

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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NOVEMBER

PURPLE dawns will flood no more
Starry asters bending low;
Reign of goldenrod is o'er,
Lit with sunshine's overflow;
Fields, where armed corn has stood,
Gold fires flash from spear to spear,
Now are left in solitude —
'T is November, dear.

Bees no longer wander through
Flowers of autumn growing wild;
Where the meadow grasses grew,
Faded aftermath is piled;
Torrent-hearted birds have flown;
And the winds o'er forests drear
Sweep with wailing monotone —
'T is November, dear.

Now and then the gray sky lets
Glimmers of the sunshine through,
And, outreaching pale regrets,
Shows its azure self anew.
Now and then the crow's late call
Through the woods breaks sharp
and clear,
And the dead leaves rustling fall —
'T is November, dear.

'T is November, dear, — what then?
You and I can surely wait
Till the rose-time comes again,
Though these days are desolate:
And how beautiful to know,
Set in music of God's year,
In the symphony's full flow,
Comes November, dear.

— Wide-Awake.

THE JOY THAT IS SET BEFORE US

I

GOD asks the youth to serve him with consecrated minds. The call that he gave to the humble fishermen on the shores of Galilee he gives to each soul. "Follow me," he says, "and I will make you fishers of men."

The men of the world are ambitious for fame. They desire houses and lands and plenty of money, that they may be great according to the measure of the world. It is the height of their ambition to reach a place where

they can look down with a sense of superiority upon those who are poor. These souls are building on the sand, and their house will fall suddenly. Superiority of position is not true greatness. That which does not increase the value of the soul is of no real value in itself.

The qualities which shine the brightest in the world have no place in the kingdom of God. Birth, position, wealth, and high-sounding titles find no special favor with him. To-day, as

lift his burdens. "Come unto me," he says, "take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." The reason we do so little in winning souls to Christ is that we have so little of Christ in us. The usefulness of the Christian will depend upon the measure of the grace he has received; and the measure of grace he receives will be propor-



"WHERE THE MEADOW GRASSES GREW."

when he walked among men, Christ passes these by, and accepts the men and women in the humble walks of life, who have his glory in view. The words he uttered on the mount are truth for all time. "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Whatever his learning, his wealth and position, heaven estimates the transgressor as the least of all God's creatures; and the humble and obedient are regarded as of more value than the most exalted and wealthy and honored of earth.

Christ invites the youth to wear his yoke and

tionate to the use he makes of the blessings that God gives him.

You will have some estimate of your own worth when you become a laborer together with Christ, to fill the world with his righteousness. The Lord expects you to proclaim the message, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." You are to work to bless those who have no sense of their need of a new heart, a new life and purpose. Some one must tell sinners of their great need; and those whom God has accepted as his sons and daughters must work as Christ worked. "If any man will come after me," the Saviour said, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Those who heed this call will study the meekness and lowliness of Christ, and will join with him in his efforts to make the world better.

The commission Christ gave to the disciples he gives to all connected with him. We are to make any and every sacrifice for the joy of seeing souls saved. Whatever work is done in the name of Jesus to bless and elevate and restore human beings to the image of God, is as acceptable to the Lord as was the work of Moses or Joseph or Daniel. You who are the elect and chosen ones are to receive the divine commission to yoke up with Christ. You must never grow weary in well-doing. The highest honor that can be conferred upon human beings, be they young or old, rich or poor, is to be per-



EVENING IN AUTUMN.

mitted to lift up the oppressed, comfort the feeble-minded, and support the weak. The world is full of suffering; go, heal the sick, pray for the hopeless, preach the gospel to the poor.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN AUSTRALIA

THE various Australian governments do not fail to appreciate the importance of the instruction of children; and to meet the necessities of the case, have provided systems of education, which, though varying in the different colonies, are sufficiently elaborate in all to provide good facilities. In all the colonies the education of children is made compulsory; and the laws relating to the matter are not allowed to rest as dead letters upon the statute-books. The birth of a child must be registered; and for the fulfilment of this requirement, the parents and attending physician are made responsible, under a heavy penalty. From that moment the child becomes, in a measure, the protégé of the state.

At a certain age the records must show the certificate of his vaccination; and at a proper age, say six years, his name must appear on the roll of the public schools. If it does not, an officer will soon be around inquiring as to the reason. The attendance of the child must be up to the required standard, too, or the same officer will appear on the scene, armed with a serious penalty with which to enforce his command that these truant days be made up.

At the age of thirteen, or having attained a moderate degree of mental ability, the child is relieved from the espionage of his country, and becomes the property of his parents. Too often this time is eagerly looked forward to by the parent, who is impressed with the one idea of his child's being a source of profit with which slightly to enlarge the family income. So the boy or girl is quickly put out to learn a trade, or into a shop, or made to serve with rigor on the farm, or at wood-chopping or some other means of procuring a livelihood. Henceforth his education consists of actual contact with the lowly incidents of a life of toil, and such other associations as he may seek or chance to meet.

As a result of this system, the prevailing standard of education among youth in the Australian colonies is low, although there are few who are allowed to grow up without at least the rudiments of book knowledge. As a rule, the families are large; and the needs of numerous children seem to force the parents to crowd the older ones to an early servitude, so as to meet their own necessities, and, if possible, to help the others.

There are many exceptions to the prevailing rule. The children of parents of even moderate wealth receive a liberal schooling; and even among the poorer classes, there are those who set an adequate value upon education, which leads them to sacrifice in order that their children may continue in school. But these exceptions do not set aside the general rule.

Beyond the common branches, the duty of the government does not extend toward the children, except in subsidies to grammar schools, training-schools, and universities, where the student is expected to contribute toward the expenses of his higher education.

The public schools of Australia are not at all under local control. The entire system is managed by the Government Department of Public Instruction. There are no school boards and no hiring of teachers, providing for the school, or even, as when I was a boy, banking the schoolhouse to keep out the frost. Consequently there is little grumbling, and no quarreling over the teacher; for he or she is a government employee, in for life, and not subject to local criticism or censure. Of course com-

plaints may be lodged; but to be effective, they must go to the government through the inspector. The avenue to teachership is through the government training-schools, and up through the various steps of "pupil teacher," and assistant.

It is a life-work; that is, the faithful teacher is in the constant employ of the government, with stated seasons of rest, and is subject to the call of the government to go here or there, wherever his services may be required. After having served in his calling about twenty-five years, the teacher is retired on a pension, which continues to his death, thus permitting him, with careful habits, to spend his days in the comfortable assurance of a living.

