

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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THE EMPIRE OF BABYLON

THE region of country known as "Babylonia" is identical with that of ancient Chaldea, being the alluvial tract between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. Across the Tigris the country is no longer Babylon, but Susiana, known to the Jews as Elam; and therefore ancient Babylon was composed of the two great alluvial plains, one containing eighteen thousand, and the other nine thousand, square miles, or, in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, a region of twenty-seven thousand square miles. The Babylon of the Scriptures, however, includes, in addition, Susiana, or Elam, and on up the Euphrates to at least the city of Carchemish, westward to the Mediterranean, and southward perhaps to Egypt. The early history of Babylon, the capital of the empire, is so shrouded in uncertainty, and even mystery, that most that relates to it seems doubtful and problematical. The period when it became the capital of the nation was during what Rawlinson calls the "fourth monarchy." Tradition insists that it was the largest and most magnificent city of the ancient world. Nineveh, which preceded it, was of even surpassing splendor, yet its circuit did not exceed three miles by about one and one-half miles,—an extent of territory not larger than that of thousands of small towns today.

The Babylonians were emphatically traders and merchants, navigating the Persian Gulf, and trading with Arabia, India, and Western Asia, traders coming down the tributary rivers. The main body of the people were, however, agriculturists, as the plains of Babylon were then the granaries of the world. The soil was rich, producing wheat, barley, and millet in abundance. Herodotus claims a yield of two, and even three, hundredfold, with wheat and

barley plants often four fingers in breadth. The date, however, was the staff of life; and the dried fruit was regarded as the bread of the people, many of the poorer classes subsisting entirely upon dates and goats' milk. The cultivation of the date was universal, and date groves dotted the landscape in all directions. Fish abounded in the marshy districts of the

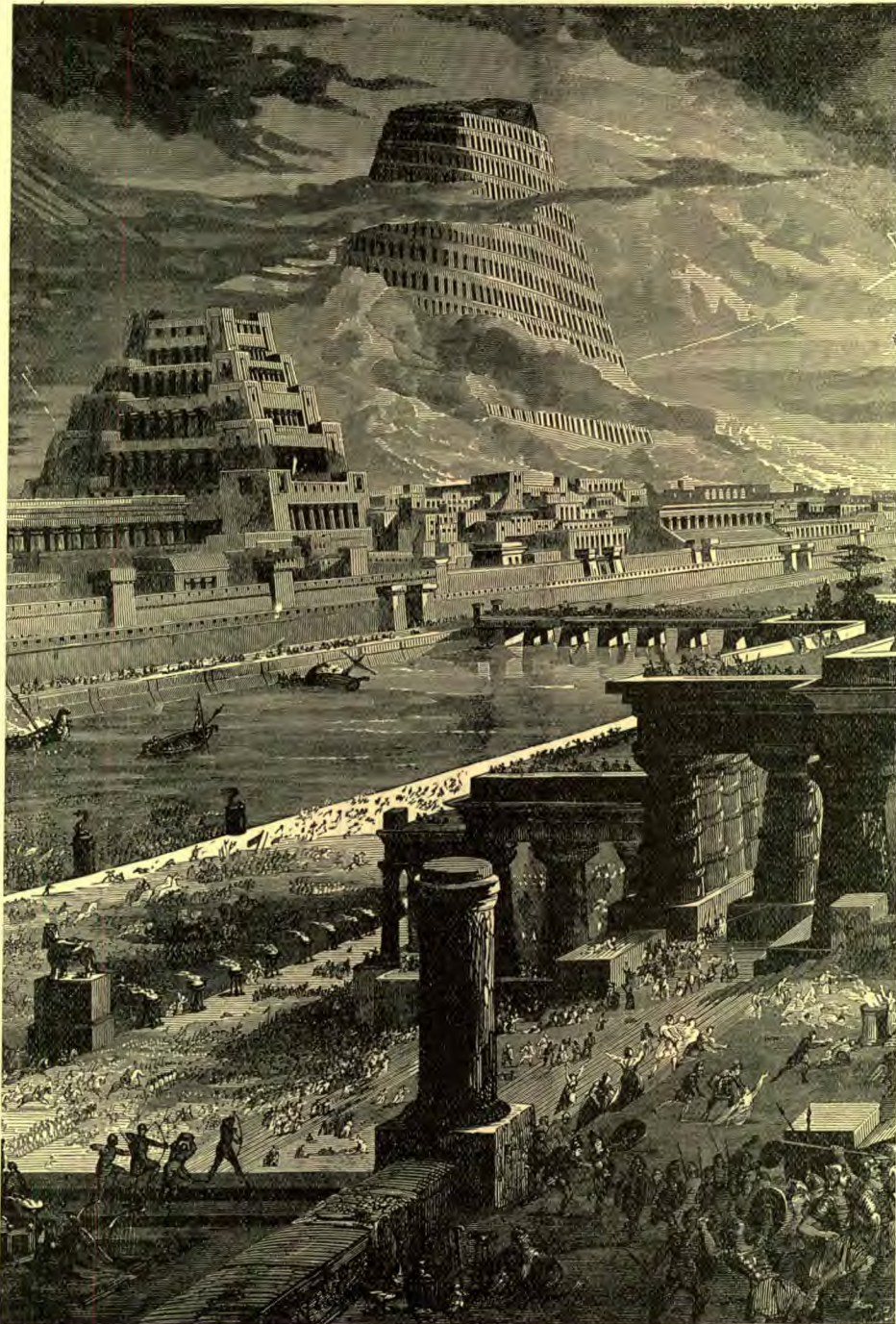
haunting and oppressing the conquered races. In time of peril the subject-nations often became a menace instead of a help, sometimes even taking sides with the enemy.

The religion of the Babylonians was identical with that of their predecessors, the Chaldeans,—polytheism, or plurality of gods, mainly astral, the sun, moon, stars, and planets being worshiped. The chief objects of worship were the gods Bel, Mero-dach, and Nebo, the first two being peculiarly the gods of the city of Babylon. In the temple of Bel at Babylon, as well as in temples in other cities, a great festival was held once a year. Numerous victims were sacrificed, and it was customary to burn a thousand pounds of frankincense on the great altar.

In civilization the Babylonians were originators, not imitators of other nations. They invented an alphabet; figured out the simple rules of arithmetic; invented instruments to record time; discovered the art of polishing, boring, and engraving gems; became passable sculptors, astronomers, and grammarians; elaborated a systematized code of laws; attempted an exact chronology; and made rapid progress in all sciences.

