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THREE TREES

THE pine-tree grew in the wood,
Tapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud, it stood
Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak-tree stood in the field,
Beneath it dozed the herds;
It gave to the mower a shield,
It gave a home to the birds;
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple-tree grew by the wall,

Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardener's call,
And the children rode on its back.
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!
Come, live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
And tall and straight you will stand."
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,
And flung his cones like coins aro'd.

"Oho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
"The life of the field for me.
I weather the lightning stroke;
My branches are broad and free.
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will;
Give me the sun and the wind-swept hill."

And the apple-tree murmured low:
"I am neither straight nor strong;
Crooked my back doth grow
With bearing my burdens long."
And it dropped its fruit as it dropped a tear,
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the harvest heard,
And he said: "I have use for all,—
For the bough that shelters a bird,
For the beam that pillars a hall,—
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their Master's will."

So a ship of the oak was sent
Far over the ocean blue,
And the pine was the mast that bent
As over the waves it flew;
And the ruddy fruit of the apple-tree
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

Now the farmer grows like the oak,
And the townsman is proud and tall;
The city and field are full of folk,
But the Lord has need of all.

— Selected.

HER MAJESTY'S COLONIES

Concluded

MELBOURNE is the most American of the colonial cities. According to the census of 1891, its population numbers about five hundred thousand, though during the last few years, through bank failures and high tariffs, it has lost somewhat,—a loss by which Sydney and the new gold-fields

tempt at drainage. At the present time a plan for forced drainage is on foot, which it is hoped will prove successful, but which will be very expensive.

The journey from Sidney to Brisbane, Queensland, is over some beautiful country. We get many a peep at real Australian "bush" and farm life. The trip past the Hawkesbury River is rarely surpassed in railway travel, the view constantly changing as we wind in and out among its many curves, and are treated to views of what appear to be beautiful lakes, where the river widens into great basins be-

tween mountains and hills.

In Queensland we are delighted with the scenery on the Darling Downs Range, an ideal farm district lying two thousand feet above sea-level, and covered with luxuriant crops of grain and fruit. Oranges, grapes, peaches, pears, apricots, plums, passion-fruit, almonds,—almost everything, in fact, but good apples,—grow here in abundance. Some apples are



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

have gained. It is now, however, steadily improving. Its wide, clean, well-paved streets; its beautiful buildings; the river running through its center, spanned by the fine Princess Bridge; its comfortable and noiseless cable tram-lines,—all combine to impress the American visitor that he is in a new Chicago. The residence portion is much handsomer than that of Sydney, except in Sydney's newest suburbs. The houses and cottages are of varied pattern, with large lawns, and present a general air of room and comfort; and the business blocks are tasty and up-to-date. Prices are higher than in Sydney, but the quality is generally better. In its system of sanitation, Melbourne has been far behind Sydney, its open sewage being both dangerous and disagreeable. Epidemics of typhoid fever and diphtheria occur every year, with a high death-rate. Thousands of pounds are annually expended in the drainage of the river to accommodate steamers, and thousands more are squandered in a futile at-

tempt at drainage. At the present time a plan for forced drainage is on foot, which it is hoped will prove successful, but which will be very expensive.

The colony of Queensland has a coast-line of two thousand two hundred and fifty miles, an estimated area of over six hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and a population of about five hundred thousand. Brisbane, the capital of the colony, is a fine city on the Brisbane River, fourteen miles from Moreton Bay. The river is navigable by ocean-going vessels. Moreton Bay is the home of the "Moreton Bay Fig-tree," an evergreen of surpassing beauty, with wide, overspreading branches, covered with large leaves, which afford the finest imaginable shade. In this respect it is in marked contrast with the gum and eucalyptus, whose slender leaves seem to have a fashion, as an

American expressed it, "of making a successful effort at turning themselves slantwise at the sun, so as to let its bright rays right down on you." This tree sheds its bark annually instead of its leaves.

Queensland has about twenty towns of importance, varying in population from one to thirteen thousand inhabitants, and many villages. The colony has abundant resources in its agricultural, cattle, sheep- and wool-raising and fruit-growing districts, besides its productive gold-mines. Around Brisbane the pineapple is grown in large quantities, supplying not only the home market, but also Sydney and Melbourne. In the far north, the mango, guava, and banana are grown. The climate south of the tropic of capricorn is generally a delightful one, but in the far north it is too warm for comfort.

An article on Australasia would be incomplete without a reference to its "southern skies," which must be seen to be appreciated. In its clear atmosphere, the heavens seem to be brought startlingly near. The casual observer remarks it, and the lover of astronomy is delighted beyond expression. He visits the large telescopes of the various colonial astronomical societies, and never tires of viewing through them the fine nebula, "The Jewel Casket," near the "Southern Cross," as well as the nebula of "Orion," and other familiar constellations of the northern hemisphere. We invite the reader to come and see it all for himself.

G. B. STARR.

GOSSAMER THREADS

OFTEN in late summer the bushes are covered with threads that are attached by one end, and blow out in the wind. These are especially numerous in autumn. Everybody knows that they are threads spun by spiders, but all do not know how or why. Small spiders, and especially the young of the *Lycosa* family (the running spiders), are very fond now of flying, apparently "just for fun." They will crawl to some exposed point at the top of a bush or fence; place all their feet in a bunch, with the head held down and the hinder part of the body up, and then exude from the spinning apparatus at the tip of the abdomen a thread, or sometimes a brush-like cluster of threads, which is caught by the breeze, and floats out as it lengthens, until finally it has buoyancy enough to carry the spider away aloft out of sight, or drift him off across the country until he strikes some foothold and stops. Then he may simply rest, and soon fly on again; or he may cut loose, and let his thread go on wherever the wind will carry it.

This is the explanation of the gossamer threads that in autumn cling to our clothes and faces and shimmer in the sunlight. Mr. Emerton, the author of an excellent little book on American spiders, also says that it is a common habit with some spiders, especially in October, to draw out a thread behind them as they walk along, and that this accounts for the attached threads commonly seen lacing together the pickets of a fence, or covering a field of grass, or clinging to the side of a barn. Another common habit with spiders is to let themselves down by threads from the branches of trees to the ground; and these hanging cables are blown about to add to the tenuous, silvery gossamer that is one of the exquisite ornaments of this most delightful of months.—*Well-Spring*.

"UNBROKEN sunshine and perpetual heat
Make deserts only."

THE LITTLE DOG'S VICTORY

A LITTLE dog barked at the big, round moon,
Which smiled in the evening sky;
And the neighbors smote him with rocks and shoon,
But still he continued his rageful tune,
And barked till his throat was dry.

