

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN AUSTRALIA

WHEN we consider English history, and the fact that civil and ecclesiastical affairs of that

take the establishment of a denominational school in Australasia; and great efforts are being made by its promoters to have it in all respects just what such a school should be.

Having spent a few days at this school, I will, at the courteous invitation of the Editor, put some of the facts and my impressions on paper.

The initiative step toward this school was the temporary establishment, in 1892, of the Australian Bible School in Melbourne. As facts are the object of our account, we shall omit names quite largely, except where it seems necessary to mention them. But this should not be re-

About seventy-five miles north of the beautiful city of Sydney, and twenty-five miles south of the coal-mining city of Newcastle, the railway line crosses an arm of the sea. This is called Dora Creek. It is not much of a creek, in the usual sense of the term, having but a small flow of fresh water during the greater part of the year. But practically it is a deep and beautiful waterway, capable of bearing small vessels, and is always placid and available for use. About three miles up this stream, or arm of the sea, toward the west, was found a large tract of land for sale. It consisted of over fifteen hundred acres in a wild state, covered with a dense growth of timber, and having a soil of varying quality. There was a portion of swamp; there were

knolls, and dry ridges, and low valleys; and there was clayey soil and sandy soil, as well as rich mold.

After much deliberation, into which misgivings mingled with confidence, and doubts contested the ground with faith, this tract was purchased at a low price, and the work began in 1894. The school was opened in a vacant public house near the estate; and from this little fortress the



DORA CREEK BRIDGE

nation have for ages been closely identified, and also the close relation that the people of Australia sustain to English history, it is not at all strange that there should be in the colonies a strong tendency toward a union of church and state. It would follow, as a matter of course, that there would be a demand for the introduction of religious matters into the Department of Public Instruction. It is true

that the prevailing sentiment is in favor of the separation of religious considerations from public affairs; still, the effect of tradition lingers in the blood of many of the people of the land.

But it is vain to look for Christian education in secular institutions. There is a distinction to be observed between the terms "religious" and "Christian;" for while Christianity is always religious, religion is not always Christian. Christian instruction can emanate only from Christian sources. And it is necessary for those who have definite ideas as to what constitutes Christian education, and wish their children to enjoy the advantages of such education, to provide a school in which these religious ideas are the essential element.

Seventh-day Adventists are coming to recognize this fact, and this has led them to under-

garded as showing a lack of appreciation of the personal efforts of those who have labored unselfishly in the work.

It was felt that the city was not the place for the establishment of such a school. The counsel of Mrs. E. G. White, who during this time has been a resident of Australia, led to a diligent search for a suitable location, where lessons from nature could be drawn without stint or limit; where opportunities could be found for practical instruction in useful industries, both agricultural and mechanical; and where there would be a minimum of those influences that distract the minds of students from their work, and thus undermine the work of the teacher.

students and workers sallied forth on the adjacent forest, armed with axes, grubbing-hoes, and saws. Their capital was faith in God, from whom they drew their strength and courage.



AVONDALE CHURCH



ROAD TO SUNNYSIDE



W.C. WHITE'S HOME



SUNNYSIDE, MRS. WHITE'S HOME



MR. HARE'S HOME



SAWMILL.

Mr. Metcalf Hare was the first to settle on the estate, and the first house was a cotton tent. This was in April, 1895. Three months later, Mrs. White opened a clearing half a mile north of the school site, and began the building of a dwelling. She immediately had an orchard planted, and advised those in charge of the school work to follow her example. While the matter of purchasing the estate was in doubt, an angel appeared to her in a dream, and confirmed the proposition to purchase, assuring her of the fruitfulness of the soil. It was her faith in this testimony, and her intense desire to see it verified, that prompted her vigorous work.

During that year one thousand of the best fruit-trees were set out; and in less than three years a good supply of peaches, plums, lemons, oranges, and nectarines was obtained, all the fruit being of the best quality. Vegetables and grains also do well. Thus in five successive seasons has the faithfulness of the heavenly witness been demonstrated, to the silencing of every voice of misgiving and distrust, even though supported by the wisdom of the world.

One of the first enterprises was the erection of a sawmill, in which the timber could be converted into building-material. The mill first cut its own cover, and then provided the lumber used in the construction of other buildings.

On Oct. 5, 1896, the first brick in the foundation of the first school building was laid by Mrs. E. G. White. This was the Ladies' Hall, which is sixty-five by thirty-six feet, two stories high, and affords accommodation for thirty students. At the same time a dining-hall was erected, which is eighty by twenty-six feet, two stories high, and has a basement forty by

twenty-six feet. These two buildings were ready for use at the beginning of the first term, April 28, 1897, on which day the buildings were dedicated to their sacred mission.

During the vacation of '97 and '98 another building, the Boys' Hall, was erected. This is considerably larger than either of the others. It is, like them, plastered and ceiled inside, and will accommodate fifty-six students. A bakery and laundry have also been built, and a cistern, which

in all ordinary weather provides an ample supply of the best water.

