

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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"IN THE DAY THOU SEEKEST"

TIS wonderful how He leads us,
When we turn to him to be led!
'T is wonderful how he feeds us,
When we come to him to be fed!
About us the desert whiteness,
And failing the scanty fare,—
Lo! palms, and fountains, and brightness,
And bread enough and to spare!

'T is wonderful how he cheers us,
When we come to him in our grief!
'T is wonderful how he hears us,
And hastens to our relief!
He is never afar on a journey,
Nor his eyelids heavy with sleep;
From our real or our fancied perils
How ready is he to keep!

'T is wonderful how he takes us,
Like children, close to his breast!
'T is wonderful how he makes us
Anew with his healing rest!
But the sheep must come to the sheepfold,
The bird to its covert flee;
O thou, with thy whole heart seek him,
That he may be found of thee!

— *Young People's Weekly.*

HER MAJESTY'S COLONIES

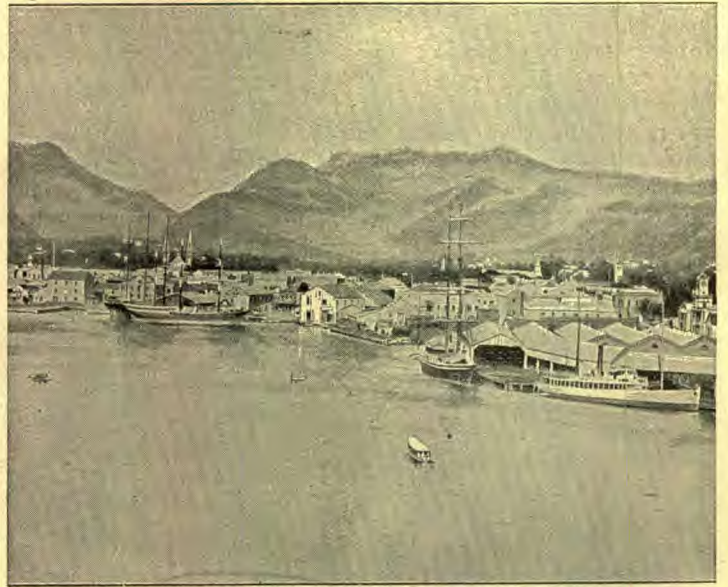
WHAT North America was to England and Europe a century and a half ago, Australasia is in a measure to these countries to-day.

These large islands, with their vast areas of lands suited for grazing, fruit-growing, and agriculture; with mountain ranges rich in mineral wealth; and with a semitropical climate,

Their cities are built after the manner of the best and most beautiful in older countries; and their railways, tram-lines, steam ferries, coast steamers, hotels, and other public conveniences are all patterned after the latest and best; so much so, that the traveler is surprised and delighted, as he proceeds from city to city, at the beauty and convenience with which he everywhere finds himself surrounded.

The voyage of twenty-eight days from the "Golden Gate" of San Francisco harbor to the "Heads" at Sydney harbor is a pleasant one, even to a moderately good sailor. It is broken by three pleasant stops. The first land sighted is the beautiful "Diamond Heads" at Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands. No land ever appeared more lovely than does this to him who is on his first ocean voyage. Water, *water*, WATER, has been the program for seven days, —water three miles deep, and stretching out on every side as far as the eye can reach. The traveler remembers that in his first lessons in geography he learned that two thirds of the earth's surface is covered with water; now he

ment is needed. Horses are speedily engaged for those who enjoy horseback-riding, and carriages hired for the others; and away we go to



HONOLULU HARBOR.

see the "Punch Bowl" — an extinct volcano overlooking the city.

On the way we pass the white, imposing government buildings, and are surprised and delighted with the sights on every hand. Beautiful palm groves, driveways of royal palms, date-palms, and cocoanut-palms, with flowering trees and banana fields, delight the eye on every side; while miles of telegraph and telephone lines inform us that although in the Sandwich Islands, once barbarous and even cannibalistic, we are now in the midst of an advanced civilization.

After a view of the crater, with its great natural amphitheater, capable of seating more than twenty thousand persons, we are invited to visit the "Pala," three or four miles distant, over beautiful roads, along and up the mountainside. On this ride the more timid of the ladies improvise double skirts, and try the native style of riding, with the emphatic decision that it is much the best way, as they can gallop away without fear of turning in the saddle. The "Pala" is the name given the fine heights overlooking the sea and miles of sugar farms. Here, standing two thousand feet above sea-level, a scene of great beauty stretches away on every side. In years gone by, decisive battles were here won and lost by native tribes.

After dining with some old friends, we were treated to a moonlight drive past the cocoanut groves. As the moon shone full through the silvery leaves of the palms, they looked like great ostrich plumes against the blue sky, making a picture long to be remembered. At the wharf we were treated to some fine music by the native band, which seldom misses a steamer. Hawaiian music is very sweet; and as we passed along the streets, we often heard the sound of sweetly blended voices



NAVILIVILI, SANDWICH GROUP.

beautiful harbors, and charming scenery, have attracted large numbers of immigrants to their shores, which are rapidly being peopled by an energetic, advancing race.

knows it, sees it, and is overwhelmed with its vastness. He is delighted to set foot again on land, especially in so beautiful a city as Honolulu. The day is all too short, and every mo-

accompanied by the soft strains of the zither.

At Apia, Samoa, after another seven days of water, water, water, we enjoy an exciting ride over the surf. Leaving the steamer at anchor, we are conveyed to the distant shore in a canoe rowed by natives. The five hours spent on land is another agreeable change. We drink cocoanut-milk instead of water, as it is cooler and better, and have a fine run along the shore to the American minister's house, where the familiar "stars and stripes" are waving. Along the way we see many native houses; the natives themselves in native dress, or rather undress; and beautiful half-caste boys and girls of good promise, clad in garments approaching civilized costume.

G. B. STARR.

(To be continued.)

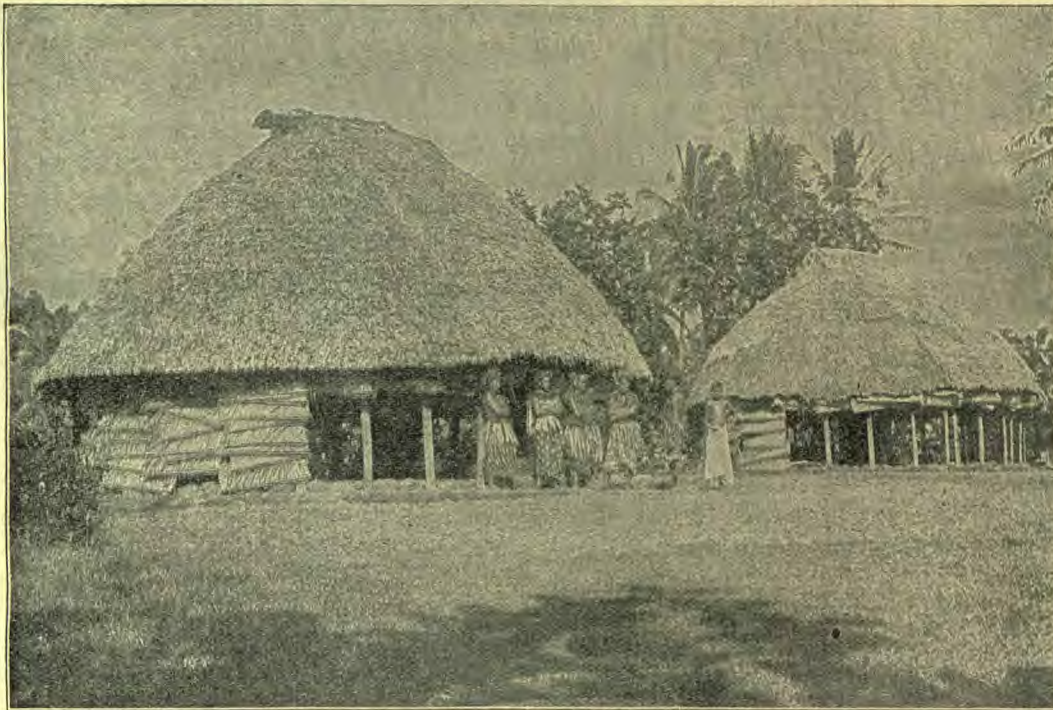
HARVEST IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

"Do WHEAT, oats, barley, and other small grains raised in this country grow in the South Sea Islands?" is a question often asked by those who are unfamiliar with the climatic conditions of those far-away lands. But though these cereals, upon which the inhabitants of cooler latitudes depend so largely for food, are not raised there, an almost endless variety of tropical fruits delights the eye and gratifies the palate the year round.

