

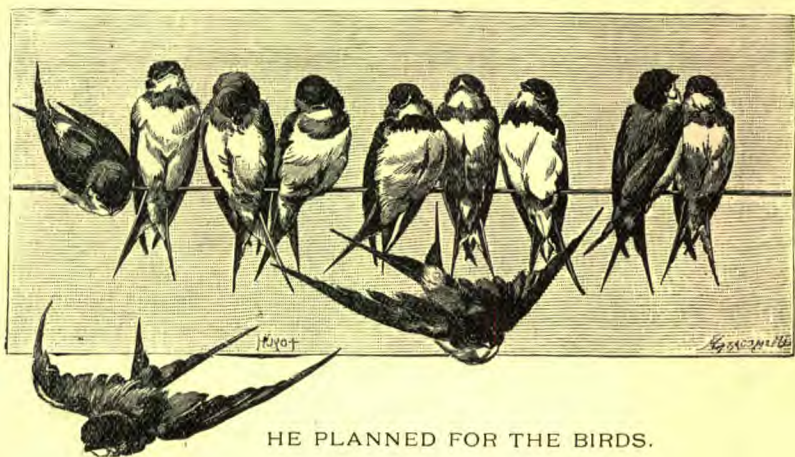
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW
THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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HE PLANNED FOR THE BIRDS.



THE little birds sit on the telegraph-wires,
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always, on purpose, those wonderful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet;
How value rises, and how declines,
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish-sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,—
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say;
Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

MARRIAGES, WISE AND UNWISE.

THE Eden home of our first parents was prepared for them by God himself. When he had furnished it with everything that man could desire, he said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."

We have here revealed to us the truth concerning the origin of man. These words prove how false is the invention of Satan, which has been reiterated by man, that the human race has been developed, stage by stage, from the lowest order of animals. This is one of the deceptions by which Satan seeks to lower in the eyes of man God's great work of creation.

God said, "Let us make man in our image." He gave to the work of his hands not only a form resembling his own, but a mind capable of comprehending divine things. His understanding, his memory, his imagination,—every faculty of man's mind,—reflected the image of God. In disposition and heart he was qualified to receive heavenly instruction. He possessed a right understanding, a true knowledge of his Creator, of himself, his duty, his obligations in respect to the law of God. His judgment was uncorrupted, unbiassed, and disposed to obedience and affection, regulated according to reason and truth. He was capable of enjoying to the utmost capacity the good gifts of God. Everything upon which he looked was transporting to his senses; every sound was as music in his ears. Yet he was not placed beyond the reach of temptation. He stood as the representative of the human race,—a free moral agent.

The Lord was pleased with this last and noblest of all his creatures, and designed that he should be the perfect inhabitant of a perfect world.

But it was not his purpose that man should live in solitude. He said: "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him." So God created Eve, and gave her to Adam as a companion.

Thus marriage was instituted. God himself united the holy pair; and this first marriage is an example of what all marriages should be. God gave the man one wife. Had he deemed it best for man to have more than one wife, he could as easily have given him two; but he sanctioned no such thing. Wherever polygamy is practised, it is against our Heavenly Father's wise arrangement. Under this practise the race degenerates, and all that makes married life elevated and ennobling is blasted.

Immature marriages are productive of a vast amount of the evils that exist to-day. Neither physical health nor mental vigor is promoted by a marriage that is entered on too early in life. Upon this subject altogether too little reason is exercised. Many youth act from impulse. This step, which affects them seriously for good or ill, to be a lifelong blessing or curse, is too often taken hastily, under the impulse of sentiment. Many will not listen to reason or instruction in the matter. They are unwilling to consider this subject from a Christian point of view.

The marriages formed by students at school are not right nor proper. Young boys and girls, unfitted in every way to bear life's responsibilities, do not guard their affections; and many who are too young to take care of themselves, too young to know their own minds, who have never been tested as to whether they can make home happy, and support themselves, assume the responsibilities of married life.

Many mothers have gone into the grave because the son or daughter, who heretofore had been respectful and obedient, would not be advised with reference to this important relation. The youth take this step regardless of the counsel of parents and friends, and heedless of the approval of God. His command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is disregarded, and so his promise can not be fulfilled. His blessing can not rest upon those who pursue this course of reckless wilfulness. The minister of Christ may seek to warn them of their danger; but a bewitching power draws them away from the very ones who would do them good, and they determine to follow their own inclinations.

The world is full of misery and sin to-day in consequence of ill-assorted marriages. In many cases it takes only a few months for husband and wife to realize that their dispositions can never blend; and the result is that discord prevails in the home, where only the love and harmony of heaven should exist. By contention over trivial matters, a bitter spirit is cultivated. Open disagreements and bickering bring inexpressible misery into the home, and drive asunder those who should be united in the bonds of love. Thus thousands have sacrificed themselves, soul and body, by unwise marriages, and have gone down in the path of perdition.

It is a dangerous thing to form a worldly alliance. Satan well knows that the hour which witnesses the marriage of many young men and women closes the history of their religious experience and usefulness. For a time they may make an effort to live a Christian life, but all their strivings are made against a steady influence in the opposite direction. Once they felt it a privilege to speak of their joy and hope; but soon they become unwilling to make this a subject of conversation, knowing that the one with whom they have linked their destiny takes no interest in these things. Thus Satan insidiously weaves about them a web of skepticism, and faith in the precious truth dies out of the heart.

It is Satan's studied effort to secure the youth in sin; for then he is sure of the man. The enemy of souls is filled with intense hatred against every endeavor to influence the youth in the right direction. He hates everything that will give correct views of God and of Christ. His efforts are especially directed against those who are placed in a position favorable for receiving light from heaven; for he knows that any movement on their part to come into connection with God will give them power to resist his temptations. As an angel of light he comes to the youth with his specious devices, and too often succeeds in winning them, step by step, from the path of duty.

Young persons who are thrown into one another's society may make their association a blessing or a curse. They may edify, strengthen, and bless one another, improving in deportment, in disposition, in knowledge; or, by permitting themselves to become careless and unfaithful, they may exert only a demoralizing influence. The youth who finds joy and happiness in reading the word of God and in the hour of prayer, will be constantly refreshed by drafts from the fountain of life. He will attain a height of moral excellence and a breadth of thought that others can not conceive of. Communion with God encourages good thoughts, noble aspirations, clear perception of truth, and lofty purposes of action. Those who connect with God will be acknowledged by him as his sons and daughters. They will reach higher and still higher, obtaining clearer views of God and of eternity, until the Lord can make them channels of light and wisdom to the world.

Jesus will be the helper of all who will put their trust in him. Those who are connected with Christ have happiness at their command. They follow in the path where their Saviour leads, for his sake crucifying the flesh, with the affections and lusts. These persons build their hope upon Christ, and the storms of life are powerless to sweep them from the sure foundation.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



DIVING FOR PEARLS.

MANGAREVA is the principal island of the Gambier group, and is governed by the French. It is about three hundred miles northwest of Pitcairn Island, and eight hundred miles southeast from Tahiti. It is a pleasant island, and with the other islands of the group, has a population of about two hundred and twenty-five. Of these, about a dozen are Americans and Europeans.

It is only during six months of the year that the natives are allowed to dive for the shells,—from the first of November to the first of May. During this time they earn plenty of money, enough to support them well during the whole year; but they spend it for strong drink and other hurtful things as fast as they get it, and then live poorly during the rest of the year. None but the natives are allowed to dive.