The little dog bounced like a rubber ball,
For his anger quite drove him wild;
And he said, "I'm a terror although I am small,
And I dare you, you impudent fellow, to fall!"
But the moon only smiled and smiled.

Then the little dog barked at a terrible rate;
But he challenged the moon in vain;
For as calmly and slow as the workings of fate,
The moon moved along in a manner sedate,
And smiled at the dog in disdain.

But soon, 'neath a hill that obstructed the west,
The moon sank away out of sight;
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under the crest;
But the little dog said, as he lay down to rest,
"Well! I scared it away, all right!"

find that the smallest deed done for Christ, the feeblest and most broken words spoken in his name, have not been in vain.

We should all remember, however, that with the most valuable "odds and ends" we have—our fragments of time—we can not do as the weaver did. The minutes must be used as they come to us, or the opportunity is past. To each one comes the time when he would gladly gather up the stray moments carelessly wasted; and could he do so, days and weeks of extra time would be his; but the moments are gone forever. "Time creeps toward us with folded wings; but when 't is past us, its wings seem to flap with speed." He is wise who remembers always that the present moment alone is his.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

NEVER MIND

TODDLING Nell, the darling of the house, suddenly caught a fall in her race across the parlor.

"Never mind," said mama;
"get up and try it over again."

One sat by who had caught a fall in the life race. The sweet words, so full of courage, fell on her ears like an authoritative command: "Never mind. Get up and try it over again."

Our losses, our falls, can have no power over us if we will not yield to them. If the baby should persist in remaining where she fell, too discouraged to make any further effort, there her career would end; but if she will put forth her will, and use such ability as she possesses, she will gain strength for the difficulties in the way.

This is the word for every discouraged man and woman: "Get up and try it over again." The energy may seem to be all gone; but that which is really used up is the will to take hold of the stores of energy always ready for human use. The energy is never used up, any more than the sun is used up by shining. The power is yours, O despairing one! because it is God's. Believe in it, use it.

Every moment spent in discouragement is a greater waste than if you should throw away gold-dust. After every fall, one must at some time get up and go on. The power to rise lessens as the effort is postponed. Unused abilities rust and corrode. Especially does an unused will rapidly lose grip. It is better not to fall. But once down, "never mind.

Get up and try it over again."—*Christian Endeavor World*.



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

THE LITTLE THINGS

A CERTAIN weaver became so poor that he could no longer buy wool or silk with which to weave. Then he carefully collected the odds and ends that he had thrown aside in more prosperous days, and culled from the waste material short threads heretofore regarded as wholly useless. So skilfully did he weave the tiny bits together, that when the tapestry made therefrom was completed, it was pronounced the most beautiful pattern ever woven, and the curtain was purchased by a king for a large sum of money.

It is the little things, so often looked upon as trifles, which, when woven and interwoven in the great loom of life, come out the finished fabric—character. True character is not revealed by one heroic act, nor by occasional good deeds or misdeeds, but by the tendency of the habitual words and acts. A holy life is made up of a number of little things,—little bits of true service done in the name of Jesus. The overcoming of little evils, little sins, little indulgences of the flesh, constitutes our greatest victory. In the years to come, we shall

THE unpleasant phrase "cheap girls" has arrested my attention more than once, and I have wondered what sort of girls they are, writes Mrs. Lyman Abbott. Are they those whose loud laughter and talking draw to them the attention of every one in the car? Are they those whose voices call us to the window as they pass? Do they wear skirts so narrow, shoes so tight, waist so small, that their gait is an amusement or a marvel? Do they piece their skirts down from the top, in order that they may sweep the streets? I wonder are they the girls who place themselves in the way of young men? who "make errands" which will carry them into business streets, and call frequently on girls who have brothers? How easily their flimsy device is seen through, and what sneers it occasions! Dear girls, don't be cheap. Don't make a "bargain counter" of your church vestibule, and offer your smiles and vivacious talk to the young man whose person and manners have pleased your fancy.



KEEP WATCH

KEEP watch for the Master:
The day draweth near;
Soon, soon, in his glory
My Lord will appear.
Soon, soon, shall we hear him
All lovingly say,
"Rise up, my beloved,
And come thou away."

Keep watch for the Master:
Glad, glad, will it be—
That day when he cometh
And calleth for thee!
Joy, joy, to be ready,
Found doing his will,—
Found watching and waiting,
And serving him still.

Keep watch for the Master,
Keep watch for the King;
Tasks many and varied
Thy swift days may bring.
Sweet, sweet, is his service;
But 'mid its delight,
Keep watch for his coming,
By day and by night.

Keep watch for the Master
While treading his ways,
Live but for his glory,
Seek naught but his praise.
Care only to hasten
His kingdom of grace,
Until, the veil lifted,
Thou seest his face.

—Edith Gilling Cherry.

AGAINST PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS

GOD has need of workers who, as they labor with him, will comprehend the sacredness of the work, and the conflicts they must meet in order to carry it forward successfully,—workers who will not grow despondent as they see the arduous task before them. The Lord does not try to conceal from his people the stern conflicts they will meet in these last days. Instead, he shows the plan of battle; he points out the hazardous work to be done; he lifts his voice in warning, bidding men count the cost of their discipleship: but he encourages all to take up the weapons of their warfare; for the heavenly host will stand with them in the defense of truth and righteousness.

On every side God's people will meet the specious temptations of Satan. The enemy knows how desirable a place heaven is to every human being. He has a keen sense of what he has lost; and when he was cast out of heaven, he determined to use all the knowledge and power he possessed in warring against God, and taking from him the beings he had created. He knows that the work which Christ has purposed will be accomplished; he knows that the Scriptures will be fulfilled, and that a host that no man can number will encircle the throne where he so often stood as chorister, to sing songs of praise and adoration to God and the Lamb. And in accordance with his purpose, he is working to make of no effect the labors of Christ's followers.

Christ presents before his people their source of power and efficiency to meet the wiles of Satan, and his words of admonition are full of encouragement. "Be strong in the Lord," he says, "and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with

truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."

Those who unshrinkingly stand in the forefront of the battle will feel the special attacks of the enemy; and realizing their need of help from God, they will flee to the stronghold for refuge. Perseverance, faith, and a perfect trust in God will insure success. In every stern conflict, feeble man will have strength to do the deeds of Omnipotence.

