

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## "TO-MORROW" AND "OH, WAIT"



THAT loving word for which a heart  
is breaking  
Must needs be spoken now;  
That kind caress for which a soul  
is waking  
With throbbing brow  
Should fall in tenderness; that deed  
To ease a desperate strait of woe or  
need

Nay, let these words arouse to better things!  
Repent; return;  
Redeem the time as one who taketh wings;  
And pray and yearn;  
Lavish thy love; pray as thou hast not prayed;  
Fill up the measure empty and delayed;  
And claim thy heritage and thy estate,  
Spurning the voice "to-morrow" and "oh, wait."  
So shall the future hold for thee no sorrow,  
Sowing to-day what thou shalt reap to-morrow.

HOPE ONSLOW.

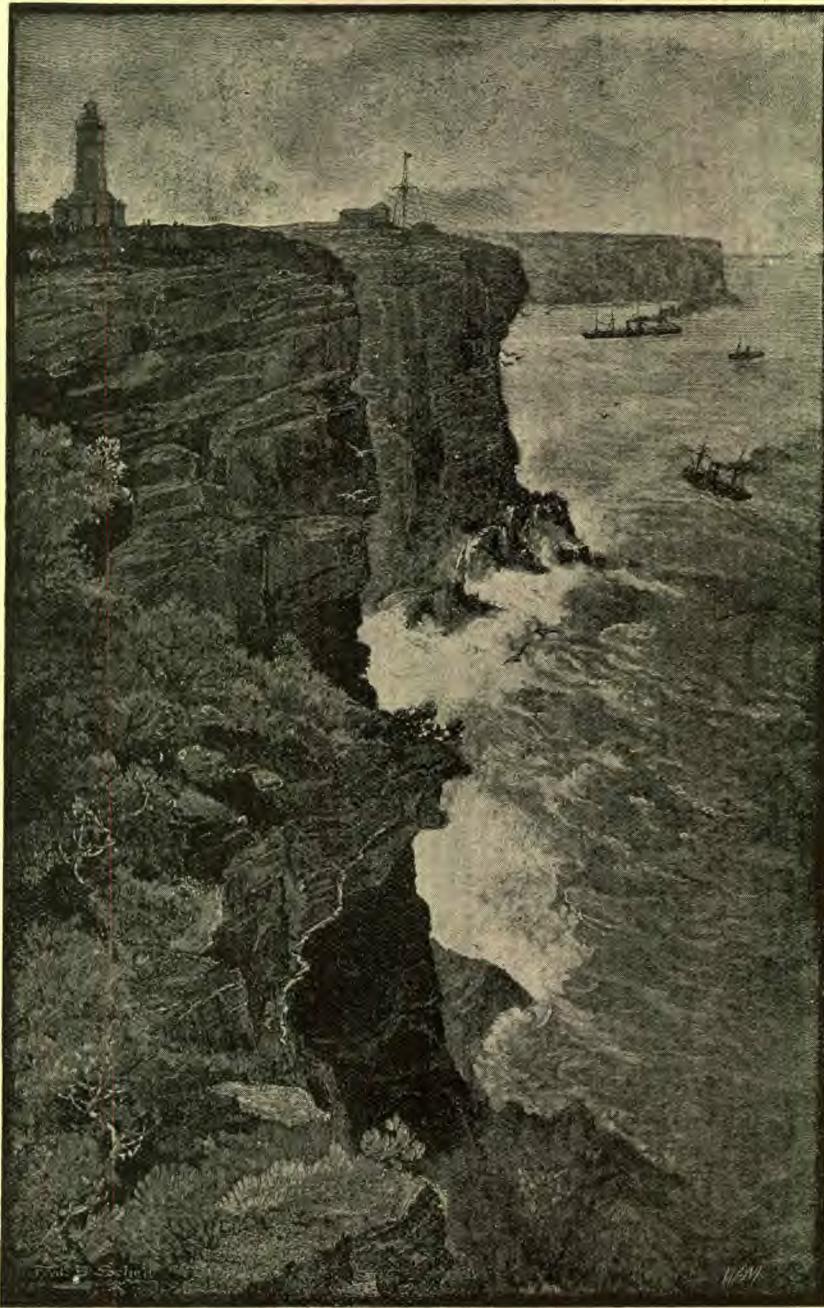
the last; palatial residences, fine cottages, and terraced gardens, with ornamental trees, ferns, and flowers, greet the eye at every turn. Ships from all nations lie at anchor in some one of the commodious inlets and bays; and we are told that all the vessels of the world could here be safely anchored from wind and storm. As mile after mile of safe harborage is passed, with miles of beautiful bays extending far inland on

every side, we begin to believe that this is true.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, has a population of nearly four hundred thousand souls. The population of the entire colony is about twelve million persons. Being the oldest of the colonial capitals, Sydney is more nearly patterned after London than are any of the others. With a few pleasing exceptions, most of its streets are narrow and crooked. New suburbs are being laid out on a broader and better scale. The old-fashioned, noisy steam tram-line, like a great train of cars, mars some of the best thoroughfares. Wherever new lines are put in, however, electric and cable trams are used, and the comparison between these and the old steam lines is the more striking. Numberless omnibuses add to the bustle and stir of the city, as they rush up and down its streets, laden, inside and out, with those who prefer this method of travel to and from business, labor, or pleasure.

The suburbs are also reached by a fine system of train service, closely resembling that of Chicago. This city having adopted the Pullman day-coach, with its revolving seat, the American traveler finds himself much more at home than in the "compartment" carriages on the through lines, or on the suburban trains of other colonies. Shut in a small compartment containing two seats, with no communication with the guard, no bell-rope, no electric button, the traveler

involuntarily wonders what he should do if an accident were to happen. The first-class carriages are very comfortable, upholstered in blue, black, and brown leather, with spring back and seats. The compartments usually have lavatory and other accommodations. The second class compartments on some of the through lines are also comfortable, though furnished more plainly. Some of the second-class compartments on country lines, however, are abomi-



SYDNEY HEADS.

## HER MAJESTY'S COLONIES

(Continued.)

TWELVE days later, after a brief stop at Auckland, New Zealand, we anchor in Sydney harbor. It is our conviction that no harbor in the world equals Sydney harbor; and we have heard of none that vies with it except that of Rio de Janeiro, though travelers who have seen both usually give preference to the former. Every bay we pass appears more beautiful than

Should now be done, or it will come too late.  
What voice invites delay, crying, "Oh, wait,"  
To hinder thee from ministry to sorrow,—  
Crying, "Oh, wait," and yet again, "To-morrow"?

That fair resolve should have a swift fulfilling,  
Or it will waste.  
Lo! sin that comes so bright to make thee willing,  
Comes on in haste;  
For evil has no urgent voice to say,  
"Wait," and "to-morrow;" nay, it says, "To-day."  
Why yield to evil, then, and good belate,  
Harkening to siren singing, "Wait, oh, wait,"  
Like bankrupt men who from some lender borrow,  
And promise pay or penalty to-morrow?

That prayer in silence in a sweet communion,  
Strengthening within,  
Shall knit thy soul in so divine a union  
Thou shalt not sin.  
Then wilt thou dally, hesitating, slow,  
Till the fair angels, disappointed, go;  
While thou shalt heed a voice of bitter fate,—  
"To-morrow, pray, but for to-day, oh, wait" ?  
O sophistry of hell, that works but sorrow!  
He does no good who waits a coming morrow.

