

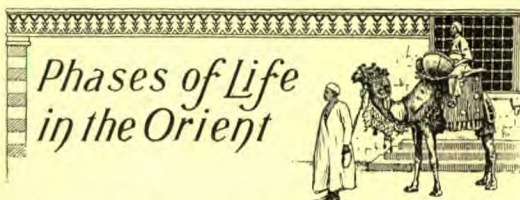
# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## THE KINGDOM OF JOHORE.

DURING the early months of 1893 the newspapers of the country were full of matter pertaining to the World's Fair; and among the interesting announcements was one to the effect that the sultan of Johore, an Oriental potentate of great wealth and power, would visit the Columbian Exposition. The American consul, who was responsible for this glowing announcement, left the impression upon the public mind that golden coin, and it might be even precious gems, would be sown broadcast by this royal spendthrift, who had more treasure than he knew what to do with, and who was coming to this country to furnish Yankees with a specimen of the Simon pure article in the line of Oriental sovereigns. The whole land was interested; and many were induced to visit the World's Fair in the hope of seeing this Malay sultan.

The sultan of Johore, Aboubaker, when he saw a report of these highly colored representations, was so incensed that he peremptorily canceled all instructions to his ministers of state for the preparations that had been carried on for this contemplated visit to America. The facts in the case are these: His territory includes about nine thousand square miles of the southern point of the Malay Peninsula. He is nominally independent, but pays tribute to the British crown. His kingdom is heavily mortgaged, and is very insignificant when compared with even so feeble a country as Siam.

The sultan himself died some years ago, and was succeeded by his son. Aboubaker was

educated in a missionary school at Singapore, which was established by Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of the colony. In those early days the Raffles Institution, as the school was called, was a mission school, and Aboubaker received a Christian education. His contact with Englishmen, together with the education he received, had the effect of broadening his character. He was intelligent, had a high appreciation of the advantages that exist in Western civilization, and as far as he was able, made use of them when he came to the throne. He constructed thoroughfares, built bridges,

forces, and the government offices. In the picture we have a fine view of the palace, or a portion of it. The right wing does not appear, but can easily be supplied by the imagination. The palace is a two-story bungalow of royal dimensions. There is nothing kingly in its appearance, so far as its exterior is concerned, except its unusual size. Like all Oriental dwellings, a wide veranda extends around the entire building, both above and below. In this building the verandas are enclosed above by Venetian shutters and below by rattan screens. The body of the house is constructed of brick, plastered over with

mortar, and is lime-washed. It receives a new coat of calamine every year, and is thus kept new and attractive in appearance. A tropical luxuriance of vegetation assists the landscape-gardener in harmonizing the surroundings with the appearance of the building itself, and a beautiful and attractive picture is the result.

The interior of the palace is expensively furnished, and is more in keeping with the idea of a royal residence. Priceless rugs cover the floors, and beautiful furniture, tastefully arranged,



THE PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.

and in various ways sought to better the conditions of the state. He encouraged planters and gave concessions to miners; and, after the example of his European preceptors, he also licensed gambling, the sale of opium, etc. The entire population of his kingdom would not reach half a million, the most important part of which, from an economic point of view, were the Chinese; for from them he derived the greater part of his revenue.

The capital of the kingdom of Johore is situated on the southern shore of the peninsula, opposite the little Island of Singapore, which is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait, less than two miles wide. The capital, Johore Baru, consists of a few hundred Chinese and Malay houses besides the sultan's palace, the harem, the barracks for the state

forces, and the government offices. I had the pleasure of visiting the palace on several occasions, and found it a very elegant establishment indeed, considering the scanty dimensions and resources of the state. This very elegance partly accounts for the heavy mortgage held by the British government upon the property of the kingdom.

There lived in the town of Johore Baru an enterprising Scotchman, who was engaged in the sawmill and lumber business. At the time of my residence in Singapore, James Meldrum was a man of nearly threescore and ten. He was a trusted counselor of the sultan, and exerted a great influence over him, so much so, indeed, as to excite the jealousy of the ministers of state; but he continued to enjoy the confidence of Aboubaker to the day of his



death. By his counsel and advice, many improvements were undertaken, one of the most important of which was the construction of a system of water-works, by which the town is supplied with wholesome drinking-water. The sultan's estimate of the old Scotchman was expressed in his conferring upon him the rank of *dato*, or prince.

Mr. Meldrum was an earnest Christian, and used his influence and wealth to a considerable extent in helping promote the work of the missions in the state. He kept open house for all missionaries and Christian workers; and no more delightful or quiet retreat could be found than his spacious bungalow, standing on the crest of a cliff that commands a view of the straits for miles in both directions. It was always cool, and an abundance of excellent reading-matter furnished the toiler with the best possible means of rest and quiet recreation. I can never forget the delightful hours spent in this truly Christian nobleman's hospitable home.

The sultan of Johore was abreast of the times in more respects than in having a sumptuous palace. He commanded a small fleet of tiny warships, which were a trifle too large to be called steam launches, and a trifle too small to be dignified with the name of gunboats. They were of modern pattern and construction, and chiefly designed as a means of recreation for his royal highness. He drove fine horses, played billiards well, and enjoyed a hearty repast; but, whatever virtues he lacked, he possessed one that would do credit to a vast number of Americans who consider themselves better men than this petty rajah,—he was a staunch total abstainer, as is every good Mohammedan. While visiting the courts of Europe, he was often rallied on his abstemious habits by different members of the various royal households where he was entertained; but he had sense enough not only to refuse intoxicating beverages, but also to inculcate some homely precepts on the rich rewards of a strictly temperate life. In fact, he regarded himself as superior in character to most of the men that he met, who were not above indulgence to the extent of intoxication. Another of the sultan's favorite pastimes was the bicycle; not that he rode it himself, but he had others ride it in ways that contributed to his amusement. He would organize holiday sports, and offer tempting prizes to the men who could make the fastest or the slowest time, or who could perform strange or novel feats.

The sultan encouraged missionary work among the Chinese; but while he may have been inclined to extend the same privilege to missionaries to the Malays, popular sentiment, together with the influence of the priesthood, rendered such a course impossible. The only missions in the state are those conducted by the English Presbyterian Missionary Society and the Plymouth Baptist body. Thus far the accessions to Christianity from among the Chinese have reached only one or two hundred, but no doubt larger results will be seen in the future. The work is thoroughly and conscientiously conducted, and its good effects are seen in the restraint that it puts upon crime.

The present sultan is on the best of terms with the British government, and spends much of his time in a palace built by his father in the town of Singapore. This is really the residence of the sultan; for but a small part of his time is spent within the boundary of his own state. It was with the old sultan of Johore that Sir Stamford Raffles in 1819 signed a compact securing to the British the Island of Singapore, whereon is now situated the capital of the Straits Settlements.

If any of our readers should ever visit these Eastern lands, and find themselves in Singapore, it will well repay them to engage a carriage or jinrikisha, and enjoy the delightful fifteen-mile ride across the island to visit this little kingdom, which forms the southernmost point of the continent of Asia.