The mighty general of armies leads the hosts of heaven in defense of his people as verily as he led the armies of Israel at the taking of Jericho. Not one soul in all the hosts of Israel could boast of his strength to throw down the walls of that city. It was the Captain of the Lord's host who planned that battle, and his name alone could receive the glory. So the servants of Christ labor in the strength of their Master; and every victory they gain leads them, not to exalt self, but to lean more securely on the arm of God. Deep and fervent gratitude is awakened in their hearts, and they rejoice in tribulation. These willing servants are gaining experiences and forming characters that will do honor to the cause of God.

Writing to the church in Rome, Paul says: "We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." In Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and we are without excuse if we fail to avail ourselves of the provision made. Christ sacrificed everything in order to make it possible for man to gain heaven. Now it is for man to show what he will sacrifice for Christ's sake. Those who have any just sense of the magnitude of the plan of salvation, and of its cost, will never murmur that their sowing must be in tears, and that conflict and self-denial must be the Christian's portion. Why should we be unwilling to endure, to suffer, and to sacrifice, in order to secure an imperishable treasure,—a life that runs parallel with the life of God,—a crown of immortal glory, that fadeth not away?

When the follower of Christ meets with trial and perplexity, he is not to become discouraged. He is not to cast away his confidence if he does not realize all his expectations. When buffeted by the enemy, he should remember the Saviour's life of trial and discouragement. Heavenly beings ministered to Christ in his need, yet this did not make the Saviour's life one of freedom from conflict and temptation. He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. If his people will follow this example, they will be imbued with his Spirit, and heavenly angels will minister to them.

The temptations to which Christ was subjected were a terrible reality. As a free agent, he was placed on probation, with liberty to yield to Satan's temptations and work at cross-purposes with God. If this were not so, if it had not been possible for him to fall, he could not have been tempted in all points as the human family is tempted. The temptations of Christ, and his sufferings under them, were proportionate to his exalted, sinless character. But in every time of distress, Christ turned to his Father. He "resisted unto blood" in that hour when the fear of moral failure was as the fear of death. As he bowed in Gethsemane, in his soul agony, drops of blood fell from his pores, and moistened the sods of the earth. He prayed with strong crying and tears, and he was heard in that he feared. God strengthened him, as he will strengthen all who will

humble themselves, and throw themselves, soul, body, and spirit, into the hands of a covenant-keeping God.

Upon the cross Christ knew, as no other can know, the awful power of Satan's temptations: and his heart was poured out in pity and forgiveness for the dying thief, who had been ensnared by the enemy.

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." But Christ has promised us "all power" for the conflict. "Lo, I am with you always," he says, "even unto the end of the world." And the promise is "unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." As we see the stubborn unbelief of men, and understand the risks that must be taken in the work, we must learn to listen to the voice of Jesus, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Yes, Christ is conqueror, and we can advance with him to victory. Because he lives, we shall live also.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



Chapter XIX

MR. Goss had not yet become indifferent to memories of this past. He lived in a continual hungry regret for the old-time companionship which he had so strangely lost. Sometimes his heart felt sore, as if he were mourning the dead; and he would have given anything but the self-surrender that would secure it, if he could have felt that he had his darling back again.

There came one day when this bitter longing had made him more exacting than ever. The day had been very hard for them all; and to make matters worse, Shirley had lost her temper. The provocation had not at first been so great as on some other occasions, and her father might reasonably have reproved her; but he seemed so to sense the calamity that had befallen her in thus actually sinning that he did not even attempt to improve the occasion, but left her alone with the terrible consciousness that she had failed to be a Christian just when failure was most deplorable.

It took her all day to get herself straightened out so that she could even attempt to apologize to her father. He had been so hard; she felt that she had not given him one half the disrespect he deserved, and that he had no right to expect her to confess. But she could not get back her peace of soul while she harbored such thoughts; so as he was passing through the wood-shed just before supper-time, she ran out to him, and, although he gave her small opportunity, poured out her confession. He seemed to harden under every word; and before she had finished, turned angrily away, with a contemptuous exclamation, which caused her to cry out as if it had been a blow. Her heart was more nearly broken than it had ever been before; and going up to her room, she threw herself on her face before the Lord, and agonized in prayer and confession and weeping until her strength was well-nigh exhausted.

At last a thought flashed into her mind; and springing up, she sat down at her writing-desk. She searched until she found some sheets and envelopes of a peculiar style; rapidly wrote page after page; folded, addressed, and sealed them; and stealing down, as if afraid of being discovered, she hastened to the old post-office. The lamp was in its place, only needing to be filled and lighted to shine out its little signal, just as it had done in the care-free days before she could have even dreamed of the bitterness of repentance.

She knew that her father must pass near enough to see the light on his way to the barn, which he always visited the last thing at night;

and she wondered what he would do. Would it bring any memories out of the past that would move him? She could not think of going back to her work, or of retiring, until she knew the fate of her messenger; so, withdrawing to a point from which she could observe without being discovered, she waited and watched, her heart beating with a strange, painful longing for power such as she had never known,—a power to be and do something that would lead her father out of himself into the love of the truth.

She had not waited long before she saw her father coming. His head was bent low, so his beard swept his breast; but the night was dark, and the little twinkling light caught his careful eye, alert as it always was for anything that needed to be looked into about the premises. He made a few quick steps toward it, then suddenly stopped, put his hand to his head, looked about, made as if to go on, but again paused; then, as if drawn irresistibly, he went toward the office. Shirley could not see his face, but she saw him take out the letter, extinguish the light, and go on to the barn. She waited until she knew he could not see her, and then ran to the house, and was busy at her belated work when she heard his step as he came in at the side-door, and went up to the room that was both his private office and emergency bedroom.

After that she could not work. Her strength left her limbs. It was with difficulty that she crept into her mother's room for her good-night kiss, and then up to her own.

Her father did not look at her all the next morning, so far as she knew, at least, nor did he speak to her; and she was so weary in both brain and spirit that she did not feel equal to forcing any further attention upon him. If he would not accept the appeal that had torn itself out of her heart the night before, the case seemed hopeless, and she was well-nigh in despair.