Many who have never been in the tropics

those that may have fallen to the ground during the year, are gathered into small heaps. They are then tied together, two and two, with a strip of the outer husk, and carried to an open spot, split open with an ax, and thrown over a pole supported by crotched sticks, where they remain at least forty-eight hours. To spread the split nuts on the ground would do just as well so far as the drying is concerned; but the owner's pigs, or those of his neighbor, might happen that way, and havoc would be the result. After the cocoanut meat is dry, it is turned out of the shell, and cut into small pieces preparatory for the market. This dried product is known as "copra." The cocoanut also furnishes milk for the table as well as for culinary uses to nearly every one in the islands. The milk is squeezed from the grated meat after a little water has been poured over it. Young cocoanuts are full of a very sweet water.

Vanilla grows on vines, which run up the trunks of trees, the vine obtaining most of its nourishment from the tree. During the blossoming season, the flowers must be fertilized by hand, a very tedious task. As soon as the pods show the least sign of yellowness, they are picked, and dried in the sun for several weeks. The work of drying the beans requires close attention; for a few drops of rain might spoil thousands of dollars' worth. When fully



NATIVE HOUSES AT APIA, SAMOA.

have an idea that the bananas that reach us here in the Central States do not taste so good as those picked from the tree after they reach maturity. This is an incorrect idea. Bananas that are allowed to ripen on the trees are tough; and for this reason the bunches are cut down as soon as they attain full growth, and while yet green. When picked, the entire tree is cut down, but the roots send out around the stump a number of shoots, each of which, when full-grown, a year later, will produce fruit. Bananas ripen all the year round; therefore there is no special season in which they are harvested.

Pineapples grow on plants close to the ground. One plant produces one apple, but that same plant will produce more fruit the next year, besides sending out shoots, each of which, when properly transplanted, will produce one apple. There are many varieties of pineapples; but the same variety tastes the same in Chicago as it does in the Society Islands.

Oranges grow spontaneously in these islands, and no one thinks of cultivating them. Whole ship-loads go to waste on the ground. Island oranges are very large and juicy, but none are so sweet as the Jaffa, which grows in Florida.

Cocoanuts are harvested by the white planters nearly every day in the year, but the islander who may possess enough ambition to harvest them at all waits until the rainy season has passed. Then he climbs the trees, and knocks down all the old nuts. These, with

dry, the pods are tied in little round bundles weighing about half a pound each, and sold.

JOSEPH GREEN.

THY GIFT

God is not so deceived with selfish thrift
As to forget that sacrifice alone
Is proof of love; the Master made the test
The all-ness, not the small-ness, of the gift.

— Robert Whitaker.

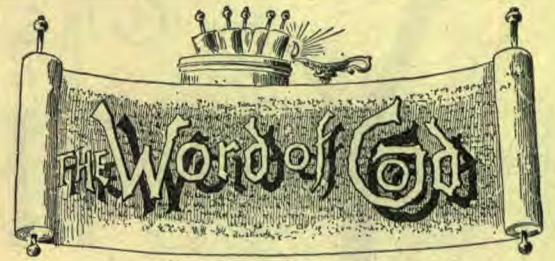
"UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD"

WHILE traveling in a coal-mine district, I noticed how very dingy the town appeared. Coal dust blackened buildings, trees, shrubs—everything. But as a foreman and I were walking near the mines, I noticed a beautiful white flower. Its petals were as pure as if it were blooming in a daisy field.

"What care the owner of this plant must take of it," said I, "to keep it so free from dust and dirt."

"See here," said the foreman; and taking up a handful of coal dust, he threw it over the flower. It immediately fell off, and left the flower as stainless as before.

"It has an enamel," the foreman explained, "which prevents any dust from clinging to it. I think it must have been created for just such a place."—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.



"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR"

II

FROM various sources the magi of the East had learned of the expectation that One was to be born who should be King of the Jews. God was flashing his light upon those who were searching for truth; and while the priests and rulers of the Jewish nation, knowing not the time or manner of the Messiah's coming, though prophecy had plainly revealed this, were living in expectation of welcoming a king who would bring to their nation riches, honor, and power, there were those far less highly privileged, who were diligently searching for a knowledge of the great events that were to take place. Many were praying for light in regard to the Deliverer, who, they had been told, was to come as a warrior, subduing the world to himself by his power. Their faith in their religious customs did not satisfy the wants of the soul. They were hungering and thirsting for a knowledge of the God of whom they knew so little. They remembered the words spoken by Balaam when he was urged to curse Israel.

Balaam had a knowledge of the true God, and he claimed to be converted. But his education and experience in magic held a bewitching power over him; and when solicited by Balak to curse Israel, he was urged by his infatuation to do so. He longed to obtain riches and renown by cursing Israel, but the Lord told him he would not allow him to practise his incantations and sorceries against his people. And when Balaam rose up to do as the king of Moab had requested him to, his lips uttered words very different from the words the king hoped to hear spoken. "And Balak said unto Balaam, What hast thou done unto me? I took thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast blessed them altogether."

In answer to the king's remonstrance, Balaam said: "Behold, I have received commandment to bless: and he hath blessed; and I can not reverse it. He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel; the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them. God brought them out of Egypt; he hath as it were the strength of a unicorn. Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!"

Again the controlling power of God came upon Balaam, and once more he uttered words entirely contrary to his inclinations. As he saw Israel abiding in their tents according to their tribes, the veil of the future was removed, and he saw the prosperity that would attend them. He knew that One whom Satan and all his host could not overcome was standing in Israel's defense, and he exclaimed: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys they are spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters. . . . I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Scepter shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth."

These prophecies in regard to Christ's advent had been impressed upon minds from century to century. Devout men were waiting in anxious expectancy for a deliverer to appear. They were seeking earnestly for truth, praying for a clearer knowledge of the God whom as yet they but dimly comprehended. Truth was being revealed to them, it was sweeping away the dark clouds of idolatry; for God ever reveals himself to the humble seeker for light.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN SAYING?

I HEAR the voices of children
Calling from over the seas;
The wail of their pleading accents
Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,
Away in those heathen lands,
As they plaintively lift their voices,
And eagerly stretch their hands?

"Oh, Buddha is cold and distant;
He does not regard our tears;
We pray, but he never answers;
We call, but he never hears!

"Oh, Brahma in all the shasters
No comforting word has given,
No help in our earthly journey,
No promise nor hope for heaven!

"Oh, vain is the Moslem prophet,
And bitter his creed of 'fate';
It lightens no ill to tell us
That Allah is only great!

"We have heard of a God whose mercy
Is tenderer far than these;
We are told of a kinder Saviour,
By sahibs from over the seas.

