

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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SIGNS OF AUTUMN

THE sumac leaves begin to show
A touch of that rich crimson glow
That autumn days will
bring;
While from the tree-tops
by the way,
A ringing chorus all the
day
The clanning black-
birds sing.

The bluejay, silent all the days
While songsters sang their roundelays,
Is now a common scold,—
The feathered tattler of the wood,
The cynic of the neighborhood,
With language harsh and bold.

The spiders spin their silken strands
O'er fallowed fields and stubble lands
That now are bare and brown;
While floating in the dreamy air,
Like flakes of silver, here and there,
Are gleaming thistle-down.

The waving plumes of goldenrods,
The bursting, browning milkweed pods,
The curling hazel husk,—
All tell the story, o'er and o'er,
That has been hinted at before
By katydids at dusk.

— William Adolphus Clark.

A BEATING INDUSTRY

AT the corner of West Broadway and Spring Street, New York City, there is a firm that literally makes money by *beating*. One might think there was nothing peculiar or strange about that; for perhaps within the knowledge of many of our readers there are a number of firms that seem inclined to make money by "beating." The peculiarity of these people is that they hire respectable-looking men, and pay them well, for no other purpose than to beat for them; and they don't seem to care who knows it.

By courtesy of the manager of this firm of beaters, the writer was permitted to visit the place, and learn some of their methods. He must say that he never before saw, in so small a compass, so many "beats;" but it must also be confessed that the lively bustle and air of thorough business that surround their corner impress one with the idea that they are anything, but "dead-beats."

Reference is made to the W. H. Kemp Company, which is, we believe, the largest gold-beating establishment in this country, and perhaps the largest in the world.

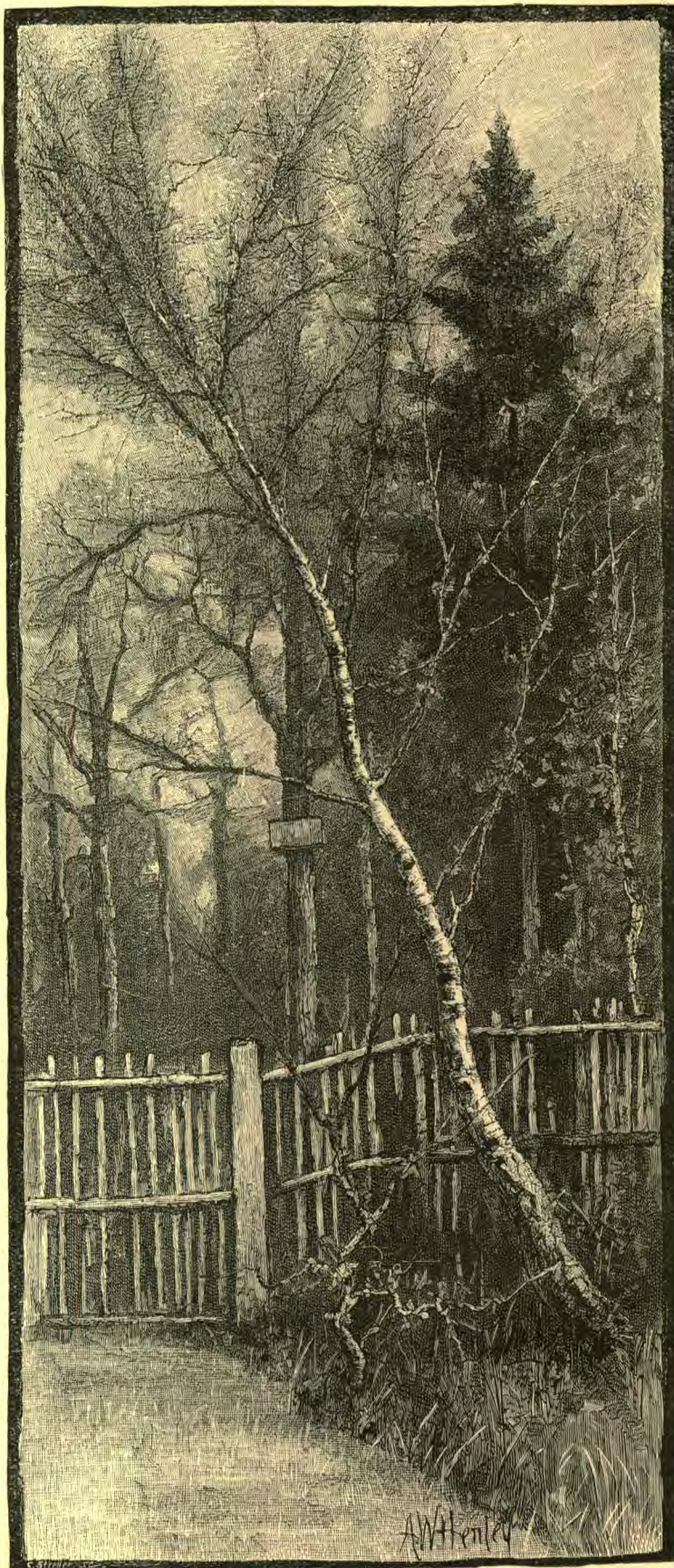
Doubtless there are many who do not realize that the gilt on the edges, and stamps on the covers, of books; on the lettering on signs on glass and boards; on picture-frames

and moldings; and on nearly everything looking like gold, indoors and out, is almost pure gold: and few understand just how the gold-

melted, it is alloyed with silver and copper to twenty-two and one-half carats' fineness. Pure gold is twenty-four carats fine; and a simple calculation shows that the material from which the gold-leaf is made is fifteen sixteenths pure gold. That is finer than our gold coin, which is but eighteen carats fine.

To melt the gold, it is put into a stoneware jar called a crucible, and placed in a furnace capable of being heated very hot. When melted, the gold is run into bars, or slugs, called ingots, about six inches long, an inch and a quarter wide, and one fourth of an inch thick, weighing from twenty to thirty ounces. These ingots are taken to a powerful rolling-machine, of which this firm has two, and rolled out into a ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, and so thin that were a thousand of them laid one upon another, the pile would be but one inch high.

A piece of this gold ribbon weighing fifty-six pennyweights, and worth just fifty-six dollars, is cut off and handed to a beater, whose account is charged with the amount. He first anneals the gold by rolling the ribbon up in a roll, and putting it in the fire till it is red-hot. When cooled, it is soft and easily worked. He then cuts the strip into pieces as long as it is wide, making about two hundred and ten tiny squares. These little pieces are laid singly between sheets of a specially prepared paper cut three and one-half inches square, which are made into a firm package called a "cutch." This cutch is then beaten until the pieces of gold are spread out as large as the sheets of paper. The pack is then opened, and each of the gold sheets is cut into four square pieces. These pieces are laid between other, but still more carefully prepared, sheets of paper, a little larger than those in the cutch, which form another pack, with about eight hundred and forty leaves and sheets, called a "shoder." The shoder is then beaten until the little gold pieces are expanded to the full size of the sheets between which they are laid. The package is then opened, and the sheets of gold are once more cut into quarters. This time each quarter is placed between two sheets four inches square, a thousand of which make a package called a "form." The sheets of which this



AUTUMN WOODS.

leaf is made with which this gilding is done. The pure gold is purchased in "bricks" from the United States assay office. Upon being

form is composed are of a material called "bull's bung." It is really the intestines of the ox, prepared especially for this purpose.

In this business, as in some others, the condition of the weather has much to do. Dry weather is best. Dampness is detrimental to the work.

