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Phases of Life in the Orient

A MALAY VILLAGE.

(Concluded.)

THE Royal Engineers' Department of the British Army, which has charge of the submarine mines of the harbor at Singapore, muster their recruits entirely from among the Malays, because of their aquatic propensities. They are not only good swimmers, but excellent divers. Every New-year's day the European athletic associations of Singapore arrange for the New-year's sports, which always include boat-racing. Entries are made by the captains of the merchant marine, Her Majesty's ships, and the Malay boatmen. It frequently happens that the Malays carry off the best prizes. As already indicated, their boats are of very graceful form, and present the least amount of resistance by friction with the water, have little or no keel, and can be manipulated with great skill.

I was spending the holidays by the seaside about six years ago, when I witnessed a sight that seems almost incredible, and which I could scarcely have believed had I not, with others whose eyesight was better than mine, watched the event. We had a pair of binoculars, and so could see all the movements of the sailors. A dozen or more boats had passed the goal at the far end, and were on the home stretch, when one of these Malay boats, manned by about a dozen Malays, was capsized by a sudden gust of wind from another quarter. In order to understand what occurred, it will be necessary to explain how they handle their boats. They carry no ballast, in the ordinary sense of the word, but, instead, engage men for that purpose, the advantage being that the eight or nine Malays who serve in this capacity can shift their position at every variation of the wind, thus enabling the boat to carry a

much larger spread of canvas than would otherwise be possible. The boatmen further increase their power by adjusting a rope to the top of the mast, and making a loop in the bot-

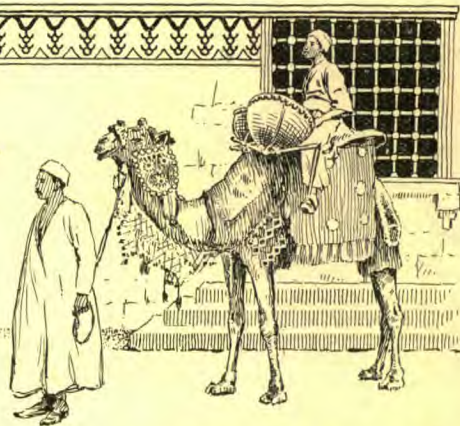
track. We who were unacquainted with the Malay and his boats, thought the poor fellows were going to drown. I rushed out of the house, and frantically beckoned to a Chinese boatman, who was passing with his *sampan*, to go to their relief. He seemed very stupid or unwilling; for it was some time before I could induce him to go to their assistance. After he had started out in their direction, I turned my attention again to watching the poor fellows who were struggling in the sea. Imagine my astonishment to behold the boat righted, and the sailors distributed on each side of it, rocking the water out of it. After a few minutes one of them climbed in, and began to bail out the water with one hand and kick it out with one foot. Presently another followed, and then another, until the boat was quite dry. Then

they drew in the mast, which had been removed, and placed it in its socket. They gathered in the sail, wrung it out, and ran it up; and in less than twenty minutes from the time they capsized, they were following on in the race.

For ages the Malays have been accused of being bloodthirsty pirates, and the fact is that they have abundantly sustained their reputation until within comparatively recent years. The Spanish in the Philippines, the Dutch in the Netherlands East Indies, and the English on the mainland, have all contributed to the suppression of piracy in this archipelago. The British East India Company, when it was first organized, contemplated trading among these islands; but the capture of one of their vessels, and the massacre of its entire crew, resulted in their abandon-

ing this field of operations, and turning aside to India, as Hindustan is now generally known. The Dutch bitterly resented the invasion of the English, and were glad enough to see them driven out. Within very recent years there have been occasional outbreaks of piracy.

The Malay is a quiet, self-contained, retiring character. He is polite, genteel, and hospitable, and a cursory acquaintance would lead one to think that he was incapable of such atrocities as have been attributed to him. But there slumbers within every Malay a nature which, if circumstances but afford an opportunity, will break forth in the most cruel deeds. A few years before my arrival at Singapore, a Chinese junk, which was passing along the



A MALAY FAMILY.

tom end. One of the men sits in this loop, with his feet against the gunwale on the windward side of the boat; and when the wind blows strong, he throws himself out from the side of the boat, thus keeping it from capsizing. A sudden slack of the wind often catches the man in the rope unprepared, with the result that the boat loses its equilibrium, and having no keel, readily capsizes. This is what actually happened on the occasion referred to, and we saw a dozen men floundering in the water, the boat bottom side up, and no relief at hand. The other boats in the race passed them by, paying no more attention to them than would the scorches in a bicycle-race to the unfortunate fellow who had come to grief on the race-

western shore of the Island of Singapore, was suddenly attacked by several Malay canoes, most of the crew were murdered, and what plunder could be carried away was taken. One poor fellow, who lost both arms but escaped with his life, has for years stood at the entrance to one of the popular dining-halls frequented by Europeans, with a large placard hanging about his neck, announcing the fact that he was a victim of Malay piracy, and begging for alms. Five of the principal actors in this crime, four men and one boy, were hanged.

It is said that, until after the days of steam navigation, the Spanish and the Dutch authorities experienced the greatest difficulty in running down and capturing these pirates. They were such skilful sailors that they would run away from the revenue-cutters; and when the wind failed them, they would ship their oars, and run right away in the eye of the wind, making it impossible for the police patrols to run them down. But when steam-gunboats were brought into requisition in later years, they did not find it so easy to escape, notwithstanding they led the respective governments concerned a very hot and a very long chase before they were finally suppressed. The innumerable bayous and arms of the sea and small streams, covered with the densest foliage and tropical jungle, furnished places of hiding and rendezvous that it was practically impossible to discover without the aid of the pirates themselves. It finally became such risky business to carry on piracy that some of the least energetic and courageous Malays found that it paid them better to act as guides for the European governments than it did to participate in the spoil, without any of the attendant dangers; and so it came about that piracy was driven off the high seas.

R. W. MUNSON.

HONORABLE TIGER MISS.

A JAPANESE trained nurse! It is hard to say why the idea strikes us as odd; for Japan is provided with excellent physicians and hospitals, and the empress herself is president of the Japanese Red Cross. Nevertheless, if we find something surprising in the thought, there is much that is winning in the embodiment, if O'Tora San, the nurse described by Mrs. Hugh Fraser in a recent volume of reminiscences, may be taken as a fair specimen.

"She was barely four feet high," writes Mrs. Fraser; "her complexion was dark; her feet were encased in white linen socks with divided toes, and shod with dainty straw sandals with green velvet straps.

"Her figure, the shape of a very soft feather pillow, was draped in a tight-fitting white apron with a large bib, and she was kept inside her buttonless and stringless clothes by a cruelly tight and wide leather belt, put on over apron and all. Into this belt, holding her breath for a long time first, she could with great effort push her fat silver watch; her clinical thermometer; two or three yards of a Japanese letter (which she would read, a foot at a time, when she thought I was asleep); her carefully folded paper pocket-handkerchief; and the relentless little register in which she noted down, from right to left, cabalistic signs with which she and the doctor conjured every morning till they knew all the sins my pulse and temperature had been committing.

"Her name was O'Tora San,—Honorable Tiger Miss,—but her ways were those of the softest pussy that ever purred on a domestic hearth-rug; and oh, what a nurse she was!—so gentle, so smiling, so delightfully sorry for one!

"I have often caught the tears running down her little brown nose when the poor *Okusama* was extra bad; and through long nights of pain has she sat on her heels on a corner of my bed, fanning me ceaselessly with the all but imperceptible flutter of the fan's edge,—a movement possible only to those wonderfully sensitive Japanese fingers, but most refreshing to the fanned one.

