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BEAUTIES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

VIII

THE fame of the hotels of Southern California is world-wide, and to the pleasure-loving traveler they stand for all that is excellent and enjoyable of their kind. The Arlington at Santa Barbara, the Arcadia at Santa Monica, del Coronado at Coronado Beach, the Van Nuys and Westminster at Los Angeles, and La Pintosca and the Green at Pasadena, rank among the largest, and are overtaxed every year during the tourist season.

Standing unique among the pleasure-resorts of the world is Hotel del Coronado. It is a mammoth frame building, erected upon a peninsula, on the very brink of the ocean. From the glass-covered veranda may be seen, in all its majesty, the vast expanse of the sea, in whose stretch rise the rocky Coronado Islands. Coronado is renowned for its tropical and botanical gardens, its grand views and picturesque drives, the lavish provision made for the entertainment of its guests, and its even temperature, which seldom goes above eighty-five, or below forty, degrees Fahrenheit. It is connected with the city of San Diego by a ferry, which plies back and forth every half-hour during the day. During the height of the season the corridors of the hotel ring with a thousand gay voices of guests from all over the world.

The Mecca, sooner or later, of all the pleasure crusaders in this region of the Pacific Coast is Pasadena, the Crown of the Valley. Situated, as it is, on the sunny slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which encircle the valley,

and environed by the grand scenery and lovely regions that they afford, it fairly impels the tourist within its borders. Nature has lavished her exhaustless charms here, and looks smilingly on man's improvements. Only nine miles from Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California, Pasadena has all the conveniences of that large city, and all the comforts, pleasures, and attractions of the country.

Many wealthy men have built here magnificent winter homes, surrounded by tropical gardens and velvety lawns that in themselves are miniature parks. It has been stated that more wealth is represented in Pasadena than in any other city of its size in America.

Among its streets are Orange Grove, Grand, and Marengo avenues. The two former are lined with handsome dwellings, which in every way bespeak the wealth of their owners and display the beauties of art; while the latter, with its decorated arch of graceful pepper-trees and an endless succession of palms, shows the natural.

Right in the heart of the city is the commodious Hotel Green, with its grand halls and comfortable apartments. The two buildings of the hotel are connected by an artistic inclosed bridge, through which run electric chairs

for the accommodation of the guests in passing from one building to the other.

La Pintosca, another fine hotel, is situated in the outskirts of the city, upon a high prominence overlooking the valley, and is filled to its utmost capacity every year by those who wish to enjoy a quiet retreat away from the noise and bustle of the city.

But that which seems to be the chief attraction of Pasadena is its grand location as a gateway to the many lovely regions which environ it. From autumn to spring the favorite drives to the mountains, the cañons, and the surrounding resorts are alive with fine carriages, tally-ho coaches, and merry parties of tourists in every sort of vehicle imaginable.

While many come here to escape the severe winter of colder climes, yet when all is balmy sunshine in the valley, and they see the snow-capped mountains above them, the one consuming ambition is to scale these heights, and enjoy what at home seemed a discomfort. The ascent may be made by the railway to Mount Lowe, already described, or to Wilson's Peak by burro train over a well-built, beautifully shaded, and altogether picturesque trail. Part way up, on the sidehill, is a village of fully forty cotton houses, and on the summit is a hotel that can accommodate seventy persons. Here, amid a winter scene of the gently shedding pine leaves and the softly falling snow, may be seen little children, and those whose heads are white with the frost of many winters, alike gleefully indulging in the sports of an Eastern winter's day.

When the best has been said of these beauty spots in nature, they remain simply as reminders of the glories of man's early home, and as hardly a shadow of those that await the child of God.

MRS. KATHLEEN WAGNER-GILMORE.

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought, proof against all adversity,—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings,—treasure-houses of restful and pleasant thoughts, which care can not disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us,—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—*Ruskin.*



A PLEASANT AVENUE



WHILE THE SUN SHINES IN THE VALLEY

THE ETERNAL INHERITANCE

A WAYSIDE GRAVE

OUR upland journey wound its way
Past hills that wore the green of May.
The dogwood starred the shadowy copse;
The light breeze rocked the pine-tree tops.
Far off we saw the village spires
And fluttering smoke of household fires;
But here of voice or tool no sound
Fell on the cloistered hush profound.

