

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

OUR SCHOOL FARM

SINCE last May we have been living on a farm at Avera, Raiatea, and have enjoyed our quiet country life among the hills. Raiatea is next to the largest island in the Society Group. Tahiti, which is the largest of the group, is one hundred and twenty miles from this place.

For several years we have felt that we needed a farm, where some of our most promising young people might be given an all-round education, and prepared to work for the Master. Our whole object in getting this farm was to provide a place for a school of this kind. It is situated about six miles from Uturoa, the settlement, and a mile inland. We are surrounded with quiet, beautiful scenery, and the farm is just the kind of place the Spirit of prophecy says is best for our schools. Our nearest neighbor, who is a white man and a Sabbath-keeper, lives about a quarter of a mile away. Our native neighbors are still farther away, as they never go far from the beach to live.

When we bought the farm, there were no buildings on it. The house in which the previous owner had lived was burned during the war between the French and the natives, three years ago.

As there are about four thousand cocoanut trees on the place, and the principal use of the nut is for making copra, one of the first things to do was to build a copra-house. Perhaps all do not know that copra is the dried kernel of the cocoanut, and is the chief export of these islands. It is shipped to Europe and to the United States, where its oil is extracted, and used for manufacturing purposes. Brother Stringer came up from Tahiti to build the copra-house, and it was finished the first of the year. It is made with a drier, where the nuts are well dried with artificial heat from a furnace. We can also use the drier for fruit, corn, or anything of that kind, and have experimented in drying bananas with the best of success.

We make copra about once a month. During the month, as the ripe nuts fall from the trees, they are gathered in piles, and afterward hauled in a cart to the copra-shed. We seldom pick the nuts from the trees, but use only those that have fallen. Those who have seen a cocoanut tree, or the picture of one, know that it is not easy to climb; for it has a smooth trunk with no limbs, and the leaves and nuts are all together at the top. But as the nuts always fall soon after they become ripe, it is unnecessary to climb for the ripe ones.

When the time comes to make copra, we have several workers dig the meat out of the

the husks of the cocoanuts. If the fire is kept burning day and night, the copra will be dry and ready for sale in forty-eight hours.

There is no more useful tree in the islands than the cocoanut, and we have found our trees a great help to us in more ways than one. The money that the copra brings in helps in making improvements on the place; and there are many other ways in which the nuts can be used. From the grated meat we make a sort of milk, which is rich in fat, and is an excellent substitute for cow's milk. Water can be added to thin it to the desired consistency; we use it like cream in shortening and flavoring

all kinds of food, and believe it to be quite wholesome. When made thin like milk, it is insipid to drink as a beverage; but if prepared with little or no water, so that it is quite rich, it makes a good substitute for cream to eat with bread. If salted, it somewhat resembles butter in taste. In fact, its flavor is much more like good, fresh butter than is the rancid, canned butter that we get here in the stores. The butter used here is shipped in from the United States, New Zealand, and France, and of course is seldom fresh. Yet such strongly flavored



A HOLIDAY OCCASION—UNDER A MANGO TREE.

nuts as they are cut. One or two men split the nuts open with an ax, while the others dig out the kernel with small iron instruments made for the purpose. We do not husk the nuts, as the meat is taken out anyway; but some husk them, then break the nut in halves, and dry the meat in the shell, removing it afterward. Some nuts are found that have lain so long on the ground that they have begun to grow. The hollow in the center of the nut, where the water was, is then filled with a white, spongy substance, which is very palatable. It is tender and juicy, and is delicious eaten just as it is when taken from the nut; it is also served in other ways by baking or boiling.

The meat that has been taken out of the nuts is carried in boxes to the drier, and spread on racks, where it is dried by the hot air from the furnace beneath. The fuel used for the fire is

grease is liked so well by the natives that when they can obtain it, they use it lavishly.

A fine oil is extracted from the meat of the cocoanut, which can be used for everything for which oil is required. The meat is also much used for feeding fowls and other domestic animals.

When the nut is still green, the meat is tender, and can be eaten with a spoon. It then has the appearance of, and a flavor somewhat resembling, the cooked white of egg. The inside of the nut is filled with sweet, clear water, which nearly every one enjoys drinking. As the nut matures, the water is absorbed by the growing kernel, so the ripe nut contains but little water, and that little is strong in flavor.

Cocoanut shells are used for making charcoal with which to heat flatirons. These irons

are large, and have a cavity inside to hold the charcoal with which they are heated. This coal is kept burning during the ironing process, to keep the iron hot. As stoves are very scarce here, these irons are the best kind for the people.

A piece of the husk makes a good brush for washing vegetables, woodwork, and many other things. Ropes and door-mats are also made from the fiber of the husk.

I can not take time to tell all the ways in which the cocoanut is useful, but will tell you of some other native trees next time.

MRS. B. J. CADY.



PRAISE YE THE LORD

WINTER winds, that moaning go,
Clouds and vapors hanging low,
Frozen stream and falling snow,
Chant, with single voice and mind,
"Praise the Lord, for he is kind!"

Spring the earth has newly drest;
And above his new-built nest,
Robin, with exultant breast,
Carols to his little mate,
"Praise the Lord, for he is great!"

Summer fields with promise gleam;
Sunlight lies on heath and stream,
Health and life in every beam.
Hark! from vale and hill and wood,—
"Praise the Lord, for he is good!"

Harvest reaped from fields well tilled,
Autumn finds her garners filled;
All disquiet hushed and stilled.
Sing above the gathered hoard,
"Praise the Lord! Oh, praise the Lord!"
MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Dan. 11: 40-43; "Thoughts on Daniel," pages 273-280

NOTES ON LESSON 20

(April 15-21)

1. 1798.—The events which mark the close of the twelve hundred and sixty years of papal supremacy are an emphatic testimony to the unflinching accuracy of the prophetic word. Established in 538, the papacy was to continue its supremacy for twelve hundred and sixty years, and the establishment of this prophecy calls for an event to take place in 1798 which would deprive the papacy of its power. Did such an event occur at that time?