Without eating breakfast, the natives start out in the morning about seven o'clock, with their sail-boats, to go to the place of diving. When the place is reached, the sails are taken in, and an anchor, or stone with a rope attached to it, is cast into the sea to keep the boat from drifting away. Each man has his diving-box, made out of inch timber, about twelve inches wide and twenty in length, with a pane of glass in one end. This he takes, and then jumps into the sea. The glass in the end of the box is a sort of window through which the shells can be seen on the bottom. A small net is attached to the box, in which to deposit the shells as the diver secures them.

Before diving, the diver places his head in the upper end of the box, and looks through the glass till he sees a shell. He then swims along till he is exactly over it, and leaving the box to take care of itself, dives directly down to the shell. If he is fortunate, perhaps he will bring up three or four shells at one time.

As soon as they reach the surface of the water, the divers begin a sort of whistling, which is constantly kept up by them as long as they are in the water. This is said to be done to keep away the sharks, which occasionally attack them.

Those who use the diving-boxes are not the most skilful divers, but usually dive in water from twenty to forty-five feet deep, as the boxes are not of much account in water over fifty feet deep.

There are a few natives who look down upon those who use the boxes, and dive in much deeper water. We visited one of their boats,

and were very much interested in it. In dropping a line into the sea, we found the water to be seventy feet deep where they were diving. Before going down, they prepare themselves by deep breathing. They inhale and exhale very slowly for about three minutes, and then plunge head foremost into the sea. They use no weights to take them down, but swim down very rapidly, and come up in the same way. In this deep water the shells can not be seen till they get near the bottom, and sometimes they have to swim along several yards to find one before coming up.

When the shore is reached, each shell-owner is anxious to see if he has made his fortune by finding a valuable pearl. The pearls are found inside the oyster, which is in the shell; so a knife is thrust into it, and it immediately opens of itself. Then the fleshy part is examined, to see if it contains any pearls.

Sometimes valuable ones are found, their worth varying from one hundred to eight thousand dollars. The money secured in this way is usually all spent in a short time for intoxicating liquor.

B. J. CADY.

FIREWORKS IN THE OCEAN.

THE ocean has its lanterns, or phosphorescent animals, and among these the jellyfish and sea-anemone are very numerous. Sometimes they look like pillars of fire, sometimes like stars, and sometimes like fiery serpents, flashing out red, green, yellow, and lilac rays.

Many luminous sea-creatures are very small, not larger than a spark; but these gather in such masses that in the Indian Ocean the water often looks like a sea of molten metal; and a naturalist who bathed among them in the Pacific said that he was illuminated for hours afterward, while the sands on which the insects were stranded at low tide gleamed like grains of gold.

The bottom of the ocean is magnificent with its star-fish and sea-pods, some in rich purple, shedding a soft, golden, green light, while others send out silver flashes. Even crabs in hot climates seem to set themselves on fire; and when captured and teased, they blaze all over with indignation.

A species of shark, too, is intensely brilliant at night, and one that was drawn up shone like a splendid lamp for some hours after it was dead. Naturalists have long been at work on this curious subject, and the source of the illuminating power is supposed to be contained in the little sacs, or cells, in the body of the animal.—*Christian Observer*.

AMONG fishes which build nests in which to deposit their eggs are the sunfish, perch, bream, and black bass. The sunfish and bream select a shallow spot near the shore of a stream or pond, where the summer sun keeps the water at a tropical heat. With vigorous fanning of ventral fins and the tail, they soon sweep away from a small circle all mud, sediment, sunken twigs, and all sorts of trash, and leave bare and bright a bed of pebbles. Even these they continue to brush and rub until they have scooped out quite a hollow, and the nest is then ready—a basin some twelve or fourteen inches in diameter, about four inches deep, and paved with small, many-colored stones. If the muddy bottom does not offer any such floor, they will bring pebbles from some near-by gravel bar, and with them build an artificial basin. When this home, built by the united efforts of both parent fish, is completed, the female lays her eggs upon the gravel. Now the period of hatching begins, and it lasts four or five weeks. Meanwhile hundreds of hungry egg-hunting fish have to be kept away. Shoals of gleaming shiners will attack the pebbly home, only to be badly routed by Mr. and Mrs. Sunfish; and bream and big catfish, eels, dace, suckers, chub, and perch meet with similar repulses. After the long watch is over, and the sentinels are relieved, they take no further interest in their numerous young, but swim away, leaving them to fight the world's many battles for themselves.—*Selected*.



Chapter IX.

WHEN Shirley Goss stepped up to the ticket-window at the station to buy a ticket, for the first time in her life opening out a note on the government for which she had the right to collect face value in anything she might desire,—for the first time actually alone, and on her own responsibility going somewhere,—she experienced a delight as delicious as it was new. Her heart beat so fast and hard as to shorten her breath to little gasps, as if she had been running. An unusual brilliancy of color was in her cheeks, and a new sparkle in her eyes. She was conscious of a grace and ease of movement of which she had dreamed, but which she had never before realized.

Aunt Nell's beautiful, though plain, dress, hat, gloves, and shoes were very becoming. Shirley was well dressed, and looked and felt like the lady she knew she ought always to be. If she was sinning now, she liked it, and would not think of repenting. Consequences could not be very bitter, when responsibility was so sweet.

"You are off for an outing, I take it, Miss Shirley," said the smiling agent. "Fine time in the day for a start."

"Yes, indeed," with her dimples all in play, "I shall enjoy the ride hugely."

"I hope you will be coming back this evening. Better take a return."

"A return?"

"Why, yes, a return ticket saves you a nickel for peanuts."

Shirley laughed gaily, and hesitated a second.

"I do not know just when I shall return," she said; "I haven't thought of that part of it."

"I see," and the agent smiled again at this recognition of farming thrift. "She wants to hold on to her money as long as possible," he thought. "They never think of the few cents that may be saved."

"Well," he said, aloud, "that's what you will think of before night. Ladies always start off to the city bright and chicker, but come back wilted."

"Then I think I'll not come back," and Shirley laughed again, as she took her ticket and counted her change with ostentatious care, her fingers thrilling; "I don't intend to *wilt*."

"Oh, you are not one of the wilting sort, Miss Shirley."

"Thank you; that encourages me."

"Does Miss Shirley need encouragement on that point?"

It was a new voice: Shirley turned quickly, and confronted Martin McCarty.

He lifted his hat, bowed, and held out his hand with the freedom of a neighborhood acquaintance; but Shirley gave him only one glance, and with a proud scorn on her face, turned and walked out to the platform.

Agent Foreman gave a low whistle.

"That's all right," said Martin McCarty, in a hard, angry tone. "If that's her style, I know how to match it."

"If a girl did that to me," said Agent Foreman, "I'd know why."

"Oh, I know, all right enough," said McCarty; "it's the business. She has been high and mighty enough since we went into the saloon; we were good enough chums until then. I don't see what business it is to a woman what a man goes into to make a living. She's acted just about that way ever since we began, and I've took it; but now,—see here, do you know she's running away from home?"

"You don't say!"

"But I do, though; she and her father had a dandy row yesterday, and Shirley jumps from the window and runs, and now she is off for Chicago. What can she do when she gets there? She doesn't know as much as a spring chicken. Anybody can see, with half an eye,

to tell *her* fortune. She need n't be so get up and agoin' with me, I can tell her. I've stood it for two years; but I won't two years longer, — won't have to. I can wait."

Agent Foreman made no reply. He stood and heard Mc Carty, who kept wrathfully talking until the train signaled, and he put it all away for future use. He was not a man to stand still and see a robin worried by a cat.