G. C. TENNEY.



THE CLOSING DAY

How sweet to view at eventide
The glowing sunset sky,
Whose golden-tinted clouds all ride
At anchor in an ocean wide
Of purest azure dye,—
To watch the first bright star appear,
And twinkle in the blue;
While swallows twitter as they veer
And soar and dip, now far, now near,
A joyous, happy crew!

When twilight has begun to hush
The song-birds, whose glad cry
Rang through the trees, there comes a rush
Of color to the clouds, which blush
To bid the sun good-by.
Their blushes slowly fade away
From crimson to a hue
Of plain and somber ashen gray;
And one more fully finished day
Meets the eternal view.

WILLIAM ARCHER WRIGHT.

INTO THE LIGHT

AS THE clock struck four the next day, May came up the walk with her Bible under her arm. After greetings had been exchanged, Grace said, "We were so sorry that your mother was not well yesterday. How is she to-day?"

"She is feeling a little better, and insisted on my coming this afternoon, though I felt almost that I ought not. Hannah left us two weeks ago, and since then mama has been doing the work almost alone. I was so wrapped up in my studies and the evening meetings that I did not realize how tired she must get, although papa has said several times that she was not looking well. I hardly noticed what he said until Jennie Dow's mother died so suddenly last week. Since then I have been trying to lighten mama's burdens."

"Yes; Dr. Hill was here yesterday, and he said Mrs. Dow had overworked so long that she had no vitality with which to rally, even after the disease had left her."

"And she was sick only a week."

"Yes; it was a terrible shock to the whole family. Jennie is the only one to take her place, and I do pity the poor girl. She knows almost nothing about housework."

"Her mother always said that if Jennie never learned to work, she would never have to; and so Mrs. Dow took in sewing to pay for her daughter's music and drawing lessons."

"Did you ever notice, Grace, that the very means people use to avoid things often bring upon them the things they fear?"

"Yes; and often when people think they are just ready to enjoy life, they die."

"So they do; but we must begin our reading, for I must start home by half-past five. Shall I call your mother and aunt?"

In a few minutes May returned, accompanied by Mrs. Conwell and Aunt Jane, and all entered at once upon the study.

"The first thing I wish to tell you," said May, "is that the Lord does not pronounce sentence upon any one until his life record has been examined. These records are kept by angels, in books set apart for the purpose."

"Who examines the records—the angels?" asked Mrs. Conwell.

"No; God the Father, the Son, and the angels all take part in the 'Investigative Judgment,' as it is called. A picture of this work is given in Dan. 7:9, 10, also in Rev. 20:12, 15. Please read the latter, Aunt Jane."

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. . . . And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

"Notice that it says they were judged 'according to their works.' The Lord leaves all free to choose their leader, but he sets plainly before them the results of a wrong choice. He says that those who confess him before men, he will confess before his Father and the holy angels."

"We have chosen our Leader; we have confessed his name before men. Now are we sure of a home in his kingdom?" asked Grace.

"Will you please answer that question, Aunt Jane?" said May.

"It seems to me this way," said Aunt Jane; "we are not to confess him in words only, but by our lives. We are to represent him, to live as he lives. If we do this, we are sure of a home in his kingdom."

"That must be the meaning; but, May, what is the standard in the Judgment? and what are the 'books'? The text speaks of other books besides the book of life."

"I will answer your last questions first. The book of life contains only the names of those who have entered the service of Christ. You remember that when the seventy returned, saying that even the devils were subject unto them, Christ said, 'In this rejoice not, . . . but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven.' You will find it in Luke 10:20. Paul said, speaking of some of his fellow laborers, that their names were in the book of life. Phil. 4:3. Now please turn to James 2:12 to see with what standard our cases are compared. Will you read it, Grace?"

"So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty.' That law is the ten commandments, is n't it?"

"Yes; the eleventh verse shows that. In Rev. 11:19 we learn that the ark, which contains the law, was seen by the prophet in the temple of God in heaven. We all believe in keeping the law of God because Christ kept it, and he is our pattern. Does that answer your questions, Grace?"

"You have not told us what the 'books' are."

"Elder Barnes says they must be the books that contain the individual records. As the names are called from the book of life, the record, or biography, is investigated from the other books. If the individual has been loyal, his name is retained, and his sins are blotted out. If he has proved unfaithful, his name is blotted out."

"How do you know that?"

"In Ex. 32:32, 33, the Lord says, 'Whoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my books.' Of course that means those whose sins are unconfessed at the time of the Judgment."

"Can we know when this Judgment will be?"

"I think so; for Elder Barnes said that at the next meeting he would show us just when it began."

"Began! It can not be possible that it has begun already!"

"I do not know. That is what he said."

"Mama, you and Aunt Jane must go to-night, and hear what he has to say," said Grace. "I wish I could go, too."

LENA E. HOWE.



OUR DEPARTING MISSIONARIES

The tender light of home behind,
Dark, heathen gloom before,
The servants of the Lord go forth
To many a foreign shore;
But the true light, which can not pale,
Streams on them from above,—
A light divine, which shall not fail,—
The smile of Him they love.

A wealth of love and prayer behind,
Far-reaching hope before,
The servants of the Lord go forth
To seek a foreign shore;
And whereso'er their footsteps move,
That hope makes sweet the air;
And all the path is paved with love,
And canopied with prayer.

Christ is the fondly loved "behind,"
Christ is the bright "before."

Oh, blest are they who start with him

To seek a foreign shore!

Christ is their fair, unfad-
ing Light,

Christ is their Shield
and Sword,

Christ is their Keeper, day
and night,

And Christ their rich
Reward!

— Selected.

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE IN ARGENTINA

SINCE an intimate knowledge of mission fields increases the general interest and activity in behalf of work in those fields, I will attempt to describe some of the experiences and conditions attending a missionary tour in Argentina. First, however, in order the better to understand the extent of this country, we will suppose it to be laid down lengthwise in the United States. With the northern extremity touching New York City, the southernmost point would reach a little west of Denver, Colo. The area of Argentina equals that of all the States east of the Mississippi, with Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, and Oklahoma included.

