

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. XLVII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 14, 1899.

No. 36.

ECHOES OF HISTORY

CANTERBURY AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

IN the year 560 Ethelbert ascended the throne of Kent, the southeastern part of England. For a time his authority was limited to that section, but afterward he extended his rule as far north as the Humber. Fifteen years after he became king, he married Bertha, a French princess of Paris. The French had previously accepted Christianity, and Bertha is said to have brought a knowledge of the gospel with her, being the first representative of the Christian religion in England. The king, doubtless prompted by Bertha, received with kindness and hospitality some missionaries who came into the country soon after this. He even gave up for their use his own house in the Roman city Durovernum, afterward called Canterbury. Adjoining the house he built a church, and on the site of this early church the cathedral was in later years erected.

Augustine was one of these first missionaries who shared Ethelbert's hospitality. He was later appointed the first archbishop of Canterbury, which office to this day includes the highest authority in the English Church. Including Augustine, there have been ninety-five archbishops¹ in the succession to the present time. One of the duties of these ecclesiastical officials is to crown the heir apparent to the throne when England's sovereign dies.

After the death of William the Conqueror, in 1087, as mentioned in a former article, the throne of England fell to his son, William II, surnamed

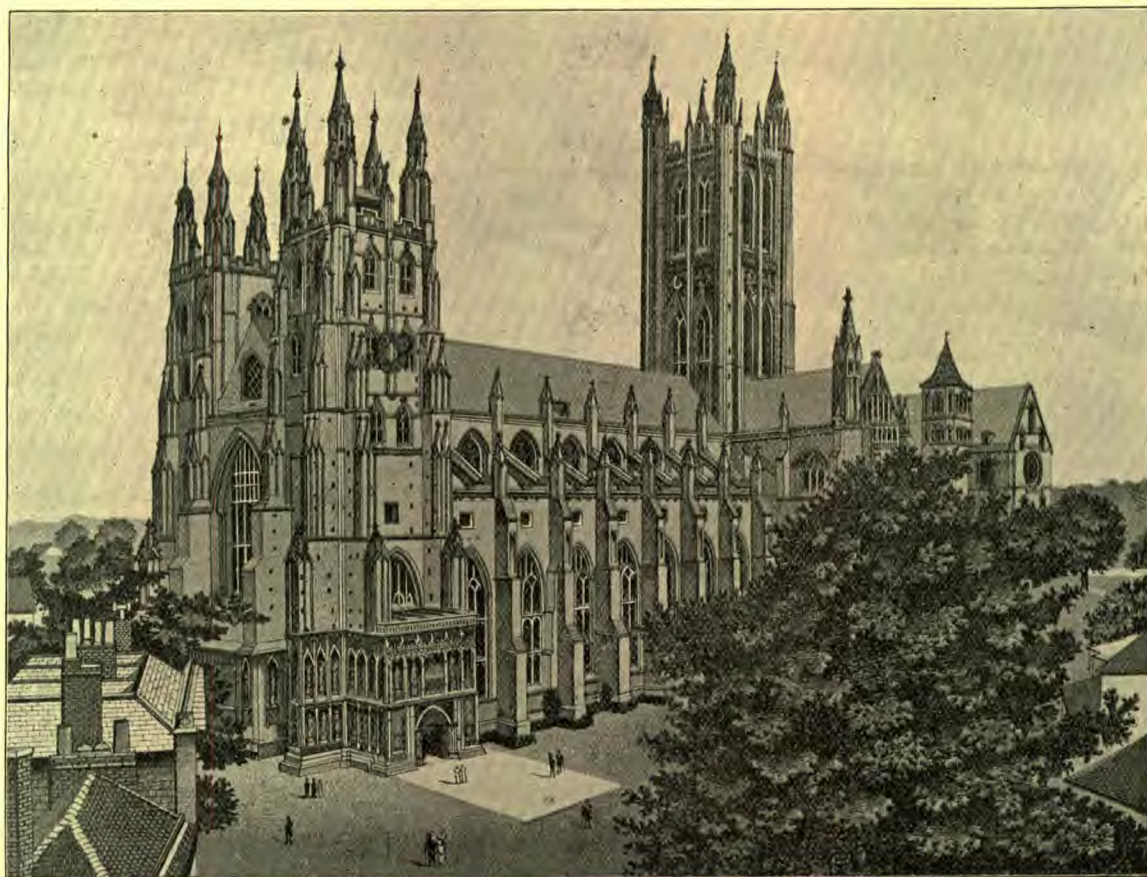
Rufus, because he had red hair. He was accidentally killed by an arrow, while hunting in the New Forest near Southampton. Henry I, another brother, then took the throne, and at once made war with a third brother, Robert, duke of Normandy, whom he defeated, and imprisoned in the castle of Cardiff, Wales, until his death, twenty-eight years later. After visiting France, and making peace with the king, Henry sailed for England. His only son, William, with his sister, remained a short time on shore after their father's boat set sail. The captain and crew of their boat drank so freely before starting that they were unable to manage the ship,

signed when the Normans seized all the higher offices of the church and state." Another says: "His parents were both, there can be little doubt, of Norman extraction." However this may have been, he certainly assumed a state in which no Englishman had lived before his time. When Henry became king, à Becket, who was then archdeacon of Canterbury, was given the office of Lord Chancellor. He was entrusted by the king with the education of his son, and was given much wealth. He was installed archbishop of Canterbury in 1162, and at once sent a resignation to Henry in these words: "I desire that you will provide your-

self with another chancellor, as I find myself hardly sufficient for the duties of one office, much less two." From this time à Becket gave himself entirely to the work of the church, trying to extend the authority of the pope. It was a fierce conflict between the church and the state, and resulted, as such conflicts almost always have resulted, in bloodshed.

The question whether clergymen were amenable to the civil courts was one on which there was much disagreement between à Becket and the king. One day, while in a passion, Henry said something expressing wonder that

some of his household did not free him "from this turbulent priest." At this four of his courtiers at once went to Canterbury to do away with à Becket. When the king learned their intention, he tried to recall them, but too late. The archbishop took refuge in the cathedral. His assailants demanded that he revoke certain excommunications. This he refused, whereupon he was violently murdered in the building, the sacredness of which he had hoped would secure his protection. This occurred in December, 1170. Two years later he was canonized as a saint by Pope Alexander III. From that time until the Reformation his shrine in the cathedral, called the Shrine of St. Thomas, was annually visited by troops of pilgrims, the number one year amounting to one hundred thousand. The superstitious reverence and wicked idolatry shown by these pilgrims to this dead man are attested by the official records of



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

which was driven upon a rock, with the result that all on board were drowned except one man, a butcher of Rouen. After this another daughter, Matilda, married Goeffry Plantagenet, a Spaniard; and their son, as Henry II, became the first heir to the throne representing both the Norman and the Saxon line.² He received this inheritance through his mother, as her father (Henry I) was a Norman, and her mother ("good Queen Maud") was a Saxon.

The reign of Henry II brings to our notice Thomas à Becket and the Canterbury Cathedral, with which the name of à Becket is always associated. Just what nationality he represented is now uncertain. One historian says that he was "the first Englishman who emerged from the obscurity to which his race was con-

²The house received the name Plantagenet from the sprig of Spanish broom (*planta genista*), which Goeffry, the founder, used to wear in his hat, he having previously done penance by scourging himself with this harsh material.

¹It is interesting to notice the names of the men who have at different periods held the position of archbishop of Canterbury. The first were Roman names, like Augustine, Laurentius, and Justus. In the eighth century the Britons began to hold the positions of trust in the church, and we find such names as Nothelm, Wulfred, and Ceolnoth. The first incumbent having more than one name was Ralph de Turbine, who flourished from 1114 to 1122. After his day, several men occupying the position had only one name, but after 1191 the custom became general to have two names. Not till 1805 do we find a man on the list having three names.—Charles Manners Sutton.

the offerings made at three altars there. In one year the offerings at God's altar were nothing; at that of the Virgin Mary, £4 rs. 8d. (about \$20); at St. Thomas's shrine, £954 6s. 3d. (about \$4,770). The enormous amount of this sum is better appreciated when the purchasing power of money in those times is considered. Henry VIII, more than three hundred years later, pillaged the shrine and destroyed it; and according to a foolish custom of those days, caused the saint himself to be cited to appear in court, where he was tried, and condemned as a traitor.

