

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. XLVIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY 31, 1900.

No. 22



PRIZE BABIES

BEAUTIES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VII

AMONG the beauties of this country I am going to name one of the ugliest creatures that can be found in the wilds of Africa, or that wanders over the deserts of Arabia, and that is the ostrich. Yet the tourists who come here to see and enjoy the beauties of this region seldom miss visiting an ostrich farm, and could you see them apparently admiring these ungainly creatures, you would certainly conclude that to those who are looking for the beautiful, all things appear beautiful. However, I would not say that these huge birds are admired because of their physical charms,—for surely ostriches are as unlovely here as in their native homes,—but rather because they are a relic of an earlier epoch.

There are several ostrich farms in Southern California,—one at Los Angeles, one at Pasadena, and another at Coronada, and two at Norwalk. We will notice the one at Pasadena, where we shall see stalking proudly about, in their respective pens, Mr. and Mrs. Mc Kinley, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey, and many others bearing names with which we are familiar.

When full-grown, the ostrich is nearly eight feet high. Its massive body is supported by two long, stout legs. The great, stiff neck, which is more than a third the full height of this ungainly bird, ends in an abrupt turn, and is finished off with dark eyes and a flat, clumsy beak. This is its apology for a head. When the beak opens, there seems to be nothing there but a great cavity leading to the canal that is always ready to take in almost anything, from a rock half the size of an orange to an old newspaper, with the same relish.

The ostrich is not so polite as he might be. For instance, if Mr. Mc Kinley should luckily receive his allotted portion of alfalfa, grain, chopped beets, and pieces of rock first, you would be likely to hear Mr. Dewey send forth from the adjoining yard a succession of hissing, sputtering notes that would be anything but eu-

phonious; or he might roar out as vociferously as a wild beast. These birds do not chew their food, but swallow it just as it is given to them. It is amusing to see them eat oranges, and to watch a dozen of the juicy balls working their way down the bird's long neck at one time. After the ostriches have swallowed their supply of food, they turn to the pile of broken rock, and with the same apparent zest gulp down great pieces of stone.

A full-grown ostrich weighs between two and three hundred pounds, and the birds are valued at five hundred dollars a pair. There are about two hundred birds on the Pasadena farm,

in an inclosure of five acres. At this season may be seen in the breeding department barrels of eggs, many incubators in operation, and dozens of young birds in almost every stage of development, from those just out of the shell to those varying in age from a few months to a year. When just out of the shell, one of these birds is almost as large as a common-sized

enjoy themselves promenading in apparent indifference about the yard. When the eggs are in the shade, the two birds take turns keeping them warm.

Ostrich eggs vary from six to eight inches in diameter, and weigh about four pounds each. An omelet made of one egg will make a meal for eleven persons.

The ostrich is noted for its strength, and the rapidity with which it gets over the ground. When teased, it will stamp and kick with as much force as a mule; and if frightened, it will easily outdistance a horse.

The only beauty about these birds is their lovely plumes, which they carry about with as much pride and far more grace than do the daughters of fashion, who rob them of their only charm.

MRS. KATHLEEN WAGNER-GILMORE.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

As we enter the island world, the first thing to attract the attention is the islands themselves. When one is first sighted in the distance, it looks like a cloud on the horizon; but as we draw near, we find a little patch of land in the midst of the great ocean. A later



IN THE OSTRICH PARK AT PASADENA

chicken. It reaches its full height and weight when two years old.

The habits of ostriches differ somewhat from those of other members of the great bird family. Mrs. Ostrich will lay between fifty and sixty eggs during the season, which lasts from March to September. During this time she and her mate will sit whenever a sufficient number of eggs are left in the pen. When there are a dozen or more eggs, they are not put in a nest, but partly buried in the sand in the sunniest place that can be found; then while the sun's rays beat upon them, the birds

acquaintance shows us that the island is a little world by itself.

Some islands are wholly of coral formation, and are low and flat, but little above the level of the sea. Such are most of the Tuamotus. Upon these islands the soil is very thin, and though the cocoanut flourishes there, little else will grow. The diet of the natives is therefore principally composed of cocoanuts and fish. As there are no hills nor mountains, there are no streams nor bubbling springs, only little, stagnant pools. Rainwater and cocoanut milk are generally used for drinking purposes.

The Society Islands are apparently of volcanic origin, and differ from the Tuamotus in that they are all mountainous, and tower high above the level of the sea. The little coral polyps must have had some part in their formation, for each island is surrounded by a coral reef, and coral rock abounds in their lagoons. Even the highest mountains are covered with vegetation, and through each verdant little valley a sparkling stream wends its way to the ocean. In the larger islands, water is abundant, but in some of the smaller ones it is not plentiful. Wherever we may be, water is one of our greatest blessings, but it is especially so in the tropics. At least I believe that we can appreciate its value more here.