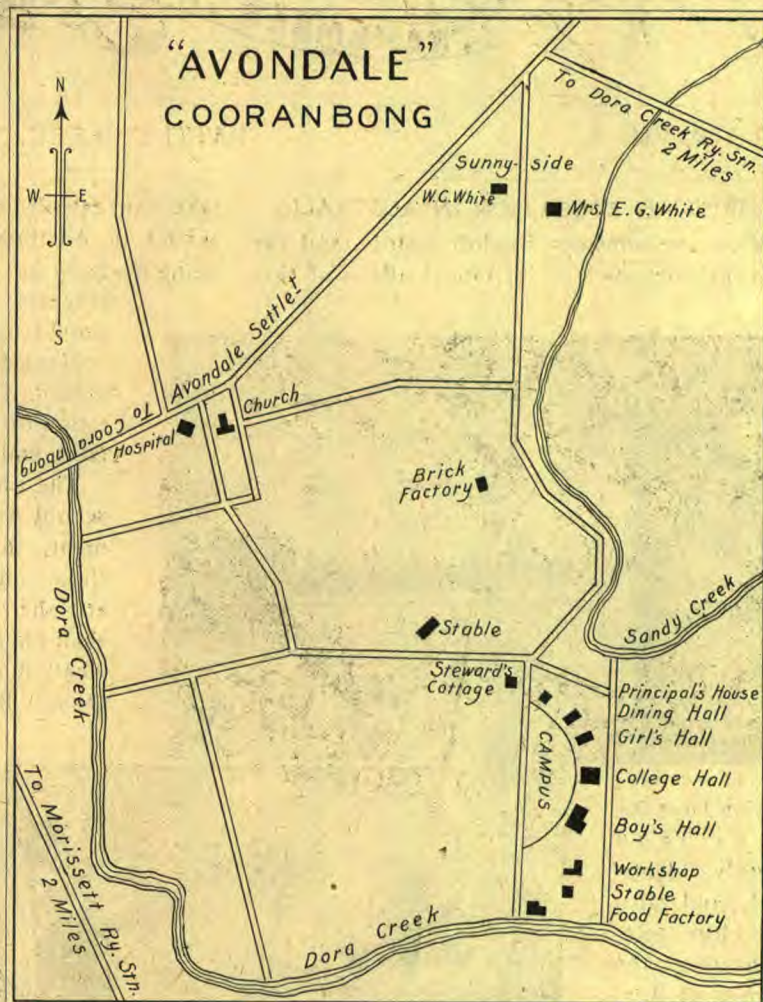
The school now has seven horses, eleven cows, and six young cattle. The cows provide ample milk and cream for the school.

One year ago twelve swarms of bees were secured, and during the year they have made over six thousand pounds of strained honey, and have increased to about thirty-five swarms.

A good number of fowls provide eggs for the school. This is their only use, as the school family is strictly vegetarian, both in principle and in practise.

The school buildings are erected in a large crescent, in front of which is a broad campus. A short distance beyond the campus is the fertile swamp land, with a range of hills for a background. When facing the swamp, Sandy Creek is between one and two hundred yards distant squarely to the right. The road to Mrs. White's home leads in that direction, close to the creek. In front, but a little to the right, is the home of Mr. M. Hare, and the road leading to the church is in the same direction. To the left is the

mill and the Avondale boat-landing on Dora Creek, and to the rear of the buildings is the orchard. Mrs. White's home and the church are both situated on Maitland Road, about three fourths of a mile distant. One thousand acres of the school land are beyond this road, and open for sale and settlement; and a number of our brethren have already established homes on the estate: but the greater



part of the land on the school site "is, by the appointment of God, dedicated to the school farm." G. C. TENNEY.

A PARABLE FOR THE TEMPTED

A STORY is told of a man who once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation.

The king told the man to take a vessel brimful of oil, and carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop.

"If one drop is spilt," said the king, "your head shall be cut off." He then ordered two executioners, with drawn swords, to walk behind the man, and to carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in the town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked: "Did you see any one while you were walking through the streets?"

"No," said the man; "I was thinking only of the oil; I noticed nothing else."

"Then," said the king, "you have learned how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God as you fixed it on the vessel of oil, and you will not then be tempted to sin."—*Well-Spring*.

"THE praise of the multitude can not give peace to the heart that has been false to itself."



THE DINING-HALL AND GIRLS' HALL.



OVER ALL

WHETHER the skies be dark or blue,
The same kind Father is over you;
The clouds that obscure the sun to-day,
To-morrow his hand will sweep away.
In storm or in shine,
In deluge or dew,
The same kind Father
Will watch over you.

Whether the heart, then, sings or sighs,
Whether the sun hangs in the skies,
Or whether shadows hang thick above,
Over it all is a God of love.
In storm or in shine,
In deluge or dew,
The same kind Father
Will watch over you.

— Selected.

THE JOY THAT IS SET BEFORE US

II

THE message of mercy that Christ brought from the Father to man was meant for the ears of the world: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Everlasting life has been purchased for man at an infinite cost. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Through this matchless gift, Christ encircles the world with an atmosphere of grace. All who choose to inhale this life-giving air will have eternal life.

That Christ should take human nature, and by a life of humiliation elevate man in the scale of moral worth with God; that he should carry his adopted nature to the throne of God, and there present his children to the Father, to have conferred upon them an honor exceeding that bestowed upon the angels,—this is love that melts the sinner's heart. It is too much for the human mind to grasp, that God, having gathered together all the riches of the universe, and laid open all the resources of his power, should place them in the hand of his Son, saying, All these I give to you for man. These are my gifts to him. Confer them upon him, that he may know that there is no love like mine, and that his eternal happiness consists in giving me his love in return. As the sinner contemplates this love, it broadens and deepens into infinitude, passing beyond his comprehension.

Co-laborers with God are to fill the space they occupy in the world with the love of Jesus. The world needs spiritual workers, who will plant the seeds of truth in every heart. Christ calls upon us to be "instant in prayer." By this he means that the heart is constantly to go out after God, while we watch for opportunities to do good to the souls that are ready to die.

"Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." God has chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth. Therefore stand fast. Your hardest conflict will be in keeping the straight and narrow path that leads to eternal life. In order to do this, you must die daily. If you serve God faithfully, you will meet with prejudice and opposition; but do not become provoked when you suffer wrongfully. Do not retaliate. Hold fast your integrity in Jesus Christ. Set your face as a flint heavenward. Let others speak their own words, and pursue their own course of action; it is for you to press on in the meekness and lowliness of Christ. Do your work with steadfast purpose, with purity of heart, with all your might and strength, leaning on the arm of God. The true and exalted nature of your work you may never

know. The value of your being you can measure only by the life given to save you.

The apostle gives us his experience and the experience of his fellow laborers in their work. "We are troubled on every side," he says; "yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." If we work the works of Christ, the mind will gather strength and firmness to resist the adversary of souls. The apostle says, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." "Ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." "Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator." "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time: casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world."