Shirley had forgotten Mc Carty as soon as she turned her back on him. She had strong ideas of her own about most things that had come into the range of her eighteen-year-old vision, and the saloon was one of them.

She had no need of, nor use for, friends who were on that level. She had as many friends as she knew what to do with; but even if she had not had one, she would never choose from that grade. She was a single-hearted, strong-brained, practical girl, who had had the disadvantage of a most unpractical training, and so was apparently exposed to many dangers; but she was honest and frank almost to bluntness,

When she was seated, she was for a moment limp and almost unconscious. The strange tumult in her breast was soon quieted, however; for she was a strong girl, and soon every other feeling was lost in her consciousness of independent action.

As the train moved, the bustle and whir, the rush and chime, all blended in the most entrancing harmony of sound and atmosphere that had ever delighted her senses. To her it was almost as intoxicating as wine.

The rapid passing of the landscape panorama before her dilating eyes had for her a charm surpassing magic. It was a perfect morning. Any living human clod would have rejoiced in it; but to her its beauty was bewildering. The world had never seemed so wonderful, or life so rich.

To the ordinary passenger the ride in the slow milk-train, with its frequent, jerky stops, was commonplace and tiresome to a degree; but to Shirley Goss it was full of incident from first to last.



JOSEPH AND THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

YE silent witnesses of ages past,
The evidence of Pharaoh's mighty hand;
Ye sentinels upon the desert vast,
Watch on! for Joseph's God will soon demand
The sleepers from thy lonely desert sand.

Recent explorations in Egypt, the country of God's oppressed Israel, are constantly giving new testimony in confirmation of the Scriptural narrative of ancient events. The storms, earthquakes, and ravages of time have failed to remove the Pyramids of Egypt and their silent testimony.



THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH, EGYPT.

and had latent qualities of which neither Martin Mc Carty nor even her father had ever dreamed.

So while Mc Carty was gossiping about her, she was walking back and forth on the platform, thrilling with delight at the beauty of the morning and her sense of freedom. She was excited as she never had been in her life. She had not slept all night, and her whole being was keyed up to the highest pitch of sensibility.

The coming of the train produced a shock that sent the blood rolling in upon her heart. She reeled, and her face grew white. All the currents of her being seemed thrilled and changed. She could not have analyzed the feeling that surged through her as the train came to a stand: it was a shock of pain, with a wild joy that almost overpowered her. She could not have anticipated it; she could never forget it.

It was all she could do to reach the steps. She was observed by the agent with sympathy, by Mc Carty with curiosity, and by the conductor officially. He sprang, and taking her arm, almost lifted her to the platform of the coach.

She was too full of her own inward experience to take note of the sarcastic, curious face of Martin Mc Carty, who was watching her every change of expression. She had utterly forgotten to care whether she looked well or not; but the fact was that she had never been so nearly beautiful as on this memorable morning. It was a beauty almost childlike in its sweetness, while possessing more than ordinary womanly strength; and now her utter unconsciousness of her external self permitted the free play of thought and sentiment over her expressive face, and both thought and sentiment were inspiring to her, in spite of the questionableness of her course, and the cloud that she knew she was under.

She was so conscious of the new, untrammelled conditions into which her life had sprung, and was so satisfied with them, that she could not remember clouds.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

"FAILURE is only endeavor temporarily off the track. How foolish it would be to abandon it in the ditch."

Of the seventy pyramids standing in the valley of the Nile, one, Cheops by name, is said to have been built by Joseph. It rises at an angle of fifty-two degrees to a height of four hundred and eighty feet,—originally it was twenty feet higher,—and contains ninety million cubic feet of space. It covers an area of thirteen acres. Some of the stones are thirty feet long and five feet thick; they are evenly dressed, and laid with mortar. Four hundred thousand men were twenty years in building this colossal monument, and it is said that it contains enough material to build a city the size of Washington, D. C., including all the public buildings.

That Joseph constructed this pyramid during the time he was "ruler in Egypt" can not be doubted; for archeologists have found upon some of the stones hieroglyphics that answer to the name of Joseph: it is also a singular coincidence that the description of Cheops given by Herodotus exactly describes the character of Joseph.

The pyramids were erected for mausoleums, or tombs, for the rulers of the people. In the "death chamber" of all but one, mummies have been found. In many instances the linen

used in embalming was as white and clean as when first wrapped on the remains. The first explorers of Cheops found that the entrance to the death chamber had been opened, and carefully closed up again; and on entering, the chamber was found empty. This shows that the promise that Joseph had exacted of his brethren,—“God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence,”—had been fulfilled.
H. L. CARLISLE.



THE HISTORY OF A B C.

The Letter Y.

THERE are at present two quite distinct forms of the Latin alphabet in use,—the Roman and the German. During the Middle Ages there were many such styles, most of which have been copied by designers of fancy, or display, type. The art of printing from type arose in Germany, and the first types were made just like the black, up-and-down book-hand then in use. But by the time the newly discovered art had spread to the south of Europe, an earlier and simpler style, copied from old Italian manuscripts, had come into use; and so we find the southern nations using the round and open Roman type at this day, while the Germans still cling to a black-letter. The earliest printed books in England were in a sort of black-letter; but this was soon discarded in favor of the Italian, or “Roman,” style.

The confusion resulting from a much earlier conflict between the English and the French hand, at the same time that the English and the French languages were struggling for supremacy on the soil of Britain, left its trace in our language on the letter Y.

Y, like G, has a history of its own. The sixth letter in the Phœnician alphabet was *waw*, an upright straight line, with a curve resting on it—what might pass for a picture of a fork. It was a corruption of the Egyptian hieroglyph for F or V, which represented a horned asp. The handle of the fork stood for the body of the serpent, and the tines for its two horns. This forked-shaped letter appeared in Greek in two forms,—the letter F, which had a sound like our consonant W, and the letter Y, which was like our vowel U. In the Latin alphabet the stem of their Y was lost, and the two tines took the form V. After a while the Latins borrowed the Greek Y for the purpose of spelling Greek words; for the Greek u-sound was not exactly like the sound of the Latin V. The letter Y never, in either language, stood for a consonant.

When Christian missionaries from Ireland came among our English forefathers, they found them writing with a sort of letters of Greek origin, called “runes.” These runes were regarded with superstitious awe by our unlearned barbarian ancestors. They were supposed to have magic powers, and he who could carve them was looked upon with great respect. The Christian priests thought it best to teach their converts Latin letters, which had no such pagan meaning. They wrote for the old English sounds the letters which had similar sounds in Latin. The sound of Y, which was very rare in Latin, they found to be common enough in English; consequently, Y became a much-used letter with the Anglo-Saxons. Later on, this sound went out of use, and the letter itself was less used than at first.

The letter g, as written by the Irish, and so by the Saxons, was very different from ours. It looked more like a y, and still more like a z, as most persons write it, than like the g we know. The g of Old English had several sounds, of which the most common were the sound of g in “get,” and the sound of y in “yet.”

When the Saxons were well started toward civilization, the Normans conquered England, and brought in French customs. The French hand took the place of the Old English. But one of these sounds of G was so different from the sound of the letter in French, that it was still written with the old character, a character easily mistaken for a Y, and soon written so. Thus for the first time since it parted company with F, Y represented a consonant.

The old vowel Y was almost unused; but it was kept up in some foreign names, so that its use was not forgotten. At the same time, through the Latin months *Ianuarii*, *Februarii*, etc.,—which were written *Januarij*, *Februarij*,—and the many other Latin words ending in *ii*, the ending *ij* became familiar to English eyes. In the black-letter this looked like y, and before long it came to be customary to write January and July. People in general soon began to understand that y was the proper spelling for a final i-sound; so they wrote sky and skies, baby and babies, lady and ladies, and so on with nearly all words that once ended in i or ie.