But Benjamin Goss was not having an easy time that morning, by any means. He had sat well on into the night with that letter before him. It read, beginning as her childish epistles had done:—

MY DEAR, DEAR DADDY: I think you must be sorry that you ever had a girl like me, and I wish you had a better one. I have been a very naughty, irresponsible, capricious child. I have never, until lately, thought at all about what a child owed her father and mother, and what it would be to be left alone in the world without them. Of course I don't half know now; but I do know enough to be thankful that I don't have to find out yet what being all alone means. I wish I could make you happy, father. I wish I could make you realize how sorry I am for all the naughty things I have done, and how I have repented, and how God has forgiven me, and how I have learned from the love of my Heavenly Father how to love you, dear, dear daddy, as I never did you or anybody in my life before. I know you have cause to be angry with me; but oh, can't you forget it, and forgive your poor, lonesome little Shirley, and let us be dear, good friends again? I want you so. Don't you ever want me, daddy? Don't you ever think how nice it would be for us to go together, and let the bars down for Shep to bring the cows home; and to sit down on the back steps again, as we used to every pleasant night after the chores were all done, and watch the stars come out, and count them, and you tell me about them, as you used to, you know? Father, will you not forgive me, and take me home again?—for the house and farm, as dearly as I love them, can not make home without my father; neither can my mother, all alone. I want you, daddy, and I know just as well as can be that you want me. What is it that keeps us apart? Tell me; and if I can possibly do it, I will get it out of the way, no matter what it is. I pray for you, daddy. I love you dearly, and wait for you to take me home.

Your own little girl,

SHIRLEY.

It took him a long time to read it; for his eyes would become so dim that he could not see. His heart seemed fairly numb with pain when he had finished. He had a good mind to answer it right out of his heart; but he dare not, for to do that, was to do much more than he was not yet ready to do. So at last he folded the letter, slipped it into its envelope, and put it away in a little drawer, with many other relics of the old post-office. The lamp, which he had for the first time taken from its place, he

hid in a closet on the top shelf. He would not risk having it shine out of that little old window again.

And the shadows deepen about the feet of Shirley Goss. Woe to her if she depends on any external source of light; for she is like a craft over which the most impenetrable fogs are wrapped, fold on fold; and in her soul the alarm-bell seems to toll a constant warning: "Be not overcome. Be not overcome. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The work accumulated, the burdens grew, and it seemed as if the girl's strength was being taxed beyond all reason. Aunt Nell took it upon herself to remonstrate with her brother-in-law; but she soon found that the change which had taken place in Benjamin Goss was almost in inverse ratio to that which appeared in Shirley. He gave her the roughest answer she had ever heard from his lips, and from that time she gave up. She was almost ready to advise the wife and daughter to leave him utterly; but her husband said: "Be careful, Nell, how you break into any place where God has shut himself in to have it out with a man. You better just keep still, or at least make all your 'hellos' through the telephone that leads up to the throne." And she concluded to take his advice.

She went over almost daily to help Shirley with the work; and sometime during the day they went together into Shirley's room, and knelt to pray for the man whose salvation they so desired.

Will, Seth, McFarlan, and the police matron had one dreadful day in Chicago, blindly searching for some clue to the missing girl; although Will, after those few moments of prayer, had insisted that no harm would come to her. But the next morning he bethought him that the home folks might have something to communicate, and would probably send it to Seth's address. This proved to be the case,—a telegram from Aunt Nell, giving the glad tidings that "the lost was found,"—and they came home on the next train.

Seth was not slow to recognize the change in Shirley,—a change which filled him with alarm, while it inspired the profoundest reverence. "I shall have to do something for Seth Adams," he confided to Aunt Nell, "or let the Good Spirit have a chance with him,—that is settled. I shall never dare think of her again until I am a better man."

But he also saw the change for the worse in Benjamin Goss, and felt keenly all that he could observe of what Shirley had to endure. One hot day in haying-time, as he came to the well for a pail of water to take back to the field for the "hands," and caught sight of her at the kitchen stove, her face pale, and her eyes red, as if with weeping, he could not forbear the word which, if she would only receive it, would make it possible for him to set her free from every burden. So, leaving his pail at the pump, he came in; and in a simple, straightforward way began to tell her just what was in his mind.

Shirley listened long enough to catch the drift of his words, and answered: "No, no, Seth. I can not listen to you or to any one. Nothing must take me away from my home, especially now. My father needs me, and what would my mother do?"

"As for your mother," began Seth.

"My father and mother and I must live together just as long as God permits. Don't say any more, Seth; nothing can change my purpose unless it should be something that would make me unworthy of any friend. And that—I pray every hour to be kept from that."

She had turned her face full upon him, and was looking him in the eyes, and he knew that she had spoken the truth. After a moment of solemn pause, he said, "Then, Shirley, I would not say one word to move you, if I could. I am not that sort. I want you to be what you are, even if I never speak to you again."

"Thank you, Seth;" and Shirley's head dropped low over her work.

"And, Shirley, will you pray that I may be made over, and kept, too, from every sort of selfishness?"

"I do pray for you, Seth; and you must pray for me; for I need it! I have something to do, Seth, and I must not fail in it."

"Well, then," he said, "I will tell you what nobody else, even my mother, knows. I do pray for you. I am not supposed to be a praying man; but I am, and I want to be *more*. I want to be a whole, all-round man; and that, I take it, means a good deal. I respect your decision, and will never make you think of me in any especial or hindering way; and I will try to learn how to pray the effectual prayer of the righteous."

At this Shirley looked up with her face glowing again, and said, "Well, then, all there is to do is just to give up every way and will of your own: just stop thinking about what you would like to do and be, and think about what Jesus is. At least that is the way I found it, and that way it is not hard to be a Christian. And I want father and— and — and all— everybody, to be one, too. That is my work, you see, in my home. You do see, don't you?"

"I do; and I have faith in it. Well, I must get that water. But I am glad we have had this understanding, Shirley."

"Yes, so am I; and you will pray for him, too?"

Seth stopped and stood still a moment, shook his head dubiously, then answered, "Yes, I will. Every time I pray for myself, I will pray for Benjamin Goss."

This had been a specially hard day for Shirley. She had given way to such tears as she seldom shed. The talk with Seth had been a relief; but other things came on,—little, vexing things, which she could not help, the lack of necessary supplies being the most annoying,—until it seemed as if she could no longer endure it. Aunt Nell came late that day, and found her in a state of mind that caused her to take her at once to the upper room.

"Now, child," she said, "something has to be done. I don't know what, but something must break this yoke. If something would just happen to your father,—to the business, I mean,—the barn burn, maybe the house; if he would only lose his property or get sick, not sick enough to die, of course,—but—oh, dear! I have thought a hundred times of things that might bring him to his senses."

"Yes," said Shirley, "so have I; but I know he is in God's hands. I only want strength to endure to the end, and I am trusting for that. Now I am going to make a request of you. Do you know we have done almost nothing but talk and pray as if we were in great distress? I don't think that is good for any of us. I'm going to stop it. I just thought this afternoon that instead of counting up the things that father does *not* do that I ask of him, I am going to begin to count up what he does do, that I never think of. Now this morning he brought me the graham flour that I wanted a week ago (I have thought all the time that I could not get along without it, but I have), and a bag of whole-wheat flour, that I had not asked for; and I'm just going to thank God for the fact that I've got a father, and stop crying and praying as if I wished I could change him off for another. Every little while he surprises me with something nice, and I am going to *think on these things*. How does that strike you, Aunt Nell?"