For every soul who is growing up into Christ there will be times of earnest and long-continued struggle; for the powers of darkness are determined to oppose the way of advance. But when we look to the cross of Christ for grace, we can not fail. The promise of the Redeemer is, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



CHINESE CHILDREN

A FEW days ago a friend asked me how children are cared for and trained in China. Yesterday another young friend, a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, asked me if Chinese mothers are kind to their children. I said, "No, they are not, because they do not understand what kindness is."

"Then I would not like to be a Chinese girl," said my friend.

Well, it is quite so. I suppose you would rather stay where you can get a sweet kiss from a lovely mother than to be in a land where motherly love, as we understand it, is unknown. But some must be Chinese girls and boys; for there are many children in the "Flowery Land," as the Chinese call their country. And now, to speak the truth right out, your uncle loves those small, dirty boys and those forsaken girls; and why should he not?

First I will try to answer the question brought before us concerning the care of Chinese mothers for their children. While I am doing this, please do not say, "What a dirty people the Chinese are!" but instead, draw near to Jesus, and say, "Jesus, they do not know thee." And you must not be afraid if he asks you to go, and teach them the love of God; but gladly say, "Lord, here am I; send me."

Let us in imagination go far, far away into the interior of the "Land of Sinim." There we shall not sit at the doors of the rich, neither stay among those who love Jesus, but go out among the common people, to the very poor, and hear what they say, and see what they are doing. In that way we can more fully understand what we are speaking about.

I think it will do you good to know the real condition of the children of China; and I am sure all of you have a little love in store for

them. To love those whom no one else loves is the surest way to be filled with peace and happiness ourselves. As a small girl in my native country [Sweden] said: "Mama, when I give poor Kalle my dinner, I am so happy that I don't feel hungry all day."

The Chinese are all their lifetime in bondage to a fear of evil spirits. They do not have the



WELL-TO-DO CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILD.

Bible, from which to learn that death is a sleep, and that the "dead know not anything;" so they imagine that the souls of their dead neighbors are hovering around, ready to do all sorts of mischief. They think that if they show they are glad when a little child is born, some evil spirit will immediately do something to hurt it; so they resort to many tricks to deceive these spirits.

The poor little babies are often sadly neglected, partly on account of the poverty of their parents, and partly because they do not know the better way. Children are not under any circumstances washed clean, as are the little ones in this country; but they are left to grow up in dirt as well as they can. I asked a father who brought his eight-year-old boy to my school why he did not wash his son's face before bringing him to school. The poor father looked surprised, and said: "Dear *Jang-shi-fu* [foreign teacher], the climate is such in this land that if we wash the children, they will surely die. Furthermore," he said, "the real truth is that the *kwei-tsi* [evil spirits] would not have such a small, dirty *keo-wa-tsi* [puppy]."

You can easily understand that where filthiness is so prevalent, all forms of disease are found. I have seen small children whose whole bodies were covered with scrofulous sores. Smallpox is very common in China, as a result of uncleanness. In one place I found outside a cottage door a poor little boy who was about to lose the sight of both eyes. His whole head and face were covered with painful sores. He had never been thoroughly washed. The father, seeing me beside the boy, came and bowed several times toward the ground, and said: "*Tai-fu* [doctor], will you kindly cure my boy? He is suffering terribly, as you see." I promised to do what I could. After I had, like a Chinese doctor, examined the pulse in two places on the right arm, and also spent some time in examining the palm of the left hand, the father said: "*Tai-fu*, I see you understand your business."

"Yes," I said, "I think I do."

I then told the father to bring some water. The poor man did not understand me; he thought I was thirsty, and wanted something to drink, so he brought me a tea-pot. In telling him plainly that I wished water to wash the boy clean, he rose up to his full height, and said: "Now I know what you are trying to do." Then he drove me out of the house, as one

would drive a dog who had stolen food. As I went slowly away, he shouted after me, with all his might, saying: "You are thinking about killing my boy! You want his eyes, heart, and liver for medicine! I know your intention. Get away, foreign devil, and never return!"

I have much more to tell you, by and by, about Chinese children,—how they are dressed while very small, how they are carried and fed, and many other things.

Will you not ask God to raise up, educate, and qualify many persons to go out to China to help the poor, ignorant fathers and mothers and the neglected children?

UNCLE PILQUIST.

BUT it may be, in a diviner air,
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost,
Waits, perfect and mature;
And the faint heart that now, defeated, grieves,
May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves.

—Mary L. Ritter.

STRANGE LANGUAGES

MRS. A. D. WELLMAN, who with her husband spent some years in the Pacific Islands, under the direction of the Foreign Mission Board, gives, in one of our exchanges, the following interesting comments on the languages of those islands:—

On the many islands in the central and southern part of the Pacific Ocean, the people speak languages not used in any other part of the world. The speech of the different islands is somewhat alike, and probably not very long ago they all had the same language. On some of the islands, for example, the word that means "man" is *taata*; on others it is *tangata*; on still others, *kanaka*. The word "love" is *aroa* in some of these places; in others it is *aroa*, *aroa*, *alofa*, and *aloha*.

These islanders never bid one another "Good morning," or "Good evening." Instead, some of them say, when they meet and when they separate, something that means, "Live." Others have other forms of greeting. Most of them have no words meaning "thanks," or "please," or "pardon."

They have strange names for some of the things that have been taken there by white people. A cat is called a "cry-house;" a horse, an "animal-run-land;" a sail-boat is known as a "wind-boat." They were very much frightened at the first horses taken there.

These people have no oaths; and if they learn from rough white men to swear, it is in English, or French, or German. They think the worst thing they can say to any one is to call him a rat.

A hundred years ago no one could write the language of these people, and they had nothing to read, and would not have known how to read it if they had; but missionaries came, and learned the languages, and then wrote the words, spelling them just as they sound. Afterward the missionaries translated the Bible into many of these languages, printed it, and taught the islanders to read it.

But there are no words in these languages for some things mentioned in the Bible, such as snow, different kinds of food, animals, and other things; and foreign words had to be used, and their meaning explained to the natives.

When I have tried to explain to some of these people what ice is, by telling them that it is water become hard like rock, because of the cold, they have thought I was telling a falsehood; for they never saw ice, nor would they believe that water ever becomes solid.

