often fell meaningless upon their ears. Sin cherished by us, often makes foolishness of the most blessed truths.

6. Jesus practised many methods in healing the sick, from simply sending the word, to the use of means, as in the case of the blind man. Great faith, as in the case of the centurion (Matt. 8:5-13), required but little ceremony. Jesus worked according to the degree of faith.

THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 3.

(July 16, 1899.)

THE THREE HEBREWS IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

Lesson Scripture.—Dan. 3:13-28.

Connected Passages.—Dan. 3:1-13; Isa. 43:1-7; Acts 12:1-19; Psalms 91 and 27.

Golden Text.—Dan. 3:17.

QUESTIONS.

What impressions, or circumstances, probably led Nebuchadnezzar to set up the golden image? What idea was embodied, or represented, by it? What three Hebrews refused to worship the image? What brave answer did they give the king? What order did he issue? Who were appointed to do the work of execution? Why were the victims bound? What was the fate of the executioners? What astonishing spectacle did the king behold? To whom did he compare the Fourth? Who had saved the captives from death? With whom, then, is deliverance?

NOTES.

1. About the year 580 B. C., twenty-six years after the beginning of "The Captivity," Nebuchadnezzar set up the golden image in the plain of Dura, southwest of the city of Babylon, and some distance from it. "Colossal statues of gold were familiar to the Babylonians. Three crowned the temple of Bel, containing gold to the worth of eighty-five million dollars." "The objection felt to the narrative on account of the gigantic size of this image has been made much of by rationalists and skeptics;" but a writer in the *London Expositor* "notes the fact that recent excavations in Egypt have disinterred a stupendous colossal image of Rameses II, which weighed twelve hundred tons."

2. Some time previously to the setting up of the golden image, Nebuchadnezzar was wondering "what should come to pass hereafter," and God gave him the dream recorded in Daniel 2, which opened to him the history of the world from his day to the overthrow of all earthly powers, and the setting up of the everlasting kingdom of God. Each succeeding kingdom from his own was represented by baser and baser material, until the image that spanned time was, by the stone cut out without hands, smitten into dust, and became like the chaff of the summer thrashing-floor.

3. The king could not accept this view of the subject; and after thinking upon it for a long time, he formulated his own idea in a great image about a hundred feet tall and ten feet broad, all of gold from head to foot; and "set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon," to be worshiped. This was a positive setting up of his own idea against that of God. This was to declare to all people that his golden kingdom was to endure forever, that there was to be no such thing as another kingdom arising separate from his, and inferior to his,—a kingdom of silver, and another of brass, and then one of iron, and after that even descend as low as iron mixed with miry clay. No! there should be only his golden kingdom of Babylon, and that should never be broken nor interrupted.—"The Great Empires of Prophecy," pages 15, 16.

4. The command to worship this image was an open challenge to his Lord. It was the assertion that Nebuchadnezzar's idea of the kingdom of men should be accepted as the true and divine idea, instead of that of God. It was the assertion that the embodiment of this idea should be worshiped as God. And all this was indeed the putting of Nebuchadnezzar himself in the place of God as the ruler in the kingdom of men, the head of all religion, and the director of all worship.—*Id.*, page 16.

5. "Not careful to answer." The servants of God do not need to deliberate as to what they shall answer in a question of duty. He who serves God knows what to answer. Jesus says: "Ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake. . . . But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak."

6. With idolaters, religion always has been, and still is, a part of the government; in heathen systems, religion and the government are always united: while in the true system—the divine, the Christian, system—they are always separate. . . . The Lord had brought all nations under this king's yoke as to their bodily service; but now, by an unmistakable evidence, this same Lord showed Nebuchadnezzar that he had given him no power nor jurisdiction whatever in their souls' service.—*Id.*, page 18.

7. "Whenever a miracle occurs, there is always an adequate reason for it. . . . There were tens of thousands of captive Jews in Babylon. . . . When the exiles returned to Jerusalem, they were thoroughly cured of idolatry." This miracle was also a testimony to all nations that there is a God who is able to deliver." The divine Presence was with the sufferers, and their sorrow was turned into joy.