R. W. MUNSON.



#### MINISTRY.

THE memory of a kindly word,  
Long, long gone by;  
The fragrance of a fading flower,  
Sent lovingly;  
The gleaming of a sudden smile,  
Or sudden tear;  
The warmer pressure of the hand,  
The tone of cheer;  
The hush that means, "I can not speak,  
But I have heard;"  
The note that only bears a verse  
From God's own word,—  
Such tiny things we hardly count  
As ministry,  
The givers deeming they have shown  
Scant sympathy;  
But when the heart is overwrought,  
Oh, who can tell,  
The power of such tiny things  
To make it well?

—Christian Herald.

#### AN ALL-POWERFUL SAVIOUR.

##### I.

CHRIST took upon him the form of sinful man, clothing his divinity with humanity. But he was holy, even as God is holy. He was the sinner, needing no atonement. Had he not been without spot or stain of sin, he could not have been the Saviour of mankind. One with God in purity and holiness, he was able to make a propitiation for the sins of the world.

Christ has declared our position. "He that followeth me," he says, "shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He is the light of the world. Through him light shines amid moral darkness. He is the bright and morning star. He is the Sun of Righteousness, the brightness of the Father's glory. He is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

A physician, a healer, Christ came to restore the moral image of God. This is the covenant, the pledge, that if we come to him, renouncing our own ways and works, we shall receive the imputed righteousness of Christ. As man works out his own salvation, God works with him, to will and to do of his good pleasure. Those in whose hearts he abides are made all light in the Lord. The presence of the Saviour is apparent. Good and pleasant words reveal the Holy Spirit's influence. Sweetness of temper is manifested. There is no angry passion, no obstinacy, no evil-surmising. There is no hatred in the heart.

Faith is genuine only when it works by love and purifies the soul. Self must be crucified, else sin will remain to defile the whole being. The Cain-spirit must not be allowed to enter the heart; for the hatred it brings is next of kin to murder. Man can not enjoy divine blessings unless he shows love to God and to his neighbor. He has lost God's favor by sin, and can not be saved unless Christ takes away his sin. The moral image of God can not be restored in him while he cherishes his own image; for this means defilement. He must work diligently for the right, if he desires to see the restoration of the divine image.

Christ is a complete Saviour. It was a perfect sacrifice that he offered on Calvary's cross, that man might have a full and complete sanctification. Wonderful is the provision that he has made, yet many who claim to believe have only a nominal faith. Their profession does not convert them. They have not surrendered all to Christ. They have not opened the door of the heart to welcome him as a heavenly guest. They love themselves and their own ways, failing to realize that their ways, their words, and their characters are opposed to God. Such can never reach perfection unless they see themselves as they are. If the natural disposition is not changed, if it remains as it was before Christ spoke to them,

they are lukewarm, neither cold nor hot. Christ says to them, "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." I can not plead in your behalf; for you have no desire for my glory.

Many professed Christians have never seen the Way, the Truth, and the Life. This is why there is so little genuine sanctification. One safeguard after another is removed from the sanctuary of the conscience. The failure to overcome, leaves the soul unguarded. Evil habits, unresisted, strengthen into chains of steel, binding the whole man.

Slipshod religion is a dangerous thing, in the home or in the church; and to educate the mind to look for defects in others unfits the soul for communion with God. This is the leaven of evil. The very act of looking for evil in others develops defects in those who look. These would be alarmed could they see the facts that are registered against them in the books of heaven. The man with the beam in his own eye thinks he has discovered a mote in his brother's eye. But the very discovery of the mote is the sign of the beam. Christ says to us: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye, and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### THE FAITH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

EVERY one smiled when his father carried him into the car—this little lad of three, who taught me so sweet a lesson in faith. The car was crowded; but there was a corner between door and window where the child could stand, and there his father put him down.

"You stay still there, Herbie; papa is going to stand near you. You won't be afraid?"

The wee man shook his head very decidedly, and catching hold of a brass rail with his chubby fist, stood contentedly watching his father with trustful, happy eyes. At every corner new passengers came on, and crowded between father and child. Herbie was much more comfortable in the sheltered nook where his father had put him than he would have been even in his father's arms on the crowded, jolting platform. Little by little, the newcomers hid the father from Herbie's sight. He did not look like a child who was accustomed to being alone, and I watched him closely, ready to comfort if need be. I saw his lips moving, and bent toward him. This was what he said: "I can see my papa's foot, and I can see my papa's hand."

Precious little heart, comforting itself!

The crowd jostled back and forth. I heard another whisper: "I can see my papa's foot. I—can—see—my—papa's—foot!"

Then the foot was no longer visible to the patient watcher. Trouble clouded his serious eyes for a minute, followed by a happy smile.

"I can hear my papa talk!"

Sure enough, the father was talking to some one. But the conversation was not long. The blue eyes were growing shadowy again.

"Herbie," I whispered, "I can see your papa. I am taller than you. I can see your papa's face, dear."

For a brief space my face was subjected to a searching glance. Then the content came back to the boy's face. He watched me, and I watched that other face, nodding assurance to my little friend. In a few moments the passengers began to leave the car, and the father sat down, and took his child on his knee.

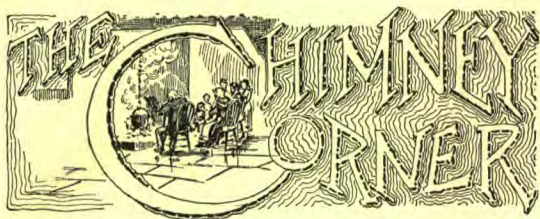
"Were you afraid, Herbie?"

"No; I knew you were there all the whole time!"

Oh, for the faith of a little child, that whatever comes, the heart may say, "I was not afraid; for I knew that, all the time, Thou wert there!"—Selected.

"THE little things of life make character, and the great things of life test it."





## THE SHOWER.

How the rain came down  
In the dusty town!  
The sick and suffering, rich and poor,  
In the drizzly dawn  
Of the summer morn,  
Glad greetings called from door to door.

How the torrent poured!  
Every stone and board,  
Every roof and wall, was sweet and clean!  
Every thirsty blade  
Upreared its head,  
And glowed with a fresh and lively green.

How the birds rejoiced,  
And their gladness voiced  
Till the wildwood rang with the shrill refrain;  
And the colt and calf  
Both tried to laugh,  
With the goose and the duck, at the falling rain.

How the mother mild  
And the father smiled  
At the shower that would make the corn and hay;  
But a boy there was—  
He *sulked*, because  
The rain interfered with his out-door play!!

MRS. ELIZABETH, ROSSER.

## BELLS.

BELLS are of ancient origin, having been used on the holy garments of the Israelitish priest when he entered the sanctuary of the Lord. They are still used in some of the religious services of the Catholic Church.

It has long been a custom among the Catholics to consecrate and name a bell before using it, those who have presented it to the church, or who have contributed most liberally toward buying it, generally acting as its sponsors. The first bell to receive a name was the one hung in the Lateran Church in 968 A. D., by Pope John XIII, who named it after himself.