The connection of Canterbury with the early introduction of Christianity into England, and also this history of Thomas à Becket, led me to visit the quaint old town while spending a vacation at Margate, a seaside resort near by. While there, I obtained the photograph from which the accompanying illustration was made. The place is one of the few in which is still preserved one of the old Roman stone forts, with its gates to the main street of the city. In these forts are holes made to fit bows for shooting arrows at attacking foes. The cathedral and its surroundings are still held in great veneration. In an old church not far away it is said that Ethelbert must have been baptized. In it a baptismal font is pointed out, supposed to be of that age. The older portion of the cathedral was erected in 1070, to which various additions have been made. Services are held twice daily, consisting mostly of music by the large choir, which I was fortunate enough to hear. Several monuments to noted persons have been erected in different places in the building, the most striking of which is that over the tomb of the Black Prince. Above this hangs a coat, torn and stained, which was worn by the prince in battle.

The records of the city for hundreds of years are still preserved, and contain many curious things. Among these may be found the cost of entertaining the king and his servants during a visit to the place. It includes a detailed account of provisions purchased,—cheese, wine, rabbits, etc.,—and throws considerable light on the diet of the people of those times. Mention is made of a machine called a "cucking-stool," in which women who did not obey their husbands, or who were given to undue gossiping, were placed, and ducked into the water till sufficiently punished. A record is also preserved of the cost of burning a heretic. The items of the wood, ropes, fees, etc., are given in detail, the whole amounting to less than a dollar.

It is sad to think that this place, where the gospel was first preached in that country, afterward became a place of persecution for the followers of the same religion. In this it was like Jerusalem itself, which turned from teaching of the Messiah to come, to the wicked act of putting him to death when he did appear. All these evils come from following the words and teachings of men instead of those of the Lord himself.

H. E. SIMKIN.

HOW NAUPLIA RECEIVED THE KING.

JUNE 12, 1899, was an eventful day for Nauplia, a pleasant little city of five or six thousand inhabitants, built on the side of an immense rocky cliff extending into an arm of the Mediterranean Sea. It was once the capital of Greece, and its history dates back to long before our Saviour came to this world. It overlooks the plains of Argos, upon which are several cities and villages, each having peculiar points of interest.

For three days before the twelfth, many flags were waving from the windows and balconies. Arches were built over the principal thoroughfares, and decorated with blue and white, the national colors, and with laurel branches. A continuous line of small three-cornered flags, interspersed with many small, colored lanterns, extended the entire length of the quay. Each day new decorations were added. The Platea, a large public square in the midst of the city, having streets bordered by small trees on three sides, with the soldiers' barracks on the fourth, was completely surrounded by a line of col-

ored flags and lanterns; and the ever-present bootblacks, who shine one's shoes for less than a penny, had swept it like a floor.

On the afternoon of June 12, the object of all the excited preparations that had been going on for some days seemed near at hand. From our balcony, which overlooks the Platea, we saw the soldiers forming in line. The waving plumes and gay uniforms of the officers, with the clanking of their side-arms, made an interesting scene. A regiment of soldiers is stationed at Nauplia, because of the government prisons situated here. At last all was ready; and the soldiers, headed by the band and followed by a great concourse of people, large and small, rich and poor, proceeded toward the station, at the outskirts of the city. Joining the crowd, we also reached the station, which was besieged by thousands of persons. A passage about ten feet wide was opened by the soldiers, and strewn with laurel branches. Pushing our way through the throng, we at last reached the platform, where the police were trying to keep the people back.

At length we heard the warning whistle of the engine,—a sound very much like that produced by the willow whistle dear to the heart of American boyhood. However, this was quite in keeping with the tiny engine, which appeared but a mere toy in mental comparison with the engines of our own country. As the train pulled slowly into the station, and passed the people, they became almost frantic, waving their hats or handkerchiefs, and shouting, in Greek, "Long live the king! Long live the king!" Our position was fortunately chosen; for as the train stopped, a compartment was opened near us, and King George, accompanied by his son Nicholas and a few officials, stepped to the platform. Although the king is fifty-six years old, and has several sons, among whom are Constantine, the heir apparent, and Prince George, the governor of Crete, he is still a young-looking man.

Escorted by the officers, the king and his company marched out between the soldiers, and the procession again formed, and followed him to his stopping-place, a house fronting the beach. After dinner, which is served here about half-past eight in the evening, the people gathered along the shore in front of the house where the king was staying. Back of a large stone promenade there was a level place, where little tables were set, and refreshments served. There was music on the land and on the water; while cannon and fireworks displayed from the boats and from the remains of an old castle built in the harbor, made the scene an impressive one. The mountains back of the city were ablaze with countless bonfires. These eminences are great forts, on which are cannon two and three centuries old.

At last the king appeared on the balcony, and a silence fell over the crowd, as they pressed nearer to hear him. He spoke in Greek, and the following is a free translation of his brief address:—

"Now nothing more remains except for me to thank each one of you separately for the cordial welcome that you have given me this year, and to wish happiness for the future of this ancient city, Nauplia. Long live the nation!"

These few words were received with enthusiasm, and soon the large company escorted the king back to his train. The narrow streets, barely wide enough for two carriages to pass, were again crowded, while from windows and overhanging balconies the enthusiastic subjects burned red candles.

Soon the king departed, the illuminations went out, and the people quietly sought their homes. As we looked upon the scene, we wondered who in this old city will be ready to welcome the King of kings when he shall come to claim his own.

H. A. HENDERSON.

"Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide, treacherous sea:

Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength, to stand the stress of the gale;

And your hand on the wheel,—don't let it flinch, whatever the tumult be;

For the will of man, with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail."



THE STARS.

YE stars of night, why look ye down
So calmly on a careworn world?
Can ye not see the tear, the frown,
The bloody flag of war unfurled?
Do ye not hear the orphan's cry,
The plea for justice, stifled low,
The wail that marks misfortune's blow,
The groan of pained humanity?
And still your twinkling eyes of light
Gaze on us through the weary night
Serenely till the shadows flee,—
Then fade before the blush of morn.
So may my soul, when tempest-torn,
Look onward to eternity.

WILLIAM ARCHER WRIGHT.

TEACHING FROM NATURE.

CHRIST employed the things of nature to illustrate divine truth. He bade them speak that men might heed the voice of God. He used as object-lessons the flowers he had created and the things of the animal world. Under his teaching, nature utters her voice to declare the wonderful works of God, and to reprove man's unbelief and his forgetfulness of his constant dependence upon the Creator.

"Take no thought for your life," Christ said, "what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Consider the ravens. They neither sow nor reap; but they act the part God designed them to act, and he takes care of them. And will not that God who has given man all that he has, keep him in health and strength if he complies with the conditions by obedience to the laws of his being?

"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" Christ asked. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Let the lily, beautifully tinted and gracefully formed by the great Master Artist, surpassing in its loveliness the artificial adorning of Solomon, teach us the lesson of simplicity and faith.

The lesson-book of nature is open to all. When men and women cease trying to counter-work the purposes of divinity, when they place themselves under the discipline of grace, they will see that they have a work to do in becoming conversant with plant and animal life. If less time were devoted to the preparation of elaborate meals for the gratification of appetite, and more in the contemplation of God's works in nature, men and women would be better fitted to serve their Creator.