The luxurious living of the Babylonians is a matter of comment by all writers. They were brave and skillful in war, though cruel and savage in disposition. They were proud, passionate, and unprincipled, yet, strange to say, they taught and cultivated the practice of two virtues—honesty and calmness. "While rage boiled in their hearts, and commands to torture and des-

troy fell from their lips, etiquette may have required that the countenance should be unmoved, the eye serene, the voice low and gentle." Their practice of honesty in deal won for them the trade of the world; but true honesty, aside from policy, and real gentleness, "were certainly not the attributes of a people who were so fierce in their wars and so cruel in their punishments." W. S. CHAPMAN.



BABYLON TAKEN BY CYRUS.

south, and many found remunerative employment in catching and drying them. The dried fish were pressed through a sieve, and made into cakes, or bread.

The government of the Babylonian Empire was similar to the Assyrian,—a loose organization of provinces, under native kings,—and, like Assyria, it failed to win the affection of the subject-nations because of its policy of ex-



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

"Thoughts on Daniel," pages 41-56. Dan. 2:31-39

THE regular Outline of this study is published in the *Review and Herald* and also in the *Missionary Magazine*. What is here given is only supplementary, and should be studied in connection with the Outline.

NOTES ON LESSON 3

(December 17-23)

1. *A Fascinating Study.*—There is a charm in the study of prophecy and its fulfillment in history, which is irresistible to the earnest seeker after truth. Faith in the absolute sureness of every word of God grows perceptibly stronger as each prophetic lesson is learned and appreciated.

2. *Details Foretold.*—Over a hundred years before the prophecy concerning Babylon was revealed to Daniel, the prophet Isaiah had foretold some of the details of its overthrow. If read in connection with the description of the taking of the city, as given in "Thoughts on Daniel," the three points given below are of special interest:—

(a) The name of the country that should overthrow Babylon. Isa. 13:1, 17.

(b) The name of the general commanding the armies, and the mention of the gates of the city. Isa. 45:1, 2.

(c) The complete destruction and final desolation of the city. Isa. 13:19-22; 14:22, 23.

3. *The Two-Leaved Gates.*—The walls of Babylon extended around the city in the form of a square, fifteen miles on a side. On each side of the square were twenty-five gates of solid brass, a hundred in all. These gates were so heavy that it is said to have taken twenty men to open and close one of them. A branch of the Euphrates River flowed through the city from north to south, and on each side of the river were walls, the same as around the city. Where the streets crossed the river, there were also gates of brass, and from them were steps leading to the river, for the convenience of the inhabitants, who passed from one side to the other in boats. These gates were always locked at night. One historian says that in the center of the city was a "two-leaved" gate, which was built in such a way as to serve as a bridge during the day, and at night was let down and locked, thus effectually barring all entrance to the city by means of the river.

4. *Why Called "the Great"?*—Doubtless many will recall the childish inquiry which formed a lesson in one of the old school readers, beginning thus:—

"How big was Alexander, pa,
That people call him great?
Was he like old Goliath, tall,
His spear a hundredweight?
Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?"

After reading the brief description of the closing scenes in the life of Alexander the Great, in this week's lesson, it seems fitting to ask, Why was he called great?

5. *Punishing the River.*—The foolishness of great men is aptly illustrated by an act of Cyrus, also called "the Great," while on his way to subdue Babylon. The main army was preceded by the sun-car of Ormazd, a heathen

god, drawn by white horses, and having in it fire supposed to have been kindled from heaven. In crossing the River Gyndes, one of the horses that drew the chariot of the sun was drowned. The Persian king thereupon ordered a halt, and spent most of the summer and fall in *punishing the river*, which he did by scattering its waters through three hundred and sixty channels into the desert.

6. *"Never before Saw the Earth a City like That; Never Since Has It Seen Its Equal."*

—But God had said that Babylon should fall, and when the time came, his word was fulfilled. A single line of prophecy is more powerful than stone walls, gates of brass, or the combined armies of the earth. The following description of the fall of Babylon, by Ridpath, answers completely to the specifications of the prophecy: "The Babylonians, in contempt of an enemy whom they supposed to be foiled in his purpose, made unusual preparations for the great feast. The young prince, Belshazzar, gave himself up recklessly to the occasion. A thousand nobles were invited to a royal banquet at the palace. There was splendor within and darkness without. It was the night of doom. While the revel was going on in the wild abandonment of victorious debauchery, the hardy Persian was opening the sluices into his canals above the city. The river began to sink, but made no moan. The invaders hurried along the banks to the wall of the city. There was no alarm. The river had left on each side a broad space of bare ground, and the Persians passed in without opposition. The noise of the festival resounded afar. The river-gates were seized by the invaders, who now sounded the tocsin and began the assault. It was a gigantic massacre. The drunken Babylonians fled in all directions. The prince Belshazzar and his nobles were slain at their banquet, and the dawn found the victorious Persian in complete possession of the city. . . . It was the last act in the drama of the great empire. 'The kingdom was given to the Medes and Persians.' A new power had arisen, whose energies were still freshened with the breezes of the hills, and whose natural ambitions had not yet been quenched in the cups of luxury and lust. 'The beauty of the Chaldees' excellency' faded like the shadow of a pageant from the great canvas of history, and the glory of Babylon began to hide itself under the dust and ruin of the ages."

THE FIELD

DECEMBER STUDY: PART III

(December 17-23)

1. *The Basis of Study.*—Read "Jamaican Houses of Worship," "Our Work in Skagway, Alaska," and "Openings in Cuba," pages 477, 484, and 486 of the *Missionary Magazine* for November. Questions on these articles will be found in the December *Magazine*, and in the *Review and Herald* of December 12.

2. *First Efforts in Jamaica.*—The first Sabbath-keepers in Jamaica received the message through literature furnished by the International Tract Society. This work was followed by the canvasser. About six years ago ministerial labor was begun. A report at the beginning of this year showed six organized churches, with a membership of three hundred and thirty-three; sixteen companies, aggregating one hundred and sixty-nine members, all of whom had been baptized; and about one hundred more keeping the Sabbath. The Sabbath-school membership was six hundred and forty-six. Since that time a number have accepted the truth. And yet our work here is only begun. A recent letter from one of the ministers says that they now have all the work the present force of laborers should carry. Reinforcements will soon be called for.

3. *More Houses of Worship* (*Missionary Magazine*, page 477).—The demand for houses of worship in Jamaica still continues. A recent report announces seven chapels on this island in different stages of erection.

4. *Alaska a Mission Field* (*Missionary Magazine*, page 486).—The field for spiritual work in Alaska is boundless; for in addition to the natives, upward of one hundred thousand white men have recently gone into this country. The work of William Duncan, who began labor there more than forty years ago, is an illustration of what may be accomplished for the natives of Alaska. In its beginning his work was among cannibals, from whom his life was in constant danger. In a few years, however, he had won the respect and love of many, and through the power of God had seen the ferocious savages transformed into quiet, earnest Christians. A neat village had been established, with well-built houses, sidewalks, regularly laid out streets, a school, store, saw-mill, salmon cannery, and a fine church, seating over a thousand persons,—all built by the Indians themselves. Six years after his work began, over fifty Indians had been baptized. All this from the efforts of one man, who went to Alaska not as a missionary, but in the capacity of a clerk.