In all this vast country there are only about six and one-half millions of people, one ninth of this number being found in Buenos Ayres, the capital city. If we imagine the population of Pennsylvania to be scattered throughout the States mentioned above, we may get an idea of how sparsely settled is Argentina, and how great are the distances the missionary has to go between towns, villages, and even houses. In setting out from Buenos Ayres, if he has not the money to purchase a cart and horses, he buys two horses, one to carry himself, the other to carry his saddle-bags, filled with books, tracts, etc. After passing the *quintas* and the gardens of the city's suburbs, the traveler soon finds himself in an open country, as level as a Western prairie, with nothing to be seen but grass and occasionally a few eucalyptus trees,—mere dots in the expanse,—marking the location of an *estancia* house, with its *galpones*, or storehouses. These *estancias*, or cattle ranches, occupy anywhere from three to one hundred square miles, the main buildings being situated in the center, while the remoter portions are looked after by *postereros*, or under-shepherds.

The accompanying illustration represents a typical house of one of these *postereros*. It is usually built by setting in the earth rough posts for the corner and center supports, to which are fastened small poles for framework and rafters. The black earth is then dug up in a circle from two to fifteen feet in diameter. Water is poured on, and thoroughly mixed with the soil by driving mules and horses through it. The addition of fine straw or chaff makes a mud mortar, which is quite adhesive and ready for use. Of this alone the walls are built. On exposure to the sun and air, they become hard and durable. Some, to give the houses a cleaner appearance, apply whitewash. The roof is usually thatched with grass. One of these roofs will last three or four years. The illustration shows a family at their evening meal, consisting of roasted meat, hard biscuit, perhaps a month old, and *máte*, or Paraguayan tea. The meat, as you will observe, is placed on iron rods set in the earth, around which a fire is made. When the meat is well roasted, each one partakes, cutting it off piece by piece, and eating it without plate or fork.

The missionary, unable to reach the distant *estancia* house, is glad to find a welcome with the *postero*; and although his bill of fare is meager, and his bed may consist of nothing more than sheep-skins thrown on bare boards,

private grounds. For this cause I have paid as much as fifty cents in a single day.

In attempting to reach an *estancia* house just at nightfall, I once entered by mistake through a gateway leading into a field that gave no outlet to the *estancia*. Night was coming on apace, so I tied the horses to a fence-post, and set out on foot to the nearest *puesto*. Fearing the ever-present dogs, I quietly stole up to the door and rapped. A voice from within called out, gruffly, "Who's there?" Fearing the dogs, I did not reply, but kept on rapping. Finally the door was opened, and I was confronted by a man with a heavy cane in hand and a gun close by. He severely reprimanded me for not conforming to the custom of the country, which is to make your presence known by calling out and clapping the hands; however, on my pleading ignorance, apologies followed, and we soon became good friends.

The missionary has many avenues of usefulness open to him on his route. He may scatter good literature, give advice to the sick, hold meetings, and do what the people need above all,—tell them how to live healthfully, instructing them in the use of fruits, grains, and vegetables. These grow in abundance when cultivated; and it is only through indifference, indolence, and ignorance of their value, that the native subsists chiefly on meat. The mis-

sionary must always be cheerful and happy, meeting the people just where they are, without making unfavorable comparisons between their condition and that of those in more favored lands.

May the Lord move on the hearts of many young readers of the INSTRUCTOR to give themselves, with all they possess, to his work in these benighted lands.

E. W. SNYDER.



A TYPICAL HOME IN ARGENTINA.

and his slumbers be often interrupted by the tortures of the too numerous fleas, the hearty hospitality bestowed goes far to atone for the discomforts endured.

On arriving at the *estancia* house, the missionary may fare better, if entertained by the *major domo*, or overseer; but frequently the unpopular truth he carries procures for him a cold reception, and he receives no more than the regular fare of the *peons*, which does not surpass that already described. At sunrise he is on his way toward the next *estancia*, having perhaps fourteen leagues, or forty-two miles, to travel in order to reach his destination. Passing along the road, which is simply the unbroken ground wired in to the width of eighty or ninety feet, he meets a troop of cattle on their way to Buenos Ayres, five or six mounted *peons* being in charge. These latter must be out day and night, rain or shine, their only bed being their saddle, which is mainly made up of rugs and sheep-skins bound by girdles to their horses. Proceeding, he soon comes to an almost impassable *plan-tana*, or immense mud-hole, reaching from fence to fence. The country being so level, rain-water stands in the gullies and low places, and troops of passing cattle churn up the black earth from the bottom, thus making the place impassable, even on horseback. The fence is then opened, and the missionary must pay from ten to twenty cents for the privilege of passing around, over

self, if it be but in thy service, and to promote thy kingdom.—David Brainerd.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

II

PERHAPS some may think it a very commonplace thing to write a letter. Not so a missionary letter. Like a missionary, it is "one sent on a mission." It may be sent simply to a discouraged brother or sister; but if that one is encouraged and "comforted of God," the letter accomplishes its mission—it is a missionary letter.

When writing to a stranger, great care will need to be exercised that the motives of the writer are not misunderstood. State plainly that you wish to call attention to reading-matter sent. Bespeak for it a careful reading. Try to awaken an interest in it rather than in the writer. Let the tone of the letter be frank, and the interest genuine; earnest, but respectful; friendly, but not familiar; cheerful, as becoming one "rejoicing in hope;" short, and right to the point, but courteous, and breathing a true Christian spirit; and withal, clothed with humility. In a prolonged correspondence, let not the Christian standard be lowered by indulging in gossip or sentiment. Let Christ and his truth be ever magnified—self, never.

A MISSIONARY'S SELF-DEDICATION

HERE am I, Lord; send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort in the earth; send me even to death it-

When introducing unpopular truths, do not crowd them upon your readers. Move carefully and considerately, with Christian kindness. While you may be giving them some new points of doctrine, supplement this, if possible, with something of mutual interest. Sow the seeds of health and temperance. Try to make homes better and purer by your labors. Work for the children and youth. Let the efforts put forth be of so ennobling a character that not only the spiritual, but also the moral and the physical, nature will be fed.

When we consider the wealth of our resources, centered in our various publications, will we not desire to begin at once to place these leaves of heaven in the hearts and homes of the people? We can engage in no higher, holier work than to disseminate the blessed light of truth.

The general appearance of the letter should be neat and attractive. The paper should be free from blots, and should be evenly folded. Unless there is a previous understanding that publications are to be sent to the individual, an introductory card should accompany the first paper, to inform the person who receives it that it is sent free; but he should not be asked to subscribe. With the third or fourth number of the paper, a letter may be sent, and in case no answer is received, the name should be dropped for a time. The character of the answers received will govern future correspondence; but argument should be avoided as far as possible, and the publications should be allowed to answer questions in regard to doctrinal points.