2. *The Prophecy Fulfilled.*—The French soldiers under Bonaparte had conducted a most successful campaign in Italy, but one feature of it had not been satisfactory to the French government; namely, the sparing of the pope. General Berthier was at length ordered directly to Rome; and Feb. 10, 1798, he entered the city, and the pope, Pius VI, and the cardinals, were taken prisoners. Papal independence was abolished, and the son of Napoleon declared king of Rome. The French soldiers were little disposed to spare the treasures of the Eternal City, and boldly took possession of the priestly finery. The robes of the priests and cardinals, richly decorated with gold lace, were burned, that the gold might be gathered from the ashes. The personal property of the pope was sold at

auction. The churches were pillaged, and a reign of violence followed which the French general was unable to control.

3. *The Pyramids of Egypt.*—Along the plateau west of Memphis about seventy of these mighty monuments were erected. Three of these were pre-eminent in size. The largest is said to contain ninety million cubic feet of masonry. The structures are built of successive layers of stone, each layer being less in area than the one upon which it rests, so that on either side of the pyramid, the appearance is that of a series of stone steps, narrowing and receding to the top. It is said that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed for twenty years in the building of Khufu, the largest pyramid. The interiors of the mammoth structures were divided into numerous apartments, and in the solemn stillness of these chambers were deposited the stone coffins containing Egypt's royal mummies.

4. *"The Battle of the Pyramids."*—The decisive battle between the soldiers of France and the Egyptian army, thirty thousand strong, which is referred to in our lesson, was so called because the battle field was within sight of the pyramids. Just before beginning the battle, Bonaparte aroused the enthusiasm of his men by an impassioned appeal. "Soldiers," he said, "from yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." In the struggle that ensued, the field was hotly contested; but the Mamelukes finally gave way before the invincible courage and discipline of the French troops.

5. *A Valuable Discovery.*—During this invasion of Egypt by Bonaparte, a French engineer, while digging entrenchments on the site of an old temple near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, unearthed a black marble tablet upon which an inscription was written in three different characters,—hieroglyphic; demotic, the common writing of the Egyptians; and Greek. From the Greek it was discovered that each of the writings was a translation of the others, and by a comparison of the Greek and Egyptian texts, a system of interpretation was established. Finally the translation of the Rosetta Stone was completed, and the whole field of Egyptian hieroglyphics thus opened up to the long-baffled scholars of the world. It was always supposed that the strange figures and characters so numerous carved upon the stone obelisks, monuments, and temples of Egypt, were but pictures of the things intended to be represented. To the astonishment of the learned, it was discovered that the strange writing was really a complex system of phonetic spelling.

6. *Napoleon Bonaparte.*—We have space for but a few words concerning that man whose complete biography would be the history of Europe for more than twenty turbulent years. He was born on the Island of Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769. His favorite plaything was a small brass cannon, and he loved to drill his playmates in battles with stones and wooden sabers. At the age of ten he was sent to a military school. In disposition he was resolute, quarrelsome, gloomy. He entered the army as a lieutenant, and his military operations immediately gave France the ascendancy among the nations of Europe. In 1799 he became first consul, and a few years later emperor, of France. Then came the most gigantic undertakings recorded in history, to gratify his ambition for power. The earth trembled under the tremendous armies organized. For a time

it seemed that his dominion would be universal, but it was not to be. After unparalleled successes, he was finally defeated and forced to abdicate his throne. He was banished by the English to the Island of St. Helena. Here he died on the night of May 5, 1821, while the most terrible storm was raging that had ever been known on the island. Such was the end of the most remarkable character of modern history.

APRIL STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART III: "AMONG THE EGYPTIANS"

(April 15-21)

1. *The Third Angel's Message in Egypt.*—The truth was first introduced into this field by Dr. H. P. Ripton, but he had scarcely begun his work when he was killed in an Alexandrian riot. Later, because of the Armenian massacres, some Armenians who had accepted the third angel's message fled into Egypt. Through their efforts a number began to observe the Sabbath, and loud calls were made for the living preacher. A colporteur and ship missionary settled there about two years ago, and literature in English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Russian, and Arabic has been circulated quite freely. Elder H. P. Holser and family, with three other laborers, went to this field last November, but their work is yet in its beginning. Pray that some from the "land of Ham" may be found among God's people through the efforts of these workers.

2. *The Mohammedan's Devotion to His Religion.*—There is something profoundly impressive in the devotion of the Mohammedan to his religion. It governs his actions, and pervades his thoughts, conversation, business dealing, and the conduct of his everyday life. He reads his Koran faithfully, for it lays down his standard of morals, and is the foundation of his code of laws. See him at prayer, in the mosque, field, or busy street, addressing his supplications to Allah, through his prophet, face turned to Mecca—his faith is complete, and his sincerity unquestionable. He cares not how the onlookers may regard him. The peasant in the field utters the same fervent, heartfelt prayer as the pasha prostrate upon his silken rug within the Mehemet Ali mosque. This describes the faithful Mohammedan; there are many such.

3. *The Great School of the Mohammedan World* is one of Cairo's important sights. Cairo is the educational center of the religion of Islam. Its records extend from the year 975 A. D. The period of instruction may be indefinitely extended, even for a lifetime; but from three to six years is the usual course. One may see old and grizzled men there, as well as children of four years. The institution is so richly endowed, and owns such valuable property,—for few true Mohammedans of fortune die without leaving something to El-Azhar (The Splendid), of Cairo,—that no student is compelled to pay anything, although many from choice contribute to the expenses. Religion pervades every branch of study. Students who come from abroad toil for years to learn the Arabic grammar, after which they take up religious science, with the Koran as text-book. Then follows jurisprudence, religious and secular. Literature, syntax, philosophy, prosody, logic, and the intricacies of the Koranic teaching, as directed to an upright life, round out the course. Juvenile pupils are taught little but the Koran. When far enough advanced to write, favorite quotations from the Koran, such as, "There is no God but God,

and Mohammed is his prophet," and, "I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle," are given them as exercises.