"When it was time for her meals, my maid O'Matsu would creep into the room, having shed her sandals at the door, and after inquiring about my health, would make a deep and

graceful obeisance to Honorable Tiger Miss, and inform her, in a respectful whisper, that her honorable dinner was ready.

"The polite little Tiger would jump up, return the bow, ask permission to depart, and slip out to feed on fish, pickles (such dreadfully strong-smelling pickles!), and rice, washed down with thimblefuls of green tea or fish-soup.

"After about fifteen minutes of solid feeding, she would return, come up to my bedside, and express her gratitude for the meal supplied her. Then she would drop down on the cushion in the corner, and with the calm unconventionality peculiar to her race, let out a couple of holes in the leather belt."

Her ugly uniform discarded, however, and arrayed in her own dove-gray kimono and wide sash, as her patient afterward often saw her, the queer little lady became as charming as she was quaint,—the very demurest and daintiest of domesticated tigers.—*Youth's Companion*.



CONSECRATION.

I BRING thee myself, dear Lord,
And all that I want to be,
My joys and my weary cares,
And consecrate all to thee;
Whatever the days may bring
Of gladness or grief or pain,
There's nothing to be withheld;
I give it to thee again.

I wait for thy blessing, Lord,
The touch of thy loving hands,
The strength that thy grace can give
To do what thy love commands.
The way be hard and long,
The burden be very great;
But all that I am I bring,
And cheerfully consecrate.

And if in my pain, dear Lord,
I sometimes cry for relief,
Thou knowest if thy dear will
Shall bid me still bear my grief.
I claim but thy promise, Lord;
Thou wilt not leave me alone,
But close to thy loving heart
Wilt tenderly hold my own.

—*Christian Work*.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

THE prayer that Christ taught his disciples had a deeper meaning than we realize. The petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," means more than a request for temporal food. No one could receive temporal food, were it not for the One who gave his life for the life of the world; but the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," refer not only to temporal food, but to spiritual food, which brings everlasting life to the receiver. When we believe and receive Christ's word, we eat his flesh and drink his blood.

When tempted by Satan to alleviate his hunger by turning stones into bread, Christ met the temptation with the words, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

On one occasion Christ told his disciples and the multitude which thronged him that they did not follow him because of the miracles that he did, but because they ate of the loaves, and were filled. "Labor not for the meat which perisheth," he said; be not over-anxious for temporal food, "but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread." The

One then speaking to them had in the wilderness given their fathers angels' food to eat. Oh, had they but known who was addressing them, how changed would have been their attitude toward him!

"I am the bread of life," Christ said; "he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. . . . This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. . . . He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him."

When man believes in Christ as his personal Saviour, he is eating the daily bread which has been purchased for him at an infinite cost. As by eating temporal food the physical system becomes strong, so by eating the flesh of the Son of God the spiritual nature is strengthened. God's word is life to all who appropriate it. He who partakes of Christ's flesh and blood is a partaker of the divine nature. He is a branch of the Living Vine. As in nature the branch receives nourishment by its connection with the parent stalk, so the believer receives his life from Christ. A vital, life-giving current flows from the Saviour to him.

Man fell through disobedience, severing his life from the life of God. Christ stooped to take humanity, that through him man might gain eternal life. In the guise of humanity, Christ defeated the purpose of the enemy. But Satan has interposed between the sinful human being and the living source of power, so that it is impossible for man, of himself, to appropriate the circulating element of the divine nature. Unless man has a vital connection with God, he will pervert every blessing he receives, and employ every gracious gift as a weapon against the bountiful bestower. It is only as human beings receive Christ, that God can bless them. Thus only can they be elevated and placed on vantage-ground.

Christ stands at the head of humanity as its substitute and surety, to represent God to man, and, through his power, to cause a stream of spiritual life to flow earthward. The Sun of Righteousness, he desires to shine into the chambers of the mind, purifying and elevating the soul, that he may abide therein, and control the affections and emotions, bringing the entire being into conformity to his will.

When the human being receives daily spiritual food from God, a blessed union is formed between earthly and heavenly intelligences. The believer is sustained by the life of Christ. Continually he receives blessings from the hand of God, and continually he imparts. "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love where-with he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, . . . and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."

By receiving Christ we are made partakers of his nature. We live in him, and are enriched by the highest, fullest blessedness. This means a life hid with Christ in God,—a life purified, exalted, devoted to the grandest, noblest purposes. This is indeed having eternal life. God himself is enthroned in the hearts of his people, who are his representatives. This great and unspeakable gift is offered to all. The Jews would have made it a national blessing, confining it to themselves, but the Saviour proclaimed the truth that the bread of life is not confined to time or place, nation or people, but is free to all.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

You can not till a field by tickling it with a hand-rake. It is so with the mind; we must get something that will go deep, and that will break up the fallow ground, if we would have strength of thought.—*W. B. Caswell*.



Chapter V.

AUNT NELL tried to detain Shirley with talk, hoping that if she was late in sleeping, she might be late in waking, and so miss the early train.

But the girl was on the alert. "I must go right to bed now, Aunt Nell," she said, when the things had been put out for her, "and sleep; you know what a sleepy head I am. I must have my sleep out and be on time; for I would not miss that train for the world. I should be desperate if I did. Good night," she added, kissing her; "you're an awful nice auntie; I know you think I'm bad, and that makes it all the nicer 'n you. I appreciate it, and will try to be gooder 'n I have ever been, for your sake, as well as——" she choked a little, and then went on, rapidly: "I promise I won't keep you in suspense about me a minute longer than I can help."

Aunt Nell folded her sisterly arms about the young girl. Her eyes were wet, and her voice was thick, as she said: "No, you must not, Shirley. I took care of you when you first came, you know,—and I can't have you go off so; and if I can't, what about your mother? Poor sister! she will break her heart,—and you have n't said one word about her! You don't seem to remember that you have a mother."

Shirley threw herself up straight away from her aunt, and cried, "Don't I, Aunt Nell? Well, then, let me tell you I do, and it's because I think so much, that I say so little. I can't talk about her."

She flung herself passionately into the little bedroom, and shut the door with a bang, while her aunt stood still, with the tears running down her face. In a moment the door opened just a crack, and Shirley said, huskily, "Will you please give me a scrap of paper, a pencil, and an envelope, Aunt Nell?"

Aunt Nell hastened to her desk, and taking out a whole new tablet, a package of envelopes, and some stamps, put them into the hand that was still thrust through the opening.

"Put them in the bag, dear," she said; "I don't see how I came to forget those; and,—you'd better write two before you go, and wait for the answers."

Shirley did not reply, but closed the door. Aunt Nell sat down on the floor before it, thinking thoughts that made her cheeks grow paler yet, and her eyes hot with tears. After a few moments she tapped gently.

"Yes," said Shirley's voice.

"I want to come in, dearie, just a minute."

It was so long before the door opened that her heart began to sink; she felt fearful, as she never had in her life. But the door was opened at last, and she entered, feeling that she was unwelcome.

"And did n't you want me to come in?" she stammered; for it seemed so strange she was abashed.

"I don't know; I think I know what you came in for."

"What, then?"

"To—to—pray with me," she whispered, while her face grew white and set.

"Well, dear child, should I not? How can I let you go without it?"

"You must, Aunt Nell," and her voice took on a tone of excitement and intense opposition. "I can't have it now. No, no! you must leave me alone now, Aunt Nell. But I do love you, Aunt Nell. I—I—believe in you. Pray for me after I am gone. I shall need all the good angels, but I can't have any praying now."

Aunt Nell stood an instant with her eyes, from which all tears had dried, fixed on those of the wilful child, over whom her whole heart yearned, while its beating almost stopped in the greatness of her distress. But there was no yielding in Shirley. She was hardening herself more and more every second; so Aunt Nell turned and left her without another word or touch, closing the door softly behind her.