The word of God, unopened, lieth there  
Beside thy hand.  
There waits a thought within to ease thy care,  
And make thee stand;  
Some word for weary, laden soul, maybe,  
Waiteth to pour its gold of love through thee.  
Aside wilt turn, and leave the gold for dross,  
Heeding the whisper, "Wait," and know but loss?  
Oh, how the memory of neglect will harrow  
The soul who finds at last there is no morrow!

O devilish chains—"to-morrow" and "oh, wait"!  
They bind by stealth,  
Knitting in habit bands as strong as fate  
To wheels of death.  
Some day the heavens will be as parted scroll,  
And thou shalt see, perchance, a ruined soul,  
Lost from an uninherited estate,  
Cheated by words "to-morrow" and "oh, wait."  
God grant it be not mine nor thine, this sorrow,  
To reap the harvest of a lost to-morrow.

nable,—“shelves in a wood-box,” one of our traveling companions called them.

But to return to Sydney: the visitor is struck by the many massive buildings that meet his eye in every part of the city,—buildings beautiful in structure and architecture, and striking in their massive solidity. “Substantial” is a mark of an Englishman’s work. Everything is built to stand. Among the public buildings the post-office is prominent. The town hall, St. Andrew’s Cathedral, with the new Market farther up George Street, form a group of buildings of surpassing beauty. The organ of the town hall has the reputation of being the largest, as well as one of the finest, in the world. The government supports the organist, whose productions furnish a constant source of enjoyment to the music-loving resident and visitor.

Another feature of Sydney—a beautiful feature—is its large number of well-kept, extensive gardens in all parts of the city, even in its very center. Here rich and poor alike can find a pleasant spot to spend an hour in the heat of the day; and the stranger, the homeless, a bed upon the grass for the night. The nights are so mild, the year round, that the parks are never entirely deserted. There are a large number of pleasure-resorts near the city. Bondi, Coogee, and Manlybeaches are among the most popular.

Apparently the great god of the colonies is Sport. Sacrifices of time and money, of comfort and pleasure, are freely offered by the thousands who stand, hour after hour, in the heat of the day, to watch a few men playing cricket, racing horses, or trying their skill on the bicycle.

At the time of this writing, the great matched game of cricket between England and the colonies is being played; and as many as forty-five thousand persons are in attendance daily, watching with breathless attention some twelve or fifteen men at play. Gentlemen, physicians, dentists, merchants, governors, premiers, statesmen, rich and poor, leave their occupations, and travel from all parts of the colonies, at great expense, to view “Colonial,” “Intercolonial,” and “English and Colonial” test matches. It is the general verdict of the American visitor that there are altogether too many “holidays” in the colonies. Holidays, holidays, almost innumerable, interfere with one’s calculations; and if not on the alert, the newcomer will come up to a holiday, or a half-holiday, with absolutely necessary purchases unmade.

The productions of New South Wales are the fruits and grains of cooler climes, with apples, apricots, peaches, pears, plums, oranges, lemons, passion-fruit, etc., but no distinctly tropical fruits. Sheep are raised in large numbers, and the shipment of their wool and frozen carcasses to other lands is a great industry. A good horse can be bought for from forty to fifty dollars, and many are sold for from ten to twelve dollars. In Queensland I have seen unbroken horses and ponies driven into the sale-yards, and sold for from \$3.75 to five dollars a dozen head. G. B. STARR.

## OCTOBER

BROWN October, dim and sober,  
Thou ’st a glory all thine own,  
When the splendor, warm and tender,  
Of the sun’s bright rays have shone  
On thy forests, bright with rainbows,  
On thy meadows, brown and sear;  
Dim October, gay, yet sober,  
Thou ’rt the fairest of the year.

Regal flowers from thy bowers  
Thou dost wear upon thy head;  
Star-eyed daisies from the mazes  
Of the meadow’s lavish bed;  
Goldenrod, like yellow sunshine,  
Crowns thy nut-brown locks with gold.  
Half thy tender, glorious splendor  
Dreaming poet ne’er hath told.

Leaves are falling, crows are calling,  
Pumpkins ripening in the sun,  
Squirrels chattering, nuts are pattering  
’Mong the bright leaves, one by one;  
Little children, laughing, dancing,  
Through the meadows far and near,—  
Dim October, gay, yet sober,  
Thou ’rt the fairest of the year.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

such masses as to make the landscape glow with its brilliance. It is a late bloomer, at its best in June and July. D. A. H.

## UNDER THE STONES

It is surprising what wonderful things are going on under the stones scattered along the roadway and in the meadows. Turn up the stones, and see what is hidden beneath them. A naturalist who goes about with his eyes open tells us some of the interesting and curious things he has found in this way:—

“It has always been a favorite pastime with me, this overturning of stones; and I know not how many thousands of them, big and little, and even rocks, too, have disclosed their dark secrets to me. Under one I find a mouse’s nest; under another, a snake or toad; the next may disclose the nest of the solitary bee, or brown wasp, or mud-dauber, or rare spider; and here I find a pretty orange-spotted salamander, or wood-frog, or a rare cocoon, to say nothing of all the host of squirming things—beetles, bugs, caterpillars, centipedes, arma-

dillo-bugs, and ants—which are among the certain dwellers beneath almost any stone in the field.

“One day I lifted a large flat rock, and turned it over, when I was immediately saluted with a distinct explosion, accompanied with a tiny cloud of smoke among the border grasses. I quickly parted the grass, and saw a small blue beetle partly concealed beneath a dry leaf. I

sought to pick him up, when I was treated to a repetition of the explosive report and another cloud of smoke.

“Here was a curious freak indeed,—a regular sharpshooter, blue uniform and all. I captured my insect, and placed him in a collecting-box. Shortly afterward, upon lifting the lid, the prisoner gave me another volley. But no provocation could induce him further to waste his powder. His ammunition was exhausted.

“After a night’s rest in captivity, however, the spirit of the insect was revived, and I got another round of three shots out of him, the puff of white, smoke-like vapor staining the tin interior of the box, and leaving an acid, pungent odor. The name of this insect is the bombardier beetle.”

*Political Arithmetic.*—If it takes 40,000 men seven months and \$100,000,000 to take possession of 300 square miles of the Island of Luzon, how many men, how many months, and how much money will it require to take and hold the whole island, consisting of 51,200 square miles, for all time? And after that calculation has been made, there is an opportunity to figure as to the whole area of the Philippine Islands, of about 115,000 square miles. The figures of such a problem may well make the American taxpayer gasp.—*Manchester Union.*



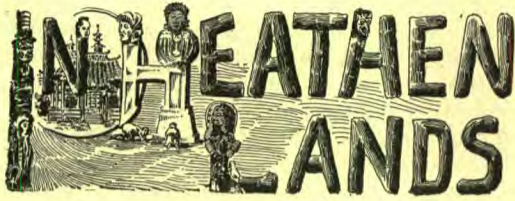
HYDE PARK, SYDNEY.