Viewed from the sea, the islands present an attractive appearance, as they are covered with rich verdure in every shade of green. After a hard shower, the little cascades falling among the hills resemble white ribbons floating over the green.

No one attempts to say how long these islands have been in existence, but it seems that it must have been for centuries; for it has been so long since there have been any volcanic disturbances that the only earthquake here that the people now living have ever heard of is one at Tahiti. It happened one hundred and two years ago, just before the first missionaries arrived from England. Coming just at that time, the natives thought it must have something to do with the missionaries; and fearing such power as could shake the island, they allowed the strangers to remain.

So far, these islands have been quite sheltered from the various natural disturbances that have taken place in other parts of the world. I have never heard of there being a hurricane, tidal wave, or real famine in this group of islands. Still the effects of the curse are manifest in various ways here as well as elsewhere. Some time ago there came a blight on the cocoanut trees, so injuring them that they did not bear for a year or so, and many died; but they have now recovered from its effects. At that time the bananas, breadfruit, and nearly or quite all of the vegetables were also affected by the blight, so that food was scarce, and the people called it a famine, though it was quite unlike the famines that are reported from other parts of the world. No one really suffered for want of food.

A sort of plague visited the people here fifty years ago, at the time when the Sabbath was changed in this group of islands. It seems that the early missionaries did not change the day as they crossed the day-line on their journey hither, but kept on counting the days as they had on the other side of the line; so for several years they kept Saturday as the Sabbath, supposing it was Sunday. No attempt was made to change until after the French took possession of the islands; then the missionaries united their influence with that of the government in changing the rest-day to Sunday. It was just at that time that some contagious disease carried off the people by hundreds. Being extremely superstitious, many of the people think that this was a judgment on them for changing the Sabbath. It is seldom that a contagious disease reaches these islands; but when it does, it works havoc among the natives, who are very ignorant of the laws of health, as well as careless in the extreme.

Though we are apparently quite secure here, we know that in these days all is uncertainty, and we must be prepared for the unexpected. When the people shall have rejected the Lord, and given themselves wholly to serving the devil, God will remove his protecting hand,

and we shall be likely to experience the unbounded wrath of the dragon.

But "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

B. J. CADY.



THE DAY'S WORK

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near,
Though time has little left for hope and very much for fear.

Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter and the head must bow,
And far above the falling foot shows the bold mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us,
Who on the valley's verge stand trembling thus,
A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint, but luminous.
We can give kindly speech
And ready, helping hand to all and each,
And patience to the young around by smiling silence teach.

We can give gentle thought
And charity, by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toil and failure wrought.
We can give love, unmarred
By selfish snatch of happiness, unjarred
By the keen aims of power or joy that make youth cold and hard.

And if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold, would fain fare on unchecked
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that young eyes expect,
Why, do thy day's work still.
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to chill;
And Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-worn hands to fill.

— Selected.

THE PRICE OF OUR REDEMPTION

I

"AND the chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put him to death, and found none. For many bare false witness against him, but their witness agreed not together. And there arose certain, and bare false witness against him, saying, We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands. But neither so did their witness agree together. And the high priest stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? But he held his peace, and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked him, and said unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God."

This appeal was made by the first magistrate of the nation—a man occupying the highest position in earthly courts. But Caiaphas was not accepted by God as the high priest. His fitness for this position ended with the garments that he wore. He was incapable and unworthy. His religion was a cloak that hid the deformities of a hard, cruel heart.

Christ knew that Caiaphas was unworthy to occupy the position he did. But knowing this, he responded to the high priest's appeal. He

knew that he himself was appointed to his office by God, and there and then he might have glorified himself. He might have exercised a power that would have made his judges quail. But a body of flesh had been prepared for him. Being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself. The true High Priest stood before the false high priest to be criticised and condemned.

To the charge of the high priest, Jesus said, "Thou hast said: nevertheless, I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." With dignity and assurance were these words spoken; for they fell from the lips of One whose spirit went with them. The only begotten Son of God was the speaker, and into the hearts of his hearers flashed the conviction, "Never man spake like this man."

Weighted with such great results, this was to Christ one of the most wonderful moments of his life. He realized that now all disguise must be swept away. The declaration that he was one with God had been made. He had openly proclaimed himself the Son of God, the One for whom the Jews had so long looked.

"Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." At that day Christ will be the Judge. Every secret thing will be set in the light of God's countenance. What a contrast there will then be between those who have refused Christ and those who have received him as a personal Saviour. Sinners will then see their sins without a shadow to veil or soften their hideousness. So woeful will be the sight, that they will desire to be hidden under the mountains or in the depths of the ocean, if only they may escape the wrath of the Lamb. But those whose life is hid with Christ in God can say: "I believe in him who was condemned at Pilate's bar, and given up to the priests and rulers to be crucified. Look not upon me, a sinner, but look upon my Advocate. There is nothing in me worthy of the love he manifested for me: but he gave his life for me. Behold me in Jesus. He became sin for me, that I might be made the righteousness of God in him."