5. *Women of Alaska.*—The life of the Alaskan women is very hard. They do all the work and drudgery. The men hunt when hunger compels. When a man has been out on the ice and killed a seal, he does not carry it home, but marks the place; and when he gets back to the village, the woman must find it, drag it home over the rough ice, and skin it. When a man and his wife are traveling, she does most of the running ahead of the team; and when they reach the camp at night, she has to make the fire; cook the meal, if they have one; take her husband's boots off, and dry them, as well as her own; and then get ready for the start in the morning. Yet she does all this without complaint. What the gospel will do for these women is illustrated by the remarkable results achieved where missions have been opened. This field, white to the harvest, is open to us, though as yet it is unentered by any organized effort to teach the third angel's message.

6. *Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles,"* is beautiful for situation. The coast-line of this thin crescent, if all indentations were included, would equal seven thousand miles. If the island were laid down with Cape Maisi, the eastern extremity, at Sandy Hook, Cape San Antonio, at the west, would be in the vicinity of Chicago. Its area is about equal to that of Pennsylvania. Its population, at the beginning of the war, was estimated at 1,631,687, of whom only about one million now survive. How many have gone down into Christless graves?

7. *Missionary Efforts in Cuba.*—In a few months a year will have passed since the American flag was raised over the public buildings throughout Cuba. During all this time there has existed in the island the American guaranty of absolute religious freedom and sure protection for every minister, with other measures calculated to make for peace, prosperity, and pure conditions among the people. There has been an open door for Christian missions, and yet the sum total of endeavors in American missionary work thus far is beggarly in amount and disappointing in character. That these people are susceptible to gospel truth has been shown by the results of the labors of Mr. Diaz, who in eleven years baptized three thousand persons, and this largely while they were under the rule of Spain.

8. *Cuba's Orphans* (*Missionary Magazine*, page 488).—One result of the terrible war in Cuba is the fifty thousand destitute orphan children of reconcentrados, who have in the last few years died from starvation and want. These children are scattered in every town and village which was of sufficient size and importance to receive the driven-out country people. They are not children of low or doubtful origin; many are of the best families, as the reconcentrados were largely the country people of property—farmers and small planters.

Being driven into the towns, the fathers were killed or joined the army, and the mothers died from suffering and starvation. Scarcely an orphan child but represents the sacrifice of a heroic mother. Where there was but little food, the mother went without and died; but the little ones ate and lived. These little tots have had to get their food as they could, and shelter themselves in war-wrecked buildings and in caves. Many of the towns contain from thirty to seventy-five, and even as many as one hundred, of these children. The American National Red Cross Society has recently begun an organized effort for them, which will tell on the future of Cuba. It being impossible to form large asylums in the cities, the children are gathered up where they are, in small asylums of the simplest and plainest kind. The Cubans are much interested in this movement, and are rendering most valuable assistance. At another time we may describe one of these little orphanages. This work certainly presents an open field for the young who would engage in missionary work.



OLD SPECKLED SIDES

I WONDER how many of my young friends ever thought of having a pet fish; yet a speckled trout formed one of our group of family pets.

In a hollow back of the house rose a beautiful spring, whose crystal waters boiled upward in large volume, maintaining an even temperature throughout the year. Over the large spring pool stood the dairy house; and milk and butter set in its depths were secure alike from winter's cold or summer's heat.

In this pool lived a number of large brook trout, that could readily screen themselves from observation by swimming under the plank floor. These speckled beauties knew they were perfectly free to come and go at their pleasure; for the spring brook led to the river, only a hundred yards away. They certainly did not stay in the pool from fear of other fishes; for in streams of that size, trout are the kings of all fish. Though trout are the shyest of all our friends who inhabit the water, these particular trout seemed to become really attached to the locality and to the family, by the kind treatment that had been extended to them for more than a generation.

We learned, in time, that they were very intelligent; but perhaps it would be too much to assume that they kept track of the days of the week, and knew when to expect churning days and butter-working days; yet they were quick to recognize the preparations for those operations. This was shown by their swimming around with more activity and excitement then, as if they expected some extra treat. In fact, they were always sure of this; for at such times the dairymaid would frequently drop little dabs of butter into the water. We always took great delight in watching the trout at these times; and as the water was but a few inches deep, and was perfectly clear, we could see them as plainly as if they had been above the surface instead of just below it.

They were so watchful that they quickly noticed the first motion of the arm as the hand was extended over the water to drop a bit of butter, and their fins would begin to tremble and move in expectation. The instant the titbit was released from the fingers, there would be a grand rush; and as it touched the surface, the water would be beaten into foam, so eager were the fish to get this little luxury. They always seemed to consider it a luxury rather than a food; for they never swallowed it greedily, as they did worms and bits of meat. Instead, the successful one retreated at once to

a corner, and there deliberated as seriously over the sample as if he were one of the judges at a dairy exhibit, turning it over and over in his mouth.

Sometimes he would drop it, and, backing away a little, would partially close one eye, and look at it reflectively, as if saying to himself, "What's the matter with the butter this week? That girl's been using too much salt." Then he would move forward, and take it in again, as if he wished to give his judgment the benefit of a sober second thought. But the second trial was final; if favorable, the bit was seen no more, and the fish would take his place to watch for a chance at the next piece. But if it was unfavorable, the piece would be rejected, and would float away, undisturbed by the others; for, curiously enough, after one had sampled a bit, and rejected it, the others would never touch it. I suspect that their love of butter was rather an acquired taste, and never very strong, and their grand rush for bits was more for a frolic than anything else. We sometimes used to catch crickets and dig worms for them, and these always disappeared at a single gulp.

It was great fun to feed the trout, and they really seemed to enjoy our company. But let a strange face show itself at the door, and—bliff!—away they all went under the plank floor, nor would we see one of them again until the strangers were gone.

There was one particular old fellow who was a special favorite with us children, perhaps because he was so large and friendly. We called him "Old Speckled Sides." Speckled Sides was a kingly fish, and ruled his little realm in a way that none of the others cared to dispute. One of his rules was that small fish must stay outside the dairy house, in shallow water. What would happen to them if they disobeyed we were enabled to guess by what did happen once.

Thinking to add to the size of our colony, I brought a fish that I had caught in the river, and put him in the spring. Old Speckled Sides was resting quietly in his corner; but when he saw the stranger swimming slowly around, his fins suddenly grew rigid, his tail quivered with excitement, and his eyes seem to grow large and fierce with anger. Suddenly there was a rush and a tumult in the water, and then I saw Speckled Sides sailing under the plank, with the other fish's tail protruding from his mouth.