4. *Water-Carriers.*—The daily procession of young women to the Nile bank before the going down of the sun, to obtain the water required for the evening and early morning in their homes, presents a beautiful picture of womanly grace. These Rebeccas hold themselves erect, and walk with superlative grace and majesty. Egyptian girls begin early to perform their share of the work of the home, and at seven or eight years begin to carry half-filled water-jars, and at twelve think nothing of balancing a full half-hundredweight on their heads, walking leisurely homeward, chatting with neighbors bent on the same errand. For thousands of years their ancestors have done the same; but they carried the water-jars represented in Biblical pictures. Many of the present generation, discarding these, prefer the square two-gallon tins in which kerosene oil is shipped to Egypt. These are lighter than the pottery jars; and if the carrier becomes excited in discussion, the petroleum tin never breaks in its fall.

5. *Why Egypt Is a Good Missionary Field.*—The Nile Valley is as bountiful in rest and recreation to the invalid as in matchless sights to the tourist. These attractions bring people of all nationalities into this country, for the greater part of the year at least, and especially through the colporteur can the message be given to the people of many lands. He also finds a fruitful field in ship missionary work, as from three to four thousand vessels pass the Suez Canal each year. Almost all these stop at Port Said, a coaling-station at the mouth of the canal. Then, too, in various ways the Egyptians themselves are being prepared to understand the third angel's message. "The Bible has been translated into the language of the natives, and is being circulated quite extensively. Mission schools have been established, in which thousands are learning something about the gospel. The land is under the control of a nation that makes life and property reasonably secure, and that recognizes a good degree of liberty. A strong foreign element is doing much to break the bands of servitude and fatalism in which the Moslems are held. Although these things can not of themselves save the people, the Lord can use them in making the work of the gospel less difficult. The Lord is certainly at work in this field, and we should follow his leading."

THE SHIP THAT COMES IN

"It is useless to wait for 'your ship to come in' unless you have sent it out."

We had hardly expected to get a new idea from that hackneyed phrase, yet here it was, straight as the flight of an arrow, sharp as its barbed point. And the most striking thing about it is its undeniable truth. For what is the use of waiting around the wharves for a ship to come in laden with a rich cargo, unless we have one sent out?

"When my ship comes in." That is the catch-word of the believer in luck. "Some-time circumstances will change, and all sorts of good fortune will come to me through no effort of my own. Perhaps at this very moment, from some unknown port, in an unknown bark, a cargo of good things is starting in my direction." Pleasant material for day-dreams, such fancies, but that is all. For ships do not drift about in this hit-or-miss fashion. Whenever one comes into port, laden with such

things as we all desire, it is safe to conclude that an owner is expecting its return.

It is only the old distinction between luck and pluck. Ships come into the harbor every day, and some of the cargoes are rich enough to arouse twinges of envy in the hearts of the idlers who watch the unloading. But each one represents an expenditure of some kind, something risked, something done. Not one of them came from dreamland.

Are you waiting for your ship to come in? Would it not be wiser to be getting ready to send one out? Pluck and industry make returns sooner or later. And though storms may delay the ship so that long months or even years pass before you sight its white sail above the horizon, there is no reason for discouragement. You may look hopefully and happily for its coming if with honest effort and earnest prayer you sent it forth.— *Young People's Weekly.*



A SERMON ON THE LEAF

By all the winds of heaven
The homeless leaves are driven
Like chaff from winnowed grain,
Till, sodden by the rain,
They lie with seasons old
That knit the forest mold—
Ten autumns all in one!
Their use is never done,
But only now begun;
For they must shield the grass
When frost and sleet-wind pass;
And they must house the seeds
In the rich woods and meads,
And fold the violet
In a warm coverlet,
And keep back forward flowers
Till seasonable hours,
When gleams of April sky
Are shed through clouds on high.

— Edith M. Thomas.

3—*Symplocarpus Foetidus*, or Skunk Cabbage

THERE is probably no flower that blooms earlier than the skunk cabbage. I suppose the children will hardly care to call the peculiar blossom of this plant a flower, for it looks more like a huge curly leaf. This seeming leaf is called a "spathe," and it envelops and shields the true flowers, which are within, and which are arranged on a fleshy club called a "spadix."

The leafy spathe is shell-shaped, veined with purple. The real leaf is from one to three feet long, but appears later than the flower, and grows from a short root-stock. The leaves are clustered at the roots, and are almost as broad as they are long.

The early Swedish settlers near Philadelphia called the plant "bearweed." Its peculiar odor has been



Skunk Cabbage,
Symplocarpus foetidus.

termed a "skunk and garlic combination." The children love to kick it over, as the odor is thus increased for the moment.

One would hardly suppose this plant to be a relative of Jack-in-the-pulpit and the beautiful white calla, but such is the case. Its green spadix corresponds to the arching pulpit of Jack, and to the white cup of the calla.

4—*Arisaema Triphyllum*, or Jack-in-the-Pulpit

"Jack-in-the-pulpit
Preaches to-day
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow
High on their perch
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.
"Come hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his low, painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Penciled by nature's hand,
Black, brown, and green.
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands."

We know that Jack-in-the-pulpit must be a strictly orthodox preacher. It is not every one who understands or cares to listen to his sermons. Some one says that his text is Cant.

2 : 11, 12: "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, land the voice of the dove is heard in our and." But I am sure he sometimes takes his text from Matt. 6 : 30: "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"



Jack-in-the-Pulpit,
Arisaema triphyllum.

The plant grows from a corm, or solid, bulb-like root, which is turnip-shaped and filled with farinaceous matter. The root loses its acridity on being boiled; and as it was occasionally used as food by the Indians, it is sometimes called "Indian turnip."

There are usually two leaves on long petioles, divided into three ovate, wavy, margined leaflets.

In time Jack loses his pulpit, and is changed into a thickset club, studded with brilliant red berries.