"As very sensible indeed," and there were tears in Aunt Nell's voice. "Shirley, you make me ashamed. I don't believe I have been any help to you at all."

"Oh, but you have, though! But another thing,—you know we've been coming up to my room to pray together, because our praying was so heavy and burdened and heart-breaking that we felt mother could not endure it. You need not look shocked. You know it's so."

"Did I look shocked? Well, I am. I never thought of it just that way; but it is so. Well, we will reform our praying at once."

And after that the three women met once a day in Mrs. Goss's room, and returned thanks to God for his mercies, and tried to help one another see signs of the soon coming of the Lord into the life of Benjamin Goss.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(To be continued.)



THE CHILDREN

THERE are little black children on Africa's sand,
And yellow-skinned babes in the Flowery Land,
And brown in the isles of the sea,
And white ones and red in this land we call ours;
But they all love the birds, and the trees, and the
flowers,
And play the same games as do we.

When Jesus, the Saviour, was here upon earth,
He blessed little children, and taught their true
worth,—

How precious these little souls be!
"Suffer the children," the dear Saviour said,—
And he didn't say yellow, white, black, brown, or
red,
But the children,— "to come unto me."

In the streets of the City of cities so
fair,

Where sorrow and sin never taint
the pure air,
The children will play, large
and small.

They'll come from the yellow, red,
brown, black, and white,
For they all are alike in his heart-
searching sight,
And he equally loveth them all.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

SAVING FOUR HUNDRED
LIVES

IT is a beautiful story told by Lafcadio Hearn of an old man whose great deed belongs to Japanese history. He was Hamaguchi, and his farmhouse stood on the verge of a small plateau, overlooking the bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice-culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits; and from the outer verge, the land sloped down to the sea. Below were ninety thatched dwellings and a temple; these composed the village.

One autumn evening, Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from his balcony on the preparations for some merry-making in the hamlet below. All the villagers were out, and he would have gone with them, had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

□ Suddenly there came an earthquake shock. It was not a very strong one; but Hamaguchi, who had felt many before this, thought there was something odd in its long, spongy motion. As the quaking ceased, he chanced to look toward the sea, and there he saw the strangest possible sight—it seemed to be running away from the land.

Apparently the whole village had noticed it, for the people stood still in wonderment; but only Hamaguchi drew any conclusions from the phenomenon, and guessed what the sea would do next. He called his little grandson, a lad of ten, the only one of the family left with him.

"Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!"

The child kindled a pine torch, and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks stood ready for transportation. One by one he lighted them in haste, and they caught like tinder, sending skyward masses of smoke that met and mingled in one cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, weeping and calling, "Why? why? why?"

Hamaguchi did not answer; he thought only of four hundred lives in peril. He watched

for the people, and in a moment they came swarming up from the village like ants.

And still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon. The first party of succour arrived,—a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once; but Hamaguchi, stretching out both his arms, stopped them.

"Let it burn, lads!" he commanded; "let it burn. I want the whole village here."

The whole village came, mothers and children last of all, drawn by concern and curiosity.

"Grandfather is mad. I am afraid of him," sobbed little Tada. "He set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw him do it."

"As for the rice," said Hamaguchi, "the child tells the truth. I set fire to it. Are all the people here?"

"All are here," was the answer; "but we can not understand this thing."

"See!" cried the old man, at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. "Say if I be mad!"

It was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing swifter than the kite. There was

A CANARY'S TROUBLE

I HAVE only one fault to find with my little mistress. I have plenty of fresh, bright seeds, put in for me new every day, or I should soon lose my appetite, and now and then a bit of apple or lettuce. She cleans my cage every day,—I am so thankful for that; for dirt makes a dainty bird like myself very unhappy,—and puts in fresh water and gravel for me. She always sets me in a warm place to bathe, too; and better than all these, she loves me, and often turns her bright face up to praise me for my song.

But there is one thing I long to tell her about,—how I wish I could speak in her language!—and that is the *air*. All the heat and foul air in the room come crowding up here where I hang, and it is terrible! The other evening, mistress had a number of boy and girl friends in to spend the evening. There were so many of them that the air was suffocating. I gasped and grew dizzy, and had hard work to keep from falling from my perch. If you will believe me, when the last guest had



JAPANESE GIRLS PLAYING BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

a shock, heavier than thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore, with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning.

Then a white horror of sea raved over the village itself. It drew back, roaring, and tearing out the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times, it struck and ebbcd, each time with lesser surges; and then it returned to its ancient bed, and stayed there, although still raging. Of all the homes about the bay, nothing remained but two straw roofs, tossing madly in the offing. All lips were dumb until Hamaguchi observed, gently, "That is why I set fire to the rice."

He was now as poor as the poorest in all the village; but he had saved four hundred lives. — *Youth's Companion*.

"Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear his word,
Two little feet to walk in his ways,
Two hands to work for him all my days,
One little tongue to speak his truth,
One little heart for him now in my youth;
Take them, Lord Jesus, and let them be
Always obedient and true to thee."

departed, she shut the door, and left me in that terrible atmosphere to suffer all night long! My little mate, who used to hang and sing just over yonder, was dead next morning at the bottom of her cage. How I managed to live through the night and until my cage was taken down the next morning, I never knew; but I suffered enough to break my mistress's kind little heart, had she known anything about it. As it was, I could not sing, and felt weak and faint for many a weary day. If some one would *only* tell her to cover my cage a moment, so that I should not feel the draft too much, and open some doors and windows, so that the bad air would be driven out, just before she leaves me for the night! Her Aunt Katy did that once; and when she took the cloth from my cage, after the doors were shut, oh! how the fresh air revived me! and what a sweet sleep I had that night!

Perhaps some day my bright little mistress will think of this. I hope she will. I would tell her if I could speak her language.— *Primary Education*.

SELFISHNESS always overreaches.

BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—NO. 5

(November 4, 1899)

MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S SON: SUBTLE QUESTIONS ASKED

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 22:1-22; Mark 12:13-17; Luke 20:20-26.

Memory Verses.—Rev. 19:7-9.

Time: A. D. 31. **Place:** Jerusalem. **Persons:** Jesus, Pharisees, Herodians.

