

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. XLVII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST 24, 1899.

No. 34.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

THE following poem by Prof. Edwin Markham, of the University of California, has attracted a great deal of attention, because of the terrible question which it raises, and which a greedy world does not like to face:—

Bowed by the weight
of centuries, he
leans
Upon his hoe and gazes
on the ground,
The emptiness of ages
in his face,
And on his back the
burden of the
world.
Who made him dead to
rapture and de-
spair,
A thing that grieves not
and that never
hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a
brother to the ox?
Who loosened and le
down this brutal
jaw?
Whose was the hand
that slanted back
this brow?
Whose breath blew out
the light within his
brain?
Is this the thing the
Lord God made
and gave
To have dominion over
sea and land;



THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

To trace the stars, and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity?
Is this the dream he dreamed who shaped the suns,
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this,—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed,
More filled with signs and portents for the soul,
More fraught with menace of the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape, humanity, betrayed
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the world,—
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands!
Is this the handiwork you give to God,—
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild it in the music and the dream;

Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immediacable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands!
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

Not stunned, but quick as is the naked nerve,
Has felt the keen edge of the agonies
That through long centuries have wrought to make
That brutal jaw, that slanted brow, that brain
So like the reeking fungus of a cave
Deep under ground, to which no light can come.

This other Man, through all these centuries,
Has walked abreast with this degenerate,
As brother walks with brother; and his hand,
Under the dragging end of that dense weight

That pulled against his
strength and kept
him down,
Has helped him on,
although he knew
it not,—
Has led him by his hoe,
as by his yoke
An ox is led to slaughter
or to stall.

But not to slaughter or
to stall this dumb
And senseless travesty
of manhood comes,
As he is led to take his
fitting place
Amid the closing scenes
of this dark world.
You call him dumb; a
thing; only a
shape:
Yet he is even that by
wondrous grace
And special care of that
one other Man
Who kept his step, and
led him on till now.

And it has been no easy
task to save
Enough of him to lead;
or e'en to keep
That hoe within his
hand, that he
might have
That much to lean upon
when he should
come
To stand alone in sight
of earth and heav-
en,—

That is a very strong production of a fear-
less pen; and yet, according to my mind, it
falls short of its opportunity. I have there-
fore written a reply, which I submit, with Pro-
fessor Markham's poem, to the young people
who read the INSTRUCTOR, sincerely hoping
that they will see and appreciate the truth
that is taught in the two poems:—

TRANSFORMED.

O solemn questions for the world to take
Home to its heart, and answer! But alas!
It has no answer: dumb it stands, and quails
Like any criminal that faces doom.

And yet there is an answer, and from man.
No man need fear what any man hath borne
Of penury or sorrow; and there comes
Another Man, a working Man, who bears
A kit of tools upon his back, and yet
Walks upright, like a man before his God,—
A homeless Man, who can not know the love
Of wife or child; upon whose shoulders weighs
The burden of all emptiness and loss;
Whose heart hath seasoned been to all despair,
To grief, to hopelessness, to loneliness,
To utter desolation; and who, yet,

The last exhibit of a selfish world,
The finished product of its skill and power.
This is his mission in this awful day
When Lust and Love, when Satan and when Christ,
Shall bring the fruit that each has harvested
From loom and field, from shop and factory,
From home, and church, and school, from haunts of
shame,—
From every place where motive, thought, or act
Has grown from seed to fruit,—and in the light
Of truth shall spread it out to be admired
And coveted of those who love its kind.
And then shall ye return, and shall discern
Between the righteous and the wicked man,—
Between the man that serveth God and him
That serveth self,—for by his finished work
The workman shall be known.

Therefore behold

The finished product of the centuries,—
The man that Love hath made and perfected,
Who, with the light of morning in his face,—
The morning when the sun ariseth fair
Without a cloud, and as the tender grass
That springeth by clear shining after rain,—
Doth brighten and doth feed a starving world,
Darkened with age on age of midnight;— and
That thing that Lust perverted from the shape

To which God gave his Spirit and his breath,
Until he stands, himself a clumsy tool,
As dull as is the hoe on which he leans,
And just as capable of being used
To deal a murderous blow as plant a seed.

I see the tool, the thing of lust and greed,
The stolid creature leaning on his hoe:
But ah! the man — the perfect — where is he?

While yet this cry was on my questioning lips,
The miracle of all the ages burst
In bloom and fruit before my wondering eyes.
The other Man, who bore the kit of tools,—
The homeless one, who seemed bereft of all
That makes the life of man in any age,—
Came close and closer to that soulless thing,
And breathed upon him, lip to sensual lip;
And touched his eyes, and looked into their night;
Folded his arms about him; held him close,
Heart to his heart, brow to his slanting brow,
Until the creature groaned and moved and clutched,
And cried out, "Bread!" the only word he knew,
The only name.

So long had he been held
Subject to vanity, so long waited
For what he did not know, only he thought
Its name was Bread; and as a witless babe
Opens its mouth on any proffered cheek
As if it were its mother's breast, so he
Turned always with that cry of "Bread, Bread, Bread,"
To any hand that touched him.

Bread to him
Was as the unknown God; and he who stood
And held him answered with a tone that thrilled
The very marrow of his bones, and brought
Him wide-awake and opened-eyed: "Lo, I
That speak to thee am Bread, the living Bread."

He looked and saw. With eyes and heart and brain
Quickened by that warm touch of loving life,
He saw, and understood, and answered: "Oh,
Out of the depths my soul hath cried to Thee!
I have asked bread, and thou hast brought me life."

Then once again the Man who held him laid
His lips upon his mouth, and breathed through them
His own sweet breath; and as a windmill wakes,
And spreads its wings to catch the breath of heaven,
And turns upon its axis, and begins
To grind the grain, or make the water flow,
So he updrew himself, his shoulders squared
To bear the burden of the centuries,—
Upright, and like a man,—while from his face
There burst the glory of the morning light,—
A morning without clouds, transparent, clear
As truth, and beautiful as perfect love.
And in that light he saw his hoe, and laughed,—
It looked so small a thing to lean upon,
As he had leaned,—a childish thing, to toss
Amid the refuse of the childish past.
And as he looked and laughed, the other said,
"Brother, what hast thou in thy hand?"

"A hoe,"
He said, "a silly hoe."

"Give it to me;"
And as he reached it forth obediently,
And as the other touched it with his hand,
He laughed again,—a laugh that rose to song;
For while within his hand he held the same
Old hoe, it was transformed as he had been.
He saw a thousand things that he could do
Therewith; and if its present form should fail
To meet his need, he saw a thousand forms
That it might take, under a skilful hand,—
That hand his own,—for in that breath of life
That through his nostrils had been breathed, that breathes
Still out, and in a steady tide of power,
He sensed instinctive skill for any task
That life should bring, as well as strength to lift
And bear with manly dignity whate'er
Of burden any centuries might bring.
And then, with quick, glad energy, he laid
His hand upon the other's.