She retired at once, but did not sleep until almost dawn; and then, from actual exhaustion,—for she was not used to severe heart and mental struggles,—she sank into a deep sleep.

She was awakened by her children; the oldest a boy of three, and the baby girl of eighteen months, who had begun the day's work for themselves in their own way, doing the best they could under the new and strange circumstances produced by the mother's long sleep.

It was yet early for any but farm people, but late enough to cause her to leap from the bed, and run to Shirley's room. The door was open, and Shirley was gone.

Aunt Nell, regardless of the children, ran to the window which overlooked the road leading to the railway station a mile distant; and on a rise of ground she saw a tall figure, with a satchel in its hand, silhouetted against the eastern sky. Just a moment it seemed to grow taller and larger, then shorter, until it had disappeared behind the full glory of the morning, which was flooding the landscape with light.

"O Shirley! my Shirley!" cried Aunt Nell, with a sob, "have you really gone? O Father in heaven! keep her from harm; but I am awfully afraid. I'll go and give Benjamin Goss a piece of my mind to-day. He shall know, for once, what I think of him and his way. He knows no more about women and girls than a fence-post."

She had gone desperately into the little bedroom, and begun tossing the clothes that Shirley, always neat, had left, in spite of her haste, spread out before the open window. Aunt Nell was unconsciously looking for Shirley, or something that would satisfy the unreconciled longing of her soul for one more opportunity to save the dear child from herself. Surely she must have left something!

Yes, there was something,—the scattered bits of a letter torn to atoms. She gathered them up, and tried to fit them together; there was one scrap large enough to contain the address; it was "Darling Aunt Nell," and at sight of that her heart seemed to break; she sat down heavily on the floor, and sobbed bitterly, while the children stood for a moment awestricken with wonder. They had never seen their strong, happy, practical mother cry before; they almost never cried themselves. The sight was too much, and in a moment they had both tumbled into her lap, and were wailing in sympathy.

Robin's first screech seemed to frighten him into silence, and catching his breath, he gasped, "Is you hungry, too, mama?—'cause we'd better stop crying, and have our breakfast."

"Yes, darling, we will all stop crying; that, at least, does not bring anybody back. But, Robin, you can see what it will do to mama if you are ever naughty and run away," and she folded both the children to her breast.

"But I hain't runned away," said Robin.

"No, you have n't; you are mama's precious, tender little son, and she is going to try to be a good mama."

"You is a good mama,—gooder 'n peaches an' cream. Papa said so."

The little clinging hands of her children, their sweet lips and innocent prattle, were balm to Aunt Nell's wound, but they could not quite heal it; and when, after giving the children their breakfast and getting them out to play, she began to study the torn letter again, her tears fell afresh; she succeeded in matching the pieces so as to make it out, and this is what she read:—

DARLING AUNT NELL: I never loved you as I do to-night, for I can understand your feelings, and yet you don't try to force me into doing what you think is right. Don't think I don't appreciate your prayers. I believe in you and your religion, and that is the reason I could not let you pray to-night, so that I should hear it; for I knew if I did, I should not be able to go, and I will not be hindered now. I must make a break for liberty and self-respect sometime, and now I have gone too far to go back, and have it all to go over again soon.

I know you are praying now, while I am writing, and it is all I can do to resist going out and saying—

Here the letter abruptly ended, and Aunt Nell bowed her face down over it, and prayed as she had never prayed before in her life, that

the dear truant might be sheltered and protected in spite of herself, and be returned sweeter and as pure as when she went away; that she might learn, in this effort of her will to have its own way, how much better it is to yield to the will of the loving Father in all things.

She also prayed for the selfish father, whose unwise way had led to such serious consequences, and for the weak and suffering mother, upon whom the blow must fall most heavily; and in praying for them, she herself was comforted.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

DAWN.

THE glassy water, cool and clear,
Reflects one solitary cloud;
And morning song-birds, far and near,
Repeat their matins shrill and loud:
"The night is done, and day is here."

—N. E. Magazine.

WISE SACRIFICE.

"WHAT do you intend to be, when you are a man?" asked an eminent surgeon of a boy in whom he was interested.

"I want to be a surgeon, like you, sir," was the quick reply.

The surgeon took the boy's hand, and spread it out beside his own. "You enjoy playing baseball?" he said.

"Oh, yes!" cried the boy, "I enjoy it better than anything else. I play it almost all the time, when I am out of school."

"I thought so," said the surgeon. "Look at your hands. See how thick the fingers are getting. They feel hard and stiff, too. Before you know it, they will be twisted and out of shape. A surgeon needs the most flexible hand in the world, as sensitive and delicate of touch as a woman's. If you keep on playing ball in the extravagant fashion you are doing now, until you are twenty-one, your hands will be spoiled for a surgeon's work. Now I am going to put to you a hard question: Would you be willing to give up baseball for the sake of being a better surgeon than you otherwise could be?"

The boy's face grew very sober for a minute. Then he looked up, and cried, eagerly: "Yes, sir, I would! I would give up anything for the sake of my best."

The famous surgeon laid his hand approvingly on the boy's shoulder. "You will do," he said, with a smile. "Yours is the spirit that makes success sure."

Willingness to sacrifice the lower to the higher good is one of the surest tests of character. It is something we are all called upon to do. Every life is full of cross-currents of opportunity. Nine times out of ten, the question is not: "Are both of these opportunities good?" but, "Which is the better opportunity?" Each is almost sure to conflict with some other, and we are absolutely obliged to make a choice.

Wise and happy is the boy or girl who, while the opportunities of life are fresh and abundant, has the strength and courage to seize those which are best, and let those go which conflict with the best. Happiest and wisest of all is the young person who seizes the grandest of all opportunities,—the opportunity of lifelong Christian consecration and service,—at whatever cost of pleasure, or indulgence, or freedom from responsibility.

We must all sacrifice something. If we choose inferior things, we have to give up what is better. This kind of sacrifice may cost us less in the beginning, but it will cost us infinitely more in the end. How much wiser to choose at the outset what we know to be the best, and then, having paid once for all the trivial temporal cost, enjoy the ever-increasing reward throughout eternity.—*Young People's Weekly*.

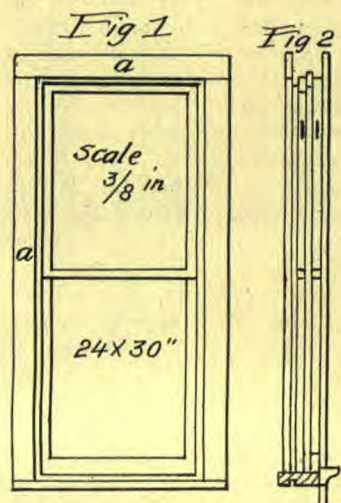
"ONE of the largest rooms in the world is the room for improvement."



ABOUT BUILDING.

WELL, boys, perhaps some of you begin to think it is about time for me to say something in regard to building. If you will give strict attention to what I now write and illustrate to you, I will teach you how to plan and build a cottage. It is important to know how to plan and draft out a piece of work to a scale before you build it; then you can lay your rule on your plan, and get accurate measurements for the work, and thus avoid making mistakes.

You will need a few tools with which to do your drawing. First, you should have a drawing-board. Get a good pine board about fifteen inches wide; or, if a board of that width is not easily obtained, glue two pieces together. It should be about twenty inches long, and of equal width. Dress both sides smooth, and make the ends as nearly square as possible. Get drafting-tacks, or pins, to hold your paper to the board. Next you want a T-square, which is made of cherry, maple, or some other finely grained wood. This tool costs but a trifle. It would be well to purchase a set of high-school mathematical instruments, which can be procured for about \$1.50. If you can not get this set, use a pair of common dividers. Then you want an architect's drafting-scale; or, if you have a good brass bound two-foot rule, you will find, upon the inside, four scales,—a one-inch, three-fourths-inch, one-half-inch, and one-fourth-inch, each divided into twelfths. You can draft by these scales until you can procure something better.



work to in drawing out details of work is one and one-half inches to the foot, which gives you one eighth of an inch for one inch in the scale. But I will speak further of this another time.