8. These things were written for our admonition and comfort, upon whom the ends of the world are come. The old image of man-made power in opposition to God's command is in process of preparation, and will soon be set up for the worship of men. (See Revelation 13 and 14.) The old test will come to the servants of God, and in the day of test will be manifested those who will not worship the image in the face of suffering and death. "Be thou faithful, . . . and I will give thee a crown of life."

9. Nebuchadnezzar was equally at fault in making a decree for the worship of the true God. Worship is acceptable only when it springs from the heart. "The Father seeketh such to worship him." Then how vain, how blasphemous, how atrocious, are religious laws! True Christian citizenship will say to the government that would enforce religious observances, "Hands off!" "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."



"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

MAKING A QUILT.

CUT nine pieces of calico or gingham into blocks three inches square (four should be light in color, and five dark), being careful to have them perfectly true. Thread your needle with No. 40 thread; take one dark square and one light one, and backstitch them together. (Backstitching, you will remember, is done by taking a stitch backward on the upper side of the cloth, and a longer stitch forward on the under side, making the stitches meet.) To the light square sew another dark square with the same stitch, making three in a row,—a dark square on each side of a light one. Sew together the three remaining squares, this time placing a dark square between two light ones. With the same stitch sew three more squares together, this time having a light one in the center and a dark one on each side. Now join the three rows. Take the row that has a dark center, and backstitch to each side of it the rows that have the light centers. Sew all three rows together in this way, and you have a quilt "block" of nine squares.

Next time we will make another, using different stitches. We will practise these different stitches on several simple things, until we can take them perfectly; then we will make something to wear. It would be pleasant for several who belong to the same Sabbath-school class, or who live in the same neighborhood, to make enough of these blocks for a quilt. When they are finished, send them to me, and I will see that they are all put together, and given to the Old People's Home or to the Haskell Home. A still better plan would be to meet together when you have enough blocks finished for a quilt, and put them together yourselves. In this way our little sewing-circle may become a real missionary circle.

NELLIE V. DICE.

TEST OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

TRUSTING a friend as long as there is no room for doubt or distrust, is very well so far as it goes. A decent man can hardly do any less than this. It is always easy to trust a friend as far as one sees. But the real test of fidelity in friendship is when others doubt or question, and when there is room, or occasion, for two opinions as to a friend's conduct and appearance. True friendship evidences itself when one has to walk by faith, and not by sight. If one rests his trust on the friend because of what others think of that friend, that is one thing: there is no special friendship in that. But real friendship does not depend on outside testimony or opinions.—*Sunday-School Times.*



OUR BY HOUR.

ONE single day
Is not so much to look upon. There is some way
Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face
A single day; but place
Too many days before sad eyes,—
Too many days for smothered sighs,—
And we lose heart
Just at the start.
Years really are not long, nor lives,—
The longest which survives,—
And yet, to look across
A future we must tread, bowed by a sense of loss,
Bearing some burden weighing down so low
That we can scarcely go
One step ahead,—this is so hard,
So stern a view to face, unstarred,
Untouched by light, so masked with dread!
If we would take a step ahead,
Be brave, and keep
The feet quite steady; feel the life-breath sweep
Our face again,
We must not look across,—looking is vain,—
But downward to the next close step.
And up. Eyes which have wept
Must look a little way, not far.
God broke our years to hours and days, that, hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able, all along,
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders; and the future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day;
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if, by God's power,
We only bear the burdens of the hour.

—George Klinge.

INTO THE LIGHT.

It was a bright Sunday morning in May, and all of Deacon Conwell's family, except his daughter Grace, had gone to the little church in the village. She had been confined to the house with a sprained ankle for several weeks. Just before leaving, her father had brought a large easy-chair to the front porch, and here she sat, reading a little, but often stopping to listen to nature's music around her. Her heart went out in thankfulness to her Heavenly Father for all his goodness, and for the beautiful things with which he surrounds his children. She was just wondering if Eden could have been more beautiful, when she heard the front gate click, and up the walk came the quick, light step of her dearest girl friend.