"LIFE'S best things take time. A character is not a creature of a day. An education can be bought only by the expenditure of years. Friendships that last are long in the growing. So it is with all things worth while. There is no sure treasure gained in a hurry. He who would be rich with life's best riches must plan to spend long years in the securing of them."



PERSPECTIVE

NATURE is God's great library. In no other way can we study nature so well as by trying to reproduce her. To be able to picture nature correctly, we must first see her correctly, and then we must have a practical knowledge of perspective.

The text-book on perspective is usually a complex thing, though it is an admirable help to the student after he has gained, by practical work, a knowledge of its terms.

By drawing objects in perspective, we mean putting them on a flat plane. For example, this page is a flat plane; a wall or pane of glass is a flat plane. If we were to go to a third-story window, and with brush and ink outline upon the pane a few of the objects we see through it, we should be drawing them upon a vertical plane.

We should notice that a person half a mile away would seem to be floating in the air above the head of one nearer by. A barn in the



distance would appear as small as one of our neighbor's windows, and would appear to be floating over his roof. If you looked out of a first-story window, the distant man would appear smaller than the one near you, but would not seem to float over the latter. The distant barn would also be smaller than the neighbor's house, though instead of being above the house, perhaps it would be on the same level. In either case your drawing, on a vertical plane, the distant objects that you saw through the window, would illustrate the meaning of the word "perspective," which means "to see through;" *per*, "through;" and *specio*, "look," or "see."

Do not think that one should be able to draw before studying perspective; for the rules of perspective enter into everything one draws. With some thought and practise, a child can understand simple perspective well enough to

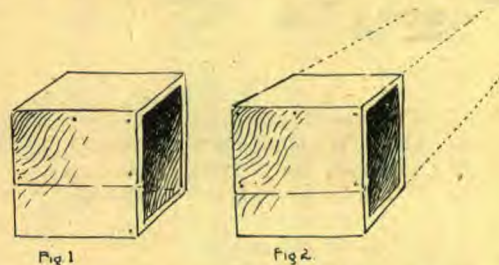


draw correctly what he sees before him. This point we will endeavor to reach together.

The chief thing to remember is that we must draw the object as we see it, rather than attempt to reproduce what we know it to be. Often one sees persons draw a cube or box with all sides parallel, as illustrated in Fig. 1. They know the sides of the box are all parallel, and they draw it as they know it to be, instead of as they see it.

If they observed closely, they would see that all the receding lines, if extended, would meet at one point, as in Fig. 2. This would be impossible to draw if all the receding lines were made parallel, as in Fig. 1. For example, we know that the steel rails of a track, as they go away from us, are parallel; that they are no closer to each other two miles away than they

are right here at our feet. But if, when we draw them, we draw them parallel, we shall be drawing them as we know them to be; and our picture will not look in the least as those rails do when we stand and look down the track.



As they recede from us, the sides of the track appear to be nearer together until they seem to meet in the distance.

PEDRO LEMOS.



MYSTERY OF THE CLOUDS

THAT mist, which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is it so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into the splendor of morning when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are they so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the head of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does not steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet—slowly; now falling in a fair-waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them, and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill,—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest,—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow, nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it, poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire,—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them can not hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering one another from morning until evening,—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?

I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge?" Is the answer ever to be one of pride?—Selected.



LITTLE HOP-TOAD

UNDER the rose-bush out in the garden,
Faithfully watches a dear little warden,—
Warty and rough and mottled with brown,
Clammy and cold from his sole to his crown.

Quietly sits he there, never once blinking,
All the long evening without ever winking;
Comes there a mischievous, wandering fly?
Quickly he snaps her up, as she goes by.

Mischievous insects—he sees them a-plenty!
Takes for his supper a dozen or twenty.
If he were not there to keep them away,
What would become of your roses, I pray?

He will not sting you, nor scratch you, nor bite you;
Tell me, dears, why should he ever affright you?
Faithfully serving, he asks for his pay
Only the right to live. Who'd say him Nay?

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE GOOD LUCK GARDEN



It was an odd little garden. Two or three hills of beans, a clump of lettuce large as a dinner-plate and thick as it could grow; radishes ditto; a bed with a dozen onions; a bed of peas, which is not the usual way of raising peas,—but it was an unusual little garden. Everything in tiny beds, laid out in the most irregular way; while things grew and thrived as if it were a way quite to their liking.

And what pleasure Jack did take in them! He dug and pulled weeds until his hair was damp, and there were drawings of his grimy little hands all over his flushed face.

Aunt Alice said, "Oh, just look at the dear! All in a perspiration!"

And grandpa leaned on his cane, and beamed at him over the palings, saying: "That's right, my boy! Earn your bread by the sweat of your brow," which Jack liked better. He did n't know just why, but, somehow, it sounded bigger.

All the family took pleasure in Jack's garden. Mr. Rogers would say to his friends: "Now, just look at that corn. Half a dozen stalks right together, and not an extra place for it either; but everything that boy plants grows. I never saw such luck."

His mother would sometimes point out Jack's single clump of bunch-beans, and say: "That hill of beans was planted at the same time mine were. The frost injured mine, and they amounted to nothing; but Jack's were lower down and escaped. Everything he tries to grow seems charmed. He is a born little farmer."

There was a bunch of pole-beans planted close to the palings, which Jack hoed and trained as if it were some rare flower. To show its appreciation of such treatment, the vine did not stop with the top of the palings, but reached out to the plum-tree near by, and grew on and on, and was full of bunches of bloom, which changed to clusters of pretty striped pods. Jack and the beanstalk became quite a joke in the family.

It was the next year that the Good Luck Garden was planted; and because of his great success the year before, Jack had things about his own way.

The plat of ground he had previously tended was enlarged, the hired man was told to spade it up as thoroughly as the main garden, and Jack even had a small share in the order that his father and mother sent off to the seedsman.

Jack began his gardening with as much enthusiasm as he had done before; but just about the time he finished planting the seeds, a boy of his own age moved into the next house.