L. A. REED.

THE story is told of Robert Garry, a poor foundryman of Lockport, N. Y., who, forty years ago, began to commit the Bible to memory. Each day he wrote down one verse from the Scriptures, and pinned it on the wall, where he could turn to it often. This verse he learned by heart, and studied its hidden meaning all day. Following this plan, he learned almost the entire Bible. Now he is an evangelist, speaking largely in Bible language; and his work is very successful.— *Well-Spring.*

Nature Study

THE SABBATH AND NATURE

IN our studies thus far we have learned the different steps of creation, which brought the world from its chaotic condition into one of beauty and harmony. The Creator employed six days in creating this world and the things that are therein. We have spent some time in studying these wonderful creations, yet there is much more that might be said about each one. I trust we shall never get too old to admire and think about the wonderful works of God. After God had created light, firmament, land and water, plants, sun, moon, and stars, water animals, air animals, land animals, and man, he spent one entire day, the seventh day, in beholding the harmony and perfection of his handiwork. The Creator was not weary nor exhausted from the labor he had performed, but he rejoiced to see in his creation the ministry of love that prompted him in creating all things. John, the Revelator, speaks of all things being created for the *pleasure* of God. Moses, in describing the rest that God enjoyed upon the seventh day, says that the Creator rested and was *refreshed*.

We can get some idea of the satisfaction it was to God to look upon his works when we bear in mind the satisfaction it is to us to note the success that has followed the efforts we have put forth to accomplish a certain work. Each thing that God made on the six days, he pronounced good; but when all was completed, each carrying out its God-given work, the whole was pronounced *very* good. Then God set apart every seventh day, that man might employ it in beholding the wonderful works of his Creator, and thus each week be led to love and adore his Maker more fully. I sometimes think that we look upon the Sabbath as an institution that God made for man after he had sinned, but it is not so. The Sabbath had its origin in creation week, and therefore would have been observed by Adam and his children if sin had never entered our world. When the earth is made new, its inhabitants will "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

To keep the Sabbath in the way the Lord designed in the beginning, is to spend its hours in study and meditation upon his power, wisdom, and love, as revealed in his created works. Since the world has been cursed by sin, it is necessary for us to read God's word, in order to understand better the mists, scars, and blots that we now see upon the once fair creation of God.

Some seem to have the idea that in order to keep the Sabbath holy, we must stay indoors, and read nothing but the Bible and religious books; but this is entirely out of harmony with the original idea of the Sabbath. Children should go out with their parents into the groves, along the streams, and listen to the songs of the birds and the music of the brooks, which will direct the thoughts to the Creator, who wishes us to "call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable." We are not to think our own thoughts, speak our own words, nor do our own pleasure, but to think God's thoughts and do his will.

The Sabbath is holy because God blessed it, sanctified it, and set it apart for a sacred use. How many of us have been keeping the Sabbath in the way the Lord wishes us to observe

it? Has it been to us the best day of all the seven? or have its hours been tedious, and have we looked forward to the time when the day would pass away, because we found so little enjoyment in it? I am sure that if we keep the Sabbath as the Lord has told us to, it will be the most delightful day of all the week. We shall hail its weekly return with delight, knowing that it brings to us another opportunity to go out into the woods and fields to behold the expressions of God's love to his creatures.

The first Sabbath that Adam and Eve enjoyed was a wonderful Sabbath. The condition of the earth is altogether different now. What brought about this change? This we will study in our next lesson.

M. E. CADY.



NIGHT FLOWERS

AS WEARY travelers on a train
That stops they know not where,
Catch sometimes through the windows borne
Along the still night air

A breath so sweet, their tired hearts,
Reviving 'neath its power,
Know well that hidden somewhere near,
The wild grape-vine 's in flower;

So, oft a hidden sweetness here
Breathes through life's pilgrim gloom,
And we, too, know that somewhere near
God hath a soul in bloom.

— Selected.

"A NEW COMMANDMENT"

"A NEW commandment I write unto you, which thing is true in him and in you: because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him."

Christ has specified the measure of the love we are to show for one another. "A new commandment I give unto you," he declared, "That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." By this practical love, seen by the world, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples." When the softening, subduing influence of the Spirit of God rules the hearts of those who are connected with his service, they will honor him by keeping the new commandment,—new because Christ said, "As I have loved you, that ye also love one another." The disciples did not realize Christ's love for fallen man until they saw it expressed on the cross of Calvary,—until he rose from the dead, and proclaimed over the rent sepulcher of Joseph, "I am the resurrection and the life." The lessons that Christ gave in regard to this love are just as new to us, as far as practice is concerned, as they were to the disciples before his death and resurrection. When these lessons are brought into the practical life, when God's people love one another as he requires, there will be an entire change in their experience.

If we would be true lights in the world, we must manifest the loving, compassionate spirit of Christ. To love as Christ loved means that we must practice self-control. It means that we must show unselfishness at all times and in all places. It means that we must scatter round us kind words and pleasant looks. These cost the giver nothing, but they leave behind a precious fragrance. Their influence

for good can not be estimated. Not only to the receiver, but to the giver, they are a blessing; for they react upon him. Genuine love is a precious attribute of heavenly origin, which increases in fragrance in proportion as it is dispensed to others.

But while we are ever to be kind and tender, no words should be spoken that will lead a wrongdoer to think that his way is not objectionable to God. This sympathy is earthly and deceiving. No license is given in the word of God for undue manifestation of affection, for sentimental pity. Wrongdoers need counsel and reproof, and they must sometimes be sharply rebuked.

God desires his children to remember that in order to glorify him, they must bestow their affection on those who need it most. None with whom we come in contact are to be neglected. No selfishness, in look, word, or deed, is to be manifested to our fellow beings, whatever their position, whether they be high or low, rich or poor. The love that gives kind words to only a few, while others are treated with coldness and indifference, is not love, but selfishness. It will not in any way work for the good of souls or the glory of God. We are not to confine our love to one or two objects.

Those who gather the sunshine of Christ's righteousness, and refuse to let it shine into the lives of others, will soon lose the sweet, bright rays of heavenly grace, selfishly reserved to be lavished upon a few. Those who possess large affections are responsible to God to bestow them, not merely on their friends,—this is selfishness, which has no place in the life of Christ,—but on all who need help. Self should not be allowed to gather to itself a select few, giving nothing to those who need help the most. Our love is not to be sealed up for special ones. Break the bottle, and the fragrance will fill the house.