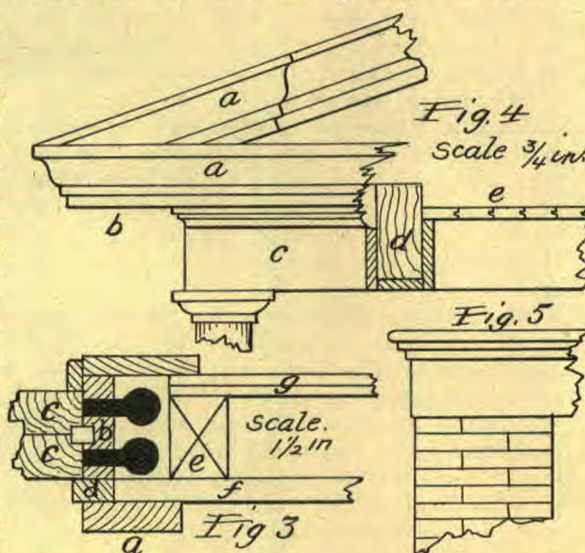
Whatever the building you construct, you should see it in your mind as complete as if it already existed before your eyes. When our grandfathers were boys, people were ignorant of the methods of laying out a frame for a large building, but would lay out a stick at a time, and fit it together by what they called the "scribe rule."

I want you to learn the technical names of the different parts of a house, so that you can work understandingly, after which we will together draw the plans for a nice cottage, and build it, step by step, until it is completed. In this lesson I will give a few illustrations of some parts of a house. Fig. 1 represents a window frame complete, such as we would need for a cottage. The size of the glass is 24x30 inches, with check-sash.

Fig. 2 is a side section of the frame, showing the stops and casings, drawn on three eighths-inch scale.

In Fig. 3 we have a section of the side of the frame drawn upon a scale of one and one-half inches to the foot. This scale is so large that the different parts can be lettered, so that when they are mentioned again, you will easily recall them. As represented, *a* is the face cas-

ing, usually four inches wide, one and one-eighth inches thick. This is the outside; the top casing measures the same. At *b* is shown the jamb, on which the sash slides; at *c, c*, the window-sash. The jamb is about five inches wide. It has a groove at *b* three eighths of an inch deep, one-half inch wide for the check-stop between the sash. At *d* is the blind stop, which projects one-half inch beyond the face casing, and is nailed on before the face casing is attached. You will observe two pulleys through the jamb, with their weights. Each weight should equal about half the weight of the sash and glass combined. There is a pocket in the jamb to put the weights through, which will be explained later. At *e* is the stud, 2x4 inches, which is set two and one-fourth inches from the jamb, thus leaving room for the weights to play in raising and lowering the sash. You will see at *f* the sheeting upon the outside of the studding, of common, mill-



dressed lumber, covered with building-paper and at *g*, the lath and plaster.

In Fig. 4 we have a section of veranda cornice, drawn upon a scale of three fourths of an inch to the foot. The crown-mold is shown at *a, a*. It is thus named because it is the crowning member of the cornice. The board underneath the crown-mold, at *b*, is the plancher. Under the plancher, at *c*, is the bed-mold. At *d* is shown a section of the box cut through that which runs over the columns. This is called a soffit. Below the soffit is shown the upper end of a column. At *e* may be seen the matched ceiling over the veranda.

Fig. 5 represents the end of the veranda floor, with casing and molding under the floor, called the nosing.

As I have already said, I hope you will give strict attention to this lesson, in order that you may keep pace with the instruction in cottage-building.

W. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

ORIGIN OF NAMES OF STATES.

THE name of California first originated in the imagination of the author of a Spanish romance, "Les Sergus de Esplandian." In this fiction he described the "Island of California," where a great abundance of gold and precious stones was found.

Oregon was a name formerly given to an imaginary river of the West. The name was finally applied to the present State of that name.

New Hampshire was named from Hampshire County, in England, by John Mason, of the Plymouth Company, to whom the territory was originally granted by the English government.

The State of Massachusetts was named from the bay of that name. The word originated from the Indian word *massa*, great; *wadehuash*, mountain or hills; and the suffix *et*, meaning at, or near.

Authorities are not agreed as to the origin of the name Rhode Island. Some say it was named from the Isle of Rhoda; others, that it originated from the Dutch Rhode Eslinat, signifying "red island."

Connecticut, spelled in an Indian dialect, *Quin-neh-tuk-qut*, signified "land on a long tidal river."

New York is named from the Duke of York, the original grantee. His charter included lands "from the west side of the Connecticut River to the east side of Delaware Bay."

The territory of New Jersey was given by royal charter to Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley. Cartaret, in England's great civil war, had bravely defended the Isle of Jersey, in the British Channel, and his new possessions were named in commemoration of this fact.

Pennsylvania was first named "Sylvania," "forest country," to which the name of Penn was affixed. Three counties lying southeast of Pennsylvania were formerly territories of that State. In 1701 they were granted a charter, and named Delaware, after Lord de la Ware, who first explored the bay into which the river empties.

Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

Virginia was named in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who was known as the "virgin queen."

The territory of the Carolinas was granted to the French settlers in 1662, and named after Charles I, of France.

The State of Georgia was named for George II, of England.

Maine, in the charter granted by Charles I, in 1639, was named "the Province or Countie of Mayne," being regarded as a part of "the Mayne (main) Lande of New England."

Vermont is formed from two French words, *verd* and *mont*, meaning "green mountain."

Kentucky is an Indian word, variously explained as meaning "at the head of the river," "river of blood," and "the dark and bloody ground."

Mississippi is from the Indian *Meesyede*, not "the father of waters," but "the great water."

Colorado is named for the Rio Colorado. In Spanish, Colorado means "ruddy," or "red."

Tennessee is supposed to have been named from Tenas See, one of the villages of the Cherokee Indians, situated on the Tennessee River.

The name Minnesota is taken from the Indian *Minisotah*, meaning "colored water."

Nevada is named from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which, in turn, are named from the Sierra Nevadas of Granada, Spain.

The word Nebraska comes from an Indian word meaning "shallow river."

Kansas is named from its principal river. A tribe of Indians, formerly living in that locality, were known as the Konsos, or Kows, and the State is probably named from them.

Florida was discovered by Ponce de Leon on Easter day, and was called, in Spanish, Pascua Florida, or "flowery Easter."

Alabama is named from an ancient Indian tribe of the Mississippi valley; the name signifies "here we rest."

The word Ohio originates from *O-he-zah*, of the Wyandotte Indian dialect, which means "something great."

Iowa is named from a river of that name.

Missouri is derived from the Indian *Min-he-sho-shay*, signifying "muddy water." The State takes its name from the river.

The name Wisconsin is of French-Indian origin. It was formerly spelled Ouisconsin, meaning "westward flowing."

Illinois was the name of a confederacy of Indians. The name is from *illini*, man, the Indian plural *uk* being changed by the French to *ois*.

The name Michigan was first applied to the lake. It comes from Indian words of Algonkian and Chippewa origin—*Mitcha*, great, and *gan*, lake.

Louisiana was named in honor of Louis XIV, of France, and was formerly applied to the French possessions in the Mississippi valley.