"They tell us that when you offer
Your worship, he always hears:
Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
Our Buddha is blind to tears.

"We grope in the midst of darkness,
With none who can guide aright.
Oh, share with us, Christian children,
A spark of your living light!"

This, this, is the plaintive burden
Borne hitherward on the breeze;
These, these, are the words they
are saying,
Those children beyond the seas.
—Margaret J. Preston.

MODERN EDUCATION IN GREECE

THE oldest of the ancient classical nations, Greece naturally excites our interest. It is about half the size of Peru, with a mild climate and a diversified surface, and has nearly three million inhabitants. The numerous coast indentures furnish advantages for the arts of war; thus the education has always been more or less martial. "During the heroic age, to which belongs the immortal siege of Troy, education possessed but a single character. It was patriarchal. The father trained his sons to physical strength and filial piety; and the mother trained her daughters to household duties and domestic virtues. In the language of Schiller, 'To throw a spear and honor the gods' was the end of male education." During the second and third centuries B. C., when Leonidas defended Thermopylae, and Miltiades won the field of Marathon, there was a rivalry and marked contrast between the schools of Sparta and those of Athens. But as the readers of the INSTRUCTOR are undoubtedly familiar with ancient education in Greece, we will leave that subject, and turn our attention to modern education in this country.

The most interesting phase of Grecian education, especially to one who has been interested in the language before coming here, is the language itself. It is rather shocking for one who has held the language almost in reverence, not only because it was used by the ancient classical authors, but also because it was the original language of the gospel, to hear the street urchins speak it as readily as those in London use English, and to see it used in advertising the every-day commodities of life, and, of course, even liquors and tobacco.

It is often asked by teachers and students of ancient Greek if the modern language can be understood by one acquainted with the ancient. From personal knowledge, and from the testimony of those who have had a similar experience, I can say that when such a person first picks up a modern Greek newspaper, he feels very much as he does when he is confronted by some one whom he has met before, but can not recall, and has to acknowledge, "Your face looks quite familiar, but—but—I can't recall your name." As for the spoken language, it baffles the most efficient professor of ancient Greek. In fact, it is a joke among the Greeks that the teachers of Greek in the German, French, and English schools can not speak it. There are three reasons for this: (1) we do not learn the pronunciation; (2) many ancient words are obsolete, new ones have taken their places, and the construction often varies; (3) the puzzling way in which the words are all strung together, sounding like one continuous word, vowels and syllables often being omitted. This is much as Greek was originally written.

At the present time the cities and most of the villages are provided with schools; and as there is a village wherever there is available land, the schools are accessible to all. However, as education is not compulsory, many of the poor and a majority of the country people are unable to read and write. Higher education is here enjoyed almost exclusively by the sons of wealthy parents; while the less fortunate boy must discontinue his studies at an



A GROUP OF CHILDREN IN THE PRIMARY SCHOOL, WITH THEIR TEACHERS.

early age,—if, indeed, he has had the privilege of any schooling at all,—and go to work.

At the age of six years the child enters upon his first course of study. This is a four years' course, and corresponds to our primary school. Here the child studies reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, vocal music, gymnastics, and the Odessey and the New Testament in modern Greek.

The second course is of three years' duration, and corresponds to our intermediate course. Here, besides the regular intermediate studies, the easier ancient authors are read, such as Aesop's Fables and Xenophon's Anabasis.

In these first two courses a registration fee of five drachmas is required for each class. (A drachma in silver or gold is worth about twenty cents, but these coins have almost disappeared, paper being used instead. This has so depreciated that it is worth less than fourteen cents.)

Next is the third course, which continues four years. It is called the "gymnasium," and is something like our high school. A registration fee of ten drachmas is charged for each class. Here, with other advanced studies, the student reads the ancient authors, such as Demosthenes, Plato, Thucydides, etc. He also studies French and Latin, though this last is of late often supplemented by English.

The fourth and last course is in the university at Athens, where the student studies his profession. This university has a world-wide reputation, and we hope sometime to be able to give the INSTRUCTOR a detailed account of its workings.

H. A. HENDERSON.

A MODERN MIRACLE

RECENTLY there have come to my knowledge certain remarkable facts in a woman's life, worthy of consideration by every earnest Christian. I will state them here briefly, without comment. The case is not one in which any attempt at pathos or argument would be fitting.

In 1884 Mary —, a successful teacher in southern Ohio, felt that she was called to the work of foreign missions. She was sent by the Methodist Church to Cawnpur, in India. She was a woman, I have been told, of great womanly charm, gentle, sincere, cheerful, noted for a certain peculiar purity and delicacy in both thought and person.

After six years of work her health suddenly failed, and she came home for a year's rest. Her mother was still living, and the old happy home of her childhood was ready to receive her. Her symptoms, however, puzzled the physicians. One day, while alone, she perceived on her skin a curious small white scale over a swelling. Without a word to her family she went to Cincinnati, and consulted eminent physicians there. They all agreed that she had contracted leprosy. She went to a specialist in New York, who had had large experience in the disease. He confirmed their decision.

The girl went home to make ready to depart forever. She kept her dread secret. She told her mother and sisters that she must return to India and take up her work at once. During the few remaining days she treated them with well-acted indifference, not suffering them to come near her or caress her, knowing how contagious is the disease. Even at parting, when her mother would have kissed her, she turned away with a cold neglect that seemed brutal to the lookers-on.

"Why do you go?" her mother cried. "God does not call you to leave me! Indeed, Mary, you are not well."

But Mary went without a word. Only she knew what she left behind forever, and to what she was going.

There was one gleam of hope. The New York physician sent her to an eminent doctor in London, a specialist in Eastern diseases. He examined her carefully, and pronounced the

disease to be Asiatic leprosy of the most malignant type. When she offered him his fee, he turned away with tears in his eyes, saying: "Madam, of what do you think I am made?" Knowing how contagious is this form of the disease, he hastened her on her way.

Let any woman try to understand what that long journey was to this girl. She was forever shut off from her kind. Human beings accursed as she was were bidden to cry out "Unclean!" if any one approached them. To the end of her life she was set apart from friends and love. She had not even her mother's kiss upon her lips. And at the end waited the death most brutal and horrible known to man. And she a dainty, loving woman!

But she made the journey with her awful secret, quiet, even cheerful. A physician who saw her on her way,—a man who believed in no religion,—said, gravely, "That woman has something about which I know nothing."

The sect in which she had worked has a station in the Himalayas at Pithaagarh, and about two miles distant the Scotch Presbyterians have an asylum for lepers. She went to this house, and began her work among them. There are sixty patients in the house, and over four hundred in the neighborhood.

Here is the singular fact in the case: Mary — had many kinsfolk and friends among the class of Christians who believe that Christ hears prayer now just as he did when he walked the earth, and answers it according to our faith, as he did then. According to her physicians, the disease would make a brief course.

"But," writes one of her friends, "in all of my life of sixty years I never have known such earnestness, such unanimity, in prayer as has gone up from her friends and fellow workers here and in India for the healing of this woman." She has been six years at work in the leper colony; and not only has her disease made no advance, but the symptoms have almost disappeared. Her health is good.

A distinguished surgeon of the British army recently made a close examination, and said: "While the virus probably still exists in her system, and might manifest itself, she is practically now a well woman."—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in the Congregationalist.*



SOMETIME

LAST night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh;
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For oh, I love you so!
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you will know.

Sometime, when, in a darkened place,
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep,
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile, will show:
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you will know.

Look backward then into the years,
And see me here to-night—
See, O my darling! how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago:
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you will know.

—*Eugene Field.*

MODES OF SALUTATION

THE Arabs say, on meeting, "A fine morning to you!"