The idea that there was to be a resurrection of the dead, when all would stand at the bar of God, to be rewarded according to their works, was not a pleasant thought to Caiaphas. He did not wish to think that in the future he would receive sentence according to his works. If there was to be no resurrection, he would flatter himself with the thought that he could securely keep his counsel. But if there was, what a revelation would be made of his dark deeds! There rose before his mind, as on a panorama, the scenes of the final Judgment. For a moment he saw the fearful spectacle of the graves giving up their dead, with secrets he had hoped were hidden forever. For a moment he felt as if he were standing before the eternal Judge, whose all-seeing eye was reading his soul, bringing to light mysteries supposed to be hidden with the dead.

But the scene passed from his vision. Christ's words cut him, a Sadducee, to the quick. He was maddened by satanic fury. Was this man, a prisoner before him, to be allowed to assail his most cherished theories? Rending his robe, that the people might see his horror, he demanded that without further preliminaries the prisoner be condemned for blasphemy. "He hath spoken blasphemy," he said: "what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye?" "And they all condemned him."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



WHERE PRAISE IS DUE

O RARE exotic! sheltered so
That no rough winds upon thee blow,
Thy wants supplied with tender care,
What wonder thou art sweet and fair?

But thou, O lowly, wayside flower!
A bare subsistence all thy dower,
Praises to thee because thy face
Smiles bravely from thy barren place!

—Margaret Manning.

PAN-AMERICAN HORTICULTURE

HORTICULTURISTS have abundant reason to feel a lively interest in the great Pan-American Exposition to be held in Buffalo in 1901. In the embellishment of the grounds the architects have planned to use trees and shrubs, foliage and flowering plants, in quantity to dazzle the lovers of fine horticultural displays. The extensive area of the Exposition grounds affords abundant room for the elaborate display of color that is contemplated. There are nearly three hundred and fifty acres in the Exposition site, of which about one third are the improved lands of Buffalo's beautiful Delaware Park. Upon the park lands many thousands of dollars have been expended from year to year in maintaining and improving the variety of rare shrubs and trees.

Lying directly north of the park lands and upon a higher elevation, is the remainder of the Exposition plot. Included in the plan for the arrangement of the buildings is a magnificent court three thousand feet long, with a transverse court one thousand seven hundred feet from east to west, besides subordinate courts. All these open spaces are to be beautified with palms and other tropical plants in tubs and vases placed near the surrounding buildings and beside the fountains and pools. To these will be added formal flower beds, and sunken gardens of elaborate arrangement, wherever their presence will enhance the beauty of the courts.

The water features of the Exposition include a Grand Canal more than one mile in length, which completely encircles the main group of buildings. Lagoons with sodded banks and shaded with a variety of trees, shoot off from the main canal at various points, and add their beauty to the landscape effect. The entire outer wall of the Exposition grounds is to be a bank of solid foliage. Many thousands of trees, shrubs, and cuttings have already been planted, in preparation for the elaborate horticultural features. Large trees, which fortunately were already upon the Exposition site, have been preserved by transference to places where their stately shafts of green would heighten the color effect in contrast with the brighter hues of the buildings.

The building to be devoted to the Department of Horticulture, of which Mr. F. W. Taylor is chief, is two hundred and twenty feet square. It has two arcaded wings sweeping from the north and south façades to the east-

ward, and connecting with other buildings to form a semicircular court. West of these arcades are the conservatories, in which will be displayed the palms and other plants of tropical origin. The arcades leading from the main building will be kept gay the entire season with flowering and ornamental plants. The large building will be used for the display of fruits and various other exhibits pertaining to horticulture.

The exhibits to be made by the leading florists of the United States will be situated south of the Horticultural Building. To these displays some six or seven acres of land will be devoted. William Scott of Buffalo, a prominent florist and well-known contributor to literature upon flowers, will have charge of the floral exhibits. Several prominent horticulturists have already entered for the competition of 1901. In these displays there will be over five hundred beds in which will be shown every popular flower known, from the low-growing verbena to the stately dahlia and hollyhock. There will be numerous specimens of the summer climbers, conspicuous among which will be the new varieties of the gorgeous clematis.

The water gardens, of which there will be a number in various parts of the grounds, will be important and attractive features, and will include in their displays, besides the mammoth Victoria Regia of the Amazon and the Nilumbiums of the Nile, many Nymphaeas never before exhibited. When at their best, there will be special exhibitions of roses, dahlias, gladioli, sweet peas, chrysanthemums, and other popular flowers. Exhibits from all the large growers of the country are assured.