"Comrade, stay,"
He said. "I've waited, groaning, long, until
The manifested Son of God should be
Revealed in me; but now, redeemed
And saved by hope, I take this homely tool
To make it work together with the things
That work for good, both thine and thee. Stay thou
Here with me in my long-neglected patch
That I must dig, and plant, and cultivate
The while you saw, and plane, and join, and build;
And so this little desert place shall bloom
And teem with happy life."

And He who hears
And answers every call replied, "Brother,

Lo, I am with you to the end of time!"
And so they took their tools, and went to work;
And where the shadow of that brutal thing
That leaned upon the hoe had laid, as dark
As death, there fell the steady light of life,
And beauty sprang fruitful from every stroke
Of that old hoe. The man still delved and toiled;
Knew weariness; sweat still was on his brow,
Grime still upon his hands, his clothing stained
Because of frequent contact with the earth:
But all his face was luminous; his form
Had lines of strength and grace that only spring
From purity; he moved like one who knew
Just where to put his foot and strike his tool:
And that old patch of fallow ground rejoiced,
Budded, and blossomed, and bore luscious fruit
In glorious promise of the time to come,
When, in the earth made new, the centuries
Shall come and go, freighted with strength and joy,
Without a lingering shadow of the curse.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

PRECIOUS PROMISES

"THE WILL OF GOD CONCERNING YOU."

THROUGH the apostle John, God sends the message to his people in these days: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear, and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see."

God's people are in danger of being separated from the Sun of Righteousness. "This is the will of God," the apostle says, "even your sanctification." This sanctification means perfect love, perfect obedience, entire conformity to the will of God. We are to be sanctified to him through obedience to the truth. Our conscience must be purged from dead works to serve the living God. If our lives are conformed to the life of Christ through the sanctification of mind, soul, and body, our example will have a powerful influence on the world. We are not perfect; but it is our privilege to cut away from the entanglement of self and sin, and go on unto perfection. "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Great possibilities, high and holy attainments, are placed within the reach of all who have true faith. Shall we not anoint our eyes with eye-salve, that we may discern the wonderful things God has for us?

Paul's sanctification was a constant conflict with self. "I die daily," he said. Every day his will and his desires conflicted with duty and the will of God. But instead of following inclination, he did the will of God, however unpleasant and crucifying to his nature. If we would press forward to the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus, we must show that we are emptied of all self, and supplied with the golden oil of grace. God is dealing with us through his providence. From eternity he has chosen us to be his obedient children. He gave his Son to die for us, that we might be sanctified through obedience to the truth, cleansed from all the littleness of self. Now he requires of us a personal work, a personal self-surrender. We are to be controlled by the Holy Spirit. God can be honored only when we who profess to believe in him are conformed to his image. We are to represent to the world the beauty of holiness, and we shall never enter the gates of the city of God until we perfect a Christlike character. If we, with trust in God, strive for sanctification, we shall receive it. Then, as witnesses for Christ, we

may make known what the grace of God has wrought in us.

God is leading out a people to stand in perfect unity upon the platform of eternal truth. Christ gave himself for the world, that he might "purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." This refining process is designed to purge his people from all unrighteousness and the spirit of discord and contention, that they may build up instead of tearing down, and consecrate their energies to the great work before them. God designs that his people shall come into the unity of the faith. In his prayer for his followers Christ said: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world. And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

This touching and wonderful prayer reaches down the ages even to our day, for his words were: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." With persevering earnestness we are to work out this prayer, pressing onward and upward, and reaching Christ's standard of holiness. We are laborers together with God, and we must work in harmony with one another and with him.

The Lord takes no pleasure in seeing us spiritually weak. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." We who have named the name of Christ must awake from our indifferent, self-satisfied condition. God's people must have a fixed purpose. They will never be holy until they put all the energy of their being into the work of conforming to the will of God.

"This is the will of God concerning you, even your sanctification." Is it your will also? Your sins may be as mountains before you; but if you humble your heart and confess your sins, trusting in the merits of a crucified and risen Saviour, he will forgive, and will cleanse you from all unrighteousness. With intensity of desire, long after God, yea, pant after him, as the hart pants after the water-brooks. As your soul yearns after God, you will find more and still more of the unsearchable riches of his grace. As you contemplate these riches, you will come into possession of them, and reveal the merits of a Saviour's sacrifice, the protection of his righteousness, his inexpressible love, the fulness of his wisdom, and his power to present you before the Father without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. Those who accept of this salvation will bear the testimony: "We have redemption through his blood." "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death." "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."
MRS. E. G. WHITE.

If all my year were summer, could I know
What my Lord means by his "made white as snow"?
If all my days were sunny, could I say,
In his fair land, "He wipes all tears away"?
If I were never weary, could I keep
Close to my heart, "He gives his loved ones sleep"?
Were no graves mine, might I not come to deem
The life eternal but a baseless dream?
My winter, yea, my tears, my weariness,
Even my graves, may be his way to bless.
I call them ill; yet that can surely be
Nothing but good that shows my Lord to me.

— Selected.

Nature Study

A HUNDRED MILES AWAY.

THE morning dawns with stifling breath
Upon the great metropolis;
Children lie white at doors of death,
Faint with the south wind's treacherous breath:
But only a hundred miles — and swings
A wild bird on the beaded grass,
And plumes' himself by
crystal springs,
Cerulean blue his-looking-
glass;
Coolness comes up from
starry wells,
From midnight comes the
strength of day,
Where zephyrs blow through
dewy dells,
Only a hundred miles
away.

The noonday sun strikes
from his throne,
Upon the great metropo-
lis,
The beggar's feet scorch on
the stone,
Her tears fall almost with
a hiss:
But only a hundred miles —
and bright
The waters ripple, cool
and sweet,
Mingling and eddying in the
light,
And round the sleepy cat-
tle's feet;
Leaf-shadows soften noon-
tide's glare,
And there is glimpse of
mountain gray
Where zephyrs part the
green portière,
Only a hundred miles
away.

The sun goes down in poi-
son damps
Upon the great metropolis,
Leaving ten thousand red-
eyed lamps
To add their torrid breath
to his.
But only a hundred miles —
and stars
We love are caught in sil-
ver maze,
And crickets tune their
shrill guitars,
And marsh musicians raise
their lays;
There is the song of whip-
poorwill,
And joy of fireflies' twi-
light play —
O night! how cool, and
calm, and still,
Only a hundred miles
away!

— Selected.

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

Man's Relation to Water.

In the last few talks that we had together, we spoke about the relation that man sustains to the things that surround him. You will remember that we studied man's relation to light, heat, and the atmosphere. In our study we learned that the blessings of sunlight, the sun's heat, and pure air are absolutely essential to man's happiness. Not only are they necessary, but he could not live were he deprived entirely of any one of them. While they are so useful to man, they are also necessary for the lower animals and the growth of plants. We will talk to-day with reference to man's relation to water.