This change of y from a consonant u (w) in Phœnician and a vowel u in Greek to an i-sound, both consonant and vowel, in English, is a good example of the way languages shift and change and grow more and more unlike one another from century to century. Unnoticed except by those who take great trouble to observe, our own and all other languages are now changing, and will always continue to change. The sounds represented by our letters become different, while we go on with the old spelling, till sound and spelling grow so far apart that the connection between them is no longer seen, and we say our spelling is very inconsistent.

In a few words y formerly stood for the sound usually spelled by th. The missionaries who introduced Latin letters into England found a sound in such words as “this” and “that,” which was unlike any sound in Latin; and for this sound they kept the old runic letter. This letter, called *thorn*, is very common in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. The Norman scribes used th instead of thorn, except in the words “the,” “that,” and some others. In these they used the Saxon forms, which were shorter; but they mistook the thorn for a y, which it had come to resemble, and wrote y^e, y^t, etc. This spelling, however, never caused any change in the sound of the word. Those persons who read the expression, “y^e olden time,” differently from “the olden time” make a rather absurd mistake.
C. B. MORRILL.

HOW SOAP CLEANSSES.

ONE of the explanations of the cleansing action of soap is due to a suggestion made by a no less famous man of science than Prof. W. Stanley Jevons.

It is generally considered that the efficacy of soap depends mainly upon its decomposition, when it is mixed with water, into an alkali and a fatty acid.

The alkali thus set free dissolves the grease by which the dirt is attached to the surface to be cleaned, and the water then carries the dirt off. But this is not all; the fatty acid from the soap neutralizes any free alkali remaining after the loosening of the dirt, and thus prevents the alkali from attacking the cleansed surface itself. This is very important when soap is applied to the skin, and the painful effects produced by some varieties of soap are due to the fact that they possess an excess of free alkali, more than the fatty acids can neutralize.

But there are other factors concerned in the action of soap. Its cohesive power, upon which the formation of soap-bubbles and lather depends, enables it to gather up the dirt as it is loosened by the alkali. Then, too, the process is assisted by the curious property, which soap possesses, of producing a great agitation among solid particles suspended in water.

This, of course, tends to the ready removal of the dirt after it has been detached from the surface; and it is this action that Professor Jevons has pointed out as being one of the elements of the cleansing power of soap.—*Selected.*

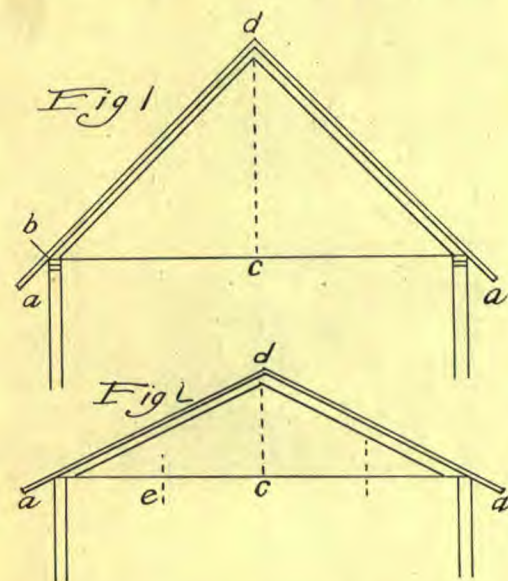


BUILDING A COTTAGE.

The Pitch of the Roof.

BEFORE we build, we must decide what pitch we will give the roof of the house. As I said regarding the window-sill, by pitch we mean the slant of the roof. The pitch varies, in different houses, according to the fancy of the builder. The most common style of roof at present is one-half pitch. A few years ago it was one fourth. I have seen roofs of one fifth, and even of one sixth, pitch; but that makes too flat a roof, as in time of an ice-storm, when the ice freezes at the butt of the shingle, it will back water and leak. One third pitch is good where a person does not care for a steeper one.

To find the pitch of a roof, we will take Fig. 1 for the building. Draw a line from *a* to *b*, calling it sixteen feet. Find the center at *c*, which is eight feet. Draw a perpendicular line to *d*, which will be eight feet, then draw a line, as seen in the center, from *d* to *a* to the outer



corner of the plate. These directions, if followed, will give you one-half pitch.

In Fig. 2 we have a roof that is one-fourth pitch. Find the width of the building, which we will say is sixteen feet. One half of it, to the center, would be eight feet. Divide this again, which would be four feet, which should be the length of your perpendicular line from the center. This gives you one-fourth pitch. To find any pitch desired, take the fractional part of the width you wish to make the pitch, and proceed as directed above.

To get your measure, take a smooth board or paper, and draft out your roof, using, say, a scale of three-fourths inch to the foot. This will give you one sixteenth for an inch. By adding the other, or upper, line, the rafter is a little longer, as the bevel increases at the top. Square up on your rafter at the corner of the plate, as seen at *b*, Fig. 5. Measure to the top whatever you may add above the center line, and get your exact length. When you have made your draft, you can lay on your square or bevel, and get just the slant to cut your rafters.
W. K. LOUGHBOROUGH.

“Who is my neighbor?—It is he whose need
Lifts on my vision, though he ask not gold.
O, though I may not succor, may not heed,
He is my neighbor, be he young or old!”

“Where is my neighbor?—Where I hear the cry
Of sorrow, where is suffering or woe,
Although the spot I pass regardless by,
There is my neighbor, be he high or low.

“Who is my neighbor?—It is surely one
Who feels of cheer or comfort any lack
I could supply. Ah, though his path I shun,
He is my neighbor, be he white or black!”



THE CHILD PROPHET.

Hast heard the beauteous story
Of the wondrous prophet child,
With eyes so true and tender
And voice so soft and mild?

Have you heard of little
Samuel?
Then come and sit by
me;
I will tell the beautiful
story
Of the prophet child to
thee.

Long years ago, in Shiloh,
Where Ephraim's
mountains grand
Arose like sturdy giants
To guard the sacred
land,
The ark of God was 'bid-
ing,
There good old Eli
dwelt,
And there the sons of
Israel
In solemn service knelt.

Now Hannah dwelt in
Ramah,
And thus she vowed one
day:
"I'll give my little
Samuel,
I'll give my child,
away;
I'll lend him to the
blessed Lord,
To walk in paths of
right,
To dwell within his
temple,
And serve him day and
night."

And so before old Eli
The little child was
brought,
And in the temple service
Continually was taught;
And every year good
Hannah
A pretty garment made,
And brought it down to
Shiloh,
Where little Samuel
stayed.