There are many in the world who hide their soul-hunger. These would be greatly helped by a tender word or a kind remembrance. Coldness and hard-heartedness are not to be regarded as virtues. Those who cherish the attributes of Christ's character will never be cold, stern, and unapproachable in demeanor, confining their sympathies to a favored few. The souls of those who love Jesus will be surrounded with a pure, fragrant atmosphere. Like the Master, they will go about "doing good."

Christ's love is deep and full, flowing like an irrepressible stream to all who will accept it. In this heaven-born love there is no selfishness; and those in whose hearts it is an abiding principle will reveal it, not only to those they hold most dear, but to all with whom they come in contact. This love will lead us to make concessions, to perform deeds of kindness, to speak tender, true, encouraging words. It will lead us to bestow sympathy on those whose hearts are hungering for sympathy. The heavenly gifts that God has so richly and freely bestowed on us, we are in turn to bestow upon others.

"If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, . . . fulfill ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



HAPPY CHILDHOOD

THEY say the world 's a dreary place,
But I have never found it so:
The flowers smile into my face,
The butterflies glance to and fro.
The pebbly brook that babbles by;
The leaves that crimson grow, then fall;

The clouds that float
across the sky,—
I love, I love to watch
them all.
The meadows full of
clover hay,
A swing beneath the
maple trees,
The days all full of work
and play.—
What could I wish for
more than these?

They say that life 's a
weary thing,
But so it never seems
to me.
The air is full of birds
that sing,
Hums drowsily the
honey-bee;
By night the starry skies
above
Look down on me with
kindly gaze;
And mother-toil and
mother-love
Are spent to gladden
all my days.
By day and night, by
night and day,
My Father bears me
on his breast,
And showers his bless-
ings o'er my
way,—
What further good
could I request?
AUNT BETTY.

HOW A BOY
HELPED

“TEN years from now, when I get to be a man,” said John to his grandmother, who was winding up the tall clock, “I’ll do that for you; I’ll do lots of things. I wish I was a man now.”

“John!” called Uncle Will from the yard, “come here!”

John ran out, and found his uncle standing beside the woodshed with a large dish partly filled with eggs. “I want you to help me,” he said. “The old speckled hen has made a nest under the shed, and I don’t want her to stay there. I’m too big to get into such a small place, but you’re just about the size to reach under. Take this stick and push the hen off gently.”

John lay flat on the ground, and edged himself partly in under the shed. Far back in one corner old Speckle had made herself a nest, sure enough. She sat there very comfortably and did not move; for she thought no one could reach her. You see she did not know that a helpful little boy had come to stay at grandmother’s. John took his stick and brought it carefully round, little by little, not quickly enough to strike old Speckle,—for

John was always kind to animals,—but just enough to push her off the nest slowly and gently. How surprised she was! She ruffled up all her feathers and pecked at the stick, but it was of no use; she had to come out from under the shed. She was very angry, cackling and flying about in a great flutter.

But Uncle Will caught her as John drove her out. How she struggled and flapped! John was glad he did not have to do that part of it; for an angry hen is not an easy thing to manage. But big Uncle Will only laughed. “Poor old Speckle!” he said, “you’re disappointed, aren’t you?” and he shut her up safely in a coop. Then John crawled under



death of the great apostle Matthew. We learn that he was at one time a very worldly man; but after he was converted, he regarded no sacrifice too great that he could make for the sake of his beloved Master. He gladly renounced the world and all its treasures, giving up the lucrative position of tax-gatherer to become a disciple of the lowly Nazarene, who had not where to lay his head. Do you think we should learn a lesson from this, Bernice?”

“It seems as if we ought to be willing to give up everything for Christ,” said Bernice, “even if our worldly prospects are not so good.”

“Sometimes we hear people say that if they should keep the Sabbath of the Lord, they would lose their position in life, and come to want,” said grandma; “but Matthew did not allow any such thought to prevent him from following Christ.”

“No,” said grandpa. “We notice that the other evangelists seemingly could not bear to call him Matthew before he was converted, when he was a selfish, greedy man; but then they called him by his other name, Levi. At last this devoted servant of Christ was put to death in a city of Ethiopia. It is generally believed by Bible historians that he was murdered with a halberd, or sort of battle-ax.”

“That seems awful,” said Bernice; “but I have been studying about the apostle Thomas, and I think his death was just as cruel; for his body was thrust through with a lance while he was praying. He must have had much more faith than he did when he refused to believe the

good news that Christ had risen; for he was patient and kind, like his Master, even when he was being persecuted. While he was preaching, he went into Persia, and it is believed that he met the very wise men who came to find Christ when he was a babe.

“That’s all I learned this time,” said Bernice, drawing a long breath; “now, Aunt Emma, it’s your turn.”

“I have been quite interested in what I have read this week about the life and death of James, who was called The Just. This man was indeed an exemplary character, being a pattern of piety and devotion. He was much in prayer, a modest and humble man, beloved by the Lord, whom he served, and by those to whom he ministered. Finally the Sanhedrin determined to force him to deny Christ in a public manner. So they took him to the top of the temple; and when he refused to do anything that would so dishonor his Lord, they

the shed and got all the eggs, not breaking a single one.

When they went into the house, Uncle Will said to grandmother, “I don’t know how I should have got that hen off the nest if it hadn’t been for John.”

“Now, John,” said grandmother, “you see you needn’t be in such a hurry to be a man. There are some things little boys can do better than grown-up folks—that is, little boys who are willing and careful.”—*Selected.*

WHAT BERNICE LEARNED ABOUT THE
TWELVE APOSTLES

VI

THE next time the little company met to talk over all they had been able to learn concerning the twelve apostles, grandpa was the first to speak:—

“We will talk about the life, labors, and

threw him over the battlements, and afterward dashed out his brains with a fuller's club. He prayed for his murderers with his last breath. He was in his ninety-sixth year when he died, and he was buried on the Mount of Olives,—that mountain so hallowed by tender memories of the Master;" and Aunt Emma sighed as she continued:—

"I have read that Simon, the Canaanite, belonged at one time to a sect called 'Zealots.' These people were not liked at all, particularly by the Romans; for they constantly tried to excite the Jews to throw off the hated yoke of their rulers. These Zealots were a noisy, riotous people, fond of disturbing the public peace. But when Simon became converted, he was zealous only in the cause of his Master. It is supposed he died upon the cross, a martyr to his faith in Christ."