Could we get along without water? — No: it is just as necessary as light, heat, and air. We could live for a short time without any one of

these things except air; but this we must have in our lungs every moment, in order to sustain life. There is not a time when the lungs do not have some air in them. A person could live for several hours, and even for several days, without water; but he would finally die. Plants will live for some time without water; but you have noticed that in a time of drought, the leaves curl up and wither; and if it continues, they die. In studying geography, we learn that three fourths of the earth's surface is covered with water. The Creator causes the water in the seas and oceans to be lifted up and carried over the land surface. As it drops down upon the earth in the form

while in the body. As nearly as can be ascertained, the use of water in the body is to keep it cleansed and lubricated. Nearly three fourths of the body consists of water. It enters into all the tissues and into the blood; in fact, it circulates through the entire body, carrying particles in it which are to be thrown off as waste matter. Water is taken in at the mouth, but it is thrown off at every point of the surface of the body.

If we carefully examine the skin, we shall find that it contains many little glands, or ducts, for conveying the water to the surface. The water, when separated from the body by the process of sweating, or perspiring, is not pure, but is filled with poisonous matters that have been taken up by it, while on its journey through the body.

We see, therefore, that the *business* of water is to keep the body well cleansed, so that each part may do its work without interruption.

The skin not only serves to eliminate waste matter from the body, but also gives us the sense of touch. Take a small magnifying-glass, and examine with it the ends of your fingers or the palms of your hands, and notice the little ridges, called papillæ. Each one of these papillæ has in it a small nerve; this connects with larger nerves, which find their way to the brain. We can not insert a pin anywhere in the body without feeling pain. The reason for this is that the entire surface of the skin is permeated with these small nerve fibers. Thus you see that the skin serves two purposes,—that of an excretory organ, and that of an organ of touch and feeling. If we would have the sense of touch well developed, and the skin do its work of elimination properly, we must apply water to the outside of the body, thus keeping it thoroughly cleansed.

Water is also a valuable agent in restoring health. It is used by the skilled nurse, not only in the many different kinds of baths, but also in fomentations, compresses, rubs, pours,

etc., etc. That which is good for us when we are in health is the best thing to restore us when we are sick. Let us see to it that we drink good, pure water; for impure water is the cause of many diseases. Is the water in your well pure? I will give you a simple test, by which you can determine whether the water you are drinking is fit for use: Place the water to be tested in a small, clean bottle; add a pinch of sugar. Leave the bottle uncorked in a warm place. If the water appears cloudy within two days, it is not fit to drink.

M. E. CADY.



“THE BEGGAR'S FEET SCORCH ON THE STONE.”

of rain, it develops what we call brooks, creeks, and rivers. These flowing streams empty into the ocean, so that the water returns again to its original place. The water travels in a circle. This truth is told us by the wise man, when he says, “All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thence they return again.” What is the purpose of the Creator in having the water travel in this circle? — That the earth may be watered, so it will bring forth vegetation. This vegetation constitutes food for man and for the lower animals.

It is also necessary that water should be taken into the body, in order that it may be kept in a healthy condition. What becomes of this water? Does it build up the body? If not, what is its use? Physiologists, who have studied the subject carefully, tell us that water is not a food, and does not change its form

WHATEVER your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck; and woe be to the coward! Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born to succeed, not to fail.— *Thoreau*.



Chapter XI.

SHIRLEY'S search for work must be left to the imagination. If she could only have forgotten the sneer of the floor-walker, or had not been of so sensitive a nature, she would have gone about it with more confidence, and might have succeeded. But somehow that encounter with a man who was doubtless no more than thoughtless in his reply, had chilled her, and blighted the outlook before her. Her face had suddenly changed from the bright winsomeness that made it so pleasant to look upon, back to the discontent that had, during the last year, been growing habitual. It was not a face to wish to see often, or even once again. The closely drawn lips spoke of compressed feelings, which might break forth at any moment with unpleasant results. The brows, drawn down with a little frown between them, gave the eyes an almost sinister appearance. The soft, round, dimpled chin and the white throat were sweet and pretty yet, but were so sadly out of harmony with the rest of the face as to be entirely misunderstood; so that poor Shirley was handicapped from the start. □ □

Furthermore, she was too daintily dressed. Her hands in the neatly fitting tan gloves were too shapely. Her sense of liberty gave her an imperious dignity that was not expected in one looking for house-service. And for some reason the world has come to look with suspicion upon any one who rings the door-bell and asks for employment. There seems to be an idea that labor must wait to be sought. The moment the application comes from outside of certain regularly appointed channels, it ceases to be respectable. For a woman, thoroughly lady-like as to dress, speech, complexion, shoes, and gloves, to call at the door of a city house, and ask for a place to do housework, is to be at once relegated and regarded as suspicious, if not dangerous.

The replies that Shirley received were nearly always politely given; but she saw in almost every face a reflection, if ever so shadowy, of the floor-walker's sneer, and in the tones in which she was answered she heard a suppressed echo of the ridicule that had rung in his. She would have become thoroughly discouraged before the first day was over if it had been "in her," but she was one of the kind that harden and stiffen under rebuffs. The first stab was the only one that had power to make her weaken, or bring a hint of tears. Besides, she *must* succeed; there must be some good people in the city, who would understand, and she must find them. There must be some good home, where she could do acceptable service and be happy. She must find that home; no two ways about that. And so she kept on until she began to realize that the long day had ended, and she must find a shelter for the night. Then she remembered her bag, left at the parcel-room at the store. She was miles away. But hailing a street-car, she made the best time she could, helped to her destination by kindly conductors, only to find that she was too late: the store was closed.

She was standing, perplexed, undecided, before the door, when who should come briskly around the corner but the little saleslady? Shirley stepped quickly toward her, with a brightening face, and touched her arm.

"Oh, I know you!" cried the pleasant voice; "you are the lady who had something to say to me this morning," turning a cordial, inquiring look up to Shirley. "Too bad I could not get a minute! glad I met you now. You see, I have been doing a little business on my own account after closing time."

"Oh, I am so glad to find you!" said Shirley; "I went off and left my bag in the parcel-room. Do you suppose I could get it?"

"That is unfortunate. No, not to-night. You see, we close at six, except on Saturdays,

and then at one. No; it can't be got at till morning. Where are you staying?"

The little woman's manner toward Shirley invited confidence.

"Nowhere yet. That is one thing I wanted to ask you about. I am a stranger in the city. Don't know anybody. I came in this morning to find work, and I wanted to ask you—for I remembered you, you know—where I could find a cheap, respectable lodging, and how to start in to find something to do."

"I see," and the little woman looked up at Shirley earnestly for a second; then she smiled, and said: "I know all about what that means. I came here once myself, and had to begin. 'A cheap lodging'? How cheap?" And she looked at Shirley's hands, still smiling.

"As cheap as possible."

"In with other girls?"

"Why, yes; I don't mind. If they are nice, I should like it better."

"Well, then, suppose you come with me for to-night. There are six of us; but poor Lou got sick, and had to go to the hospital; so that leaves a place until another girl comes, which will be in two days. We have to pay the rent just the same, so we shall be glad of you, if only for one night. A few cents a day makes a difference with us, you see."