The Turk says, with dignified gravity, "God grant you his blessings!"

The Persian salutation is familiar to all the world, from its comic quaintness, "May your shadow never grow less!"

The Egyptian is a practical man. He has to earn his taxes by toil under a burning sun; and accordingly when he meets his fellow, he asks, "How do you sweat?" The reader is probably aware that in those low latitudes all is well with a laborer as long as he perspires freely.

The Chinaman loves his dinner. "How are you digesting?" he kindly inquires, on meeting a friend.

The Greeks, who are keen men of business, close bargainers, ask one another, "How are you getting on?"

The national salutation of Naples was formerly, "Grow in grace!" At present, in all parts of Italy a phrase equivalent to "How are you?" is used.

The Spaniards say, "How are you passing it?"

The French, "How do you carry yourself?"

The Germans, "How does it go?"

The Dutch, "How do you travel?"

The Swedes, "How can you?" meaning, "Are you in good vigor?"

The Russians, "Be well!"

The English-speaking races, in addition to the juvenile and telephonic "Hello!" say, "How are you?" and "How do you do?"

We also take off the hat, shake hands, embrace, bow, and kiss, as, in other climes, persons rub noses, touch foreheads, and take off their shoes.

The American in Italy is surprised to see men embrace and kiss each other, as in Bible lands.

The Italians, in turn, look upon our hand-shaking as cold and ridiculous, the bobbing up and down of the arm having no meaning whatever to them.

The touching of the tips of gloved fingers, if more graceful than hand-shaking, must also appear professional and expressionless to the peoples of the East.

The bow, as a mark of respect, is used by nearly all nations, and had its origin in ancient times.—*Selected.*

CROWNED QUEEN AFTER DEATH

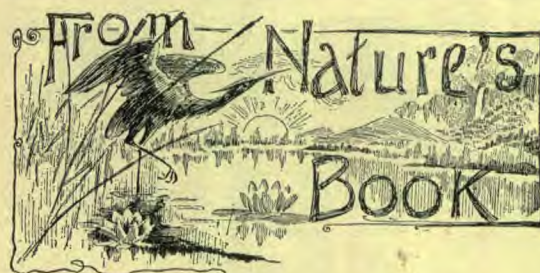
THERE is no more remarkable page in all history than the one which tells of the crowning of Inez de Castro's fleshless skull as queen of Portugal. She had been married clandestinely to young Don Pedro, and was murdered three years later by assassins instigated by her father-in-law. When the young don heard of her death, he was beside himself with grief and rage. Two of the assassins fell into his hands, and suffered terrible torture. When Pedro came to the throne, a few years later, he had the bones of Inez taken from the grave, placed upon a magnificent throne, robed in royal purple, and actually crowned queen of Portugal. The court was summoned, and compelled to do her homage, just as if she were a living queen. One fleshless hand held the scepter, and the other the orb of royalty. On the second night of this weird ceremony, the fleshless queen was borne before a grand funeral cortege extending several miles, each person holding a torch. Lying in her rich robes, her crown upon her skull, in a chariot drawn by twenty coal-black mules, Queen Inez, the only queen who never knew her royal station, was driven to the royal abbey of Alcobaca, where her bones were interred with as much pomp as if she had died but yesterday. The monument erected to her is still to be seen in the abbey, standing near that of her loyal husband, "Pedro the Just."—*Exchange.*

HOW CAMPHOR IS OBTAINED

CAMPHOR is now exclusively a product of Japan, since the annexation of Formosa to that country. The camphor-tree thrives only in particular localities. It grows at the rate of about one and one-half inches a year, and attains a great size, trees forty feet in circumference being not unusual. The quantity of camphor produced by a tree increases as the tree grows older, and as much as eighty pounds of camphor has been obtained at one time from trees between fifty and one hundred and fifty years old.

Crude camphor is made by steaming the thin chips of the wood in a wooden cask set over an iron pot, the camphor in a gaseous state being conveyed through a bamboo pipe to a set of two rectangular wooden receptacles placed one within the other. In these the steam is condensed and the camphor solidified. The chips are steamed for twenty-four hours, and then replaced by fresh chips, this process continuing for from ten to fifteen days. When the receptacles become thoroughly cooled, the solid camphor deposited in the lower compartment of the upper receptacle is scraped off, and put into a dripping tub, where it is left for three days to separate water and oils from the crude camphor. The cultivation of camphor-trees is considered very profitable in Japan.—*Exchange.*

TO KEEP the complexion and spirits good; to preserve grace, strength, and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise so beneficial, as sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and ironing. One year of such muscular effort indoors, together with regular exercise in the open air, will do more for a woman's complexion than all the lotions and pomades ever compounded. Perhaps the reason that housework does more good than games is that exercise that is immediately productive cheers the spirit, gives courage to go on living, and makes things seem really worth while.—*Medical Record.*



SEASONABLE HINTS ABOUT FLOWERS

IF you are a church-school teacher, you will need plants and flowers for illustration this winter. Ask the school trustees to buy for you a few of some of the more hardy varieties.

A TUBEROSE that has blossomed can not be relied upon to bloom again. The bulbs are so inexpensive that it does not pay to save the old ones. Any that you wish to save must be taken up early, and the stems cut back to about three inches. When the bulbs are dry, pack in sand, and store in a dry, warm place.

STORE all bulbs in tin cans, which can be covered, to protect from mice and rats. If mold or rot appears, wipe the bulbs dry, and store in a dryer place. The appearance of mold or rot does not necessarily mean that the bulbs are ruined. Be sure to label all bulbs when storing, as well as when setting out. Use ink, and paper that will last. An amateur of my acquaintance puts her labels into homeopathic vials. This is a good idea.

GLADIOLI keep as easily as potatoes. Take up in October, and cut back the stems to five inches, being careful to remove all trace of the old bulb. Spread out in the shade, and let them dry for at least a week. It is important that they become thoroughly dry. In the spring remove the little bulblets, and set out in a nursery bed. They will bloom the second year. Pierce the shell before planting. Don't break up the clumps until you are about to replant.

HAVE you ever had a browallia? Try one. The plants are inexpensive, and have a pretty blue flower that springs up from a fine leaf in a very attractive way. They are easy to cultivate, needing only to be kept well watered if the room is dry. Another plant that is easy to grow is the plumbago. Cut each stalk back to three or four inches in length as soon as the bloom fades, and another stalk will soon appear, and give you another flower. The bloom comes on the end of each stalk. Plumbagos are lovely plants when in full bloom.

IF you would like a pretty hanging-basket this winter, use one or two plants of asparagus springerii, allowing them to spread and droop. Put nothing else in the basket. Other pretty baskets can be cheaply made with pink oxalis, six bulbs; moneywort; lysimachia; saxifrage; sarmentosa; and sweet alyssum. When hanging-baskets are failures, it is nearly always because of improper watering. Wetting the surface is not enough: the basket should soak in a tub for an hour or two every day, and be well drained before it is brought back to the window.

GET the soil ready now for your winter potted plants. Cut and stack up sod, placing manure between each layer. Build the pile out in the sunshine, with the grass side down. In two weeks chop the pile fine with a sharp spade, and heap up again, moistening slightly. Early in October chop and stir again. Before storing away indoors, add a third part of sand, more well-rotted manure, and some bone-meal. If you can procure leaf-mold from the woods, add a third of that. Also put away some of the soil without these additions, and carry in a good share of clear sand, to make such mixtures as may be found necessary. Provide drainage material and pots.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



LESSONS

"QUACK! quack!" says Mother Duck.
"Jump right in! Think what good luck
To have a pool in perfect trim,
Where baby ducks can learn to swim!"