The bell is more intimately associated with the feelings and emotions of mankind than any other instrument. A fanciful old writer aptly describes its threefold use in the following manner:—

"To call the fold to church in time, we chime;  
When joy and mirth are on the wing, we ring;  
When we lament a departed soul, we toll."

The reason bells are tolled at burials is that it was once customary to ring a "passing"-bell while a person was dying, in order that all who heard might pray for his soul, which, it was thought, was leaving this world, and needed a safe-conduct into the other country.

A beautiful custom is the ringing of the curfew. The word sounds rather poetical to our ears, perhaps from having seen it in connection with some romance; but it means simply "cover the fire;" and was used formerly to tell the people to go to bed. Nowadays the curfew is rung in many cities and towns as a signal that children under a certain age must return to their homes.

The bell has been used from time immemorial to call persons together for a special work or purpose. The feasts of Osiris, a god of an-

cient Egypt, were announced by the ringing of bells; the Romans rang bells when it was time to bathe; and the Christian worshipers rang them at the hour of prayer. Thousands and thousands of weary men and boys at work in the field welcome the sound of the dinner-bell; and troops of children follow with willing feet the call of the school-bell.

Bells are often arranged in chimes, and placed in church towers as musical instruments. A traveling company, which went through the country several years ago, carried, and used in a single performance, no fewer than one hundred and fifty bells. These varied in size from those two or three feet in circumference down to the tiniest dinner-bell.

Moscow is famous for its great number of bells. It is said to have contained at one time nearly two thousand. One of these bells alone weighs more than fifty-seven tons; and as it



"HOW THE RAIN CAME DOWN!"

suffered an accident which precluded its suspension, it is made to serve as a chapel. The room is twenty-two feet in diameter, and over twenty-one feet in height.

The bell that is most interesting to us, however, is dear old Independence bell. It was cast in England, in 1752, but was broken in a trial examination before its suspension, and was recast in Philadelphia. It now rests in the Hall of Independence, Philadelphia, with a great fissure in its side.

Bells are made of different metals,—brass, steel, silver, zinc, etc.,—but the best are said to be composed of copper and tin, combined with an admixture of silver. There are bell-foundries in Troy, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and several other places in our own country, to say nothing of those in other lands.

MRS. A. G. BODWELL.

"THERE are 250,000 words in the English language—70,000 more than in the French, German, and Spanish languages combined."

## THE OLDEST OBELISK.

THE oldest of all the obelisks is the beautiful one of rosy granite that stands alone among the green fields on the banks of the Nile, not far from Cairo. It is the gravestone of a great, ancient city, which has vanished, and left only this relic behind. That city was the Bethshemesh of the Scriptures, the famous On, which is memorable to all Bible readers as the residence of the priest of Potipherah, whose daughter, Asenath, Joseph married. The Greeks called it Heliopolis, the city of the sun, because there the worship of the sun had its chief center and its most sacred shrines. It was the seat of the most ancient university in the world, to which youthful students came from all parts of the world to learn the occult wisdom which the priests of On alone could teach. Thales, Solon, Eudoxus, Pythagoras, and Plato all studied there, perhaps Moses too. It was also the birth-place of the sacred literature of Egypt, where were written on papyrus leaves the original chapters of the oldest book in the world, generally known as the "Book of the Dead;" a whole copy or fragment of which every Egyptian, rich or poor, wished to have buried with him in his coffin, and portions of which are found inscribed on every mummy-case, and on the walls of every tomb and monument.

In front of one of the principal temples of the sun, in this magnificent city, stood, along with a companion, long since destroyed, the solitary obelisk that we now behold on the spot. It alone, as I have said, has survived the wreck of all the glory of the place, as if to assure us that what is given to God, however ignorantly and superstitiously, endures, while all the other works of man perish. It was constructed by Usirtesen I, who is supposed to have reigned two thousand eight hundred years before Christ, and has outlasted all the dynastic changes of the land, and still stands where it originally stood nearly forty-seven centuries ago. What appears of its shaft above ground is sixty-eight feet in height, but its base is buried in the mud of the Nile; and year after year the inundation of the river deposits its film of soil around its foot, and buries it still deeper.—*Christian Union*.

## HOW JOHNNY BURNED HIMSELF.

JOHNNY saw the pretty, soft steam puffing out of the kettle. His mother said: "Johnny, take care, or you'll burn your fingers, dear!" "Ththeam can't burn!" cried wise Johnny. "Only fire burnth."

"You must not try it. It will burn you." "Oh, dear," cried Johnny, "why can't I have my own way thometimeth? When I'm a big man, I mean to thtand and poke my finger in the teakettle all day, thometime, and have my own way, and —"

Poor Johnny did not wait until he was a big man. A scream of pain told that he had had his own way already. The little white fingers were sadly burned, and Johnny screamed and jumped so that his mother could hardly hold him.

Take care, young folks, how you take your own way. There are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam.—*Selected*.





## Chapter XIV.

"I SEE; yes, I understand," said Officer McFarlan. "And you haven't given me your confidence for nothing," he added. "It shall be made just as easy for you and her as possible, even if I lose my uniform. You will need to get a good sight at her, though, to be sure that she is the right one. She needn't see you. I will fix that."

"Tell you what!" cried Seth, as a new thought struck him. "Where's the telegraph office? I'll send for Will. He's the kind to come into this about now. He can get here by noon, and just happen on her track somewhere, you know,—but anyhow, just so 't she gets into Will's hands, it'll be all right. If there is any money wanted, Officer, to get this all straight, here 'tis."

"Not for me," and the policeman put his hands behind him.

"No, no! I don't mean that; I'm not quite a fool, if I am from the country. But she may need some—somebody may for her, you know, and here 'tis. I'd know better 'n that, old fellow. But my, what a godsend you have been to me—how you've taken the sting out of the lash! Maybe I never would have found her but for you. I'll never forget it, never!"

They walked on, Seth's face showing a little less ghastly, although he might yet have passed for a frightened culprit being taken in tow by the emissary of the law, only that in this case the face of the emissary did not wear its judicial mask, and his hands had a way of getting to Seth's shoulder that was scarcely official.

The telegram was sent, and the two hastened on to the police station. Seth was given a position in the crowded court-room, favorable for an unobserved view, where he sat, growing more white and limp every moment, while the officer went to look after his prisoner.

At the Goss's, affairs were in sorry shape. Mrs. Goss, never vigorous, always doing her daily work "on her nerve," had no "grit" left, with which to meet the awful lonesomeness of the house, and the nameless fears concerning Shirley.

The post-office had been diligently watched by Aunt Nell, but nothing had come to relieve the tense strain of anxiety. Seth had sent his address, but nothing more had come from him; and at last the poor mother, who had sat every mail-time bolstered up in a chair by the window, watching for the letter that did not come, sank to the floor "all in a heap," and was taken up as one dead. A man and horse were snatched from the field, and despatched for the doctor; and during the long, breathless time that followed, Benjamin Goss seemed gradually to come to his senses.