## TEXAS WILD FLOWERS

SPRING in Texas is, of all seasons, most charming. Nature is at her best; and from March until June a succession of beautiful wild flowers delights the eye. The prickly pear, a common species of cactus, with a rose-like, canary-colored blossom, is seen on the prairies, in the woods, and by the roadside. I can never resist the temptation to pick it, though my fingers suffer from contact with the sharp prickles. It is a wonderfully hardy plant, invulnerable in heat and cold, it would seem; for it bears its large red edible berries in winter, and the drought of late summer does not affect it. I once brought a plant, which I had torn from its parent root, into the house in November, placing it directly behind the family heating-stove, where it remained for a week or two, retaining all its greenness and freshness.

A delicate flower, which I think very beautiful, is a species of the passion-flower growing in profusion on vacant lots, and blooming from early spring until late summer. A trailing vine with small crimson head, the size of our white clover, very delicate and fragrant, delighted us last year for several months. It belongs to the Mimosa family, and is called the “wild sensitive-plant.”

The brightest, showiest flower of all is the Texas plume, a species of cypress, bearing its scarlet blossom on tall spikes, and growing in



## CHINESE GIRLS

VERY few girls in China can read. No one thinks it necessary for girls to read books, or to be educated in any way. Boys are cared for, and brought to school while quite young. The father calls his boys, and says, "Get ready, hunt up your books, and come along; I am going with you to school." So the boys, with fear and gladness, gather their small study-books, and start for school. Here they study the life of the great philosopher, Confucius, and are put through a course with the *pan-tsi*,—a board two feet long and three inches broad, which the teacher frequently uses on the backs of his pupils when they do not remember their lessons.

The poor little girls' education is of quite a different character. When all the boys are in the village school, and father is sowing or reaping in the field, or perhaps at town to get some opium and other things that he thinks are necessary in the home, the mother and her small girls are doing different kinds of housework. When all things are quiet and settled, the mother's mind turns to the education of her daughters. She calls one of the girls to come to her, and then says: "Now it is time for you to get ready to be married; it is time for you to be a woman." The poor little girl knows well what this means. She has seen her older sisters made ready for marriage, and well she remembers their cries and tears. Now her turn has come. She weeps bitterly, and begs her mother to wait until to-morrow. "No," says the mother, "it will not do to wait any longer. I have been slack in my duty too long already. And who do you think will marry you if you go sailing about on big boats (feet) like those foreign barbarians?"

So the mother begins her work. First she soaks in very hot water the little girl's feet; then the toes are turned in under the sole of the foot, only the big toe being left unbroken. In order to keep the toes under the foot, a long, strong bandage is wound tightly around each crippled foot and leg. It hurts terribly to be tortured in that way, but there is no help for it; it must be done. The poor little girl pleads for mercy, but the door of mercy is shut; no mercy is to be had. The proprieties of life must at any and all cost be performed. Sometimes if the girl will not stop crying, the mother beats her severely. Again she ties her hands and feet together, and hoists her up under the ceiling several times; or makes long needles of iron red-hot, and thrusts them into fleshy parts of the poor little maid's body. The suffering child dares not cry, but lies down on the floor in great agony, sobbing and whispering, from her very heart, "*Ma ko-lien, ko-lien O!*" which means, "Mother, be merciful, be merciful unto me!" But the prayer of a suffering daughter is not to be heard by the mother.

The tortured child is not able to walk for several months, but is seen crawling on her hands and knees, as she must do the duty of a girl in the house now, the same as before her feet were bound. I have seen girls in that condition many times. It is pitiful to hear their heavy sobbing, and to see the silent tears

streaming down their pale faces. They dare not cry aloud; for if they do, their mother will beat them. It is of no use to complain. One girl said to her mother: "Why bind my feet? I can not play with my *hsiong-ti* [younger brother] any more, and it hurts my feet to have them so tightly bound." The mother then said: "Do not complain; this is the duty of life. Suffering will make you beautiful. The smaller your feet are, the bigger lump of silver can I get for you. Moreover, this is the right way of life, and the true road whereon you can obtain womanhood."

The bandages are renewed every fortnight, and every time they are drawn tighter and tighter, until the foot has reached the desired shape. I have seen twelve-year-old girls with feet not more than three inches long. On these small, broken feet they hobble slowly along; after walking a few yards, they must sit down, and squeeze first one little bound foot and then the other, because they ache so dreadfully. Often have I seen little girls of five or six years of age walking with a stick in their hands to help them keep their balance. Your suffering sisters in China can not walk and run as you can. The foot-education is not easy to obtain.

You may ask why they have such a bad custom in China as to bind the girls' feet. It is because the Chinese have wandered far, far away from the love of Jesus. I suppose you understand, perhaps better than I do, that the farther one goes from the true God, the more bad customs are seen in the life. Even here in America I have seen customs not to be recommended for a friend of Jesus. But now I am made happy by the thought that all the dear readers of the INSTRUCTOR are willing to put away everything of which Jesus does not approve. You must bear in mind that the mothers of China do not know Jesus as you do; and it is because of this that they are so cruel to their children, especially to the girls. No doubt if they had the good papers and books that you have, they would become enlightened, and see that

foot-binding is a bad custom, and so put it away; and perhaps all other bad things would be put away. Will you not pray, with me, for China?

In closing, I will give you a few stanzas from a book called "*Nü-erh-king*," or "Classics for Girls." They are translated by a friend in Peking, and run as follows:—

## "FROM SEVEN TO TWENTY

"When the wheel of life's at seven,  
You should study woman's ways;  
Leave your bed when day is breaking,  
Early thus begin the days;  
Comb your tresses smooth and shiny,  
Keep yourself both clean and neat,  
Bind your lilies<sup>1</sup> tight and tidy,  
Never go upon the street.

"When the wheel's at eight or over,  
While you gradually do grow,  
Both your old and younger brothers  
You should intimately know;  
And while peacefully partaking  
Of the tea and rice and wine,  
About eating much or little  
Never quarrel while you dine.

"When the wheel at ten is turning,  
You should never idle be;  
To the making of their clothing  
And the mending you should see;

Your position should be daily  
Sitting at your mother's feet;  
Not, except upon an errand,  
Should you go upon the street:

"When the wheel has turned eleven,  
You have grown to womanhood,  
And all culinary matters  
Should be clearly understood;  
If for fancy work from cooking  
You can save some precious hours,  
You should spend them in embroidering  
Ornamental leaves and flowers.



A GIRL IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

"When the wheel has turned to thirteen,  
You propriety should prize;  
When your presence people enter,  
You politely should arise;  
Toward your aunts, your father's sisters,  
And his younger brothers' wives,  
You should not neglect your manners  
From the nearness of your lives.

"When the wheel has turned to fifteen,  
Or when twenty years have passed,  
As a girl with home and kindred  
These will surely be your last;  
While expert in all employments  
That compose a woman's life,  
You should study, as a daughter,  
All the duties of a wife."

Another time I will tell you more about our  
Chinese brothers and sisters.

UNCLE PILQUIST.

## CHINESE ETIQUETTE

F. L. H. POTT, a missionary in China, and the principal of St. John's College in Shanghai, when last in the United States, gave an account of the conversation and action that sometimes take place when a new pupil is brought to him. He said:—

"The fathers of the boys attending the college are usually politicians, merchants, or scholars. Of course I have to adapt myself to the etiquette of the Chinese; and so when a father arrives with his boy, I escort them to my Chinese reception-room, where the father and I each shake our own hands most heartily, and bow profoundly. I then say to him: 'What is your honorable name?'