Jack soon voted the new comer a jolly fellow. He had more nice things than Jack had owned in all his life; and what was better, he was only too glad to have Jack enjoy them with him.

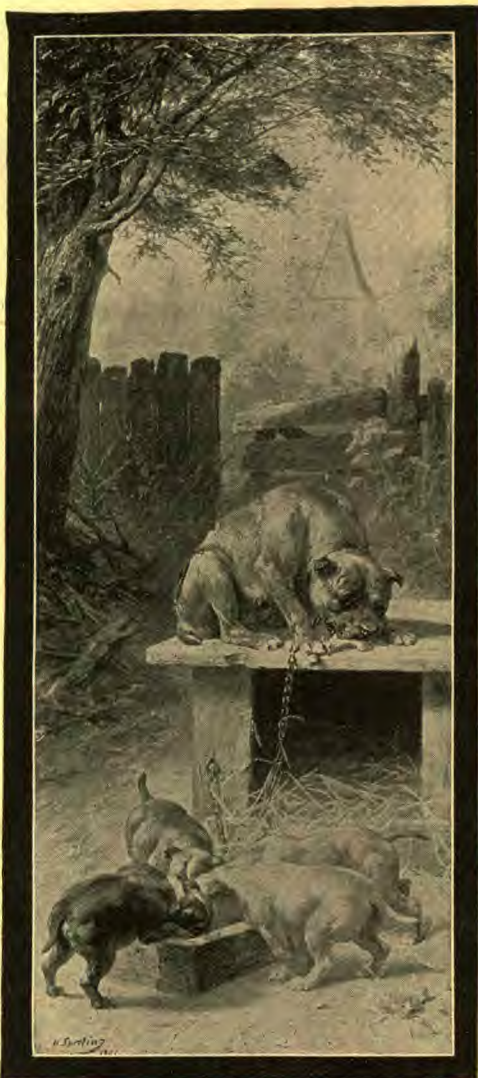
"Jack," said his mother, one day, "your garden is n't doing well. I think the soil needs loosening."

"Oh, the garden's all right. Things always grow for me, you know. I'll dig around them when Joe and I get our fort built," he answered.

But a shower stopped their work; and when it was over, the ground was too wet to be disturbed.

After a few days Jack was seized with a regular fever of hoeing; but by this time everything had a sickly, yellow look. The thorough stirring of the ground brought things out wonderfully; but it was so long before the little garden got another going over, that a fine crop of weeds had started.

When Jack found time to clear his garden up again, he said to his mother, hopefully:



BREAKFAST.

"They'll come out all right, I guess. I've always had good luck with my garden." Hearing this, his grandfather smiled over his paper, and said: "It seems to me that Luck is doing more looking after that garden than Jack, this year."

So that was the way Jack's garden began to be called the Good Luck Garden, and, somehow, the joke was n't half so pleasant to Jack as the joke of Jack and the beanstalk had been.

Mr. Rogers was showing a friend through his garden one evening in the late summer. Jack was with him, skipping along the trim paths.

Before a certain unsightly corner, where, through a tangle of weeds, could be seen a few straggling bean-vines and some stunted vegetables, the gentleman stopped and turned to Jack.

"Well, my boy, how's this? Seems to me I remember a thrifty little gargen when your father brought me here last summer."

Jack flushed, and only kicked a pebble out of the path by way of reply; but his father said: "We call Jack's garden the Good Luck Garden this year. You see, he's counting on

his former good luck, instead of the hoe, to bring it out all right."

And the two passed on with a laugh.

"It looks to me as if Good Luck had given up his job," said grandpa, coming up behind.

Jack's face grew very red; but with a sudden manliness, he turned away from the disappointing garden.

"I think there's not much in luck. I believe, after all, it's the hoeing and weeding and keeping it done all the time. Don't you, grandpa?"

And grandpa said that was exactly what he believed.—*Young People's Weekly.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S A B C

ASK, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Luke 11:9.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. John 1:29.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. 11:28.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. James 4:8.

Every word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him. Prov. 30:5.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over. Luke 6:38.

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him. John 3:36.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Prov. 3:6.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged. Matt. 7:1, 2.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of are the issues of life. Prov. 4:23.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. Isa. 55:7.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. Ps. 34:19.

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. Ps. 84:11.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever. Ps. 118:29.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Ps. 116:15.

Quench not the Spirit. 1 Thess. 5:19.

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. James 4:7.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Matt. 6:33.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. Ps. 145:18.

Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction. Ps. 119:92.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. John 5:24.

Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God. Luke 12:8.

Xcept the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. Ps. 127:1.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Ps. 23:4.

Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness. Isa. 1:27.

J. R. HINDS.

"HE who is honest is noble."

BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—NO. 7

(November 18, 1899)

IN THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

Lesson Scripture.—Matt. 23:1-39.

Memory Verse.—V. 37.

Time: A. D. 31. *Place:* In the temple at Jerusalem. *Persons:* Jesus, multitude, scribes and Pharisees, disciples.

QUESTIONS

1. After Jesus had silenced his enemies, to whom did he address himself? Matt. 23:1. Concerning whom did he speak? V. 2. What was his object in thus speaking of the leaders of the people? Note 1.

2. What respect was to be shown the word of these men who sat in Moses' seat? V. 3, first part; note 2. What, however, were the people to avoid? Why? Vs. 3, 4. For what were the scribes and Pharisees laboring? Vs. 5-7. What practical lessons did Jesus then draw? Vs. 8-12.

3. How many times did Jesus now pronounce woe against these Jewish leaders? Vs. 13-29; note 3. What practise called forth the first denunciation? V. 13. The second? V. 14. Against what did Jesus speak in the third woe? V. 15.

4. What foolish practise did he make the basis of another woe? V. 16. What reasoning did he follow to show the truth of his statement? Vs. 17-22. What sin brought upon Jewish pretenders one of the heaviest woes? What conclusion was drawn? Vs. 23, 24.