Aunt Nell had not been going home at all any more. She had left her children with Mrs. Adams; one of the "hands" went over at night to do the chores and sleep in the house; and she took care of things for Benjamin, and nursed her sister. This willing helpfulness on her part, added to the peculiar influence that she had always exerted over the strong-willed man, gave her at this time new power, which she was not slow to use in her own quiet, wise way.

"What are we going to do, Nell?" Benjamin Goss gasped, looking helplessly at her as they worked together over the cold, rigid body of his wife.

"I'm doing all I can now, and intend to keep on," was the reply. Goss did not say anything for a while, and then he said, "Well, what do you think I can do?"

"For what? whom? when?"

"Nell, you know perfectly well what I mean. Of course it's all on Shirley's account that we are in such a fix."

"Oh, Shirley?—Well, yes, I think she has something to do with it, although she is not

responsible for it all, by any means. Let's see,—it's nearly a week since she made the plunge. Almost anything could happen in a week. Your work has been going on pretty well, though, hasn't it?"

"Nell, you are enough to drive a man wild. What makes you say such dreadful things?"

"Because I am talking about dreadful things. I never was mixed up in anything more dreadful. A young girl, pretty, dainty, ignorant as a child, with almost no money, and not one acquaintance there that we know of, starts into a great, wicked city, when it's as much as a good, strong man can do to withstand its snares and bewilderments. Her father will not run after her, not he! She may learn her own lesson, and find her way back when she gets ready, in the best shape morally and physically that she can. Her mother breaks her heart over the child's absence, exposure, and the father's stern coldness, and lies at the verge of death—can one make a pleasant story over a situation like that?"

"Nell, you—you—what do you mean?"

"I think you understand me. Sometimes a man had better sacrifice his own way: he has to, many times, if he would get the result he desires from a seed or field. I remember that you had to give up and try again before you got your potato as you wanted it."

"Well, then, what would you have me do in this case?"

"I?—Oh, nothing. If you don't see what to do, I can't show it to you. If the God in whom you profess to believe does not show you, how can I? If you will not listen when he speaks, you will not listen to me. Shirley may just as well go to ruin now, without prolonging the agony, as to struggle on with her father's way any longer, and come to grief at last. If you can't put yourself in her place, and make up your mind to do what you would have had to have done to give *you* a fair chance; if you can't remember that bit of your own history that has been told so often,—how your father found out that you were not a baby to be strapped any longer, and decided to give you elbow-room,—and if you are not man enough to treat your daughter as fairly at least as you would if she were your son, then the case is hopeless. Sister had better die right here, and Shirley go on to the bitter end."

Aunt Nell's voice was breaking into a sob, when the door opened, and the doctor came in with Will. She gave a little cry, and threw herself, sob and all, into her husband's arms.

"Tut, tut," said Will, hugging her close, and kissing her heartily. "Save that until we can afford it; no time to cry when everything is down at the heel. Chirk up; it'll all come out right. Never cry unless you're so happy you can't help it."

"May be that is it, now that you've come," she said, turning again to the bedside.

The old family doctor heard the story, examined the patient, and gave the verdict.

"Shirley must be brought home at once, or her mother will die. No two ways about that. She has no vitality to stand a strain like this. Queer, what creatures women are! A man can go through anything heart-whole, but a wisp of a girl or boy can break a woman's heart as *easy*. Sometimes a man can do it, if he is bull-headed enough,—has a 'way' of his own, and sticks to it, you know."

Poor Benjamin Goss felt that he was getting more than his share; so he left the room, and went to the barn.

He sat down in the midst of the hay, and thought it all over. He was not a bad man, his heart was tender when you got down to it. His was simply a strong, independent, masterful nature, which carried things along in its own way by sheer force. He loved his wife and daughter deeply. It was this very love that had made him so hard for them to endure. It was a love that would insist on carrying them when they wished to walk; in which he could see only sacrifice on his own part, and unappreciated blessings on theirs.

Benjamin Goss was not a bad man. He had thought he was a Christian once, in his youth; for he had been brought up in the love of the truth. When he had married, and settled down

on this large farm that his wife had brought to him, he had even kept the Sabbath until he found it difficult to avoid transacting business with men who could see no reason for being put off if the Sabbath chanced to be the most convenient day for them; and hence from slight concessions, rather than to make people trouble and provoke discussion, he gradually came to be known as the one man in the community to whom all days were alike.

This was not true, however. The Sabbath was still to him the one day of the Lord; and the sting of its conscious violation had been one cause of the growing hardness of his nature and the irritability of his temper. His heart was naturally tender,—so tender that he did not dare allow it an opportunity to speak unless he intended to obey its impulses, so he usually kept the heel of his iron will upon it, and no one ever suspected the possibilities of affection that were hidden away in his heart.

As he sat on the hay-mow that afternoon, his heart came to the surface for a little while; and he was almost on the point of conceding the fact that he had made a miserable mistake, had sinned. He was almost ready to fall upon his knees, and confess to God. He saw himself even confessing to his wife and Shirley; and perhaps he would have done it but for the appearance of the telegraph messenger from the station, who came whirling up on his wheel.

It was not a new thing for the telegraph boy to wheel up to the Goss farm, but his coming had never before created quite such a feeling of dread and expectancy. Mr. Goss from the barn, and Will from the house, met him at the gate. The despatch was for Mrs. Nellie Burns, however, and when opened, read:—

"Wire Will to come. Everything looking up. Expect us all soon. SETH."

"O my darling!" sobbed Aunt Nell. "I was so afraid we would never hear from her again. And just to think—" then hastening into the room where Mrs. Goss lay, she said, joyfully, "Sister, Shirley is found, and is coming home! Do you hear? Now you are as good as well, aren't you?"

"Thank God!" was the feeble response.

"Yes, indeed. It was God and our good Seth. We have reason to be thankful to both. And Will is going right away to catch the next train. Aren't you, Will?"

"Sure! Mother,"—he always called Mrs. Goss mother,—"you must get your strength back quick; for I'm going to canvass you for my new book when I get back. I can't come home, and go to the city to boot, for nothing; and you'll have to get courage to subscribe for that book, and make Ben pay for it."

"What do you mean by such talk as that, Will?" asked Mr. Goss, angrily. "Did I ever leave my wife to ask me for any new book that she needed? You can put me down for a dozen right now, if they are such as we have use for; and you know it. Seems to me you are all rather overstepping, or stepping 'on, a man in his own house to-day, with a vengeance. And as for your going to the city at the call of Seth Adams, to bring my daughter home, I think you might be in better business."

"Will you go?" asked Will, gently.

"Not a step. She knows the way back, and is perfectly capable of coming, without anybody. She took herself away, and she can come back when she gets ready; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that she will not come for you or Seth Adams until she does get ready," and he smiled grimly, and turned away with a hardness and bitterness in his heart such as he had never known before.

Aunt Nell was at first alarmed at the prospect of an altercation, in the weak condition of her sister; but the glad tidings that Shirley was found and coming home had so filled the brain and heart of the mother that she had neither thought nor feeling for anything so trivial and common as angry words from her husband.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

"A HIGH sense of the rights of others, with a charitable regard for their claims upon us, is one fruit of the Christ-spirit in our heart."





