

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. XLVII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 16, 1899.

No. 45.

## PEACE

Not for thy crying,  
Not for thy loud beseeching,  
Will peace draw near;  
Rest, with palms folded;  
Rest, with thine eyelids fallen —  
Lo! peace is here.

— *Christian Advocate.*

## THE AVONDALE SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS

THIS is the name given to the school established in Australia by the Seventh-day Adventists. The name of the adjacent post-office is Cooranbong; but to the estate on which the school is situated, the more euphonious name of Avondale has been attached. This school has now been in operation for five years, — if, indeed, the first year or two could be called operation. Operation it certainly was; but some parts of it would hardly be called school in some literary communities. The equipments were few and rude, the facilities of the barest necessities, the buildings rudimentary, and in process of evolution.

And we are bound to say, though without malice or reflection, that many of the students

who rallied to the school were of a character that is in this country sometimes denominated a "rum lot." They had for the most part good purposes; but those purposes included having their own ways, and those ways were as diverse as the colors of Joseph's coat. Some were pleasant, some were otherwise. But God, who spoke light out of darkness, spoke to the hearts of those students; and in the year 1897 every member of the school professed the religion of Christ, and tried to live it out.

In 1897 the school family numbered fifty; and in 1898, seventy; and in 1899, one hundred and twelve. Besides these, there were a number of outside students in attendance. This year the enrolment has reached one hundred and fifty. So far, the attendance has kept fully up to the capacity of the buildings.

The faculty of the school consists of twelve members. The work required in the management of the school in its formative stage is large, including, as does the work of the teacher, a practical application of all principles taught, in field and shop labor as well as elsewhere. Besides the work for the present, preparation must now be made for a larger work in the future.

The fundamental thought in the administration of the school, in discipline and instruction, is that the Bible, as the word of God, thoroughly furnishes unto every good work. All knowledge and truth emanate from God, and the revelation of God is his word; hence that word is the primary fountain of wisdom and truth. In planning for this work, the ad-

tion of delegates, and to labor in the various offices of hospitable service. The meeting continued three weeks, and the number of guests was just about equal to that of the students. The willingness and cheerfulness manifested by the students under these deprivations were a comforting assurance to the visitors of their hearty welcome. But we are bound to say that the sacrifice was not altogether on one side; for in accepting a place in the school family, the delegates incurred the duty of following out the daily program. It was decided to make the Conference a part of the school work, and the school work a part of the delegates' business. This was true, at least, to the extent of arising punctually at five o'clock; of having "lights out" at 8:45, provided the meeting

closed early enough; of being punctilious in deportment at table; and in lifting up axes upon the thick trees for two hours and a half in the afternoon.

Both parties endeavored to carry out the contract, though it is confessed that the students were most faithful in their performance. But the experiment was unique, to say the least. Before the vigorous stroke of the ministers, workers, and students, many a tall denizen of the forest

came crashing to the ground, dug up by the roots and torn from its place by the "forest devil" (an implement, by the way).

Throughout the meeting the subject of education was thoroughly studied, and many precious principles were set forth. At hand was the practical demonstration of the intimate union that exists between a useful education and the useful industries and arts. "Labor is worship." It was truly stated that when we open the Bible, we find God at work. And it was said by Jesus, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Should we not follow his example?

G. C. TENNEY.

"If you are only a spring, do not exhaust yourself trying to be a fountain."



THE BOYS' HALL, AVONDALE.

monition of the Holy Spirit, that this school should not pattern after any other school in existence, has been continually before the mind of its promoters. On the other hand, the heavenly caution, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shown to thee in the mount," has been continually studied.

In the working out of these divine patterns, much remains to be done; but as the work goes on step by step, the way seems to be clearing up, and the blessing of God certainly rests upon the efforts thus far put forth.

July 6, 1899, the Australian Union Conference of Seventh-day Adventists convened at Avondale, and was entertained by the school. Access to and from trains was by boats manned by the students. The students were called on to give up their rooms for the accommoda-





COLLEGE HALL, AVONDALE.

#### A BLOODLESS GUN

AN ornithologist, who is also a true bird lover, has devised a gun with which he is said to have done some fine work.

He walked into a New Orleans hotel not long ago, and created something of a sensation by the package he carried. It had the general appearance of a gun-case, except that it was extremely short and thick. While he was registering and chatting with the clerk, two or three guests got into an animated discussion as to the contents of the queer-looking parcel. At last one of them introduced himself, and ventured to ask what the case contained. The stranger smiled.

"The case contains a gun," he said; and he proceeded to confirm his words by exhibiting the peculiar weapon. The stock was like that of an ordinary shotgun; but the barrel was fully four inches in diameter, and covered with leather. At the breach there was a square box furnished with several small levers.

"I am an amateur ornithologist," he said, "and this is a gun-camera, used in studying wing-movements. I level it on a flying bird, just as I might a real firearm, and pull the trigger. Instead of exploding a shell, it springs a shutter, and I have my subject transfixed on the film. I can take twelve shots, and the instrument reloads very much like any camera. The form is simply for convenience in focusing, and it has enabled me to get really remarkable pictures. For instance, I have photographed such fast flyers as snipe in every conceivable position, from head on to point blank retreat, a thing that could not be done with an ordinary camera."

This strange gun is of French make, but it has done some remarkable execution in American territory.

#### UNATTRACTIVE GIRLS

"Oh, I wish I were pretty and attractive! I can't bear to be so plain. I never please people as Elsie and Anna and the other girls do."

Perhaps if I tell you what I said to her, as her head lay in my lap, it may help you, if you are not among the beautiful and attractive ones of earth:—

"Suppose, dear, we face this disagreeable truth: you are neither pretty nor accomplished, nor even 'attractive.' You wince a little; yet consider a moment. You are not without friends; you have a good mind, good sight; you can walk with ease, and can accomplish any ordinary household duty. Now there is a constant demand for just the kind of women that you may (if you choose) become. Children take to you, and you to them. You can minister to the sick, visit the poor, and help the needy quite as acceptably as if your face were beautiful. You can easily attract the sorrowing, the sick, or the old."

A lovely woman of forty said to me, the other day: "If girls only knew the rest of accepting the inevitable, they would give up trying to be attractive, and determine to be helpful instead. Some girls ripen late, and an

unattractive girl may be a lovely woman at thirty. It is the fruit that ripens latest that is the sweetest. I used to fret about my plain face at eighteen; but when I set to work to make every one about me just a wee bit more comfortable or happy because of me, I had no time to think of my looks."

I suddenly remembered how, on first meeting this friend, years ago, I pitied her for her exceeding plainness. But her face soon became beautiful to me. She numbers her friends by the score; while to her sister, whose face is like my friend's with that subtle difference which changes utter plainness into prettiness, what a hindrance that prettiness has proved! She is simply a pretty, petted woman. No one turns to her for sympathy or help or counsel.