God has entrusted human beings with talents. He has given men and women intellect, that they may study his dealings with them. All have the privilege of knowing the only true God, whom to know aright is life eternal. Shall we, then, follow our own inclinations, and indulge our inherited and cultivated tendencies to wrong, without reference to God's word? The birds of the air, guided by instinct, are obedient to the laws that govern their life; but the beings formed in God's image fail to honor him by obeying his laws. By disregarding the laws that govern the human organism, they disqualify themselves for serving God. God warns them to beware how they dishonor him by breaking the laws that govern their bodies; but habit is strong, and they will not heed.

The swallow and the crane observe the changes of the season. To find a suitable

clime, they migrate from one country to another, as God designed they should. But men and women sacrifice life and health in seeking to gratify appetite. In their desire to accumulate earthly treasure, they forget the Giver of all their blessings. They abuse their health, and use their powers to carry out their unsanctified, ambitious projects. Their days are filled with pain of body and disquietude of mind because they are determined to follow wrong habits and practises. They sacrifice health, peace, happiness, to their ignorance.

The wise man addresses the indolent in these words: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her fruit in the harvest."

The habitations that the ants build for themselves show wonderful skill and perseverance. Only one little grain at a time can they handle, but by diligence and perseverance they accomplish wonders. Solomon points to their industry as a reproach to those who waste their hours in sinful idleness, or in practises that corrupt soul and body. The ant prepares for future seasons. Many who are gifted with reasoning powers entirely disregard this lesson, and fail entirely to prepare for the future life.

Stones have frequently been used as memorials of God's dealing with his people. Joshua, knowing that the time of his service as the visible leader of the children of Israel was about to end, gathered the people together, and caused them to renew their covenant with their Maker. Then he "wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord, which he spake unto us. It shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God."

None have an excuse for misusing their powers. Such misuse robs God of the service he demands. By creation and by redemption, man is the Lord's. The qualities with which he has been endowed show how high an estimate the Lord places on human beings. He has given every man his work. Every youth, every child, has a work to do in accordance with the Lord's revealed will. No one can waste his opportunities and privileges without robbing God. How can we ignore the responsibilities that rest upon us? The sun, the moon, the stars, the rocks, the flowing stream, the broad, restless ocean,—all teach lessons that we would do well to heed. Shall we not learn from God's great book of nature that he bestows his love, mercy, and grace on us every moment of our lives, that we, in turn, may serve him and our fellow men?

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

ONE HOUR.

THE great clock in the church steeple struck three; the afternoon sun slowly waned, and the shadows lengthened in the streets. The clock struck four.

It was only an hour. The children playing on the sidewalk did not know that it had gone; but in it a great-hearted man had written down some strong, true words, which will live long in the world, and give courage and help to many struggling souls.

In it a chemist, working with brain and hand over carefully prepared compounds, had discovered one of the secrets of nature,—how the atoms of elements group themselves to form a molecule of organic matter.

In it four women, sitting with their sewing on yonder porch, had brought out old, forgotten scandals, and set them loose again in the world, like flying scorpions, to poison and to kill.

In that hour a young man in the next house to them, yielded to a temptation which will never lose its grip on him while he lives.

In the same time a woman, with a child on her lap, told a story with a high, pure meaning, which will be a lamp to the child's feet all the days of his life.

Another woman, watching silent and motionless by a sick-bed, filled the hour with prayer and high thoughts, which will serve as food for her soul in the trouble that is coming upon her.

How many of us remembered that the hour—a servant, laden with the report that we should give to it—was passing up to God?

What report did it carry of us? What burden are we making ready at this moment for the hour that is passing now?

"Only an hour! Yet the despised slave," says Antigonius, "may be laden with treasure that would ransom a Cæsar."—*Selected.*



INTIMACY.

NO DISTANT LORD have I, loving afar to be;
Made flesh for me, he can not rest until he rests in me.

I need not journey far this distant friend to see,
Companionship is always mine; he makes his home with me.

I envy not the twelve: nearer to me is he;
The life he once lived here on earth he lives again in me.

Ascended now to God, my witness there to be,
His witness here am I, because his Spirit dwells in me.

O glorious Son of God! incarnate Deity!
I shall forever be with thee, because thou art with me.

—*Sunday-School Times.*

INTO THE LIGHT.

ABOUT eight o'clock the following morning, Grace was surprised to hear May's voice at the door. The next moment she had entered, and after a cheery "Good morning, Grace," proceeded to make known the reason for her early call.

"Last night after meeting, Elder Barnes asked if you were going to be able to get out to any of the meetings. I told him you were improving quite rapidly, and hoped to be able to walk in about two weeks. He said he would like very much to meet you, and asked if I thought it would be agreeable if he should call."

"Why, of course. I have often wished I could talk with him, and mama and Aunt Jane are becoming so interested in what I tell them of our readings that they have expressed a desire to be present to-night. You are becoming quite a Bible teacher."

"Well, tell them to come, and if Elder Barnes is at liberty, why not have him come at the same time?"

"I am sure that would be pleasant for us all; but how are things going at school? I have been so taken up with our Bible readings lately that I haven't asked you anything about our school work. I have been trying to keep up with the class, however. Georgia and Myrtle stopped last night on their way home, and we compared our Latin translations."

"Things are going about as usual. I met old Mr. Davis at the tent last night, and he asked when I was coming to teach school for them. You know he has always said that I should teach in their school as soon as I am graduated."

"Yes, I heard him speak to you about it once. Does he really mean it?"

"Certainly; I met him at one of the Christian Endeavor conventions two years ago, and we renewed the acquaintance begun when I was a little child. He is an old friend of the family. But I must go. Look for us, or for me at least, about the usual time."

At four o'clock everything was in readiness for the expected visit. Chairs, tables, and Bibles had been brought to the shady front porch, and a large pitcher of lemonade was cooling in the ice-chest.

Soon the click of the gate told Grace that her visitors had arrived, and the next moment

she was being introduced to Elder Barnes, a genial, pleasant man, whom children and youth instinctively loved and trusted. Mrs. Conwell and Aunt Jane each gave him a cordial welcome; and after a few general remarks, the conversation turned upon the work at the tent.

"They tell me, Elder Barnes," remarked Mrs. Conwell, "that you are preaching some strange new doctrines. My girls here can think and talk of nothing else."

"Why, no, Mrs. Conwell, the doctrines are not new. Many of them were given to Adam in the garden of Eden, and the only reason they are strange is that man has perverted the word of God. To what in particular do you refer?"

"The idea that man sleeps in the grave until the resurrection. I have always believed that Christ comes at the death of his saints, and receives them to himself."

"Why no, mama! Don't you remember that he says, in Matthew 24, that if some one shall say, 'He is in the secret chambers, believe it not,' and that his coming will be like the lightning, which shines from the east even unto the west?"

"Yes," said May, "and Rev. 1:7 says, 'Behold, he cometh with the clouds; and every eye shall see him.'"

"The Bible plainly teaches that the righteous dead, with the righteous living, will all be made perfect at the same time, and will all receive their reward together," said Elder Barnes.

"I confess that the texts Grace read to us last evening seem plainly to teach that man is composed of but two things,—spirit, or breath, and dust,—but are there not other texts? Grace, please give him a list of those we studied."

After glancing over the list, Elder Barnes said: "Other texts?—Oh, yes, many of them. Job was interested in this same subject. Please turn to the fourteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of his book. Miss Grace, you may read it."

"If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

"Job 17:13 tells where he expected to wait. Will you read it, Mrs. Conwell?"

"If I wait, the grave is mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness."

"The twelfth verse of chapter 14 tells how long he must wait."

"So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep," read Aunt Jane.

"Rev. 6:14 shows when the heavens shall be no more. Mrs. Conwell will please read."

"And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places."

"If you notice the preceding verse, you will see that the heavens depart after the falling of the stars."

"Oh, yes, and that took place in 1833, did it not?"

"Yes. Now turn to 1 Cor. 15:51-53, and see when Job will experience the 'change' of which he spoke in the fourteenth chapter."

"Behold, I show you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be *changed*, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be *changed*. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

"This is the change to which Job looked forward,—a change from corruptible to incorruptible, from mortal to immortal."