"Thank you, oh so much!" said Shirley, with a grateful quiver coming into her voice.

"Oh, that's nothing to be very thankful for," said the little saleslady; "for we shall make you pay your way, you see,—have to,—but you will be thoroughly comfortable, and we are awfully nice," with a little laugh; "respectable, too," soberly; "must live very plainly, though, to stay respectable."

"I don't mind about plainness," said Shirley. "I would like it, I know, if I could only be in a way to get on. How much will it cost a day?"

"Well, you see, we get a room for ten dollars a month. That comes to about one dollar and sixty-seven cents apiece for a month. Six of us, about six cents a day. Then we make our food come to what we can afford. You can come in and share with us—see?"

"Yes, and thank you. I shall be willing to pay more than six cents a day. I—"

"You had better take it at six, my dear. Hold on to all the money you can get in this city. A working woman has need of all she can get."

The girls had been walking on, Shirley following the agile leading of the little saleslady until she stopped before a bakery and fruit-stand, and said: "Now here is a nice, clean place. If you do as we do, you will buy something for your supper and breakfast. We make tea over the gas in our room."

"Thank you, I will. What had it better be?" asked Shirley, forgetting her desire to do her own way, in the presence of the kind, unobtrusive little person before her.

"Oh, whatever you like. I should get six buns,—three for supper, three for breakfast,—will cost a nickel. They don't need as much butter as bread, you see. A nickel's worth of tea will last you several days. A little bottle of milk for another nickel. Keep your bottle for next time. Another nickel will get sugar for a week, unless you are extravagant. Crackers—the little oyster ones—are nice, cheap, and help out with the tea beautifully. Then your butter, if you can afford it. I can't."

"I don't use any tea," said Shirley. "I will take some milk, though."

"There, now," when the parcels were all made into one neat package, "we are ready to go on. Do you mind walking? Saves car-fare, you see."

Shirley did not mind. She was more tired than she had ever been in her life, but her spirits had risen again to the heroic level. Her face had relaxed into its natural prettiness, and she felt able to begin the day over again.

"Seems almost like a picnic," she said, laughing, as she held up the parcel. "Do you know this is the first time I ever bought anything in my life?"

"Is that so! Well, I understand that, too. I had a first time." The voice was mournful, but it was relieved by the ever-ready smile.

"Did—did you—that is—how did you happen to come to the city?" asked Shirley.

"My father died. My mother followed him in a little while, then I was alone. I had one friend here in Chicago, so I came." Her face was glowing with a sweet, happy light, that for some reason made Shirley think of Seth. "But," she went on, "we ought to know each other's names. Mine is Henrietta Charlton. The girls call me 'Henry.'"

"Mine is Shirley Goss."

"The girls will call you 'Goslin,' see if they don't," and they both laughed merrily. "We have some fun in our close quarters. We make fun out of anything that comes along. We made that agreement when we began. Sometimes it is rather hard to get it to going, but we stick to the bargain, and get up something to laugh over. I will laugh, and *I will*. It is so much easier sometimes to be miserable, one has to take special pains to have a merry time. We laugh at one another, or anything; so you mustn't mind if we laugh at you, Goslin. The girls will do it if they take to you, as they are sure to."

"All right," said Shirley, brightly. "I like a good time as well as anybody, and shall enjoy this kind of a picnic, I know. Laugh away; but—do you know goslins grow into geese? I may be a young goose, but I don't believe it. Maybe it is Gooses' Nest you are taking me to."

"Ha, ha! that's good," cried Henry; "we have wanted a name for it, and Gooses' Nest it shall be. That will make the girls laugh."

So they chatted gaily as they walked westward on Washington Street until Henry turned into a narrow, dark stairway, which led up to the place she called home. The room was in the rear, over a shop of some kind,—long, narrow, and dimly lighted by one window. It contained three beds, besides the other necessary furniture. The other four girls were already in. Shirley's first impression was that of stepping into a suffocating crowd, and her wonder grew as to how it could be possible for six persons to eat, sleep, and live, in so small a place. The wide country spaces to which she had been accustomed; the sweet, clean atmosphere, fresh from the open fields; her home, with its ample accommodations; her own large room, with its dainty appointments, suddenly loomed up before her with an inviting attractiveness that she had never before seen in them.

While she was being introduced in girl-fashion, noisily, gaily, cordially, she was gasping in the foul, hot air, and wondering how she could ever breathe, to say nothing of eating and sleeping.

"I told her we should call her Goslin," Henry was saying, and for just the minute it occurred to Shirley that the name might be appropriate. "And yet it is only for a night or two at the farthest," she thought. She would get work in some good home just as soon as possible. One thing was settled on the spot,—she would *not* be a shop-girl, and live in a lodging. But when she remembered the anxiety with which she was standing before the closed door when Henry found her that evening, she was thankful for this shelter, and for the kindly spirit of the welcome accorded her. The girls all had a great time over the name for their lodging; and Shirley entered into the merriment with the rest. The novelty of the supper arrangements,—tea made over the gas-burner; laps for tables; papers for spreads, napkins, and dishes; the chatter of the girls, opening as it did to her a phase of life of which she had never dreamed,—while to counter-balance the discomfort was that strange delight of independence,—all this made the close of her "first day" quite in keeping with its wonderful beginning.

She slept, in spite of the scant breathing-space, the sleep of the weary, without a dream to brighten or mar its perfect rest.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

"MEN who are exceedingly blind to their own faults, are often exceedingly quick-sighted to the faults of others."



WHERE IS OHIO?

"WHERE is Ohio, children, say?"
The teacher asked her girls one day.

Four little hands immediately
Went up. "I know," said Margery,

"It's in the East." But Susie Guest
Responded, "It is in the West."

"'Tis South," said May; and Helen Forth
Was sure that it was "' way up North."

Now Helen lived in Galveston,
And little May by Lake Huron,

And Margery lived 'way out West,
While in New York lived Susie Guest;

And so they all were right that day
In saying where Ohio lay;

Because so much depends, you see,
On where the children's homes may be.

— Selected.

OUR MEXICAN LETTER.

GUADALAJARA, JALISCO, MEXICO, JULY 16, 1899.

DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS: We are in the
midst of our rainy season now, and our hot
weather is over. It rains almost every day in
the afternoon, but the mornings are delightful.

Many wealthy families of this city spend the
rainy season in San Pedro, a summer resort
about four miles north of here. I visited this
village not many days ago, and spent some
time in the pottery shops for which it is cele-
brated. In one the men were making a very
curious-looking object. They informed me
that it was the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which is
worshiped by the people here. The heart was
made of black clay, painted a light brown after
being fired. It is surrounded by a crown of

They are made by hand, as are all the beau-
tiful jars, vases, and figures of all kinds, for
which Guadalajara is famous.