"Jude was the brother of James the Less, or the Just," said grandma. "He was generally called Thaddæus, or Lebbaeus, because it is supposed that, as the name Jude was similar to that of Judas, who betrayed his Lord, and afterward hanged himself, the disciples did not like to call him by this name. The manner of his death is not certainly known, though the general belief of the writers of the Latin Church is that he was cruelly killed in Persia."

"Only one more of the twelve apostles," continued grandma, "remains to be mentioned, and that is Matthias. He was solemnly appointed by the Holy Spirit to fill the place of Judas. This noble man was stoned to death by the fierce inhabitants of Ethiopia."

"Well," said grandpa, lifting Bernice to a seat on his knee, "we see that not one of the apostles enjoyed an easy time, as the world looks at it,—in all probability all of them except John died the death of a martyr,—but they were willing to endure all things for the sake of carrying the gospel of Christ to their fellow men."

Then Bernice repeated part of a little poem that she had found in an old number of the *Review and Herald*:—

"Others have yielded up their life
In dungeon dark or field of strife,
By rack or fire or cruel knife:
Say, wouldst thou make
A sacrifice of blood like this
For His dear sake?"

"Oh make me willing, Lord, to bear
The yoke of burdens, grief, or care,
And meekly all thy sorrows share,
Or joyful make
A willing sacrifice of life
For Jesus' sake."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

HYMN FOR A CHILD

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me keep it clear and bright,
Shining high and low
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear
With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way;
Rough may be the road, and long,
Dark may be the day;
Yet a little bird can wing,
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Make the whole world gay.

God gave me a little heart
To love whate'er he made;
Gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid,
Through thy world, so fair, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright!
Thou my song, and thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.

—Laura E. Richards.



EXPOSURE

BEFORE going into the details of this subject, it may be well to say a few words about the loading of plate-holders.

Most writers on the subject of photography advise a beginner to load his plate-holders in absolute darkness. This is not necessary, but it is advisable to have the light of your dark-room lantern turned low, and to load the holders several feet away from it. Be sure that the plate has the film side outward, or the picture will be reversed. Both sides of the plate will be the same color in the light of your lantern, but the glass side will reflect sufficient light to make it glisten, while the film side will look dull. If you work without the light, moisten the tip of your finger, and touch it lightly to the surface of the plate at one corner. The moistened finger will cling to the film, but will slip freely from the glass side. Be sure to confine this test to the corner of the plate. Wherever the film is touched, the finger-marks will be seen in the finished negative. If they are anywhere else than on the corners or edges of the plate, an otherwise good negative may be irreparably ruined. The plate should always be dusted with a camel's-hair brush, or, what is just as good, a clean old muslin or flannel cloth. If this precaution is not attended to, the negative may be covered with "pin-holes,"—little spots and patches where the particles of dust have kept the light from reaching the surface of the film.

Before attempting to take pictures, you should study your camera until you thoroughly understand every part of it. If you are confident of your ability to put it together again, it would be well to take it apart, in order to become better acquainted with its construction.

In the selection of a subject for a picture, your artistic taste will be called into active service. If deficient in "artistic taste," you should begin at once to cultivate, with care and perseverance, what you have. Study every picture you see, be it photograph or painting, with a critical eye. Criticism does not necessarily mean fault-finding. In one way, that is included; but "the true object of criticism is to call attention to the excellent." Examining pictures with this end in view, and mentally reproducing them with whatever change fancy may dictate, will be a wonderful help in your own picture-making.

As a rule the light should not fall upon your subject from directly above, behind, or in front; but there are exceptions to this rule, as to all others. Make a mental photograph as you would like to have it, and then look at your subject from different points to see how nearly the real and the imaginary coincide. If you are still undecided, set up your camera at different points, and examine the image thrown upon the ground glass. It will be inverted,—upside down, and right side left,—but a little practice will enable you to see its merits and demerits in that position as readily as if it were right side up.

If the image is too small, move the camera nearer; if too large, move it back. If the image is too high or too low on the ground glass, adjust the rising and falling front, or tilt the camera backward or forward until it is brought to the right position. If the latter plan is resorted to, remember to tilt the swing-

back in the opposite direction until it is perpendicular. If the image falls too far to one side, the tripod need not be moved. Simply loosen the tripod screw, and rotate the camera until the desired position is reached.

When the position of the image has been satisfactorily adjusted, the next thing is to get it in focus. This is accomplished by increasing or decreasing the distance between the ground glass and the lens. As the ground glass approaches the focal plane, the image grows sharp and clear; as it recedes, the image grows more blurred and indistinct. By moving it back and forth a few times, closely watching the image in the meantime, a clear, sharp picture can easily be secured.

You will remember that the distance of the image varies with the distance of its object. So no two objects at different distances will be in focus at the same time, unless both are so far away that the light-waves are practically flat when they reach the lens.

The interest in a picture usually centers in one particular object. That object should be in focus, regardless of the rest of the picture. When the interest is divided between two or more objects at different distances, it may be necessary to focus on a point between them, and then reduce the aperture of the lens by using a small "stop," or diaphragm. This admits a shorter section of each light-wave, and it is consequently brought more nearly to a point. But where a part of the light is shut out, the plate must be exposed a proportionately longer time.

When the image is in focus, and the proper stop in position, it is best to try the shutter, to make sure that it is in working order, before inserting the plate-holder and making the actual exposure.

The time required for exposure varies so greatly under different conditions that it is quite impossible to give any definite information on that point. Complete exposure tables are published; but you can learn from experience how long to expose a plate under different conditions about as easily as you can learn to use the exposure tables.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



UNBELIEF OF THE DISCIPLES

(April 21, 1900)

Lesson Scriptures.—Mark 16:12-14; Luke 24:36-48; John 20:19-29.