It is doubtless true that we may have a theory of the work, and heads full of "suggestions;" but unless our hearts burn within us with holy fire, and we labor because we love to labor, our efforts will be only as "sounding brass."

As we engage in a work of love for others, prayer should be the essential element. We should keep uppermost the thought that without Christ we can "do nothing," but that with him, we can do "all things." We must not limit the power of God. Let us, as loyal subjects, launch out into the deep, and cast in our nets.

MRS. W. C. SISLEY.

QUIZ

1. What is a missionary letter?
2. Who can write such letters?
3. To what details should especial care be given when writing to a stranger?
4. What about the appearance of a letter?
5. For whom should work be done?
6. How should the truth be presented?
7. Will fine theories insure success?
8. Whom must we work with?

YOU SAY

You do not believe in foreign missions. Then there are certain other things which you can not believe:—

1. You can not believe that God so loved the world that he sent his Son to save it; or that it is his wish that none should perish, but that all should come to repentance. You deny God's universal love.

2. You can not believe that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. You deny its efficiency.

3. You can not believe that he was the Son of God, or has any claim to your obedience, who said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." You deny his authority.

For it is clear as noonday that if you believed these things, you would believe in foreign missions.

Unless you find in the gospel something which makes it worthy of being preached to all men, you have not found in it that which makes it of any worth to you. You have missed its meaning. You do not know its power. The root of unbelief in foreign missions is lack of faith in the gospel.—*Selected.*

"OUR only business in any perplexity is to find out how God would have us act."



THE WAY TO SING



LL birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings:
Songs make their way

No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;

No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? The song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.

Then, late at night, when by his fire
The traveler sits,
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By watches through his weary brain,
To help him rest.

When next he goes that way again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh:
"Ah me! last spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air; and other men
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings;
Songs make their way.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

MUSIC AND RELIGION¹

MUSIC is something altogether too vast and beautiful to be expressed in language; it is love in search of a word; it is love seeking to reveal itself. "It is the child of prayer and the companion of religion." True music is the harmony, melody, and rhythm not alone of sound and tone, but also harmony, melody, and rhythm of the soul itself. Therefore, that which comes from a soul out of harmony with God is not, can not be, true music. Where sin is, there music is not. Sin is not rhythm, it is not melody, it is not harmony: it is vilest discord. And, hence, the farther we remove from sin and the effects of sin, the more closely do we approach to true music, where body and soul blend strangely together, making a true man truer, and a good man better.

Music speaks a universal language, understood wherever there are human minds, felt wherever there are human hearts. And like a rose-lipped shell, "it murmurs of the shores whence it came—the soundings of the eternal sea." "It is a strange bird, singing the songs of another shore." "It is one of God's best gifts to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth we take to heaven." And it has "such wondrous perfection, such marvelous height of expression, a reach so far above the daily level, that only by transcending earthly capacity could we understand its burden." It is, we may truly say, not of earth or from earth, but of heaven and from heaven.

The first song of which we know is the song of the morning stars. When the foundations of

the earth were laid, the universe sounded forth its joy in one glad anthem of praise, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." That was chorus singing, for the morning stars sang *together*. It was trained singing under leadership, for they sang *together*. It was rhythm and melody, musical notes coming in time, for they sang *together*. It was harmony, chords striking with chords, for they sang *together*.

And again, when the foundations of the new creation were laid, when the Son of God was born, when the Child of glory lay cradled in a manger, the angels sang above the heaven-blessed plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will toward men." That song was a song of adoration—"Glory to God in the highest." It was the message of peace—"On earth peace." It was a song of hope and promised good—"Good will to men." And so, I take it, our music should be the song of adoration, the song of peace, the music of good will. But adoration, peace, and good will pertain to God, and are the essence of religion. And music, too, coming from heaven, is never so true, so pure, so wholly music, as when it is joined with the thoughts of heaven—when it carries and expresses adoration, peace, and good will.

Blessed are they who with instrument or voice can thus make heaven's music! But blessed also are they who, if not with instrument or voice, but in the heart, can make melody, as says the word, "singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Such is truest melody, it is truest singing—singing and making melody in the heart. The song and melody of the bare voice and instrument may reach the ear and brain, but the song and melody in the heart and from the heart,—that, and that only, can reach the heart.

Music and religion! Music is of the other life, and it is not truly music unless it be the exponent of that life. How often are we "made to feel with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which can not have been unfamiliar to the angels." As Wagner says, what "music expresses is eternal and ideal." "O music!" cries Richter, "thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man, as he stands upon the shore, and longs to cross over,—art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future?"

The question is not left unanswered. When we read of the glad songs of the life beyond this life, of "the voice of many waters, as the voice of a great thunder, and the voice of harpers, harping with their harps," singing the grand new song, we know that music is not only the vespers of this life, but the matins of the life to come.

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¹A five-minute address given at a song service in the Tabernacle, Battle Creek, Mich.



BEDTIME

THREE little girls are weary,
Tired of books and play;
Sad is the world, and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away:
Six little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head;
Yet they are up and shaking,
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clat-
ter,
Sleep comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops each head;
Three little maids are dosing,
Though they're not ready for
bed.

That is their method ever:
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest;
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is forever scheming
Merely to keep out of bed.
— *Chicago Post.*

THE GIRL AND THE
WATER-POT

If you were a girl in Naza-
reth, or in any other place in
Syria, you would have to carry
a water-pot. A little pot for
a little girl, a big pot for a
big girl, but a water-pot for
every girl. For thousands of
years it has been the duty of
the girls and women to carry
the water from the fountain for
the family.

You remember how the
woman of Sychar came to
Jacob's well with her water-
pot to draw water, and there
met Jesus. When he told her
of the living water he could
give, she left her water-pot,
and went to spread the good
news.

Flowing from under the hills
of Nazareth, and gushing out
right in the midst of the town,
is a fine spring of clear water.
It is the only spring in or near
the town. It has always been
there. To that spring every
morning and evening went Mary with her water-
pot. There, when she was no longer a girl,
but the wife of Joseph and the mother of Jesus,
she still went to draw water. There her little
Son must often have gone with her. There the
girls of Nazareth go to-day with their water-
pots.

Little water-pots for little girls, big water-
pots for big girls,—a water-pot for every girl.
Just as true for the United States as for Syria.
"What? Do you mean to say we should
carry the water for the family?"