All sheets between which the gold is beaten must be carefully kept. Those in the cutch and shoder are pressed and thoroughly dried each time after being used, being placed in a small press previously heated in a furnace kept hot for that purpose. The sheets of the form are not only kept smooth and dry; but each time after being used, they are cleansed by being rubbed on both sides with a preparation of chalk, applied with a brush. Everything, in fact, in which the gold is worked—such as the crucibles, which are used but a single time and thrown aside; the sheets of the various packs, etc., after having outlived their usefulness—is, with the sweepings from the floor, preserved and turned over to the assay office, which has the happy faculty of extracting every particle of the precious metal that may be lurking within.

There is more or less waste, as some of the leaves in the pack are not perfect, and must be thrown among the scraps; so the good leaves in one shoder, cut in quarters, will usually fill three forms of one thousand leaves each. The beating of these forms is the last act in that process, and requires, if possible, more scientific work than is necessary for either the cutch or the shoder.

The hammers used are of cast-iron, with large, rounded faces, and vary in weight from seven to ten pounds. The handles are short. The anvil upon which the pack is placed to be struck is a solid block of granite. This is used in preference to iron or steel, as it is more elastic, and the hammer rebounds from it more easily, thereby making easier the work of the beater. But one hand is used to swing the hammer, while with the other the pack is turned around or over at every stroke. The men who do this work become ambidextrous.

When the forms are beaten sufficiently, they are taken to another department, where they are opened, and the gold leaves put into books of twenty-five leaves each. This work is done by a number of young women, who handle these delicate sheets of gold with surprising ease. The full-sized gold-leaf is caught up and laid out on a "pallet" with a pair of large wooden tweezers, somewhat resembling a pair of Chinese chop-sticks. A gage of bamboo,—the best material known for the purpose,—which has two cutting edges set, for ordinary work, three and one-half inches apart, is then taken up; and with two skilful movements the leaf is cut to exact size and accurately square. Again it is picked up with the tweezers, and this time placed between the leaves in the book, when it is ready for the market. So light and soft is the metal leaf, that, should wrinkles occur in it, they are quickly smoothed out with a gentle puff of the breath.

When the three forms are emptied, and the books filled, all the scraps from that beating are collected, and melted into a "button." The books are counted, each one having a fixed value. The beater is credited with the value of the books and button; and if the amount is just fifty-six dollars, his account balances. If it amounts to more or less than that sum, he makes or loses the difference.

At the close of each day, all the unfinished work of each man is put into a tin box, and placed in one of five enormous safes, which are thoroughly fire-proof and equipped with a most complete burglar-alarm. In these safes is stored gold and silver bullion, together with all the gold-, silver-, and aluminum-leaf on hand. This is usually no small amount, as this firm makes and handles all kinds of metal leaf, platers' supplies, bronze powders, etc., in large quantities.

T. A. KILGORE.

"We are hurt and ashamed by our physical deformities, and would willingly undergo much to have them removed. Are we equally sensitive to our spiritual deformities? Yet they are much more important than those of our mortal bodies."



WHO SHALL BE GREATEST?

DEAR Master, in thy kingdom,
So glorious and so fair,
Speak thou the word, and tell us, Lord,
Who shall be greatest there.

Shall Simon, Andrew, Matthew,
Or Peter, James, or John?
Oh, who shall stand at thy right hand
When victory is won?

Here's John, the loved disciple,
Who leaneth on thy breast;
Lord, shall not he be next to thee,
And greater than the rest?

And here's impulsive Peter:
He'd brave the powers of hell,
He would not fear when foes were near;
Sure, he would serve thee well.

Then spoke the blessed Master,
In loving tones so sweet,
And gently bare a child so fair,
And placed him at his feet.

"Ye ask who shall be greatest:
Behold this little child!
Except ye be as pure as he,
Humble, and meek, and mild,—

"Except ye be converted,
Your every sin forgiven,
Pure, undefiled, e'en like a child,—
Ye can not enter heaven."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR"

I

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

These men were men of noble birth, learned in art and science. They were astrologers, and in the heavens they had seen the glory of God. But they had not a full knowledge of the Author of the wonders they studied. The magi of the East varied in honor and integrity, some sinking to a low level, and using their knowledge of science to impose on the credulity of others for their own selfish ends; while others refused thus to dishonor themselves and deceive the people. The latter class were noble men, who followed the indications of God's providence as revealed in the heavens and the earth.

It was not God's purpose that the light he had given to patriarchs and prophets should be confined to the Jewish nation. He designed that it should be carried to all parts of the earth. But the Israelites misinterpreted the command given them in regard to intermarrying with other nations. This command was given to guard God's people from idolatry. But they made it a wall of separation, a barrier to any communication with other nations. They regarded themselves as the only people whom God would acknowledge, and looked upon all others as despised by him. Thus they became narrow in their ideas; and while separating themselves from the heathen, they also separated themselves from God. By walking contrary to his requirements, they were building a wall of separation between themselves and God.

The children of Israel did not walk in the light given them by Him who had been their invisible leader through forty years of wilderness-wandering. Had they cherished the light and practised the gracious lessons given them

by Christ, forming characters in accordance with the principles of truth, they would have retained God's favor. Great wisdom and knowledge would have been given them. God would have made them channels through which he could communicate truth, and by which he would have been made a praise in all the earth. Thus his wisdom and matchless love would have been sounded throughout the world.

God's people failed to carry out his purpose, but there were among them those who were faithful and loyal. In the providence of God, the Jews were scattered by captivity through all countries; and during these years of bondage, faith in God was kept alive by faithful witnesses. There were those who would not disregard the Sabbath of the Lord, who would not observe heathen festivals. These were persecuted, and many lost their lives, as God's people always have since the death of Abel. From the time of his expulsion from heaven, Satan has been working on these lines.

In various ways the light of truth was communicated to those in darkness. In Egypt, Joseph's example of unbending integrity witnessed for God; and the treatment he received shows that there were those in the kingdom who respected nobility of character, even when found in captives who were regarded as slaves. Loving and fearing God did not detract from the usefulness of God's servants; for God honored them and worked for them, so that they were enabled to be standard-bearers, carrying the banner of truth and knowledge through the dark places of the earth.

The history of Daniel and his three companions in Babylon is another instance of the way in which the Lord uses faithful men. They did not yield up their faith; but through all the temptations to which they were exposed, they preserved the knowledge of God. They made his honor prominent. They would not break his law to save themselves from being thought singular. When brought before kings and rulers to explain why they would not obey the laws of the land, they repeated the precepts and statutes of God, which they dared not transgress. And so wonderfully did God work in the kingdom of Babylon, that Nebuchadnezzar the king sent a proclamation throughout his dominion exalting the God of the Hebrews as one to be honored and revered above all heathen gods.

Thus through faithful witnesses the truth of God went to all parts of the earth. In every generation God manifested his power through those who held aloft the banner of truth, calling the attention of idol worshipers to the true and living God, the Creator of the world.

Because of a perverted knowledge of the system of sacrifices and offerings that God had established in Israel, the heathen offered sacrifices to idols. Many of these idolaters were as sincere in the performance of their religious service as were the Israelites in theirs; and as the worshipers of the true God were brought face to face with these practises, light shone forth, and many noble and learned men listened eagerly to the truth in regard to the Messiah, and the true origin of sacrifices and offerings. Many believed, as they were told that these offerings symbolized the one great Sacrifice that was to be offered for the sins of the world.

Thus the knowledge of truth was imparted by the true Israelites to those living in idolatry. While they hung their harps upon the willows, bemoaning their captivity, light was shining in darkness, dispelling sophistry and superstition, and revealing the Saviour.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"RELIGION is not a high fence, built about a life to keep it from wandering or coming to harm. Such a narrow conception of the gospel—and not a few persons unconsciously entertain it—is a slander on the teachings of the great One, who came to give men life more abundantly. Religion is rather a motive, an impulse, than a series of restraints. It is the indwelling Spirit of God constraining us to all things pure, beautiful, and good. It is life, boundless and eternal."