But if he was arbitrary to his subjects, he was gentle to us; and many a time I have lain down on the floor, and, putting my hand in the water, softly stroked his sides. He could not purr like a kitten, for he breathed water instead of air, but he seemed just as much pleased. He would turn slowly over on his side, showing the line of bright spots that gave him his name, and the sheen of silver underneath. Sometimes he would close his eyes in sheer delight with the caresses, and even follow my hand a little, as I drew it gently away.

But Speckled Sides had one adventure that I do not think either he or his victim ever cared to repeat. One of the children was a practical joker, and practical jokers seldom know just how their jokes are coming out.

There was a new dairymaid, fresh from the Emerald Isle, and scarcely less a child in some respects than the rest of us. The fish had taken refuge from the new face by hiding under the floor, but the joker proposed to her that she dip her finger in cream, and put it in the water, "to see what will happen." What did happen was that ten sharp teeth suddenly closed on the finger. There was a wild scream. Speckled Sides was jerked out of the water, and fell back with a splash, while Ellen rushed to the house in a panic of fright.

Speckled Sides did not suspect us of having any part in the mischief, but was ready as ever next day to be fed and petted again. Ellen soon got over the fright, and grew fond of telling the story herself.—*Young People's Weekly*.

A GERMAN has obtained a patent for the process of manufacturing "Oxynaphtindopphenolthiosulfuric acid." Infringers, take warning!—*Electrical Review*.



I WILL COME AGAIN

WHEN the Master gave this promise unto hearts oppressed with fear,—
Fear of fierce and unknown sorrow, coming swift and very near,—
Every word, a star of comfort, shining brightly through the gloom,
Showed them, in the light before them, flowers of hope in fairest bloom.

Since the supper and the garden, and the crucifixion day,
What a host of years and ages to the past has rolled away!
Still, with rapture-waking cadence, dearer now than e'er before,
Sounds the sweet farewell of Jesus, unto all whose sins he bore,—

Sounds the Saviour's dearest promise, to the Christian loud and clear,—
Sounds in accents very tender, and the voice seems strangely near,
Not as if from long past ages, but as if from just ahead!
Onward, onward, let us hasten, by this golden promise led.

Brothers, let us follow Jesus, closer now than e'er before,
In each work of word or action, till our final work is o'er:
Every cloud of every sorrow, every thrill of every pain,
Leaves us in celestial rapture when our Jesus comes again!

—Addison F. Browne.

A MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG

1. WHY is Satan trying to gain a controlling power over young people?

"I saw that Satan is a vigilant foe, intent upon his purpose of leading the youth to a course of action entirely contrary to that which God would approve. He well knows that there is no other class that can do as much good as young men and young women who are consecrated to God."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. I, page 511.

2. How valuable is the work that the youth might do?

"The youth, if right, could sway a mighty influence. Preachers, or laymen advanced in years, can not have one half the influence upon the young that the youth, devoted to God, can have upon their associates."—*Id.*

3. Are all ready to begin this great work?

"I saw that many souls might be saved if the young were where they ought to be, devoted to God and to the truth; but they generally occupy a position where constant labor must be bestowed upon them, or they will become of the world themselves. They are a source of constant anxiety and heartache. Tears flow on their account, and agonizing prayers are wrung from the hearts of parents in their behalf. Yet they move on, reckless of the pain which their course of action causes."—*Id.*, page 512.

4. What kind of workers are needed?

"The Master calls for gospel workers. Who will respond? All who enter the army are not to be generals, captains, sergeants, or even corporals. All have not the care and responsibility of leaders. There is hard work of other kinds to be done. Some must dig trenches and build fortifications; some are to stand as sentinels, some to carry messages."—*Gospel Workers*, page 296.

5. Upon whom does the success of the army depend?

"While there are but few officers, it requires many soldiers to form the rank and file of the army; and yet its success depends upon the fidelity of every soldier. One man's cowardice or treachery may bring disaster upon the entire army."—*Id.*

6. In what sphere of life have many honored workers received their training?

"How many useful and honored workers in God's cause have received a training amid the humble duties of the most lowly positions in life. Moses was the prospective ruler of Egypt, but God could not take him from the king's court to do the work appointed him. Only when he had been for forty years a faithful shepherd was he sent to be the deliverer of his people. Gideon was taken from the threshing of wheat to be the instrument in the hands of God for delivering the armies of Israel. Elisha was called to leave the plow and do the bidding of God. Amos was a husbandman, a tiller of the soil, when God gave him a message to proclaim."—*Id.*, page 316.

7. What earnest appeal is made to our young people?

"Young men and young women, I saw that God has a work for you to do; take up your cross and follow Christ, or you are unworthy of him. While you remain in listless indifference, how can you tell what is the will of God concerning you? and how do you expect to be saved, unless, as faithful servants, you do your Lord's will? . . . Young men and young women, God calls upon you to work,—work for him. Make an entire change in your course of action. You can do a work that those who minister in word and doctrine can not do. You can reach a class whom the minister can not affect."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. I, page 513.



THE MELANCHOLY DAYS

IN our northern countries it is generally supposed that the fall of the leaf is brought about by the action of frost. This idea is founded on the observation that when, in October or November, the temperature falls below zero, many leaves drop from the exposed branches in the early hours following the cold, clear nights.

It can hardly be denied that the fall of the leaf is in some measure connected with frost; but that this is not always the immediate cause is evident from numerous facts. For instance, when leafy branches of trees are exposed at the end of August or the beginning of September to a temperature below zero, the leaves do not fall immediately. Again: the foliage of elms, maples, cherry-trees, and some others, is at length stripped off in autumn, even though there be no frost. "It can only be said, therefore, as already stated, that frost is favorable to the fall of the leaf, and that it hastens the beginning of the process; but not that the detachment of the foliage is brought about by its sole agency."—*Natural History of Plants*, page 359.

Leaves are, in fact, detached by the formation of a peculiar layer of cells, which we have already mentioned. As a rule, leaves can not detach themselves unless this layer forms, not even though they are exposed for a long time to frost and cold, and the sap in their cells and vessels is frozen solid.

It might be thought that this fall of the leaves would entail a great deal of waste for the tree; and in some degree this is true. Much organic material for which the plant has toiled for months is lost; but against this loss must be reckoned up a great and overbalancing advantage. The loss is not so extensive as might be supposed. The leaf that falls is but a frame of empty shells. Before the envelope was dropped to earth, the living contents were removed.

All the protoplasm of the cells withdrew into the stems and trunk, before the leaf was removed. The plastids,—the masons and carpenters, so to speak,—which labored in the cells of the foliage, have packed up, and taken up winter quarters in the stem, root, and tubers, taking with them all that will be of use next year, such as the starch and sugar.