I purchased a small medallion of President
Diaz, the size of a ten-cent piece. The bust
was so tiny that it was impossible to discern
the features with the naked eye, but under a
microscope they were seen to be a perfect
likeness.

There is a man in San Pedro, called Pan-
duro, who became quite famous during the
Chicago Exposition for the perfect busts that
his deft fingers modeled of those who sat for
them.

Tourists delight to visit these little shops,
which are full of interest and beauty,—a
beauty that for me was marred by the thought
that images made with hands are constantly

don't you want me to tell you a pretty story?"

"Yes, dear," I said; "I should be delighted
to hear a story from you."

"We once had in our country a yellow rib-
bon ten miles long!" she said, and then laughed
merrily at my look of astonishment; for she
was a very truthful little girl, and of a rather
serious turn of mind.

She went on to say that the county commis-
sioners wished to make, or lay out, a road
across the county for ten miles. The survey-
ors came with their surveying outfit to begin
the road, and brought with them a strong team
of horses and a sod-plow. As they went along
measuring the road, a man followed with the
plow, turning the sod, and leaving one un-
broken moist furrow.

The next spring, when the rains came, the



AN EXHIBIT OF MEXICAN STATUARY AND POTTERY.

going out from these places to deceive the peo-
ple, who bow down before them and worship
them.

TIA ANITA.

seeds of the rosin-weed came up as thick as
they could stand in this furrow, and the follow-
ing summer and fall they were almost weighted
down with their bright yellow blossoms. And
sure enough, there was the "yellow ribbon ten
miles long."

A wonderful thing is the wise provision that
God has made for fuel on these broad, treeless
prairies. The little black, hard seeds of the
rosin-weed can not germinate under the thick,
dry sod; but the farmer has only to break up
the sod, and his fuel springs from the ground
at his feet. The stalks are full of rosin, and
the seeds are full of oil. I was told that three
or four tons of this weed, pressed and dried,
would supply a family with fuel for a year.

Great iron rollers are used for pressing the
plants. The winds and sun soon dry it, and it
is ready to be stored for use.

As we flew across the prairie in the cars, I
often noticed great fields of this plant grow-
ing thick as corn, sometimes surrounded by
a fence. I marveled that people should let
their fields run so to this weed, until I was in-
formed that it is their fuel.— *Advance*.

A VISIT TO A POTTERY.

You remember that the Lord, speaking to
Jeremiah, told him to go down to the potter's
house, and said that there he would cause him
to hear his words. If you will read, in the
eighteenth chapter of Jeremiah, the account
of the prophet's visit, you will see that when
he went, he noticed the work that was wrought
upon the wheels.

Not long ago I had the privilege of visiting
a place where pottery is made; and the first
thing I saw was a wheel turning round and
round very fast. Upon this the potter placed
the clay. As he began his work, the first thing
he did was to mix the clay; after this was thor-
oughly done, it was placed upon the wheel,
ready for molding. When the potter had
started the wheel, and dipped his hands in
water, the work of molding began. It would



SOME MEXICAN VASES AND STANDS.

thorns, and surmounted by a cross, in the
midst of flames, which are painted a bright red.
There are many schools and colleges called
The Sacred Heart, also a noted charitable
society of the same name.

The Sacred Heart of St. Mary occupies a
prominent place in the church here. Its form
is the same as the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with
the exception of the crown and cross. A dag-
ger is represented as piercing the side of the
heart.

In another shop, the workmen were making
figures to represent the child Jesus lying in a
manger. These were made by the hundreds,
to supply the demand throughout the country.

A YELLOW RIBBON TEN MILES LONG.

THE *Silphium Laciniatum*, or rosin-weed, is
a plant that grows abundantly in southern
Kansas, as also in many other places in the
Middle and Western States; but in that lo-
cality it seems to be more vigorous, and grows
to an immense size. Near a stream of water,
or in damp places, or where the thick sod is
broken, either by the plow or otherwise, it
springs up as if by magic; and in the summer
and fall is loaded with large yellow blossoms.

While on a visit to a brother in Winfield,
Kan., a few years ago, my little niece Car-
rie came to me one day, and said: "Auntie,

be impossible to tell you how marvelous was the work he did. It seemed at first as if his fingers had the touch of magic. The clay was entirely under his control, and he could do with it exactly what he wished. After he had made one thing, he would take another lump of clay, and mold something else, surprisingly new, before our eyes. When he had made several pots, some of them did not suit him; so he crushed them, and threw them back to be molded again. When asked why he did this, he replied that they were not perfect. Although they appeared so beautiful to me, he saw defects in them.

From this we learn that in order to mold clay, it must be moistened. No matter how hard the potter may try to mold it, his effort will be in vain unless it is well softened. The glory of the work belongs to the potter; for there is no power in the clay itself. If the clay were not passive, the potter could do nothing with it. Although different things are made, some more beautiful than others, the clay is all the same; and when one excels another in beauty, it is because of the wish of the potter.

Dear friends of the INSTRUCTOR, we are all clay,—human clay, if the expression may be allowed. As clay, we can be molded when our hearts are softened by the Holy Spirit; but no matter how much we may desire to be fashioned into vessels to the glory of God, we can not be molded until this change has taken place. Again, whatever is accomplished in our lives is not because of anything we can do, but because of the power of him who created us. Upon every particle of human clay that he has placed his hands, he has some wonderful design, which he will develop if only we are as clay in his hands.

J. L. SHAW.

Kenilworth, South Africa.



MUSICAL WORKERS.

"Bizz-z-z-z!" The music was up and down a limited scale, impatient in tone, jerky in style, earnest in execution. I marvelled where it came from. Such music was new to my library, but I soon traced the sounds to their issuing-place.

High up, on the narrow, gilded border tracing a line between wall and ceiling, a pair of mud-wasps were singing at their work.

Lifting my opera-glasses, which are always ready at hand, I watched the busy insects. Their wings moved so rapidly that their motion was as a shadow screening the sheen of their shining bodies. Perhaps they were not singing at all, but wing-pumping orchestral notes from the wonderfully delicate instrument which lies under the thorax of many insects that are musical in flight or in poisoning.

Strange I had not noticed these comers to my room before. They must have been dwellers with me for quite awhile. How nervously busy they were! While one with feet, mandibles, antennæ, examined every surface of the half-built mud-dome, in search of crack or crevice made in the drying, the other spread, patted, and smoothed a pellet of well-watered clay about the open, round doorway to the interior, improvising music all the while in one harmonious bizz z-z-z!

The lady of the dome flew to the netted window, crawled through a small hole in the netting, and flew away. In exactly one minute she returned, bearing a pellet of mud clasped to her heart.

She flew heavily across the room, and attempted to rise to the ceiling, but her burden was too heavy; it carried her, exhausted, to the floor. Quickly she cut the pellet in half, and rose with a section to her domain. In silence she felt the margin of the doorway with her antennæ, eying it critically; then feeding

the soft pellet with her feet to her mandibles, she dexterously builded a new circle. Not until she began building did her wings begin their shadowy movement; not until then did the music begin.