IN EXILE

THE noise of hurrying crowds all day
Has driven up against my door;
Yet have I wandered far away,
Along a sunny, silent shore.
O seaward-sloping meadows wide!
O happy waters, far and blue!
Where white sands wait the swinging tide,
My homesick heart has gone to you.

All day my window-blinds have stirred
To jarring hoofs and wheels below;
Yet I am listening for a bird,

That sings beneath a tree I
know,—
A slender tree against the
sky,—
An orchard paling, brown
with years,
A blackbird's whistle, clear
and shy—
Why do my eyes grow dim
with tears?

The crowds go back and forth
all day,
The sun burns fierce along
the street;
But I have found a shady
way,
With cool white clover at my
feet.
Far off beneath the branches
low
The foot-path wanders, still
and fair;
My feet are fast with toil,—
but oh,
To-day my heart is walking
there!

— Mabel Earle.

THE CARDINAL-
FLOWER

AMONG the lovely wild flowers of New England, there is none more beautiful than the scarlet cardinal-flower. In my rambles one sultry August day, I came to the ruins of an old mill-dam, the whole side of which was covered with vigorous ferns, while, shaded on each side by overhanging boughs, was a small woodland stream, swollen by recent rains. Here grew the cardinals in all their glory of flaming color. Gleaming through the shade, touched into greater brightness by stray sunbeams, they sprang from the water, the scarlet blossoms nodding on their stalks, with the feathery ferns in the background, forming a beautiful picture, and one not easily forgotten. But these special beauties were inaccessible; I reached for them, but in vain; so I gathered some in the meadow, where they were easy of access, and kept them fresh for a week or longer. [Some of them came to the editor's desk, on a background of the dark-green ferns. They revived and lasted two or three days, and the ferns were fresh much longer. — A. B. C.]

"This showy flower belongs to the lobelia family. The corolla is irregular, cleft nearly to the base on the upper side; stamens with the anthers united above into a curved tube longer than the corolla. The flowers are on short pedicels, few or numerous, in a superb, nodding raceme. The early French Canadians were so struck with its beauty that they sent the plant to France as a specimen of the beauties of the wilds of the New World. Perhaps at that time it received its English name, which

likens it to the gorgeously attired dignitaries of the Roman Church."

MRS. A. W. HEALD.

ELECTRIC BATTERIES AND COUNTER-
CURRENTS

THOUGH I exert all my strength upon this piece of zinc, I can not succeed in pulling it apart, because of the power of cohesion ("by Him all things consist"); but if I drop it into sulphuric acid, it will crumble, and heat will be given off. In this case exactly the same energy that was used in holding the particles together now manifests itself in the form of heat, which is only another form of God's power. There is a time coming when all things will be dissolved, and then much of the energy now stored up in metals and in various other ways will manifest itself in heat. When the earth, which is now upheld by God's power,

are worn out in maintaining these currents from which no one receives any benefit.

There is a lesson in all this for us. We should be live batteries, from which God's energy may flow out for the service of humanity; but often jealousy, faultfinding, and criticism lodge about us, setting up counter-currents, and thus destroying the main current. Then we are shaken by revivals, the particles of dross are shaken off by confession and restitution, and the current flows well again for a time.

Batteries are now invented in which it is impossible for these counter-currents to be produced. These are known as "continuous batteries." God would have us tarry before him, and thoroughly put away all sin, that, as we are endowed with power from on high, we may become continuous spiritual batteries; and as the metal in the battery is consumed in doing its legitimate work, so, in a certain sense, may we be; but there is a vast difference between being consumed in loyal service and being consumed by our own lusts.

DAVID PAULSON.

DOUBTFUL FICTION

A MOTHER and daughter walked along a country road. The daughter carried a modern novel, the pages of which ran into the hundreds.

A great moral, or great truth, was contained within. The daughter spoke of the truth conveyed by the famous writer through the medium of the pages, but the mother did not approve of the method of teaching even truth. It was not that she doubted that truth was there. She knew the teaching of the book was not evil. The daughter said she read it only for the great truth it contained.

As they walked, they passed a barnyard. Cattle walked deep in mud and filth. The air was filled with sickening odors.

The mother plucked a rose growing by the wayside. She held it toward her daughter. "Is it not beautiful?" she asked.

"It is perfect," answered the daughter.

The mother cast the rose from her into the midst of the mud and filth of the barnyard, and bade her

daughter go and pick it up.

The daughter, instead, lifted up her dainty skirts and walked away. She preferred clean shoes to the rose.

"It yet is a perfect rose," remarked the mother.

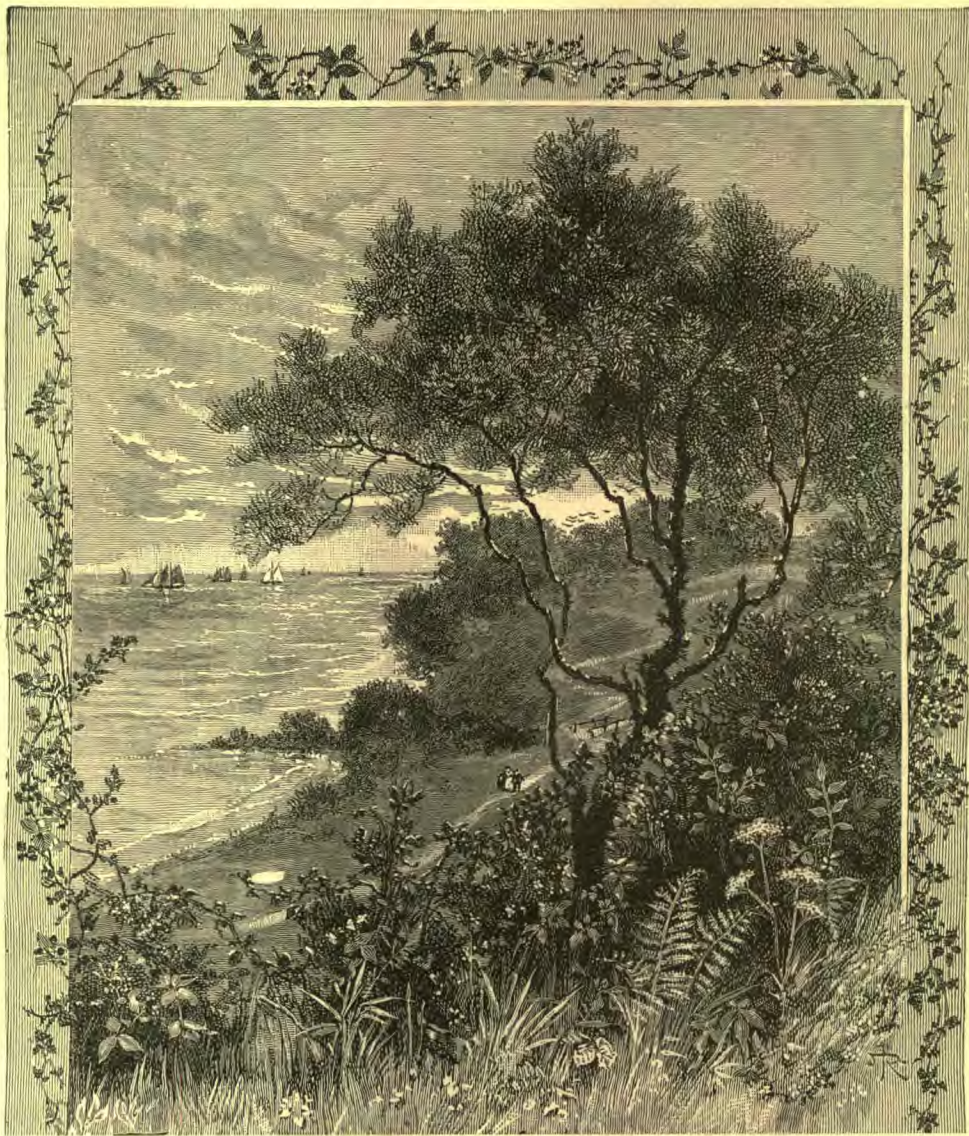
"But I must wade through filth for it."