QUESTIONS

1. In what form did Jesus continue his instruction in the temple? Matt. 22:1. To what did he liken the kingdom of heaven?
2. To whom did the king send his servants? With what result? V. 3.
3. What urgent message did he then send to them? V. 4. How was the message treated? Vs. 5, 6. As a result, what did the king do? V. 7; note 1.
4. What did the king then say to the servants? V. 8. Where and to whom were they now commanded to go? V. 9. What classes were gathered to the marriage? V. 10.
5. When all had come, what did the king do? What did he find? V. 11. What question did he then ask? What was the effect of the question? V. 12. What decree was then made concerning the man? V. 13; note 2.
6. In the final punishment, what will be the feelings of the wicked? V. 13. Why? V. 14; note 3.
7. What did the Pharisees now plan to do? V. 15. What special object had they at this time in purposing to entrap him? Luke 20:20. In order to succeed, whom did they send to Jesus? Matt. 22:16; note 4.
8. With what flattering words did these agents approach Jesus? V. 16. What question did they then ask? V. 17. What scathing reply did they receive? Vs. 18, 19.
9. When they had brought the money, what pointed question was asked them by Christ? V. 20. What only could they reply? V. 21. From their own answer, what unavoidable conclusion did Jesus draw? V. 21; note 5. How were his enemies affected by his wisdom? Luke 20:26.

NOTES

1. The parable of the marriage of the king's son illustrates a certain part of the great plan of salvation through Christ. The king is God the Father, the son is Jesus Christ. The marriage of the son represents one of the last steps taken in the saving of men, when Jesus takes to himself his bride, the New Jerusalem (Rev. 21:9, 10; 19:7, 8), which is the capital of that new kingdom soon to be given to the saints of the Most High. To this marriage, to this union of Christ with his kingdom,—the kingdom of glory,—the Lord first specially invited the Jewish people; and through them he invited the whole world. But they proved unfaithful; they rejected his mercy and killed his prophets, until the wrath of God could be stayed no longer, and they were cut off as a nation. 2 Chron. 36:14-16; Matt. 22:7. Jerusalem was destroyed in A. D. 70, and the Jews were scattered throughout the world. But though the Jewish people were cut off, the invitation to the marriage has continued to be given, and one here and another there has accepted Jesus and entered in. In 1844 the investigative judgment began; and it is in this way that "the king came in to see the guests." Matt. 22:11. In the judgment, God examines carefully the characters of all who have professed faith in Christ, who have become members of his church, whose names are written in the book of life. If it be found that any "guest," any professed servant of Jesus, has not on the wedding garment, has not robed himself with

the righteousness of Christ, which has been freely provided for all, he is counted unworthy, and is cast out; his name is blotted from the book of life. Ex. 32:33. On the other hand, those who are clothed are bidden to enter still farther in (Matt. 25:34), and their names are retained in the book of life. Rev. 3:5.

2. When the investigative judgment shall have ended, the decree of Rev. 22:11 will go forth, and then the executive judgment will begin. From that time there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth to all who have no shelter in Christ. The unmixed wrath of God will then fall upon the defenseless heads of the wicked. It is not until Jesus leaves the mercy-seat, and probation closes, however, that Matt. 22:13 is fulfilled. But how soon that may be, we know not.

3. "Many are called." Yes, many have heard the gospel invitation, and have responded. They have joined the church, and are counted as Christians. And yet "few are chosen." Out of the great number of the professed followers of Christ, but few will stand the test of the judgment. The words of Jesus show that too many are depending upon a false hope. They are in the church, their names are enrolled upon its books, and they count themselves safe. They have entered with those who are truly saved, into the presence of God. But they deceive themselves. And oh, how bitter the disappointment when they hear the sentence, "Cast him into outer darkness"! In the church, yet lost; in the anteroom of the King's palace, but without the wedding garment of righteousness. "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called [and enter the house of God], but [because they neglect to cleanse away all sin and put on Christ's righteousness] few are chosen." The very fact that they have been in the church of Christ only deepens their suffering; for when too late, they see that simply being in the church has not saved them. They were almost in the marriage hall, but are forever barred out. May God help us to put on the wedding garment!

4. "These Herodians were rather a political than a religious party. They were Jews who attached themselves to the political fortunes of the Herodian family, hoping thereby to promote the interests of the Jewish people." They were enemies of the Pharisees, and yet they were willing to join with them in opposing the Son of God. Being politicians, they were eager to catch something which they could report to Herod, and thus lead him to put a stop to Jesus' work; and to carry their plan through, they feigned themselves just men. Just so it is to-day: church people and politicians join together to fight the truth, the politicians professing piety in order the better to succeed.

5. Christ's reply was no evasion, but a candid answer to the question. . . . He declared that since they were living under the protection of the Roman power, they should render to that power the support it claimed, so long as this did not conflict with a higher duty. But while peaceably subject to the laws of the land, they should at all times give their first allegiance to God.—"The Desire of Ages," page 602.

SAID one unto himself: I would
That I might wield some power for good;
That I some wondrous tongue could learn,
To speak the thoughts and words that burn;
That I could marvelous colors mix,
Wherewith on sacred walls to fix
The glimpse of heaven, the holy dream,
That should from sin men's thoughts redeem;
And O that some rare gem were mine
Whereon to carve the face divine!

Another took the selfsame words
We use each day,—
The words wherewith we chide or bless,
We curse or pray,—
And with them sang a song that through
The wide world rings;
And slumbering souls that hear it, wake
To nobler things.

—Selected.



HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

THE sun had set in far-away Judea;
The towers of David's city dimly shone;
The doves stopped cooing; in the olive branches
The wild birds faintly chirped, in drowsy tone.

From wandering far, over a waste of waters,
A tiny sparrow, breathless, fluttered down
Upon a lofty house-top; while the sunset
Deepened to twilight o'er the silent town.

No other of its kind was near; unsheltered
Behind the parapet, forlorn, alone,
The tiny thing shook out its plumes, and nestled
Its tender breast against the cold gray stone.

A royal singer, in a noble palace,
Knelt praying; in his tender voice a tear;
Baring his aching heart to God in music,
And pouring forth his sorrow in his ear.

"I watch," he sadly sang, "and as a sparrow
Alone upon the house-top, so am I!"
And bitter tears dropped fast upon the harp-strings
Vibrating to his grief, in harmony.

'T was midnight! Comforted, the king slept calmly;
Slept, too, the tiny bird, with folded wing:
Both safe! the Father's care and love unbounded
Guarding alike a sparrow and a king.

MINNIE STEVENS.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM

"THERE was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall arise any like unto thee," was the word of the Lord to Solomon, the wisest man the world has ever seen. This excellent talent was a direct gift from the God of all wisdom.