All the while she was at work with her mandibles, her portable orchestra played. Why this music? Were the escaping wind from her thorax, and the fanning of her wings, necessary to the tempering of the clay? or was the rapid, shadowy movement of her wings to conceal and protect her from enemies while so intent upon her course-laying?

The architecture of her dome was not pretentious, but it was planned and executed with the skill of an accomplished architect and engineer. She flew to the floor, and gathered up the remaining half of the bisected pellet. Here was memory. She flew directly to the opening to all outdoors. Here was a good idea of location. In her rapid goings and comings for material there was industry; in her building there was purpose; in its completion there was anticipation.

Where did she get the pellets from? so quickly?—The dark color of the mud told me. There was but one such deposit within easy flying-distance; that was at the end of a drain, three stories down and a hundred and fifty feet away.

Thither I went to wait her coming, and learn the mud-ball trade. She was there before me, busy with mandibles and legs, molding the oozy silt to shape as deftly as a potter handles his clay; quicker, too, from having more limbs to work with.

In two hours and a half she had builded one and a quarter inches to her tubular dome. Stupendous work! Averaging the time of her trips for material for pellets at one minute, she made, carried, and deposited one hundred and fifty pellets, weighing, in all, three quarters of an ounce.

To do this she traveled over eight and a half miles. Estimating the vibrations of her wings at two hundred and twenty a second, and calculating that she had passed three quarters of the time spent upon the wing and in orchestral work, she had made with each wing one million four hundred and eighty-five thousand strokes! Think of the delicate mechanism capable of such velocity, and of the power within so minute a generator!

If mortals could move their legs as fast as my Lady Wasp can her wings, and if each step was twenty-eight inches, and the walking was good, one could, in two hours and a half, foot it from New York to within five hundred miles of Moscow, or one quarter of the way around the world.—*Charles Mc Ilwaine.*

GAINING WINGS.

A twig where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings,
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marveled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little imprisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more;"
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis,
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm—
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings;
'Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*



THE MAN WHO CAN.

THE March number of the *Philistine* contained an essay by its editor, Mr. Elbert Hubbard, that sold the entire edition of the little magazine within three days after it came from the press, and has since been circulated by the hundred thousand. The article—"The Man Who Can Carry a Message to Garcia"—has been widely reprinted; but as the situation it points out is so wide-spread and so deplorable, and the lesson set forth is so timely, it is given here, in part, for the benefit of those who have not seen it elsewhere. Mr. Hubbard says:—

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook, or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or, mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an angel of light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test. You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one, and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia, and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye, and ask one or more of the following questions:—

"Who was he?"

"Which encyclopedia?"

"Where is the encyclopedia?"

"Was I hired for that?"

"Don't you mean Bismarck?"

"What's the matter with Charlie's doing it?"

"Is he dead?"

"Is there any hurry?"

"Sha'n't I bring you the book, and let you look it up yourself?"

"What do you want to know for?"

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistants" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's; but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go and look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

"FRIENDSHIP'S palace is open only to those who will pay the toll."

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 10.

(September 2, 1899.)

THE FEAST OF DEDICATION.

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 19:3-30; Luke 13:31-35; 18:5-30.

Memory Verses.—Matt. 19:28, 29.

TIME: A. D. 30. **PERSONS:** Jesus, disciples, little children, rich young ruler, Pharisees. **PLACE:** Perea.

QUESTIONS.

1. While in Perea, what question concerning divorce did the Pharisees ask? Matt. 19:3. To what time and to what words did Jesus refer them in his answer? Vs. 4, 5. What conclusions did he then draw? V. 6. What further question was asked, and what reply was elicited? Vs. 7-9; note 1.

2. About this time, who were brought to Jesus, and why? How did the disciples view the matter? V. 13. In contrast with the spirit of the twelve, what did Jesus say and do? Vs. 14, 15.

3. By this tenderness to the children, who was drawn to Jesus? Luke 18:18? With what question did he come? Matt. 19:16. What was Jesus' answer? V. 17. In response to the ruler's question, "Which?" to what commandments did Jesus call attention? Vs. 18, 19; note 2.

4. What did the young man now say about his relation to the commandments? V. 20. What test did Jesus bring to bear upon him? V. 21. What was the effect? V. 22. What statements did Jesus then make in the hearing of his disciples? Vs. 23, 24; note 3. How did they regard his teaching, and what was their query? V. 26. With what words did Jesus seek to encourage them? V. 27.

5. Struck by this new thought, what did Peter say? V. 28. What promises were given by Jesus in reply? Vs. 29, 30. In connection with the promises, what solemn statement did he make? V. 31.

6. What useless admonition did the Pharisees give to Jesus? Luke 13:31. What message did he send to Herod? V. 32. What words of comfort and trust did Jesus then utter? V. 33; note 4. What lamentation and prophecy was made in conclusion? Vs. 34, 35.

NOTES.

1. Marriage is a divine institution, and, with the Sabbath, comes down to us from Eden. Therefore, if one would know what marriage is in truth, he must go back to the time and place in which it was originated. In the beginning, man and woman were equal, and they were joined together by God himself. If God's plans had been carried out, that equality would always have continued, and divorce would be a thing unknown. But sin came in; and, as a result, woman became subject to man. Her lot has been a very hard one, and in some heathen countries she has been treated with less respect than the dumb brute. Even the Jews, influenced by the heathen around them, regarded her as beneath man. Hence, in the days of Moses, this hardness of heart was manifested in putting her away. In the days of Christ it was even taught that "if any man see a woman handsomer than his wife, he may dismiss his wife and marry the woman." But Jesus, in referring his questioners to the beginning, shows that though God in his mercy has permitted men to divorce their wives, and has saved them notwithstanding, the plan instituted in Eden is the only right one. Jesus came into the world to save all that was lost; and hence he sought to restore woman to her true place in the family,—the place which was given her of God, and from which she could be lawfully separated by only one cause.

2. The Saviour referred his hearer to the commandments that define our relations to our fellow men. He who loves God will love his neighbor; for if we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God, whom we have not seen? The great test of our love to God, therefore, is love to humanity. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Jesus does not ignore the first four commandments, but he does place much stress upon the keeping of the last six.

3. It is absolutely true that a rich man can not enter the kingdom of God. But let it be rightly understood what it is to be rich. Jesus does not say that all who hold title to property are rich, neither does he teach that those who have but little of this world's goods are poor. It is not to the amount, in dollars and cents, that God looks to determine who is poor or who is rich; but rather to the estimate that is placed upon that which one has in possession. He who has millions, and yet does not set his heart upon them, is poorer in God's sight than he who owns a nickel, and makes of it an

idol. The first is a poor rich man; the second, a rich poor man. The first, like Abraham, may be very rich in cattle and goods; but all is on the altar, and he is looking for the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; his heart is not here. The second, though almost a beggar, loves this present world, and has no hope; his affections are earthly and sensual. The lesson that Jesus gave is a most forcible one, and applies to all. His words express the great truth of which Paul's statement is the echo: "The love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. 6:10.