5. By what illustrations did Jesus then show to the people the deep-dyed hypocrisy of their teachers? Vs. 25-28. In making his last charge, what sin was denounced by Jesus? Vs. 29-32. What question was then asked? V. 33.

6. What course did Jesus say this Jewish people would pursue? With what result? Vs. 34-36. What pathetic words did he then utter? V. 37. As he would that day go forth from the temple, what would be the condition of that people? For how long? Vs. 38, 39.

NOTES

1. Every effort to entrap Jesus had failed, and the Jewish leaders stood before him baffled and angry. The people, who had witnessed each scene of these closing days of Christ's ministry, had been comforted and cheered by the teaching of Jesus: "the common people heard him gladly." But while they had been impressed that Jesus was more than human, they were troubled concerning their own teachers,—the scribes and Pharisees. To free them from all perplexity, by showing them plainly the hypocrisy of their leaders, Jesus spoke the words recorded in the chapter under consideration. By thus speaking, Jesus not only helped the people, but hastened the closing of his work; the denunciations of Matthew 23 stirred those wicked men speedily to put Christ to death. The time had come, and Jesus sought to end the conflict.

2. It is interesting to note that Jesus upheld the authority of those in official position, while at the same time he condemned their wicked practises. In the church of God to-day, unprincipled men may at times obtain office, and bear responsibility; yet according to the counsel of Jesus Christ, we are not to draw back and refuse to support the work of God because such men hold position. On the contrary, we are to respect their authority, conscientiously observing the plans and regulations governing the work, and giving our time, strength, means, and influence to the support of the cause of God. He who refuses to attend the services of the Lord's house because he thinks the elder or minister is a hypocrite; or who withholds his tithes and offerings because he be-

lieves unfaithful men are in charge of the treasury, will find only darkness and defeat. We may always stand by the work, but should never surrender principle.

3. What burning words are these, the last ones spoken by Christ to the Jewish leaders! Yet they were spoken in tenderness and with tears. No spirit of harshness was manifested; for while Jesus hates sin, he loves the sinner. His words were words of love, because nothing but love can come from the heart of the Son of God. Therefore, in denouncing the sins of the Pharisees, Jesus gives no sanction to the acts of men who in their hatred and dissension bitterly upbraid, and speak harsh things of, one another. Rather, his work at this time is an illustration of the final judgment, when God will bring to light the hidden things of men's lives,—a scene from which the wicked will fain turn away, but will not be able. At least seven times Jesus utters "woes" against the hypocrisy of his enemies, showing God's utter abhorrence of this terrible sin.



Chapter XXI

Concluded

THE first thing Mr. Goss did, after making a full confession to his astonished family,—for, as usually happens, they were astonished at the answer to their prayers,—was to estimate and pay tithe of all he possessed into the treasury of the Lord; and the next was to emancipate his wife and daughter from all the bondage in which he had made them serve, by taking them into partnership on an equal footing with himself, in all his business, dating back from the beginning; so that a neat little sum was at once available for any use to which they might wish to devote it. Then he made confession and full restitution to Mrs. Adams, and wrote to Seth, who had gone to Montana with McFarlan. In doing all this, he got a sip of the wine of the kingdom.

He had a plain talk with Jordan and his crew of farm laborers, who had for several seasons taken the work of plowing, seeding, haying, and harvesting for the Goss farm. He set before them the reason for a radical change which must be made, inasmuch as no more work could be done for him on the Sabbath of the Lord, promised to allow the same pay for the five days' work that he had for the six; and gave them a cordial invitation to come on the seventh day and attend the Sabbath services in the parlor. The men were so impressed with his earnest sincerity, and with the change that they could not but acknowledge, that with only two exceptions they were on hand at the hour appointed for the next Sabbath service, and spent the larger part of the day afterward in quietly reading somewhere about the premises.

Mr. Goss did not wait for the Sabbath service in his own house, however, to make his public confession of Christ; but in company with his wife and Shirley, he went to the Thursday night prayer-meeting, in the church at the village, which he had sometimes attended, and of whose Sunday-school Shirley had been a member from the time she was in the infant class, and there told his story of love as he had seen it in both law and gospel; and Shirley gave her first public recital of how she came from Sinai to Olivet in that upper room in the Chicago mission. When the meeting closed, many of their neighbors and acquaintances gathered about them with cordial expressions of Christian fellowship.

"If we do not see all things just alike, Brother Goss," said the pastor, "we can yet all rejoice in the one Christ, who saves all who will come to him with the same uttermost salvation."

Shirley had kept up an irregular correspondence with "Henry" and the "Geese," at the

"Gooses' Nest." Her bag was still in their keeping, because her hands and heart had been too full to take the necessary steps to get it. Besides, she could not send for it; for she never had had any money. She had found it difficult to obtain even the postage for a letter,—a fact which she carefully concealed from even Aunt Nell. But now there was no reason, as far as money was concerned, for not doing almost anything that seemed best to her. So, after talking the matter over with the "committee of the whole," she decided to send tickets for Henry and the girls to come down for over the next Sunday, and get a taste of the country. They were to come for the after-the-Sabbath evening. She would have supper for them upon arrival, and send them back on Monday morning in time for the day's work.

The invitation was gleefully accepted; and at the time appointed, they came, bringing Shirley's bag with them. It was a great time for everybody. The girls were like birds let out of a cage, and filled the house with merriment until it overflowed all over the farm.

While the rest were trooping up and down that next day afternoon, Shirley and Henry sat down on the sunny side of a straw-stack to have a talk by themselves, and exchange confidences. Shirley told Henry about her new life, and how it had come to her, withholding, however, all that could in any way reflect on her father; and Henry told her of the great disappointment that had come to her.