Horticulture has made wonderful strides within a very few years, and many of the floral

"Here, get on this box, and give us a sermon, parson," said another, in laughing derision. Nothing daunted, the noble lad stood his ground in defense of the old woman; for he had been taught to respect the aged and the poor.

Boys are often thoughtless and cruel in the way they treat those whom they consider beneath themselves in social position. Some lack moral courage to do what they know to be right; but how cowardly it is to stand by, and hear a poor old man or woman made the target for low sport, and offer no word in their defense. How lacking in true manliness is the boy or young man who will make unkind remarks about the aged and infirm. O boys! be above such fun; remember that Jesus died for all,—old as well as young,—and that it is not the mark of a gentleman to be rude or unkind to any one, much less the poor and aged.

M. C. DU BOIS.

HER IDEAL

"ALLIE is the queerest girl!"

Harriet broke out explosively with this exclamation after a long interval of silence over the dainty materials that were expected to grow into something both ornamental and useful.

"Why?" I asked, invitingly.

"She's always saying the oddest, most out-of-the-way things, that make you laugh, but sometimes they make you think—afterward."

"For instance?"

"To-day she was writing away at her little red desk when I went in. Of course she stopped; but I asked her what she was doing, and acted as if I cared, and what do you suppose? She held up a sheet of paper all closely written over, and said it was a 'Portrait of a Lady.'

"A pen-portrait?" I asked.

"Yes; an old, old lady—the kind I'd like to grow to be when I get real old."

"You could n't help laughing, she was so in earnest about it. But at last it made me

half in earnest, too, and I made her read it to me."

"What was it like?"

"Well, first of all, her old lady was pretty. 'She could n't help it, you know,' she said—'my kind of old lady. The loveliness in her would just show through, like a lamp set in an alabaster vase. She would be gentle, with the sweetest manners, and a soft, not very loud voice. She would be bright, too, and cheery; for my old lady would never be the least bit sad or lonely or discouraged, or look so. That would be half the charm of her. She could n't; for she would have got so used to living with Jesus, and resting on his strength, and enjoying life in his companionship, that nothing could take away her cheer and happiness.

"My dear old lady would be very dainty—that's another thing. Some girls are, you know, and some are n't. She would be—not neat, that is n't the word—but exquisite, like a rose or a violet, always fresh and sweet. All her things would be in order, of course,—the kind a flower has, the order that grows itself, or seems to. It would not be a kind that would make little children afraid to come near. You could n't rumple it or crumple it; for the very next minute it would grow again.



specimens that will be seen at the Pan-American Exposition were not in existence at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago. The displays of the now popular canna will surpass anything yet seen either in America or Europe. One may therefore confidently expect this Exposition to be, from the view-point of the horticulturist, the most brilliant ever held.

MARK BENNITT.

RESPECT THE AGED

SEVERAL boys were standing on the steps of a country store one afternoon, when an old woman came out. She had scarcely passed the group when one called out, "See the old ragbag moving off!" Another asked her what she would take for her "gait," which was not very graceful, as she was rheumatic, and walked with difficulty. So the "fun" went on for a few moments, until one manly boy could stand it no longer. With flashing eye, and voice choking with indignation, he said, "Boys, are n't you ashamed of yourselves to make fun of that old woman? Somebody loves her, no matter if she is old, ragged, and dirty."

"Oh, hear him preach!" said one of the idle group.

The CHILDREN'S Library

LILACS

I 'VE seen the pussy-willows
With dainty, furry faces;
I 've found the pretty violets
Abloom in shady places;
The jonquil and the crocus
Have told me of the spring,
And in the orchard up and down
Has glanced the bluebird's wing.

But here's the purple lilac,
That lifts its fragrant
plumes,
And sends a waft of sweetness
Through homely cottage
rooms;
Its hardy branches tapping
Against the farm-house
eaves,
The flowers it gives us grow-
ing
In generous, waving
sheaves.

I'm sure the mother robin
Is very glad to see
The lilacs' screen about her
Wee nest and fledglings
three,
And father wren is singing
In pure delight to-day,
That spring is here already,
And summer on the way.

And I am glad our Father,
Whose love is over all,—
Who counts the stars by num-
ber,

And sees a sparrow fall,—
Has sent again the lilacs
To make the garden fair,
And waft their honeyed
sweetness
Upon the wandering air.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

ROBIN REDBREAST

"CHEER-I-LEE! cheer-i-
la! cheer-up!"

"Good morning, robin
friends! So you're back
again!"

It was grandma who
greeted the birds.

"May I come, grand-
ma?" called Ben, from the
window above. He liked
to hear grandma talk with
the birds.

"Certainly," answered
grandma, from her seat on
the porch. "On tiptoe!"
she whispered, as Ben
came bounding out.

"How glad I am to see you this morning,"
she said to the birds. "I have been wonder-
ing lately if you had come back. Are you go-
ing to make your home with me again?"