After Solomon had been placed upon the throne of his father David, God appeared to him in a dream, and said: "Ask what I shall give thee." The young king rehearsed the mercies and kindness of God in placing him on the throne; and as a sense of his youth and inexperience, and the great work he had to do, came upon him, he said: "I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. . . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?"

It pleased the Lord that Solomon should ask wisdom instead of riches, long life, or the gratification of any selfish ambition; and he was given a "wise and understanding heart," with both riches and honor. The promise of long life was also made, on condition that he would walk in the way of the Lord. It was not long before Solomon's judgment was tested, by the two women who claimed the same child. He decided this case so wisely that "all Israel" saw and acknowledged that "the judgment of God was in him."

There is a difference between wisdom and knowledge: God gave Solomon wisdom and an understanding heart, and he "searched out" knowledge. He was not immediately filled with knowledge, without any effort on his part. We find that he was a great student of botany: "And he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." He was familiar with the animal kingdom; for he "spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." He was a keen observer: "Go to the ant, thou slug-gard." He was a literary man: "He spake three thousand proverbs." He was a musician: "His songs were a thousand and five." "He was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol: and his fame was in all nations round about." If we should put this in the language of to-day, it would read: He

was wiser than all men; than Edison, and Shakespeare, and Herschel, and Sir Isaac Newton, and Mozart; and his fame is all over the world.

"If any of you lack wisdom, . . . ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." H. L. CARLISLE.



MISSIONARY MONEY

HAVE you ever brought your pennies to the missionary box,—

The pennies that you might have spent like other little folks?

And, when they fell among the rest, have you ever heard a ring

Like a pleasant sound of welcome that the other pennies sing?

This is missionary music, and it has a pleasant sound; For pennies make a shilling, and shillings make a pound, And many pounds together the gospel news will send To tell the distant heathen that the Saviour is their friend.

And oh! what joyous music is the missionary song, When it comes from every loving heart, and sounds from every tongue;

When happy Christian little ones all sing with one accord

Of the time when realms of darkness shall be kingdoms of the Lord!

But sweeter far than all that Jesus loves to hear Are children's voices when they breathe a missionary prayer;

And many a one from distant lands will reach his heavenly home

In answer to the children's prayer, "O Lord! thy kingdom come."

Then, missionary children, let this music never cease; Work on, work on, in earnest for the Lord, the Prince of Peace.

There is praying work and paying work for every heart and hand,

Till the missionary chorus shall go forth through all the land.

— Selected.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

I

THERE is probably no one feature of our work that has been considered so thoroughly as that of missionary correspondence. Paul, in writing to the Philippian brethren, said, "To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe." One writer on this text says: "If from a dread of saying what we have said before, we try to go off to something less familiar, what follows, but that we put the less important truth in the place of the more important?" So in treating this subject that has been written upon so often, I shall of necessity have to write many of the "same things" to you; but I trust that, though it be an old theme, it may stir your hearts anew with the great possibilities for good that are centered therein.

There is danger that while other methods of labor, such as canvassing, colportage, and Bible work, receive much attention, the subject now under consideration may be looked upon by some as a "back number," to be laid on the shelf. While much is said and written in regard to these newer modes of labor, we doubt if any would intentionally detract in the least from the value of missionary correspondence in connection with the distribution of reading-matter through the mails. In fact, canvassing and colportage prepare the way for more effectual work by correspondence. We may well rejoice that there are so many avenues for work open before us; but while few, comparatively, can leave their homes to canvass or do Bible work, many can engage in the circulation of our literature through correspondence.

To the disciples, Christ said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Was this language restricted to the eleven? In "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, we read: "The signs of Christ's coming are too plain to be doubted; and in view of these things, every one who professes the truth should be a living preacher;" not necessarily by word of mouth, but by whatever agency he may best employ. But to whom shall we preach? How reads the great commission?—To every creature, and in all the world. In this we see manifested the depth of God's love—redemption offered to all, though all may not accept it. That none might excuse themselves, saying that the commission, "Go ye," was not to them, there is written, "Let him that heareth say, Come." Yes, we have heard; it remains for us to re-echo the invitation.

We have various helps at our command,—papers suited to all ages, and treating upon themes of vital worth; leaflets and books shedding precious light upon the word; and the word itself. Only a little over a hundred years ago the Bible was so expensive that but few could own a copy; and the first religious newspaper was published in 1801. When the disciples were commissioned to "go" and "preach," they had not the helps that we have. While we have the whole Bible in plenteous numbers, they had a few copies of the Old Testament, written by scribes on heavy parchment; where we have the swift transit and efficient postal service, they had nothing but a staff. In view of all our available means, we are without excuse if we neglect to help preach the gospel.

"Men and women are dying unenlightened, without hope in God; and who are accountable? If all would realize the necessity of doing to the utmost of their ability in the work of God, having a deep love for souls, feeling the burden of the work upon them, we should see hundreds engaged as active workers who have hitherto been dull and uninterested, accomplishing nothing. They have felt that there was nothing of importance in this tract and missionary work, nothing worthy of their especial interest. Yet it is a fact that the circulation of our literature is doing an even greater work than the living preacher can do. All can do something. Some can do more than others, but all should become intelligent as to how they can work most successfully and methodically in spreading the light of truth by scattering our publications. The lack of men to go from place to place, and preach the word may be in a measure supplied by tracts and papers and by intelligent correspondence."

Acknowledging all this to be true, it behooves each one of us to do efficiently our part in this important work. O that we might lose sight of the duty in the privilege! While opportunity still remains for us to scatter the seeds of life, let us "thank God, and take courage," praying that, whether with voice or pen, we may be sanctified for the Master's use.

MRS. W. C. SISLEY.

A BRAVE LITTLE CHRISTIAN

THE example of some who have only lately come to a knowledge of the Saviour would put to shame many who have been brought up in the full blaze of the gospel. The *Belgian Messenger* tells of a case in point,—that of a poor little lad who works in a glass factory in Namur. He is small, puny, and miserably clad; but he looks intelligent, and his eyes beam when told the beautiful gospel stories.

One Sunday his teacher saw, to her amazement, that he was fast asleep. She woke him up, and said, sternly, "You ought n't to sleep here."

"O madam, forgive me, but I am so tired!"

"Did you not sleep well last night, then?"

"Oh, no," he answered, smiling; "I worked twelve hours last night at the factory, and only came out of it at seven this morning."

"What! do you mean to say that your mother allowed you to come here, instead of going to bed?"

"No, no; I told her I would go to bed later," said he, "but that I must come first and say my verse."