We know that God says, "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain," yet we do not believe him, if we long for favor and beauty. If some plain, "ordinary" girl who reads this talk will aim to be a "woman that feareth the Lord," she will find life full of interest; and his word promises her "praise."  
— *Congregationalist*.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE.

A FEW days ago a young kitten crawled into a horizontal cold-air shaft until it reached the upright part, where it fell to a level with the bottom of the connected heating furnace. It could not crawl up the iron sides of the big shaft, so it mewed piteously till help came. Its rescuers opened the front air-chamber door of the furnace, when the kitten at once crawled around the fire-chamber, and jumped out, grateful enough for its release. There being but little fire at the time, it was not injured; but it will probably never be found in that place again, as one such experience is enough. The incident reminds us of boys who occasionally find themselves unexpectedly in pool-rooms, saloons, or other questionable resorts. They see at once that such a place is no place for them; and if they, like the kitten, do the best they can to get out, and from the experience learn to avoid such places in the future, they, too, may escape serious harm; but if attracted to repeat the visit, destruction will surely follow sooner or later.

H. E. SIMKIN.

"If God's place in the soul is empty, nothing else can ever fill it."



HOME STUDENTS AND TEACHERS OF 1898, AVONDALE.





#### THOSE MILLIONS OVER THERE

They wait, those millions over there;  
Our hope in Christ they do not share;  
They wait for us to come.  
The time of waiting seems so long  
To those who wait without a song  
To bless their cheerless home.

They weep, those millions over there;  
Our joy in Christ they do not share;  
They weep in nameless grief.  
Shall we not wipe their tears away?  
Shall we not turn their night to day?  
Shall we not bring relief?

They die, those millions over there;  
Our life in Christ they do not share;  
They die in sin and shame,  
While Christ has died to save them all,  
And yearns to save whome'er may call  
On his sweet, blessed name.

Then help those millions over there  
The bread of heaven, sweet, to share;  
God's sweetest message give,—  
That life's sad end is not the grave,  
That Jesus died our souls to save,  
He died that we might live.

— G. F. Woodbury.

#### HOW BOY WAS CURED

HERE is a true story of a dear little Chinese boy. It isn't a very long story, either, but I thought you would like to hear it.

Boy lived with his father in a little town, and one day he grew very ill. Now in China when one is sick, and a Chinese doctor comes to make him well, he sometimes does very cruel things to him. The Chinese think that when one is ill, some evil spirit is in him, and must be driven out. So when Mr. Mulberry—for that was the name of Boy's father—sent for a Chinese doctor, he came, examined Boy carefully, and said: "Yes, he is sick. He has rheumatism. You must heat some needles red-hot, and run them into the place where the pain is. That will cure him."

But though Boy cried hard enough at the needles, he did not get any better; and one day a friend who came to see him said to Mr. Mulberry: "Why don't you take Boy to the missionaries at Lahore? They can cure every disease."

"No, no," said another friend, "don't take him to the missionaries. They make the lenses of their opera-glasses out of children's eyes."

This information frightened Mr. Mulberry so that for a while he did not dare take Boy there; but after a few days he heard so much that was good of the missionaries that he decided to start with him.

There was no railroad to Lahore, and Mr. Mulberry could not afford to hire a carriage; so he put Boy into a wheelbarrow, and wheeled him a hundred and fifty miles.

At last the sick child and his father, very weary, reached the missionaries' house, but there Mr. Mulberry's courage gave out. He remembered all the dreadful stories he had heard; and, almost discouraged, he sat down beside the wheelbarrow, and wondered what to do next.

As he sat there, the doorkeeper of the missionaries came out of the house, on an errand. As soon as Mr. Mulberry saw him, he recognized him as an old friend and neighbor. Oh, how delighted Mr. Mulberry was! A moment before he had been sad and lonely, and here was help.

"Well, old brother," said the doorkeeper, "where do you come from, with your sick child in a wheelbarrow?"

Then Mr. Mulberry told the doorkeeper the whole story, and said: "Now, tell me, confidentially, do you think it would be safe for me to take my little son inside?"

And the doorkeeper replied: "Yes, indeed; the missionaries are good and kind, and they will heal your son."

Then Mr. Mulberry gathered the almost fainting child in his arms, and carried him in. The missionaries received him gladly, and kept him a week, and at the end of that time Boy was well.

But another beautiful thing happened. As the missionaries nursed the sick child, they told his father about the Great Physician, and he learned to know and love him; so when Mr. Mulberry went home, he was also a Christian. There is no more earnest man in all that country than the father who carried his sick son a hundred and fifty miles on a wheelbarrow for help.—*Selected.*

#### EXPERIENCES IN KANSU

##### I

FOUR years ago God led me through special experiences in China. I was appointed to a new field of labor in the far-away province of Kansu. If you look on the map, you will see, in the northwestern corner of the Celestial Empire, the province of Kansu. On the north side of that province is a small strip of land, which goes up into the Gobi Desert of Mongolia, like a peninsula of the sea. On the extreme northern end of that peninsula is a city called Ning-hsia-fu. I am going to tell you what God led me through there.

Although Ning-hsia was a new field for me, it was not new as far as mission work was concerned. Before I went there, an English missionary had labored in that place; but at the time of my visit he had gone home to England; and while he was there, he died, and was gathered to his ancestors.

When my wife and I first came to the place, discouragement of all kinds was in store for us. I will not attempt to tell you all; but one thing that made us exceedingly sorry was that the few members of the church there were scattered abroad in all directions, so much so that they did not meet for worship. I felt sorely grieved to see how the enemy was working to spoil the vineyard of our dear Master.

After looking around for a few days, and consulting with God and my wife, I called a church meeting, in the hope of leading those wandering sheep back to the fold of the Good Shepherd. But this was not an easy matter. The first meeting was attended by only two of the nine who belonged to the church. I asked those two where the other seven were. The cool answer was, "Do not know." It was hard to keep back the tears. But the love of God upheld me, and the words spoken by Sister White, many years ago, were brought to mind: "Let your smiling face show forth the love of Jesus, even when your heart is heavy laden with sorrow and care for those who do not love God." This helped me to look bright and cheerful when the clouds were darkest. So I sang a Chinese hymn, and poured out my heart in supplication and prayer to the Good Shepherd, who had more interest in this poor, scattered flock than I could possibly have. I also read to them a portion from the Bible. But no response was awakened in their hearts. Neither of them would help me pray. Everything seemed to indicate that the Spirit of God had left their hearts.

This was in July, and for about three months it seemed as if our efforts were an utter failure. Satan tried to discourage us many times. He whispered in my ear that the best thing for us to do was to leave Ning-hsia, and go to another place, a few miles from there. He said that in that other place, beyond the river, we would have success. But we put our trust in the Lord, and bravely said, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" From the very beginning we made up our minds to resist the devil with the word of God; and strength was given to us in a wonderful way, so we could accomplish that which was put into our hands.

From an early hour in the morning until noon, I was out on the street, selling books, and preaching to the people, as they wandered to and fro. In that way all the country folk

were reached with the glad tidings of salvation. After dinner I looked after the most necessary work at the station until four o'clock, when the street chapel was opened. There I preached until somewhat after six o'clock.