Yes, misses, that is just what I mean.

"But we don't need to. The pipes bring
the water right into the house here. And those
of us who live in the country let the men do
that sort of thing."

Yes, but think a moment. Jesus says that
if any one will give even a cup of cold water
to a thirsty person, as a service done to him,
he will reward it. Think of that! Now,
would you not like to carry a water-pot?

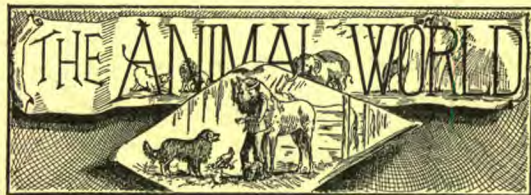
You would be amazed, if you would look
around, to see how much need there is of that

service. So many thirsty people all about us
— thirsty for a kind word, thirsty for a smile,
thirsty for a merry laugh, thirsty for the water
of life.

When you see that tired look on mother's
face, did it ever occur to you that a kiss might
refresh her, and make her feel young and
strong again? When the corners of baby's
mouth droop sadly because he is tired of his
play, did you ever look in your water-pot to
see if there were not five minutes of some nice
game that would make his eyes dance again?

Did you notice how discouraged your teacher
was? Did you think to bring her a cup of cold
water in the shape of telling her how her les-
sons helped you, or how you were trying to
follow her teaching? Did you?

Can't you start a water-pot brigade, — a little
water-pot for a little girl, a big water-pot for



ANIMAL INSTINCT

Now that the late autumn months are here,
and winter will soon be upon us, all thrifty
persons begin to lay in stores of provision to
last during the months when nothing grows.
Especially is this true in the country, where
there are few shops. This does not seem
strange when done by those who have learned
by experience what they must expect during
the winter months, but is it not surprising that
the young squirrels, that never saw a winter

day, should start in at the same
time to gather nuts and other
things for their winter food,
hiding them away in a hollow
tree, or at the root of an old
stump, or under a pile of
leaves? This is what they ac-
tually do, and they never fail
to gather a good supply. More
than this, they never hide all
their store in one place. Can
you guess why?

Now, children, how do
squirrels know that they ought
to provide a supply of food
for winter? When I was a
boy, I used to think they
learned it from the old squir-
rels; but as I have grown older,
I have learned that the Lord,
who made the squirrel, tells
him what to do, and when to
do it. And the squirrel always
does as he is bid, without any
complaining. Men call this
obedience "instinct." Look
up the definition of this word
in the dictionary, and see what
it means.

There is another strange
thing: Nearly all the nuts that
the squirrels live on have hard,
thick shells. There is no knife
made that could be used very
long to open these nuts as the
squirrels do without getting
so blunt that it would cut nothing
without being sharpened.
Have you not sometimes won-
dered how the squirrels can
do this work all the autumn
and winter, and their teeth not
break off and thus get useless?
Here, again, nature comes in,
and gives the squirrel teeth of
such shape, and of such pecu-
liar formation, that as a rule
the use of them in this way
really sharpens them. But
this is not always the case, and
then squirrels have to sharpen

their teeth in some other way. I will tell you
how I once saw a squirrel sharpen his teeth.

It was in the pine woods, where the only win-
ter food the squirrels had was the little seeds
found in the pine cones. The squirrels would
bite off these cones, and let them drop to the
ground, afterward carrying them off and plac-
ing them in piles. I have sometimes seen these
piles as large as a good-sized wash-tub.

At this particular time, I was lying under a
pine-tree, reading. All at once I heard a chat-
tering noise close by; and turning my head, I
saw a plump little red squirrel coming toward
the tree, up the trunk of which he ran, and
out on a branch, and began to bite off the
cones. One fell to the ground. He tried two
or three others, and failed.

He stopped short, and stood up on his hind
legs, as if planning what to do next. Then
with a shrill "chickaree-chickaree-quilch-
quilch" he ran down the tree, and across to
a pile of dirt that had been made by the up-
turning of a tree. Here he picked up a little
flat stone, and ran back up the tree again, and



THE WOMAN AT THE WELL.

a big girl, a water-pot for every girl?— *Our
Boys and Girls.*

THREE WISHES

It was down at the orphan asylum one day,
That three little maids sat round the fire,
Each telling the thing she wished for most,
If she only could have her heart's desire.

"I'd like a pony as white as snow,"
Said Maude, "and I'd ride it each day, of course;
And people would stop, as I rode along,
And say: 'Look at that child on the snow-white
horse.'"

Said Alice: "I'd like to own a ship,
And I'd sail clear 'round the world, I guess,
And bring back presents for all the girls,
And a beautiful crutch for dear little Bess."

Then little lame Bess, with her gentle voice,
Said, looking round from one to the other,
"I'll wish for the loveliest thing in the world —
That every one of us might have a mother."

— *Little Folks.*

out on a branch, in plain view, not more than ten feet above me.

Taking the stone in his fore-paws, he rubbed his teeth backward and forward over it, just as you would sharpen a knife, but many times faster. While still holding the stone, he tried his teeth on a cone stem, but they were apparently not sharp enough, for he again whetted them. After this he dropped the stone (which I picked up and carried in my pocket for many years), and then a cone dropped at every snap of his teeth. I watched him as long as I cared to, then made a motion, at which he ran away.

UNCLE WILL.

A TIGER SPIDER

A GENTLEMAN who has spent several years traveling in South America has in his cabinet a curious specimen, about which he tells an interesting story.

He was wandering through the forest one day looking for a rare humming-bird that he was anxious to secure, when a fluttering and faint chirping close by his side attracted his attention. A small, hollow tree was near him, with an opening in the side about eight inches across, and spread over this was a dense white web. The upper part of the web was broken a little, but securely fastened in it was a dead humming-bird of the very kind the explorer had been seeking. It had been dead but a short time. Near the bottom of the web a small gray bird was entangled—a tomtit, spending its winter among the tropics, only to meet such a fate as this.

Its wild flutterings had entangled it more and more; but the huge gray monster, back in the dark, evidently fearing that its prey would escape, had waited its opportunity; and just as the traveler looked around, it sprang full upon the poor bird's breast, claspings its hairy arms around the little, fluttering body, and buried its horrible fangs in the tender throat. For an instant the observer stood still, too much startled to move, while the little head of the bird dropped helplessly, and it ceased to struggle; then, recovering himself, the gentleman hastily prepared his chloroform, and taking advantage of the spider's preoccupation, brought it gradually near.