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TIME TABLE NO. 3.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

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.

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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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 1 10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend 8 20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit 3 45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit 8 27 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit 2 25 A. M.
No. 2, 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. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.
Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

Learn that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man; it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love; but his love, bestowed,
Shall do it.

—Jean Ingelow.

MONDAY:

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our
neighbors are of less consequence to us
than one of the smallest in ourselves.—
Archbishop Whately.

TUESDAY:

"Hands that ope but to receive,
Empty close. They only live
Richly who can richly give."

WEDNESDAY:

Love much. Men's souls contract with cold suspicion;
Shine on them with warm love, and they expand.
'T is love, not creeds, that from a low condition
Leads mankind up to heights supreme and grand.
O that the world could see and understand!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THURSDAY:

The shortest and surest way to live with
honor in the world is to be in reality what
we would appear to be.—*Socrates.*

FRIDAY:

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—Longfellow.

SABBATH:

"Herein is love, not that we loved God,
but that he loved us."

THE PRISONERS' FRIEND SOCIETY

YOU will all remember the call that Mrs. Carmichael made through these columns a few weeks ago, and will be glad to know that a number have responded thereto. The following letter is for every one interested in this work, as well as to thank those who have, by sending in their papers and their names, become members of the society:—

KEENE, TEXAS, OCT. 10, 1899.

DEAR YOUNG BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR FAMILY: I wish to thank you for your interest in the work for the prisoners, as shown by your kind letters, by the papers given, and by the names sent in to be enrolled in our Prisoners' Friend Society. But I need many more papers than I am receiving; for at present I am obliged to wait two months or more to get sufficient papers to

send at one time to the reform school. I need two hundred copies a month.

If all the members of the society would be so kind as to mark plainly, on the outside of each wrapper, the month in which the papers enclosed were issued, I could simply redirect, and send the unbroken packages on. This would be a great relief, and save considerable expense, too, in the way of wrappers, time, mucilage, etc. Please remember this.

Below is given a list of the names of those who are already enrolled in the society, and are sending their papers every month:—

Eddie Hagle
Cleatus Pierce
Bessie Blosser
Frankie Blosser
Laurence Wilson
Jay Lee
David Weldon
Mattie B. Tefft

Myrtle Durkee
Effie Kiehnhoff
Alice Kendall
Grace Peek
Maud A. Grey
Roy Carmichael
Mrs. James Rose

These names should be only a beginning. May the list grow rapidly! I love you all, and pray daily that you may "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Your sister in the work,

MRS. IDA CARMICHAEL.

DO NOT FAIL

To read the Special Offer made elsewhere on this page, telling you how you can get the INSTRUCTOR absolutely free for two months.

SLIPS IN ENGLISH

A TEACHER in a famous Eastern college for women has prepared for the benefit of her students the following list of "words, phrases, and expressions to be avoided." Set a watch on your lips; and if you are accustomed to making these "slips," try to substitute the correct expression. But don't be content with that alone. Learn why the preferred expression is correct, and this of itself will so fix it in mind that you will soon use it unconsciously:—

"Guess" for "suppose" or "think."
"Fix" for "arrange" or "prepare."
"Ride" and "drive" interchangeably.
"Real" as an adverb, in expressions such as "real" good for "really" good.
"Some" or "any" in an adverbial sense: for example, "I have studied some" for "some-what;" "I have not studied any" for "at all."
"Some" ten days for "about" ten days.
Not "as" I know for "that" I know.
"Try" an experiment for "make" an experiment.

Singular subject with contracted plural verb; for example, "She don't skate well" for "she does n't skate well."

"Expect" for "suspect."
"First-rate" as an adverb.
"Right away" for "immediately."
"Party" for "person."
"Promise" for "assure."
"Posted" for "informed."
"Depot" for "station."
Try "and" go for try "to" go.
Try "and" do for try "to" do.
"Funny" for "odd" or "unusual."
"Above" for "foregoing;" "more than" for "beyond."

Does it look "good" enough for "well" enough.

Feel "badly" for feel "bad."
Feel "good" for feel "well."
"Between" seven for "among" seven.
Seldom "or" ever for seldom "if" ever or "seldom or never."

Taste and smell "of" when used transitively.
More than you think "for," for "more than you think."

"These" kind for "this" kind.
"Nicely" in response to an inquiry.
"Healthy" for "wholesome."
Just "as soon" for just "as lief."
"Kind of," to indicate a moderate degree.

OUR INSTRUCTOR MISSION FUND

THE first one to respond to the call for papers for India is Brother Erik Pilquist, whose heart is in the work of carrying the gospel into the regions beyond. Therefore his name heads the list. Who will be the next?

Erik Pilquist,

\$.75

TO HAVE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

Use "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

THE PRESSMEN PLEASED

The Transcontinental Trip Was a Surprise to Them

THE following telegram has been received by Mr. D. Mc Nicoll, assistant general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Mr. W. S. Dingman, president of the Canadian Press Association:—

VANCOUVER, AUG. 21, 1899.

One hundred members of the Canadian Press Association are deeply grateful to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the unremitting courtesy and hospitality which have made their trip across the continent the most interesting and pleasant of all their outings. Though conscious of the sterling work accomplished in the spanning of a continent, for a large part remote from settlement, and in the opening up of a territory as vast as some empires, the actual view unfolded on the journey has impressed the excursionists more forcibly than words can represent. The development all along the route, in cities as well as in agricultural and grazing sections, has surprised us, and is most encouraging to lovers of solid progress and hopeful prosperity. The ease and comfort with which the trip from ocean to ocean is attended in the cars and in the C. P. R. hotels, through a service unexcelled anywhere, is a triumph for Canadian skill and enterprise, second only to the financial and engineering victories attained in the building of the greatest scenic and developing line in America.

W. S. DINGMAN,

President Canadian Press Association.

Church-School Teachers

Will find a forthcoming series of articles in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, on "Drawing from Nature," by Pedro Lemos, of special help in their work. The first four numbers of the series take up the subject of Perspective in a simple way, which, with accompanying pen-drawings, will make it easily understood. The first number will appear in the INSTRUCTOR of November 9.

Free for Two Months!

Send us 75 cents, the regular yearly subscription price, and we will forward the INSTRUCTOR to your address from the time your subscription is received until Jan. 1, 1901. Don't fail to mention this offer.

Tell It to...

Your Neighbors

The INSTRUCTOR will be sent anywhere in the United States, Canada, or Mexico three months for 20 cents, or six months for 40 cents. Address—

The Review and Herald Pub. Co.,

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.