Sudden I drew my bridle-rein.
Dim, shining out from moss and stain,
Alone amid a fallow field
And half by brier and weed concealed,
I saw a rough stone cross, that bore
One little dear home name; no more.
Some heart had ached, some house had known
The desolate hunger for its own,
When, hollowed out this narrow grave,
They laid, whom love had died to save
But could not, one whose name had been
To her own people "Josephine."

A ruined chimney, and the bloom
Of a pale purple lilac plume
Close by, and this small wayside cross
Told all the tale of love and loss,
While near and far the fragrant day
Was golden glimmering with May.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE PRICE OF OUR REDEMPTION

II

CONVICTION, mingled with passion, led Caiaphas to rend his robe. He was furious with himself for believing Christ's words; but instead of rending his heart under a deep sense of sin, he rent his priestly robe in determined resistance.

By this act, done to influence the judges to condemn Christ, Caiaphas condemned himself. By the law he was disqualified for the priest's work. A high priest was not to rend his garment. By the Levitical law this was prohibited under sentence of death. Among the Jews it was the general custom for the garments to be rent at the death of friends, but this custom the priests were not to observe. When Aaron lost two of his sons because they did not glorify God, he was forbidden to show sorrow by rending his garments. Moses said to him and to his sons, "Uncover not your heads, neither rend your clothes; lest ye die, and lest wrath come upon all the people."

Everything worn by the high priest was to be whole and without blemish. The pattern of the priestly robes was made known to Moses in the mount. Every article the high priest was to wear, and the way it should be made, were specified. These garments were consecrated to a most solemn purpose. By them was represented the character of the great antitype, Jesus Christ. They covered the priest with glory and beauty, and made the dignity of his office to appear. When clothed with them, the priest presented himself as a representative of Israel, showing by his garments the glory that Israel should reveal to the world as the chosen people of God. Nothing but perfection, in dress and attitude, in spirit and word, would be acceptable to God. He is holy; and his glory and perfection must be represented in the earthly service. Nothing but perfection could properly represent the sacredness of the heavenly service. Finite man might rend his own heart by showing a contrite and humble spirit; but no rent must be made in the priestly robes.

The high priest who dared to appear in holy office, and engage in the service of the sanctuary, with a rent robe, was looked upon as having severed himself from God. By rending his garment, he cut himself off from being a representative character. He was no longer accepted by God as the officiating high priest. This course of action, as exhibited by Caiaphas, showed human passion, human imperfection. Caiaphas might truthfully have said of himself, "By our law I ought to die." He might have been arraigned before the Sanhedrin; for he had done the very thing the Lord had commanded should not be done.

By rending his garment, Caiaphas made of none effect the law of God, in order to follow the tradition of men. A man-made law provided that in case of blasphemy a priest might rend his garment in horror at the sin, and be blameless. Thus was the law of God made void by the laws of men.

Each action of the high priest was watched with interest by the people; and Caiaphas thought for effect to show his piety. And by displaying a horror that seemingly caused him to rend his beautiful garments, he gained a fanatical admiration from the people. But he was committing blasphemy. He was reviling the Son of God. Standing under the condemnation of God, he pronounced sentence against Christ as a blasphemer.

This pretended horror for sin has been acted out over and over again in the history of our world. And by exaggerated religious zeal and pretended piety, men will again deceive their fellow men.

The religion of those who crucified Christ was a pretense. The holy vestments of the priests covered hearts that were full of corruption, malignity, and crime. They interpreted gain to be godliness. Caiaphas was not a priest after the order of Melchisedec. He never knew what it was to be obedient to God. He had the form of godliness, and this gave him the power to oppress. He acted toward Christ as a priestly judge, an officiating high priest, but he was not this by God's appointment. The priestly robes he rent in order to impress the people with his horror, covered a heart full of wickedness. Though clothed with a gorgeous dress, he was acting under the inspiration of Satan.

The rent garment ended Caiaphas's priesthood. By his own act he disqualified himself for the priestly office. After the condemnation of Christ he was unable to act without showing the most unreasonable passion. His tortured conscience scourged him, but he did not feel that sorrow which leads to repentance.