"Cheer-i-lee! cheer-i-la! cheer-up!" was the
answer to grandma's question.

"And," continued grandma, "I have been
talking about you, too. I must confess this to
you right now. I know it does not sound well
to say that I have been talking about you; but
if you will stay and listen, I will tell you that I
only said you are thievish birds. You need
not blink your eyes, and look so innocent, Mrs.
Robin. I saw you with my own eyes, one
evening last summer, sitting on a dish on a
table here on this very porch, and actually
eating out of the dish.

"I have another charge to bring against
you, my robin friends. You are very jealous,

—jealous of each other, and jealous of your
children and other relatives. Why, Mr. Robin,
I saw you fighting another robin; and if you
will go with me, I will show you the place by
the roadside where you left him dead. It all
happened because he came into the greenhouse
that you have been allowed to live in for three
seasons.

"I used to wonder why you had such a
peculiar bill; but one day I watched you while
you were hopping about, and thrusting your
bill into the ground, and I learned that it is
very useful in digging out worms.

"I have learned to love you dearly, my
robin redbreasts. Time and again I have sat
at my open window, and watched you talking

she would have treated you as I saw you treat
a fat worm not long ago.

"I see you are in a hurry to go. Make
your home with me, if you wish. As long as I
have a home, my yard and greenhouse will be
free to you. I shall guard you as best I can
from thoughtless boys and hungry cats; and I
shall try to show girls how much more beauti-
ful are live robins in the trees than dead ones
on hats, and shall teach little children to listen
to your cheerful song." LYDIA M. DROLL.

WHAT THE OPEN WINDOW DID

THE trouble began that morning over a very
small matter, as usual. Tom declared that Joe
had taken his mittens, and
Joe declared he had not.
The other children, strain-
ing their shrill voices to
the highest pitch, told all
they knew, or did not
know, about those lost
mittens; mama scolded;
baby cried;—and so the
quarrel went on.

Suddenly everybody
began to shiver, "Oh-
o-oh!" for it seemed as
if rivers of ice-cold water
were running down every-
body's back.

"For pity sake!" cried
mama, who was the first
to recover herself, "what
are you doing, Lettie,
opening that window di-
rectly on the baby's head,
and the thermometer ten
degrees below zero? Are
you crazy? Close it at
once! Do you want us
all to have pneumonia?"

"No! oh, no!" stam-
pered tender-hearted lit-
tle Lettie. I only thought
how nice it would be if I
could let some of the
crossness out of the
room."

All that day mama went
about her work with a
thoughtful face. Now and
then she had fits of think-
ing, at which times she
would stare at the window,
and break out in a merry
laugh. Then she grew
strangely sober again.

The next morning four
eager children were scram-
bling after hats, coats, and
missing mittens,—for the

skating was fine, and they wanted to have lots
of fun before school began. They could not
find this, they could not find that, and so the
trouble began. Such pushing, and scolding,
and running about for things that should have
been in their places! Joe was behindhand, as
usual. He was tying his shoes, and hurrying
with all his might to make up for lost time,
when snap! went his shoestring.

"Now see what you made me do!" he
snarled, at no one in particular; but Tom, who
was standing near, retorted angrily, "I didn't!"
Then "You did!" and "I didn't!" went dodg-
ing each other about the room. Puss came up,
and rubbed her nose sympathetically against
Joe's legs; but Joe pushed her rudely, and
cried, "Get out, you old cat!" and pussy, who
was not an old cat by any means, but a sensi-
tive, high-tempered kitten, backed off at a safe



"SPRING IS HERE ALREADY"

with each other from tree to tree in musical
notes. I have often wished I could understand
your little songs. Sometimes I imagine they
are plaintive and sad, especially after sunset.

"I have watched you closely, and I see that
your coat is very beautiful. It is of many
colors. The back is a rich olive-green, the
collar is orange-red, and down the front it is
orange-red and white. Your eyes are black,
and so is your bill.

"In one way you are like the cat,—you
have a back-bone like her. So we can call you
a 'vertebrate.' You have four limbs, too, but
we can not call you a quadruped; for 'quad-
ruped' means 'four-footed.' You have only
two feet; your other two limbs we call 'wings.'

"It is a good thing for you that you have
wings, and can fly away out of the cat's reach.
If you could not, I am afraid that before this

distance, arched her back, and showed two rows of gleaming white teeth, as much as to say, "Call me names again, if you dare!"—and so the quarrel went on.

Suddenly, as on the morning before, rivers of ice-cold water began to run down everybody's back. All turned toward the window. Yes, it was wide open; but there stood, not Lettie, but mama herself, smiling radiantly.

"Oh—oh!" shivered the children.

"Shut that window!" demanded Joe, who, being directly in front of it, felt the full force of the chilly wind. "My fingers are so numb now that I can't tie my string! Well, don't shut it then!" he growled. "No matter if I do get pneumonia and die!"