The street chapel was a large storeroom on the busiest thoroughfare in the city. A good attendance was always to be had, and God gave me power to proclaim the truth without fear. It was sometimes amusing to see how the farmers, when coming from their work in the field, entered the chapel. Some came to see me, while others came to hear what I had to say; and of course all kinds of remarks were made. One, after listening for a while, bravely shouted, with all his might, "*lang-kuei-tsi*, why did you bring opium to our pure kingdom, to destroy so many people?" When I told him that I did not do that, but that the men in the land over which Queen Victoria reigns brought about the opium trade with China, they quickly said: "Then go home, and ask the *lao-po-po* [old lady] to hinder her people from doing such a bad thing as to poison so much people in our country."

When the working people came into the chapel, they always brought their tools with them. One would have a plow on his back (the Chinese plow is not so heavy as that used in this country); another, a harrow on his shoulder; some had hoes, others spades, etc. They dared not leave these implements outside, because of their belief in the proverb, "When you see a company of ten, there are eleven thieves to be found close together." The Chinese understand that proverb very well.

Cows, horses, mules, and stupid donkeys were also brought into the house where the words of life and truth were spoken. Fancy what an exhibition there was! When the farmers came from their work outside the city, they thought they did not have time to go home with their animals, and then come back to hear the precious word of God; so they brought what they had, and came right in. I have preached many sermons to cows and dull-headed donkeys. They did not disturb me any. After working hard all day, the poor animals were very tired, and so gladly lay down on the mud floor to have a nap. The farmers sat down beside them, and after listening to the gospel for a while, they also would fall asleep.

What an audience! I wish I could give you a good picture of it as I have often seen it. While some were sleeping, others listened with interest to what was said. One time a man came into the chapel with a chicken under his arm, and sat down directly in front of the pulpit, and began to talk. As no attention was paid to him, he finally fell asleep. Beside him a beggar was standing, his attention fixed on the plump chick. As soon as the man was fast asleep, the beggar snatched the chick, and ran away as fast as he could go. Then the man woke up, and began to scold me severely for not telling the beggar not to steal. A few days later, our cook told me that the man who lost the chick had himself stolen it from one of his neighbors!

UNCLE PILQUIST.

#### CHINA AS A MISSION FIELD

NOTWITHSTANDING all drawbacks, China is to-day one of the most hopeful mission fields in all the world. The old faiths are decaying, the minds of all classes are open, and external barriers are being removed in the most providential way. Notwithstanding the enormous difficulties that attend the work, in spite of the many and formidable obstacles which must be overcome, even though progress is slow, and only a beginning has yet been made, God's hour for the evangelization of this populous and ancient stronghold of paganism is here; and the summons to our zeal and devotion is as clear and inspiring as the angelic song that fell on the shepherds' ears at the advent of our Lord: "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—*Dr. Judson Smith.*

"ALL paths are easy to feet shod with love."





## ANCIENT BOOKMAKING

## The Codex

THE forerunner of the modern book was the bundle of waxen tablets,—the diptych, triptych, etc., consisting of two, three, or more tablets hinged together with threads, after the manner of a school slate. The book of tablets was often used for recording wills and other documents. The triptych, or book of three leaves, was frequently used for this purpose. A few specimens have come down to us. The first and last pages are usually of plain wood, not prepared to receive writing. The inner pages are hollowed out, and covered with a thin layer of wax, the edges of the wood being raised a little above the surface of the wax, and answering to the frame of the slate. The document was written on the second and third pages of the triptych; a string was then passed through a pair of holes bored for the purpose in the middle of the tablets, and tied at the center of the fourth page. Seals were set upon the string, and the names of the witnesses were added above the seals. Upon the lower half of the fourth and the fifth page the sealed writing was repeated. Thus the instrument itself was secure from all tampering hands; while the seals, the names of the witnesses, and a true copy of the document, were in plain view. Such a book of tablets was sometimes called a codex. The word "codex" or "caudex," originally meant the stem, or woody part, of a tree, just as our word "book" once meant a beech block. The bundle of tablets, being really a book of wooden slabs, was very properly called a codex.

The name is now more often applied to that kind of vellum or paper book which resembles the book of tablets in form. The codex, or book of leaves, was invented by the lawyers. In the old days of the Roman Republic the laws were engraved on bronze and posted in the Forum; but under the empire, when the laws of Rome were the laws of the whole world, they were usually written in books consisting of sheets of vellum bound together.

The form of the codex, which was probably borrowed from the tablet-book of the same name, was far more convenient for reference than the scroll, or volume; was more economical of material and space, since both sides of the leaf were written on; and there was practically no limit to the quantity of manuscript which could be bound up as a single book. For all three reasons it was a far more suitable form for ponderous law-books than that in which most literary works were then issued. The early use of the codex form for compilations of the law has left its trace on language in the words "code" and "codify."

The new kind of book was favored not only by law but by religion. The daily consultation of the Sacred Scriptures by the early Christians as the guide of faith and practise led to the adoption of the codex form for the Bible. The missionary zeal of the church centered the attention of all classes on the Scriptures; every church and monastery had its Bible; and all devout Christians of the upper classes owned copies of a part or the whole of the Sacred Writings. In this way the codex came to be characteristic of the Christian, as the volume was of the pagan, literature. The fact that the Church Fathers adopted the newer style of book-making for their writings sharpened the distinction. In Bible criticism, indeed, the word "codex" means nothing more than an early manuscript copy of the Scriptures.

It is almost certain that the first vellum books were not bound in covers. The art of binding was naturally of later development. The earliest books were not bound at all; somewhat later they were preserved between oak

boards; and if the history of the book did not end with the cover, neither did it begin with the contents. Like a ledger, the book was made, then written in; the first process in its making was gathering the sections, or quires.

The sheets of vellum composing the book were folded once; such a folded sheet was called a "diploma." It was customary to lay four sheets together before folding, and in such a manner that hair-side faced hair-side, and flesh-side, flesh-side, thus giving the pages that faced each other a uniform appearance. The four sheets, thus folded, were called a "quaternion," or "quire." Each quire was numbered as it went into the book, and marked, or signed, at the bottom of the first or last page. It is from this custom that the name "signature" is often given to the sections that make up a book.

Before the quires were folded, a row of holes was pricked with a compass down the outer margins of the sheet. Lines were then ruled with a bodkin across the sheet, and usually up and down where the margins of the text were to be. These lines were ruled heavily enough to show in relief on the other side of the sheet; often, indeed, a whole quire was ruled at once. In the most carefully made books the lines were ruled lightly with a sharpened piece of lead, and the holes pricked by the compass were placed close to the edge of the material, so as to be cut off when the edges were trimmed.

The text was written very carefully in the best copies. The evenness of the lines, the uniformity of the letters in shape and size, and the beauty and compactness of the writing, are sometimes little short of marvelous. There are few divisions; paragraphs are usually indicated by a mark between the lines, and even the beginnings of chapters are distinguished only by a somewhat ornamental initial.