The act of Caiaphas in rending his garment was significant of the place that the Jewish nation would thereafter occupy toward God. The once favored people of God were separating themselves from him. Christ came to them with a message, but he was despised and rejected. As he stood on the crest of Olivet, he wept over Jerusalem, and lamented her fall. He foresaw the retribution which the deluded, disloyal nation could not, would not, see. The generation among whom he had worked the works of God he addressed as the most guilty, because of the great light they had had. "You have refused to listen to your Redeemer," he declared. "If thou art destroyed, O Jerusalem! thou alone wilt be responsible. Ye would not come unto me, that ye might have life. Ye would none of my counsel, ye despised all my reproof."

When upon the cross Christ cried out, "It is finished!" and the veil of the temple was rent in twain, the Holy Watcher declared that the Jewish people had rejected him who was

the antitype of all their types, the substance of all their shadows. Well might Caiaphas rend his official robes, which signified that he claimed to be a representative of the great High Priest; for no longer had they any meaning for him or for the people.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



ASTRONOMICAL STUDY—NO. VIII

Our Moon

SINCE watching the moon make its majestic march between our earth and the sun, as it did the twenty-eighth of last month, the questions arise, "What is our moon? and what are some of the points of interest connected with this body, that was capable of shutting off so much light a few mornings ago?" To the question, "What is our moon? that is, Of what is it composed?" we answer, honestly, "We do not know." There are many works published, voluminous in supposed data, that are beautifully and poetically written: but we know many of their statements to be incorrect, considering the matter of astronomy; and when we examine the exact source from which they must draw their data, we become less inclined to receive their wildly beautiful theories.

From a study of spectral analysis, or the analysis of light, we do know of what materials the sun is composed, as far as those same materials are known here on our earth; but when we come to study reflected light, as in the case of the light reflected from our moon, it becomes a very different matter.

Our moon is a globe, the same as is our earth, only it is much smaller, being only a little over two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in diameter. It revolves upon its axis, the same as does our earth, but requires twenty-eight days to turn once around, in place of twenty-four hours. One peculiar thing about this revolution is that its time is exactly the same as is required for the moon to make its circuit around our earth, so that it always keeps the same side turned toward us. We often wish we knew how the other side of the moon looks. This wish must ever remain ungratified in this present life; but when mortality is swallowed up in immortality,—when we shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth,—then, and not until then, shall we know the hidden wonder and history of that apparently desolated world that God has placed so near our own.

At a distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles from us, this desolate sphere swings on in her monthly journey around our earth. So near is she, that the inquisitive eye of our larger telescopes have pierced to the depths her most hidden recesses. We have, to-day, much more correct maps of her geography and topography than we have of our own world. Every mountain of importance; every cliff and rock of interest, every valley, gorge, and cañon, as well as every crater of each extinct volcano, has been faithfully recorded upon our lunar maps, and named in our standard works on astronomy.

Words can not describe the feeling of absolute loneliness and dreary desolation that comes over one as he views this barren waste. The absolute silence that there reigns supreme is oppressive even to think upon. No song of birds, no hum of busy bees, no sound of the woodman's ax, no merry laugh of childish glee, breaks the awful silence that has

locked those barren, rocky shores since the earliest dawn of human history. The dread silence of death hangs over its ragged cliffs, which point their ghostly fingers forever toward the eternal darkness without. Upon the torn and ragged surface of the moon the fierce sun pours its perpetual beams, not in the mellow beauty of our earthlight, but in a piercing glare that shines from one distinct spot in the impenetrable darkness shrouding it in every direction.

The long, dark nights are not moistened with the gracious dews of heaven; no clouds, bearing their blessings of rain, float over this silent sphere; no bow of promise spans its eastern heavens,—it has no heavens; for the azure sky that so beautifully abounds with us is not there to be seen. All is death. No life, either animal or vegetable, is there to be found; no opening bud tells that springtime is near, and no golden grain, no ripening fruit, proclaims that the harvest will soon be past.

The rocks whose hoary heads sparkle and glisten in the intensely white, piercing light of the sun's rays, cast their dark, inky shadows deep into the chasms that lie thousands of feet perpendicularly below them. We look, with our telescopes, into the craters of volcanoes that must have become extinct ages ago. We see, in the valleys below, what seem to have been, at some distant date, the beds of great oceans, which may have cast their briny billows far out upon their pebbly shore; we see channels where majestic rivers may have moved peacefully along, and where tiny brooks may have wandered amid leafy bowers and hills clad in green verdure.