"You see," she said, "it is this way. It would be awfully blue times for me if I would let it; but I won't do that, for I was taught to believe that the good Father above directs everything, and will make it come out right if we only 'trust and obey,' as the song goes. But it was hard for me to stay on in the store all summer; for, you see, I had expected to be married. Don and I had been looking forward to our home together for a good while; but we wanted something to live on before we began, you know. He had a position on the police force in Chicago, and was saving his money, and I was saving mine, and we thought we could get enough together by June; but something happened that spoiled it for this year, and how much longer I don't know. Don never told me all about it; only it seems that a girl was insulted by some fellow late at night on the street—what in the world she was out so late for, nobody knows, but Don said she was all right, he was sure of that; and dreadful things do happen to respectable girls sometimes in the city. Well, this girl, she just up with her umbrella, and gave the heavy end of it to the fellow; and he took revenge on her by going to Don, and making complaint as if she was disorderly, you know. Don couldn't do anything but arrest her, and take her to the station. Then in the morning he found somebody, or somebody found him,—her brother or friend I think it was. She had had some sort of trouble,—I don't know that part, though. Anyhow, Don found out that she was a good, honest girl, with appearances all against her; and what did he do but tell the court that he had made a mistake, and it was an unwarranted arrest! He wouldn't let anything come up for his own defense, for fear of smirching her,—he has a great, big, good heart, Don has,—and the consequence is, he was discharged; and everything had to stop for us for some time to come. But of course I wouldn't have had him do differently for any thing. I was so glad he was great enough to do that for the sake of a girl. I would rather wait years for a man who would do that, than marry any man to-day who would have sacrificed her to save his job: yet I never can help wishing that that girl had stayed at home, if she had one. But the police matron is always telling Don that something better will come to him because of this. It's all right, anyhow."

Henry had been sitting turned a little to one side, looking out over the fields, so she did not see Shirley's face; but it was a study. A whole book of revelation had been opened to her, and it did not lack a little of the heavenly. She had been saved by Seth and his friend—from what? It made her sick to think of what; for she knew more since that night in the sta-

tion, of the depths to which mistakes may lead. Her heart was moved to the profoundest gratitude, as, throwing her arms around Henry, she held her close, and kissed her over and over, while tears rained down her face.

"Don't cry for me like that, dear," said Henry, in some surprise.

Shirley did not reply, but held her while she thought of what she could do to wipe out this debt. Seth loomed up before her in a manner that would have satisfied his wildest hopes,—and that officer, she would never have forgotten him; but how grand he was, as she saw him in the light of Henry's story! She could not say to Henry, "I am that girl who ought to have stayed at home," she would never let even Seth know that she knew anything about that girl; but she would begin at once to act. Her father had talked, a while before, of buying a farm adjoining their own; but since the change that had taken place in him, he had said nothing about it, and she was sure he had decided not to add anything more to his already large estate. But she would herself buy this farm, and offer it to McFarlan on easy rent, with the opportunity of buying it if he wished. She would write Seth a letter that would cause him to bring his friend home with him. They would have a double wedding in the parlors of her own home, and Henry and she would be neighbors; for, of course, she could not leave her father and mother, and Seth was just the man to relieve father. The "Geese" should all be bridesmaids, and she would furnish the dresses; and she and Henry must make homes to which they could run out from the city occasionally.

Not a syllable of this could be communicated without words to Henry; and as no words were spoken, it was all kept for the present in the secret of Shirley's own thoughts.

Henry was completely mystified by the effect of her story on Shirley; but she liked to be cuddled too well, and got too little of it, to break in on a mood that kept such warm, sisterly arms about her, and such a soft round cheek close to hers; so she said nothing, and soon Shirley lifted her gently away, kissed her again, and said: "Well, I must go now, and write a letter to my friend, and I suppose you will want to write one to yours."

"All right," cried Henry, springing up, "I'll go out under that tree and write mine. How I do love the country! How I have longed for it! So has Don. We were both born on farms. Where will you go to write your letter?"

"To my room," said Shirley.

The first thing she did, when she reached her room, was to drop down on her knees, and cover her face with her hands; and she put it all up in such a prayer as she had never before offered in all her life; for not until now had she been able to comprehend the wonderful mercy of God, who had so planned, not only her rescue, but had made the most sorrowful episode of her life to become a cause even of thanksgiving and of blessing to many.

She bought the farm, the boys came home, the two girls shopped and made the trossau together; it was a double wedding, and silly geese never made sweeter bridesmaids. McFarlan and Seth have often wondered if Shirley ever thought her husband's special friend was at all like the officer who took her in charge on that dreadful night; but they have never been enlightened by a word or look. They both, however, know enough never to twit a woman with inability to keep a secret.

On Shirley's first visit to the city, she visited the Annex, and was made to thank God again and again; and also to question why she should have been preserved so mercifully, while so many poor creatures go down, down, down; and she concluded that this fact made her a debtor to every unfortunate, according to the measure of her ability.

She went from the station to the mission, and made the heart of the matron glad with many practical helps; and after an hour in the little upper room, she came forth, and went out to begin many plans that would help make the way more sure and safe from the station house, which was to her an awful parody on Sinai, to the mission, which she called her Olivet.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A Terrible Invention.—The latest automatic gun made by Mr. Hiram Maxim, and now being used with such terrible effect by both sides in the Transvaal war, is one of the most diabolical inventions of modern warfare. This gun fires and loads itself, and expels from five to six hundred bullets a minute, at long range. A tape holding cartridges rests on a reel in a box under the breech. After the first cartridge is exploded, the force of the recoil expels the shell, reloads, and fires the gun again, and so on until the reel is empty. One can hardly conceive the results when the great nations of the world, armed with these modern death-dealers, meet in the last great war.

Taking the Census.—Next June the twelfth census of the United States will be taken. It will require the services of fifty thousand enumerators, whose work must be finished in one month's time, or by the first of July, 1900. The blank forms for the use of the enumerators amount to more than a thousand tons of printed matter. When the returns begin to come in at the Census Office in Washington, the facts about each person are transferred to cards, not in writing, but by holes punched in the cards, a hole here indicating that the person is a male; another there signifying that he is married; another, that he is white, etc. An ingenious electric machine does the tabulating from these cards, thus saving much time, besides insuring greater accuracy than was possible when the work was done in the old way with pencil and paper.