Few books of any consequence were written in black ink alone. The running titles at the tops of pages were in red or red-and-blue uncials or capitals; the rubrics or side-titles, and the chapter numbers, were also in colored ink. Books of considerable importance were generally illuminated; that is, the margins were decorated with brilliantly colored figures, and the initial letters of the chapters were beautifully ornamented.

One of these books is before me as I write,—a copy of the Vulgate, or Latin Bible, written in the twelfth century. The vellum leaves are as thin and fine as the choicest book paper of our day, and are as clear and firm as when they came from the fingers of the copyist. This copyist must have been a wonderful man. He has left his personality on those pages,—something that a roaring engine of iron and lead can not do. He was a monk, no doubt. I can see him in fancy, seated in the scriptorium of his abbey, tracing these marvelous characters, no larger than the types of a daily newspaper; every one perfect, every one a work of art, and eight lines of them to the inch! No type ever put on a press is worthy to be compared with this matchless black letter.

Nor can any triumph of latter-day lithography vie with the rich coloring of the illuminations. Eight centuries have not dimmed the pigment that these forgotten artists wrought into the robes of madonnas and the wings of cherubs—vermillion, ultramarine, emerald-green, and gold. Their beauty has almost caused the destruction of the volume; for as I turn the pages, I find many a rectangular gash where an initial has been cut out by some irreverent hand.

C. B. MORRILL.

## A BEAUTIFUL BOOK

IN the Congressional Library at Washington there is a Bible of great beauty. It was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century, and in all its thousand parchment pages there is said to be not a scratch, nor blot, nor the slightest irregularity of line, space, or formation of the letters. Even the microscope fails to reveal a flaw in the work. The lettering is in German text, with illuminated initials at the beginning of each chapter. The book is preserved under a glass case.



## A BOY'S THOUGHT

"As He was in the world, are we,"  
Was written on a card  
That led a mother and her boys  
To talk about the Lord,  
And think of Jesus' earthly life,  
And dwell upon his love,  
From child to youth, from youth to man,  
And of his work above.

One day the eldest lad came in  
With features all aglow.  
"O mama! I have had a thought  
You'll surely want to know!" —  
His eyes grew very dark and deep,  
As if in some amaze, —  
"One day my Lord was old as I,  
And lived as many days.

"And one day Jesus measured up  
In height the same as I."  
He took his tape-line from its place,  
And measured just how high.  
Then grew an earnest, solemn peace  
O'er all his youthful grace,  
It seemed we caught a look divine  
Upon his boyish face.

And day by day the pleasant thought  
Took hold upon his heart.  
It seemed the Saviour was a boy,  
Nor walked from him apart:  
Companion of his youthful days,  
He learned the heavenly plan,  
And grew in stature and in grace,  
Beloved of God and man.

We thought, How graceful is the lad,  
How upright and how pure,  
How eager for the true and high,  
For good that shall endure!  
And guessed how, day by day, he took  
Anew the measuring line,  
And squared his shoulders and his soul  
To meet the height divine.

To-day within the sacred desk  
He stands as Jesus stood,  
And breaks the bread of life divine  
To give the hungry food.  
His face aglow with heavenly light,  
He spreads the Saviour's fame,  
And still he says, "My Lord and I  
Of days have lived the same."

Still, morn by morn, the thought sweeps in,  
With solemn, holy joy:  
"My Lord and I still measure up  
As when I was a boy.  
As he was in the world, am I;  
He keeps me by his grace,  
And lets his love-light fill my eyes,  
And smile upon my face.

"His love still pleads with men, through me;  
My arms are reached as his.  
Through dark Gethsemane to the cross  
We'll walk, and will not miss.  
Through Joseph's tomb to God's high throne,  
My Lord and I will go:  
As he was in the world, so I  
Shall all his pathways know.

"And day of days will come at last,  
When I shall find my place,  
When that sweet presence by my side  
Will meet me face to face.  
O, heart to heart we long have been;  
And on through endless ways,  
I still shall measure by my Lord,  
And live as many days!"

This story is told of a minister in the M. E. Church, who has not lived beyond the years when he can say, "One day my Lord was old as I." Dear boys, let the inspiration of this thought also have a molding influence on your life; and may the same noble comradeship with Jesus make you kings and priests unto him who has loved you, and has washed you from your sins in his own blood.

HOPE ONSLOW.





## LEAVES IN AUTUMN

**I**N cold climates at the approach of autumn the leaves fall, and from this fact we call autumn the "fall" of the year. In warmer countries the leaves of the trees do not all fall thus at once. Some trees, because they *ever* have some leaves, are called "evergreen;" but even these trees lose in time their old leaves, but not until they have gotten other new ones. As the new ones grow, the lower, older ones wither up and decay; this phenomenon of the fall of the leaves is quite gradual, and takes place all through the year.

But in our own climate it is quite different. Trees and shrubs and many smaller plants shed the whole of their foliage in a few days at certain yearly, recurring periods, and then remain for a considerable time with bare branches, apparently quite lifeless.

"Before the leaves fall, many of them, you know, become very beautifully colored. The variety of colors that you see in different trees is very pleasing to the eye. The maple leaf is colored bright red, the oak a deep red, the walnut yellow, and other trees have their leaves variously colored.

"Some leaves change their color earlier than others, and some at first are only partly changed. So you see the green mingled beautifully with the bright red, yellow, and other colors. I have often admired a single tree standing by itself when it is partly changed. The maple is particularly beautiful. The top generally changes first. You often see the top bright red, and then the red is mixed with the green here and there in other parts of the tree. A little way off it looks as if the top were a cluster of red flowers. And the other parts of the tree look as if the flowers were coming out among the green leaves.

"When the sun shines bright, the different colors of the leaves make the woods look at a little distance as if they were all covered with blossoms. It is a very splendid sight that you see when you look off from a high hill, over the woods on the hills and valleys. It looks as if monstrous bouquets of flowers had been stuck down thick together in the ground.

"Such a sight is especially splendid when the sun is nearly down. Then the light and shade vary the scene. Here, you see the top of a tall tree standing bright in the sun, while the other trees around are in the shade; there, you see a whole cluster of tall trees lighted up on one side. Here, is a shaded spot; and there, close by, is a very bright spot, the sun shining upon it through some break in a hill. The colors in the lighted spots look the brighter for the shaded spots near by.

"So, too, it is very beautiful when, with the sun overhead, broken clouds are passing quickly in the sky. The swift shadows of the clouds give constant changes to the scene. One shadow seems to be chasing another over a bed of flowers.