"It is still fragrant."

"True, but not fragrant enough to kill the odor of the barnyard that will cling to me."

The mother said no more, but walked on. The daughter followed. The mother glanced back. The book, in pieces, was flung into the mire. — Jean K. Baird.

You have a disagreeable duty to perform at twelve o'clock. Do not blacken nine and ten and all between with the color of twelve. Do the work of each, and reap your reward in peace. So, when the dreaded moment in the future becomes the present, you shall meet it walking in the light, and that light shall overcome its darkness. — George Mac Donald.



"O HAPPY WATERS, FAR AND BLUE!"

shall return to chaos, we shall see taking place on a larger scale what we now see in miniature in this piece of zinc. If we make only a slight change in the arrangement of the particles of the metal, however, we have electricity instead of heat. This may be done by slipping into the acid another metal of a different potential, — one not so susceptible to the corroding influence of the acid. When the two metals are connected with a wire above, a current of electricity will flow from the crumbling metal to the other, and then through the wires and back again, thus making a complete circuit.

Little by little the piece of zinc is eaten away; and tiny particles of it become lodged on the other metal. By this means, many counter-currents are set up, which obstruct, or tend to neutralize, the main current. Sometimes this goes so far that the current ceases to flow; but by vigorously shaking the jar holding the acid and the metals, the particles are thrown off, the current again flows freely, and the battery works well for a time. At other times it is necessary to take the metals out, and have them thoroughly cleansed. Often they



CONTENT

THE world was full of rivers, and on their mighty tide
Ten thousand ships went threading through and
through;
Ten thousand teeming cities stood on the river-banks,—
And I was but a tiny drop of dew.
But as I lay unheeded upon a blade of grass,
A weary bee fell near me, scarce alive;
With hope revived, he saw me, and drank, and quenched
his thirst,
And bore his load of nectar to the hive.

A chain of mighty mountains stood guard upon the earth,
And reared their heads where eagles never soar.
The joy of all beholders, what dignity was theirs!—
And I was but a pebble by the shore.
Of value or of beauty, no single gift was mine,
The beach was strewn with millions just like me:
Yet for a puny baby I once was made a toy,
And changed his fretful cries to tones of glee.

By night the silvery moonbeams rejoiced the dreamy
world,
A myriad twinkling stars shone clear and bright;
By day the dazzling sunlight its golden splendor shed,—
I was a little taper in the night.
I know my ray was feeble; but in a window set,
All night I burned, and did my little best;
And ere the dawn of morning,—ah! what a joy was
mine!—
A soul I guided home to peace and rest.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

INTO THE LIGHT

AFTER the departure of Elder Barnes and May, Mrs. Conwell wished to review the texts that he had given them. They dwelt especially on the last one read: "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

"Can it be possible, Jane, that we have been in error all these years, and that all our dead friends are sleeping?" asked Mrs. Conwell.

"It seems so, from what we have read, and it is a comforting thought to me," replied her sister, whose hair was snowy white, although she had hardly reached middle age. "Some of those we loved died out of the ark of safety; and it is pleasant to think of them as quietly resting. We know that our Saviour does all things well. We can trust them to him."

Mrs. Conwell's eyes filled with tears as she thought of her sister's husband, once noble, honored, and dearly beloved, sleeping in a drunkard's grave; and of the son, wandering in sin, his mother knew not where.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God," quoted Grace, adding, "and I am sure, Aunt Jane, that if any one ever loved him, you do."

"Thank you, Grace. Truly 'in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'"

For a few moments there was silence; then Mrs. Conwell said, "I wonder where these false ideas of death, or rather, the idea that there is no death, originated."

"Why, mama, they started in the garden of Eden, when Satan said to Eve, 'Ye shall not surely die.' She believed him instead of God, and her descendants have continued to do the same thing."

"Well," said Aunt Jane, "we ought to be very thankful that the Lord is opening our eyes."

"Yes, indeed! May says that our only defense against the awful deception of Spiritual-

ism, which is to sweep the whole world, is a thorough knowledge of the truth that 'the dead know not anything.' If our faith is founded on the Word, and we know it, and can point to the texts, saying, like Christ, 'It is written,' Satan and all his host can not prevail against us."

"You notice the sixteenth verse reads, 'The dead in Christ shall rise first,'" said Mrs. Conwell. "I suppose that means the righteous. Are not the wicked raised at the same time?"

"I do not know, mama, but here comes papa, and supper is not ready. To-morrow night we will ask May about the wicked."

The next afternoon May sent her little brother with a note, saying that as her mother was not well, she would stay at home, and help her, but would try to come the next day.

The Conwells were disappointed, but Grace remarked, cheerfully: "We can not always have May with us. Why not take the concordance, and study by ourselves?"

All agreed to this; but just as they were ready to begin, Elder Barnes knocked at the door. After greetings had been exchanged, he said: "Pardon me for calling again so soon, but I have here a pamphlet, 'Man's Nature and Destiny,' written by one of our ministers, and bearing directly upon the subject we studied yesterday. I am sure it will be a great help to you, if you care to read it."

"We are thankful to you for remembering us, and shall be very glad to read the book. We were just preparing to continue our study, and would be much pleased to have your help, if you can spare the time."

"My time is always at the disposal of those who wish to study the word of God," he replied; "shall we begin where we left off yesterday?"

"If you please. That text reads, 'The dead in Christ shall rise first.' Are not all the dead raised at the same time?"

"No; there are two resurrections. We will read Acts 24:15, which shows this: 'And have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust.' The righteous are raised at Christ's coming, as you read in Thessalonians. They enter upon their reward at that time, as set forth in Luke 14:14."

"When are the wicked raised?"

"You will find an answer to that question in Rev. 20:5, where it is said that 'the rest of the dead,' the wicked, lived not again until the thousand years were finished. By reading the rest of that chapter you will see that some time after their resurrection, they come up around the city of God, the New Jerusalem, and try to take it, and that fire comes down from God out of heaven and devours them."

"Devours them,"—and do they not burn on forever and ever?"

"Oh, no! In the fourth chapter of Malachi God says that they shall be ashes under the soles of the feet of the righteous, and in the sixteenth verse of Obadiah he says, 'They shall be as though they had not been.' He goes still further in Ps. 37:10, and says that even the place of the wicked, the earth in its present condition, shall not be."

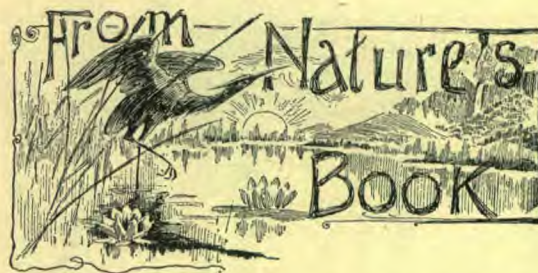
"I never could reconcile the idea of the eternal burning of the wicked with what I know of God's mercy and love," said Aunt Jane.