Here Elder Barnes looked at his watch, and said: "I will give you one more text, and then I must say good-by for this time. You will find it in 1 Thess. 4:15-18."

After reading the verses, and talking of them for a few moments, Elder Barnes rose to go. Mrs. Conwell thanked him for the visit, and invited him to come again. She also expressed great interest in what they had read, to which he replied: "God's word is full of good things, for which he says we should search as for hid treasures."

LENA E. HOWE.

"PATIENCE wins more races than haste"



Chapter XIII.

SHIRLEY had gone as fast as her feet could take her until the depressing gloom of Pacific Avenue arrested her progress. Her feet shrank from the lonely stretches of shadows, her spirit shrank within her, the bravery of her nature forsook her. Every dark corner was alive with horrors, and the lights made more terrible spaces. Anger, pride, independence, were forgotten; and with a low cry she dropped upon a wooden step, put her face into her hands, and moaned, "Father, father, I must have been crazy! If I live till morning, I'll take the first train home." Then with an awful sense of desolation she remembered, and cried out, "But I haven't a penny, not one, even for a postal card." She sat like a statue for a second, while a glimpse of the dangers to which she had exposed herself flashed before her; then, springing to her feet, she said, "Well, then, I'll walk. I'll get out of this horrid city. I'll go home," when the thought came that she had run away from home, and maybe her father would not allow her to come back. She would go,—but where? She started rapidly forward, but this thought brought her to a standstill. She must get somewhere, that was certain; and turning quickly about, she hastened on.

She was completely bewildered, but terribly in earnest, spurred at every step by that strange, ever-increasing fear that waits on hurrying steps. To any one watching her, she would have appeared guilty or irresponsible.

Officer McFarlan had not been long in getting his eyes on Shirley, nor was he slow in arriving at a conclusion about her. She was not fit to be left at large at that time of night, that was sure. He strode toward her, and confronted her with his tall, imposing figure in uniform, and "flashed" his star.

She had the country-bred fear of the police, and at sight of him her only instinct was to flee, and thus to escape this new terror. She accordingly made a leap that landed her in the gutter, and would have fallen flat if he had not caught her.

"There, now," he said, as he set her on her feet, "what are you doing on the street at this time of night?"

Shirley was too frightened to speak, but in the dim light looked only sullen.

"Will you answer?" he asked. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Well, this is a bad time and place to be doing nothing. Where do you live?"

Where, indeed? No answer.

"Well, you will have to come with me, then. I will see that you are taken care of."

This was said not unkindly; but Shirley drew back, and would have pulled herself away from him if it had been possible; but the experienced officer knew how to keep hold of her, and how to keep her moving at his side. She tried to speak, but her terror was too great; and so, without another sound, she was led on into the Harrison Street Station, which was a howling pandemonium, an unusual number of drunks being in attendance. Shirley, moaning as in a terrible nightmare, was ushered to the desk of the lock-up keeper, who proceeded to "book her."

"Name?" he asked.

Name!—her name in such a place?—Never! So she stood dumb, with compressed lips and flashing eyes.

"Very well," thought the keeper, "any name will do. One more alias makes no difference;" so he wrote, "Sally Jones, disorderly," and turned her over to the police matron.

Seth Adams had haunted the post-office early and late for five days, and had walked the streets before opening, and after closing, time; but he had found no trace of Shirley.

Upon his first arrival at the city, he had gone directly to the mission about which he had read in his mother's church paper. In this he had stowed his belongings; but as for sleeping, that had been out of the question, nor had he made more than an occasional pretense at eating. At the beginning of this sixth day, he left his lodging, where he had tried to rest a little, and hurried toward the big, old government building on Clark Street, intent on being in with the first post-office officials. All the while that he stood watching the women who came to the general delivery, he felt that he was almost wasting precious time; but what else could he do?

At last he took a turn outside, and looked about, and chanced to see a fine blue-coated figure standing at a crossing.

"Why not ask the police? they see everybody," thought Seth, "and I know they'd any of 'em help a fellow, if they knew. There is n't one of 'em to whom some woman is n't dearer 'n life. If I can make 'em understand, there is n't one of 'em but'd give me his best, as man to man, I know. Man is man anywhere, and it won't take much talking to make them understand, neither. I must pick my man—find one who is n't so rushed he can't listen to me. Haunting the post-office has n't done anything. I'll take this now for a change, for time's passing, and it is n't any place for a dainty young creature like Shirley to be roaming around. She's got to be found, and that right quick, please God and the holy angels."

Seth was not what one would call a religious man, but he had been reared in the truth, and had never really set out to quarrel with it. Now he had been lifted, by the greatness and purity of his love and the suffering of these last days, to a spiritual level from which he instinctively reached out after all that he had been taught by his mother. At this altitude, under stress of such a need, with his physical nature refined by abstinence until it began to tell on every feature, prayer had come to be as his natural breath. He had been walking in its atmosphere all that morning; and now, stopping a moment, and looking up to where the spring day was shining above the swelling roar of the awakening city, he let his heart speak as it had never spoken before into the ear of Him whose name is Love.

As he stood thus gazing upward, he soon became the center of a skyward-gazing group that was growing every second. It was a moment before he noticed it; but when he did, the humor of it struck him so that he laughed his old, hearty laugh,—the first in days,—and it did him good. He turned, and walked rapidly away, leaving a mystified, gaping crowd behind him; but his step was confident, and his heart was wonderfully lightened of its load. He had gone but a few blocks when he met a policeman slowly walking his beat, with his club held in both hands before him. He was a fine specimen of a man, about Seth's age; and his frank, genial face commanded confidence. He was evidently busy with pleasant thoughts, and not in a hurry.

"That's my man," said Seth, to himself; and stepping up before him, he said: "If you are on duty now, maybe you will let me take a turn with you. I have something to say."

"All right, sir, come on." He swung himself about on his heel, and Seth came alongside, and fell into the same easy stride, as he said: "You see, I'm a countryman, but I calc'late that men generally understand one another, even if one of them does wear a policeman's star, and the other a granger's uniform; and I calc'late that we all have about the same kind of feelings toward some kind of womankind."

The officer turned his eyes around at Seth's face quickly, then back to the stick he carried, while a thoughtful tenderness came over his face. There was no excuse in Seth's manner for lightness of thought or word, if his words were peculiar and abrupt. Seth went on:—"I'm in trouble, and must have help,—police help, I suspect,—and I calc'late on a man's understanding me."

The officer looked encouragingly at him, and bowed. Seth then proceeded to tell the

story of Shirley, as far as he knew it. He did not stammer nor hesitate over his own relation to it, although a color came to his cheeks that looked almost hectic on their pallor, and he had the satisfaction of seeing that the man in the uniform was not only able to understand what he heard, but was of a nature fine enough to interpret more than the spoken word, and appreciate the deeper story that must remain forever unsung and untold. The same sublime impulse that set the whole Scottish army to singing "Annie Laurie," moved the officer to take Seth's arm and say: "I understand; count on me for anything,—and I can speak for the force to a man. But we must have something to go by,—a photograph, a description, or both."

"She wore a gray dress and white sailor hat. Here's a picture, just like her," taking a dainty satin photograph case, wrapped in tissue-paper, from his pocket. "She gave me that last Christmas." The officer did not touch it, he did not attempt to do so; but with the most delicate tact left Seth to hold it before him. One quick, startled glance, and he said, as quietly as possible, which was not, however, saying much for his self-possession, "A gray dress and white sailor hat, did you say?"

"Yes,—why? have you seen her?"

"I have; and I must prepare you for a shock, I fear, my dear fellow—I took that girl to the Harrison Street Station last night."