Memory Verses.—John 20:21, 22.

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

QUESTIONS

1. When the two disciples returned from Emmaus to Jerusalem, under what circumstances did they find their brethren gathered? John 20:19, first part; Mark 16:14, first clause. How was their report received by the eleven? Mark 16:13.

2. While the events of the day were being discussed, who appeared? What did he say? Luke 24:36; note 1. How was Jesus' presence regarded by the disciples? V. 37. What did he do? Mark 16:14; note 2.

3. What questions did he ask them? Luke 24:38. To what did he refer them as proof that he was truly their Lord? Vs. 39, 40. What further evidence was given to strengthen their faith? Vs. 41-43. What was the effect upon the disciples? John 20:20.

4. To what previous teaching did Jesus then refer them? Luke 24:44. What wonderful blessing was then granted them? V. 45; note 3. What important truths did Jesus then place before them? Vs. 46-48.

5. What benediction did he again pronounce? What did he say relative to their call to labor? John 20:21. What did he then do and say? V. 22; note 4. What authority was thereby given them? V. 23.

6. Who was absent from this meeting of Jesus with the disciples? V. 24. Upon his return, what word did the brethren communicate to him? In what emphatic words did he express his unbelief? V. 25.

7. How long after this did Jesus again manifest himself? V. 26. Knowing Thomas's thoughts, what did Jesus say to him? V. 27. What did Thomas now say? V. 28. What contrast did Jesus then place before Thomas? V. 29.

NOTES

1. After his resurrection, Jesus possessed a spiritual body; his mortal, corruptible nature had been laid aside. He had now become in person like the angels—a spirit being. Knowing this, it may be understood how he could appear before the disciples in the wonderful way that he did. At Emmaus he had “vanished out of their sight,” or, as the margin reads (Luke 24:31), he “ceased to be seen of them.” He did not leave them, but simply veiled himself from them, while he walked with them to Jerusalem, and, with them, entered, unseen, the upper room where the eleven congregated. And just as he had withdrawn himself from their sight, so, at the desired time, he again made himself to be seen. In these closing days of time, it is still true that spirit beings walk unseen among the people of God. They are present to guide and help the soldier of the cross; and thus the child of God need never fear.

2. How foolish it is that those who oppose the truth of God should appeal to this meeting of the disciples as proof that they were honoring the first day of the week as the Sabbath of the Lord. The record plainly teaches that they were simply gathered in their place of abode to partake of their evening meal, having the doors bolted and barred for fear of their enemies; and that, when the Saviour appeared among them, they were so far from celebrating a new Sabbath in honor of Jesus' resurrection that they did not believe at all that such a thing had occurred. Jesus therefore reproved them because of their unbelief and hardness of heart. To try to stretch the facts of this meeting into proof for Sunday-keeping is a fruitless effort.

3. Never until now had it been possible for Jesus fully to open the understanding of his disciples, because they had never fully surrendered themselves to him. They had previously cherished false ideas concerning Jesus and his work,—ideas so contrary to the plan of salvation that they destroyed the force of the truths that Jesus sought to impart. Their hearts were closed against the reception of spiritual thought. But now that they had been compelled to lay aside their own notions, they gave themselves to be truly taught; and Jesus on his part gave to them understanding hearts by granting them the presence of the Spirit of truth.

4. It is important that the student study this and the preceding verse carefully together. Jesus was preparing his disciples for labor. As he had been sent into the world to bear witness to the truth, so he sent his followers to do the same work. He therefore breathed upon them the power of the Holy Spirit. In breathing upon them the Spirit of God, he breathed into them

the spirit of work; for the Spirit of God is the spirit of work. Wherever any one claims the blessing of the Holy Ghost, and yet manifests no missionary zeal, it is certain that he is deceived. This is a test that each must apply to himself, by himself, for himself. Oh that the day may soon come when the people of God shall be awakened from their lethargy, baptized with power from on high, and labor as Jesus labored!

HE HUMBLLED HIMSELF

It is the tenderest thing I think I ever read. It is in Bishop Simpson's Yale lectures on preaching. He tells of an exhibition he once attended, the most marvelous, he said, in all his life. There was a young man who, when schools for imbeciles began to be opened in Europe, moved with benevolence, and possessing wealth and leisure, went to Europe to study the methods; and finding they were feasible, came back to open a like institution on our shores. He advertised for the most imbecile child that he could possibly get, and the worst one that came was a little fellow five years old, who never had stood, or taken a step, or chewed a hard substance; had no power of movement; could only lie a helpless mass of flesh on the floor. That was the child whom this man was to cure somehow, and whose latent ability he was somehow to bring forth. He tried in every way, but did not succeed. At last he determined to have the boy brought up at noon half an hour every day, and laid on the carpet in his room, and he would lie down beside him to see if he by any means could stir any sort of suggestion in the helpless lump of flesh. That he might not waste his time, he was accustomed to read aloud.

It went on this way for six months, and there was no sign of recognition, until, one day, utterly wearied, he stopped reading, and noticed that there was a strange restlessness in the little mass of humanity. At once he put himself in connection with it, and there was a trembling movement of the hand; he put his head down toward the little hand, and at last, after great effort, the helpless child laid his fingers tremblingly on his lips, as if to say, “I miss that noise, please make it.” Then he knew that he had control of the boy, and by careful manipulation of his muscles he taught him to walk. Five years after that, Bishop Simpson saw him stand on a platform, and read, repeat the names of the presidents of the United States, and answer accurately many questions concerning the national history of this country.

Said the bishop: “Was there ever such condescension?” And then he thought again within himself: “Yes, there was one other condescension, when he who was God himself, lowered himself to my capacity in the incarnation, and lay down beside me, and watched me, and helped me, and waited twenty years, until at last I put my fingers on his lips, and said: ‘Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.’” Blinded and smitten and made imbecile by sin, we could not know God were it not that Jesus Christ has lowered himself into our humanity, and that he waits for us, that he may wake us into life.—Wayland Hoyt.