"O Grace!" she exclaimed, as soon as she reached the steps, "I was afraid you would be lonely; so I coaxed mama to let me come and stay with you while the others were at church. Isn't this lovely! Did you ever see a more perfect morning?"

"No, May, I never did. I was just wondering, when you came, if Adam and Eve, in their Eden home, ever saw one more delightful."

"That is one thing that made me so anxious to come this morning. We have been hearing lately that the earth will sometime be restored to more than its Eden beauty."

"Where did you hear that? Tell me about it."

"You remember I told you of some people who were putting up a tent in the meadow near the blacksmith shop?"

"Oh, yes! Uncle George was speaking of them last night. He says they keep Saturday for Sunday, and that they have set several different times for the Lord to come."

"I think he is mistaken about their setting the time for the Lord to come. Last Thursday evening they held their first meeting. That morning a young lady called, gave me a printed program of the meetings, and invited us all to attend. She was very pleasant, and we thought we would go just that evening; but we were so interested that we have been every evening since. The subject the first night was Christ's second coming."

"Well, did they tell you when it was to be?"

"No; Elder Barnes, the minister, said that no one knows the day or the hour of his coming, but that Christ himself has given us *signs*, so all may know when it is near. He said they had been accused of setting the time for his coming, but that they never have done so: they have simply read to the people what the Lord says in his word. Then he read a good many texts, and told us where to find them."

"I wish I could have heard him."

"I knew you would be anxious to know all that he said, because you were so disappointed not to attend our Christian Endeavor meeting when we studied that subject; so I wrote all the texts down in this little book."

"Why, thank you, May! Why not read them over together? Then you can tell me what Elder Barnes said about them."

"All right. The first one is John 14:1-3. You read it, and I will try to remember what he said."

Grace turned to the chapter, and read: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

"Jesus had just been telling his disciples that he was going away, but for their comfort he added what you have just read. The words were not only for the disciples who were present, but for *all* who should believe in him, even to the end of the world. He says: 'In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself.' Here we have Christ's promise to come again. Acts 1:9-11 is the next text."

Grace read as follows: "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven, as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

"Christ had been telling his disciples that they should receive the Holy Ghost, which would fit them to be witnesses for him. Just as he finished, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight."

"Don't you think they were surprised and sad to have their dearest Friend leave them in that way?" asked Grace.

"Yes, he thought of that, and bade two of the angels go and comfort them. After the angels had spoken the words you have just read, they went away, and the disciples returned to Jerusalem, rejoicing that Jesus was coming again."

"How real it all seems! The same Jesus who walked by the Sea of Galilee, who healed the sick, cast out devils, and raised the dead,—our Saviour, who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities,—who died and rose again! I never knew that he was coming in that way. And will those who are living see him come, just as the disciples saw him go away?"

"Yes, and *we* may be living then. Indeed, it is quite *likely* that we shall be. Now read Rev. 1:7."

"Behold," read Grace, "'he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him: even so, Amen.' Does that mean that every one who is living will see him when he comes?"

"Yes, and not only the living, but those who took a prominent part in condemning and putting him to death. I think that is in Mark 14:62. You notice that the high priest had just been asking him if he was indeed the Christ. He replied in the words of the sixty-second verse."

Grace read: "'And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' How is it possible," she asked, in surprise, "for them to see him come, when they have all been in their graves nearly two thousand years?"

"They would have to be raised from their graves;—but the clock is striking twelve, and we have hardly begun. I was so anxious to study the *signs* of his coming with you; but I promised mama to come home at noon, and help her prepare lunch."

"Oh, I am so sorry we did not get farther along! Won't you come over again this evening?"

"The subject at the tent to-night is to be the resurrection, and I wish very much to hear it; but perhaps I can come over a little while this afternoon."

"That will be better. I, too, wish to know what the Bible says about the resurrection, and I am anxious to learn more about the subject we have been studying, so be sure to come this afternoon."

"I'll try," said May, as she went down the walk.

LENA E. HOWE.