"It is only another of Satan's plans for making infidels and skeptics," was the reply.

"Paul sums up the whole matter in these words: 'For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men,' and if men will not separate from the sin, they must be destroyed with it; for God will have a clean universe. In Revelation 21 the prophet says that he 'saw a new heaven and a new earth;' and in the fifth chapter he says: 'And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.'"

LENA E. HOWE.

"FIDELITY can do more with a dull ax than inconstancy with a sharp one."



SEASONABLE HINTS ABOUT FLOWERS

If you intend to change the location of any of your hardy plants or flowers, do so when their leaves begin to fall.

DON'T buy "cheap" palms, ferns, etc., advertised by florists. They are all young plants, and there is no pleasure in keeping them until they are old enough to be ornamental.

DON'T buy young begonia plants expecting to have much satisfaction out of them the first winter. If you can afford it, buy large, well-developed plants. It takes time, patience, and money to raise one that you need not be ashamed to exhibit.

REMEMBER the geranium slips planted in the garden according to directions given last spring ("Missionary Money in Geraniums"). Cut around them now, and two weeks later put into pots, as directed. If possible, procure a Madame Salleron geranium for its leaves. This plant does not flower, but it is a good foliage plant, and the leaves make an excellent backing for cut flowers.

ARRANGE to have a "table plant" this winter. Ferns are best and most easily managed. If you can afford to buy a six-inch "fern-pot," and have it filled by a florist, it will be most satisfactory. The cost will be about fifty or seventy-five cents. Buy a porous pot, not the china one that usually comes with a jardinière. If you can not obtain a fern-pot, use something that is broad and shallow, as fern roots do not strike deeply, but spread out. Do not use the maidenhair fern, as it does not stand the heat of living-rooms. Every night shower the plants with tepid water. If you have a bath-room, put the pot in the bath-tub, shower it, and leave it there all night. Treated in this way, it will remain a fine center-piece for the dinner-table all winter.

THE season of cut flowers is near at hand, and you should know how to care for them so as to make them last for several weeks. Every night remove them from the glass, and, protecting the blooms, wash the stems thoroughly, removing everything that is wilting or decaying. Do this work with the fingers, under running water if possible, gently scrubbing the stems free from slime. Do not let water touch the blooms at any time. Make strong soap-suds, and insert the stems well in it, protecting the blooms, and leave in a dark, cool place all night. In the morning rinse well, and snip off a small shaving from the end of each stem. Place in clear water for two or three hours, still being careful not to wet the flowers. Let the stems remain in the water as long as possible before you need them to exhibit; then put in the vase in which they are to remain during the day, adding a few drops of sulphate of ammonia, a cheap drug, which is a fertilizer to plants, and which, with the soap-suds, will feed the stem and flower, and revive them daily. The plant needs to live in clear water for at least a third of the time, else it will be overfed by the stimulants you give it, and lose vitality. If you have set pieces, or arranged flowers, as for a wedding or a funeral, moisten cotton-batting, and place the flowers on it, in a cool, dark place, covering with a wash-basin or some large vessel. Maidenhair fern, particularly, should be treated this way.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



WHO WERE THEY?

FIVE little mates, in wintry weather,
Side by side sat down together;
Crowded close in a tiny room,
Left to themselves in the dusky gloom,
They lived in love, no little brother
Pushing unkindly against another.
And they lived in hope; for they thought, with glee,
"When bedtime comes, we are all set free."
Side by side, in summer weather,
Five little mates ran out together;
Bare and free in the sunshine sweet,
Brown and strong and merry and fleet,

up on her hind legs, she looked up at them so beseechingly that Charlie cried, "O mama! I do believe the mama-squirrel wants us to take care of her baby. What can we do for it?"

"It is sick," said Mrs. Lawson, examining it carefully. "You call Mr. William, Charlie, while I carry it into the house."

Mr. William was the man who was studying medicine at the great university in the town where Charlie lives.

Off rushed Charlie to follow his mother's bidding, calling out, "O Mr. William! come quick! We've got a sick squirrel down-stairs, and we want you to come and doctor it."

Although Mr. William didn't care much about working up a practise among squirrels, he followed the impatient boy down-stairs, examined the squirrel, and was about to leave it to its fate, declaring that he knew nothing about the ailments of animals, when he saw something that made him exclaim, "Look there!"

begged so beseechingly that Charlie's mother could n't resist her pleading, but went over to the school and brought the baby-squirrel back. Up the tree the squirrel whisked with her burden, and did n't come down again for two days. Charlie was the only one who saw her the last time she came down, and he told mama about it that night at the tea-table.

"I was out there by the porch, mama, and I saw our squirrel coming down with the little one in her mouth. I thought at first that she was bringing it to us again; but when she got to the ground with it, I saw that it was dead. She did n't pay any attention to me, but ran out of the yard with it still in her mouth, and I followed to see what she was going to do. She went over to the campus with it, and over there she met a man, and what do you suppose she did?—She dropped the little dead squirrel on the walk, and sat up on her hind legs, folding her front paws, and looking up at him so pitifully, just as if she wanted him to sympa-



THE SCARECROW.

On the greensward soft they frolicked and played,
But apart from each other they never strayed.
They were one in friendship and glad endeavor,—
The five little mates who quarreled never.

—Joy Allison, in *Youth's Companion*.

A FAITHFUL MOTHER

"O MAMA! come here quick, and see this funny squirrel! It's climbing down the tree with another squirrel in its mouth," called seven-year-old Charlie, excitedly.

Mrs. Lawson responded to her son's call, and was as much surprised as he at the unusual sight. "That must be the mother-squirrel, I suppose," she said, "bringing down one of her young ones; but I wonder why she is doing so."

"Why, she carries her baby just the way kitty does, does n't she, mama?"

"Something must be the matter with the young one," his mother replied. "Usually young squirrels stay in the nest until they are old and strong enough to climb around alone."

While they were talking, the squirrel had laid the little one at their feet. Then, sitting

Mrs. Lawson and Charlie looked, and what do you suppose they saw?—The poor mother-squirrel had become so anxious over the fate of her little one that she had climbed up the outside door of the room, and was peering in through the glass to see what they were doing with her baby. Her anxiety seemed to touch Mr. William; and he did what he could for the baby-squirrel, just as if it had been a baby boy or girl whose mother was anxious over it.

Then Charlie picked up the little squirrel tenderly, and carried it into the grass, and the mother-squirrel took it in her mouth again, and whisked up the tree with it just as fast as she could. The next day she brought it down again, and again Mr. William tried to relieve it. The third time she brought it down, Charlie begged so hard to be allowed to take it to school to show his teacher and the other boys and girls that his mother made a soft nest for it in a basket, and Charlie carried it to school with him.

But the mother-squirrel could n't bear to be separated from her baby for so long a time. She kept running around looking for her little one, and finally she ran up to Mrs. Lawson and

thize with her. After he'd gone by, she picked up her baby and went on until she met a woman, and then she did the same thing. I saw her do that three or four times, and then I came home, it made me feel so bad; and a big tear splashed into Charlie's glass of milk.

Charlie's mother wondered what the squirrel finally did with her baby, but she never found out. But both Charlie and his mother had learned that squirrels are just as fond of their children, in their way, as folks are of theirs, and they were glad they had tried to help the poor mother-squirrel cure her sick baby.—*The New Crusade*.