4. So long as Jesus' work on earth was unfinished, there was naught that he feared. The threat of the mightiest earthly ruler would have been nothing to him, much less that of Herod. The prophet could not perish from Jerusalem until that prophet's work was done. It is always thus. The child of God may pursue his appointed work without fear; for, until his work is finished, all that is done to hinder him will prove but a blessing and help. "For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth." 2 Cor. 13:8.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 10.

(September 3, 1899.)

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Lesson Scripture.—Ezra 3:10-13; 4:1-5.

Helpful References.—1 Kings 6:1-38; 8:22-68; 2 Chron. 24:4-14; 36:14-21; Ezra 3:1-13; 1 Cor. 3:1-23; Rev. 4:1-11.

Golden Text.—1 Cor. 3:17.

QUESTIONS.

What occurred in the interval between the last lesson and the present? Where did the people gather at the time of the feast of tabernacles? What claimed their first attention? Why? Whence did they obtain material for the temple? When was the edict for the return issued? How long a time was required to prepare for the migration, settlement, and preparatory work? When was the building begun? Where was the foundation laid? What part did the priests bear in the ceremony? How were they clothed? Who were the singers and the players on instruments? What instruments were used? What part did the people take in the ceremony? Who shouted for joy? Who wept? Why? Who requested permission to help? What was the origin of this people? Why did Zerubbabel refuse their offer? What did they proceed to do? How long did the work stop? Until whose reign?

NOTES.

1. In the interval between this lesson and the last, about 50,000 Jews had traversed the long journey between Judea and Babylon, and had settled in their own land. Zerubbabel and Jeshua were filled with zeal to see the work accomplished for which they had come, and built first the altar for burnt-offering. At the feast of tabernacles the people gathered at Jerusalem to begin the restoration of the worship of God. Material for rebuilding the temple was provided by the free-will offerings of the people, the gifts of Cyrus and his people, and from the people of the countries from which Solomon had secured material for the first temple. The edict of Cyrus was issued in 536 B. C. The temple was begun in May, 535. The site was on Mount Moriah, where the first temple stood.

2. So important seemed the step thus taken, that the day was celebrated by the Hebrews with the finest display of the old pomp on which they had yet ventured. The priest, in the rich dresses that Zerubbabel had, out of his princely munificence, furnished, blew the silver trumpets; the sons of Asaph once more clashed their brazen cymbals. Many of the psalms were used upon this occasion. One strain especially rang above all—that which runs through the 106th, 107th, 118th, and 136th psalms, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever."—Stanley.

3. During the time of desolation of Judea and the captivity in Babylon, the mixed races that had been planted in the reign of Samaria had spread into the desolate land of Judea. These were, at heart, opposed to the restoration of Israel and the establishment of a government by the Jews in that land. But they decided to turn this enterprise to their own advantage in the establishment of their own power there.—"The Great Empires of Prophecy," page 57.

4. When the Samaritans found their purpose thus frustrated, they set on foot a systematic and determined opposition to everything that the Jews designed to do. . . . In the very face of the decree of Cyrus, they "hired counselors against them, to frustrate their purpose, all the days of Cyrus king of Persia." Daniel was still prime minister at the court of Cyrus; and, finding the work in Jerusalem hindered, and his own efforts hampered in the court of Cyrus by these hired counselors, he became greatly concerned for the work of God in the earth. However, instead of attempting to carry on a counter-intrigue against these men, he appealed to God. See Daniel 10.—*Id.*, pages 57, 58.

5. The children of the Captivity had faith to seek first the kingdom of God; they persevered under discouragement; they went up, gave, and worked; they sought for the old paths, built on the old foundations; they sang as they built; they refused an alliance with the wicked; they co-operated with God, and relied on him alone; they did not go back into captivity because the outlook was discouraging. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Although the literal temple was retarded, the spiritual building was going up unhindered in the hearts of those who believed. It is even so to-day. "Ye are the temple of God." The spiritual house will be made manifest in eternal glory.

SEND two-cent stamp to A. W. Halfrich, Clyde, Ohio (formerly St. Louis), for full particulars of one of the easiest-selling articles. No capital needed. Forty-two dollars' worth has been sold in a day by one brother. Sold only by agents.

To Reach BATTLE CREEK

FROM CHICAGO, BUFFALO, DETROIT, OR TOLEDO,

Purchase Tickets **MICHIGAN CENTRAL** Reading over the "The Niagara Falls Route."

A First-class Line for First-class Travel between Chicago and New York and Boston. Elegantly equipped through trains pass Battle Creek in each direction daily.

R. N. R. WHEELER, Ticket Agent, Battle Creek. O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l P. and T. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE THE Canadian Pacific Railway

for . . . CHATHAM, OTTAWA, MONTREAL, LONDON, GALT, QUEBEC, WOODSTOCK, TORONTO, BOSTON, PORTLAND, and

All points in New England, the Maritime Provinces, Great Britain, and the Continent.

Illustrated literature, time-tables, and full particulars, upon application to—

J. FRANCIS LEE, GEN. AGENT, Passenger Dep't. 228 SOUTH CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

Branch: 76 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Mich. Room D, Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio. Offices: 315 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

Grand Trunk Railway System

Time Card in Effect February 5, 1899.

C. & G. T. DIVISION.

WEST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No.	Train	LEAVE
No. 11	Mail and Express, to Chicago	12.00 M.
No. 1	Chicago Express, to Chicago	9.00 A. M.
No. 3	Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago	3.40 P. M.
No. 5	Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper	12.55 A. M.
No. 75	Mixed, to South Bend	7.30 A. M.

Nos. 11 and 75, daily, except Sunday. Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 10	Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit	3.45 P. M.
No. 4	Lehigh Express, to Pt. Huron and East	8.27 P. M.
No. 6	Atlantic Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit	2.25 A. M.
No. 8	Lehigh Exp. to Saginaw, Bay City, Pt. Huron, and East	6.50 A. M.
No. 74	Mixed, to Durand (Starts at Nichols)	7.35 A. M.

Nos. 10 and 74, daily, except Sunday. Nos. 4, 6, and 8, daily.

E. H. HUGHES, A. G. P. & T. Agt. Chicago, Ill. A. S. PARKER, Ticket Agent, Battle Creek.

Like A Magnet

The **Remington** Standard Typewriter's **New Models**

draw old friends closer and attract new ones, by the power of inherent merit and unflinching service.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER CO., 24 Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Represented by H. E. Rogers, 57 Manchester St., Battle Creek, Mich.