"Cluck! cluck!" says Cripple-crow;
"Here's a fat worm, take it down.
See! this is the way—scratch! scratch!
Learn your own fat worms to catch."

Says Mother Bird: "Now do your best.
Children, you must leave the nest.
One—two—three! Now only try!
That's the way to learn to fly."

Says Mother Puss: "Just wait till dark!
We'll have supper—hark! hark! hark!
There's a mouse by the pantry wall—
One bold spring, and that is all."

"What a journey! Papa, see!
From the table to my knee,"
Says mama. "Ah! not too fast.
Baby'll learn to walk at last."

Mary F. Butts, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE BURNING BUSH

AUTUMN, the richest and most beautiful season of the year, has come. The shortening days and falling leaves remind us that it is getting late in the year; and winter, the time for nature's rest and sleep, is hastening on. Spring is the bright sunrise of the year, and, like the dawn of summer days, it comes in with a burst of song and beauty. But even more beautiful is autumn, the year's sunset.

You have seen, when the sun is setting in the evening, the clouds take up and reflect his departing glory in all shades of lovely rose and amber tints. In the same way now, as he is preparing to leave us for a season, all nature seems to be doing him honor, bursting forth into a blaze of richest color, revealing the glory which has been gathered from his own bright rays all through the summer.

What, dear children, do you see in all this glory and beauty? Is it to you only a wonderful and beautiful sight? or do you see and worship God, of whom it is all a revelation?

Once when Moses was leading his flock in a quiet country place, he saw a "great sight,"—a burning bush, which, though it was in a full blaze, was "not consumed." He thought this very strange, and turned aside to wonder and admire.

Moses did not at first see God in the burning bush; but as he gazed and considered, he heard a voice, the voice of God, speaking to him out of the midst of the bush, and saying: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Oh, what a different place that spot became to Moses at that instant! His eyes were opened. In that burning bush he now saw the glory of the Lord; and he worshiped him, while God talked with him.

Did you ever think it a strange thing that God should reveal himself to Moses, and talk with him out of a common bush? Well, in this he was not doing anything different from what he is doing all the time to those who can see and hear him; for "every common bush is afire with God."

In the glorious glowing colors now to be seen in the blossoms and leaves, the fruit and berries, on the bushes and plants and trees, we are looking upon just the same glory that Moses saw when "the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a

bush;" for remember that all color is the reflected light of the sun, and this is the glory of Jesus, the Light of the world.

But many do not even see the glory; they pass all these beautiful "burning bushes" by unheeded. Others, like Moses, turn aside to see and admire the sight, so beautiful, so wonderful; but they do not see God in it, so they do not know that the place is holy, and they do not "take off their shoes;" that is, they do not worship the One whose glory they are beholding.

But to those who have "ears to hear" as well as eyes to see, out of the midst of every bush and tree and plant comes the voice of God, saying, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground," for the presence and glory of the Lord are here.

Then, when he has taught us to see his glory and to hear his voice in all these things, he can talk with us as he did with Moses, "out of the

small gourd, or cup, with a tube perforated at one end, passed from one to another. After partaking of the m^{ate}, all proceed to work. The sheep are driven from a large corral to smaller ones to be caught, and a "catcher" catches and ties the animals for the shearers. Formerly, when sheep were smaller, each man could shear about one hundred in a day; but now to shear fifty of the largest sheep is considered a good day's work.

At 8 A. M. some meat on a spit is partaken of, each drawing a knife, and cutting off a portion. At noon, dinner, consisting mostly of meat soup, boiled and broiled meat, and in some cases hard biscuits, is served. Then follows the siesta, or noonday nap; and at about 2:30 work is resumed until sunset, m^{ate} being served at various intervals. Supper is a repetition of the noonday meal, and is followed by gambling, many losing at night all they have earned during the day. Horse-racing is another favorite diversion.

The sheep often suffer from unskilful shearing; but the owner dares not complain, as all the shearers might leave him. The poor animals often die, after shearing, as a result of exposure to the *pamperos*, or storms from the south. A few progressive farmers provide shelter for their flocks, but such men are rare. L. BROOKING.

THE BOY WHO PLANTS SEEDS

THE small boy who lives across the street looks like a picture of Fun and Frolic. When he moved into the neighborhood, everybody was glad to see him. Now, sad to relate, everybody would be glad to have him move away. This state of mind did not come all at once; it grew like a plant, and the small boy sowed the seed.

First it was the grocer-boy who hoped he would move. The small boy sowed the seed of that wish by throwing stones at the horse when the grocer-boy went into houses to deliver goods. The horse ran away, and some eggs were broken. Fortunately, the small boy was frightened, and behaved well for a week or more when the horse from the grocer's was in the neighborhood.

The next seed sown by the small boy was in the heart of the mother of the baby. Every day the baby is waked from her nap by the small boy. Sometimes he pounds on the fence with a stick; sometimes he runs up and down, yelling and screaming, in front of the house; sometimes he kicks a tin can along the walk: one thing is certain,—the baby is never asleep long before the small boy

wakens her.

Next he sowed a wish-seed in the mind of the lady who owns a dog. Before he came, the dog could run outdoors alone. He can not now; the small boy beats him with a stick, torments him by throwing stones at him, or shuts him in the vestibule. The lady who owns the dog is afraid that some day the dog will bite the small boy, so she stays outdoors with him. The wish-seed in her mind is very strong and large. In fact, in everybody in the neighborhood the wish-seed has been sown, and it is growing very strong and tall. Every day, and at intervals all day, the small boy is firing off torpedoes and caps in a pistol. There is never a minute's peace. All day, bang! bang! bang! The baby does not sleep at all, and is getting white and fretful. The dog refuses to go out in the daytime. The grocers and butchers put extra men on their wagons when they come in the neighborhood. Everybody dislikes the small boy,—dislikes him so much that he no longer looks jolly and fun-loving to them, but like a disagreeable person who does not care about anybody but himself.

Perhaps you have met this small boy who plants the wish-seed of "Do-move-away."



"WHERE BABY DUCKS CAN LEARN TO SWIM."

midst of the bush." In all his works his voice will speak to us, teaching us day by day just the lessons that he sees we are needing, and telling us those secrets of his love that he wishes us to know. EDITH E. ADAMS.

A DAY'S OCCUPATION

EIGHT hours to sleep, and two to walk,
And three to eat and laugh and talk,
Six for study every day,
Five are left for work and play.
Eat well, sleep well, work well, read well,
And your life will always speed well.

—Delia Hart Stone.

SHEEP-SHEARING IN ARGENTINA

ABOUT the middle of September, sheep-shearing begins in Argentina; and on the sheep-farms every one who is able to work is busy. Twelve or more shearers, mostly natives or Italians, travel together from farm to farm. In addition there is a cook, who before daylight gets the fire ready to make m^{ate}—a tea made from a plant indigenous to Paraguay and northern Argentina. It is drunk out of a

You must feel sorry for him; for he has no neighborhood friends, and that is sad. It may be that if you would tell him about the wish-seed he is planting, he would stop sowing that kind of seed in the neighborhood.—*The Outlook*.

BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—NO. 3

(October 21, 1899)

THE BARREN FIG-TREE AND THE TEMPLE CLEANSING

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 21:12-22; Mark 11:12-26.

Memory Verses.—Mark 11:22-24.

Time: A. D. 31. **Place:** Jerusalem. **Persons:** Jesus, disciples, traders in the temple, scribes and chief priests, children.