## AT GRANDMA'S.

Out in the country at grandma's!  
 Beautiful, care-free days!  
 Romping from daylight till sunset,  
 Trying a dozen new plays!  
 Running wild races with Rover,  
 Hide-and-go-seek in the barn,  
 Bringing the cows from the pasture,—  
 Oh, it is fun on the farm!

Up in the gray light of morning,  
 Dancing feet never at rest;  
 Hunting for eggs in the hay-loft,  
 Finding a hen's stolen nest;  
 Feeding the frolicking lambkins,  
 All the pet calves in the lane,—  
 Many bright days may come after;  
 None bring our childhood again.

unfaithful in the greater things if they were entrusted to him. Some persons do not consider faithfulness in these so-called little things essential to the service of God. They long to do or be something great, and are led to neglect the every-day duties of the present, in their imaginary plans for doing some great thing in the future.

God does not require us to be successful; he merely asks us to be faithful. If we are faithful, we may be sure that he will be successful. In the grand final review, when all the world shall stand before the Judge, he will say, to the unfaithful stewards,—those who have passed by the small things, in their effort to do some great thing,—“I never knew you.” But, they urge, have we not done many wonderful things in your name? Have we not prophesied and cast out devils in your name? Then shall he declare, “I know not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity.” Those who are bidden to enter into the joy of their Lord are those who have been faithful in such small things as giving a cup of cold water to the traveler, visiting the prisoner in prison,

roses are just ready to blossom, and I am sure we can see some really bursting into bloom to-night.”

So that night, toward seven o'clock, when it was still light, but the sun had set, Gertrude went with her grandmother to the garden. They went to the bed where the giant evening primroses grew. The plants were almost as tall as Gertrude, and were covered with tall, pointed buds, each shut up closely in a reddish cover. This cover is called the calyx.

Here and there a little point of yellow was sticking out of the top of a calyx. “Watch these very closely,” said grandmother. Suddenly a tall plant gave a little shiver. “Look sharp!” cried grandmother; and the first thing Gertrude knew, to her great surprise a calyx split open, and a yellow flower began to untwist; then with a quick movement the pointed parts of the calyx fell backward, and the flower spread out into full bloom, being a lovely lemon yellow, and larger than a silver dollar.

All over the bed the flowers were coming out. “There's another! There's another!” cried Gertrude, in great excitement.



“ALL THE PET CALVES IN THE LANE.”

In the cool edge of the evening,  
 Wading with bare, brown feet,  
 Down where a gay little brooklet  
 Gurgles its clear waters sweet;  
 Then, when the glow of the sunset  
 Fades from the bright shining west,  
 Low sound the songs of the twilight,  
 Lulling the children to rest.

A. B. C.

## THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

THE boy or girl who neglects small opportunities will probably never be entrusted with the responsibility of great things; for to those who despise the day of small things, the day of great opportunities never dawns. Cultured and refined characters are made so by attention to the small courtesies and duties of every-day life. The seemingly unimportant acts of every-day life will determine habit, and habit molds the character. It is the daily living out of truth that makes its principles a part of us, and contributes to the development of a symmetrical character.

The smallest act, the passing thought, every word,—all have their influence in the formation of character. The boy or girl who is unfaithful in his household duties would be

comforting the sorrowful, and giving a morsel of food to the hungry.

In faithfully performing the work of to-day we shall gain both the experience and the education that will qualify us to do the greater work of to-morrow. Despise not the day of small things.

W. S. SADLER.

## WATCHING THE PRIMROSES BLOOM.

LITTLE GERTRUDE had seen many flowers all her life in the city; but until she went to visit her grandmother in the country, she had never seen an old-fashioned garden.

As she was very careful not to step on the flower beds, or pick the flowers without permission, grandmother let her play and walk in the garden just as much as she wished; and little Gertrude was very happy, and stayed with the pretty flowers each day.

“I wish, grandmother,” she said, one day, “I could see some flowers bloom. Somehow they are always just buds, or else all bloomed out. I have watched them lots of times, but I never saw them really blooming. Did you ever see a flower come right out?”

“Yes, dear,” said grandmother, “many times, and you can, too. The evening prim-

It was not long before seventy flowers were in bloom on the primrose plants. Gertrude, with grandmother's help, counted them.

“There, that is all for to-night; there are no more large buds,” said grandmother, “and it is time for little girls to go to bed.”

“They are almost too pretty to leave,” said Gertrude, gazing at the tall, flower-filled plants, and sniffing their delicate perfume. “Will they stay in bloom all night?”

“Yes, and they will keep in bloom a little while to-morrow morning; but as soon as the sun gets hot, they will all droop and soon fall off, but to-morrow night just as many more will be ready to blossom.”

After this for many evenings Gertrude went to watch the blooming of the primroses. One night when grandmother thought it too damp to stay out, she brought some of the buds into the house, and placed them in water; and she and Gertrude watched them bloom there.—*Selected.*

“COURTESY is a Christian grace. The very best manners are not too good for a Christian to use every day. We do our Master no credit when, under a false plea of ‘sincerity,’ we are brusk or uncouth.”



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### THE THOUGHTS OF OTHER DAYS.

SOMETIMES in the summer evening,  
When the sun's last golden light  
Lingers on the distant steeple,  
Ere it bids the town good-night,  
And the heavens with the glory  
Of the sunset are ablaze,  
Through the mists and shades, unmeaning,  
Of the long years intervening,  
Come the thoughts of other days.

Other thoughts of other sunsets,  
When the mind knew naught of care,  
Come on fairy wings of fancy;  
Some are gloomy, some are fair,  
Some are peaceful, sober, silent,  
Others gay and blithe as spring;  
And the griefs and cares that bound me  
Vanish as they, hovering round me,  
To my soul a message bring.

As it were, a light from heaven  
Seems to shine upon my way,  
Showing how the Lord has guided  
All my life from day to day.  
And my faith in God grows stronger,  
And my grief is turned to praise;  
And while twilight shadows gather,  
In a prayer I thank my Father  
For the thoughts of other days.

WILLIAM ARCHER WRIGHT.

### FROM CLAM-SHELL TO BUTTON.

DURING the last three or four years, quite an industry in clam-digging has sprung up along the banks of the Mississippi. As many as fifty button factories are situated in various places on the Mississippi, from Clinton, Iowa, to points north of Quincy, Ill. At intervals, on either shore, may be seen the tents and other paraphernalia of the clammer, or sheller, as he prefers being called. Many of the workers come from inland towns, and camp out on the water's edge during the summer months. Perhaps one hundred persons will be living thus in one camp, to the village proper this settlement being known as Clamtown.

The first work of the sheller is to secure a fairly wide flat-bottomed boat. Two or three bars, usually iron, are then fitted out with hooks. The latter are attached to the bars by means of short ropes. As many as one hundred hooks, each with several prongs, are often suspended from one bar, the latter being about ten feet in length. These bars are placed upon upright sticks, which are fastened to the boat, and made with a fork in the upright end, into which the bar fits. One man, often more, rows the boat out into the clam-bed, where the bars are lowered. Stout ropes pull the bar along as the boat is slowly rowed about. It takes some time for the hooks to fill. As the hooks touch the shell lying on the river-bed, it partly opens; and as the hook enters, it closes tightly again. If a good haul is made, it requires a strong man to pull the shells safely into the boat. They are jerked from the hooks, and thrown into the bottom of the boat, while the bars are lowered again, the operation being repeated until several hundred shells are taken.