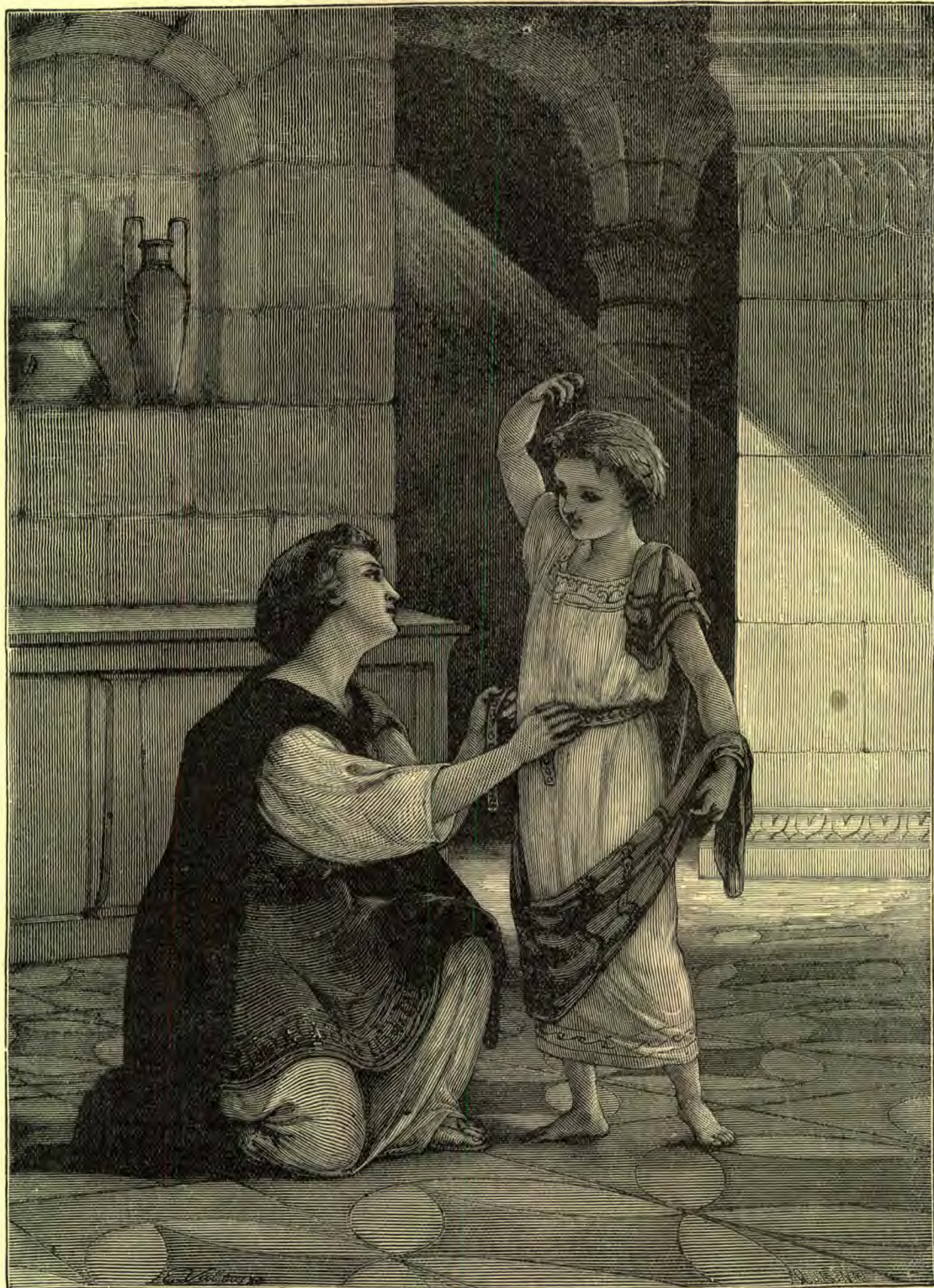
One night when o'er fair
Shiloh
The stars their vigils
kept,
And in his quiet chamber
The little Samuel slept,
He heard a voice like
music,—
A voice so sweet and
mild,—
In tones so low and ten-
der
Calling the prophet
child.

Then quickly from its pillow
The little head was raised,
And through the shadowy gloaming
Two wondering, dark eyes gazed;
Two little bare feet pattered
Soft as the raindrops fall,
To seek the good priest Eli,
Obedient to his call.

"Lo, here am I," he answered,
"I heard thee call my name,
And soon as thou didst bid me,
Behold, I quickly came."
"What sayest thou, child?" said Eli.
"I called thee not, my son;
Go to thy couch, and slumber
In safety, little one."

Three times that voice like music
Spoke to the youthful seer;
Three times he sought good Eli,
And whispered, "I am here!"
Then spoke the aged Eli:
"Ah! surely 't is the Lord;
And thou shalt say, 'Speak, Master;
Thy servant hears thy word.'"

Once more the gentle summons
Falls softly on his ear,
And well he knows an angel
From Beulah land is near.
Then quick from downy pillow
Raises the little head.
"Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth,"
The gentle Samuel said.



THE CHILD SAMUEL AND HIS MOTHER.

E'en thus, in youth's fair morning,
Turn from the paths of sin;
And when thy Saviour calleth,
Oh, haste to let him in!
And answer thou his pleading,
So gentle, sweet, and mild:
"Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth!"
As did the prophet child.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

MINDING A WONDERFUL BABY.

I WONDER if any of my little readers ever
pouted when mama bade them mind the baby?
There are some little mothers who love to mind
the baby; but there are many more who, though
they are ready to fuss over their dolls hour after

hour, dislike very much to care for a "real
baby."

Do you know the story of the little girl who
risked her life to mind her baby brother,—
not only risked her own life, but stood between
death and her father and mother; for if she
had betrayed that the baby she minded was
her brother, they as well as she would have
been killed by order of the king in whose land
they lived? Perhaps you think you know nothing
of the story; but you do, though you have
had your eyes almost all the time upon the
baby who was tended, and have overlooked the
sweet and wise-headed little girl to whom,
under his Heavenly Father, that brother owed
his life and fortune.

Have you guessed
whom I mean? Let
me tell you the little
girl's name. It was
Miriam. Now do you
know? Well, think
again. The baby
brother had a whole
river to rock his
cradle, which was
made of bulrushes.
Ah! now you know—
it was Moses. Yes,
that was the name
given to the baby boy.
You remember that in
the days when Moses
was born, Pharaoh
had ordered that all
the baby boys born
in Jewish homes
should be killed; for
he didn't want an
army of them to grow
up to fight the sol-
diers of his people.
Many little boys were
killed as soon as God
gave them to the
world, but some par-
ents dared risk the
king's displeasure by
attempting to save
their boys. Amram
and Jochebed were
among this number;
and when the little
Moses came to their
home, they hid him
away, and for three
months kept him safe
from all the spies the
king sent out. But
you know how hard
it is to keep a baby
boy so quiet that no
one will know what
he is about; and the
parents of Moses,
when he was three
months old, feared to
attempt to hide him
any longer. Finally
they decided to put
him in a cradle on
the great river of
Egypt, praying God
to take care of him,
and float him close
to some one who
would save his life.

So one morning they wept and prayed over
the little baby in its bulrush cradle, and gave
it to the Nile. Father and mother could not
bear the thought of leaving the cradle un-
watched; but they dared not watch it them-
selves, lest the sharp-eyed spies of Pharaoh
should discover and suspect them, and lead
them away to their death. Then came the op-
portunity of Miriam. She was only a child,
but she loved that baby with all her heart; and
she was wise enough to know that even if she
watched him, she must be careful not to show
her love in any way that would make people
think he was her brother. For many anxious
hours she followed the cradle as it floated down
the Nile, her heart trembling all the while, lest
the long jaws of a crocodile should stretch

themselves above the water, and snap down over basket and baby. Slowly the cradle floated down near Pharaoh's palace. Miriam, following, noticed that a lady, with many young maidens to attend her, was bathing in the Nile; As she looked again, her heart began to throb; for she recognized the face of Pharaoh's daughter. Suddenly the boy, who had been asleep, awoke, and sent just such a cry as baby boys know how to make, sounding forth over Egypt's river. The princess heard it, and looking around, saw the floating cradle. Her maids heard it, too, and soon brought the cradle and its occupant to her.