"CHRISTIANS are not morning-glories. They do not come to perfection in an hour. Their growth is slow and constant, and they grow to beauty and strength as the oak grows, through years of wind and sunshine, refreshing rain, and buffeting storm. The Scripture plan is for believers to '*grow* in grace.'"

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God does not change his mind: he does not condemn sin to-day, and condone it to-morrow; he does not regard his children with tender compassion one day, and with indifference the next. No! no! "The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever," he hates sin all the time, and forever loves and yearns after sinners.

AND though this love is the strongest thing in the universe, he does not force men to receive it, and accept its molding influence in the life. He draws, but he does not compel. "Turn yourselves from all your transgressions, . . . for why will ye die?" he pleads, with infinite tenderness; and when once the turn is made, and the feet are planted in the way that leads to the Father's house, he goes out with rejoicing to meet the repentant one. But the love, the salvation, that is freely given must be as freely received: the kingdom of *force* has no place in the kingdom of heaven.

It is sometimes well to take this lesson home in the every-day affairs of life. How often the natural, human longing comes upon us to *make* some loved one take a certain course,—the *only* course, so it seems to us, that is possible under the circumstances. We may be anxious that he shall "get on" in his study or his work, and may know perfectly well that advancement will never crown his present methods; but when the right way has been faithfully and kindly set before him, he should be left free to decide the matter for himself. It would, of course, be the best thing for men to choose life eternal; but He who is *the* Life will not force the weakest soul into the right way. How careful, then, should we, who are so defective and short-sighted at the best, be not to approach the sacred place that God himself does not enter!

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

"I AM delighted with the restoration of the INSTRUCTOR to its previous form," writes an INSTRUCTOR friend in New Orleans.

A brother in Montreal writes: "I am delighted with the INSTRUCTOR. After reading it, I give it to an interested family, who are greatly pleased with it."

Another, in renewing her subscription, says: "I can not tell you how much I appreciate the INSTRUCTOR. It contains a means of acquiring a liberal education, if carefully studied. It grows better with each issue. May the Lord continue to bless its publication."

One of our State Sabbath-school secretaries writes for sample copies, and says: "I am anxious to get *all* our young people to reading the INSTRUCTOR. I am glad to see it in its old, familiar dress: it seems like an old friend just returned, inside as well as out. God bless its work!"

A contributor in North Carolina says: "The INSTRUCTOR has always been my favorite paper. I will confess I felt a little disappointed at first to see it appear in its present form; but after looking it over carefully, I concluded that the change is best, for several reasons. I think it will please our young people."

A PROFESSOR in Harvard has lately assigned the Bible to his classes for continuous reading, on the ground that there has been "no master of English literature during the last three centuries who has not also been a master of the English Bible." Whether this is true or not, there is a far better reason for the daily reading of the Scriptures of truth than that given by the Harvard professor. To be a master of English literature may be a desirable thing; but to hold daily communion with the Master of the universe is one of the highest honors bestowed upon man.

THE most of the International Sunday-school lessons, for the quarter beginning July 1, are from portions of Scripture covered by the new book, "The Great Empires of Prophecy;" such as "Daniel in Babylon;" "The Hebrews in the Fiery Furnace;" "The Handwriting on the Wall;" "Daniel in the Den of Lions;" "Returning from Captivity;" "Rebuilding the Temple;" "Encouraging the Builders," etc. It is perfectly safe to say that there is no book that gives the setting of these lessons, the causes and the principles involved, and the history of that time, as completely as does "The Great Empires of Prophecy." Our people everywhere should call the attention of Sunday-school teachers and superintendents to this. It presents one of the grandest of opportunities to spread the light and truth of the word of God. Shall this opportunity be improved? or will it be neglected and lost altogether?