On reaching shore with his cargo, the sheller empties his load into wooden vats, and the "boiling-out" process begins. When the shells have been thoroughly heated, they open of themselves. Then comes the most tedious part of the work, also to some the most fascinating. The clam itself must be removed. The meat is considered unfit to eat, but careful attention is given to each clam, especially to certain kinds, as valuable pearls are sometimes found therein. Occasionally a pearl is found that will bring from fifty to ninety dollars. Usually, however, only "slugs"—pearls of an inferior quality—are found. As a rule, the shellers find it much safer to depend upon their day's work for a living than to hunt for pearls.

The shells are sold to the button factories for about four dollars a ton in the summer season.

If a man can afford to hold his shells until winter, he will receive almost double that amount. When the shells are exhausted, or the season ends, the tents are folded, and the sheller moves either to new fields or to warmer quarters for the winter.

The Mississippi River shells have proved to be a good product, and pearl buttons cut from them find a ready sale in the markets of the world.

MRS. MARY E. WHEATON.

### DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

AT the western extremity of Lake Superior, and at the head of navigation on the Great Lakes, is the picturesque city of Duluth, "The Zenith City," with one of the finest harbors in the world. A strip of land from forty to sixty rods in width and over six miles long, called Minnesota Point, separates the Bay of Superior from the lake. Outside the point the storms may lash the waters of Lake Superior into fury, but within the harbor the water is undisturbed.

The city was named after Daniel Greysolon du Lhut, a French explorer and trader who came to the Lake Superior country over two hundred years ago, and visited the spot upon which now stands the city bearing his name. Duluth is rapidly rising into prominence; and it is the opinion of thinking men that it is destined to become the great commercial center of the Northwest. So rapid has been the advancement in recent years at the head of the Lakes, that travelers are astonished to see the development made. St. Louis County, of which Duluth is the seat, has an area of nearly eight thousand square miles; and within its borders is the largest body of uncut white pine timber east of the Rocky Mountains. The amount of lumber cut last year in the Duluth district was over five million feet. A few miles north of the city is the largest and richest Bessemer iron region known to exist. One thousand carloads of iron ore are brought down daily during the summer, and unloaded at the two largest ore-docks in the world, whence it is shipped to the lower lake ports. The iron-ore output at the head of the lakes for 1898 was nearly six million tons. The capacity of the flour-mills of Duluth, Superior, and West Superior is twenty-two thousand barrels a day. The Imperial mill at Duluth has made more flour, exclusive of bran, in one day than any other mill in the world. Including warehouses now going up, these three towns have probably the largest grain-storage capacity in the world.

The public-school buildings of Duluth are said to be as fine as any in the United States, the school property being valued at nearly two million dollars. Four hospitals, thirty-eight churches, a library of twenty-six thousand volumes, and a government fish-hatchery are among the public buildings.

All this development seems the more marvelous when we remember that in 1860 the total population of St. Louis County was only four hundred and six; and at the close of the Civil War, in 1865, there were not over half a dozen families at Duluth. The present population is about sixty thousand. It is hard to believe that until 1870, when the city was first reached by railroad, the United States mail was carried on a trail, by a packer and dog-train, yet such is the fact.

The wonderful beauty of the scenery around Duluth compels the admiration of every lover of the beautiful. Along the crest of the bluff, six hundred feet above the level of the lake, a boulevard has been made, which is easily accessible from the streets of the city at various places. From this boulevard one obtains a view of the Bay of Superior, the St. Louis River and bay, the cities of Superior, West Superior, and Duluth, and as far off on Lake Superior as the eye can reach. It is truly a scene of unsurpassed beauty. By taking a car on the Seventh Avenue incline, the visitor can reach the summit in five minutes, where all this magnificent scenery is spread out before him. During the last few years, under improved sanitary conditions, the death-rate has fallen until at present it is but 10.1.

C. H. HARPER.

## Health Culture

### ORGANS OF DIGESTION.

THE largest gland in the body is the liver. Lying on the right side, just above the lower edge of the ribs, it overlaps the stomach. Underneath the liver is a sac, or pouch, called the "gall-bladder," which contains bile, a fluid secreted by the liver. The gall-bladder and the liver are connected with the small intestine a few inches below the stomach. Bile is alkaline, and of a golden-brown color when fresh; but if turned out of its course, and ejected through the mouth, it is green or yellow, from contact with the acid gastric juice.

Just behind the stomach is the pancreas,—a long, peculiarly shaped gland, which secretes the pancreatic juice. This is much like saliva, and is formed during digestion, emptying into the small intestine, four or five inches below the stomach, through a duct which joins it from the liver. In summarizing, we see that there are five digestive fluids: (1) saliva, formed in the mouth; (2) gastric juice, formed in the stomach; (3) bile, formed in the liver; (4) pancreatic juice, formed in the pancreas; (5) the intestinal juice, formed in the intestines. Gastric juice and bile are good "antiseptics;" that is, they preserve food from fermentation while it is being digested.

The liver changes a large share of the grape-sugar and half-digested starch into glycogen, which it stores up in its tissues. In the interval between meals the liver redigests the glycogen, or liver-starch, reconverts it into sugar, and sending it into the blood in small amounts, instead of permitting the whole amount formed during digestion to enter the circulation at once. If too much sugar should enter the blood at one time, the system would have trouble to take care of it; and unless the eliminative organs were in health, or relief came in some way, the system would be poisoned, and death would result.

We should therefore be careful not to take into the system more, even of good food, than it can use. Especially should we avoid dropping into the stomach little titbits now and then, thus imposing a constant tax upon the digestive organs. If you desire to have them give you the best service, leave them alone during the interval of from five to seven hours between your regular meals.

Medical men claim that the liver suffers more from pressure, and is more often displaced, than any other organ. Especially is this true of women who wear tight clothing, and of men who support their clothing with tight belts. Think how sensitive a beef-liver is,—how easily crushed between your fingers,—and remember how closely, in texture and appearance, the human liver resembles it.

The liver is the great strainer of the human system. All the blood in the body passes through it, and all impurities or poisons are retained (that is, if the liver is acting naturally), and then thrown off from the system. If poison, such as arsenic, mercury, or lead, enters the stomach, whatever portion is absorbed goes into the liver, which retains and expels it, thus protecting the rest of the body. Were it not for this wonderful gland, that acts as a sentinel to guard the entire body, we should not live very long. Care in regard to our clothing and diet, with abundance of exercise in the open air every day, are necessary if the liver shall be enabled to do its best work.

MRS. M. D. McKEE.