"When the leaves put on these bright colors, it is the beginning of their death. It is something like the ripening of fruit, which has hung so long on the tree green. In a few days they ripen, grow rich in color, and then fall and decay, and become a part of the earth. Some one has said that flowers are God's smiles. So we may say that God smiles upon us in the dying leaf, when he makes it so much like a flower." — *Hooker, pages 96-98.*

We do not know how these colors are made, but they please us. God, had he so chosen, could have made the leaves black, or gray, or

some other dull, unpleasing hue. But he has given the falling leaves the colors of the sky when the day is passing. All this beauty is to please us, and make us glad and happy. I know that when I do anything to please another, and make him glad and happy, I do it because of my kind feelings for him; and when God does thus to please us and make us happy, I am assured that he has so done because of his great kindness toward us. Truly in the beauty of the world he smiles upon his children, and all this gorgeous glory is but a token of his uncounted love. L. A. REED.



## ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS

You sit down, snug and quiet,  
A book upon your knee,—  
A wonder-book, that tells about  
The lands across the sea,—  
And then a strange thing happens:  
You do not leave your chair,  
But as you read about those lands,  
It seems that you are there.

You see the queerest people,  
They talk a language new;  
The buildings are not those you know,  
The streets are strange to you.  
But you are never frightened,  
'T is pleasant to be there;  
For you can always quickly come  
Back to your rocking chair.

It does you good to journey  
In such an easy way,  
To learn about the big, big world,  
And how it looks to-day.  
This way a child should travel,  
The road is very fair;  
'T is safe and best for little ones  
To go by rocking-chair.

— *Annie Willis McCullough.*

## LOUISIANA



**T**HE Seventh-day Adventist camp-meeting for Louisiana was held this year at Welsh. As we spent several days at this place, and in traveling through the State, we will endeavor to tell you some of the interesting things we saw on our journey. Louisiana is nearly as large as England, a third larger than Scotland, and has almost as much area as New York, far surpassing the latter in land that can be brought into service. It has over forty-five thousand square miles of territory, exclusive of its fresh-water lakes, land-locked bays, and of Lake Pontchartrain,—areas teeming with the richest treasure of fishes on the globe. It is one of the most thinly populated States in the Union. "One may travel half a day along some of the public roads, and never once meet his fellow, and may ride many miles along the highway, and never see a habitation. The bark of the wolf and the cry of the panther can be heard within sound of the locomotive whistle. Bears are yet plentiful in the dense cane-brakes of the swamps."

The swamps through which our train passed were very beautiful. Tall magnolia trees, with their rich, broad, green leaves, gleamed conspicuously among the cypress, gum, oak, and various other trees, nearly all of which were hung with the long, gray Spanish moss. This

was festooned from the branches, forming a beautiful and graceful drapery. Palms and water-lilies grew thickly from the black soil. In many places the water-hyacinth, whose lovely blue bells are borne upon spikes, completely covered large bodies of water. This plant grows so luxuriantly in Louisiana that it is a source of great annoyance to navigators, as it intrudes itself into almost all the lakes and streams, and grows with such rapidity that it soon spreads over their entire surface.

So you see, dear children, that even a little flower, which seems such a modest and insignificant little thing, can do a great deal of harm, and cause much trouble, by being in the wrong place. This flower simply floats with the current, and sails along as the water flows; and when it drifts into a sheltered spot, it remains there, and begins to send out shoots in every direction, until there is soon quite a colony of water-hyacinths. We do not have to drift with the current, as does the water-hyacinth; for God has given us reason, and the power of locomotion, to enable us to choose our pathway in life for ourselves. Let us ask him for wisdom to guide us aright, so that we may be directed into those paths where we can most glorify him, and not "drift with the current," as do the water-hyacinths, and so block up the way of others.

Going from Welsh to New Orleans, we rode all day through rich plantations of sugar-cane, rice, cotton, and corn. The white planters frequently live in the cities, and leave their farms to be cultivated by negroes, going back and forth to superintend them. Watermelons and cantelopes were growing in great abundance, and large watermelons could be bought for five cents and upward. As our train passed, the little negroes swarmed out at the cabin doors, with round black eyes, as wide open as if they had never seen a train of cars before. Even the grown folks never get tired of running to see the great iron horse puff by.

Arriving at New Orleans, we went aboard the large Southern Pacific ferry-boat, and crossed the great Mississippi River, spending the night at the Seventh-day Adventist mission. The next morning we went out to see some of the sights in the quaint old city. Walking along the streets, our attention was attracted by the old Creole and French houses. These are situated upon the narrow streets, without yards in front, and by their architecture remind one of those to be found in the old Spanish and French cities. Probably one of the most interesting sights in the city is the old French market. It partakes of the nature of an international bazaar, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, negroes, Indians, Chinese, Americans, and others being represented. The produce is displayed in stalls, or booths; and each one tells the merit of the special articles that he has for sale. Here one sees fruits and vegetables of every description and variety, many of which are never seen in a Northern market.

Fat negro women were observed stalking along through the city with huge baskets of fruits and vegetables upon their heads, which they sold from house to house. It really seems possible for the African race to carry almost anything upon their heads that they can get upon them. I have often seen a washerwoman stoop down for a neighbor to help lift a wash-tub half-full of water upon her head, and rise up and walk off with it, also carrying a large bucket full of water in each hand.

One of the most interesting and curious sights to a stranger visiting New Orleans is the cemeteries. Interments are made almost wholly above ground. The day that we visited the cemetery was clear and bright; and the sunshine beating down upon the white marble mausoleums caused them to glitter until it was almost painful to gaze upon them.

Some of these vaults are very beautiful. Lovely statues of saints and angels surmount many of them. As we looked at the hundreds of little white marble houses standing in rows in these cemeteries, we thought, Indeed, these are veritable cities of the dead; and how silent the occupants of these dwellings! how small is the space they occupy! Ah, death is the great leveler. The proudest monarch that ever sat



upon a throne does not complain that he is compelled to sleep beside the meanest beggar. Among the magnificent monuments in Metairie cemetery are those to the Confederate generals, Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson, and the tombs to the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee.

The first monument ever raised in America in honor of a woman is in New Orleans. It commemorates the charities of Margaret Haughery, who, reared in poverty, accumulated a fortune in the milk and bakery business, and devoted a large part of her income to helping the poor. At her death the asylums and charitable institutions of the city received generous gifts.

A visit to New Orleans is incomplete without a visit to the cathedrals. The Church of the Jesuits is very grand and beautiful inside. Near the door stands a statue of St. Peter; and as the faithful Catholics pass the image, they kneel and kiss the toe, hoping thus to gain favor with heaven.

Are you not glad, dear children, that we know that we can come directly to Christ, and that he hears us without the intervention of Mary and the saints? We know from the Bible that these good saints to whom the Roman Catholic prays are sleeping in the dust, and that no amount of prayers addressed to them could possibly be heard. But thanks be to God, we know that when the trumpet shall sound, the dead who sleep in Christ shall be raised, and reign with him in glory forever.

SOPHIA B. BRUNSON.

#### IN A QUEEN'S PALACE

You would not think it a palace; still, it is the home of a queen. Her country is only a few miles square, and she does not rule many people; so she can not afford a fine house.

This palace has walls made of strips of bamboo, woven much like a basket. Of course, the wind blows through them; but that does not matter much, as the weather is always warm on this little island in the Pacific Ocean.