"He replies, 'My mean, insignificant name is Wong.'

"Then I say, 'Please be seated,' and point to a seat in the back of the room, at the left of the table—the seat of the greatest honor. He immediately takes the right-hand seat, nearest the door—the post of least honor. I urge him to go up higher. He declares that he is unworthy. I then catch hold of him to force him to go higher, and he takes hold of me to prevent it. We have quite a vigorous struggle, lasting some time. Finally he accepts a compromise, and takes a seat half-way up the side of the room. I sit down in the seat next lower.

<sup>1</sup>The small feet of a Chinese woman.

"Before beginning our conversation, I send for tea and the water-pipe; and when they arrive, I say, 'Please use tea.'

"When he has taken some tea and a puff from the pipe, we talk. He asks innumerable polite questions about myself. A Chinese gentleman never comes to business for a quarter or half an hour. Time never troubles an Oriental. He begins by asking, 'What is your honorable name?'

"I of course reply that my mean, insignificant name is Pott. The next question from him is, 'What is your honorable kingdom?' And I am obliged, much as I dislike it, to say, 'The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America.'

"How many little stems have you sprouted?' he says. That is the way he asks how old I am.

"I have vainly spent thirty years,' I reply.

"Asking after my father, he says, 'Is the honorable and great man of the household living?'

"It is shocking, I know, but I have to answer, 'The old man is well.'

"Then comes, 'How many precious little ones have you?'

"I reply, gravely, 'I have two little dogs' (the little dogs are my children). The last question is, 'How many children have you in this illustrious institution?'

"My answer is, 'I have a hundred little brothers.'

"Then he comes to business, and says, 'Venerable master, I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully entrust him to your charge.'

"The little fellow, who has been standing in a corner of the room, comes forward, kneels before me, puts his hands on the ground, and knocks his head on the floor. I raise him up, and send him off to school; and arrangements are made about his dormitory, course of study, etc.

"The gentleman rises to take his leave. 'I have tormented you exceedingly to-day,' he remarks.

"Oh, no,' I answer, 'I have dishonored you.'

"As he goes toward the door, he keeps saying, 'I am gone, I am gone;' and I reply, 'Go slowly, go slowly.'

"As I follow him to the gate in the garden, he says, 'Please refrain your golden footsteps.'

"When we arrive at the gate, we again shake our own hands, bow reverently to each other, and he is gone.

"Chinese politeness is sometimes carried to an extreme that seems amusing to us. I have seen five or six men enter a door at which they had chanced to meet, and all urge one another to go in first. And this ceremonious politeness is not confined to the upper classes; if two wheelbarrow-men meet in a narrow path, and one has to go to one side to let the other pass, the one who kept the road will say, 'I have sinned against you;' and the other will reply, 'Don't mention it.'

#### GUAM

THE reports of naval officers who have lately visited Guam say that the island, which is the southernmost of the Ladrone group, has a fair table-land running along the west shore-line, back of which is a range of mountains of moderate height. The soil is fertile, and in some sections very rich. The native products of the island are not varied; but the fruits and vegetables of other lands, when introduced, thrive well. The population is estimated by Lieutenant Cottman as about seven thousand, though no reliable statistics have been obtained. Nearly all the inhabitants are of mixed blood. Foreigners are very few, among them four Spanish priests, besides former employees of the Spanish government. The people are indolent and contented, being able to obtain necessary food with little labor. They are lax in their morals, and greatly addicted, both men and women, to the use of *la tuba*, or cocoanut whisky. They are all nominally Roman Catholics, but the men pay little attention to their church. Leprosy exists to a con-

siderable extent. One officer declares that "the priests are the moral lepers of the place, and are a great drawback and detriment." All the reports unite in affirming that the climate, though tropical, is excellent, and that the island might be made a delightful place of residence. — *Missionary Review*.



#### COMPENSATION

THE truest words we ever speak  
Are words of cheer.  
Life has its shade, its valleys deep;  
But round our feet the shadows creep  
To prove the sunlight near.  
Between the hills those valleys sleep,—  
The sun-crowned hills! —  
And down their sides will those who seek  
With hopeful spirit, brave, though meek,  
Find gently-flowing rills.

— Selected.

#### "WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR"

#### III

WHILE the magi were studying the heavens, a luminous star, entirely new to them, made its appearance. As they stood gazing at it, they were impressed that it was the herald of some great event. They decided to investigate the matter, hoping that they would be rewarded by a knowledge of the promised Messiah. The Lord encouraged them to go forward; and as the pillar of cloud moved before the children of Israel through the wilderness, so the star guided the wise men as they journeyed toward Jerusalem. When they drew near Jerusalem, it no longer went before them, but was enshrouded in darkness. Entering Jerusalem, the magi made the eager inquiry, "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." They knew that the Messiah had been born. The star that had guided them thus far was an outward evidence, and the Spirit of God was kindling ardent hopes in their hearts. They expected to see and worship the King.

The people of Jerusalem looked upon the magi with astonishment; for no one had seen anything peculiar in the heavens, no one had heard anything about the birth of the King. The very people over whom this King was to rule had not been favored with any special token; for they had no knowledge that anything unusual had taken place. The minds of the wise men were filled with astonishment. Could it be that in the city of Jerusalem, the people knew nothing of the birth of him who was to rule over Israel? Had they themselves read the prophecy incorrectly? The magi had thought to find all Jerusalem filled with anxious expectancy. As they related their experience, they were surprised at the jealousy shown by the scribes and Pharisees. Surely the Lord, whom they had been seeking, had suddenly come to his temple!

The tidings of the Messiah's birth reached the ears of Herod. He was startled. His jealousy was roused. Had One been born who had a better right than he to rule? Was he to be superseded? Why had he not heard of this wonderful event? Looking into the past, he reviewed the terrible conflicts through which he passed in order to gain the throne, and the murders he committed to secure his position. He has disposed of every rival in his way, and he determines that he will not rest until this new king, if there be one, is searched out and slain.

Herod was troubled by the tidings brought by the wise men, "and all Jerusalem with him." It was in harmony with Herod's jealous nature to be troubled over news of this character; but why should the leading men

among the Jews be so perplexed and terrified? Had they studied and explained the Scriptures in vain? Why were they not intelligent in regard to this great event foretold by prophecy, which meant so much to them? They had traced down the chronology, and knew that this was the time when the Messiah should appear. Why, then, were they so alarmed? They had read the words: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. . . . O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Why, then, were the priests and rulers, those in high position, so alarmed at the news of his coming?

The Jewish rulers were in ignorance of the coming of the Just One, because they had not been making ready for him. They had been separating from God by wicked works. The positions in the service of the priesthood were filled by men wholly unfitted for the work,—men who had not hesitated to stoop to falsehood and even murder to gain the coveted honor. They were not ready for Christ's coming. They had not heard the angel's message, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." They had not heard the song of the heavenly host, because they were estranged from God. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. The Lord could not enlighten them; for so great was the darkness surrounding them that they would not have made a right use of the light.

The priests and rulers began to ask themselves what these things meant. The shepherds had borne witness regarding the visit of the angels; now men from the far East bore the tidings, "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." Men of another nation and faith were the first to herald the advent of the Messiah. If the report of the wise men were true, they, the rulers, stood in an unenviable position before their own people; for they had been passed by, while strangers were enlightened.