"I think it would be far better for all of us to have pneumonia than to be snapping this way at one another every morning," said mama. "Lettie's idea of airing out was a good one. I'm letting out the crossness,—that's all."

Up flew another window, and still another.

The children ran out, buttoning their coats as they went. Joe retreated to the register, where puss had already taken refuge; and she didn't push him away, either, but moved over a little, as much as to say, "Plenty of room for both." Here Joe warmed his fingers, mended his shoestring, and then he, too, darted from the chilly room.

This was the beginning of what was afterward known in that family as the "airing-out process." To make it effectual, it had to be carried on more or less all winter; but by springtime,—although there were just as many children, and the house that held them was as small as ever,—it seemed to the inmates that it was twice as large as before, so well did Peace know how to make room for everybody. Confusion packed up, and left for good; but her influence still remained, and sometimes when "You did!" and "I didn't!" forgot themselves, as they did once in a while, they were soon called to order; for some little voice would be sure to pipe up, "Mama, hadn't we better begin to air out?"—and so my story is done.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE OLD DECANTER

THERE WAS an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping
wide; the rosy wine had
ebbed away, and left its
crystal side; and the
wind went humming,
humming, up and
down the sides it
flew, and through
its reed-like, hollow
neck, the wildest notes
it blew. I placed it in
the window, where the
blast was blowing free, and
fancied that its pale mouth
sang the queerest strains to me.

"They tell me—puny conquerors!—
the Plague has slain his ten, and
War his hundred thousands, of the very
best of men; but I,"—'t was thus the bottle
spoke,—"but I have conquered more than all
your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of
yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens all, come
drink from out my cup the beverage that dulls the
brain and burns the spirit up,—that puts to shame
your conquerors that slay their scores below; for
this has deluged millions with the lava tide of
woe. Though in the path of battle dark-
est waves of blood may roll, yet while
I kill the body, I also kill
the soul. The cholera,
the plague, the sword, such
ruin never wrought as I, in mirth or
malice, on the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them, and they
shrink before my breath; and year by year my
thousands tread the dismal road to DEATH."

—Selected.



JUNE STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART II: "IN THE LAND OF HONDURAS"

(June 3-9)

1. *Population of Honduras.*—This little republic is very sparsely populated, averaging about nine inhabitants to the square mile; and the majority of these are aboriginal Indians. The Europeans are mainly of Spanish origin, and are found in the small seaports of the Pacific and northern coasts, and in a few towns in the interior. In the eastern part of Honduras the majority of the Indians adhere to the Catholic faith. They are faithful laborers, and are peaceful and industrious. In the more remote districts they still conform to the customs of their ancestors. It is impossible to ascertain the exact numbers in these tribes, as many of them avoid a census.

2. *Resources of Honduras.*—This land is capable of being made particularly productive in its agricultural department. The soil produces valuable timber, fruit-trees, cotton, sugar, indigo, maize, wheat, potatoes, yams, plantains, bananas, pineapples, oranges, beans, also tobacco and coffee, which form a large part of the exports of Honduras. Choice hard woods, such as mahogany, rosewood, and cedar, are found. The cocoanut is extensively cultivated, bringing good returns. Peaches, apples, plums, and berries flourish on the hillsides. The land, rising in gentle terraces from the Bay of Fonseca, stretches back in broad tablelands, which furnish grazing for thousands of herds of cattle. These are one of the chief resources of wealth for Honduras, as large numbers are annually exported. The climate in the hills and mountainous regions is quite cool and healthful. The missionary farmer would find in this land abundant opportunity to do missionary work while supporting himself.

3. *The Dead City of Copan.*—One of the remarkable sights in Honduras is the ruins of Copan, now overgrown with a dense and luxuriant tropical vegetation. The ruined city is in the mountainous interior of the country, a few miles distant from the Gautemalan frontier, and about midway between the Pacific and the Atlantic. Here may be found dilapidated fragments of buildings and monuments, many of them covered with sculptural figures and hieroglyphics. Among the most interesting of the remains are numerous monoliths scattered about, some erect, others fallen and almost buried in the ground, and half concealed by weeds and underbrush. A recent traveler has described one of these as more than eleven feet in length, its width three and a half feet, and its thickness three feet. On the front side is represented the figure of a man with strange and complicated headdress and breastplate, the figure deeply cut, and surrounded by florid carvings; the reverse side consists of sixteen tablets, each containing emblematic figures. Each monolith has a representation of a similar human figure, probably an idol, but the emblems and hieroglyphic carvings vary greatly. Remains of walls are seen, forming quadrangles, in which the monoliths and portions of

sculptured idols are found, the separating walls having sides sloping up in terrace-like steps to a height of more than one hundred feet. In subterranean chambers a large number of red earthenware jars have been found, which held human bones buried in lime. Sacrificial altars and enormous stone skulls also occur, which combine with the other remains to warrant the conclusion that this place was a great center of priestly power, and used chiefly for sacrificial and other religious ceremonies. The present city of Copan is situated about a mile from these ruins.