QUESTIONS

1. Where did Jesus go in the evening after his triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Mark 11:11. As he returned the next morning, what was his experience? V. 12. What did he do in order to procure food? With what success? What curse did he pronounce upon the tree? V. 14; note 1.
2. When they had entered the city, to what place did they go? V. 15. What did Jesus immediately do? *Id.*; note 2. What prohibition did he place upon the people? V. 16.
3. What question did he then ask? V. 17. Instead of a house of prayer, what did he say they had made of it? *Id.*
4. When the traders were cast out, who came to Jesus? Matt. 21:14. As Jesus healed the people, what scene of rejoicing took place? What were the feelings of the priests as they heard the shouts of the children? V. 15.
5. What did they say to Jesus by way of reproof? What answer did he give? V. 16. What was the effect of Jesus' work and words upon the Jewish leaders? Mark 11:18.
6. At the close of the day, where did Jesus again go? Matt. 21:17. When did he return? V. 18. What again came to the attention of the disciples? Mark 11:20. What were their feelings? Matt. 21:20.
7. Who now spoke for the twelve? What did he say? Mark 11:21. What was Jesus' response? V. 22. With what words did he encourage them to have faith? V. 23. What is the true way to exercise faith? V. 24; note 3.
8. To pray acceptably, what is necessary on the part of the petitioner? Why? V. 25. What is certain to one who prays with an unforgiving spirit? V. 26.

NOTES

1. It was not the season for ripe figs, except in certain localities; and on the highlands about Jerusalem it might truly be said, "The time of figs was not yet." But in the orchard to which Jesus came, one tree appeared to be in advance of all the others. It was already covered with leaves. It is the nature of the fig-tree that before the leaves open, the growing fruit appears. Therefore this tree in full leaf gave promise of well-developed fruit. But its appearance was deceptive. Upon searching its branches, from the lowest bough to the topmost twig, Jesus found "nothing but leaves."—"The Desire of Ages," page 581. The fig-tree was taken by Jesus as "a symbol of the Jewish nation. The Saviour desired to make plain to his disciples the cause and certainty of Israel's doom." The Jews, like the fig-tree, "spread their pretentious branches aloft, luxuriant in appearance, and beautiful to the eye, but they yielded 'nothing but leaves.'"

2. When Jesus began his public ministry, he cleansed the temple from its sacrilegious profanation. Almost the last act of his ministry was to cleanse the temple again. So in the last work for the warning of the world, two distinct calls are made to the churches,—the second angel's message, and the voice heard from heaven, "Come out of her, my people."—*Special Testimony*. From these words we see that Jesus' act in cleansing the temple was typical of a work to be done in the last days. The first cleansing corresponds to the second angel's message of 1840-1844 (Rev. 14:8);

the second cleansing to the last call and loud cry of the third angel's message. See Rev. 18:1-5.

3. "True faith lays hold of and claims the promised blessing before it is realized and felt. We must send up our petitions in faith within the second vail, and let our faith take hold of the promised blessing, and claim it as ours. We are then to believe that we receive the blessing because our faith has hold of it; and according to the word, it is ours. 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Here is faith, naked faith, to believe that we receive the blessing even before we realize it. When the promised blessing is realized and enjoyed, faith is swallowed up. But many suppose they have much faith when sharing largely of the Holy Spirit, and that they can not have faith unless they feel the power of the Spirit. Such confound faith with the blessing that comes through faith. The very time to exercise faith is when we feel destitute of the Spirit. When thick clouds of darkness seem to hover over the mind, then is the time to let living faith pierce the darkness and scatter the clouds."



Chapter XVII

THE matron of the mission, as she went about her duties, would have given a great deal for the right to penetrate the solemn silence that hung like a cloud over that upper room; but she dare not intrude. Neither will we. No one should enter into the secret of such an hour as had come to Shirley Goss. No one could understand its mysterious working, any more than he could understand how the kernel of corn hidden in the earth grows up toward the sun. It is only by that which outwardly appears that we can know that anything happened in that place of clouds and mystery.

It was five o'clock when Shirley at last appeared in the lower hall, and met the matron, who was just ascending the stairway from the basement. And the matron thought, "By the same token I know she has met with the same God." It was not necessary for Shirley to veil her face; but it did shine with a calm, sweet light, that made it as beautiful as the morning—"a morning without clouds."

"Oh, I thank you so much!" she said, reaching out her hand. "Everybody has been so good to me. I wish to leave you this for your mission. I would do more now, but I shall need my fare, you see. I would like your address, for I must remember you. Can you give me a card?"

Without a word—for she could not have spoken—the matron stepped quickly to the back parlor, and took some cards from a case on the mantle.

What was there about this young woman, which moved her so that she was ready to melt into tears? How strong she was! What an atmosphere she breathed out! How she longed to take hold of her and keep her! What a helper, yes, what a leader, she would make in this work to which she was obliged to give the last end of her years!

Shirley had followed her, and took the cards.

"Thank you; I can use this many, I know, yet I don't think you have much need of cards. There seems to be another way to find your house. Now I must hasten. I have only just about time. Good-by. I thank you more than I can tell, for I did find the way from Sinai to Olivet. Good-by."

"Good-by, dear child. But I would like to know you better, and if you could wait—"

"Not this time, but I shall find you again on a different errand some day. Good-by. I will catch this next car."

Shirley went directly to the Union Depot, and bought a ticket for Waterman. She was just closing her purse, and turning away from

the window, when, glancing up, she met the eyes of Martin McCarty fixed upon her. For just an instant her whole nature recoiled with fear. The experiences of that awful night were fresh and terrible: they could never be less. But only an instant was she afraid; for she now saw everything in the light of the "bright cloud." She knew that she could do nothing to protect herself from anything he might say; but that she would be protected, she was sure. He had met her under conditions that, if he chose, could be made to fill the whole countryside about her home with the busiest kind of gossip. She had not experience enough even to foreshadow in her own mind one half of that to which she had exposed herself, but she knew and felt enough to cause her to be glad that she had committed her way to the strong One for protection and succor; and as if it had been spoken in her ear, there came the assurance: "He shall give his angels charge over thee," "and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." But McCarty evidently had no intention of forcing any attentions upon Shirley; he even took another coach; and during the hour's ride in that beautiful spring afternoon she had nothing to disturb the quiet thoughts with which she was busy.

The same conductor took her ticket, and lingered just a moment to take an old father's crumb of comfort out of the fresh, sweet, womanly grace into which she had developed as perceptibly and rapidly as any other of the "spring beauties" that garnished meadow, orchard, and forest.

As she alighted from the train, the ticket agent saw her, smiled, lifted his cap, and said: "Your father just missed you, Miss Shirley. He was at the other train."

"Oh!"

"Yes, and he seemed awfully disappointed, too."

"Thank you. It'll not take me long to walk it," and she hastened on.

As Shirley approached the home place, she saw her father at the barn. His face was turned from her; and as she came nearer, she saw that he was busy tightening a door-hinge. Everything was very still, and a sense of oppression began to steal over her; but she went straight on, and at last the sound of her step caused him to lift and turn himself.

The cry of "O father!" was in her throat, but the look on his face froze or stifled it, so that it was he who spoke first.

"Well!" he said, coldly, "so you thought you would come back, did you? What have you done with the rest of them? and why didn't you get in on the train you said you would?—make me hitch up and go to all that trouble for nothing!"

"Wh—what do you mean? who? what?"

"Oh, you don't know anything, do you? Where are Will, and that Seth, and goodness knows how many more? And what did they promise you if you would come back? A pretty time you've made for us all, to say nothing of being town talk."