Herod was surprised that the Jewish rabbis—men looking upon themselves as favored above all other people—should apparently be in darkness, while those they termed heathen had received a sign from heaven that the King had been born. He was filled with perplexity. Why had the wise men made the long journey to Jerusalem with the inquiry, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Had a king been born? Making an effort to appear gratified by the news, though his heart burned with jealousy at the mention of a rival, Herod gathered the chief priests and scribes together, and demanded of them where Christ should be born. "In Bethlehem of Judea," they answered; "for thus it is written by the prophet: And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."

Calling the wise men to him, Herod "inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king, they departed, and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



## RING AROUND ROSES

"Ring around roses" in the early spring;  
Fields full of daisies, birds on the wing,  
Lips full of laughter, eyes bright with fun,—  
"Ring around roses" in the May sun.

"Ring around roses" in the summer day;  
Hark to the reapers! Smell the new hay  
Nests full of birdies swing in the breeze;  
"Ring around roses" under the trees.

"Ring around roses;" leaves begin to fall;  
Apricots and peaches ripen on the wall.  
Birds flying southward, seek a new home;  
"Ring around roses" ere snow shall c me.

In more modern times, dolls have sometimes been made for other purposes than to play with. French ladies of the fourteenth century, having no fashion-plates, made little images, dressed them in the newest "style," and sent them from one great lady to another, that each might know how to make her gowns. But little girls fell in love with them; and to please them, dolls to play with began to be manufactured in Europe.

These were made of wood, and most of them came from the Netherlands. They were called "Flemish babies," and an old couplet says:—

"The children of Holland take pleasure in making  
What the children of England take pleasure in break-  
ing."

But it was in England that the wooden "Flemish babies," with their queer little jointed bodies, found the name that is still dear to us. At that time the name Dorothy, which means "God's gift," was very popular,

## ALL GONE!

ALL gone! All gone!  
Where did the good supper go?  
All gone! All gone!  
Gone to help Babykin grow.

Here in his face all so rosy and sweet,  
Here in his arms and his hands and his feet,  
Here from the top of his head to his toes,  
This is where Babykin's good supper goes.

—*Kindergarten Review.*

## BEFORE AND AFTER; OR "IN HIS NAME"

THREE little girls laid their heads together; and as they were *ministering* children, the result was a sweet and fragrant offering to an old lady in their neighborhood.

She was wrinkled, and faded, and worn; a woman with stooped shoulders, and a heart that held an ache of which no one ever heard. But it also held in its depths that peace which



"HEARTS FULL OF SUNSHINE, LIPS FULL OF SONG."

"Ring around roses;" winter's frosty breeze  
Never can wither roses like these;  
Hearts full of sunshine, lips full of song,—  
"Ring around roses" all the year long.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## A DOLL STORY

A FEW years ago some men were digging in the ground near the old city of Rome, in Italy, and what do you think they found?—A marble coffin, which had lain there sixteen hundred years. A young girl had been buried in it, and with her a beautiful doll, carved from oak. On the thumb of its right hand were two gold key-rings, which showed that it was a doll housewife. In those long-ago days it was the custom to offer dolls to the gods that the people worshiped, just before those who owned them were married; so the presence of this doll and other articles in the coffin showed that the young girl had died just before her wedding-day.

It is known, also, that little Roman children had tiny chariots to play with, whose doll drivers leaned out over high dashboards to lash horses about four inches high. One writer thinks the little Egyptians in the days of Moses had dolls; but however that may be, we can easily believe that these were among the earliest toys made.

and often it was made "Dolly" as a pet name for little girls. So, naturally, it was applied to the children's pets, and "dolly" it remains to this day, although in time it became what we call a general, or "generic," name.

Germany has been for many years the country to produce most dolls, a hundred million being sent to other countries every year. Entire villages are given up to their manufacture. In such a town there are doll headmakers, doll legmakers, doll wigmakers, etc. Men, women, and children earn their living by making one small part of a doll.

In London the making of dolls' eyes is a flourishing business, hundreds of thousands being exported every year. England also makes wax dolls, which were very popular when they first appeared.

The most beautiful dolls are made in France, and from that country come those that wink, "go to sleep," sing, walk, and talk. But they are admired rather than loved, because you could hardly expect to hug a doll with a "singing machine" inside of her.

In New York there is a tiny store where nothing is sold but dolls' clothes. In that city there is also a famous "doll doctor," who can mend broken heads, arms, and legs, and even put on new noses; and she is kept busy all the time.—*S. S. Advocate.*

the world can neither give nor take away (it oftentimes tried to, but never succeeded). Probably this was the secret of her quick sympathy and ready smile, and the hidden source of the strain of sacred song that so constantly welled up from her restful soul. Perhaps it also was why little children loved her so well, and the poor dumb brutes all instinctively owned her as their friend.

But on the night of the "happening" that I am about to relate—it was such a beautiful "happening," one of the own, blessed sendings of the dear Father above!—on this particular evening the lonely feeling in her heart oppressed her. For comfort she had gone, first, to her knees, and then across the street to a tiny friend of hers, whose dew-lipped, open-mouthed kisses, and dainty baby-touches, were wont to take the soreness out when the old, bad ache asserted itself too strongly.

The sun had set in golden splendor, and the western sky still glowed in glorious memory of the parting; but the day that it so royally ended had been long, and hot, and weary; and even now black clouds were gathering in the south, and as she listened, she distinctly heard the low mutterings of an approaching storm.

But, all unconscious of coming ill, baby cooed, and crowed, and dimpled: so, stooping

to kiss her once more, she hurriedly left, involuntarily saying, as she did so,—

"I do not like to be alone in a storm at night."

But the words had scarcely escaped her lips, ere the lines of an old Moravian hymn chased them from mind and heart; and as she turned her steps homeward, she softly sang, under her breath,—

"Quite alone, and yet not lonely,  
I'll commune with God my Friend.

"O how blessed are the moments  
When the Lord himself draws near;  
When I feel his gracious presence,  
And he listens to my prayer!"

Thus singing, she reached her humble home, and on glancing downward at the steps, there lay a box of beautiful flowers,—roses, pinks, sweet-scented clover, gracefully mingled with green leaves and ornamental grasses,—a belated "May basket," sending its subtle fragrance out on the heavy air.

With an exclamation of pleased surprise, she carried it into the house, and lighted a lamp for a closer look, hoping to discover the name of the thoughtful giver.

Yes! there lay, half hidden among the flowers, a folded slip, with just these words:—

"From the King's Daughters;"

and between the folds was tucked a card of admission to the Missionary Panorama, to which she had so longed to go!

I wish the three, whose was the kind thought, could have seen her then, as, almost unconsciously, she dropped upon her knees in her quiet dwelling. This was what God and the angels heard:—

"The earth is thine, O Lord! with not merely the silver and the gold and the cattle upon a thousand hills, but also its wealth of fragrant flowers, and its treasure of loving hearts. Bless these 'King's daughters,' Father! bless them according to the greatness of their needs, whatever those needs may be, and the plenitude of thy greater love and mercy. If not even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall fail of reward, how much less shall this, given in the name of thy dear Son. Make them in very deed thine own, my Father, and grant that they may be blessed as well as blessing in their sweet ministrations to the sick, the lonely, and the poor.