The roof of this queer house is made of palm-leaves, and it keeps the rain out well. The eaves reach far out over the sides, so that rain will not beat through the walls. The floor is made of poles, with dry grass spread over them. Most of the houses on this island have no floors except the earth; but the palace must needs have one, for it stands over the edge of the sea.

There is only one room in this palace, and that has no windows and scarcely any furniture. But the queen has several silk and plush dresses. She usually goes barefoot, though, as do all her people.

I was once invited by the queen to attend a feast at her house. The food was spread on the ground, and there were no napkins nor table-cloths, and but few dishes. Leaves served as dishes, and fingers as forks. These people even dip up soup in their hands, and pour it into their mouths. They think it polite to make a great noise in sipping their food.

If you should see the things placed before me to eat at this feast, you would not know the names of most of them, nor would you care for more than one taste of some kinds.

There were many bananas for the feast, some baked, some boiled, and others uncooked. There were also many oranges. The people of this island never offer an orange to a person without first peeling it, and cutting a hole in one end of it. They would no more place unpeeled oranges before a guest than your mother would put on a dinner-table food wrapped in paper as it came from the grocery.

The queen of whom I have told you is not too vain nor too lazy to do common work, although she has many servants. Her brother, too, does much of the cooking for the family. He is more sensible in that respect than are some American boys I have seen, who were ashamed to do what they called girls' work.

Another good thing about this queen is that she does not smoke tobacco, as most of her people do. They learned that bad habit from white men, and you perhaps know that white men learned it from the American Indians.

—Mrs. A. D. Wellman.

## BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

### SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON — NO. 8

(November 25, 1899.)

#### THE WIDOW'S MITE, AND THE DESIRE OF THE GREEKS

**Lesson Scriptures.**—Mark 12:41-44; Luke 21:1-4; John 12:20-36.

**Memory Verse.**—John 12:35.

**Time:** A. D. 31. **Place:** In the temple at Jerusalem. **Persons:** Jesus, disciples, Greeks, poor widow.

#### QUESTIONS

1. As Jesus sat in one of the temple courts, to what was his attention drawn? Mark 12:41; note 1. Among others, who came to make an offering? How much did she give? V. 42; note 2. What did Jesus say concerning her gift? V. 43. In what sense was her offering greatest of all? V. 44; note 3.

2. With the Jewish people, who had come to the Passover feast? John 12:20; note 4. To whom did these come, and with what request? V. 21. In what indirect way was their desire made known to Jesus? V. 22.

3. As Jesus beheld these earnest worshipers, with what words did he express his deep emotions? V. 23. Through what figure did he then show why he should die for the world? V. 24; note 5. Realizing that he must soon give up his life, what truth, often given, did he express? V. 25. In carrying out this truth, how fully would his servants follow his example? With what result? V. 26.

4. With what words did he then picture his feelings concerning his fate? Vs. 27, 28; note 6. What message of comfort was immediately received from heaven? V. 28. What did the people say when they heard the voice? V. 29. What was the real object of the message from the Father? V. 30.

5. Speaking once more of his death, what did Jesus say would be the result? Vs. 32, 33. What would be the effect of his death upon Satan's work? V. 31.

6. What questions were now asked him by the people? V. 34. Instead of answering these questions, what did Jesus urge upon them? Vs. 35, 36. What did Jesus then do? V. 36.

#### NOTES

1. From the account given in "The Desire of Ages," pages 614-616, one would conclude that the offering of the widow was made while Jesus was denouncing the sins of the Pharisees. The treasure-chests of the temple were situated in the "Court of the Women, which was the general place of public worship at the time of the sacrifices." This being the case, the Saviour may have here uttered his rebuke of Matthew 23, being interrupted by the coming of the widow. How natural that the widow's offering should suggest to Jesus the words of Matt. 23:14.

2. The "mite" was the smallest Greek copper coin. Its value was about one fifth of one cent. The "farthing" mentioned was the smallest Roman brass coin, having the value, according to the record, of two mites, or about two fifths of one cent.

3. When Jesus said of the widow, She "hath cast in more than they all," his words were true, not only of the motive, but of the results, of her gift. . . . The influence of that little gift has been like a stream, small in its beginning, but widening and deepening as it flowed down through the ages. . . . Her example of self-sacrifice has acted and reacted upon thousands of hearts in every land and in every age. It has appealed to both the rich and the poor, and their offerings have swelled the value of her gift. God's blessing upon the widow's mite has made it the source of great results.—"The Desire of Ages," page 616.

4. These Greeks were worshipers of the true God, and having heard of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, they were desirous of learning more about him and of him. They were not permitted to enter farther into the temple than the Court of the Gentiles, which was next to the Court of the Women, in which Jesus was. They were obliged, therefore, to make request to "see Jesus," and sent word by Philip.

5. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." For it must be that I die, that my work may bear its due fruits, just as the grain must fall into the ground and perish, that it may bring forth the harvest. . . . My life remains limited and bound up in myself, as the life is in the seed, till I die. It can not, till then, pass beyond me to others, and multiply. But when I die, I shall be like the corn, which, in its death, imparts its life to what springs from it.—*Geikie*. And what is true of Christ is true of all his followers. Only he who dies to self can be a blessing to the world. So long as self lives, he abides alone; but with the crucifixion of self, there comes the resurrection to a new life of righteousness and fruit-bearing in the Lord. The way to life is through death by the cross; if we die, we shall bring forth fruit, even souls, for the kingdom of God.

6. John 12:27 is not properly punctuated in the Authorized Version. Instead of the colon found after the expression, "Father, save me from this hour," there should be placed an interrogation point. See Revised Version, margin. The verse will then read, "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour?" That is, shall I ask the Father to save me from this hour? Then he adds the words of submission, "But for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name." I will not draw back, Father; let thy will be done.



#### GENERAL QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE

WHAT is the name of the Book that God has given as a guide to heaven?

Why is it called the Bible?—Our word "Bible" is from the Greek word *biblia*, and means "little books."

How many little books are there in the Bible? How many in the Old Testament? How many in the New?

Why is the Bible called the Scriptures?—It is so called from the Latin word *scriptura*, which, in the plural form, means "scriptures," or "writings."

Into what two general divisions is the Bible divided?

What is the meaning of the word "testament"?

What is the meaning of the word "covenant," as applied to the Bible?

Who are the two parties concerned in this covenant?

Has the Lord ever made a covenant with any other party besides man? See Gen. 9:9, 10. Here we learn that after the flood the Lord entered into an everlasting covenant with Noah and his descendants, and with "every living creature" that came out of the ark. This included all domestic animals, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air.

What was the covenant about? See Gen. 9:11.

What is the sign of this covenant that God made between man and the animal world? See vs. 12-16.

In what way did God give the Bible to the human race? See 2 Peter 1:21.

Was it all given at one time?



How long a time did God take to give his word to man?—About 1550 years.

How many different persons have shared in its authorship?—Probably more than fifty.