"What in —! you!" and Seth reeled. Officer McFarlan caught and steadied him, saying: "I told it bluntly, I am afraid. One can't say some things soft-like, they are so hard in themselves. It was this way," and he told all that had occurred, as he knew it; while Seth stood, every muscle tense, in an attitude that was, to say the least, threatening. The officer continued, "The police court sits at nine; she will have to come before it, and—"

"She must not go before it!" cried Seth; "you must get her out without that. How long—what did you take her there for?" Seth's face was white as death. "I tell you she had no business being arrested, poor little girl! What hurt could a slip of a girl do? You must be mighty 'fraid of this big city of yours."

"Poor little chickabiddies!" said Officer McFarlan, with a lump in his throat. "I agree that they could not do much harm, if they were let alone, any of them. It's we 'lords of creation' that ought to go to the stone floors and hard benches. You can't get up a quarrel with me on that, my good fellow; but, unfortunately, we can't have things just as they ought to be; and this girl, since she was booked, you see, will have to come before the court, as I said, but you may count on me to —"

"But what for? What under heaven did she do? By your own story she resisted an insulting coward, and then tried to hide from folks in the dark—poor little girl! Is that a thing to be hauled up in court for?"

"If I had only known then what I do now," said the officer, "I should not have taken her in as I did; but her actions were, to say the least, suspicious, considering the class we have to deal with. Anyhow, what's done can't be undone, and time is slipping. Come with me to breakfast, and then we will go over and see what can be done. She will be cared for by the matron—a kind, motherly woman."

"Breakfast!" cried Seth, angrily. "Breakfast for me?—not till she's out of that place."

"Very well, I understand; when her case is called, you can be ready with your evidence, and get her off, I am sure."

"I," gasped Seth, "I'll do anything, of course, to make it easier for her; but you see it would kill me dead 'n a door-nail as far as she is concerned. She is proud,—you haven't an idea. She'd never let me come within a thousand miles of her again if she supposed I knew a thing about this. So you will understand, if it can be done with me left out,—means everything to me how she looks at me when she gets on her feet again."

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

"Not altitude, but attitude, makes the great man."



MAKING UP.

I SAT beside my window one pleasant summer day,
And watched two little children, a boy and girl, at play.
Dear little Bess, with dimpled cheeks, and eyes like
heaven's blue,
And curling hair like threads of gold with sunshine flick-
ering through,
Was playing tag with brother Ned; and through the
morning air
Their childish voices sounded sweet,
like music rich and rare;
When, sudden, like a jarring note, I
heard a childish cry,
And little Ned defiant stood, with
angry, flashing eye.

"You naughty, naughty Bess!" he
said, "what makes you act so bad?
You are the worstest sister I ever,
ever had;
I'll go and tell my mama, I'll tell her
right away;
And now, unless you're awful good,
I'm not a goin' to play!"

"O brother, brother! let's *make up*;
I'm awful sorry, Ned;
I won't be bad again all day," the
little maiden plead;
"Let's both be good, because, you
see, we'll make our mama cry,
And all the pretty angels, who live up
in the sky."

O sweet, forgiving childhood! how
beautiful thou art!
How true and pure and innocent the
gentle, loving heart!
What wonder that the Master gave
the invitation free:
"Forbid not little children, but let
them come to me!"

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

ONE DOLL'S MISSION—A
TRUE STORY.

It was such a pretty doll,
with its golden hair and pink-
and-white cheeks and red
dress, that I knew some little
girl had loved it dearly. I
was sure there were tears in
her eyes when she kissed it
good-by, and packed it away
in the box for China. It
proved so helpful in our work
that I often wish I had the
child's name, and could write
and tell her of her doll's
beautiful mission in Peking.

If you have lived in the country, you have
often seen an old sheep follow a little lamb.
You know, too, that children the world over
are "Jesus' little lambs," and we desire to save
them, for they are very precious. The mis-
sionaries have found that when they gather in
the children, the fathers and mothers come
also, just as the sheep follow the lambs. So
we open boys' and girls' schools. One was
opened in the southern city of Peking; and
when I learned to speak the queer language,
the school was given to me. It was small,
and I was disappointed and almost discour-
aged because it grew so slowly.

Meanwhile the pretty doll lay in the box in
my closet, waiting to be used. One day some
good spirit whispered to my heart to take the
doll down with me, to see what it could do.

None of the girls had ever seen such a doll
before. How their black eyes did shine!
"Ai yah!" they exclaimed; "che ko has kan.
Shih shni ti hsiao jeur'h? Kei wo pa! kei wo
pa!" meaning, "Ai yah! this is good to look

upon. What small man is this? Give it to
me! give it to me!"

So I gave it into their hands. They exam-
ined it closely, looked for a long time at its
blue eyes, and finally smelled of it. Then I
knew they loved it; for Chinese smell their
babies when they love them, instead of kissing
them, as we do.

I took it back, and held it up before them,
and said, "If you will get a new scholar to
come to school, I will give you this doll or an-
other when she can read one little book."

They were eager to go on the search; and as
I mounted my donkey, and jogged back to the
mission, there was new hope in my heart that
the school would grow at last.

Chinese children study aloud in school; and
as I drew near the schoolhouse on my next

frankly, as Chinese do, which were bright, and
which were "small idiots."

The busy days flew quickly by, and one day
a new girl recited correctly her whole book.
"Yu Lau brought me in," she said; so the
pretty doll was given to Yu Lau. Ah! where
in all China was another girl so happy as Yu
Lau? She hugged her "small man" tightly,
fondled it tenderly, smelled it again and again,
and could hardly let the other girls look at it.
When school was out, she marched down the
street, prouder than any mandarin in the city.

Now the story grows sad; for that very night
Yu Lau was taken sick with the diphtheria.
Her throat swelled so badly she could not
hear, and she grew so crazy she did not know
her mother or grandmother or little sister; but
through it all she clung to the dolly. Her

mother told me afterward that
as she moaned and tossed on
her brick bed, she murmured
snatches of the lessons she
had learned; that with almost
her last breath she sang,
"Jesus loves me;" and when
she died, her little arms were
pressed tightly around her
doll.

And the school grew until
the little room was so full we
could hardly turn around to
kneel down. When meetings
were held, the girls all came
to the chapel, and naturally
the fathers and mothers and
grandfathers and grandmoth-
ers and uncles and aunts and
cousins began to come. And
the church grew, and prospered
greatly.

Are you not glad with me
that some little girl—God
knows who—gave her pretty
doll? and do you not think she
did good work in Peking?

Perhaps some beautiful mis-
sion, somewhere, is awaiting
your best doll. Will you not
let it go for the sake of some
little girl, and for Christ's
sake?—S. S. Advocate.



O BROTHER, BROTHER! LET'S MAKE UP.

visit, I heard voices, loud and strong, ringing
out:—

"Chi tou hsi, e chun shun
Tsao tien ti, yu tsao jeu,"

which means—

"In the beginning, one true God
Made heaven and earth, also made man,"

and I knew by the noise that new voices had
been added.

How glad I was to find the little room nearly
filled with new, strange girls, whom I had never
seen!

The old girls gave me their best bow,—an
old-fashioned courtesy,—and the new girls fol-
lowed suit, so that the whole school was in
motion, bobbing up and down, and inquiring,
in general chorus, if I were at peace, and had
eaten my rice.

Then how proud the older pupils were to tell
me which of the new girls each had brought
in! The teacher was happy, too, and told me

ing the place by a thread. Begin to gather at
the right-hand corner, taking even stitches.
Fold the band in the middle, and pin the mark
in the apron to the mark in the band. Take the
size of the waist for which the apron is intended,
allowing half an inch for the lap on each end,
and cut the rest off. Pin the side of the apron
to the band about four inches from the end.
Baste the apron to the band, first evening the
gathering all the way to the center. Sew firmly
by backstitching. Turn under the other side
of band, baste to the apron, and hem it down.
Turn the ends in, and overcast neatly.

NELLIE V. DICE.

OUR SEWING CIRCLE.