Arkansas is of Indian origin. A tribe of Indians, who rebelled and separated from the Kansas nation, were celebrated for the fine quality of their bows. From this they were called Arc, or Bow, Indians, and afterward Arkansas.

Arizona is said to be a corruption of *Papago orlison*, meaning "little creeks."

Utah is an Indian tribal name.

In Spanish, Montana means "mountain land."—*Our Times*.



NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

GOLDEN heap so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare;
Dewy eyes, half-shut, half-opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying —
"Now I lay me down to sleep" —

'Tis to God that she is
praying;
Praying him her soul to
keep.

Oh, the rapture, sweet, un-
broken,
Of the soul who wrote
that prayer;
Children's myriad voices
floating
Up to heaven, record it
there.

If of all that has been
written,
I could choose what
might be mine,
It would be that child's
petition
Rising to the throne divine.
— Selected.

WHOSE BABIES?

THREE of them, in a little house without windows or door or roof, the top all open to the sky. Yet the babies do not get wet. Do you ask why? — Because of a wonderful umbrella, tall and straight, with a covering of green, in more pieces than you could count, to shield them.

But that is not all. Babies like to be amused. Rattles? — Well, no; but a sound that is like the clapping of tiny cymbals. I have even heard of some babies who thought the world was made of these same green bits. That was before they had wandered from the house. Afterward they knew better.

Shall I tell you more about the little house? Some would call it a cradle. It is round and smooth. At night it has a covering of softest down. The cradle is rocked, although the babies never see the one who rocks it. Sometimes this invisible helper sings, as he rocks the cradle, a lullaby unlike any other they have heard, and yet strangely like them all.

The house is just large enough, — no room to spare. When the babies are ready to leave the little house, it will no longer hold them. It is only for their baby days.

It was the mother who made the house. The father brought all that was needed, — hair, and moss, and bits of wool. As for the babies themselves, when they first come, they have only a sparse covering of finest down. You can scarcely see it. Their eyes are closed. They seem only to eat and sleep.

The father and mother feed them. If the mother goes for food, the father watches near, that no harm may come to them. While the

mother is away, the bright sunshine wraps them in its soft, warm mantle.

The babies are not always sparsely clad. After a time they have a dress that is soft, warm, and of a beautiful brown, or grayish-brown, color. The marking of this dress is one of the strangest of strange things. If you should see one of these half-dressed babies, you would laugh. Their clothing is all shreds and patches, yet it does not fall off.

Soon the eyes open, bright and keen of sight, the dress is completed, and the house is no longer large enough to hold the babies.

Now comes the prettiest time of all, — a time of coaxing and calling, and oh! such love and tender care, — a time of trying and fail-

ing back at the dot of a figure scampering after me.

"My papa says so!" he announced, with an air of settling the point beyond controversy.

It seemed almost too bad to question the little fellow further, when he had such wonderful confidence in his father, and I thought, "Well, it is better to have such a reason as little Charlie's than no reason at all."

But we may have a better reason than this. If some one were to ask you, my boy, or you, my girl, *how* you know that the seventh day is the Sabbath, would your answer be any more to the point than Charlie's? Of course you all know where the Ten Commandments are found, though I once knew about a *minister* who did

not, and was obliged to ask. How sad it would be for any of the boys and girls of the INSTRUCTOR family not to be able to turn promptly to the chapter where God's holy law is found!

But how many can repeat the Ten Commandments correctly? If I were writing this to your parents, I should beg them to see that you all learn, at once, *every one* of God's Ten Words by heart. But I am writing to *you*, so I shall appeal to you. If you will read them all over carefully twice every day, you will soon have them all learned.

Oh, if only you will give the same anxious study to God's word that you give to your lessons at school, you will never grieve the dear Lord, or make your Sabbath-school teacher sad and perplexed by having a poor lesson on the Sabbath. Will you do this?

Let us all read again the text quoted at the beginning of this article.

"But," you say, "no one will ever ask *me* to give a reason for my hope. I'm not a minister nor a Bible worker."

Yes, I know; but think what a deep understanding Christ had of the Bible when he was only twelve years old. His reasoning was so profound that it astonished the wise doctors of the law.

If we wish to be like Christ, we must

study the Bible as he did. You may think it unnecessary, and that you will never be called upon to answer for your faith; but the time is at hand — is come — when the question of Sabbath observance will be one of the leading questions of the day, and if we do not, young and old, place our feet upon the firm platform of God's word, we shall surely be swept away, not being able to stand. Who among us would be willing to spend days and months within the gloomy walls of a prison, rather than give up the faith? Ah! you must have some better reason for a belief upon which hang such important results, than "father and mother say so." How do you know that they are not mistaken? Christ says: "Search the Scriptures." It may be that you will very soon be met with cunning arguments against God's truth; but if you can meet them with "Thus saith the Lord,"



"GOLDEN HEAP SO LOWLY BENDING."

ing, and trying again, and at last the new, free life.

What does it all mean? Can you tell? — *Kinder-garten Review*.

"BE READY ALWAYS."

READY for what? How many of the girls and boys can quote the remainder of the verse? Suppose we turn to 1 Peter 3: 15, and read the last clause: "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

One Sabbath not long ago, as I was hurrying to Sabbath-school, a little tot overtook me, and trotted along by my side.

"What day is this, Charlie?" I asked.

"Sabbus!" was the prompt reply.

"How do you know?" I ventured, look-

the enemy will be put to confusion, no matter how young you are.

People will tell you that the law has been done away; that it was nailed to the cross; and that the fourth commandment, which enjoins the observance of what they call the "old Jewish Sabbath," has been abolished.

Can you give an intelligent answer as to *what* law was nailed to the cross of Christ and thus abolished? There *was* a law which ceased to be in force after Christ said, "It is finished." What law was it? Do you think it was the Moral Law? If it was, do you think there could be any condemnation to a thief for breaking the eighth command? or to a murderer for breaking the sixth? or to a heathen for disobeying the first and second? Is it any less a grievous sin for children to disobey their parents to-day than in the Jewish age? So you see that the Ten Commandments are in force to-day, the same as ever. But some, in order to destroy the claims of the fourth command, declare them *all* abolished.

Were there certain Sabbaths which *were* done away when Christ died?—Oh, yes; these were the ceremonial sabbaths, and, along with other ceremonies, types, and shadows, they ceased when the Substance was met. You know a shadow always points to the substance, and ceases when that substance is reached. But notice the difference between the Sabbath of the fourth command and these ceremonies: The Sabbath of Jehovah *always* points *backward* to *creation*, and always did, and always will. The others pointed forward to the cross, and were then abolished.

Study Eph. 2:13–20, and we will have another talk soon.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

THE HOUSE A MOUSE BUILT.

HE was a clever little mouse, who wished to go to housekeeping. He found it difficult to get any material; for he lived in a house where there were no carpets, and the man who lived alone in the house was so careful that he never left the smallest thing about that could be nibbled and made soft for a mouse's dainty house. It became very serious. Cold weather would soon come, and the wind did blow so hard through the cracks of the house, and there was nothing but the bare, but warmest, corner between the outer and inner walls of the old house for the little mouse to live in.

One day the little mouse made a discovery. He found in a box, through which he nibbled while the owner was gone, some pieces of paper that would suit perfectly for the house he would build in the warmest corner. He worked hard carrying the paper, and shredding it until it looked like wool. On this paper were pictures. Whether this mouse was artistic and liked pictures, or whether it was an accident that he did not make wool of these corners, no one will ever know; but he left the pictures whole.

One day there was a great deal of hammering, and the poor little mouse in his beautiful house between the walls scampered away, frightened almost out of his wits. The hammering went on; at last the men broke through into the very corner where the little mouse had built his comfortable house. The moment the hammerers saw the house, they stopped hammering; and the poor mouse saw that his pretty house created the wildest excitement, especially the pictures.