During the summer, by the formation of albuminous compounds in the leaves, an abundance of calcium oxalate was formed, which is of no use to the tree; in fact, by the end of the summer it becomes stored up in such quantities as at last to be burdensome to the plant. The throwing off of the leaf is therefore a decided benefit in removing this large amount of waste material. The leaves fall to the ground, where they decay, and assist in forming new material for the further feeding of plants. Thus they are not lost, but merely changed.

There are some other weighty considerations, but it is not best that we discuss them here. We are impressed with the fact that this work has been well planned; and that throughout the economy of the plant, there is a helpful co-operation of all the functions.

The fall of the leaf is not a sign of decay, but the evidence of vigorous life. It is sad to see the trees lose their wealth of beautiful foliage; and we may well say—

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year;"

but back of the seeming death are the mightiest activities of the plant's life. Before the leaf falls, all the valuable products within its structure are removed; then a layer of cells grows by a mysterious giant force across the leaf-stem, and severs it from the plant. We can not call such activity death; it is life.

And remember, He who cares for the plant, cares for you. Your life, too, may be as harmonious as the life of the plant, all its parts helpfully co-operative; and even its saddest, darkest portions be in reality but the mighty engineering of the mysterious but beneficent providence of God,—not blasting, but healing; not destroying, but building up. L. A. REED.

Science Stories

ONE little grain in the sandy bars,
One little flower in the field of flowers,
One little star in a heaven of stars,
One little hour in a year of hours,—
What if it makes? or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains,
And the little flowers make the meadows gay,
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.

—Selected.

A ROPE-WALKER

"TELL me a story, please," said my four-year-old brother, George, as he settled himself cozily in my arms for a little talk in the twilight.

"And what kind of story shall it be?" I inquired. "Would you like to know about a rope-walker I saw this afternoon?"

"What is a rope-walker? Where did you see him?"

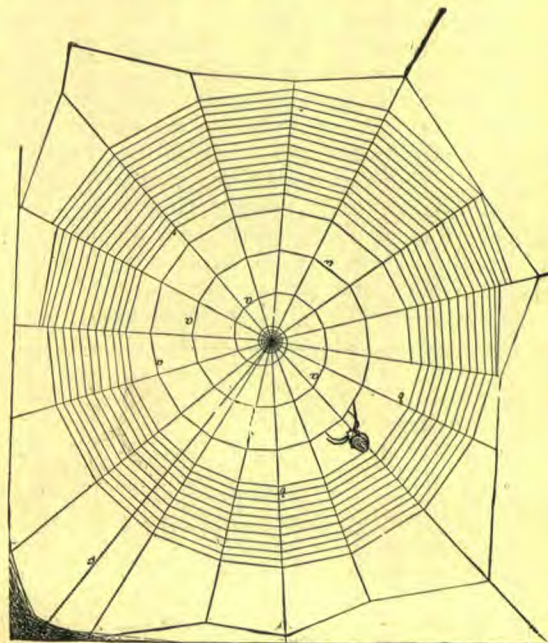
"Well," I answered, "sometimes men stretch a rope high across a street, and then walk on that, instead of on the ground. These men are called 'rope-walkers.'"

"What makes 'em do that? I should think they'd fall. Aren't they afraid?" he broke in.

"They like to have people see what they can do, and they get money for it, too, I suppose. I don't know whether they are afraid, but should think they wouldn't keep at it if they were. Perhaps some are rather timid at first. I have seen a picture of a man walking a rope with a long pole in his hands, to help him keep his balance.

"But that is n't the kind of rope-walker I am going to tell you about. I saw mine this

afternoon, when I was in the corn-field. You remember how bright the sun shone, and how warm it was. I had my shock all husked, and was resting on the stalks. While lying there so still, I heard a little noise, and looked to see what made it. There was a spider just a little way from me, jumping along on the stalks. And a pretty fellow he was, too, dressed in a shining black suit, with a few bright spots on his back. He was well supplied with legs, having twice as many as a



WEB OF THE GEOMETRIC SPIDER.

horse has. We would hardly think that so small a body would need so many; but God made him, and he knew just how many the spider needed. He had several eyes, and I think he looked at me with all of them; for he turned first this way and then that, and acted as if he wondered what that great creature might be. I kept very quiet, watching all the time to see what he would do. Finally he decided that I was harmless, and came up close to my hand. Then I moved just a little; I didn't really care to have him get on me, but I did desire to watch him more. Soon he began to take longer leaps, going the whole length of my shock, and I had it well scattered out. Then I noticed that he had stretched a tiny rope all the way, fastening it securely wherever he had stopped. I supposed he was resting, but he must have been hard at work."

"Where did he get the rope? Was it one of papa's?" asked George, anxiously.

"Oh, no! it was his own rope," I replied. "He carries in his body a little manufacturing establishment, where he can make rope, and have it ready to use whenever he takes the fancy. You have seen the spider's webs, made of delicate thread, finer than a raveling of silk, which he uses to catch flies for his food. His rope is very useful to him. Isn't our Heavenly Father kind to provide so carefully for even a spider? And doesn't it seem strange that some children, and grown people, too, should wish to hurt the tiny creatures that God cares for so tenderly?"

"After a while, I saw this spider, or another one like him, walking along through the air with his back downward. Looking closely, I noticed that he was walking on one of these silken threads. How frail it seemed! yet it was strong enough to hold him. His weight made the delicate thread sag considerably, but it did not break. In the bright sunlight it shone like silver, and in some places I could see the colors of the rainbow. Don't you think he must have been a dainty fellow, to walk on so beautiful a thing?"

"I wish I had been with you, so I could have seen it all," said George, thoughtfully.

"Keep your eyes open, and you will see many interesting things every day," I answered.

And wouldn't we all be far wiser if only we took time to notice the common, everyday things along our paths?

FERN HAYSMEYER.



BY THE BROOK

On such a June day, long ago,
When the warm sun was dropping low,
Low in the sky,
The baby left his picture-book,
And I my sewing work forsook;
Along the lane our way we took,
And sat us down beside the brook,—
Wee Tom and I.

We sat us down beside the
brook,
Within a shady, grassy nook,
With trees o'erhead;
And there I taught my dar-
ling boy
Of that eternal world of joy,
Where praises shall all
tongues employ;
Where naught shall hurt,
and naught destroy,
And naught shall dread.

There none shall hurt, and
none shall cry;
The leopard and the kid
shall lie
Together down,
The lamb and bear along
the glen
Shall feed in new-found
peace again;
No fear shall guard the
adder's den;
Fierce beasts a child may
fondle then,
All gentle grown.
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

ONE WAY TO MAN-
AGE

TED and Patty
perched on the wood-
pile, and watched the
frantic attempts of
Hiram, the hired man,
to drive six little pigs
up a broad plank into
the farm-wagon.