What has become of this water we do not know; why the blessings of life, in every form, should have been so withdrawn from this little world, we can not conjecture; why the curse of God should rest so heavily upon this satellite of ours, we can not tell. God calls our attention to this matter in Job 25 : 5, and says, "Behold even the moon, and it shineth not," as if at some time it might have sustained a nearer relation to our earth than it now does. Whether Satan had seized upon this little world as the inner court, or council chamber, of his proposed government, in his rebellion against God, we can only surmise: but we are told, in Isa. 30 : 26, that "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, . . . in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." When we consider that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, . . . waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body" (Rom. 8 : 22, 23), and that when one suffers, all suffer, we can the better understand that when that glad day of deliverance shall come, our moon will occupy a position more nearly like that given to it before the curse of sin rested so heavily upon this earth and all connected with it. Regarding this matter, we do not care to speculate; but here is a fact that we may well consider: We know that no rain-storms of any account have ever fallen upon its surface, though we have every evidence that water was once there in abundance. A mist may have gone up and watered its soil, the same as on this earth prior to the time of the flood; but, positively, no rains have ever fallen there, as they have here since the days of Noah.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

HE that thinks he hath no need of Christ hath too high thoughts of himself; he that thinks Christ can not help him hath too low thoughts of Christ.—John Mason.



GOOD-BY, SWEET DAY

GOOD-BY, sweet day, good-by!

I have so loved thee, but I can not hold thee;
Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee;
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away —

Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!

Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendor,
Sadly thou yieldest to the evening tender,
Who wert so fair from thy first morning ray —

Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!

Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glances,
Vanish at last, and solemn night advances.
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay! —

Good-by, sweet day!

Good-by, sweet day, good-by!

All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's smoldering embers
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray —

Good-by, sweet day!

— Celia Thaxter.

11—VIOLETS



OF all our spring flowers, none are more dearly loved than the violets. Beautiful but humble, fragrant but unassuming, they are at once types of humility and of constancy. I give drawings of three of our most common representatives of this family.

The Downy Yellow Violet I have not pictured. Its flowers grow from the axils of the leaves; while in the blue violet the flowers grow from the roots.

The Bird's-foot Violet has a very peculiar leaf, easily distinguishing it from all the others. The branching, slender leafage has somewhat the appearance of a bird's foot; hence its name.

The Sweet White Violet has small flowers, and a faint, sweet odor. It is very common in many of our woods.

The Lance-leaved Violet has white flowers,



LEAVES OF
BIRD-FOOT
VIOLET.



SWEET WHITE VIOLET.

larger than those of the Sweet White Violet. Its lance-shaped leaves taper into long petioles.

There is another, but still larger, white violet called the Canada Violet. It is the largest of the violets, often reaching a height of two feet. It blooms all summer. The two upper petals of this violet are purple underneath.

The Round-leaved Violet is a pale-yellow variety. The lateral petals are veined with brown; and the leaves are roundish, crenate, lying flat on the ground, and becoming very large and shiny as the season progresses. It is not leafy stemmed.

I am told that on the Atlantic Coast there is a violet somewhat resembling the Bird's-foot Violet, called the Atlantic Violet. It is readily



BLUE OR
PURPLE
VIOLET.

distinguished by its leaves. "They are ovate and reniform in outline, and deeply parted into linear or oblanceolate lobes; the middle one being somewhat wider than the others."

It is not generally known that the violet was once highly prized as a medicine. It was supposed to be an aid in treating diseases of the lungs.

L. A. REED.

THE HONEY GUIDE

SOME time ago the *South African Review* drew attention to a small bird, well known in South Africa as the "honey guide." The paper says that there is no feathered creature more useful to man in a wild country than this little bird. As soon as it has found a nest of wild honey, it seeks the help of a human being, and begins to attract his attention by every means in its power. It is quite without fear of men, and begins to flutter down close to the man it has found, and to utter a shrill cry.