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TIME TABLE NO. 3. IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

WEST-BOUND.	
No. 21, Mail and Express	6.58 P. M.
No. 23, Accommodation	2.07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight	8.25 A. M.
EAST-BOUND.	
No. 22, Mail and Express	8.25 A. M.
No. 24, Accommodation	1.45 P. M.
No. 28, Local Freight	5.30 P. M.

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.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RY.

Trains arrive and leave Battle Creek.

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, East, and Detroit..	8.27 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit..	2.25 A. M.
No. 2, Lehigh Exp., to Saginaw, Bay City, Pt. Huron, and East	6.50 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed, to Durand (starts at Nichols)	7.15 A. M.
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.	

A. S. PARKER, Ticket Agent, Battle Creek.



SPRING

THERE 's a maid of winsome graces,
Tripping with swift feet along
In the sprightly, rhythmic paces
Of an old-time, vernal song.

Bright with sunshine are her tresses,
On her lips a dewy smile;
Her warm touch and soft caresses
Lure us oft to muse a while.

In the crisp air of the morning,
While in gladness going forth,
Whispers she of hope new dawning
O'er the frozen, fettered earth.

Buds peep out on naked branches,
Sweet birds carol as of yore,
And the evening's gray advances
Meet the shrill-voiced frogs' encore.

Half the sweetness of this maiden
I have not the words to tell,
With shy secrets she is laden
In each flower-sprinkled dell.

MIRIAM E. WEBBER.

THE GIRL WHOM NOBODY LIKED

SHE was very sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain. And then she tossed her head, and set her lips in a defiant little smile. Nobody should know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion that caused the girl to open her eyes, and then to laugh a little. It was such an odd idea, so like Aunt Elizabeth! "Then I'm to 'hold up' everybody I meet till I've said something brilliant?" she observed.

"Not exactly." And Aunt Elizabeth smiled, unruffled. "But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt 'Good morning.' I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one, unless there is some good reason against it."

"It will grow rather tiresome," said the girl, as she shrugged her shoulders.

"Try it for a week," suggested Aunt Elizabeth; and, rather to her own surprise, the girl found herself promising.

She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street the next morning. In fact, she had passed with her usual uncompromising nod, when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind, and she turned quickly.

"How is Jimmie to-day?" she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was a deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmie had been sick with measles, and then had caught cold, and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it was a relief to find a listener; and as she talked on, that particular listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmie and his mother. She said she had some old scrap-books that Jimmie might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor seemed to warrant.

At the very next corner was Cissy Baily, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

"It was kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that shirt waist."

Cissy Baily did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in the uplifted eyes which warmed her heart, and made that one-sided conversation something to remember.

The day went by, and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask her if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheek as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all. When she could think of nothing else, she said, "Has n't this been a beautiful day?" And her earnestness rather surprised some people, who had not had her opportunities for realizing that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over, the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the chords struck in another. It was not a new discovery, since long ago it was written in a certain wise Book, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly;" yet this is one of the truths that each person must re-discover on his own account. And the girl who was learning to love every one, and was tasting the joy of being loved, thanked God that she had not waited any longer before finding out the wonderful secret for herself.—*Young People's Weekly.*

SOME BOER WORDS DEFINED

TO ABATE somewhat the havoc that ensues when the average reader encounters a dispatch filled with Boer names and expressions, an exchange has explained the meaning and pronunciation of the Boer words that most frequently occur in the news reports. Some of these are herewith given:—

"Oom Paul means Uncle Paul, and is pronounced Ome Powl.

"Bloemfontein means Bloom Spring, and is pronounced Bloom-fone-tine.

"Majuba, a Kaffir word, is pronounced Ma-yoo-ba.

"A veldheer, or field lord, is a Boer general.

"The veld is the field.

"The veldwachteren are the field-watchers, or military police.

"Kloofs is pronounced klofes, and means clefts, or ravines.

"Joubert, the name of the Boer general, is pronounced Yow-bert.

"The Jonkheeren, pronounced yonkhairren, are the young lords or members of the first and second orders of the legislature.

"The Raad Huis, pronounced Rahd Hoys, is where they meet.

"Uitlander is pronounced Oyt-lahn-der.

"The rand, where so much gold is found, means the border.

"Kopje means little head, and is used to describe a hill or small eminence.

"A laager, pronounced lah-her, means a camp.

"A trek is a journey.

"Boer means a rustic."

A REMARKABLE investigation by Professor Dewar and others has thrown doubt on the common idea that disease epidemics may be checked by freezing weather. A great number of disease germs were cooled by liquid air to 190° C. below zero, but the microbes survived twenty hours of even this great cold, and were afterward as active as ever.

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"The works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being."

MONDAY:

"When we come to the end of life, it is not the wisdom we have acquired, or the wealth we have gained, or the fame we have won, that we like to remember, but the love we have given and received."

TUESDAY:

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
Because of some good act to beast or man,
"The world is better that I lived to-day."
—*Selected.*

WEDNESDAY:

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff that life is made of.—*Franklin.*

THURSDAY:

"Defer not till to-morrow to be wise:
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise."

FRIDAY:

Too often God's ships come laden to our wharves, but we are not there to discharge them. Too often his carriers bring love-letters, but we are asleep as they pass our doors. Too often his showers pass over our hills, but we do not catch their blessed fullness to fertilize and enrich our fields.
—*Meyer.*

SABBATH:

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."
Gal. 6: 10.

WHAT A BOY SAYS OF THE INSTRUCTOR

A YOUNG subscriber in North Dakota appreciates the INSTRUCTOR, as the following extract from a recent letter will show:—

"I am trying to earn money enough to subscribe for the paper another year, and get one of the INSTRUCTOR Bibles, which I like very much. I do not wish to miss any of the papers; so I ask if you will do me the favor to send the paper a month longer, when I hope to have the money to pay for both. I thoroughly enjoy the paper, and think it is well named; for it is indeed a 'Youth's Instructor' in all that is good and true. I am thirteen years old, and have read your paper two years. The first year one of my uncles subscribed for it, but last year I paid for it myself."

The Youth's Instructor

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