So intent was the creature on holding the bird until it was quite dead, that it did not attempt to escape. Its legs relaxed a little presently, but its fangs remained buried in the bird's throat, and so it died.

The gentleman had the section of the tree trunk carefully cut above and below the opening; and that section stands in his cabinet today, with the strong white web, the withered birds entangled in it, and the great hairy spider still clinging to the breast of one.

This hairy monster is known as the *Mygale Avicularia*. Its body is two inches long, and its great legs cover an expanse of seven inches. It has terrible fangs folded under its head; and when angered or in pursuit of prey, it will leap great distances, and sink those fangs in the object of its attack.—*Sabbath Recorder*.

IN THE WHIR OF WHEELS

IN the great power-house at Niagara, one of the largest in the world, where the whirl of huge, rushing dynamos causes the air constantly to vibrate as with life, and where great water-wheels crash continually with deafening roar, a small wooden box has been placed close to the heavy, rolling machinery; and there a mother cat is peacefully raising her family of fluffy kittens. Downy, helpless things they are; yet in the midst of the tumult, fanned by the furious motion of the nearest dynamo, they sleep as snugly and serenely as if they were in some sweet-scented hay-loft.

Great pets the mother cat and her kittens have become; and many visitors stop to stroke caressingly the soft fur of the latter, while bottles of milk and extra pieces of meat find their way daily into the lunch-boxes of the employees for the grateful little mother. Freely she goes to and fro, leaving her little ones fearlessly in their cozy home among the mighty machines. It is certainly an incongruous place

for a nursery; yet the mother cat is much attached to her surroundings and friends, and her touching confidence appeals to every heart.

It does not matter, after all, where our lot in the world is cast, if only we try to make the best of it. Happiness comes from within, and contentment may be ours even in the most trying surroundings.—*Young People's Weekly*.

BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—NO. 6

(November 11, 1899.)

THE QUESTIONS OF THE SADDUCEES, LAWYERS, AND PHARISEES

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 22:23-46; Mark 12:18-37; Luke 20:27-44.

Memory Verses.—Matt. 22:37-39.

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

QUESTIONS

1. When the Pharisees had been defeated in their efforts to entrap Jesus, who immediately came? Matt. 22:23; note 1. To what circumstance did they refer as the basis for asking a question? Mark 12:19-22. With what question did they seek to entangle him? Luke 20:33.

2. With what words did Jesus first respond? Mark 12:24. What did he then say to show that they were in error? Luke 20:34-36. To what scripture did Jesus appeal in proof of his statement? Mark 12:26. In conclusion what did he say concerning all who have died? Luke 20:38; note 2.

3. Upon the silencing of the Sadducees, who again came to Jesus? Matt. 22:34. In what customary manner did the scribes begin the conversation? For what purpose? V. 35.

4. What was the question proposed? V. 36. Repeat the comprehensive answer given by Jesus. Vs. 37-40. What sincere confession did the lawyer then make? Mark 12:32, 33. What blessed benediction did Jesus then utter in his hearing? V. 34.

5. Reversing the order, and beginning to question his enemies, what query did Jesus raise? What answer did he receive? Matt. 22:42. With what question and statement did he then seek to show them that Christ is more than the fleshly son of David? Vs. 43-45; note 3.

6. Realizing that they were only condemned by Jesus' words, what change came over these Jewish leaders? V. 46. In contrast with their position, what spirit was manifested by the people? Mark 12:37.

NOTES

1. The Sadducees were a small but wealthy class among the Jews, and from them came most of the priests who officiated in the temple. In the time of Jesus the high priest was a Sadducee. In belief these priests were bitter opposers of the Pharisees, and rejected much that was held by them as especially sacred. They were, professedly, great lovers of the Scriptures, but practically they were skeptical, and almost infidel. Denying, as they did, the ideas of a future life, the existence of heavenly beings, and the resurrection of the dead, they were cold and unfeeling in disposition, and found their whole joy in worldly pride and ambition. They were very particular to preserve their family genealogies, showing themselves to be the descendants of Abraham; but in life they knew almost nothing of that Spirit which alone can make one a true child of Abraham. They professed to believe in God, but held that he had nothing to do with the affairs of man.

2. God counts the things that are not as if they were. He sees the end from the beginning, and beholds the result of his work as if

it were now accomplished. The precious dead, from Adam down to the last saint who dies, will hear the voice of the Son of God, and will come forth from the grave to immortal life. God will be their God, and they will be his people. There will be a close and tender relationship between God and the risen saints. This condition, which is anticipated in his purpose, he beholds as if it were already existing. The dead live unto him. See "The Desire of Ages," page 606. In the light of the thought that God counts the things that are not as if they were (Rom. 4:17), we may understand why death is so often called sleep (John 11:11-14; Mark 5:39), and why Jesus could say that they who believe in him should never die (John 11:26); for while physical life is taken away, their real life is hid with Christ in God. They die in the Lord (Rev. 14:13), and sleep in Jesus. 1 Thess. 4:14.

3. It is plain to see that if David called Christ *Lord*, then David regarded Christ as divine. It was Jesus' purpose to lead his people to see what David had seen before them. As they had acknowledged him to be the son of David (Matt. 15:22; 21:9), he would have them know that he was the true Messiah, of whom David had spoken. His mighty miracles had convinced them that he was the son of David, and by these questions he would have them believe him to be the Son of God.



Chapter XX

If Aunt Nell had ever desired that poverty and affliction might come to her brother-in-law, she was not getting her wish. Even Mr. Goss was filled with wonder at his own "good fortune;" he would not have been so much surprised had some terrible disaster happened to him, as he was that everything he touched seemed to prosper.

First of all in his home life. He had never had so little cause for friction. He could see that if he chose to do his share, all would go smoothly about the house. His known wishes and preferences were carefully regarded,—he smiled grimly to himself sometimes to see how carefully,—and while he accepted the attention as a concession to his selfishness, he was both gratified and vexed by it. His clothing was kept in the most perfect order. If he threw a pair of muddy trousers or boots down anywhere, he was sure to find them clean and waiting for him in his closet. Never had rents and buttons been so industriously pursued, and never had his favorite dishes been more toothsome served. Sometimes he wondered a little just where the child found time to do all these things, but he did not dare allow himself to think much about that part of it.