Every native African knows the cry and the meaning of it, and is not slow to follow the friendly guide. As soon as the bird sees that the man is following, it flutters on before him in a most delighted way, hopping on branches and twigs, looking down upon him coquetishly. Often the native will answer the bird with a peculiar whistle, which it seems to understand.

When the guide has reached the spot where the honey can be found,—usually a hollow tree,—it waits on a branch near the tree, while the native, with his hatchet, opens out the nest, and takes out the comb. The bird does not want the honey so much as the small grubs, or larvæ. The man, therefore, breaks off a piece of the comb containing these grubs, and throws it to the bird, or else leaves the nest so exposed that it can help itself. Sometimes the honey guide falls a victim to the fury of the bees; these settle upon its head and eyes, and sting it to death.—*Selected.*



"THY KINGDOM COME"

A LITTLE hand can sow
The seed of truth below;
A little voice can tell
How Jesus loved us well.

O teach us, Lord, to pray,
"Thy kingdom come," each day,
And then with willing heart
To do our little part.

—Selected.

JUNE STUDY OF THE FIELD
PART III: "MEXICO IN ITS RELIGIOUS
ASPECTS"
(June 10-16)

1. Interesting Traditions of the Aztecs.—The Aztecs preserved traditions regarding the creation of the world, a universal flood, the confusion of tongues, and the dispersion of men over the face of the globe. These were represented in a great number of their hieroglyphic paintings. In a confused way they had an idea of a Supreme Being, independent and absolute. They considered him invisible, and never attempted to represent him by images. They designated him by the generic name of "God"—"He Who Gives Us Life," "He Who Embraces Everything." The knowledge of the supreme Divinity disappeared before a multitude of secondary gods engendered by superstition. The Aztecs also believed in an evil spirit, corresponding to Satan, who was to terrify men, and do them injury. They believed in a future life; and also had laws against stealing and other crimes, which were strictly enforced.

2. Human Sacrifices.—One of the most revolting practices of the Aztecs was the offering of human sacrifices. Every god had its feasts, and these always terminated with human offerings. An idea, at least, of the number of these may be formed from the statement of one author, who said, "The Aztecs had scarcely time to fulfill the duties of their religion." To one god, the Aztec Neptune, the "Master of Paradise" and "Protector of Temporal Goods," it was estimated that not less than two thousand children alone were offered annually. A cemetery containing only the bones of children, and supposed to be the burial-place of the young victims sacrificed to this god, was discovered recently on one of the slopes of Popocatepetl. The Aztecs had regular ministers of sacrifice, who inherited their office. Special garments were worn on these occasions, the chief executor being clothed in red, the others in white, bordered with black, their entire bodies being painted black, except around the mouth, which was daubed with white. Frequently the heart of the human sacrifice, while yet warm, was held forth, a trophy and an offering to the sun, and then thrown to the feet of the idol to be burned; or if the idol was large and hollow, the heart was placed in its mouth. The body was usually cooked, and part of it eaten, although in no other sense were the Aztecs cannibals.

3. Modern Worship.—Outside the many practices of the Aztec religion, now a part of

the Catholic worship in Mexico, traces may still be found of the ancient worship. One traveler, writing on this subject, says: "And still in grottoes unexpectedly discovered, I have frequently found myself in the presence of an image at the foot of which a recent offering of food had been placed. Were these offerings a piece of homage to a proscribed god? The Indian is mute when questioned." What it means the reader is left to conjecture.

4. Missions in Mexico.—Aztec paganism was nominally annihilated at the invasion of Cortez, and Mexico was externally converted to Catholicism at the point of the Spanish sword and the Inquisition. Thirty-seven years ago there was only one Protestant minister in Mexico. Two years ago there were fourteen missionary organizations at work, and they had gathered, in six hundred congregations, a native church membership of over sixteen thousand, with more than seven thousand pupils under instruction.

5. Result of One Person's Effort.—Miss Melinda Rankin began missionary work in Mexico in 1854. This she carried on personally until 1872, when, on account of her failing health, it was turned over to the Presbyterian Board. Two years ago they had stations in twelve of the twenty-three states; a theological seminary; two girls' seminaries; forty-two churches, numbering over three thousand communicants; and a working force consisting of eleven ordained missionaries, twelve women missionaries, twenty-eight ordained natives, and seventy-six native helpers,—all an outgrowth of the work begun by this humble woman.