"Oh, what a dear boy it is! Surely the Nile has given him to me. He shall be mine. I will make my father preserve his life."

The little baby was no longer in the bulrush cradle, but was folded close to the bosom of the princess. It was a glad moment for Miriam, and she longed to run home to tell her mother what had happened. But she must stay as long as the baby was in sight. While waiting, she heard the excited talk of the women, and her quick ears caught words that told her they were questioning where a nurse for the baby might be found. Then a great desire entered Miriam's heart. Oh, that she might tell them of her mother! But dare she trust herself among those women? Could she hide her joy and excitement, and approach and speak with them? Her eyes ran to her hand, and she rejoiced to see there her water-jar. It would serve her well; and placing it upon her head, she made a great effort to calm her heart, and drive the excitement from her face, and walked slowly toward the place where the women talked, as if she would fill the jar at the Nile. God wanted Miriam as a connecting link; yet that link he must have, or his great chain would not be complete. Walking into the group, she linked her life with the destiny of her people. Seeing her, one of the maidens cried, kindly, "Why, this is one of the Hebrews' children!"

Then came a hard test for little Miriam. Don't you know how you feel like jumping, fairly dancing, with delight when a great joy takes hold upon your heart? Well, that was just the way Miriam must have felt; but she dared not dance. She scarcely dared let a smile light up her face; and though her heart was jumping within her breast, she must hold that jar upon her head as steady as if nothing wonderful was happening, and she did. The brave girl was now the girl of steady nerve, and in a quiet voice I can almost hear her ask the princess: "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?"

Those who live in kings' houses are often lazy, and they like to have others serve them; so every maid who waited on the princess was glad they had this Hebrew girl to perform the task that otherwise would have fallen to them, and Miriam was soon commissioned by the princess to find a nurse for the baby she had taken from the Nile.

Did you ever run fast? Well, I hardly believe your feet ever skipped over the ground as swiftly as the feet of Miriam did when once she was fairly out of sight of the princess; and it was not long before the anxious father and mother were praising God for the deliverance of their child.

Now you know the story of Miriam, the nurse. Think of her, my lads and lasses, when you rock the cradle of the baby in your home. Pray to God to make that baby as good and true to him as the baby that Miriam tended became; and pray that God will lead you to be as wise, patient, and self-possessed as Miriam was; and then every day watch for the opportunities he gives you to find answers to the prayers you raise.—*S. S. Advocate.*

"As he walked in the garden this morning,
Our baby, not yet two years old,
He paused by the border of pansies,
And laughed at their velvet and gold.
'Why, darling! what is it?' I questioned.
His laugh rippled over with glee:
'See! how can I help it, dear grandma,
The pansies are laughing at me!'"

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 8.

(August 19, 1899.)

MISSION OF THE SEVENTY; THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Lesson Scripture.—Luke 10:1-42.

Memory Verse.—V. 21.

TIME: A. D. 30. PLACE: Bethany. PERSONS: Seventy disciples, Martha and Mary, Lawyer, Jesus, and disciples.

QUESTIONS.

1. Not long after the Feast of Tabernacles, what did Jesus do to enlarge the work of the gospel? What plan did he follow in sending out these laborers? Luke 10:1. What did he say concerning the need of the field? V. 2. What would be their position as they went out? V. 3.
2. What general instruction governing their conduct did he give? Vs. 4-8. What was to be their work? V. 9. What were they to say and do when their message was rejected? Vs. 10, 11. What comparisons did he then draw, and what woes pronounce? Vs. 12-15. Why? V. 16.
3. What report did the seventy bring back? V. 17. What was Jesus' reply? Vs. 18, 19. What did he say was their *greatest* cause for rejoicing? V. 20. What work of grace had been accomplished for the disciples? Vs. 23, 24. What words of praise did Jesus therefore offer? Vs. 21, 22.
4. Who now came to Jesus, and what did he say? V. 25. What reply did he receive from Jesus? V. 26. How did he answer? V. 27. What did Jesus say in return? V. 28.
5. Not willing to acknowledge the truth, what did the lawyer further add? V. 29. To what circumstance did Jesus call his attention? V. 30.
6. Who first saw the wounded man? and what did he do? V. 31. In imitation of the priest, who next came upon him? V. 32. Who came last? What course did he take? Vs. 33-35. Having thus answered, what question did Jesus ask the lawyer? V. 36. What did he say? What admonition did Jesus then leave with him? V. 37; note 1.
7. Coming to Bethany, whose hospitality did Jesus enjoy? V. 38. What contrast is noted in the conduct and disposition of Mary and Martha? Vs. 39, 40. What gentle reproof did Martha receive? V. 41. What word of commendation was spoken concerning Mary? V. 42; note 2.

NOTES.

1. The case of the good Samaritan shows that *all* men are our neighbors. Just as surely as the Samaritan was neighbor to the one in need of his help, so surely he *saw a neighbor* in the wounded man. The neighbor to the Samaritan was he whose condition demanded a neighbor's help. Our neighbors are the fallen and destitute everywhere; and to love the Lord with all our heart and our neighbor as ourselves, according to the law of God, we must serve them in every needed way.

2. The one thing needful, the good part chosen by Mary, is to sit at His feet and learn. In this thought is the key that unlocks to us the treasure of success in all life's experiences. Keep the eye upon Jesus. Our work is not to be giving attention to our multitude of imperfections and cares; for while we seek victory in one thing, we are sure to lose it in another. But keeping the mind fixed on the Word, on Christ, we are always guarded. Isa. 59:19, last part. Let Christ care for us, and all our burdens; let us care only that we do not lose him from our sight. Isa. 26:3.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 8.

(August 20, 1899.)

THE RIVER OF SALVATION.

Lesson Scripture.—Eze. 47:1-12.

Related Passages.—Zech. 13:1; 14:8, 9; Num. 20:1-11; Isa. 55:1-13; Ps. 46:1-11; Isa. 12:1-16; Rev. 22:1-14.

Golden Text.—Rev. 22:17.

QUESTIONS.

When and where was the vision of the lesson probably seen? In what year of the captivity of the prophet? What did the prophet see in his vision? Whence did the stream issue? Who talked with the prophet? What did he have in his hand? What distances did he measure? What is said of the increasing depth of the stream? What did the stream symbolize? Where did the angel next take the prophet? To what did he call his attention? What influence did the stream have in the desert? Into what did it flow? What influence did it have on the waters of the sea? What did the healing, life-giving properties of the stream represent?

NOTES.

1. The prophet was still in captivity in Chaldea; but the scene of the vision is Jerusalem. The vision probably was given about B. C. 574, in the twenty-fifth year of Ezekiel's captivity.

2. Last week's lesson, representing the resurrection, presented the outcome of the gospel. To-day's lesson, under the beautiful symbol of a healing river, shows the process, progress, and infinitude of the gospel, and its marvelous power to heal and comfort.

3. The seven chapters preceding the lesson are given to a description of the temple, its measurement, ordinances, and use. "Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house; and, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold." "There was a fountain under the temple, and this suggests the figure here used." This fact gives vividness to the prophet's words: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." Zech. 13:1.

4. The waters were to the ankles, then the knees, then the loins, then waters to swim in,—a river that could not be passed over. Every figure used in the word of God to represent salvation, presents the possibility of an ever-deepening experience. Thirst, barrenness, and dearth of soul are not accompaniments of a living connection with the river. In the experience of Israel in the wilderness, from the smiting of the rock the second time, there were waters in the desert. Even before the rock was smitten, they had but to make known their thirst, and water was supplied. The bitter water was healed, and they came to Elim, where there were twelve wells. Under the figure of the lighted path, the Christian experience is one that grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Salvation's river is to flow on in an ever-widening, deepening tide, till all that will be healed are healed.