4. *Education.*—In 1878 the government founded a national college and seminary, both of which are under the direction of American teachers. There are, besides, two universities and several colleges. There were five hundred and seventy-three schools in 1882, with over twenty thousand students; and schools are now to be found in almost every village, and education is nominally compulsory. A school of art has been opened by the government at the capital, and is well patronized. Here the boys are taught carpentry, blacksmithing, foundry work, etc. No mechanical drawing is taught; all the work is done by the eye. The president of the republic takes a great interest in this enterprise. When Brother Owen visited this place, the students were making wheelbarrows, to take the place of the stretchers then in use to carry earth for grading the government park. No response has yet been made to the urgent request that we open an agricultural school. Even though the Foreign Mission Board may not be able to undertake such an enterprise, there may be some of our Christian young men upon whom the Lord has laid a burden for this field, who may go as self-supporting missionaries, and carry on the same work on a smaller scale.

5. *Traveling in the Interior.*—Traveling in the interior of Honduras is anything but pleasant. Sleeping in native houses is out of the question. The natives allow their cats, dogs, and pigs to occupy their houses with them, thus bringing in fleas, which are the greatest pest one has to encounter in this country. But there are healthful places, which might be made the center of missionary work, if entered by Christian families. Americans are little troubled by these pests, because they understand cleanliness. One of our missionaries, who made a tour through Honduras, writes that out of seventy-five nights spent in the journey, he had but one night's rest, and that was in the house of an American.

6. *Young People and Missions.*—In his school work, in his home work, wherever he is engaged, the supreme ambition of every young Christian should be to become acquainted with the world and its claims upon him individually. It is ours to give this message to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. The missionary idea must conquer the life of all young men and women who have given themselves to the Master for service. Whether we are to labor at home, or in the regions beyond, the Master himself must decide. If he would not have us go, perhaps he would have us, by our support and our prayers, help others to go. But whether we go, or help others to go, our interest in this work will always be measured by our knowledge. Shall we not improve the opportunities afforded by these studies to acquaint ourselves with the world—our field? "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."



HEART WORK, NOT FORMALISM

(June 9, 1900)

Lesson Scripture.—Matt. 6:1-18.

Memory Verse.—V. 6.

QUESTIONS

1. What caution in reference to our well-doing does Jesus give? Why? Matt. 6:1. What hypocritical course are we especially to guard against? What is the reward of those who seek glory of men? V. 2. How careful should we be not to parade our good works? V. 3. What result will come from so doing? V. 4; note 1.
2. In our prayers, what plan are we not to imitate? V. 5. What is the right way? What will God do for those who thus commune with him? V. 6; note 2.
3. What is one of the characteristics of a formal, worldly prayer? What is the cause? V. 7. Why should the child of God avoid useless repetitions? V. 8; note 3.
4. In what simple, childlike way does Jesus teach us to come to the Lord? V. 9. Having entered, as a subject, the kingdom of grace, what will the daily prayer be? V. 10.
5. What petition is to be offered for daily necessities? V. 11. In seeking forgiveness of sin, what plan are we to ask our Father to adopt? V. 12. Why should this plan be followed? Vs. 14, 15; note 4.
6. To enable us to overcome temptation what prayer is to be offered? Why can we thus pray and trust? V. 13.
7. What wrong course was taken by hypocritical pretenders in the matter of fasting? V. 16. What way does Jesus recommend? V. 17. Why should the Christian thus do? What blessing will be his portion? V. 18.

NOTES

1. Nothing is of greater importance than that the entire service of one's life be "as to the Lord, and not unto men." "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward. No man can serve two masters. If he serves men, which is only serving self, he can not serve God; for there is an utter lack of harmony between selfishness and the Lord. The nature of one's service is determined by the character of his motives. A perfect motive may, and often does, make acceptable to God a very imperfect work; but a wrong motive always corrupts the deed in the sight of Heaven, however good, in itself, that deed may be. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." True, the poor will be helped; but the donor, having put into the offering no love for Christ, and having, therefore, placed his offering only on the altar of self, of men, can receive no reward more than what he receives from men. How necessary it is, then, carefully to scrutinize our motives, and see that all our works are done as unto the Lord.