"I ask it 'in His name.' Amen."

Rising, she mechanically parted the window-curtains, and looked out and up; and lo! the angry clouds had rolled away, and the solemn, steadfast stars shone peacefully down, like the sweet, sweet thoughts of God to his children.

HELEN A. STEINHAUER.

#### THE LITTLE BREADMAKER

TAKE two quarts one pint of flour,  
Fine and white as can be found;  
Pour it heaping on the sifter,  
Resting on the breadpan round.  
Of sugar add one tablespoonful,  
And the same amount of salt;  
Mix and rub them on the sifter  
Till all's through, then call a halt.

Save one cupful of the mixture  
Till to knead it you begin;  
In one quart of blood-warm water  
Melt a yeast-cake smoothly in;  
Pour the water on the flour,  
Mixing both into a dough;  
Knead the dough for fifteen minutes  
(Some say twenty); don't be slow.  
When the dough's no longer sticky,  
Cover it, and say good night;  
Place it where 't will not be chilly  
If you wish to find it light.

In the morning you divide it,  
Make three loaves, and knead again;  
Let them rise a little longer,  
To the pan's edge. Place them then  
In the oven. Bake one hour.  
By that time they should be done.  
Draw them forth, and cool them slowly,—  
There! breadmaking's only fun.

—St. Nicholas.

## BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—NO. 4

(October 28, 1899.)

THE QUESTION OF AUTHORITY

*Lesson Scriptures.*—Matt. 21:23-46; Mark 11:27; 12:12; Luke 20:1-19.

*Memory Verses.*—Matt. 21:43, 44.

*Time:* A. D. 31. *Place:* Jerusalem. *Persons:* Chief priests, scribes, elders, Jesus, disciples.

#### QUESTIONS

1. When Jesus had completed the lesson drawn from the withered fig-tree, to what place did he return? Matt. 21:23. As usual, what did he do while there? Luke 20:1. By whom was his work interrupted? *Id.*

2. What questions did they ask? V. 2. What proposition did Jesus make to them? Matt. 21:24. What was the thing he asked? Luke 20:4. Why did they fear to answer him? Vs. 5, 6. Because of their refusal to reply, what did Jesus say? Vs. 7, 8; note 1.

3. What parable did Jesus now relate? Matt. 21:28-30. What question did he then ask them? Give their answer. V. 31. What solemn application of the truth of the parable was then made by Jesus? *Id.* What reason did he give for thus applying it? V. 32; note 2.

4. By what further parable did Jesus seek to show these Jewish leaders their true condition? Mark 12:1. At the time of fruit, what did the owner of the vineyard do? For what purpose? Matt. 21:34. How were his servants treated? Vs. 35, 36.

5. Through whom did the Lord of the vineyard now seek to accomplish his purpose? For what reason? V. 37. How did those in charge of the vineyard reason concerning the son? V. 38. What did they therefore do? V. 39; note 3.

6. Having stated the parable, what did Jesus now ask? V. 40. Not knowing that Jesus spoke of them, with what words did the priests and rulers condemn themselves? V. 41.

7. To what prophecy concerning himself did Jesus then refer them? V. 42. By their rejection of him what would result to them? V. 43. With what words did Jesus end the parable? V. 44; note 4.

8. What did the rulers at last come to see? V. 45. What did they wish to do? Why did they not do it? V. 46.

#### NOTES

1. How quickly and easily Jesus defeated the purposes of his enemies! The trap which had been laid for him was used to catch them. And what Jesus did in this instance may be done by every child of God. The Lord has promised to give a mouth and wisdom which all our adversaries will not be able to gainsay nor resist. Luke 21:15. Now is the time to search the Scriptures, even as Jesus did, for that wisdom which will give victory in the time of trial.

2. It is clear that by the first son, Jesus referred to the publicans, whose life of sin had continually seemed to say to the Lord, "I will not go into the vineyard." But under the preaching of both John and Jesus, they had repented of sin, turned to God, and had thus done what they once said they would not. It is also evident that the second son symbolized the Jews; for they, while professing to know God and seeming to be willing to obey, were stoutly refusing to do anything he asked of them. The publicans, by giving up sin, were entering the vineyard,—the fold of Christ, and the field of gospel work. The Jews, by clinging to sin, were shutting themselves out.

3. In the parable the householder represented God, the vineyard the Jewish nation,

and the hedge the divine law, which was their protection. The tower was a symbol of the temple. . . . As the husbandmen were to return to the lord a due proportion of the fruits of the vineyard, so God's people were to honor him by a life corresponding to their sacred privileges. But as the husbandmen had killed the servants whom the master had sent to them for fruit, so the Jews had put to death the prophets whom God sent to call them to repentance. . . . In the beloved son whom the lord of the vineyard finally sent to his disobedient servants, and whom they seized and slew, the priests and rulers saw a distinct picture of Jesus and his impending fate.—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pages 596, 597.

4. To fall upon the stone, upon Christ, and be broken, is to accept Jesus as a Saviour, and find "a broken and a contrite heart." Ps. 51:17. That stone will fall upon us if we reject Christ, and we shall suffer the second death. At that time the Rock will fall with crushing weight to destroy all who have no hope.



Chapter XVIII

"O MY Heavenly Father!" cried Shirley, lifting her face, and clasping her hands, "what can I do? Help me!" and at first she was mystified as well as startled by a scripture that seemed to be spoken to her: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children;" then with a little laugh she said: "Oh, I see; I must be in the place of a mother to my father, in one way. I must pray and believe and wait patiently for him to see, as a mother would do, if he had one. I sort of feel motherly toward him, too; I do believe, and I will wait and be patient."

Benjamin Goss went on to the barn, entered, closed the door, threw himself down on the hay, and began to dispute with the Holy Spirit: rather, he continued the dispute that had been going on for years.

His thoughts turned especially to the Sabbath. He knew very well that that holy day would hereafter be kept in his home as it had never been. He could see in Shirley much that brought his dead mother to memory, and he had loved her tenderly. He could not find it in his heart deliberately to plan to throw stumbling-blocks in the way of his child's feet if, as he fully believed, she had begun a new life. He believed enough to be sure that the consequences to him would be serious if he did not help instead of hinder her.

He had suffered during the days that she had been absent. He had appreciated the dangers to which she had been exposed. When she was not at the train, his heart sank like lead; and at sight of her fresh, sweet face, so full of a new light, he had been greatly relieved. He knew that through these things a new and more imperative call had come from God to his soul. What should he do?—obey and be saved? or refuse and be lost?

He rolled this bitter morsel about, trying to get rid of it; but he could not. He considered it from every point of view, and in every position in which a man of fifty years was likely to throw himself. He came out, and walked up and down the long lane to the pasture. He took to the road, from which he could see the light in the sitting-room, and the dim outline of his daughter's head and face through the sheer scrim curtain as she sat just where the light fell upon her. His heart suddenly swelled with gratitude that she was there,—that she had returned with no blight of mildew upon her, but instead with the glory of a new life covering her as with a garment. He thought of the future of the saints of God, the new earth, the restored home of the saved, families reunited, and then of the sacrifice that he must make if that far-away joy should ever

be his; and suddenly the faithful monitor asked him the pointed question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He mentally conceded at once that when it came to that, his contention with God must cease; he must acknowledge himself without profit or gain, or anything to exchange.