5. "Hast thou seen this?" This is a personal matter. If we have seen the barrenness, the dearth, the waste and thorny places of our souls, then how glad are we to answer to this question, "Yes." "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad." Ps. 46:4.

6. After taking the prophet out to see the on-sweeping river, the angel brought him back to note the effect of the water. On either side of its banks were very many trees. They had sprung up out of the dearth, and had flourished by the healing waters. Speaking of the righteous, or those who are healed by the living waters, David says, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Ps. 1:3. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drouth, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Jer. 17:8.

7. "Whithersoever the rivers shall come," the things that lived and moved were to be healed. God has dealt to every man the measure of faith, and the coming of the message of truth gives opportunity for a larger measure by the exercise of what has been given. Christ, the river, came that we might have life. Those who will not believe are those who neither live nor move.

8. "They shall . . . spread forth nets." Jesus said to his disciples, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers." Wherever the river of salvation flows, there are found the fishers with their gospel nets. "Their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the Great Sea, exceeding many." In these last days, God says he will call for "many fishers." This indicates how wide is the stream of salvation. "The glory of the last message is to fill the whole earth. Each fisher gathers fish according to his kind. Each individuality has its place in the plan of God. How precious to know that though our peculiar personality is counted of little value by men, God has a place for it somewhere; and through it, will fish for some soul that maybe could not be saved by some larger, more richly endowed personality."

9. "Their waters they issued out of the sanctuary." It is the river of the water of life that issues out of the throne. Rev. 22:1. The trees on its banks all along its flow through the desert of earth, are after the nature of the tree of life, whose leaf does not fade, whose fruit does not consume, which yields twelve manner of fruit every month for food, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. He who receives the water of life becomes a living fountain and a tree of life. The vitalizer is the Holy Spirit,—the life of Christ,—and the lost human life becomes thereby a channel of consolation, an agent of healing.



OPPORTUNITY.

As I pursue my pilgrim way,
One thought abideth, day by day,
As 't were some winning song's refrain,—
"I shall not pass this way again."

It bids me to be as one whose trust
Discerns the pearl amid the dust;
For hidden good so watchful, fain,—
"I shall not pass this way again."

While thus reminded, I divine
My brother's need, and make it mine.
Blest be the chance to sooth his pain! —
"I shall not pass this way again."

To do what gracious thing I may
Belongeth only to this day.
Here at my feet it once hath lain,—
"I shall not pass this way again."

—James Buckham.

THE LIFE-BOAT MISSION SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

WHEN Jesus was here among men, he blessed the children; and though he has returned to heaven, he is still calling the little ones. A few weeks ago, he put it into the heart of Sister Carry to invite them to a Sunday-school, and he is certainly blessing them. Sister Carry wished to work especially for the children who could not attend Christian schools, Sunday-schools, etc.; so she went to the mothers in their poor homes, up one, two, and three flights of stairs, and down in basements and sub-basements. Some were glad to send their children, while others were not.

One little child, dirty, ragged, and only partially clothed, led Mrs. Carry to his "home," around several corners; down a dirty alley; through the rubbish of a small back-yard, where no grass nor flowers ever grew, and where no birds ever came to sing; and up the winding stairs to their one room. The mother was washing, and the father smoking. Sitting on the bed—for they had no chairs—were five other children. There they were,—eating, sleeping, and living in one small room! On visiting the next home, a child between five and six years old, was seen carrying a pail of beer to his father. These are but two of many such "homes" in Chicago.

Fifty of these little ones were present at the opening of our Sunday-school at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was a motley company. Some little feet were clad only with filth from Chicago's streets. One little fellow had but half a suspender to hold up his ragged trousers; but every one, standing and beating time, learned to sing "'Tis Love That Makes Us Happy."

Each teacher took four or five of the children, and, forming a little circle, told them the beautiful story of the garden of Eden. At the same time the children placed flowers and leaves in a little box of soil, to represent a garden. They were surprised to learn about the growth of plants, etc. The lessons are practical, and all from nature. Each child went away with a beautiful flower, a Sabbath-school paper, and a picture of the Good Shepherd.

The following is a report given by Sister Carry at the general missionary committee meeting:—

"I have been doing considerable work in the interest of the Sunday-school at the Life Boat Mission, and I find this an excellent way to reach the hearts of the parents. During my calls I met sick persons, whom I sent to the dispensary. At our first Sunday-school, fifty children were present, thirty of whom were Italians. During the week some one went around, and told them not to come again; but, notwithstanding, forty children came last Sunday. This school was also more satisfactory and systematic than that held the previous

Sunday. There is a class of children whom we can depend upon to attend almost every time,—those who do not go to any other Sunday-school. We may not see any results from our work at present, but the seed sown will return after many days. This I consider by far the most encouraging school I have ever had the privilege of starting.

ANNA B. KELLOGG.

A HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

CONSUMPTION, or tuberculosis, has come to be one of the most dreaded of diseases. Formerly the medical profession was largely in the dark in regard to its true nature, and more or less carelessness was manifested in the care of consumptive patients, resulting, no doubt, in the rapid increase of the malady. In 1882 Professor Koch, a German scientist, discovered the specific germ of tuberculosis, and since that time great progress has been made in the true diagnosis and treatment of the disease. A microscopical examination of the sputum will reveal with almost positive certainty whether the patient has tuberculosis.

With the knowledge that consumption is caused by a specific germ came also the knowledge of its communicability, and every year has served to increase the efforts of the medical profession in educating the general public against the danger of contracting the disease by infection from the germs. This agitation seems greatly in place when we reflect on the fact that the disease is largely on the increase, and that in this country alone *one hundred and fifty thousand* persons die every year from its effects. Nor is the disease confined alone to the human family, but it affects the brute creation as well. It seems especially contagious among cattle, and thousands of valuable herds have been slaughtered in order to prevent the spread of the disease. Its great increase among the cattle of the country has doubtless served still further to threaten the life of the human family through the medium of their milk and flesh.

During the last two or three years the question of isolating tubercular patients, and providing special facilities for their treatment, has been agitated. Some months ago the New York Legislature made a special appropriation for the founding of a home for this purpose. The large medical convention upon the subject of tuberculosis recently held in Berlin, earnestly urged that this plan be generally adopted. In sanitarium and hospital work, particularly, the necessity of a division between tubercular and non-tubercular patients has been many times demonstrated: first, as has been intimated, on account of the danger of infection from free commingling of the two classes; and secondly, on account of the rapidly growing prejudice on the part of those who are free from the disease, against those who have become infected.

We are satisfied that many patients have been kept away from the Colorado Sanitarium from fear of associating with those having tuberculosis. In view of this, it has been decided to erect a building in Boulder for the special use of consumptives. This building will be a three-story structure, conveniently arranged, plainly but comfortably furnished, and capable of accommodating twenty-five or more patients. In order that all may have a part in this good work, it has been decided to ask our people for contributions, to average one dollar apiece. Some have already responded to the appeal published several weeks ago in the *Review*, and doubtless many of the INSTRUCTOR family have read the facts, as therein set forth. We now place the matter before our young people, through the columns of their own journal, asking them to unite with us in this worthy enterprise. We believe the work is in God's order, and that his blessing will attend it.