Neighbor Billman
had bought the pigs
that morning, and
Hiram had promised to
deliver them by noon;
but he soon found that
that was easier said than
done. They dodged,
and squealed, and ran
between his cowhide
boots, and stepped on
his toes, and nearly
tripped him up, until
at last the poor fellow
dropped down on the
sawhorse, and, wiping his crimson face vigor-
ously with a crimson handkerchief, exclaimed,
in despair, "Well, I'm beat!"

The provoking little scamps trotted off to a
pile of refuse potatoes, and began to munch
them contentedly, giving vent to many little
saucy squeaks, and casting numerous defiant
side-glances at the defeated Hiram.

"Must you give it up, Hiram?" queried
sympathetic Patty.

"I'd make 'em go in!" exploded Ted, kick-
ing at a maple log with his copper toes.

"Make 'em! That's all you know about
it!" responded Hiram, in an injured tone.

"I'll go in and get mama to make you a
glass of lemonade, Hiram," said Patty, "and
p'raps she can think of some way to help you."

"I'll be thankful for the lemonade," replied
Hiram, much mollified, "but I guess your ma
hain't made a study of the best way to get pigs
into a wagon."

Presently Patty returned with a pitcher, a
glass, and a plate of cookies. She also had
a look of mysterious satisfaction on her kind
little face, which was explained when, just as
Hiram finished the lemonade and cookies,
mama appeared with a pail of something
steamy and savory-smelling. She carried it
over near the suspicious little pigs. They
stopped munching apples, and sniffed appre-
ciatively. Then she walked along to the
wagon, set the pail on the plank, and pushed
it slowly up into the wagon. And, honor
bright, every one of those little pigs trotted
briskly after it! Up they went, straight into
the wagon that they had been dodging all the
forenoon!

"Well," said Hiram, "your ma knows more
about pigs than I give her credit fur."



BY THE BROOK.

"I don't know much about pigs," said mama,
"but I do know that gentle ways are best, and
that coaxing is much wiser than driving."
Remember that, little folks—and larger
folks.—*Epworth Herald.*

WHAT BERNICE LEARNED ABOUT THE
APOSTLES

I

"O AUNT EMMA!" said Bernice Hill, one
evening, "I have found just the grandest chap-
ter in the Bible, I do believe! It's the twenty-
first of Revelation. I always supposed that
book was too hard for children to understand,
and so I never read much in it; but I declare,
Aunt Emma, it is more interesting than any
story-book I ever read."

Aunt Emma smiled, and turning to grandma,
whispered, softly: "Do see how enthusiastic

the dear child is growing since she has begun
to study the Bible in earnest!"

Grandma glanced up from her knitting, to-
ward the quiet little figure seated at the farther
side of the table. "Shall I tell you, my dear,
one verse in that beautiful chapter, which takes
me back, every time I read it or hear it read,
to the time I was a child like you,—a little
girl,—sitting by my dear mother's knee?"

"Yes, grandma; tell me all about it,"
pleaded Bernice, always delighted to hear
grandma tell of the time when she was a lit-
tle girl.

"Well, it is the fourteenth verse. You may
find it, if you will, and watch to see if I recite
it correctly;" and grandma slowly repeated:
"And the wall of the city had twelve founda-
tions, and in them the names of the twelve
apostles of the Lamb."

I remember hearing
my mother read that
verse when I was very
young, and I asked her
who the twelve *opossums*
were."

"O grandma!" said
Bernice, laughing,
"what *did* your mother
say? Did she think you
a very ignorant little
girl?"

"I suppose so; but
she did not laugh at
me; for she knew I
would feel bad if she
did. Instead, she did
a much more sensible
thing; she told me who
the apostles were, and
taught me their names,
and I have never for-
gotten them."

"I have never learned
the names of the apos-
tles, grandma. Tell
me where can I find
them, please, and I will
turn and read."

"In the tenth chapter
of Matthew, dear; but
if you will learn this lit-
tle stanza, maybe it will
fix them in your mem-
ory." Then grandma
slowly repeated to Ber-
nice these lines, which
I am sure you will all
be glad to commit to
memory:—

"Peter, who his guilt con-
fessed;
John, who leaned on Jesus'
breast;
Lebbeus and Andrew too,
Philip, James, Bartholo-
mew,
Matthew, Thomas, James,
we see,
Who was the son of Zebe-
dee;
Simon, he the Canaanite;
And if we would name
them right,

We must add the traitor bold,
Judas, who his Master sold."

Bernice soon learned the little rhyme; and
often the next day grandma and auntie over-
heard her repeating, with a very serious face,
and a wise nod of her golden head, "Peter,
who his guilt confessed."

"I must say, grandma," she declared at the
dinner-table, "that little stanza has made me
anxious to know more about the apostles. I
have been wondering all day whatever hap-
pened to them after the Lord left them. I
should think they would have been very, very
lonesome. I remember how I felt when Cousin
Julian went home after his long visit this sum-
mer; and of course they must have thought
more of the Lord—a great deal more—than a
little girl like me could possibly think of her
cousin. I suppose they all died in a little
while, didn't they, grandma?"

"Well, no, dear; they lived a long, long time, and did a great deal of good before they died. The ages of all of them are not known to a certainty; but it is sure that the beloved disciple, John, lived to be almost a hundred years old."

"Why do people call John the 'beloved disciple,' grandma? Were not the others beloved as well as he, I wonder?"

"Certainly, my child, they were all dear to the heart of the Master; but because of John's loving, gentle disposition, he was termed The Beloved."

"It hardly seems as if Judas could have been loved very much. I'm afraid I could not even treat a person kindly who was so wicked as Judas. I——"

"And yet," interrupted grandma, "the Master spoke kindly to him, and called him 'friend,' on the very night of his betrayal, when the traitorous kiss was given in the garden. Can you tell me, Bernice, what became of Judas? Did he die a natural death?"

"Oh, no, grandma! he hanged himself; but I can't tell you anything about the life or death of any of the other apostles."

Then grandma and grandpa and auntie and mama and Bernice had a long talk about the twelve apostles; and they decided to learn all they could about them, and in a week from that evening to talk over all they had learned.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—NO. 12

(December 23, 1899)

THE DECISIONS OF THE JUDGMENT DAY

Lesson Scripture.—Matt. 25:31-46.

Memory Verse.—Matt. 25:40.

Time: A. D. 31. *Place:* Mount of Olives.

Persons: Jesus, disciples.

QUESTIONS

1. Having related the parable of the talents, to what time did Jesus call the attention of the disciples? Matt. 25:31. Who will then be summoned before him? What will be done to the multitude thus gathered? Vs. 32, 33; note 1.

2. What words of blessing will be spoken to those represented by the sheep? V. 34. Why does he in this manner address this class? Vs. 35, 36. What answer will they return? Vs. 37-39; note 2. In what sense have the righteous ministered unto Christ? V. 40.