Shirley stood a moment irresolute under the cold, cruel, contemptuous anger of her father; and the question rushed from heart to brain and brain to heart, Would it pay, after all, to try? Was not the way too steep and cold and hard? Would it not be better to retreat right at the outset? What could she ever do with this strange, unfatherly spirit, which seemed breathing hatred into her very soul? But she could not forget the sweetness of the divine love that she had tasted in her Olivet, nor yet the solemnity of Sinai, with its commandment, "Honor thy father;" and the more he lacked in himself, the more must she bring him in herself.

As in one clear flash of light she saw her privilege,—for her the one opportunity of a lifetime,—that was to prove what an honest surrender of self to Christ could do for a young girl in an ungodly home. She saw, as never before, the utter wretchedness of the life in which she had been brought up, and it almost staggered her; but as she cried out silently for help, the glory of Christ, which had been revealed to her in that upper room in the mission, surged back into her soul. Its tides

welled up and retouched her face until it again took on that beatific light; and looking her father in the eyes, she stepped quickly toward him, extended her hand, and said: "Father, you do not quite understand; but I have not seen Will—nor—Seth—nor any one from home. I haven't heard from any one; but I have learned a few things, and I have come back because I saw that I was doing wrong. I have repented. I have asked God to forgive me. He has done it, and I am going to just be your same little girl that—that—I used to be before I got so wicked; and I want my same old dad back again; for, don't you know? we must belong to each other. We must, father; I'm glad it's so. So, now, you asked me if I'd chirk up, and I'm chirkin'—see? Come, let us kiss and make up, dear old dad."

Mr. Goss stood with his back braced straight against the door. Any one looking into his face would have known that a fierce struggle had been suddenly precipitated upon him—a life-and-death struggle.

Shirley had her hands on his shoulders, her face lifted toward him, eloquent in its beautiful, tender pleading. His lips were drawn into a thin line, his square chin showed all its corners; but his eyes were growing red and moist in spite of himself, and his hands, which hung straight at his sides, were twitching nervously.

He understood what had happened to Shirley,—that thing which, if he should recognize and yield to it, would bring him to repentance, to confession, to salvation, to separation from the world. Should he recognize it? Should he bow his head, and let his lips touch hers? Should he lift his arms and fold them about her?—For one little moment he thought he should. He longed inexpressibly to do it, but it meant too much. He must take time to think it over, to sit down and count the cost. So, after a moment, he drew himself reluctantly but firmly away, and said: "Well, you can go in and chirk up your mother, then. As for me, I'll see how you hold out. I've seen folks repent before when they had to."

Shirley's first impulse was to hold on to her father and plead with him. She felt as if her heart would burst with the disappointment of this reception; but her good angel restrained her from even one tear. Enough, however, of that which was within was expressed in her face to give her father some idea of the victory she must have gained before she could step away from him as she did, gently, graciously, and say: "Well, I don't blame you one bit, dear old Dad. You've had a naughty child to bother with so long. But I am *honestly* sorry, father, and you can't make me believe that you don't love me, and are not glad that I have come home; and you can't prevent *that*,"—throwing him a kiss,— "and it struck you right on your soft spot, I know it did."

Mr. Goss wondered at himself, and was more troubled than he would have confessed even to himself, to think that he could resist the winsome grace of Shirley's personality, her voice, her loving words and ways, and really stand without one sign of reply, and see her turn and walk from him to the house. What was the matter with him? Was his heart dead, dried up, that he could pass unmoved through all this? He felt that he must have changed with incredible rapidity. A week ago he would have taken her in his arms, and wept glad tears over her, if she had called him "dear old dad," as she used to when a little child. He could not understand himself; and as he went on with his work, "tinkering about," his mind was busy with the problem of his own nature; for he was a thoughtful man, accustomed to dwell upon the deep things of God as manifested in many ways all about him. He was one of those who even delight in the law of God until it comes too personally home. He loved to meditate on the great principles of truth until he was forced to some close, practical application of them. Then he always excused himself for the present.

Shirley went in at the kitchen entrance. How still everything was! There were the dinner dishes piled up in the sink in the peculiar way that she at once recognized as Aunt Nell's;

and while she stood an instant wondering at the strangeness that seemed to have come over everything, the door swung, and Aunt Nell appeared with a tray in her hand.

"Well," she exclaimed in a whisper, while the tray was almost dropped in her surprise, "when and how *did* you come? O child! do you know that I haven't dared let your father come in since he came from the train, so that your mother would know you had n't come? I think it would have killed her. You may have made yourself motherless by your escapade."

"O Aunt Nell!"

"It's so."

"Where is she?" and Shirley sprang toward the door.

"No, no! Come back. Would you finish her now, by rushing in on her like that?" and Aunt Nell dropped into a chair, and began weeping bitterly.

Shirley had never seen her like this, and was on her knees at her side in a moment.

"O Aunt Nell!" she said, "what does it all mean? Oh, forgive me, and let me go to mother! I have repented, and God has forgiven me."

"Well, I'm glad of that; for if my sister *should* die, I don't know how I could—"

"Aunt Nell! O Aunt Nell! I can hardly bear this from you. But I must bear everything, I know. I deserve it. I was a wicked, foolish girl, but I have repented for good and all—and—"

"Where is Will? What did he say to you? I thought maybe you would n't come, anyhow."

"I have n't seen Will, or anybody, nor heard a thing. I saw father at the barn. I walked home. I don't know anything, only that I have been very wicked, and have repented, and asked God to give me strength to come home and be a good child; and that is all I am here for."

"So you came all by yourself?"

"Indeed I did."

"Well, then, I know that you must have met an angel."

"Maybe it was your prayers, Aunt Nell."

"Sure enough. I did pray; but it seems so long ago. I have n't slept since you left, and the strain has been awful, especially the last hour. I did not know what I was going to do. And when I came out here and saw you, I think I was upset for a minute. There!" and she threw her arms about Shirley, "you must excuse me. I never came so near the point of going over before. Oh, God is good to send you home! But where can Will be? Well, never mind now. Run up and put on a home dress, and come in as gently and naturally as possible to your mother. She is in her own room. Wait! You can bring her a cool drink; she always wants that."

Shirley ran up to her room, and Aunt Nell went into the sick-room. Every time she entered, she was shocked at the change that had been wrought in the plump, active little woman.

"I ought to have prepared Shirley," she thought. "I must yet, or she will certainly break down." So she turned to go out, but was detained by a wave of the weak hand and gasping efforts at speech. Hastening to the bedside, she said, in a soft, crooning voice: "There, dear. All our trouble has been foolish unbelief toward God, as you will see in a few minutes, when your little old housekeeper comes in with some fresh water."

"Shirley?"

"Yes, the very same. And the best of all is that she came back without anybody's finding her,—all on her own notion; she has n't seen nor heard of them. There those silly boys are this minute, I suppose, hunting that city over for her; and Ben goes down to the train to meet them, and met nobody; and an hour later in walks Shirley, as cool as you please, and as sweet and fresh as ever, thank God! And I tell you, sister, I feel as if we have all been taught a lesson. So does she. I'm never going to lose faith again."

"But I can't seem to believe she's here, after all," said Mrs. Goss, feebly.

"Well, I'll go and help her hurry up, so you can see her for yourself; and you must be as chipper as you can, and get well fast now,"

It was well that Aunt Nell could have another word with Shirley; for as she entered the room, and looked upon the pale, limp, wasted face and form of her mother, the realization of what she had done was almost more than she could bear. But she was helped, and was able to carry her mother safely through the ordeal of a meeting that threatened quite as much as it promised.

Shirley took at once the position of nurse, leaving Aunt Nell to look after the neglected house, and to find an early bed, which she did, feeling that the two men in Chicago could take care of themselves. Now that Shirley was at home again, all the world seemed suddenly to have reformed, and to have become a perfectly safe place for anybody; at least she would not be kept awake by any anxieties.