It would be impossible to follow him as, with restless feet and a more restless heart, he walked on through the small hours, recalled the past, and calculated the future. It would be impossible to describe how he felt as the suggestion came that the last call of mercy was being made to all the world, and perhaps to him just now. He did not know when it happened; but just about the time that the darkness, which is deepest just before the dawn, began to lift, he awakened to the awful fact that he stood alone in all the universe with that God who, as a father, had been waiting through many a year for an answer to his call.

There arose before him that scene in the kitchen, when he waited for his daughter to answer to his unreasonable questioning, and all that had happened since. Sorrow and actual shame had resulted in the eye of the public because she ran away from an unreasonable, unfatherly father; therefore what must result if the child of the perfect One, unfailing in love and gentleness, would not answer, would not obey, would not consent to be made happy and secure?

Just then out over the darkness there trailed a long, vivid, zigzag chain of lightning, followed by a low, trembling roll of thunder; and, as if answering to it, a bird's first morning note trilled out from just over his head; and in each of these manifestations his quick thoughtfulness recognized the presence of his Father. The lightning thrilled him; the thunder came as an admonition; and the pleading sweetness of the bird's note broke into his heart, and made it melt, and flow out in floods of tears.

"Whither shall I go from thy presence?" he cried out, aloud. Then, startled by his own voice as well as the words, he became silent; but his heart went on: "I can not contend with thee forever. Thou art too great for me. Thy presence in my child has lifted her into a place so high that I can not reach to it. But if I surrender now, I must yield all. I must say, Do with me and mine as thou wilt; and I can not. Oh, have mercy! but I dare not. Thou mightest take all from me,—my farm, my wife, my child, my reputation, my influence,—such things have happened,—if I could only surrender, be a Christian, and belong to any but the despised people of God—that mean little remnant into which I was born. But I know they have the truth; and if I surrender, I must take it all,—all or nothing,—and I can not now. O Lord! have mercy on me. Do not crowd me too hard just now. I will try to be a better man at home. I will give Shirley a chance. I will not interfere with the Sabbath in the housekeeping; I will make it as easy as possible for her to be a true Christian; but I can not let go utterly just yet, for it would upset all my plans; and other people who do not believe as we do would become needlessly involved. Really, I don't think I should be doing the fair thing by Jordan and his gang; for he never could see any sense in stopping work on the Sabbath, and he will not work on Sunday. Anybody can see that it is impossible for me to take this step until we can somehow raise up a company of Sabbath-keepers who will make good farm-hands. And that can never be; for just as soon as a good farm-hand gets hold of the truth, he turns into a missionary of some sort, just as Will has, and is good for nothing when it comes to steady work.

"And that is n't the worst of it. I should have to make restitution to Seth's mother. She left it to me to sell that fifty acres for her when she was left a widow, and had to have the money for the mortgage to save her home. Of course she said she would be satisfied if she got forty dollars an acre for it, and she always has been satisfied; but if she and Seth knew

that I got forty-two dollars, and so put one hundred dollars into my own pocket from that sale, what would they think? Of course it would have been all right, as the world goes, for me to have a commission for selling the land; but I professed to do it out of neighborly kindness and sympathy. That was fifteen years ago. I should have to pay interest on that money, and I simply can not do it now. Oh, I am a bad man! I am in danger of being lost entirely; I know it—but—"

After this manner that wretched soul contended with God all that long night and the beautiful daybreak. He stood with his hot head bared, and watched as the pale dawn began to flush and glow, and as all the air about him became vocal with song, and as a low bank of cloud on the southwestern horizon gave utterance to vivid lightning-flashes and deep, admonitory thunderings, feeling that he was stripped and naked before the eye of God. At last the thought came, "What if this is my last call,—the very last striving of the Holy Spirit with my soul? If I knew it was, what would I do?" He stood still, as if rooted to the ground; sighed, "O God, be merciful to me a selfish sinner!" and, turning about, walked back to the house, and began his morning chores.

Then it was that Satan entered into Benjamin Goss, and through him ruled with a rod of iron; yes, with scorpion stings. Compared to that which Shirley had had to endure all that spring and summer, everything that had been arbitrary and harsh in his former manner, was gentleness itself.

Her mother continued feeble. It would have been impossible for her to recover tone and strength in the atmosphere with which her husband filled the home; and not a day passed that he did not lay upon Shirley, in some new and more painful form, the responsibility for all her mother's ailments.

He refused to provide help for the work, which grew more heavy as the season advanced; he gave her no money, even for household expenses; nor did he allow the ordinary exchange of garden, poultry, and dairy produce for groceries, as he had always done for the "women folks" until now.

He made the keeping of the Sabbath almost an impossibility. In fact, its outward observance was often seriously interfered with by the manner in which he planned his work so as to throw as much extra as possible upon the housekeeping on that day. He even went so far as persistently to "forget" the errands with which he would naturally be charged, as well as the things which were needed for the house; and as for clothing, but for the stock of old things hung away in her closet, which she, assisted by Aunt Nell, made presentable, Shirley would have fared poorly.

Her father seemed determined to drive her from home. Everybody saw it, and wondered that she stayed. In fact, she had been a constant wonder to her old friends ever since her return from her escapade; for no one could help seeing that she had strangely changed. In the first place, she astonished Aunt Nell and her mother the very day after her return by bringing out the detested green cotton goods that had apparently been the immediate cause of so much trouble, and going to work to make it into a dress. Her father came in while she was cutting off the skirt, and she glanced brightly up at him. He concealed the feeling which rushed in upon him by saying, in a cutting tone, "You'll look like a parrot, if you do sing like a mocking-bird, when you get that on."

"Well, dad," she answered, "that will be all right, so that I'm only what I seem—and I'm sorry I ever grumbled at things. I remember what Aunt Nell said to me that day when I went over there so angry,—that there were worse things than having a father who insists on buying one plenty of clothes that one does n't choose, and doing everything for one, as mine does for me, and I think she was right."

He could not stand that. He hastened out of the house; and from that time the sight of that dress was torture to him. When he knew that Shirley was going to sing at the concert,

he gave everybody to understand that he should not go, although he had not missed a May concert in all the years that they had been held in the village. He kept his word, so far as being absent from his usual conspicuous place was concerned; but those who had discovered the family jar, and yet knew his peculiar pride in his daughter, laughingly told how he had stood under the window, and "listened as if his life depended on it" while she sang.

One pathetic episode that happened about this time almost broke him down. When Shirley was a little child, her father was her play-fellow; and as she was just beginning to write, they had had a "post-office" in a hollow tree not far from the house. A wind-storm broke the tree down one night; and he sawed the splintered trunk off squarely, and built a tiny house, with a door slitted for letters, and a regular post-office sign; and through this medium they had carried on a correspondence with fluctuating regularity until Shirley grew to be a great girl. A little card which read, "Office open," or a light made by a tiny lamp, had been an understood signal between them.