PUBLISHED BY THE
 REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
 BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - - - EDITOR

ADVISORY COMMITTEE
 MRS. S. M. I. HENRY A. T. JONES
 W. C. SISLEY

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - - - - -	\$.75
SIX MONTHS - - - - -	.40
THREE MONTHS - - - - -	.20
To Foreign Countries - - - - -	1.25
CLUB RATES:	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each - - - - -	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " " - - - - -	.50
100 or more " " " " - - - - -	.45

The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

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

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

THE day was warm, but the "cave" must be built. Patiently Margaret and Arthur scanned the lawn for unoccupied chairs, the brother building and directing, while his small sister hastened to carry out his wishes, or looked on with interest as he explained that exit by the west entrance was "no fair." Finally all the light wooden folding-chairs were used, and Arthur brought two heavy wire ones, half carrying, half dragging, them over the long reaches of grass to the shady spot chosen for the cave. Now it is complete—all but one more chair, to make a sort of outer gate to the spot! A double chair some distance away is just the thing; and his small strength failing to move it, Margaret hastens to help. "Are n't we strong enough?" they call, gaily, to an interested watcher, as they pull the seat along.

Just here an Officious Person, who had no appreciation for caves, or the patient effort put to the building of this one, passed by, and seeing the cave-chairs, hastened to help herself to one of them, though there were plenty of other seats. The north wall was thereby partly torn down; but the little laddie called out, politely, "You're welcome to the chair," and proceeded at once to shift the double seat to that position. "You must n't drag the chairs around! You are spoiling the grass!" said the Officious Person (it was n't her grass), rising from the part of the north wall that she had just appropriated, and coming toward the children. "Here!" she added, righting the chair, and sitting down in it, "I'll fix it so you can't drag it along!"

Surely now the children would lose their temper! Not at all. For a moment a look of dismay passed over their eager faces; then, with unruffled sweetness, they said, "All right, we'll take this one, then," and replacing the chair she had first taken, went on with their play.

Dear little child-leaders! Your unconscious example brings help to a tempted soul,—one whose "rights" are being imposed on, and who feels his whole nature rise up to vindicate them. Now he asks if, after all, the way of patience and "giving up" is not also the wiser way in a world where there is so much bitterness, and decides in that moment to follow it. How much happier would we be if each one of us

would give up our preferences—our "rights," even—as graciously as did these little gentle-children!

A GOOD REPORT.

THE following report of work done by the children of the Walla Walla (Wash.) Sabbath-school is indeed cheering. Practical, everyday help *where they are*, is what people need, and is just what the INSTRUCTOR family, old and young, can give. Think of it, there is *not one* who can not have a part in the work of winning souls by the ministry of love! This is the very work, too, that will open hearts to receive the reading-matter containing this precious truth, and perhaps to accept it. Doubtless many members of the INSTRUCTOR family are engaged in some sort of work for the Master. Why not send in reports occasionally, that others may be encouraged? We should have several of these each week. Now for that sent by the school mentioned:—

In keeping with my promise to send in, for the encouragement of others, a report of missionary work done, I would say that we have an organized missionary band of ten children, most of whom are in the *Little Friend* class of the Walla Walla Sabbath-school.

Our work consists in helping our parents and neighbors. We take flowers to the sick; and those of us who can read visit those whose eyes are growing dim, and read a chapter in the Bible to them. Sometimes we help a tired mother by relieving her of the care of the baby for a while, or by washing the dishes on wash-day.

Once a week we meet to report the work done, and to study our Sabbath-school lessons, which are about the life of Christ. As we learn more about the way he gave up his life for others, we are encouraged to follow in his footsteps.

We made a special effort to get the Fourth of July number of the *Signs* before the people. Sixty-two papers were sold and distributed by the little band of workers. Half the money received went to pay for the papers, and the other half was given to the Sabbath-school.

LEXEMIA HALLOCK.

NOTES FROM OUR FRIENDS.

IT is encouraging to read the words of appreciation often tucked into the business letters sent to this Office. Extracts from a few of these are given below:—

A sister in Stoughton, Wis., whose husband lately died, writes thus: "I am left with five children to train for the Lord, and I feel that I need the INSTRUCTOR to help me. Would like the Premium Bible, but must wait a while for that. We have used one of those Bibles almost two years, and it is still in excellent condition."

A working member of a Western church says: "I like the INSTRUCTOR better each year. . . . Were I a boy, I should appreciate the instruction given in Brother Loughborough's articles. He is so painstaking in all the details of the work. Indeed, this spirit is seen all through the paper."

A reader in Alabama, renewing her subscription, says: "I think the INSTRUCTOR the best youth's paper I ever read, and am anxious to get the young people in our church to taking orders for it. Please send me an agent's outfit."

Still another writes: "I like the INSTRUCTOR very much, and wish for it a wider circulation. It is the best youth's paper I ever saw. My young brother especially enjoys the articles by W. K. Loughborough."



BRAINS RATHER THAN BRICKS.

THIS seems to be the watchword that has actuated the educational work of the Cook County Normal during the last seventeen years. Under the leadership of Colonel Parker, thousands of young men and women have received a training in this school, and are to-day doing a good work in trying to lift the common schools out of the rut into which so many of them seem to be hopelessly sunk.

A class of four hundred and thirty-five students finished their work in this school, June 20. The exercises were as unique as the general line of instruction differs from that of other schools. Instead of the orthodox address by some distinguished man, or fossilized essays by members of the graduating class, there was a running discussion upon the subject, "Our Common Schools." Member after member of the class arose without being called upon, and spent from three to five minutes in bringing out, in a most spirited and interesting manner, some features connected with our public-school system. The first half-dozen took up the history of our school system from its first inception down to the present time; then several discussed some of the live questions pertaining to methods of teaching, the elements necessary for success, etc.

One young woman had for her topic, "The Fads of the Cook County Normal." These are a few of those that were mentioned: "Teaching from nature instead of from books; instead of pushing children in their work, inspire them by holding before them high ideals; interest parents in what is being done for the children, and thus insure their constant and hearty co-operation; connect mental education with industrial training."

Colonel Parker asked the students why they regarded teaching as the greatest of all arts. One answer impressed me deeply: "In teaching, we are working on souls alone; while in all other arts one must work, at least a part of the time, on dead material."

In this school the students are constantly putting into practise the principles learned. Colonel Parker said that one weak spot in our high-school system is that these schools are all conducted on the principle of imparting knowledge which has no outlet,—a proceeding that always produces stagnation.

The leading motive in the mind of the superintendent of this work has been to encourage teachers to love to teach, rather than to work for salaries or human appreciation. He grew up as a boy on an Eastern farm, and there he studied from God's own open book of nature until he arrived at the age when his parents thought he ought to go to school. To use his own words: "A being met me at the doorstep, with a book in one hand and a stick in the other, and said, 'Take either this or that.'" In his schooldays he acquired a hatred for dead, formal, schoolbook learning; and his work all these years has been to tear away from conventional methods.

Recently a wealthy woman put into the hands of Colonel Parker an almost fabulous sum of money, with which to carry out, absolutely untrammelled by politics or lack of means, his ideal for a teachers' normal school.

While the Lord may not see best to raise up men who shall put into our hands such remarkable gifts, we should manifest enthusiasm and

perseverance in maintaining and pushing to the front the principles of true education that God has put into our hands; and so much the more as we see the day approaching.

DAVID PAULSON.