OUR apron is put together,
and the hem is turned. Begin
to hem at the right-hand cor-
ner, putting the needle under
the hem, so the knot will not
show. Take up one thread
in the apron; slip the needle
in under the hem, and bring
it out between the hem and the
turn-under, about three threads
to the right; draw the thread
through closely, but not too
tight. Repeat till the hem is
finished. Divide the top of
the apron in the middle, mark-

"Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to fight have gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each has some part to play;
The past and the future are looking
In the face of the stern to-day."

BIBLE LESSONS AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 13.

(September 23, 1899.)

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Lesson Scripture.—Luke 15:11-32.

Memory Verses.—Isa. 55:6, 7.

TIME: A. D. 30. PLACES: Perea and Judea. PERSONS: Jesus and disciples.

QUESTIONS.

1. What beautiful parable was given for the special benefit of his disciples? Luke 15:11-32. How many sons were there? V. 11. Which one made a request? What was it? V. 12. What did the father do? *Id.* What course did the young man pursue? V. 13.
2. What circumstances soon overtook him? V. 14. To make a living, what work did he take up? V. 15; note 1. What humiliating condition did he finally reach? V. 16.
3. Realizing his wretchedness, what did he say to himself? V. 17. What did he then resolve to do and say? Vs. 18, 19. Did he carry out his resolve? V. 20, first part.
4. How great was his father's willingness to receive him back? V. 20, last part. True to his determination, what did the son say? V. 21. Did he say *all* that he intended? Compare verse 21 with verses 18, 19. Instead of being made as a servant, what treatment did he receive? Vs. 22, 23. What reason did the father give for thus doing? V. 24.
5. As the elder son came from the field, what did he ask? Vs. 25, 26. What did the servant answer? V. 27. What were this son's feelings, and what did he say to his father? Vs. 28-30.
6. With what spirit did the father seek to quench his spirit of jealousy? Vs. 31, 32; note 2.

NOTES.

1. To the Jews, to whom Jesus was speaking, no work was lower or more degrading than caring for swine. By taking this as an illustration, Jesus shows to his disciples that no matter how low in sin one may have gone, he is not so degraded but that God will still accept him.
2. The parable of the prodigal son was given by Jesus to make plain to his disciples why he mingled so freely with publicans and sinners. The Pharisees had murmured at him for so doing, and the twelve disciples were by no means free from such prejudices. "The force of these lessons [of the lost piece of silver and the prodigal son] the disciples could not then fully appreciate; but after the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as they saw the ingathering of the Gentiles and the envious anger of the Jews, they better understood the lesson of the prodigal son, and could enter into the joy of Christ's words, 'It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'" — *"The Desire of Ages,"* pages 495, 496.
3. Where, in the entire range of human literature, sacred or profane, can anything be found so terse, so luminous, so full of infinite tenderness; so faithful in the picture which it furnishes of the consequences of sin, yet so merciful in the hope which it affords to amendment and penitence, as this parable? How it does summarize the consolations of religion and the sufferings of life! All sin and punishment, all penitence and forgiveness, find their best delineation in these few brief words. The radical differences of temperament and impulse which separate different classes of men; the spurious independence of a restless will; the preference of the enjoyment of the present to all hopes of the future; the wandering far away from that pure and peaceful region which is indeed our home, in order to let loose every lower passion in the riotous indulgence which wastes and squanders the noblest gifts of life; the brief continuance of those fierce spasms of forbidden pleasure; the consuming hunger, the scorching thirst, the helpless slavery, the unutterable degradation, the uncompassionate anguish that must inevitably ensue, — where have these myriad-times-repeated experiences of sin and sorrow been ever painted, though here painted in a few touches only, by a hand more tender and more true than in the picture of that foolish boy demanding prematurely the share which he claims of his father's goods; journeying into a far country, wasting his substance with riotous living; suffering from want in the mighty famine; forced to submit to the foul infamy of feeding swine; and fain to fill his belly with the swine-husks which no man gave? And then the coming to himself; the memory of his father's meanest servant, who had enough and to spare; the return homeward; the agonized confession; the humble, contrite

heart-broken entreaty; and that never-to-be-equalled climax, which, like a sweet voice from heaven, has touched so many million hearts to penitence and tears: "And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." — *Farrar.*

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.—NO. 13.

(September 24, 1899.)

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lesson Scriptures.—Hosea 14:1-9; Dan. 1:8-21; 3:14-28; 5:17-31; 6:10-23; Eze. 36:25-36; 37:1-14; 47:1-12; Ezra 1:1-11; 3:10 to 4:5; Haggai 2:1-9; Zech. 4:1-14.

Golden Text.—Ps. 34:7.

QUESTIONS.

- Lessons for July.**—Who gave the invitation? Through whom? To whom? What was enjoined, and what promised? What four Hebrew youth were taken to the Babylonian court? How did they stand amid temptation? Who were cast into the fiery furnace? For what principle? How were they delivered? Under what circumstances did the supernatural writing appear? What was its import? By whose plotting was Daniel cast into the lions' den? How was his case vindicated?
- Lessons for August.**—Who speaks in this lesson? Through whom? To whom? What results follow compliance to conditions? Where did Ezekiel see the vision of dry bones? What did the vision signify? What effect did the river of salvation have on desert and sea? What was symbolized? What king issued a decree for the return from captivity? Under whose leadership did fifty thousand Jews return? What was their purpose in returning?
- Lessons for September.**—When did they set up the altar? How was the work of rebuilding the temple hindered? Who encouraged the builders? How was the second temple to surpass the first? What source of power was supplied to Zerubbabel? Describe the vision. What does oil symbolize? Do the Spirit and the Word always stand together as the two olive-trees?

NOTES.

1. The first lesson of the quarter, under the title "Gracious Invitations," presents one of the most tender and beautiful calls to repentance, and pictures the flourishing condition of the soul that abides under the shadow of the Almighty in similes of the rarest beauty and attractiveness. Beholding the significance of harmony with heaven, who could refrain from re-echoing the prophet's words, "O Israel, return unto thy God"?
2. The second lesson, "Daniel in Babylon," introduces one of the three unblemished human characters of the Bible. Of Job, Joseph, and Daniel no record of sin is found. It is not to be understood that they never sinned, but the honest purpose of the heart, not to defile themselves, was backed up by the power of heaven, and they are numbered among those who are blameless, and who will be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.
3. The third lesson, "The Three Hebrews in the Fiery Furnace," shows that the true kings are those who stand for right in the face of an earthly monarch's unjust decree. The three Hebrews were not careful to answer the king, but committed themselves to the living God. The reckless believer is the abundant receiver. They were clothed with the panoply of heaven, and the form of the Fourth was with them in the furnace, even as he will be with his loyal followers unto the end of the world.
4. The fourth lesson, "The Handwriting on the Wall," lifts the veil from one of the most sublime chapters in human history. Belshazzar had disregarded the lesson given to his great-grandfather, and followed a course of pride and lasciviousness. The writing on the wall was only the writing of his life — "Weighed in the balances, and found wanting." The success of Cyrus was likewise a reaping of what he had sown; for skill, courage, victory, are not matters of chance. Cyrus and Belshazzar both recognized the hand of God — one for joy, the other for grief.
5. Lesson five, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," teaches the lesson that he who is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. The youth who resisted the defilement of the king's meat was the man who could calmly face death for the sake of principle. These things are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come. Are we heeding them?
6. Lesson six, "The New Heart." — "The Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort" raised up for

the children of the Captivity a teacher of righteousness. Their land lay in desolation, their temple in ruins. Then God promised their emancipation from temporal bondage, the restoration of their cities, the rebuilding of their temple, and the renewing of the very face of nature.

7. The seventh lesson, "Ezekiel's Great Vision," describes the vision of the resurrection, when God will bring up his people out of their graves, and place them in their own land. Spiritualized, it may also represent the quickening of the church, and the inheritance of the Canaan experience.

8. Lesson eight, "The River of Salvation," shows the progress, and process, and effect of the gospel, represented by holy waters issuing out of the sanctuary, and healing the waste places.