3. To those represented by the goats, what will the King say? V. 41. What reason will he have for pronouncing a curse upon them? Vs. 42, 43.

4. In contrast with the statement of those who are blessed, what will these say? V. 44. By what sin are they cut off from life? V. 45; note 1. What will be the portion of the wicked? of the righteous? V. 46.

NOTES

1. The scene here described is undoubtedly identical with that brought to view in Revelation 20. The right and left hands are symbols, respectively, of favor and disfavor. To be in favor with God at that time is, as it were, to stand at his right hand,* while to be under wrath and condemnation is as to stand at his left. At that time Christ will be seated upon the throne of his own glory and kingdom. In the presence of both men and angels he will pronounce the final sentence for or against men. The great sin of all sins to be noted by the Judge at the final day is the sin of neglect,—"Ye did it not." Life is nothing, yea, worse than nothing, if it be not filled every day with deeds of love. The great lesson is how to live wholly for our fellow men.

2. The righteous can not remember the good of which the King speaks. Why?—Because any act performed in a spirit of unselfishness is done, of course, for others, not for self. And when the habit of unselfish living is once established, the good deed done is but the simple, natural outflowing of the Christ life, and is not so much as thought of again. O for that blessed, Spirit-filled life, in which it is so natural to spend and be spent in behalf of mankind that the good work is unconsciously performed! This is the life of Him who knew no pride nor self-glory.



Poison from Mosquitoes.—It is now believed that some species of mosquito infect their victims with malarial poison. Major Ronald Ross, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, advises a thorough study of the habits of such species, in order that they may be exterminated in populous districts.

A New Profession.—Forestry is a new profession opening up before the oncoming generation of men. Mr. Pinchot, the forester of the Department of Agriculture, announces that the government will take a few well-qualified men as student-assistants, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year and expenses.

Artificial Rubber.—An artificial India-rubber, showing all the characteristics of the natural substance, has been made by Dr. Til-den from turpentine. The discovery is not of commercial value; for it takes two years to make the rubber, and no way of hastening the process has been found. Sometime, no doubt, it will be made quickly and cheaply enough to replenish the world's waning supply of rubber.

The Chipping Sparrow.—A Vermont naturalist has made a study of the habits of the chipping sparrow, beginning his watch at daylight, and continuing till after dark. He found that when feeding their young, the parents made more than two hundred trips to and from the nest in the course of the day, bringing insects almost every time. They were never away so long as half an hour. Farmers should think twice about this.

Wireless Telegraphy.—The necessities of wireless telegraphy, the latest wonder of applied science, have become the mother of several interesting inventions. One of these is a method of measuring the frequency of electric pulsations. This feat is accomplished by photographing the electric spark, as reflected from a rapidly revolving mirror. When the rate of the discharge is one million pulsations a second, the photograph shows a line of dots about one tenth of an inch apart.

The Sun's Heat.—The source of the sun's heat—which is certainly kept up somehow; it does not grow less—has long been a mystery to scientists. Many suppositions have been brought forward to account for it. No one supposes now that it is due to combustion. Nor does the theory that bodies are constantly striking the sun, and so heating it, find much support. There is a simple and more reasonable explanation,—that it is due to the compression of its particles by its own enormous weight. All gases become hotter under pressure, as one will find out by touching the barrel of a bicycle-pump in action. This would seem a reasonable explanation of the sun's continued supply of heat.

The Color of the Eye.—The color of the eye is due to color- or pigment-cells in the iris, or circular curtain, surrounding the pupil. This

curtain is a somewhat complex structure; but it may be roughly divided into the muscular layer and the stroma, or soft outer portion. At the back of the stroma is a thick layer of pigment-cells. If the stroma itself is nearly free from pigment, the black background shows through, and the iris appears blue; this may be verified by putting a little soapy or milky water in an iron pan or skillet. If the stroma is not quite so clear, the eye will appear gray. Still more pigment in the stroma will give green, hazel, or brown; and a large amount makes the stroma quite opaque, and the iris black. The pigment-cells in the stroma are not evenly distributed, but form more or less fanciful patterns. When pigment is absent at the back of the stroma, as is the case with albinos, the muscles and blood-vessels show through, and the eye is pink.

A Novel School.—There is a school in Chicago where children are taught to play. It is situated in the river district, in the very heart of the tenement-house district, where the children's entire world is a few squalid rooms, a dark and dirty passageway, a cheerless street, and the school. They have, most of them, no idea of play when they come to school; they are pale, pinched little old men and women. But every half-hour or so during the school-day, books are closed, and for five minutes the children play—leap-frog, hop-scotch, pussy-wants-a-corner, almost any game that calls for quick, active exercise of brain and muscle. Very many of the children are allowed to come to school only the half-day required by law; the rest of the time they must sell papers, black boots, or otherwise help support their families. In spite of this, they make as rapid progress as the children more favored by fortune, and give the truant officers little trouble. Indeed, they love to go to school; the school-day is the one bright spot in their dreary lives.

C. B. MORRILL.



HEATHEN DEVOTION

As I was on my way home to Delhi, I saw a strange and moving spectacle. In the distance there came in sight what seemed a prostrate body in the middle of the road. On coming nearer, I found it was the form of a woman, slowly crawling along, and measuring her length on the road as she went. I drew up as I came up to her, and began to question her. She told me she was a Brahman woman, the wife of a man who was about one hundred yards behind her on the road. She had journeyed in this way from a far-distant village in the Northwest Province, and was on her way to Jarvala-Mukhi (fire-mouth), a celebrated place of pilgrimage in the Kangra district, at the foot of the Himalayas. Altogether, her pilgrimage could not be less than five hundred miles, and that at a rate, she told me, of about two miles a day.

I had often heard of this method of performing a pilgrimage, but it was the first time I had ever witnessed the sight (such mode being very rare in these parts); one could not fail to be much affected by it. Poor thing! her arms and legs, which were quite bare, were worn hard and leathery by the constant rubbing along the roads.

I asked her why she was undergoing all this pain and toil. She replied, again and again, "Uska, darshan" ("To see Him"). To gain salvation by doing so—"No, only to see Him." O the pity and pathos of it! What a wealth of devotion displayed, and so largely (though who would dare to say entirely?) thrown away! All she would be able to see with her outward eyes when she reached her destination, would be the flame of the ignited gas, which superstition makes people believe to be the divine exhalation of the god Agni.

If only, one felt, all that faith and devotion could but be directed into its right and natural channel! One could breathe a prayer that some day it might find the object of its aspiration, and the poor, misguided creature be enabled to see Him whom her soul did indeed long for. I don't think anything I ever witnessed in the country moved me so much. The loneliness of the spot, the bare, dull, monotonous road along which the couple were toiling, and that simple, earnest, reiterated cry, "To see Him!"—Rev. S. S. Allnutt.

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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.

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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.	