THE RUSSIAN POST-WOMAN

I SHOULD be sad if I thought that any of the little women of America were to grow up to a woman's life so hard and dark as the lot that awaits many a little girl now living in many of the countries in Europe. Just think of it! In the terrible winters of Russia, when the air is full of a fine, stinging ice-mist, and the snow is deep, and the houses on the roads are few and far between, and the Russian peasant-men care

little to help a peasant-woman in trouble, and do not feel sorry to see a woman do work that she is not strong enough to do,—in that terrible land and in those terrible winters,—Russian women “carry the mail” from post-office to post-office, with a covered sleigh and a dog-team. Perhaps she has a passenger in her sleigh, too; and when the road is drifted full, the dogs plunge along almost lost in the snow, and the poor woman-driver strides by their side, whip in hand, now coaxing, now scolding, I am sure she must wish she had been born in a different land.

In all the countries in Europe there are fine sights to see,—wonderful old churches, castles, palaces, and historic places. In America there are no such fine sights; but Europe is full of poor people who work hard and are paid small wages for it, and who suffer like the Russian post-woman; while in America those who will work can usually be comfortably clothed and fed.—*Little Men and Women.*

BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—NO. 2

(October 14, 1899.)

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 21:1-11; Mark 11:1-11; Luke 19:29-44; John 12:12-18.

Memory Verse.—Zech. 9:9.

Time: A. D. 31. **Places:** Bethany, Jerusalem.

Persons: Jesus, disciples, multitude, Pharisees.

QUESTIONS

1. On the next day after the feast at Simon's house (John 12:12; note 1), what request did Jesus make of two of his disciples? Matt. 21:1, 2. If their action should be questioned, what plea were they to make? V. 3. What prompted Jesus to take this action? Vs. 4, 5.
2. Where did the disciples find the colt and its mother? Mark 11:4. As they were loosing the animals, by whom were they called in question? In what words? Luke 19:32, 33. What was their reply? V. 34.
3. When they had brought the colt to Jesus, what did they do? V. 35; note 2. In what other way did the disciples show their enthusiasm? V. 36. Who joined with them in their march of triumph? Matt. 21:8.
4. What words of praise and rejoicing were taken up and shouted by all? Luke 19:37, 38. Irritated by the acts and words of the people, what did some of the Pharisees demand? V. 39. What did Jesus reply to them? V. 40; note 3.
5. When the great procession had reached the summit of mount Olivet, what did Jesus unexpectedly do? V. 41. What mournful words did he then utter against Jerusalem? Vs. 42-44.
6. What was the effect as Jesus continued the triumphal ride into Jerusalem? Matt. 21:10. What question and answer passed from lip to lip? Vs. 10, 11. What did the Pharisees say? John 12:19.
7. Though the ride into Jerusalem was a plain and striking fulfilment of prophecy, what do the Scriptures say concerning the knowledge of the disciples of Jesus? V. 16. Until what time did they remain in ignorance of the meaning of this occurrence? *Id.*; see note 4.
8. At the close of this remarkable experience, to what place did Jesus go? Mark 11:11.

NOTES

1. The feast at Simon's house was probably at the close of the Sabbath; for the “next day,” the first day of the week, “six days before the Passover,” the ride into Jerusalem took place. “It was on the first day of the week that Christ made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem.”—*“The Desire of Ages,”* page 569.
2. Christ was following the Jewish custom for a royal entry. The animal on which he rode was that ridden by the kings of Israel, and prophecy had foretold that thus the Messiah should come to his kingdom.—*“The Desire of Ages,”* page 570. No act could be more perfectly in keeping with the conception of a king of Israel, and no words could express more plainly that that king proclaimed himself the Messiah.—*Geikie.*
3. “If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.” The fixed

time for the prophecy of Zech. 9:9 to be fulfilled had arrived, and nothing could hinder the appointment of God. The word of God is sure. “Had men failed to carry out his plan, he would have given a voice to the inanimate stones.” God now has a work to be done. The time is fully come. Should we fail to do the part assigned us, the word of God, which is the acting force, will not delay, but will move some one else, and we shall be left behind. May the Holy Spirit move us to action, even as we now study; and may it ever keep us the willing agents of Jehovah in fulfilling the closing words of prophecy.

4. The disciples little thought, as they strewed their garments in the way, in expectation that Jesus was about to become an earthly king, that their bright hopes would soon all be blasted by the crucifixion and death of their Master. Though their hopes were based on a misunderstanding, it was nevertheless true that they were led by the Spirit of God to sing Hosanna, and thus fulfil the word of God. How bitter was their disappointment! See Luke 24:18-21. But in the hand of God it was a means of teaching the disciples the truth regarding the Messiah. In fact, it was the *only* way that God could cause them to see their error; for, taking away from them the last vestige of earthly hope, he could then turn their minds to something better. Similar to this experience of the early disciples was that of the people of God in 1844. They, too, were led by the Spirit of God to rejoice, but their hope that the Lord would appear in the autumn of that year was based on a misunderstanding. The Lord did not come when they expected, and to many it seemed that life had no further value. But the Lord overruled all; and out of what seemed utter blasting and defeat has come the third angel's message, the truth that is now being proclaimed to the world.



Chapter XVI

SHIRLEY raised her eyes toward the face that was bending over her, pushed the glass away a little, and asked, faintly, “Do folks often make mistakes like that?”

“Not often, but sometimes they do. Officer McFarlan never did before, I guess, but mistakes will happen to the best of folks,—although it was very late for a girl to be on the street, you know. We can't quite understand that now.”

“It isn't necessary that you should, since I do.”

“No, I suppose not—and yet, that money, for instance. What about that?”

“Oh! I know now,” said Shirley. “I knew as soon as I noticed the handkerchief. Aunt Nell did it. It's just her trick.”

“Oh! and who is Aunt Nell?”

“Just Aunt Nell.”

She reached after the glass with her lips, took the remainder of the milk, and then settling down in the bed, dropped off into a sleep of utter exhaustion.

Seth and Mr. McFarlan held a consultation at the corner just around from the station.

“Not a word about what has happened to her to anybody,” said Seth.

“No, not a word, nor about me.”

“Well, that, between you and me, just ties me to you, old fellow, for life. We'll talk about that later. Now it's time I was goin' to the depot to meet Will. You'd better wait here, and see that she does n't get lost again before I can get her into Will's hands. She must go home on the evening train, or to Aunt Nell's. Maybe she won't go home—no knowing. Find me here in thirty to fifty minutes.”

McFarlan, left alone, had nothing to keep his thoughts from his own affairs; and it must be confessed that they were not the most cheerful. He had hoped to be able before long to

take a certain little saleslady out of the store and its wearing rush, and put her into a cozy home of their own. He had not become a policeman from preference; but the office opened to him, and he had come to consider it his calling. He was not popular with the force, nor all of the judges, because of some “cranky notions,” which made him a man by himself; but he had found the service, on the whole, more to his mind than he had expected. At all events it had become the means by which he lived; and from it he was fitting out a little home for his wife that was to be, and it was hard to think that he might have to stop, and wait, and struggle for a new beginning in some untried field, and that she might have to keep on in the drudgery of the store; but he did not see how he could have done differently. Yet to know that that girl had been caught in the awful grasp of circumstances, and might have gone out with a smirch on her fair name; and to have a man like this one from the country come to him with such confidence that he aroused all the brotherhood in him, and then, to save himself, let the poison end of the law strike him through the girl,—well, he was n't that kind of man. Still, the consequences of the act were not easy to take up and carry. It would take a little while to adjust that load to even his broad shoulders.

These and kindred thoughts trooped up and down on hob-nail shoes through his brain and heart as, from force of habit, he paced the sidewalk until Seth and Uncle Will joined him, just one hour and thirty minutes after the time agreed upon.