And then about the farm: crops had never been better, the stock never in better condition; and when at last, in sheer bravado, he went out to the Board of Trade, and began to deal in margins, his success was phenomenal.

He began to be the envy and admiration of his neighbors as the most prosperous man in the county, on the highroad to wealth: and Shirley found new trials springing up in her path, such as would naturally beset a prospective heiress in a world where men stop at nothing to get hold of a fortune. But through it all she walked steadily on, with the humble, quiet grace of a consecrated child of God. As she laid her burden off upon the Lord, she grew in strength and winsome beauty. She became an inspiration of help to her mother, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing her arise from her infirmities, and take her usual place in the home.

The Sabbath became a delight to these three women. They spent it together; and after a while, Will made it a point, if possible, to get home for the day, and they had a Bible study in the parlor. Mrs. Adams learned of it, and

asked to join them. Seth came with her, then others, until at last the room was filled every Sabbath morning at eleven with a thoughtful company of listeners; while each in turn—Will, or Aunt Nell, or Shirley—led the study.

Mr. Goss seemingly took no note of this growing interest. If he ever remembered that the meetings were held, he gave no sign. But one Sabbath he had gone to the city on an early train on business, returning about one o'clock. As he came home, he heard Shirley's voice in song. It was wonderfully clear, and full, and sweet. He had not noticed how it had grown in power, and how grand it was in that old, old melody,—he knew it well, words and music. She was on the third line of the first stanza:—

"My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

He stopped and listened as she sang it through:—

"See, from His head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

"Since I, who was undone and lost,
Have pardon through his name and word,
Forbid it, then, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord."

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

That was the hymn that his mother sang most often, and to-day there was a strange echo of his mother's voice in some notes that came from Shirley's; and for some reason they moved him as he had not been moved in years, if ever in his life,—moved him out of, and away from, the demoniac self that had ruled him all these last months,—and he saw his hateful treatment of his child, and her patience under it all, in a new light. The long, cruel summer passed in rapid review before him; the light that had suddenly fallen athwart his way showed him everything in such relations that he could feel only respect for Shirley and shame for himself. He could not account for it. A strange, subduing influence came over him, like a breath from some other clime: what did it portend?

He came into the house, feeling half abashed that he had not come with contention in his heart or reproof on his tongue. He sat down near the door, and remained during the closing hymn, and prayer by Will; and as the little audience arose, he mingled with and greeted them. He had always been courteous to callers, though of late he had avoided any except those who came on business; but there was something about him now that made those who knew him best look at one another in wonder. Shirley looked on with a glad sense of victory, like the robin's rain-song, in her soul; and soon sought an opportunity to say to her mother, "O mother! I have been praying that the ministers sent forth to minister, you know, might be sent to father, and I believe that my prayer is heard."

Mr. Goss did not have a word of fault to find with his supper that night; and he talked so kindly to Shirley, as she went about the "after-the-Sabbath" work, that she was encouraged to slip up to him with a touch of caress, which for the first time in months he did not resent; and this fact opened her heart to cry out, "Dear old daddy! I am so glad I've got you."

"Now, you really don't mean that," he said, and his lips and chin drew down sharply as his heart pulled upon them, and his eyes grew moist.

"Indeed I do mean it. What should I do without you?"

Then he suddenly let his heart out in one little sentence: "But you'll have to out, sometime,—in the earth made new, for instance."

"O father! father!—dear old daddy! no, no, no!" and she threw her face upon his breast, her arms about his neck, and held him, while her whole being trembled with the power of the overmastering faith that took possession of her. "No, no, no! I shall hold on to you

forever! I shall hold on to God for you all my life long. I will never, never, let go; and all heaven knows it, father. Mother and I must have you,—God knows we must,—and you must have us. God gave us to one another, and gave us his own dear Son to bind us together forever, and, O father!"

Benjamin Goss could endure no more; and putting Shirley gently away, first, however, touching his lips to her forehead, he went hastily out to find again the farmer's secret place—the haymow or the open field.

He had for the first time in many a day tasted of the sweetness of love. He could not understand why it had come about that this cup had been pressed to his lips again, but there was no mistaking its genuine bouquet. Love,—that is the name of God, he thought. God, the Unapproachable—was he all like this, of which he had just been made to know the richness? What was life without it? What were all these broad acres, the thousands he had made in speculation,—what was anything, anywhere, that the world could offer, compared to love? He had lately seen men spend marvelous sums of money for a little sensual delight, that must end in pain; and here was love, deep, true, abiding as eternity, being almost forced upon him. What would he not give for it? There was but one thing to give,—his own empty measure, and let love flow in and fill it! Would he give it?

He had been sitting on the hay, but had come out again under the open sky, into which the stars were just beginning to appear as the afterglow of the autumnal sunset faded slowly away; and looking up toward the heavens, he answered: "I will do it! O Love! thou hast conquered. I yield, I yield."

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

(Concluded next week.)

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

THE rules for health have been summed up as follows:—

Drink less; breathe more.
Eat less; chew more.
Clothe less; bathe more.
Ride less; walk more.
Sit less; dig more.
Worry less; work more.
Waste less; give more.
Read less; write more.
Preach less; practise more.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN THUS DECEIVED?

Wise Words for Women

THE gullibility of the average consumer of merchandise of all kinds is well known, and the ability of "shrewd" (we should say dishonest) merchants to palm off imitations of articles which have gained a reputation, and are demanded by name, is also well known. In making small and insignificant purchases, it is not to be wondered at that consumers can often be induced to accept substitutes, or articles which are claimed to be "just as good" by the interested merchant; but when it comes to articles of value, which are likely to be used the greater part of a lifetime, we think the purchasers of such goods are as foolish as the merchant is dishonest if they allow themselves to buy anything but just exactly what is asked for by name. As a glaring instance of what can be done in this connection, we desire to name one well-known article of household use, to show what is often attempted and sometimes accomplished. As long ago as 1882, the Michigan Stove Company of Detroit, Chicago, and Buffalo placed upon the market a complete line of cooking and heating apparatus for all kinds of fuel, and of the highest possible degree of merit, which they marketed under the name of "Garland" Stoves and Ranges; and as this name was applied to only the highest grade or quality of each type of stove or range, their products were an electric success, and the name "Garland" has always stood as a symbol of goods of first grade only,—goods which to-day are the only goods of their kind sold under any trade name, which are not made in several qualities. Other stovemakers, counting no doubt upon the credence of the public, began to apply a trade name to lines of goods varying in quality from very good down to the cheapest and most inferior grades, and then imitated the shape and style of the "Garland" trade-mark, even to the shape and arrangement of the lettering,—copying even the colors in "Garland" posters, imitating the designs of "Garlands,"—with the result that many unscrupulous stove merchants have been successful in selling third and fourth grade imitations of "Garlands" upon the statement that what they offered was "just as good," etc. The courts have closed the factories of some of the

most shameless of these imitators, enjoined others, and yet there are those who escape the pale of the law, and continue to dupe the public,—who, we repeat, are themselves to blame for not insisting upon having a "Garland" and nothing else.