It is a dangerous practise to introduce ear-spoons, ear-sponges, pins, hairpins, tooth-picks, etc., into the ear to remove the wax. There is as much wisdom as humor in the old adage, "Put nothing into your ear smaller than your elbow." If an insect gets into the auditory canal, drop in a little sweet-oil, which will either drown it or cause it to crawl out. The ear should never be probed to remove a foreign body.—*Good Health.*



# BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

## SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 14.

(September 30, 1899.)

HEALING OF BLIND BARTIMÆUS: VISIT TO  
THE HOUSE OF ZACCHÆUS.

**Lesson Scriptures.**—Matt. 20:17-34; Luke 18:35 to 19:27.

**Memory Verses.**—Matt. 20:26-28.

**Time:** A. D. 31. **Persons:** Jesus and disciples, multitude, two blind men, Zacchæus. **Place:** Jericho.

### QUESTIONS.

1. Toward what place did Jesus journey? Matt. 20:17. On the way what instruction did he give his disciples? Vs. 18, 19.
2. During the journey who came to Jesus, and with what request? Vs. 20, 21. What reply did Jesus make? V. 22. What question did he then address to James and John? What was their answer? *Id.* What did Jesus say would be their portion? V. 23.
3. Because of the request made, how did the ten disciples feel? V. 24. As a reproof to their worldly ambitions, what did Jesus say to the twelve? Vs. 25-28; note 1.
4. As Jesus passed through Jericho, who appealed to him for help? V. 30. How were the suppliants treated by the multitude that followed Jesus? Mark 10:46-48; note 2. What was the result? Matt. 20:31. How did Jesus reward their faith? Vs. 32, 34. What was the effect of the miracle upon the people? Luke 18:43.
5. What is said of Zacchæus? Where did he reside? Luke 19:1, 2; note 3. What effort did he put forth in order to see Jesus? V. 4. Why was it necessary for him to do so? V. 3.
6. When Jesus beheld his interest, what did he say to him? V. 5. What complaint was made when Jesus accepted his hospitality? V. 7. What evidences of genuine conversion did Zacchæus give? V. 8. What did Jesus say in response to his confession? Vs. 9, 10.
7. What circumstances led Jesus to give the parable of the nobleman? V. 11. Relate the main points of the parable. Vs. 12-27.
8. Who is represented by the nobleman? What and where is the kingdom? Who are the servants? What are the "pounds" delivered them? Who are the citizens who say, "We will not have this man to reign over us"? When will the reckoning time be? See note 4.

### NOTES.

1. How easy it was for the ten to become indignant over the course of James and John! But their indignation was due to the fact that they themselves were ambitious to obtain the same place. They were fulfilling the statement made in Rom. 2:1. The very fact that they became angry toward those at fault is sure evidence that the same fault existed in themselves. This is a good way to try our motives. No matter what our place or profession, if our disposition is to feel hard toward one who is in wrong, and to speak of his faults to others, thus judging him, we may be certain that we, too, are wrong; that the same evil thing is in us. But if, when we see the fault (for even the truly spiritual will see it. Gal. 6:1), we seek to cover the evil with the garment of love (James 5:20); if we "love and respect our brethren notwithstanding the faults we can not help seeing," then we may know that our motive is pure.

2. Undoubtedly the miracle of healing recorded in Matt. 20:30-34, is identical with that brought to view in Luke 18:35-43 and Mark 10:46-52. Matthew says there were two, while Luke and Mark mention but one, and Mark gives his name,—Bartimæus. If we regard Bartimæus as the one who speaks for both, it is easy to see the harmony in the different accounts. Matthew speaks of two who were healed, but says nothing about the speaker; Mark and Luke mention only the speaker, because to their minds he was the more prominent.

3. Zacchæus was a chief among the publicans, or tax-gatherers. The ordinary publican was regarded as a traitor and apostate; therefore, as a leader among this class, Zacchæus must have been regarded with the greatest dis-

like. Yet few more striking conversions are recorded in the life of Christ than his, and no more blessed benediction than that pronounced upon him. How little can we know, from one's business, what God has in store for him! Some whom we now count as among the last and least will be first and greatest in the kingdom.

4. Jesus, the nobleman, has gone to a "far country," even heaven, to receive for himself a kingdom—the kingdom of glory, the everlasting kingdom—and to return. His servants are his people on earth. To them he has given the "pounds," or talents, of intellect, strength, and many other useful faculties. To some are given few, to others many; but all are to use their gift to the best advantage. The "citizens" are the people of earth who refuse Christ as their Saviour. But though the time seems long deferred, the day of reckoning, the day of judgment, will come. At that time every one will be called to account. He who has put his pounds to good use will receive the benediction, "Well done;" but he who has slothfully neglected his privileges, and buried his entrusted capital in the earth, will be known as a wicked servant. The nobleman, at his coming, will deal justly, even with his enemies, who despised his rule; and they, with the unfaithful servant, will be destroyed. "To which of the three classes do I belong?" is a serious question, which all should answer aright. By this parable, Jesus sought to destroy the impression that the kingdom would immediately appear. The kingdom is future; the nobleman has not yet returned.



**A Large Steamship.**—The "Oceanic," of the White Star Line, which started on her first voyage from Liverpool to New York, September 6, is the largest ship in the world. Not only is she the largest ship now existing, but she is larger than any other boat ever built, not excepting the "Great Eastern" and Noah's ark. Her length is seven hundred and four feet; beam, seventy-two feet; draft, twenty-six feet; and she is registered to carry seventeen thousand tons. She was built in that great ship-building city, Belfast, Ireland. The "Great Eastern" was one eighth of a mile long; but seven and one-half times the length of the "Oceanic" equals a mile.

**Significance of the Names of Ships.**—How many readers of the INSTRUCTOR know that the names of ships many times indicate to what line they belong? Perhaps you have never thought of it, but it is true of all the larger lines crossing the Atlantic, and in many other cases as well. The boats of the American Line are the "St. Louis," "St. Paul," "New York," "Paris," "Berlin," and several others,—all names of cities, you will notice. The names of the White Star Line's boats all end with "ic." The "Majestic," "Teutonic," "Germanic," and "Oceanic" are samples. The boats of the Cunard Line have names with Roman endings, such as "Campania" and "Lucania." A notice of these facts enables sea-going persons to tell what line a boat represents with a readiness that is quite a puzzle to those who are unaware that her name signifies the line to which she belongs.

**The Transvaal Crisis.**—England and the Dutch Republic, in South Africa, are on the verge of war. At least it so appears at present, and it is quite likely that before this paper reaches its readers, hostilities may have begun. About four weeks ago British troops were sent to the scene from Gibraltar, and since that time several regiments in India have been told to prepare for travel. Boer artillery has also been prepared for action, and both parties seem to be ready to settle by means of war what the world said, in the Peace Conference, should be settled by arbitration. It may be that diplomatic skirmishing may put the difficulties off

again, but it seems that some settlement must soon be made; for, like the goat and the donkey, they have started across the narrow plank bridge on which they can not pass, and they must soon meet.