Not so with Mr. Goss. He came in for a few moments, looked sullenly at his wife, who had fallen asleep, and at Shirley, who was gently fanning her, and then went out without making a sign in response to the tender smile with which his child greeted him.

After a moment Shirley went out to find him. He was standing by the well, leaning on the pump. She went to his side, and would have slipped her hand to his shoulder, but he evaded her touch, turned from her, and went toward the barn.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

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| WEST-BOUND. | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| No. 21, Mail and Express | 6.58 P. M. |
| No. 23, Accommodation | 2.07 P. M. |
| No. 27, Local Freight | 8.25 A. M. |
| EAST-BOUND. | |
| No. 22, Mail and Express | 8.25 A. M. |
| No. 24, Accommodation | 1.45 P. M. |
| No. 28, Local Freight | 5.30 P. M. |

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Grand Trunk Railway System

Time Card in Effect February 5, 1899.

C. & G. T. DIVISION.

WEST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

| | LEAVE. |
|--|--------------------------|
| No. 11, Mail and Express, to Chicago | 12.00 M. |
| No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago | 9.00 A. M. |
| No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago | 8.40 P. M. |
| No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper | 12.55 A. M. |
| No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend | 7.30 A. M. |
| Nos. 11 and 75, daily, except Sunday. | Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily. |

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

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

E. H. HUGHES,
A. G. P. & T. Agt. Chicago, Ill.

A. S. PARKER,
Ticket Agent, Battle Creek.



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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—*Solomon.*

MONDAY:

Life counts not hours by joys or pangs,
But just by duties done.

—*Muloch.*

TUESDAY:

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—*Lowell.*

WEDNESDAY:

Gentle words are always gain.

—*Tennyson.*

THURSDAY:

"Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie."

FRIDAY:

"God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad."

SABBATH:

Hand in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

"I KNOW, BUT I CAN NOT TELL IT"

MANY persons are quite sincere in believing that they have a definite knowledge of some subject, but that they can not command the words in which so to express the thought as to give an explanation of it. Personal experience with this difficulty has led to some consideration of the cause, and also to the conclusion that the trouble arises from a lack of knowledge rather than a lack of words. A writer in a popular journal puts it thus: "A clear thought is the only one of value, and can always be clearly expressed if time and care are taken. The common expression, 'I know, but can not express it,' is not true; whatever is known clearly can be intelligibly stated. The person who pleads this excuse is one who does not think clearly; he has only a vague notion of what he would say. Such thought should be put to the test of clear and exact expression. No rule for mental growth is more important than the foregoing."

A person may think he clearly understands a thing, but the knowledge is not really *his own* unless he can tell it in his own words. A vague and uncertain idea of any subject is of no value to any one.

No doubt there are those in the INSTRUCTOR family who have accepted present truth as it has been taught to them, and yet have not a sufficiently accurate knowledge of it to enable them to tell it to others. Some may deceive themselves by thinking that they understand what they claim to believe, but that they have not been endowed with the ability to tell it. There could be no greater mistake. Any truth in God's word can be intelligibly told by *any one* who really understands it. The fact that any point of it can not be told ought to be sufficient evidence that it is not understood. It is absolutely essential in these days of peril that each child of God should understand the reasons for every principle of his belief. It is the definite knowledge of the truth, and the definite experience in it, that will save him from the deceptions of the enemy. Then, too, the particular work that each child of God must do, from this time on, is to tell the truth to others. "By thousands of voices, all over the earth, the warning will be given."

As a help in preparing for the great work that is to be done, the Missionary Reading-Circle has been planned. A part of the work of this circle is the study of the distinct message for this time. The outline of study will be so simple that every person who faithfully follows it will be enabled to have a definite and accurate understanding of the principles of our faith, and to tell what he knows.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

AS THE subscriptions for the *Berean Library* are coming in so fast, it has been decided to postpone for a few weeks the Topical Lessons in the *Review* and the Supplementary Notes in the INSTRUCTOR. This is to enable all to have the first number of the *Library* in time to begin the study with the first lesson.

Subscribe now. At least four numbers will be printed each year, and other numbers may be added from time to time. Price, to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, 75 cents a year. To foreign countries, \$1.



Some Old Trees.—A few of the thirteen trees planted and named by Alexander Hamilton in honor of the thirteen original colonies are yet standing in upper New York City, in a small part of what was at that early day the Hamilton estate. Long ago the old mansion house was removed, the land was given up to apartment houses, and the remaining trees were fenced in. The prospect is that they will be destroyed by vandal relic-seekers.

What Has Become of Them?—Some one with a mind for statistics declares that there are 119,900,000 old copper pennies knocking around somewhere in the United States. Once in a great while, one of them comes to light, and is bought by the collectors of old and rare coins. Not many years ago, 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were coined and set afloat; but though 3,000,000 of these are still outstanding, one does not often see them in change. There are 3,000,000 three-cent nickel pieces scattered over the country, but one is rarely seen. Of 800,000 half-cents, corresponding in value to the English farthing, not one has been returned to the government for recoinage.

Westminster Cathedral.—A few minutes' walk from Westminster Abbey in London, England, is a great building on which hundreds of workmen have already been employed for four years, and on which \$10,000,000 has already been spent, although its walls have not yet risen to more than two thirds their ultimate height. Though but little is known about it, it is the most significant and costly structure now building in England, if not in the world. It is to be known as Westminster Cathedral, and is to be the center from which the Roman Catholic Church will put forth new efforts to bring England back to itself. It is planned to surpass in every way all the other cathedrals in England. Funds to carry on the work are received from members of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world. The present prospects are that the Church of England will be ready to make the change from Protestantism back to Catholicism by the time the building is finished.

Cutting Steel with Electricity.—Not long ago some workmen engaged in reconstructing a large building in Chicago found that they would have to cut through six huge steel I-beams, each one fifteen inches high, with six-inch flanges. Such work is usually done with saws, and is a tedious process. But the difficulty did not end here: saws of a special pattern were needed, and it would take at least two weeks to make them, and two weeks more to saw through the beams. The engineers felt that they could not wait four weeks to proceed, and set about to devise some other way to do the work. How they succeeded is told in the *Young People's Weekly*: "Most of you know the brilliancy of an electric arc lamp, but perhaps you do not know the terrible heat that dwells in that little point of light,—heat so intense that, if it is properly applied, it will melt the hardest steel. An arc lamp has two pencils of carbon, whose points are brought very close together, but do not quite touch. Between them is a tiny flame, far hotter and fiercer than that in any ordinary fire. This flame is not straight, but curved, and forms the "arc" from which the lamp takes its name. For cutting the beams the engineers made a lamp-like device that had eight or ten times the brilliancy of the common electric street light. It had but one pencil, a one-and-one-half-inch round carbon, held in a case, which had a wooden handle by which the operator could manipulate it conveniently. The beam itself took the place of the other pencil, so that the arc played directly upon the steel. Then the connections were made with a dynamo, and an amount of energy equal to that of a five-horse-power steam-engine was set at work through the point of the carbon pencil. The light was so fierce that the workman who had charge of the lamp was obliged to wear double black spectacles to save his eyes from the terrible glare; and sometimes he had to keep a shield of asbestos board between himself and the lamp, to protect his body from the heat. In two hours the arc melted a fifteen-inch beam in two, and in twelve hours it had made its way through all six. It saved the contractors a great deal of money, and hastened the work nearly a month."

SPECIAL OFFER.

We will send the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR FREE for one year to any one sending us four **new** subscriptions at 75 cents each; that is, for \$3 we will send five copies one year, your own and four others.

Now is the time to work. Who will take advantage of this offer to secure a copy free of cost?