THE PASSION PLAY IN MEXICO

MIRACLE plays for the amusement and religious instruction of the people are not characteristic alone of the Middle Ages; they are enacted at our very doors, within sound of the steam-whistle, and under the glare of the electric light. Critical writers, with much truth, declare that the papal propaganda in Mexico is simply baptized paganism, and has hidden the old heathen rites under Christian names. The force of the assertion was apparent on Good Friday in the gaudy colors and tawdry feathers—the altogether grotesque caricature of old Roman magnificence—of the swarthy Indian performers in Mexico's modern miracle play.

It was performed in one of the suburbs of Mexico City, six miles from the capital. Perhaps five thousand persons were present. Solemnity, there was none. In the church, and in the yard within the wall, the spectacle was enacted, supposedly in the order of events and at the hours indicated by the evangelists. The high priest, the Virgin Mary, Roman soldiers, the centurion, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, some apostles, and even the devil with his grinning mask, were all there. The different trials were held, the sentence was loudly proclaimed by a Roman herald; Pilate vainly washed his hands; Judas rushed frantically forth and hanged himself; then the slow procession wound its weary way up the volcanic slopes of the little Calvary. The thieves—huge, hideous cardboard men, were crucified on right and left. A black and bloody image of Christ, with movable head and legs, was nailed with spikes a foot long to a black cross; a crown of long cactus thorns was placed on his brow, when the cross was slowly lifted, and dropped into its socket on the hill. An image of Mary, clad in blue, with beautiful face set

in a golden halo, was placed at the foot of the cross.

Other scenes of the crucifixion were then enacted, after which the priest ascended a pulpit under the trees, and told in full tones the story of the crucifixion. He spoke feelingly of Christ as Creator and Redeemer. Next, he turned to Mary, and with more than genuine enthusiasm termed her the co-Redeemer, and applied to her many of the terms already applied to the Saviour. Christ was forgotten in the adoration given to Mary; and at the bidding of the priest all fell upon their knees in worship, and in audible prayer for intercession addressed to her.

The nails were then drawn, the body placed in a large glass coffin, or case, when many gathered about it, with lighted candles. The evening shadows had long since fallen, and we watched the weird procession wind in and out among the trees as it made its way to the church. Was it Roman, was it real?—No; it was an ideal, wild and weird, a mingling of the Aztec and Roman ideas. The nodding plumes were far more Indian than Christian.

Such methods do not change the heart, nor enlighten the conscience. For the multitude it is a huge holiday. Most are careless of its religious import; some doubtfully inquire, as one asked me, Did it really happen?—*Condensed from Missionary Review of the World, March, 1899.*

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES

OILED rags are used for brooms.
Women exceed men in numbers.
Hats are worn only by foreigners.
All the women smoke large cigars.
Water buffaloes are used for plowing.
Manila was founded by Legaspi in 1571.
Knives and forks are unknown among the natives.

The common laborer receives about ten cents a day.

Manila is pronounced "Mah-nee'-lah" by the natives.

A fashionable delicacy for the menu is the grasshopper.

The poorer classes robe themselves in one yard of cloth.

The streets of the capital city are under water much of the time.

Manila is considered commercially equal to Calcutta and Batavia. F. W. HOWE.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

INTO the midst of a famine-stricken people, where there was no bread, and no hope of any, where dying people had tried to eat the very dirt at their feet, and had found it would not satisfy hunger, came a messenger of hope.

"Come with me," he said; "I have only to open this door,—see, here is the key,—and within the king's palace you will find a feast spread for you all, enough and to spare. No price is demanded; it is free. Your king gives it to you out of his loving-kindness." And what answer do you think they made? They said, "It is too good to be true;" and turned away to die.

Were they mad men? Ah, dear readers! into a company of dying souls a preacher went one day last week, offering them the bread of life. Their need was pressing, the offer was lovingly made; but most of them turned away, saying, "A beautiful story, but it is too good to be true."

O, believe the gracious promises of the Lord of heaven and earth! "Taste and see that the Lord is good."—Selected.