The little mouse had built his woolly house of money that the man who lived alone had saved! The pictures were all carefully smoothed out, and it was found that the little mouse had built a house worth two thousand dollars. How much more it cost, no one could tell but the miser who owned the money, and he did not speak. The pictures told, at least in part, how much the mouse's house was worth. They were taken to the Treasury Department at Washington, and redeemed; that is, good money was given for them.—*Selected.*

It is worth something to be one of the world's "dependables,"—a person who can be depended on in every emergency.



THE PLANTED FIELD.

I GAZED athwart the planted field,
And saw therein a straggling crop,
That looked as if it were the yield
Of seeds that merely chanced to drop.
It seemed an acre overgrown
With sprouting grain that upward thrust
Where'er it could, 'twixt sod and stone,
And grew because, forsooth, it must.
I, musing, thought: "The husbandman
Is careless of his striving grain.
The seeds he scattered without plan
For sheaves to load his harvest-wain."

And then I wandered on, heartsore,
And filled with bitterness for all
Humanity, chance-scattered o'er
The rough-plowed world from wall to wall,
Until, 'mid tears, I looked again
Upon the planted field, and lo!
There stood the crop of goldening grain
In stateliest order, row on row.
No careless hand those seeds had sown;
The husbandman had furrowed fair.
Looking athwart, I had not known
Both love and law abided there.

—*Selected.*

INTO THE LIGHT.

MAY and Grace were seventeen years of age, and were among the brightest students in their high school. Six months before our story opens, both girls had accepted Christ as their personal Saviour, and had ever since been loyal, faithful workers for him. In the room of each hung this text: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

As soon as May went away, Grace began to study the texts they had read that morning. They shone with new force and beauty, and she became so absorbed that her lunch remained untouched when May returned.

They at once entered upon the study of the signs of Christ's coming, Grace turning to Matt. 24:29, and reading: "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken."

"You notice, Grace," said May, "that the very next thing is the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven; and if you will read the third verse of this same chapter, you will see that the disciples had just been asking him for a sign of his coming. He not only gave them the *signs*, but also told them when to look for them."

"What does he mean by the 'tribulation of those days'?"

May turned to her note-book, and read: "The days of tribulation began in 538 A. D., when the papacy was established, and ended in 1798, when the pope was taken prisoner."

"Oh, yes; I remember having that in our history class. It was Berthier who took him prisoner, was n't it?"

"Yes; and Elder Barnes read that between those dates between fifty and one hundred millions of the people of God were put to death. Some were starved, some burned at the stake, some thrown to wild beasts. Every means of torture that Satan and wicked men could invent was employed to compel men to renounce their faith. That is the 'great tribulation' spoken of by Christ, immediately after which the signs were to be given. In Mark it reads a little differently. Please read Mark 13:24."

"But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light."

"You see that the darkening of the sun and the moon, in order to be the signs spoken of by the Saviour, must come *before* the end of the days in 1798, and *after* the tribulation."

"How is that?"

"In Matthew 24 Christ says, 'But for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.' 'The suppression of the order of Jesuits by the pope of Rome, and the influence of the Reformers, together with the edicts of toleration passed by Austria and Spain cut short the tribulation,' so that it ceased a few years before the 'days' ended, about 1773; so you see the signs must come between 1773 and 1798."

"That is very clear; but did they come then?"

"Why, of course they did. Elder Barnes read several extracts showing that the sun was darkened May 19, 1780. During the following night it was so dark that, as one writer expressed it, 'a sheet of white paper held before the face was equally invisible with a piece of the blackest velvet.' During the latter part of the night the darkness disappeared, and the moon looked like blood."

"It could not have been an eclipse?"

"No; the moon was full, and you know it is not possible to have an eclipse at such a time."

"That is true. That verse we read in Matthew 24 says that the stars shall fall from heaven. Has that been fulfilled?"

"Yes; I asked Elder Barnes to let me take his book, 'Facts for the Times,' and I copied this, taken from the Connecticut *Observer* of Nov. 25, 1833: 'We pronounce the raining of fire which we saw on Wednesday morning last, an awful type, a sure forerunner, a *merciful sign* of that great and dreadful day which the inhabitants of the earth will witness when the sixth seal shall be opened. The time is just at hand, described not only in the New Testament, but in the Old. A more correct picture of a fig-tree casting its leaves, when blown by a mighty wind, it is not possible to behold.' Rev. 6:13 describes the falling of the stars. Grandpa says that he saw them, and that it was the grandest sight he ever witnessed. Almost every one was greatly frightened, thinking that the end of the world had come."

"But instead of the end, it was only one of the *signs* of it?"

"Yes. God always warns the world before he visits his judgments upon it. He is not willing that one should perish. For one hundred and twenty years, Noah preached the coming of the flood; but the people had never seen any rain, and they ridiculed and scoffed at the idea."

"But the flood came."

"Yes; and Christ will come."

"Did he give any other signs of his coming?"

"Yes, a great many. In the chapter we have been reading, he says that there shall be wars and rumors of wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes. He also says that false Christs and false prophets shall arise, and shall deceive many, because of the great signs and wonders that they show. He warns us against being deceived by any of these, and says, 'For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.' Now read verses 32 and 33."

"Now learn a parable of the fig-tree: When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it ['he,' margin] is near, even at the doors."

"If he is at the door, he must be very near."

"The next verse shows that. Please read it."

"Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled."

"The generation that learns the parable, that knows these signs as *signs of his coming*, will not have passed away when he appears in the clouds of heaven."

"How thankful I am that the Lord has sent some one to tell us about these things. You remember, May, that John says, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.'"

"Yes, Grace; but I must go now. Next time I come, we will try to finish the reading on the present subject, and perhaps I shall have something else that is new to us."

"I shall be glad when I am able to go with you. Come as often as you can."

"You may be sure I will do so; and now, good-by."
LENA E. HOWE.

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 4.

(July 22, 1899.)

PETER'S CONFESSION; THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 16:13 to 17:13; Mark 8:27 to 9:8; Luke 9:22-36.

Memory Verses.—Mark 8:36-38.

PERSONS: Jesus, twelve disciples, man possessed with a devil, Moses, Elias, Gadarenes. **PLACES:** Coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, Mount of Transfiguration, Sea of Galilee, Gadara.

QUESTIONS.

1. What questions did Jesus ask his disciples as they journeyed through Cæsarea Philippi? Matt. 16:13-15. What were their respective answers? Vs. 14, 16. What did Jesus say was the source of Peter's grand testimony? Verse 17. What statement, addressed to Peter, did Jesus then make concerning the foundation of his church? V. 18. What authority did he say should be given to the church on earth? V. 19; note 1.

2. In connection with these statements, what instruction did Jesus give? V. 21. How did Peter receive it? V. 22. What rebuke did Jesus administer? V. 23. What principle of Christian life was then set before the disciples and people? Mark 8:34, 35. By what questions did Jesus seek to show the value of true self-denial? V. 36, 37. What conclusion did he draw? V. 38. Why? Matt. 16:27; note 2.

3. To what place did Jesus repair, and for what purpose? Luke 9:28. Who accompanied him? Why no others? Note 3. What wonderful changes took place in the Saviour while communing with God? V. 29. Who appeared to him? V. 30. Of what was this scene a type? Note 4. What subject was discussed by these celestial visitors? V. 31. In what condition were the disciples during this interview? V. 32. Through their failure to remain awake, what did they lose? Note 5.

4. Upon awakening, what did Peter say to Jesus? V. 33. By what were they soon surrounded? V. 34. What voice was heard at this time, and what was said? V. 35. What was the effect upon the disciples? Matt. 17:6. What did Jesus do and say? V. 7.