It was in genuine brotherly fashion that Mr. William Burns greeted the ex-policeman. Seth had not been slow nor meager in his report of the service that McFarlan had rendered at such cost to himself, and Will was a man to appreciate self-sacrifice anywhere.

“But what made you so long in coming?” asked McFarlan. “I began to think we had left the affair at rather loose ends; for I was to wait here for you, and I did not feel free to go out of sight.”

“No, that's so, but—”

“I took the through train,” said Mr. Burns, “and it treated us to a hot-box a few miles out. I had a good mind to walk in as far as the cable line, only I knew I should miss Seth. But all is well now, and we must get our girl home to her mother on the next train out, if possible.”

“That is so,” assented Seth. “And now I will leave you with Mr. McFarlan. I shall go on the other road, and walk over home.”

McFarlan led the way to the “Annex,” where the matron was busy with her charges, and introduced Mr. Burns as a friend who had come for “Sally Jones,” when the matron interrupted him with the exclamation, “But she has been gone a half-hour at least!”

“Gone! How could she go?” gasped McFarlan. “I did n't suppose she would be able to walk in a week.”

“Well, she is not that kind, it seems. She suddenly got up and went. She was weak and white, but she would go. There was nothing to keep her here. Why did n't you let me know some one was coming for her?”

“Of course: why did n't I?—Because we depended on her lying down and crying her eyes out, I suppose. Well,” and he turned and looked at Mr. Burns, “one word does just as well as another in a case like this.”

“Just my impression,” said Will. “I know now what Seth meant when he said he felt like praying. I don't think of any other sensible thing to do,” and he turned hastily away, walked to the window overlooking the court, and bowed his head forward upon his hands.

McFarlan removed his cap, and stood with folded arms holding it by the vizor before his eyes, while the matron sat down and covered her face with her hand; and the prayers that entered into the ears of the infinite Father, silent although they were, were fervent enough to give the hope that they might be effectual.

In her various passages on the street-car Shirley had noticed a great building on Wabash Avenue, bearing the sign of a mission; and all at once, as she was lying on the bed among the

"lost and strays," this arose like an open door of hope on the field of her vision, and with it came strength and determination equal to the emergency.

The matron had left her, as she supposed, asleep; and when, after a little while, she came softly to the door, she found her guest up, hatted and gloved, ready to depart.

"Yes," said Shirley, with quiet decision, in her reply to all remonstrance and questioning, "I know just where I am going, and just what I shall do. Oh, yes, I can find any place, I am sure. Thank you, you have been very kind; I shall not forget you. Sometime I shall come and see you, when I am a little older. And oh, I would like to do something for the poor things down *there*. Do they always stay with you, and do they always,—oh, what can anybody do for them? I must come sometime and find out. But now I will go."

She had been moving toward the door all the time, followed by the matron, who felt that she could neither hold her nor let her go. There was but one thing to do, however, and that was to unbar the door, and let her out. Shirley turned on the first step that led down into the court, and lifted her face to the sweet, motherly woman's, and kissed her.

"I know enough now to know that you are a godsend, and I shall always be a better girl because I have been here and seen you. Good-by."

"Good-by, you sweet lamb," and the matron of the prison, and the young girl, fresh from the innocence of her childhood, threw their arms about each other, and stood a moment in a close embrace.

"And can you not tell me your name, and where you may be found?" asked the woman, pleadingly. "I can not bear to lose you in this great city this way."

"Not now; but I shall not be lost. I know my way—just the way I am to go. I will let you know sometime, and—I would like your name. Maybe I will write to you."

The matron brought her a card, which Shirley put carefully away in her purse.

"Don't feel anxious about me," she said, as she turned again to go down the steps, "but just pray for me."

"Oh, I'm so glad you want me to do that! Now I can let you go. God be with you, dear child."

"Thank you," said Shirley, and went slowly down the dark passage to the court and out to the street.

She walked rapidly away from the unsavory vicinity of the station-house, until she came into a quiet, respectable side-street; and making inquiry of some children, who were evidently going home from school, she found her way to the Wabash Avenue cable, and to the mission that she had noticed.

Her ring at the door was answered by a sad-looking young woman, who waited, with the door in her hand, and did not invite her to enter.

"I—I—this is a mission?" began Shirley.

"Oh, yes, it is a mission."

Shirley stood a moment, thinking. She felt that the way was not being made very easy for her; but after an instant she asked, desperately, "May I come in?"

"Oh, yes, of course; anybody can come in that wants to," and the girl opened the door, and stepped aside for Shirley to enter.

"C—could I have a room by myself for a little while, do you suppose?"

"I'll see the matron," was the laconic reply. "Just walk into the parlor."

Shirley entered the parlor, and sat down on the edge of a chair with a sense of impatience. Her case was urgent. She wanted a place where she could shut herself in alone. There was something for her to do, such as she had never attempted in all her life. She had passed through a strait place, and come up on the borders of a new country,—a strange country, over which hung a cloud of mist, shot through with beams of light,—and straight on into this cloud of mingled mist and light there was walking a young woman that she knew was Shirley Goss. She did not see how it was possible for it to be so. She knew that something

must have happened to that Shirley to make such a thing possible, and she must find out what it was; for she knew that her feet must follow in that way; and that that thing, whatever it was, that would make it possible for her to follow must be done in her.

She knew what had to be done; for she had been sufficiently instructed, even if her home had not been the Christian home that it ought to have been. She knew what all this meant. She knew the power that was taking Shirley Goss so steadily and persistently on into that cloud of mist that she seemed to be always approaching but never entering (somehow it was light about her all the time): she knew what she had to do, and was in haste to get it done.

"It is queer," she thought, almost smiling, "that I should be doing this. It seems like waiting for the dentist; but it has to be done."

After what seemed a long time, as she looked back over what she had lived as she sat there, a pleasant-faced elderly woman entered, and greeted her kindly, though patronizingly. This, however, was nothing new to Shirley. She waited for nothing, but said, "Excuse me, please. I don't know anything about missions, but I would like a quiet room for a little while, where I can be undisturbed, and I thought—"

"Yes, dear, but can you not tell me about yourself?" asked the matron, persuasively.

"No, I do not want to talk. I want to be alone, please. Oh, please!" and her voice broke for just a tone or two. Tears came, but she swallowed them; and with a strong effort at self-command, continued, "I have no time to lose. I have something to do. I want a room, please. I will pay you for it."

The matron looked at her. She was afraid of what this pretty, well-dressed young woman might do under the pressure that was evidently upon her if she were left alone in a room. She was accustomed to receiving long, sorrowful confessions before she took any young woman to a room; but she was also a woman instructed of the Holy Spirit, and it did not take her long to decide.

"Very well," she said, "I do not ask pay for the room, unless you wish it for some little time. But of course we always take gifts for our work. You may come with me."

She led the way to the top of the house, and into a little hall alcove, which was furnished with a square rug, a chair, a narrow couch, a tiny table with a Bible, and that was all.

"This," said the matron, "is our Sinai or Olivet."

"Oh!" said Shirley, "I understand, and I am so glad!"

"Then I am glad, too," said the matron. "You need not be afraid of being disturbed, even if there is no key; for every one will know that the place is occupied;" and she took a card from the wall, and, turning it, hung it on a hook outside the door. Shirley looked and read:—

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Come up to me into the mount, and be there: and I will give thee . . . commandments which I have written; that thou mayest teach them. . . . And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount."

"And Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother; and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. . . . Then answered Peter, and said, . . . Lord, it is good for us to be here. . . . Behold a bright cloud overshadowed them; and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him."

"As he is, so are we in this world."