The work is in no sense local, but is designed generally for those suffering with this disease. Will you not contribute of your youth, vigor, and strength to this worthy cause? Who of our young men and women would not be able to give a dollar, or even more, to this hospital fund? The Lord has entrusted most of you

with the priceless capital of health. You may not possess a bank account, as does some older brother; but you have what is far better,—physical strength,—and God holds you responsible for the dedication of this to his service. We earnestly ask our young people to assist in this work.

All drafts and money-orders should be made payable to the Colorado Sanitarium. All gifts should be sent to the undersigned, care of the Colorado Sanitarium, Boulder, Colo.

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THE BANEFUL CIGARETTE.

EVERYWHERE in the cities one sees scores of boys and young men who are drawing in and breathing out the subtle poison of the cigarette. So great is the tyranny that the habit of cigarette-smoking has over its victims, that many who would gladly give it up find it almost impossible to do so. Like the opium-eater, their will is so enfeebled that often they could no more, of themselves, "break off" than they could swim up the great fall at Niagara. Indeed, opium is largely used in preparing tobacco for cigarettes. When Professor DeMotte, of Bryn Mawr, visited a certain tobacco-house in Brazil, he saw a black fluid slowly dropping into a vat of tobacco. On asking what it was, he was told that it was "rum, molasses, and opium, to give spice to the cigarette."

Sometimes—indeed, often—insanity is the direct result of this habit, begun just to be "smart," or only "for fun." We recall no sadder sight than that of a tall, well-proportioned young man, who, under the care of his "keeper," was at our sanitarium here to be cured of the cigarette habit. He was prematurely bowed, his face was marred with an expression of low cunning, and as he slouched along, his hands in his pockets, he was a sight to make one weep.

The cigarette habit has a direct and startling relation to crime. Ninety-two per cent. of the boys in the Illinois Reformatory were confirmed cigarette-smokers at the time of their conviction, and eighty-five per cent. were so addicted to the habit as to be called "cigarette fiends" by the court. The superintendent of another reformatory, where two hundred and seventy-eight boys are confined, says that of "sixty-three boys, averaging twelve years of age, fifty-eight were cigarette-smokers; of one hundred and thirty-three, averaging fourteen years of age, one hundred and twenty-five were cigarette-smokers; of eighty-two, averaging fifteen years, seventy-three were cigarette-smokers." Weak, pale, stoop-shouldered, dead to all high and ennobling thoughts, the prey of every degrading influence that evil can bring to bear upon them, this growing army of recruits for insane asylums, jails, and early graves is indeed a pitiful sight.

The business men of the country are awake to the fact that boys in the clutches of this habit are not profitable help. They "forget," are careless, indolent, and are as asleep to their employer's interests as to their own. Not long

ago a prominent railroad man, who is general freight agent on a large road, and employs many clerks, declared that in the future he would not hire any young men who smoke cigarettes, and that he would soon discharge those now in his employ. In giving his reasons for this, he says: "Among the two hundred men in my service, thirty-two are cigarette fiends. *Eighty-five per cent.* of the mistakes occurring in the office are traceable to the thirty-two smokers. They fall behind with their work; and when transferred to other desks, which men who do not smoke handle easily, they immediately get along just as badly, showing that it is not the amount of work, but the inability or indolence of the performer. The smokers average 'two days off' from work per month, while the non-smokers average only one half of a day in the same time. The natural conclusion is that the thirty-two young men are holding positions deserved by better men."

"But we don't smoke cigarettes," you say. No; thanks to the influence that has been thrown around many of the INSTRUCTOR boys and young men, you have been led to see the evil and to shun it. But as over four billion cigarettes are consumed every year in the United States alone, some one is smoking them. How about your friend? your neighbor?—perhaps a "word in season" will keep him from the fatal "first smoke," or help him to see its evils, even when he has begun to weave about himself the cobwebby bands that shall one day become a chain, and bind him as with bands of steel. And remember that there is no case so hopeless that the power of God can not reach it, and lift it up, and set the weak feet on the solid Rock. Remember, too, that the light of a pure life and a clean heart reaches far; and may, perhaps unconsciously, lead some to see the "better way."

FROM THE JAILS AND POORHOUSES.

FOR some time the Missionary Department of the Iowa Conference has been sending the *Signs of the Times*, the *Life Boat*, and the INSTRUCTOR to all the jails and poorhouses in that State. This is a noble work, and the Lord of the harvest will surely bless the seed sown in these neglected spots of his great harvest-field. The following are extracts from only a few of the letters recently received concerning the papers from those in charge of these institutions:—

Your papers are read by several of the inmates. They look for them each week.—*From Butler County Poor-house.*

The inmates are very well pleased with the papers, and are glad to have them each week.—*Crawford County Poor Farm.*

Your papers are read regularly each week, and the inmates take a good deal of interest in them.—*From Carroll County Jail.*

We distribute the papers among our inmates, and they are read with interest by several of them.—*From Appanoose County Poor Farm.*

Your papers are read with much interest here by several of the inmates. I think the following named persons would be benefited by Christian correspondence [gives three names].—*From Chickasaw County Jail.*

Your papers are distributed among the inmates to such as can read and understand. My wife frequently reads to them. They surely need all the kind words and encouragement they can get.—*From Wayne County Poorhouse.*

In regard to the papers you have been sending, I would say that they have been read with great interest. At present there is no one in the jail, but there may be soon, and the papers have all been read by others. I consider them good reading-matter, and thought I would not write to you to stop them while the jail is vacant, as they may do a great deal of good later on.—*From Buena Vista County Jail.*

Allow me to assure you that your papers are received regularly, and they are read with interest by some of the inmates. I think it is a good work, and thank you for your interest in our home.—*From Sioux County Poor Farm.*

I have received your papers regularly, and placed each one in the jail. I find that nearly all the tramps like reading-matter, and your papers will impress them on a subject that they think but little about.—*From the Osceola County Jail.*

The papers sent for the benefit of the inmates of our poorhouse have come regularly, and been read with interest. We thank you for them. May God abundantly bless you in your work of love and charity.—*From the Poor Farm, Madison County.*

Your papers are read with much interest by a few. Others receive religious and secular papers, and read them first, though they read yours in time. I think the papers are doing good, and would do more if our people could have the advantage of religious services.—*From Davis County Poor Farm.*

SPECIAL

THE UNION COLLEGE YEAR BOOK, issued as No. 1 of the second volume of the *Practical Educator*, is a neat, illustrated pamphlet of about sixty pages, telling a great deal that every one interested in a thoroughly practical system of education should know. If you are interested in this subject,—either for yourself or your children or friends,—send your name and address to Prof. W. T. Bland, College View, Neb., and he will forward a copy of the Year-Book, and answer all inquiries.

"A WOMAN-MINISTRY, OR THE GOSPEL IN THE HOME," is the title of a new seventy-two-page tract from the pen of Sister S. M. I. Henry. The subject of the gospel in the home is thoroughly and practically treated under a number of heads, among which may be mentioned: The Gospel to Every Creature; the Child a Publisher; the Home and the Church; the Power of the Mother; the Young Women Also; Practical Manifestations of the Spirit; "He Shall Grow as the Lily;" etc., etc. The addresses given by the author at the General Conference held at South Lancaster are embodied in this work, which should be read by every one who desires to make home a little taste of heaven. Price, 5 cents. Sister Henry will be glad to send this tract to all who are not able to order through the Review and Herald.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1899), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you now, and mailed to Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

Name,

Post-office,

Street,

County,

State,

Enclosed find \$..... (money-order, express order, registered letter, or bank draft), for which please send..... copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR months to above address.

P. S.—If you object to clipping this out of your paper, or wish to forward other subscriptions, please write names and full addresses on a separate sheet, stating amount enclosed for that purpose.