9. Lesson nine, "Returning from Captivity." — Cyrus issues a decree for the return of all captives who wish to go back to Jerusalem. God remembers and performs his word.

10. Lesson ten, "Rebuilding the Temple," shows how Joshua and Zerubbabel lead in the work. The people are zealous to labor with God in restoring his worship. Their zeal arouses the enmity of some, who seek to hinder the work.

11. Lesson eleven, "Encouraging the Builders." — The second temple was to be filled with more glory than the first; for He who is the desire of nations was to come. The Spirit with us is not so glorious as the Spirit in us.

12. Lesson twelve, "Power through the Spirit." — The word of the Lord to Zerubbabel is also to us. The olive-trees, whose oil welled through the golden pipes into the candlestick, live for us. The Word and the Spirit must constantly supply our vessels with oil, that we may shine for God and man.



MISSIONARY MONEY IN FREESIAS.

A FREESIA bulb is so insignificant in size and appearance that the uninitiated would never dream of the marvelous capacity for perfume the plant possesses. Nothing cultivated has the exquisite aroma of freesia blooms, or a perfume that, while very powerful, is never offensive or excessive, even though many plants are blooming at the same time. While the freesia is one of the simplest and easiest plants to cultivate, it is possible to fail if proper attention is not given at the right time. If the following directions are carried out, and nothing unforeseen occurs, however, it is almost a certainty that early in February, pots of bloom may be had that will readily sell for a good price, as there will then be scarcely any sweet-scented flowers on the market, certainly nothing more fragrant or desirable.

As a quick seller, the *Refracta Alba*, or white freesia, is the best, and the bulbs should be sent for and potted at once. Every day that a bulb is kept out of the ground decreases its vitality. Ask your florist to send you only large bulbs, that are two or more years old. Good & Reese, of Springfield, Ohio, will send you twenty fine bulbs for twenty-five cents. Most of these, and perhaps all, will bloom. To insure success, however, use only the large ones, putting not fewer than eight or ten of them in a six-inch pot. Plant the smaller ones in a pot by themselves.

The soil must be rich. It is useless to try to raise the plants unless this is attended to. It should be mixed with some well-rotted manure, some sand, and a little bone-meal. If you can find some old, decaying sods, add the fine soil from these. Be sure to have not less than two inches of drainage in the pot. Pound up broken crockery for this purpose.

Plant the bulbs an inch and a half below the surface, and an inch or so apart, and then put the pots into a tub of water up to the rims, for an hour or more, or until the earth and the pots are thoroughly soaked. Prepare a place on the north side of the house, or some spot where the sun never shines, and bury each pot to the rim in

the soil. No further care is necessary until cold weather, except to water thoroughly when the ground appears to be drying out. Never allow the soil to become dry, but do not water so frequently as to make the ground "sloppy." The bulbs are now making roots for use in blooming time; and if water is withheld in this growing season, the blooms will be deficient, and the result unsatisfactory. Stir the surface soil occasionally, about an inch deep, with a kitchen fork, to let the air in, or the ground will become sour, and thus affect the growth of the plant.

Do not fear light frosts or early cold nights (these will give the plant vigor); but do not become overconfident, and allow the plants to remain out too long, and freeze. As soon as danger threatens, remove them to a cool room, and allow all the air during the day that is safe. Gradually accustom them to sunshine, and be sure to turn them daily, that a symmetrical growth may result. If this is neglected, the plants will have a ragged appearance, and will not be so salable.

Before winter comes on, procure a quantity of sticks about eighteen inches long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter; and as the plants grow, place three or four around the edge of each pot. Tie strings a short distance above the rim, to make a support for growing stems; and as the plants shoot up, place other strings above, so that the plants will have adequate support at all times. Otherwise the stalks will be damaged, and the appearance of the plants materially altered. When fully accustomed to the light, give all the sunshine possible, and water as required. Pour the water into the pot, but never let it touch the foliage, as blisters and decay will result.

In February, at the latest, a mass of bloom and a wealth of delicious perfume will reward you for your care and trouble, and possibly a satisfactory sale will remunerate you, and give a contribution to the missionary fund.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

Nature Study

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

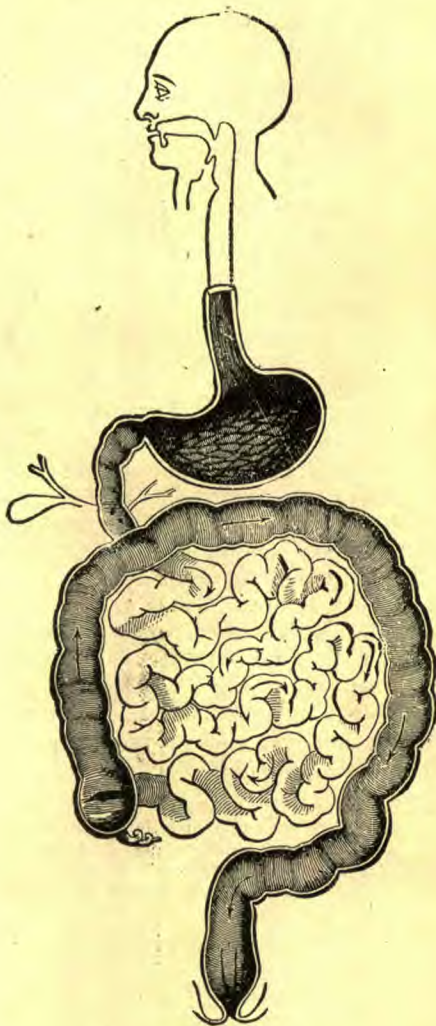
Man's Relation to Plants.

WHEN the Lord made man, he formed him out of the dust of the ground; and when man dies, he returns to the dust, as the Scriptures plainly tell us: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Not only was man formed from the dust of the ground, but the plants and animals were also made from the same material. In the Scriptures we read that the Lord is the Potter, and we are the clay. God, by his power, is able to take the soil, and change it from its dead, lifeless condition into beautiful forms, endowed with life. He is performing this miracle before our eyes all the time. When we plant seeds in the spring, they germinate, and send their roots down into the earth, and change the lifeless dust into plant tissue; and these various forms of vegetable life God has given to the animal creation for food. In studying the composition of the body, chemists have found that it consists of the same elements—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sodium, potassium, etc. (from fourteen to sixteen, in all)—that are present in good soil. In his wisdom, the Lord has made the soil of just such elements as are necessary to build up the body. When plants and animals die, their bodies decay, and return again to the earth, and make soil upon which future plants are to grow; and these new plants feed other animals, which have come upon the stage of action.

Let us study for a little while how the human body is related to the food that God has provided for man's use. We have learned, in a previous study, that the air is the food of the lungs, and that it enters the body at the nostrils. The food passes into the body through the

mouth, a wonderful machine, composed of the lips, tongue, teeth, and palate. This machine is a mill, in which the food is ground up before it passes on to other parts of the body. Some of the teeth are used in biting the food, and others in chewing and grinding it. The tongue gives us the sense of taste. While the food is being ground by the teeth, there are several streams of watery fluid, called saliva, flowing into the mouth. This not only moistens the food, but also partially digests it by changing the starchy portion into sugar. If you will chew a dry plain graham cracker for some time, you will notice that the longer you chew it, the sweeter it becomes. The saliva acts upon the starch, and changes it to sugar.

When the work is properly done in the mouth, the food passes down into a chamber called the



THE DIGESTIVE TRACT

pharynx; and if it were not for a trap-door covering the trachea, or wind-pipe, the food would go down into this, causing a coughing, choking sensation. Many of us have experienced this when we laughed while eating. After passing over the trachea, the food goes down into the esophagus, which leads to the stomach, the most wonderful machine in all the body. Here the food is churned very thoroughly by the contracting and dilating of the walls of the stomach. While this process is going on, the walls of the stomach secrete a fluid called gastric juice, which carries the work of digestion still further. This juice acts upon the albumen, changing it into a milky fluid called chyme. When the food in the stomach is fully digested, it passes through a small opening called the pylorus, meaning "gatekeeper," which guards the opening at the lower part of the stomach. Here the food is further acted upon by the bile, which comes from the liver; the pancreatic juice, coming from the pancreas; also by the intestinal juice, secreted by the walls of the intestines. When these three juices have acted upon the food sufficiently, it is taken into the blood by little ducts found in the walls of the intestines. These ducts unite with others, which carry the food particles throughout the whole system, and thus the entire body is nourished, and built up wherever it is in need of repair.