**The Cleveland Strike.**—This effort on the part of a labor organization to carry out its designs surpasses all precedents in the boldness of its plans, and the utter disregard of the rights of those who are not connected with the dispute at all. The men struck because some non-union men were employed. The company then transferred all these men to one line, and agreed to hire only union men on the other lines. This line was then boycotted, and several of its cars have been destroyed in one way or another by the strikers or their sympathizers. Several times it has been thought the difficulty was over, but renewed outrages still occur. A short time ago a minister of the gospel was severely assaulted at a late hour of the evening for no other reason than that he had just alighted from one of the boycotted cars.

**Public Extravagance.**—It is to be expected that unusual demonstrations will be made to welcome Admiral Dewey on his return to this country, but it seems out of place to expend such immense sums of money in honor of one man, even if he did successfully sink a lot of old Spanish ships. A respect for his cool nerve and a suitable reward for his services are right, but the lavish way in which money is being expended in his reception must of necessity tend to stir up the baser elements of socialism and anarchy. When thousands in New York City go to bed (or to sleep, many of them have no beds) hungry every night, they can not help to some extent resenting the making of a single gold cup, costing five thousand dollars, which is to be presented to the admiral at the hands of New York's mayor. On this cup four sets of artisans are working day and night, in order to finish it in time for Dewey's arrival. This is only a sample of the expenditures. The common people notice these things.

H. E. SIMKIN.

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#### ONE LIFE.

NOT many lives, but only one, have we —  
One, only one!  
How sacred should that one life ever be,  
That narrow span,  
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.  
—Horatius Bonar.

THERE is a place for us all in the world's many-sided work. This thought need not cause us to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. Rightly considered, it will serve to give directness of aim and faithfulness of purpose. It adds strength to our effort to know that we are doing the work that has been appointed to us, and doing it well.

ONLY one life, and that made up of days, hours, moments. If this moment, and all the moments that remain in the little span allotted to each one, is spent in living a bright, cheerful life, filled with tender sympathy for others' sorrows, help for their "hard places," joy for their rejoicing, we shall have no time for the pin-pricks in our own lives, and shall gain strength to meet bravely the real trials that are sure to come. The question to ask is not, How much can I get out of life? but, How much can I put into the lives of those with whom I have to do? Self-seeking of every kind may well be dropped from this present life, if we would make it a preparation for the eternal glorious life.

#### FROM THE WORK IN OHIO.

##### Christian Volunteers.

FOR some time Elder Albert Carey, M. D., of the Ohio Conference, has had a burden to arouse the youth among us to a more active participation in the work connected with the third angel's message, and has labored earnestly and faithfully to create an interest in the matter. At the last State meeting, he presented a plan that was so favorably received that at the recent camp-meeting in August, a resolution was introduced and adopted, to the effect that steps be taken at once to organize the youth of the State in accordance with the plan suggested by him. The management of the work was placed in his hands, the association, when perfected, to labor in harmony with the conference, but to perfect its own organization, and to select and elect its own officers. The young people on the grounds responded heartily, and speedily effected an organization, over sixty names being obtained to the membership list. The name adopted was

"Christian Volunteers," and two forms of membership certificates were issued for signature; the first for the use of those who should determine to consecrate themselves wholly to the Lord and his service, the other for those who are not ready to yield completely to God's will, but who feel their need of a closer walk with him.

The Volunteers' certificate contains, in addition to the signature, address, and date, the following motto and text: "The gospel of present truth 'to every nation, kindred, and tongue, and people' as quickly as possible." "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

The Seekers' certificate opens with the words: "Recognizing my need of a Saviour, and of leading a life more in harmony with his, I hereby enlist myself as a seeker after a life of full volunteer service for him." The name, address, and date are followed by the invitation of Isa. 55:6, 7: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

From a manuscript copy of a forthcoming leaflet, written by Dr. Carey, the following items are selected as showing the trend, the object aimed at, and the character of the work hoped for:—

"NAME, the Christian Volunteers. 2 Cor. 8:12.

"MOTTO, Always the Lord's. To have a knowledge of the gospel; a knowledge of the needs of the world, and of every crying heart, which can be learned only by an actual experience in the things of God, and by dealing with souls. To labor to hasten the coming of the Lord.

"PLAN OF WORK.—Companies to be organized in every church, in obedience to the Testimony: 'Let young men, and young women, and children go to work in the name of Jesus. Let them unite together on some plan of action. Can not you form bands of workers, and have set times to work together, and ask the Lord

to give you his grace, and put forth united action? You should consult with men who love and fear God, and who have an experience in the work, that, under the movings of the Spirit of God, you may form plans and develop methods by which you may work in concert, and for certain results.'—Mrs. E. G. White, in the *Instructor* for Aug. 9, 1894.

"ORGANIZATION.—To be simple, with a chairman and secretary, allowing the members alternately to take charge of prayer-meetings, Bible study, or readings, all laboring in harmony with the Spirit of God.

"MISSIONARY READING-CIRCLE, as provided for by the Foreign Missionary Board and the Berean Reading-Circle, combined, and to engage, as the way may open, in every other line of gospel work.

"CORRESPONDENCE.—A regular system to be adopted, so that every talent may be utilized, and lonely, isolated, or backslidden youth may be brought into sympathetic touch with the work, and with spiritually stronger helpers, more favorably situated, and more courageous. Correspondence with workers in the field, both domestic and foreign, to be encouraged.

"DANGERS.—To be guarded against by adherence to simple rules: (1) to take no step without prayer, and counseling with older and more experienced workers; (2) to let the Holy Spirit be the superintendent of my service, inditer of my letters, and author of my actions. 'To encourage any unbecoming familiarity in the association of men and women, boys or girls, under pretext of seeking conversion or sanctification, is to foster an evil whose influence is of the worst character.'—'Gospel Workers,' page 274."

On Sabbath, August 26, Dr. Carey occupied the pulpit of the Cleveland church, and presented the plan outlined here, and it was decided to meet the following evening, and perfect an organization.

Certificates, or samples of them, can be had, and further information obtained, by addressing the State secretary, Miss Jeannette Haskell, Geneva, Ohio.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

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They that sealed the covenant.

NEHEMIAH, X.

The points of the covenant.

gavest before them, neither turned they from their wicked works.

B. C. 445.

25 Rē'hūm, Hā-shāb'nah, Mā-a-sē'iah,

36 Behold, <sup>a</sup>we are servants this day, and for the land that thou gavest unto our fathers to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold, we are servants in it:

<sup>d</sup> Deut. 28. 48.

26 And Ā-hī'jah, Hā'nan, Ā'nan,

Ezra 9. 9.

27 Māl'luch, Hā'rim, Bā'a-nah.

37 And <sup>e</sup>it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom thou hast set over us because of our sins: also they have <sup>f</sup>dominion over our bodies, and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

<sup>e</sup> Deut. 28. 33, 51.

28 ¶ <sup>g</sup>And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lē'vites, the porters, the singers, the Nēth'i-nims, <sup>h</sup>and all they that had separated themselves from the people of the lands unto the law of God, their wives, their sons, and their daughters, every one having knowledge, and having understanding;

<sup>f</sup> Deut. 28. 48.

<sup>g</sup> 2 Kin. 23. 3.

<sup>h</sup> 2 Chr. 29. 10; 34. 31.

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