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

A YOUNG Druse princess in an orphanage and training-home in Beirut, Syria, sends an entertaining letter in response to a request that appeared some time ago in the INSTRUCTOR. You may wonder how she came to see this paper in that far-away land, so I will tell you that for a number of years friends of that school have sent to it a club of INSTRUCTORS. At present, however, only two copies are going there. Is there not some Sabbath-school that will gladly raise this club to ten copies? Nowhere will the papers be more gladly received, or do more good. All contributions for this purpose should be sent to Miss Hattie House, Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich. After expressing her appreciation of the paper, she thus describes an Oriental orange-grove:—

Let me tell you what I know about an orange-grove. There is one at Jaffa, and the scent of its blossoms fills the air long before the grove is reached. Hundreds of trees belong to different owners, who mark them with white and red paint, that they may know their own; many tie on rags and a small bone from a sheep, to keep off the "evil eye." When the oranges are yet green, and only tinted with yellow, they are carefully picked, wrapped in tissue-paper, packed in boxes, and sent to different countries. Many women and girls are employed to do this work.

We have many orange-trees in our garden, but they bear bitter oranges. A month ago they were all in blossom; the orchard was a lovely sight. From the blossoms of this tree the natives make orange-flower water, which they use freely in sherbet and in rice and milk and other dishes made with milk. They also make a sweet preserve of the blossom. The juice of this orange is used for flavoring such dishes as beans, lentils, etc. It is interesting to see flowers, green fruit, and ripe oranges on the same tree. Another time I will tell you about an olive-grove.

OUR WONDERFUL BODIES

WASTE AND ASSIMILATION.

EVERY living thing is constantly undergoing a change. Our bodies are continually in the changing process. Cells die; others build up and repair loss. Every movement, even a wink of the eye, a thought, a heart-beat, a step, destroys cells. If these dead cells remain in the system, disease results. Waste matter must be thrown off by exercise, which helps eliminate poison from the body. This poison—or dead, waste matter—is thrown off through the skin, lungs, bowels, and kidneys.

If there were no building up,—repairing,—we should not live long. But food is taken into the stomach, and in the process of digestion is assimilated, or taken into the blood and tissues throughout the whole body; and as it contains matter for the cells to feed upon, enabling them to grow and multiply, the waste matter is replaced, and the repairs necessary to keep the body in health are made. It is important that we select suitable food for these little cells to feed upon.

Besides the loss of tissue-substance, the body throws off water and heat. The removal of waste matter from the body is called excretion. The liver is a powerful organ of elimination, hastening foreign or poisonous matter into the bowels, and gathering up from the blood all impurities, and expelling them from the body.

The temperature of the body is somewhat less than one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. A mouth-thermometer registers a "normal" temperature of 98½° F. As heat is constantly formed within the body, it would become too intense, were it not continually given off. This is done in cold weather chiefly by the contact of the body with the surrounding air. In summer the body cools as moisture is evaporated from its surface. One who perspires freely is much cooler than one who does not. Do not be annoyed these summer days if you perspire freely; for poisons are thus being thrown off that otherwise might clog the system and cause illness. By perspiration the temperature is kept normal, and the skin is washed, softened, and cleansed. The need of frequent bathing, especially in warm weather, should not be overlooked. All waste matter thrown out on the skin by perspiration should be removed by a good bath and vigorous rubbing.

To return to the subject: The process of repairing waste is known as assimilation. In infancy and childhood, assimilation overbalances waste, and growth is the result. In adults the processes of waste and assimilation are evenly balanced, and in health the body neither gains nor loses. In old age, waste overbalances assimilation, and so the body gradually weakens, the tissues break down and are not repaired, and death finally results. This breaking down of the tissues is known as disintegration.

Much of the work of removing waste matter and repairing tissue is done by a class of organs called "glands." A gland is an organ that makes from the blood a fluid peculiar to itself, and quite unlike the blood. There are two of these fluids. One is used in the body, and is called a secretion; the other is expelled from the body, and is called an excretion. Saliva is an example of the former, perspiration of the latter. The simplest gland is only a little cell-lined pouch in the skin or mucous membrane. Large glands have several "pockets," emptying their fluid contents into one common opening, or canal, called a duct. As the system is constantly losing, it is necessary that a regular supply of new material be received. The system requires, in addition to food, oxygen and water.

MRS. M. D. MCKEE.

"AND ye shall succor men;
'T is nobleness to serve;
Help them who can not help again;
Beware from right to swerve."