What were the occupations of the persons through whom God revealed his word?

In what language was the Bible first written?—The Old Testament principally in Hebrew, and the New Testament wholly in Greek. Certain parts of Daniel and Ezra are in the Chaldaic language.

Do any of the original documents in which the Bible was penned still exist?—No, not one.

Then how have the Holy Scriptures been handed down to us?—Through translation into other languages.

Are translations inspired?—No; but there are the best reasons for believing that God, who inspired the word, would have a jealous care that it be rightly translated for the good of his people.

Did any translations of the Old Testament exist in the Saviour's time?—Yes, there were translations in Greek and Syriac, as well as the Hebrew original.

Would the millions of the Jews who then existed know whether these translations agreed with the Hebrew?—Most assuredly they would.

How early did the translation of the New Testament Scriptures begin?—Probably at a very early date.

What does history say about this?—It is claimed that before the apostles had all died, or soon afterward, the New Testament was translated into the Syriac and Latin languages.

What interesting fact has an important bearing on the early translation of the New Testament Scriptures?—The apostles and early church had the gift of tongues, and so would readily know whether or not the translations were correct. G. W. AMADON.

AN African woman came into possession, by some means, of an English Bible. She and her people had heard a little of the great gospel; they knew something of what the book was; and the woman was filled with delight in its ownership. But, alas! it was written in a strange tongue, and those who could interpret it were far away. Still, something must be done with so rare a treasure. After consultation, a day was set. Notice was given, and at the appointed hour the Bible was laid on the stump of a tree in an open space. Then the natives began to assemble, took their places in a circle about the spot, and after waiting for a time in reverent silence, quietly dispersed. Can it be doubted that the Father, who seeketh those to worship him who shall worship him in spirit and in truth, was there in their midst, and accepted gladly the poor, maimed service, which was all they had to offer him?—*Gospel in All Lands.*

## Self-Pronouncing S. S. Teachers' Reference Bible.



CONTAINS the celebrated *Teachers' Helps*, comprising nearly 400 pages. Also a complete series of fifteen new maps.

**Description.**—Imperial Seal Binding, Tuck Edges, known as "Divinity Circuit," Rounded Corners, Full Red under Gilt Edges.

We offer this Bible, post-paid, for only **SIX NEW YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS** at 75 cents; or **TWELVE NEW SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS** at 40 cents.

We will also send it, post-paid, with the **INSTRUCTOR** one year for \$2.25. For 20 cents extra we will stamp your name in gold upon the cover.



### AN AGED PARROT

THE Princess of Wales has among her pets a parrot that is known to be nearly two hundred years old. More than a hundred years ago he was owned by George III. The bird is said to be lively in spite of his great age.

### BUMBLEBEES

THE bumblebee appears to enjoy the coldest climates, for it is the only bee native to Alaska. Scientists, when in Alaska, have failed to find bees of any other genera. This recalls a picturesque incident attending Colonel Fremont's ascent of the great peak bearing his name in the Rocky Mountains. He thought he had left everything pertaining to the lower world far beneath him, when suddenly a bumblebee buzzed through the chilly air, and settled on his knee. Peary saw a bumblebee at the northern end of Greenland, and bumblebees are also common in Siberia.—*Well-Spring.*

### A TINY REPUBLIC

IF you will look at a map of Europe, you will see, snugly tucked in among the Pyrenees Mountains, which separate France and Spain, a little spot marked Andorra. This is the name given to the smallest republic in the world. It contains only one hundred and seventy-five square miles, and has an estimated population of six thousand. Because of services given him by its people where he was marching against the Moors, Charlemagne declared it a free state, and such it has continued. It is governed by a sovereign council of twenty-four members, chosen by the people. The council elects one of its members, who holds the office for life, to exercise the chief executive power.

### RAILROAD SIGNALS

"STOP" is indicated by one pull of the bell-cord; by downward motions of the hands, with extended arms; by a red flag raised at a station; and by a lantern swung at right angles across the track: "back up," by three pulls of the bell-cord; by three whistles; by beckoning motions of one hand; and by a lantern swung in a circle: "danger," by continued whistles; by a red flag waved up the track; and by a red flag standing by the roadside: "go ahead" is signaled by two pulls of the bell-cord; "down brakes," by one whistle; "off brakes," by two whistles; and "cattle alarm," by rapid, short whistles. A red flag carried on a locomotive signifies "an engine following." A lantern at night raised and lowered vertically is a signal to "start."

### WHY TUMBLERS ARE SO CALLED

How many times a day do we use words without stopping to think what they mean!

Every day at luncheon and at dinner we drink out of a tumbler. But I, for one, never thought why the large glass that holds our milk or water was so called until once upon a time I happened to have luncheon at All Souls' College, Oxford, where the curiosity of all the strangers present was excited by a set of the most attractive little round bowls of ancient silver, about the size of a large orange. These, we were told, are "tumblers," and we were speedily shown how they came by their name.

When one of these little bowls was empty, it was placed upon the table, mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated, —trundled along the floor, balanced carefully on its side,—up it rolled again, and settled itself, with a few gentle shakings and swayings, into its place.

"Tumblers" were first made of silver, as are these at All Souls' College; but when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres, and stole their name so successfully that you have to go to All Souls' and a few other old houses to see the real thing.

So do words, with the wonderful life that is in them, change, and grow, and get fresh meanings, full of interest and teaching and delight to those who think about them.—*Selected.*

## To Reach BATTLE CREEK

FROM CHICAGO, BUFFALO, DETROIT, OR TOLEDO,

Purchase Tickets Reading over the **MICHIGAN CENTRAL** "The Niagara Falls Route."

A First-class Line for First-class Travel between Chicago and New York and Boston. Elegantly equipped through trains pass Battle Creek in each direction daily.

R. N. R. WHEELER, Ticket Agent, Battle Creek.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l P. and T. Agt., Chicago, Ill.



## TAKE THE Canadian Pacific Railway

for . . . CHATHAM, OTTAWA, MONTREAL, LONDON, GALT, QUEBEC, WOODSTOCK, TORONTO, BOSTON, PORTLAND, and

All points in New England, the Maritime Provinces, Great Britain, and the Continent.

Illustrated literature, time-tables, and full particulars, upon application to—

J. FRANCIS LEE, GEN. AGENT,

Passenger Dep't. 228 SOUTH CLARK ST., CHICAGO

Branch: 76 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Offices: Room D, Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
315 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

## Cincinnati Northern Railroad Co.

### TIME TABLE NO. 3.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

#### WEST-BOUND.

No. 21, Mail and Express . . . . . 6 58 P. M.  
No. 23, Accommodation . . . . . 2 07 P. M.  
No. 27, Local Freight . . . . . 8 25 A. M.

#### EAST-BOUND.

No. 22, Mail and Express . . . . . 8 25 A. M.  
No. 24, Accommodation . . . . . 1 45 P. M.  
No. 28, Local Freight . . . . . 5 30 P. M.