NOTES.

1. In the person of Peter, the Lord addresses his church. The words spoken contain a meaning the very opposite of that which the Roman Catholic Church endeavors to put into them. Christ, not Peter, is the very foundation of the church of God. 1 Cor. 3:11; Eph. 2:20. The word translated "Peter" signifies a loose, disconnected stone, fit symbol of the unstable character of Peter, and of all things most undesirable for a foundation. But the word from which "rock" is derived is, on the other hand, one that signifies crag, or cliff, or *fixed* and *immovable* stone. It is upon this fixed and everlasting Rock, Christ Jesus, that the temple of God's church is erected, not upon changeable, erring man. To the church, Christ has given the keys, the power, of the kingdom. These "keys" are the words of the Lord, as recorded in the Scriptures. See "Desire of Ages," pages 412-414.

2. It is only in the light of Christ's second coming that we may rightly estimate the value of earthly things. How foolish it were to exchange one's soul for things which must be destroyed "by the brightness of his coming"! If *all* rewards are to be given then, it is evident that no reward of any true worth can be had before that time. Hence the word, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world [which is but transitory], and lose his own soul [which may continue to all eternity]?"

3. Peter, James, and John, of the entire twelve, were the only ones who could receive the manifestations that Jesus designed to give. These three were Christ's closest companions, not because they were more loved by him, but rather because they more fully yielded themselves to him, and thus could better appreciate his plans and enter into his work. This principle still holds true; he is taken into closest relation with God, whose heart is most in sympathy with the divine.

4. The persons in the transfiguration scene are types of the future glorious kingdom of Christ. In that kingdom will be found the Son of God, glorified, sitting as King of kings and Lord of lords. Of this he was a type when on the mount; his face shone as the sun, and his raiment became white as the light. In that future kingdom will be the raised dead of all ages; of these Moses was a type. Yet another class will be there,—the translated ones, the one hundred and forty-four thousand who will not have tasted death; these are typified in the

person of Elias. In this sense the kingdom of God was seen by the disciples before *they* tasted death. And thus it was that Peter, in after-years, when preaching the coming of the Lord, appealed to this event as proof of his knowledge. 2 Peter 1:16-18.

5. Through being overcome with sleep, the disciples heard little of what passed between Christ and the heavenly messengers. Failing to watch and pray, they had not received that which God desired to give them,—a knowledge of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. They lost the blessing that might have been theirs through sharing his self-sacrifice. Slow of heart to believe were these disciples, little appreciative of the treasure with which Heaven sought to enrich them. Yet they received great light. They were assured that all heaven knew of the sin of the Jewish nation in rejecting Christ. They were given a clearer insight into the work of the Redeemer. They saw with their eyes and heard with their ears, things that were beyond the comprehension of man. They were "eye-witnesses of his majesty," and they realized that Jesus was indeed the Messiah, to whom patriarchs and prophets had witnessed, and that he was recognized as such by the heavenly universe.—"The Desire of Ages," page 425.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 4.

(July 23, 1899.)

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Lesson Scripture.—Dan. 5:17-31.

Connected Passages.—Dan. 5:1-16; 1 Sam. 2:1-11; Matt. 25:31-46; Acts 5:1-11; Ex. 34:1-17; Rev. 20:12-15.

Golden Text.—Ps. 75:7.

QUESTIONS.

How long is the interval between the occurrences of the previous lesson and those of this lesson? How long did Nebuchadnezzar reign? By what was his reign interrupted? What is said of Belshazzar? What was the probable occasion of this feast? Give order of events up to the calling of Daniel. How did Daniel regard the offer of the king? Why was Belshazzar so inexcusably guilty? What had he desecrated, and whom had he defied? Where did the writing appear? What meaning had each of the words? What order was issued? What was the significance of the robe and chain? What position did Daniel hold? Who took the kingdom from Belshazzar? When was the king slain? How many prophecies were fulfilled in the overthrow of Babylon?

NOTES.

1. "A period of about forty-two years intervenes between the last lesson and the present lesson (B. C. 538). Nebuchadnezzar, after a reign of forty-three years, interrupted by seven years of insanity (Dan. 4:33), died; and in due time Belshazzar came to the throne."

2. Sir Henry Rawlinson has discovered inscriptions which give the history of the exploits of King Nabonadius, who associated his own son, Belshazzar, with himself in the kingdom. He was defeated in the field, and retreated to Borsippa, where he was held in siege. Belshazzar was in Babylon, and held royal honors till his death. This explains why Daniel held the *third* place in the kingdom, and also harmonizes history and the Bible. Some of the most remarkable and striking prophecies of Jeremiah and Isaiah, as well as of Daniel, refer to the destruction of Babylon. The prophecies and their fulfilment in relation to Babylon have a special interest, inasmuch as they have a double significance, picturing the condition and fate of the world, and vividly bringing to view the utter overthrow of all who oppose and exalt themselves above God.

3. "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" Nebuchadnezzar had said, in the pride of his heart. The great city upon which he looked down was a marvel of cities, and has not been equaled to this day. It was "laid out in a perfect square sixty miles in circumference, fifteen miles on each side; surrounded by a wall three hundred and fifty feet high and eighty-seven feet thick, with a moat, or ditch, around this of equal cubic capacity with the wall itself; divided into six hundred and seventy-six squares, each two and a quarter miles in circumference, by its fifty streets, each one hundred and fifty feet in width, crossing each other at right angles, twenty-five each way, every one of them straight and level and fifteen miles in length; its two hundred and twenty-five square miles of enclosed surface, divided as just described, laid out in luxuriant pleasure-grounds and gardens, interspersed with magnificent dwellings,—this city, . . . containing in itself many things which were wonders of the world, was in itself another and still mightier wonder. . . . And there, with the whole earth prostrate at her feet, a queen in peerless grandeur, drawing from the pen of inspiration itself this glowing title, "The glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," sat this city, fit capital of that kingdom which constituted the golden head of this great historic image.—"Thoughts on Daniel," pages 46, 47.

4. From the prophets we know what powers they were which should march against Babylon to destroy it; we know who should lead the armies; we know how the city should be taken; and we know the condition of things in the city when the invading forces should enter. For God mustered the forces, directed the siege, and led the leaders, and by his prophets his plans were all revealed from sixty to one hundred and seventy-five years before the city and the kingdom of Babylon fell.—"Great Empires of Prophecy," page 37.

5. When all was prepared, Cyrus determined to wait for the arrival of a certain festival, during which the whole population were wont to engage in drinking and reveling, . . . and then silently, in the dead of night, to turn the water of the river, and make his attack. . . . Belshazzar, with the natural insolence of youth, to mark his contempt of the besieging army, abandoned himself wholly to the delights of the season, and himself entertained a thousand lords in his palace.—*Id.*, page 42.

6. Cyrus declares, on a tablet recounting his capture of Babylon, "that Babylon was captured 'without fighting' on the fourteenth day of the month Tammuz. . . . On this day of all days the women took part in the horrible rites [celebrating the union of Istar and Tammuz], and it was in this feast of king, princes, wives, and concubines that Babylon was taken, and Belshazzar slain.—Wm. Hayes Ward, D. D.

7. When the morning came, Cyrus found himself undisputed master of the city, which, if it had not despised his efforts, might with the greatest ease have baffled them. ["Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut." Isa. 45:1.] Thus perished the Babylonian Empire.—"Great Empires of Prophecy," page 46.

8. Earth's greatest city, type of the destruction of all the cities of men, lies in dust and oblivion; but there is a city whose builder and maker is God, and through its gates shall enter the holy and harmless, who shall go no more out forever.