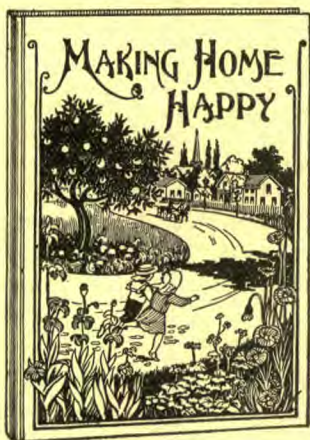
EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

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.	

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star,
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!"

MONDAY:

"Lord Jesus, make thyself to me,
A living, bright reality;
More precious to faith's vision keen
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie."

TUESDAY:

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle
that fits them all.—*Holmes.*

WEDNESDAY:

"The discomfort of unpunctuality, of
confusion of thought, of inattention to
the wants of to-morrow, is of no nation.
Scatter-brained and afternoon men spoil
much more than their own affair in spoiling
the temper of those who deal with
them."

THURSDAY:

So brief the time to smile,
Why darken we the air
With frowns and tears, the while
We nurse despair?

Stand in the sunshine sweet,
And treasure every ray,
Nor seek with stubborn feet
The darksome way.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

FRIDAY:

"It is faith in something, and enthusiasm
for something, that makes a life worth
looking at."

SABBATH:

"Now no chastening for the present
seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless
afterward it yieldeth the peaceable
fruit of righteousness unto them
which are exercised thereby." Heb.
12:11.

WE have received a "Vest-Pocket Commentary on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1890," by De Loss M. Tompkins, D. D.; published by Fred D. Ewell, 132 Market St., Chicago. Art linen, 25 cents; full morocco, gold edges, 35 cents; interleaved edition, ruled for pencil notes, 50 cents. This little volume presents in a convenient form the lessons for the entire year, together with a remarkable amount of comprehensive study-

helps. The evident care and well-studied purpose shown in its make-up have produced a help that will surely be appreciated by every busy person who is interested in these lessons.

BE PATIENT

With the restless, unruly boys under your care, whether in church-school, Sabbath-school, or the home,—patient with their seeming lack of interest and their certain love of mischief. There is many a gentle, tender impulse hidden deep beneath the rough exterior that sometimes annoys and discourages you; and it may be that under your patient, loving effort the impulse will become a fact, and the whole life be lifted up, and set in the narrow way leading straight to the heavenly city. Firm discipline, if administered with fairness and courtesy, always wins its way to a boy's admiration, and therefore to his heart. A London paper cites a case in point:—

"One of the most troublesome boys attending a day industrial school was so constantly reported to the governor for misconduct that he sometimes felt that the boy's feeling toward him must be one almost of hatred. It was therefore a complete surprise to him, on Christmas eve, when the little fellow, whose time expired during the holidays, came to him, and, with some hesitation in his manner and speech, asked him to accept a little parting gift of remembrance. 'But I don't think I can take it,' said the governor; 'you have been too bad a boy. You have seemed to do everything you could to annoy and displease the officers.'

"'Oh, please do take it, sir!' replied the boy, in entreating tones. 'I have worked after school every night this week, to get the money to buy it for you. Do take it, sir.'"

LIVES THAT HELP

It is an old, old saying, and true as the Word in which it is written, that "none of us liveth to himself." Our humblest acts, even our secret thoughts, have a far-reaching, ever-widening influence. Since this is true, and nothing we can say or do will change, or can change, the fact, is it not of the deepest moment that we put ourselves on the right side, where we can be sure of Heaven's approval and help? Then the influence breathed out by the life will be fragrant with truth, purity, and honor, and will, no matter how hidden or obscure, tell mightily on the right side. The *Baptist Union* tells of one of these obscure lives, and the influence it exerted:—

"It is related of a certain housekeeper that after she had complained several times to the grocer regarding baskets of unsound fruit sent to her address, she was one day offered a basket of peaches and a basket of gem melons, with this assurance: 'You will not find a single damaged peach or melon in either of these packages. If you do, I will gladly refund the money you pay for them.'

"The housekeeper found every peach and melon perfect; and on her next visit to the dealer's store, she asked him why he was so positive in warranting his goods. 'Because I have found that the farmer who furnished those baskets never sends dishonest packages to market,' was the reply.

"The farmer's number, among the commission dealer's consignments, was '135.' After that the housekeeper always bought No. 135, and the contents of the baskets never failed in measure, condition, or quality.

"Admiration for the conscientious farmer grew upon her, and literally made her more conscientious herself. She felt ashamed when-

ever she was tempted to slight or 'scamp' her work. No. 135 seemed to be looking at her.

"Summer and autumn passed, but the sermon of the faultless fruit continued to preach to its buyer when she could buy no more. Careless lapses of duty frequently brought up the thought: 'No. 135 would not have done that.' She remembered and thanked the unknown man whose integrity had strengthened and helped her. His rectitude represented to her the presence of the sinless Teacher."



PUFF, puff, went the bellows.

Up went the flame.

Puff, puff, went the bellows.

The flame rose stronger and higher.

"Am I not bright, noble, genial?" cried the fire.

"Burn away," said the bellows, and stopped blowing.

The flame faded, and the ruddy light grew pale.

"So," said the bellows, "I don't think much of your brightness; you can burn only while I blow. Give me the steady flame, that keeps strong and clear without the help of puffing."—*Mrs. Prosser.*

TWO LITTLE TEACHERS

SUCH a cheerless morning! The sky looked like an arch of ground glass. The mist that drove squarely from the east seemed to have brought its bleakness all the way from the Atlantic. The few leaves still on the trees and the pale blades on the cornstalks fluttered like flags of distress. Nothing broke the somber stillness, not even the hoarse call of the crow, nor the cry of "thief" from the dishonest jay. "One must have little of the barometer in his make-up," thought I, "if he would entirely escape the gloom of such a morning."

Suddenly a pure, sweet strain filtered down through the thick air from a bare treetop,—a strain untouched by the mist, and the chill, and the grayness. The singer, with his eye on the east, as if determined to watch for the sun and sing till it came, rehearsed again and again his one sweet theme. And there was something in the song of that mottled meadow-lark that diluted the bleakness of the morning. It seemed to have in it the very ring of that prophetic voice that once sang: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

The evening matched the morning. The mist still drove from the east; the wind still fluttered the faded, tattered leaves; the night blotted out the landscape, and sealed up the stars. A prolonged look into the blackness revealed only one little gleam, and that came from a glow-worm at my feet. "Here is a spark that the clouds can not hide, nor the mists put out," I said to myself, as I bent over the little yellow ray that lighted up a tiny circle of moist earth. And I was glad of the two little teachers who had taught me that the one who listens may find a song floating though the grayest morning; and the one who watches may see a ray gleaming through the blackest night. —*Herald and Presbyterian.*