Shirley stood long with her eyes fixed on that illuminated text (for such it was to her); and the matron, having enough of spiritual intuition to apprehend the atmosphere that surrounded the young girl, turned and stole softly down the stairs, and Shirley went in and shut the door.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

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A CHINESE PREACHER

SOME years ago there came down to Singapore from China a wide-awake young Chinaman, who was a Christian, and who possessed all the eagerness to learn that fills the heart of a young farmer boy who aspires to the best that our country affords. He had a fairly good education in Chinese, but he desired to study English. The missionary in charge of the Chinese work wished me to assist in teaching the young man English. This I was glad to do, and attempted to interest in his case one of the "masters" in the Anglo-Chinese school, who called himself a missionary, and who has since joined the conference, graduated at Boston University, and gone as a missionary to South America. But this teacher "could not spare the time" to help this ambitious young Chinaman fit himself for greater usefulness, so my wife and I undertook the task.

He made rapid progress, setting type during the day in the mission press, and spending his evenings poring over his English reader and dictionary. He proved so faithful that he was licensed to preach, and eventually was admitted to the conference. To-day he is a valuable man in the mission, and is doing noble work for Christ among his countrymen.

In a photograph that I have of this Chinese preacher, he has on a very fine coat. It is made of brocaded silk and has gold buttons. This will doubtless surprise many who have been taught that native preachers receive small pay and live very plainly. In order to make this matter clear, I need only remind you that it has for ages been the custom in Oriental countries for persons to store up their savings in fine garments and jewelry rather than to invest them in some doubtful venture or place them in some deposit vault; and what is said of the rich men in the fifth chapter of James, "Your garments are moth-eaten," is often true of the Chinaman.

This leads me to speak of a case that occurred in connection with another Chinese preacher at Singapore. He lived and slept in the room that was used for a church, and had some very fine clothes, which he kept locked up. Finally they were stolen. The police were summoned; and when the native inspector came and looked over the ground, there being no Europeans within ear-shot, he turned around and said to our preacher that he really could not do anything until he had received a gratuity amounting to at least one dollar. The demand was refused, and nothing further was ever done. Such experiences as these are quite common throughout the East, and the poorest servants often suffer most serious loss.

R. W. MUNSON.

TO MY SISTERS IN AMERICA

UNDER this head Sister T. H. Okohira tells, in the *Missionary Magazine* for September, how she came to accept the truth, and of the work she is doing for Japanese women:—

"My home was in the same town as that of Mr. Okohira's people, and his niece was my schoolmate and dearest friend; so we spent most of our time together. When Mr. Okohira returned from America, he visited his relatives, and one day his niece invited me to attend a Bible reading that he was holding with them. This was my first step toward Jesus, as I there learned of his love for man.

"Finally this young lady and I determined to give our hearts to the Saviour and follow in his footsteps, and after that we were drawn more closely together in sisterly love. But my heart was soon stricken with grief; for shortly after our conversion, she was taken away from us. This was the greatest sorrow and disappointment I had ever experienced, and I did

not see how I could be faithful to Jesus without her; but the Lord did not leave me alone. On her dying bed she said to me: 'I can not help my uncle in his work any more; but you must help him for Jesus' sake.' These words from the lips of one who had been so dear to me were a comfort to my soul, and there I gave up all for Christ, willing to be used in his service.

"About one year later Mr. Okohira and I were united in Christian marriage, and came to Tokio to labor. I am trying to lift up Jesus before my sisters who are in heathen darkness, that they may look to his cross and live. At first my work was very small,—I was able to gather in but two or three children,—but the number has increased until now thirteen little girls and eleven young women come to our home at different times to receive instruction. My husband teaches Bible to the young ladies, while I have charge of the children.

"I teach them *saiho, koto, ikebana, and gioreiho*. You may not understand these words unless they are explained. The first means 'dressmaking.' My pupils are taught how to cut and sew Japanese dresses. We do not have sewing-machines, but make all our garments by hand. Mothers in Japan take great care that their daughters know how to sew, as they think it a shame for a woman not to be able to make her husband's clothes as well as her own.

"The koto is our favorite musical instrument. It occupies the same place with us that the piano does with you. Ordinarily this instrument is six or seven feet long and one foot wide. It is made of the hollowed-out trunk of the kiri-tree, over which are stretched thirteen strings, each supported by a *koma*, or bridge. We play with three fingers of the right hand (artificial nails being attached to the fingers), tuning the instrument as we play, by shifting the bridges with the left hand. Among women above the middle class, koto music is very popular.

"Ikebana means a flower in a vase. Our girls are carefully taught to make bouquets in Japanese style for decorative purposes. We endeavor to arrange the flowers just as naturally as they grow. The vase stands on a *toko*, or low shelf, in the main room of the house.

"Through the training received in *gioreiho*, or etiquette, our ladies learn how to bow, salute, entertain guests, and keep house. These are a few of the things a Japanese woman must know before she is married.

"This is the work I am trying to do for these young people, to train them and lift them up as a Christian mother should. I know that good, kind mothers are needed in Japan as much as they are in any country. The work for the girls must be faithfully done, and there is no part of our missionary labor more important and hopeful than this.

"My heart yearns for my sisters who sit in darkness, and I believe the Lord has chosen me to carry to them the light of the third angel's message. So 'my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden.'

"Dear sisters, remember me, and the responsibility that God has laid upon me, in your prayers. We appreciate what has been done for us, but there is much yet to be accomplished. We need consecrated means, that the gospel may go still more speedily. I leave this matter with you, and my prayer is that the Lord will help us all to act faithfully our part in his cause."

THE TARAHUMARIS

IN the more inaccessible parts of the Sierra Madre Mountains, in northern Mexico, live a curious people called the Tarahumaris. Many of them dwell in caves, but they have also small villages, all of which are situated about eight thousand feet above sea-level. The Tarahumaris are small in body, but possessed of much endurance. Their only food is maize, and they manufacture a drink called "teshuin," from the same cereal. Their language is limited to about three hundred words, and they can not count beyond ten.—*Exchange*.



A GOOD COMMENCEMENT EXERCISE

I SUPPOSE the INSTRUCTOR readers have noticed that in colleges and universities the closing of an educational course is called a "commencement." That is because the student is about to begin to apply in real life the principles he has learned in school.

For many years the INSTRUCTOR has been teaching "sound doctrine" and good principles, and many of the "graduates" are doing good work for the Master. Every year many of its readers are entering upon the practical duties of life, and those who wish to help spread the gospel of the kingdom are looking about for a place to begin. As beginners usually need something easy, I will suggest something both easy and important. While it is simple in operation, it is full of promise of great results.

You all know our pioneer missionary paper, the *Signs of the Times*. Well, in November there will be issued a double number, with a handsome cover. It will be filled with excellent instruction, which *every one* ought to read, because *every one* needs it. There will also be many beautiful and interesting pictures. This paper is to be sold in every place where any one can be found who will sell it. There is no doubt about the people's *buying it*; what is needed most is bright, lively persons to *sell it*. Those who buy it will not have an opportunity to know anything about it unless it is taken to them, and they are told about it.

This will be an excellent time for you to begin real work for the Master; and it will be a work that will lead to other work—other work for *you*, other work for the book canvasser, for the Bible worker, and for the minister. It will also lead to more readers for the INSTRUCTOR, and for other good papers that tell about the kingdom of God.

Be ready to take hold, and see how many papers you can sell. From your tract society officers you can get circulars that will tell you all about the work. We expect to hear many good reports from the INSTRUCTOR family.

W. N. GLENN.

REMEMBER that the INSTRUCTOR will have supplementary notes on the *Berean Library* lessons in the *Review and Herald*.

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