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JUST as the young tree, by swaying to and fro in the wind, gathers strength to resist the shock of the tempest, so the mind becomes stronger and yet more strong by meeting and conquering difficulties.

THERE is more than one specious falsehood floating around where it is likely to do the most mischief, in the form of a high-sounding proverb or adage; and one of these is the saying that "all things come to him who waits." There never was a more sleepy, lazy humbug given to the world. It is true that any reasonable prize may be gained by the energetic, wide-awake person who is willing to study hard and work faithfully for the success he hopes to win, — who *works* while he *waits*. A boy may wish to be a first-class carpenter; but he might sit down near a beautiful house, and look at it all his life long, without gaining enough practical knowledge of carpentry to enable him to build a wood-shed. The wise boy will begin at the beginning, and thoroughly master the minutest details of the trade; and the way he does this, and the care that he exercises in doing well the "little things," will be just the measure of his success when his mature years are upon him. But there are things that come to those who "wait" — and do nothing else; who lazily exclaim, "What's the use of bothering? 'All things come to him who waits,'" when urged to be up and doing. Disappointment is one of them; chagrin is another; regret is sure to bring to mind the neglected, forever-lost opportunities of youth. All these come to him who waits — but do *you* wish such visitants? — Never! "*Study*," then "to show thyself approved," and you will win both approval and success.

THE MINERS OF CORNWALL.

THE story of the workers in the tin-mines of Cornwall, England, is a story of hard work, poverty, and danger, — a dark picture, indeed, were it not for the "bright side," which is found in the deep and tender piety that pervades all their lives. *McClure's Magazine* for June pays this tribute to the Cornish miner: "His gentleness, his piety, his resignation, might make one forget, in speaking to him, the heroism of his daily life, the Titanic efforts that go to each daily task. . . . You rarely hear a Cornish miner complaining of his lot; and undoubtedly the main secret of his patience is his faith in God, his resignation to

the dispensations of Providence. There are no truer Christians to be found throughout the British Isles than these poor, rough miners of Cornwall. God is always in their thoughts. He is always before their eyes. Going and coming, and at their work, they sing hymns. They see in every disaster and in every escape from disaster, a direct manifestation of Providence."

There is always the possibility of accidents, and the fear of them is on many of the miners. The steel cable, over half a mile in length, which holds the gig, or iron cage, in which the men are lowered down, down, three thousand feet into the earth, has more than once broken, hurling the occupants of the car to a horrible death. "In August of 1883 a terrible fatality of this nature occurred. There were twelve men in the gig, and a thirteenth, contrary to regulation, had clambered on to the roof, and was standing there, holding on by the cable. The men had done their work, and were going home. It is reported that, according to general custom, they sang hymns as they ascended. On reaching the surface, the man on the roof stepped off, and turned round to watch the issue of his mates. But where the gig had been but a second previously was now nothing but a gaping void. The rope had snapped, and the gig, with its living freight, had been dashed to the bottom of the shaft. Not one of the poor bodies could be recognized in the mass of human debris that was brought up from below." Rather than risk their lives in the gig, many use the "man engine" to descend to their "level," and to rise again to the surface, though accidents with this device are by no means uncommon. Others "walk down" to their work. "They call the laborious descent of perpendicular ladders 'walking down,' and describe their ascent as 'walking up.' In the Levant Mine, to reach the lowest level, one must walk down eighty ladders, sheer for the most part, and the shortest of them thirty feet long. A man who thus walks down to the bottom of this mine in half an hour is reckoned agile. It may take him an hour to walk up." Accidents with dynamite are rare, but they do sometimes occur. "The one of which the miners talk most readily was not an accident, but an escape, in which again they trace the hand of God. This is the story of Verran, the miner who, when a 'hole' was about to explode, sent his comrade to the surface, and knelt down in prayer, awaiting death. The explosion came, the rocks were flung up and down and around the kneeling form, and made an arch over and about him, and protected him from the flying fragments, so that he was found safe and whole."

But the "run," or the sudden downfall of thousands of tons of rock and rubbish, is most feared by the miners. It comes almost without warning, and those working in its course rarely escape. A beautiful incident is related in connection with one of these "runs," which occurred in 1893, burying eight men four hundred and twelve fathoms down beneath a mass of rock weighing thousands of tons. "Among them was a young man named Osborne, who, hailed by the rescuing party after forty-five hours of strenuous labor, was asked if any one was with him. 'Nobody is here,' he answered, 'but God and myself.' He was heard at intervals again, and what he always and only said was, 'Praise the Lord!' When they reached him at last, they found only his dead body; and it was seen that he had been terribly battered by the fall of the rocks. His feet had been crushed to a pulp."

It is impossible to read of this poor Cornish lad, as he lay battered and bruised and shut in to certain death, without uplifting the heart in praise and gratitude for the great, all-sustaining, all-pervading Love that is able to take the sting from so terrible a death, and fill the heart of the sufferer with the joy of that perfect peace that the world can neither give nor take away.

Health Culture

"TO-MORROW hath a rare, alluring sound;
To-day is very prose; and yet the twain
Are but one vision seen through altered eyes.
Our dreams inhabit one; our stress and pain
Surge through the other."

WASTE AND ASSIMILATION.

II.

IN view of what we noticed last week, we can easily see that in order to enjoy health, a proper balance should be maintained between waste and repair in the body.

There are three points to notice in summing up: (1) Necessary repair must be of material supplied in proper quantity and quality; (2) waste, and consequently poisonous matter formed in the body, must be promptly removed; (3) substances of a poisonous nature must be carefully excluded from the body, by attention to food, air, and water.

Food poisons are called ptomaines, tyrotoxin, etc. Uric acid is a poison formed in the blood. Carbonic acid gas is a poison in bad air. Deadly germs are in water, float in the air, and find their way into food. The Lord foresaw these conditions resulting from sin, and wisely and kindly gave us cells in the lungs, intestines, and blood, which will kill these intruders and keep us in good health, provided we do not take into our systems an excess of these outside enemies. This is often done by greediness, by eating unwholesome food or too much even of good food, by carelessness in drinking, by poisonous water, or by inattention to proper ventilation in our sleeping-rooms. Some persons are too lazy to boil water suspected of being impure, and thus take in a whole colony of germs, which may be too many for the little cell-defenders inside. Then it is a battle, and the weaker must succumb.

In order to be maintained in life and health, the human body requires three substances, — food, oxygen, water, — which may be classified thus: —

FOOD.	OXYGEN.	WATER.
1. Quality	1. Pure air	1. Quality
2. Proportion	2. Deep breathing	2. Quantity
3. Combination	3. Ventilation	3. Best time to supply system
4. Regularity of supply		

We need to study to know what foods contain the most nutriment and make the best blood. Gen. 1:29 tells us what the Creator intended his children to eat. We should also understand the proper proportion we need individually to sustain us in health and comfort. We can not be rules for others, but each should study *himself*, his own needs, the proper combination of food elements, and how often the system should be supplied. Some need to eat three times a day, while others require only two meals. Let each one know himself, and not criticize others; for we are not all alike, either in cell structure or digestive activity. If poisons get into the body, — and they will, more or less, — exercise will keep them moving, so they will not settle in any one organ, and will thus hasten their expulsion.

MRS. M. D. MCKEE.

TEMPORAL prosperity is the goal of the world. To be rich and comfortable and of good repute, to have a good time and an easy time — these are the ambitions of the day. Men are satisfied if they can "get along in the world." The objection to this view is that it deals only with temporal prosperity. It is short-sighted and insufficient. Spiritual growth is infinitely more important than worldly success. To grow in the graces of the inner man, and in the grace of Christ, is better than to increase in wealth or fame; because spiritual progress is forever, and these other things are perishing. They best live who live for the life unending. — *Wellspring*.