This is but one of many instances that might be cited; but it is sufficient to show that it is not only upon small articles of merchandise upon which consumers can be deceived, but large and important ones as well. When will the buying public learn to protect itself?

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No. 2, Lehigh Exp., to Saginaw, Bay City, Pt. Huron, and East 6.50 A. M.
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Learn as if you were to live forever: live as if you were to die to-morrow."

MONDAY:

"He that lacks mercy,
Of mercy shall miss;
But he shall have mercy,
That merciful is."

TUESDAY:

"Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the days are passing away."

WEDNESDAY:

He that respects himself is free from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.
— Longfellow.

THURSDAY:

Love is sweet in any guise,
But its best is sacrifice.

— Whittier.

FRIDAY:

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.— Ambrose.

SABBATH:

"Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee."

THE MISSIONARY READING-CIRCLE

MOST of you are aware that a Missionary Reading-Circle has been organized, and that it is hoped that each reader of the INSTRUCTOR will avail himself of the privileges the circle will afford.

The *Missionary Magazine* is to contain studies on the field and its needs. Every family should take the *Magazine*, and the young people should make it a constant study. There is no magazine published that gives a better idea of the field, its conditions, religions, and needs, than this. Read it aloud. Make its contents the topic of conversation at the table. Tell all you know about some special field, such as Mexico, Argentina, India, etc. Talk with one another about what you have learned. Write letters giving a synopsis of what you know of the needs of the people, their opportunities, the work being done for them, etc.

This is only one phase of the Reading-Circle work. Each one should also study the outline lessons in the *Review*, on the *Berean Library*. Join your parents in their study. Read aloud, and familiarize yourselves with the great funda-

mental truths brought out in the reading. In this way you will soon be able to give a reason for your hope, and can carry the light to others. Often you can form a circle of some of your young friends, inviting them to your home for the weekly review. We believe this can be done in such a way as to interest them in the subjects presented.

Valuable supplementary reading on the studies in the *Berean Library* will be prepared for the youth, and published only in the INSTRUCTOR. This reading will contain helpful notes, historical and biographical sketches, etc., that will be of special help in carrying on the regular studies.

We expect you all to take hold of this work in earnest, and make the best of your time these long evenings. The people of God are anxious that the youth should become qualified to enter his work. Shall we not all do our best to make our lives a success?

I. H. EVANS.

"WHOM having not seen, we love." Why? — "Because he first loved us," and our hearts respond to his love. We have tested him, and he has proved true; always, in the hour of temptation, we have found him a sure refuge, a strong tower, when we would run to him; and when we have trusted in our own puny strength, and, so trusting, failed,—with what divine compassion has he sought us out, and lifted us up, and comforted us with forgiveness! Who can help loving him? And by and by "we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is"!

THERE is a story told of Murillo, the great Spanish artist, and his little slave-boy, Sebastian. One day the master found in his studio an unfinished sketch of a beautiful head. Of course he wondered who had been working in the room; and to satisfy his curiosity, he hid himself one day to discover who was using his studio. What was his surprise to see his little slave before the easel, putting the finishing touches to the beautiful picture. "Who taught you to paint?" asked the artist. "O sir," said Sebastian, "no one has taught me. I learned by watching you." What a person sees has a great influence in his life. If he looks at the selfishness, dishonesty, pride, of his neighbor, he is surely, though perhaps unconsciously, strengthening those evils in his own heart. But oh, there is another side to the picture! If he beholds Christ, his goodness, gentleness, and love, he becomes "changed into the same image." Let us keep our eyes on the perfect Pattern.

GERMAN SCHOOL GARDENS

BROTHER W. S. CHAPMAN kindly sends the following extract from an interesting article on this subject in the September issue of *How to Grow Flowers*. It contains hints that we believe our church-school teachers will find of value:—

Some years ago a few of the teachers in the German public schools conceived the idea of growing wild flowers in the school-yards of their schools, for the benefit and edification of their pupils. In 1881 this gave place to an effort to introduce botanical specimens instead of wild flowers, for class study, and finally resulted in the growing of flowers, plants, and fruit, with vegetables, on a large scale; so that to-day there are hundreds of these school-gardens throughout the German Empire. The government encourages, but does not support, these gardens, nor is there any regular fund for their maintenance. It provides the ground, and pays for the plowing, spading, and manur-

ing; but all the work is done by the pupils, under direction of the teacher. Often the teacher supplies all that may be needed, teaches free of charge, and takes the produce for remuneration.

In many large cities, where the school-yards are small, and land is high, a small garden is maintained at each school, and outside the city a large garden is carried on as a central supply station, upon which the school-gardens draw for what they require, as needed. These central gardens are generally veritable parks, with ponds, lakes, marshes, rookeries, etc., where all sorts of plants and flowers grow luxuriantly. Each week the gardener at the central garden notifies the teachers what flowers are blooming, or are shortly to come into bloom; and the teachers, with their pupils, visit the gardens at the proper time, and in a large recitation-room erected for the purpose, and filled with all necessary accessories, the appropriate botany lesson is given. Teachers also notify the central gardener by mail of the plants or flowers required by them, and these are delivered at the schools daily.

A stated time is allowed each week for garden work, which is performed during the pupils' four years in the high school. The first year they work in preparing the soil, and in sowing and gathering the seed, also in transplanting seedlings, the heavy work of spading and plowing being done by hired laborers. The second and third years they are taught the chemistry of soils, care and feeding of bees, and the knowledge and uses of savory herbs and the various poisonous, fiber, spice, and oil plants. The fourth year they learn to prune and bud, and to put the garden, with all its belongings, in order for winter. The pupils are required to make notes on the habits and structure of the plants, and of the insects injurious to them, and, later, to write essays upon them. Who can estimate the advantages that might accrue should such a system be adopted in all the schools of the United States?

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.

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