As we study the body that the Lord has given us, we see that it is wonderfully constructed. No wonder David exclaimed, "I will praise

thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

What have we learned thus far in our study of the body?—We have learned that man sustains a certain relation to the things with which he is surrounded. The eye receives light, giving the sense of sight. The nostrils receive air, which gives life to the body. They also contain the organs of smell, which receive the fragrance given off into the air. The ears receive sound, borne by the air. The skin is so constructed that we are able to feel the material things about us. The mouth is made to receive food that will build up our bodies. In it is the organ of taste, the tongue, which helps us enjoy our food. God has made everything pleasant for us. He has so constructed our bodies that we may enjoy the things with which he has surrounded us. We should honor him by keeping our bodies in so healthy a condition that we can enjoy these blessings, and use them to his glory.

M. E. CADY.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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.

	LEAVE.
No. 11, Mail and Express, to Chicago	12.00 P. 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	8.37 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.



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.

"ONLY a day at a time! There may never be a tomorrow.
Only a day at a time, and that we can live. We know
The trouble we can not bear is only the trouble we borrow,
And the trials that never come are the ones that fret us so.
"Only a step at a time! It may be the angels bend o'er us,
To bear us above the stones that wound our feet by the way.
The step that is hardest of all is not the one just before us,
And the path we dread the most may be smoothed another day."

SOME of you will notice that Professor Cady's article this week, "Man's Relation to Plants," covers some of the subjects treated in Mrs. Mc Kee's article, "The Process of Digestion," which appeared in the last number. It is thought best, however, to give Professor Cady's article in full, as it is one of a series, and is needed to develop the plan of the studies. The subject is of such importance, also, that too much can hardly be said about it.

A MAN is made by the company he keeps in the world of books no less than in the world of men. Low, coarse associates will leave their impress on the mind, whether we meet them at school, on the street, in the shop, or attractively set forth in the pages of some book. Just so with those that are pure and ennobling. If we seek their society, and enter into their aims, we shall become like them. Choose your friends with discretion, and your books with good judgment; and you will grow toward the high standard of the perfect Man.

It is a beautiful thought that to each soul born into the world there is sent from the courts of light an angel, to watch over it from its first wailing cry till the eyes are closed in death. Be the way long or short, smooth or rough, this unseen guardian never leaves us. Think of it! What companionship! Who can truly say, "I am alone"? Like Elisha's servant in the mount, when perplexities thicken around us, we cry out, "Alas! . . . how shall we do?" Like him, our eyes are often blinded to the angelic forms that surround us, ready to deliver in temptation, and save in the hour of danger: but they are none the less real; and to the believer, the thought of their presence must ever bring a sense of trust and repose.

"Oh, if I could only have such an experience as you enjoy!" said a discouraged soul to an earnest worker at one of our large camp-meetings. "What do you want it for?" was the quick response; "what do you want it for?" It was a startling question, but one we should ask ourselves once in a while. Why do we sigh and cry for the gift of God's Spirit—is it that we may enjoy a pleasant, comfortable experience, be able to meet our daily grievances bravely, and gain a home in the many mansions at last? Too often some such reasons as these will be found lurking in the heart, under the search-light of this testing question,—but God's richest blessings never wait on selfishness in any form. The experience that *wins* is given only to those who desire and will use it for that purpose. How slow we are to understand the great truth that the secret of receiving much is giving much! But those who do understand have all the blessings of heaven at their demand.

ONE WAY TO HELP.

SISTER IDA CARMICHAEL, of Keene, Tex., sends the following request to the young people who read the INSTRUCTOR. The work that she is doing is a worthy one, and we trust the call will receive a hearty response:—

KEENE, TEX., AUG. 21, 1899.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I am going to ask a number of you to send me, *regularly*, each month, all your INSTRUCTORS. Put them away neatly when you have read them, and at the end of the month send them to me, and I will place them in the State reform school. I can use two hundred copies each month in this way. Do not send back numbers for the reformatory, but clean, up-to-date copies of both the INSTRUCTOR and the *Little Friend*. The following letter lately received from L. J. Tankersley, superintendent of the house of correction, shows how the papers are appreciated:—

DEAR MADAM: The box of papers was received yesterday. They will be properly distributed Sunday morning, and your kind note read to all. Thanking you in the name of the boys and for myself, I am,
Very respectfully yours,
L. J. TANKERSLEY.

Who wishes to have a part in this great work, and will write and tell me so? Those who will send the papers faithfully and regularly, will please send me their names on a postal-card, and *those only*; for I must know what to depend on. We who take up this work will call ourselves "The Prisoners' Friend Society."

Your sister in Christ,
MRS. IDA CARMICHAEL.

OCTOBER, 1899.

IF the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown's ☞), 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.



THE DAHLIA.

MORE than a hundred years ago Baron Humboldt discovered the dahlia, a small, single flower, in Mexico. Could he have foreseen the dahlia of to-day in its dazzling hues and varied forms, he might, perhaps, have been prouder of that discovery than of all his other scientific achievements. It was sent by him to the Botanical Gardens, Madrid, where it received the name of dahlia in honor of the botanist, Professor Andrew Dahl. The same year it was introduced into England, where it was cultivated under glass.

For a few years it was lost to cultivation, then reintroduced into England. Cultivation soon developed the double form, and every color except blue. For many years the ideal dahlia of the cultivators was a perfectly double, ball-shaped flower. Those who remember the compact flowers of thirty or forty years ago know how nearly that ideal was realized, and remember the deserved popularity of the dahlia of that day. But people soon tired of the regularity of that type, and for a few years it was neglected. Florists were giving time, labor, and thought to the development of the rose, carnation, chrysanthemum, and other popular flowers. At last some far-seeing cultivator recognized the possibilities of the dahlia; and in new, improved, and more beautiful shades of color, it resumes its sway, and to-day greets us in so many varied and attractive forms that every taste may be suited.—*Selected.*

SOME GARDEN HINTS.

HAVE you verbenas growing in your garden, and do you desire very early bloomers next spring? Look for small plants, that have taken root, and cut them loose from the parent plant; or plant out slips, and when they begin to run on the ground, pot them. Keep them where the sun will reach them only in the morning. When it becomes cold, transfer them to the house, and keep warm, putting them, on sunshiny days, in a south window, carrying them back to a place near the stove at night. Don't let the soil dry out, but avoid excessive moisture. Give more and more sunshine as they begin to grow. They will not bloom in winter, but will surprise you with their profusion of bloom early next spring. For soil try to find the black, sandy loam of the woods, and add well-rotted manure. Give good drainage.

Look over your carnations, and select soft, juicy stems. Cut these in pieces, allowing two joints to a slip, and plant them in rows, six inches apart, burying up to and over the first joint. As severe cold comes, mulch with straw. By next July you will have a grand display of bloom. Arrange your slips in rows, so that the colors will harmonize, and the growth be symmetrical. If convenient, plant in two or more parallel rows.

Now is the time to plant hardy perennial seed, as most seeds do better if planted as soon as ripe. Have you any of the oriental poppy?

Be sure to pot up some of the harissii lilies, if you like to have bulbs in winter. Use rich soil. Also eight or ten freesia bulbs in a six-inch pot. For decorative purposes put three callas in an eight-inch pot. Keep all in a partially shaded place until started. They will delight you with their bloom and foliage during the coming winter and spring.

UNOHOO.

"A CLEAR conscience makes a soft pillow."