Vandura Silk is the name given to a new fabric made from gelatin that has been so treated chemically as to render it indissoluble in water as well as most acids. The gelatin is passed through glass tubes in forming the threads, the daily output from one of these machines being equal to the silk contained in twenty thousand cocoons. It is predicted that this silk can soon be made and sold so cheaply as to bring "fabrics fit for a mandarin" within the reach of all.

A Car Famine.—The British government has taken from the regular service from Boston to English ports so many vessels for use in connection with her South African war, that cars loaded with grain from the West can not be unloaded at Boston for lack of storage. Trans-Atlantic freights have advanced greatly; but the boats now in service can not carry the amount received, and the grain elevators are all full. The supply continues, and the cars are being tied up in the freight-yards of the various roads in that city. This has caused a car famine in the West. In Buffalo, also, the elevators are full, and the railroads can receive but a small part of the supply, simply because they have not the cars. The Erie Canal is doing more business than it has done for years, notwithstanding its rates have been raised. While the United States is blessed with an abundance of wheat, some countries of the Old World are experiencing a famine for food. If the money expended in warfare could be used in feeding the hungry, how much almost unheeded suffering and woe might be avoided.

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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. 4, 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, and East 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:

"Progress and improvement are every man's duty. It is not right to remain as we were, or as we are."

MONDAY:

"If the Lord puts us at the bottom of a hill, or at the beginning of a road, it is for us to mount or to proceed, not to stay where we are."

TUESDAY:

Present opportunities, if rightly used, are as great as the soul need ask.—*Anna Robertson Brown.*

WEDNESDAY:

"If we go through life timidly, weakly, ineffectively, the fault is . . . *with ourselves.* When one sets himself to live a grand life, man can not interrupt him, God will not!"

THURSDAY:

To-day is, for all that we know, the opportunity and occasion of our lives. On what we do or say to-day may depend the success and completeness of our entire life-struggle. It is for us therefore to use every moment of to-day as if our very eternity were dependent on its words and deeds.—*Trumbull.*

FRIDAY:

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else demands of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else."

SABBATH:

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—*Paul.*

OUR DUTY TO IMPROVE

BEFORE you read this article, read again the calendar for the week. You will notice that the topic for each day is on the subject of our duty to improve. We all recognize this duty, though to some it is lost sight of in the joy of study—of growth. Of course in our large circle of readers there are some who have exceptional advantages for improvement; there are many others who will make opportunities in spite of difficulties; and others still whose

paths are so hedged about, in one way and another, that they are often discouraged.

It is well to remember that in some things each one of us has exactly the same opportunities. For example, there is the opportunity of time. As is often said, we each have *all there is*. The question is, What shall we do with it? How shall we improve it? Is a certain part of it—a large part, maybe—to be used in earning a living, filling a daughter's place in the home, doing a son's work on the farm, caring in some way for those dependent upon us? If so, then it is thrice important that every moment, as it passes, shall be made to pay toll to the future,—shall be improved for all it is worth. And the "hindering" work that must of necessity occupy so much of our lives may itself become, if we place ourselves in the right relation to it, an opportunity for education.

There are other opportunities; and it is of one of these, which has already been mentioned several times in these pages, that I wish to speak to-day—

THE MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE.

You have heard so much about getting ready to take up this work that I can almost imagine I hear some of you say, "Well, we don't care to hear anything more about beginning: *we want to begin!*" Good! I am glad you do; for I know you will be glad that at last we are really going to make it possible for you to begin. While we can not do this as soon as we had hoped and planned, we are now prepared to announce that the first Outline Lessons on the *Berean Library* and on the field will appear in the *Review* of November 28, and in the December *Missionary Magazine*; and that the supplementary reading on both subjects will be given in the INSTRUCTOR of November 30.

It is only fair, since you have been kept waiting so long, that you should know some of the reasons for the delay. When the work was planned last summer, it was hoped it could be started by the first of October; but later it was decided to wait for the approval and suggestions of the General Conference Committee in its annual council meeting, which did not convene until the first week in that month. Then, too, the plan of the work was enlarged to take in a study of the field. It was also thought best not to begin till all had the books and papers necessary to carry forward the study in the best possible way. All these things have hindered.

But now the council meeting has been held: Brother Nicola came from New York; and Sister Plummer, who is to prepare the Outline Lessons on the *Library* and to write the Supplementary Notes in the INSTRUCTOR, came from Iowa, to counsel with the Committee in regard to the work; and last week Elder Evans outlined in these pages the plans decided upon. Read again what he said then.

Now just a word to those who are undecided about taking up this work,—who are "so busy" they do not see where the time is to come from to do it as it should be done: *Use your spare moments.* Still more important, think about the lessons when occupied with your daily business,—washing dishes, splitting wood, minding the baby, going to and from school,—oh, there is time enough, if we set out to make the most of it! And this very effort will accomplish a twofold result: it will strengthen the mind, while at the same time building up a "firm foundation" for faith. There is always time enough for what one is determined to accomplish. The "willing mind" always finds a way.

"What do you see in this work after it is all started, and the people can again give an intel-

ligent reason for their faith?" some asked Mrs. Plummer. Her answer should stir every heart. "What do I see?" she replied; "why, I see thousands and thousands of earnest, active, *live* missionaries rising up all over this land, and in other lands, to give the message that Jesus is coming! That is what I see in it, and that is what we must all see in it, if it is to be a success."

Let us take up this work with this object in view, above and beyond the self-improvement that will certainly accompany it; and we may be sure that the wisdom promised to all who lack—and that includes every one of us—will be freely given.

OUR INSTRUCTOR MISSION FUND.

THIS fund, we are glad to say, is growing. The way the responses to the call are coming in, is indeed encouraging. One sister says, in the letter sent with her contribution: "This work is one in which I am interested. I hope that many copies of the INSTRUCTOR will be sent to India, and that many will thereby be led to love and serve the Saviour, and to rejoice in the hope of his soon coming." One brother sends one dollar for the INSTRUCTOR Mission Fund, and with it another dollar to send for three months a number of copies of the paper to Mrs. Carmichael, at Keene, Tex., to be used in her work for the prisoners. Do not forget to ask God's blessing to accompany your gifts.

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