2. When the child of God does just as his Father commands, he may know that his Father will fulfill to the utmost the truth of his word. God promises to see "in secret," if we enter the closet, shut the door, and pray in secret—alone with him. In other words, he promises to make such interviews with him secret. Satan can have no access there, and is not permitted to know of the weaknesses about which the Father's child is burdened, and over

which he seeks for victory. Secret prayer—how wonderful in both nature and results! Truly it is "the citadel of the soul." Faithfully followed, it becomes the transformer of all life's experiences, bringing the heart so into touch with God that all Satan's snares work out good, to the utter astonishment of the hosts of evil. Dear young friend, whoever or wherever you may be, remember to pray "in secret." Make God your confidant. Tell to him, in the closet, all your secret trials, sins, and failures, and know that he blesses. Unburden your heart to no earthly friend; for, in so doing, you expose your weaknesses to the foe who is ready to pierce you through with the darts of temptation.

3. While it is essential that the form of prayer be considered, and that the length of prayer also be taken into account, it is of the utmost importance that the spirit of prayer be given first thought. The form might be perfect, and the length just right; but unless the prayer is one of faith and humility, it brings no blessing. Faith alone can rightly pray; for only the child of faith knows God as a Father. He who has faith knows that prayer is not to move God to give, but rather to move man to receive. Prayer changes the man, not God. But the heathen, who thinks God is always angry, and that he demands many long prayers in order to become good-natured, offer "vain repetitions," saying over and over the same things, as if value attached to the number of words spoken. This is not saying, however, that long prayers in the closet are out of place. He who needs much may often plead long with God, but never does the thought enter that he is heard because of his much speaking.

4. True sorrow for sin is essential to forgiveness. God can not forgive sin while it is cherished. It is sin to hold hard feelings, to harbor an unforgiving spirit. Therefore to ask God to forgive us while we refuse to forgive others, is to ask him to forgive sin while we still cling to it. This is to ask God to bless sin in us, to save us in sin. He who cherishes an unforgiving thought, and then prays, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," asks God not to forgive him. Forgiveness on our part invites forgiveness from both God and man. "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Unemployed Men and Women, Attention!

THE Magic Pocket Vaporizer

Is the most effective means yet devised for applying healing remedies to the diseased mucous membrane found in Catarrhal Affections. It combines three instruments in one for treating the Nose, Throat, Lungs, and Ears.

Energetic agents can earn good wages by selling this invaluable little instrument, which may be carried in the vest pocket and used at any time without interfering with one's business.

It will be to your advantage to read every word of the following unsolicited letter from one of our salesmen:—

1101 LINCOLN AVE., SAGINAW, W. S., MICH., Feb. 6, 1900.

Modern Medicine Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

GENTLEMEN: I have canvassed the greater part of the time for more than thirty years, keeping my eyes open all the time for the best-selling books and other articles that might come upon the market, but do not hesitate to say your Magic Pocket Vaporizer is the best thing I have ever found to pick up money with. It is a real money catcher, as you will see by the following. On arriving in my territory, I went directly to work. At sundown that day I had sold four and taken five orders; the second day I put in about eight hours, and had fourteen in orders and sales. I can usually average eleven orders out of fifteen exhibitions, or a profit of from four to six dollars a day. I have succeeded in putting thirteen Vaporizers in one home, receiving \$12.50 for them; eight Vaporizers in another family; five to a Baptist minister; three to another family.

Yours truly, H. S. MERCHANT.

Write at once to the MODERN MEDICINE COMPANY, 105 Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich., for terms and territory.

Life and Work of DWIGHT L. MOODY

Official and only authentic edition. Written by his son, WM. R. MOODY, and IRA D. SANKEY, his lifelong associate and friend.

100,000 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE. Liberal terms. Freight paid. Credit given. A golden opportunity for you. Outfit free. Write to-day.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 324 Dearborn St., Chicago.

JUNE, 1900

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1839), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you now, and mailed to Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

Name,

Post-office,

Street,

County,

State,

Inclosed find \$..... (money-order, express order, registered letter, or bank draft), for which please send..... copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR months to above address.

P. S.—If you object to clipping this out of your paper, or wish to forward other subscriptions, please write names and full addresses on a separate sheet, stating amount inclosed for that purpose.

To Reach BATTLE CREEK FROM CHICAGO, BUFFALO, DETROIT, OR TOLEDO,

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

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

R. N. R. WHEELER, Ticket Agent, Battle Creek. O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l P. and T. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE THE Canadian Pacific Railway

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

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

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

J. FRANCIS LEE, GEN. AGENT,

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

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

Cincinnati Northern Railroad Co.

TIME TABLE NO. 3.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

WEST-BOUND.	
No. 21, Mail and Express	6 58 P. M.
No. 23, Accommodation	2 07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight	8 25 A. M.
EAST-BOUND.	
No. 22, Mail and Express	8 25 A. M.
No. 24, Accommodation	1 45 P. M.
No. 28, Local Freight	5 30 P. M.

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

J. L. READE, Ticket Agt., Battle Creek. E. R. SMITH, City Pass. Agt., 6 West Main St.

E. W. Meddaugh and Henry B. Joy, Receivers,

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK R'Y.

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, 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 15 A. M.
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.	

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