During the period of her growing discontent, the office had become dilapidated from neglect; but it still stood in its place—a weather-beaten monument of happier days.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)

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Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

### 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.

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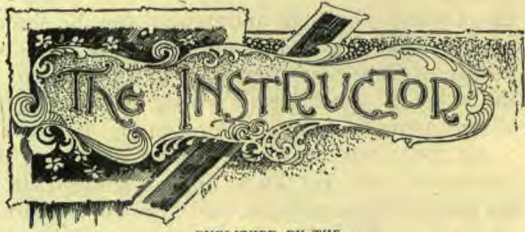
	LEAVE.
No. 11, Mail and Express, to Chicago	12.00 M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago	9.00 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago	3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper	12.35 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend	7.30 A. M.
Nos. 11 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	Nos. 1, 3, 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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Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

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

**FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK**

SUNDAY:

"Our place is kept ready for us to fill it."

MONDAY:

"No matter how dark the weather,  
 No matter how rain might fall,  
 I'd be like a bit of sunshine,  
 To brighten and cheer you all."

TUESDAY:

Employ the gift thou hast,  
 Whate'er it be, with true and earnest care;  
 And this endeavor shall not be the last:  
 Each good performed another shall prepare.

— Mrs. Guernsey.

WEDNESDAY:

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell,  
 That mind and soul according well,  
 May make one music as before,  
 But vaster.

— Tennyson.

THURSDAY:

Press on! if once or twice thy feet  
 Slip back and stumble, harder try.

— Park Benjamin.

FRIDAY:

God make thee beautiful within,  
 And let thine eyes the good behold  
 In everything, save sin.

— Whittier.

SABBATH:

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God." Ps. 50: 23.

**A STIRRING APPEAL**

A FEW days ago we received from Miss Anstice Abbott, whose home is in Bombay, India, but who is now in this country, a most interesting letter, which you will all be glad to read:—

BOSTON, MASS., SEPT. 19, 1899.

To the Publishers of the Youth's Instructor:

DEAR FRIENDS: I have had great joy and satisfaction in distributing the twenty-five copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR that you have sent me for use among the educated young Hindu men. I beg of you to continue the grant, as the Lord is using your papers to prepare the way for him. In a letter that I received yesterday from a Hindu in high position in one of the native states, there are these words: "I read my YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very thoroughly. It is read also by those in mine house; then I give it to my friends, but only to those who speak English. I distribute these papers, and am strongly advising to give up idolatry. Many are leaving off the worship of false

gods and all kinds of prepared gods, and wish to pray to the only true God. If you would make trial of many more papers, you would see many turning to the true God."

The gentleman who writes this has, as you see, given up idolatry. He reads the Bible to his family and friends, and always speaks of Christ as his Saviour, though he is not ready to be baptized, and give up family and position by so doing. I am now in this country, and if I can meet you sometime, I will give you many instances where the paper is making the paths straight for the King of glory. I wish to help in this work still more. I have interested a Christian Endeavor society to send some papers to me, and I would like to have them see a copy of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, which I like better for the Hindus than any paper I have yet seen. Please send me two or three late copies, and also give me the rates at which you will send a dozen or two dozen copies direct to India. Wishing you every success and blessing in your work, I am

Yours sincerely,

MISS ANSTICE ABBOTT.

Now, dear young members of the INSTRUCTOR family, what shall we do in the face of such an appeal—such an opportunity—as this? What less can we do than, by a little self-denial, make it possible to send many copies of our paper into this land, where it is so greatly needed and so gladly received?

In view of this call, and of others equally touching, we will open in the INSTRUCTOR a fund called "The INSTRUCTOR Mission Fund," to which all who wish may subscribe, and which will be used in sending the paper into specially needy fields. A list of the names, with the amounts given, will be published. Who will be the first to take up this good work?

**SEASONABLE HINTS ABOUT FLOWERS**

IF you intend to keep plants this winter, now is the time to select them. The uninitiated often go to a greenhouse or the open market, and buy anything that is pretty, without a thought of the treatment it may require; hence they nearly always fail of success. The safe rule is to begin with only a few easily managed varieties, and increase the stock as experience is gained.

Three things must be taken into consideration before purchasing: (1) the temperature of the rooms where the flowers are to be kept; (2) the amount of light and the location of the windows; (3) the amount of window-space at your command.

Most living-rooms are kept at a temperature of from 75° to 80° F. Coleus, heliotrope, cannas, begonias, cape jasmine, fuchsias, smilax, roses, etc., among plants adapted to window-culture, can be safely kept in such a heat. At an average heat of from 55° to 60° F., camellias, petunias, violets, candytuft, alyssum, chrysanthemums, daisies, feverfew, carnations, geraniums, primroses, and verbenas will grow well if otherwise properly cared for. Many plants require shade; such as, ferns, palms, begonias, ivies, camellias, fuchsias, and primroses. This does not mean that they must be kept entirely from the light; for the early morning sunshine is beneficial to all. Only such plants as geraniums, lantanas, and heliotrope can stand the midday and afternoon sun.

Plants bloom better in small pots than in larger ones. Study your window-space, and the number of pots that can be accommodated in each window. Allow twice the width of the pot for each plant. Ascertain in this way how many plants you need for the north, or complete shade; the east, or morning light; and the west and south, or strong sunlight. Make a list, and with it go to a florist, and purchase, under his advice (if you order by mail, leave the selection from your list to the gardener there), a suitable variety of plants, giving him the details as to temperature, light, and space at your command. Do not try to keep roses unless you can give them a shower-bath every

day. Do not buy cuttings or young plants; rather, limit your purchases, if necessary, and purchase strong, good-sized plants.

Don't bring in geraniums, lantanas, roses, etc., from the garden, that have been blooming all summer, and put them in the windows. They need rest, and will not bloom, but may die, if you do not give it to them. Put them in a box in a light cellar, free from all danger of frost, and there let them remain until January, when they can be potted, and put in the strong light of the south window to start into foliage and bloom. When potted, the plants must be cut back at least one half.

Give your plants fresh air several times daily, but never let a draft blow on them. Plants will not thrive without plenty of fresh air, any more than will human beings.

When the pot feels dry, and the surface of the soil looks dry, put the pot into a tub of water, and let it soak thoroughly, then give no more water until the soil is dry again. Give the plants a shower-bath every day,—just enough water to imitate dew, and keep off the red spider. All hairy-leaved or soft-leaved plants are injured by water, if it falls on the leaf. Remove all such from the windows before showering the others. In watering these plants, be careful not to wet the foliage.

Procure a can of fir-tree oil soap, and use on the plants once a week, according to the directions. Keep a sharp lookout for "mealy bugs" on such plants as coleus, begonias, etc., and pick off all with a pin, looking carefully in every joint, afterward bathing the plant in soap-suds.

If white worms appear in the soil, dissolve a piece of fresh lime in water, and allow it to settle. Decant the clear liquid, and saturate the soil in the pots. Stir the soil weekly with an old fork, to let in the air to the roots of the plants, and wash the pots occasionally free from the mold that collects on them.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



**NOVEMBER, 1899.**

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown's ☞), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you now, and mailed to Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

Name, .....

Post-office, .....

Street, .....

County, .....

State, .....

Enclosed find \$..... (money-order, express order, registered letter, or bank draft), for which please send ..... copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR ..... months to above address.

P. S.— If you object to clipping this out of your paper, or wish to forward other subscriptions, please write names and full addresses on a separate sheet, stating amount enclosed for that purpose.