Direct connections are made at Toledo with all roads diverging. Close connections for Detroit and Cincinnati.

J. L. READE, Ticket Agt., Battle Creek.

E. R. SMITH, City Pass. Agt., 6 West Main St.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Time-Card in Effect October 9, 1899.

### C. & G. T. DIVISION.

#### WEST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago . . . . . 12 15 P. M.  
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago . . . . . 9 00 A. M.  
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago . . . . . 3 40 P. M.  
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper . . . . . 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.

GEO. T. BELL, 1st A. G. P. & T. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A. S. PARKER, Agent, Battle Creek.





PUBLISHED BY THE  
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

ADVISORY COMMITTEE  
MRS. S. M. I. HENRY A. T. JONES  
W. C. SISLEY

#### Subscription Rates:

|                      |           |        |
|----------------------|-----------|--------|
| YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION  | - - - - - | \$ .75 |
| SIX MONTHS           | - - - - - | .40    |
| THREE MONTHS         | - - - - - | .20    |
| To Foreign Countries | - - - - - | 1.25   |

#### CLUB RATES:

|                                    |           |        |
|------------------------------------|-----------|--------|
| 5 to 9 copies to one address, each | - - - - - | \$ .55 |
| 10 to 100 " " " " " "              | - - - - - | .50    |
| 100 or more " " " " " "            | - - - - - | .45    |

#### The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

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

#### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

##### SUNDAY:

O, happy to have given  
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto heaven!  
— Hemans.

##### MONDAY:

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest-home of light.

— Bonar.

##### TUESDAY:

Dear Jesus, grant we all may sow  
Some seeds of love upon the way  
That leads unto the perfect day;  
And may they to thy glory grow.

HARRY ARMSTRONG.

##### WEDNESDAY:

The world is a looking-glass,  
Wherein ourselves are shown,—  
Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,  
Coldness for gloom, repulse for fear,—  
To every soul its own.  
We can not change the world a whit,  
Only ourselves, who look in it.

— Susan Coolidge.

##### THURSDAY:

An idler is a watch that wants both hands—  
As useless when it goes as when it stands.

— Cowper.

##### FRIDAY:

"Let thy day be to thy night  
A letter of good tidings. Let thy praise  
Go up as birds go up, that, when they wake,  
Shake off the dew, and soar!"

##### SABBATH:

The wisdom that is from above is first  
pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to  
be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits.  
— James.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the INSTRUCTOR are coming in well, and the list is gaining. We are sure every one interested in the welfare of the paper will be glad to know this.

THIS week we begin the publication of a series of articles on "Nature's Secrets," which will alternate with those on "Drawing from Nature," begun last week. These two series have been carefully prepared and illustrated, and are of real value. While some may not be interested in the subject of drawing, all will follow with delight the "Nature's Secrets" series, which tells us about "The Leaves of Autumn," and "Why Leaves Fall," describes what is going on during "The Melancholy Days," and tells "The Purpose of Fruits and

Seeds," "The Color of Fruits," etc., etc. If you read these articles thoughtfully, and observe for yourselves what they teach, you will learn many of nature's wise secrets.

AMERICANS are said to send and receive more letters than any other people in the world. In Uncle Sam's great post-office, twelve thousand letters and packages are dropped into the mails every minute, day and night, year in and year out. In 1897 the number of pieces of matter of all kinds mailed in this country was about seventeen million for every day in the year.

#### LETTER-WRITING

MANY INSTRUCTOR readers have left home this fall, perhaps for the first time, and gone away to school. There are others who will yet do so. Of course you will write a generous letter home once a week; and perhaps some of you will be so thoughtful as to send a mid-week message to the loving ones who prize your briefest word. If you could see how eagerly your letters are looked forward to, and how lovingly and tenderly they are read, you would be careful that nothing should hinder their speeding promptly on their way.

A word about their contents. Of course father and mother will be glad to know all about your surroundings, your daily program, your plans, your friends, and your health; but remember that every bright and cheery incident you describe will be like rays of sunshine to them. Do not let the home-folks know of every little "trialment" that happens to you. Of course mother should know everything wherein her advice and counsel may help, but is it fair to pain her loving heart with the little pin-pricks that you can meet bravely and cheerily yourself? If they hurt you, how much more will they hurt her! And the chances are that by the time the letter reaches her, you will have forgotten all about what seemed a real trouble at the time.

Here are some thoughts on letter-writing that every girl should fasten in her writing-desk, and read over before taking up her pen:—

"Have you any unkind thoughts?  
Do not write them down.  
Write no word that giveth pain:  
Written words may long remain.

"Have you heard some idle tale?  
Do not write it down.  
Gossips may repeat it o'er,  
Adding to its bitter store.  
Have you any careless jest?  
Bury it, and let it rest:  
It may wound some loving breast.

"Words of love and tenderness,  
Words of truth and kindness,  
Words of comfort for the sad,  
Word of gladness for the glad,  
Words of counsel for the bad—  
Wisely write them down.

"Words, though small, are mighty things:  
Pause before you write them.  
Little words may grow and bloom  
With bitter breath or sweet perfume:  
Pray before you write them."

#### DEFINITE PLANS

Now that a definite time—the first week in December—has been appointed for beginning the Missionary Reading Circle, all should be ready to begin at that time. Order at once the literature necessary to make your circle interesting and profitable. If possible, see that your neighbors and friends who expect to take part with you in the study are supplied with the necessary helps.

The Berean Library and the Missionary Magazine, whose numbers will serve as the basis of study, will be sent one year to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico for one dollar. Single numbers of the Library, twenty-five cents. The Review and Herald (\$1.50 a year) will contain the Outline Lessons on the Library and on the field; and the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR will have Supplementary Notes and much helpful matter not found elsewhere. All should have these helps.

#### GOOD WORDS FOR THE INSTRUCTOR

FROM many kind words of appreciation for the paper, we give the following:—

A brother in Graysville, Tenn., writes: "The INSTRUCTOR is first-class in every particular."

A sister in the West says: "We are all so interested in the INSTRUCTOR that we dislike very much to miss even one copy. It contains much excellent reading."

Another sister, in renewing her little daughter's subscription, adds: "We enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR more than ever before."

Still another says: "I would say that my children greatly appreciate the INSTRUCTOR, and as far as I have observed, that is the case generally."

#### OUR INSTRUCTOR MISSION FUND.

Two more names are added to the list of contributors to this fund this week.

|                             |        |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| Amount previously received, | \$6.50 |
| Frankie Blosser,            | .75    |
| Bessie Blosser,             | .75    |
| Total,                      | \$8.00 |

TO MAKE YOUR HOME HAPPY  
Use "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

## Two Special Offers

No. 1.

### Free for Two Months!

Send us 75 cents, the regular yearly subscription price, and we will forward the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to your address from now until Jan. 1, 1901. Do not delay! Every week you put off subscribing means one less paper for you.

No. 2.

### Free All the Year!

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

## Mention These Offers!

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

ADDRESS . . .

Review and Herald Pub. Co.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.