LOTTCHEN

When little Lottchen comes this way,
With laughing Hans, her burden dear,
She brings into the summer day
An added ray of cheer.
The buttercups more yellow are,
The robin's notes more mellow are,
It lightens labor, sweetens play,
When Lottchen comes this way.

And though I may not know her
tongue,
And though her words sound
strange to me,
Her happy voice is like a song,
Her face is good to see.
The shining sunbeams brighter
are,
And hearts o'erburdened lighter
are;
Good cheer is sure to bless
the homes
Where blue-eyed Lottchen
comes.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

BABY SIGNS

THE last half of a forty-mile ride is not likely to be as much fun as the first half. That is what the little Tod hunters were thinking. For the last mile it had been very quiet indeed in "Grandpa Tod's" big surrey. Then Katherine broke the silence with a great sigh that could be distinctly heard above the gentle clatter-clatter of the wheels and the thud of Bonnibel's hoofs. They were passing a bit of a lonely, unpainted house. "There's a baby in that house," mama said, suddenly, and her sweet voice was as cheery as if she were not tired at all.

"Where? I don't see one," Eric said.

"On the clothesline!" laughed mama, pointing to a row of flapping little dresses. "I can always tell which are the baby houses, Monday afternoons! And I always look. I like to see the little wet petticoats and aprons; and when I don't find them, I'm always sorry for that house!"

"Why, I never looked!" said Katherine.

"Nor I," Eric chimed in.

Grandpa Tod laughed. "I'm seventy-two years old, and I never looked. I'm going to begin now."

"So 'm I!"

"And I!"

"Me, too!" It was the tiniest little Tod-hunter who said that, and they all laughed. She had just waked up, and everybody knew she hadn't the least idea what she was saying, "Me, too," to! At the next house there were no little flapping clothes on the line; but Grandpa Tod nodded his gray head decisively. "There's a baby in that house," he said.

"Why Grandpa Tod, I don't see a sign of one!" Eric cried. "Is there?" he added.

"I see a sign," and grandpa let Bonnibel walk past the pretty white house very slowly. Mama smiled. She saw the sign, too. Then Katherine saw it. "It's that board nailed 'cross the kitchen door, to keep him from tumbling out!" she cried; and at the sound of her voice a small brown head and two round brown eyes appeared above the board.

"Well, then, why don't they wash his clothes?" remarked Eric, gravely. After that they looked at all the houses for baby signs. It was great fun. At the first one they passed that had no "sign" at all, Katherine's bright little face clouded over. "I'm sorry for that house!" she murmured. Sometimes it was a battered dolly, sometimes a little cart, or chair, or baby carriage. Sometimes one dis-

"Yes, he's a witch of a baby, too, to pick them all off!" laughed grandpa.

"Are you sure 'bout that sign, grandpa?" Katherine asked, doubtfully.

"Sure! but if you're not, there's another for you." It was a little pink sunbonnet lying beside the road, with a wilted poppy-head near it.

The last half of the forty-mile drive was n't long at all. It came to an end too soon. It was Eric, after all, who found the last baby sign, and the most puzzling one of them all. They were passing a pleasant little brown home wreathed in vines. No one was in sight. Under one of the trees was a rocking-chair tipped over backward, and halfway up the trim little board walk lay a heap of soft, white

cloth, that somebody had dropped. Those were Eric's "signs"! Everybody smiled at them, until, just as they were leaving the little brown home behind, a sharp, imperative wail sounded. The baby, crying!

"But what made you think he was in there, just by that tipped-over rocker and that sewing-work, Eric?" cried puzzled Katherine.

"Why," Eric explained, gravely, "she did that when the baby cried, you know. She got up in such a hurry the chair tipped over, and she dropped her sewing on the walk. He's the first baby, prob'ly."

And right then the forty-mile drive ended.—
Annie Hamilton Donnell.



"WITH LAUGHING HANS, HER BROTHER DEAR"

covered the sign, and sometimes another. More often than not, it was on the clothesline they found it.

"There's a baby there—hark!" said mama, and they all listened. Some one inside the open screen-door was singing in a low, monotonous, sweet croon.

"He's just going to sleep," whispered Katherine. "Drive soft, grandpa."

At another house, Grandpa Tod discovered the "sign," and such a queer one! Even mama couldn't find it.

"There's the sign," was all grandpa would say; and how everybody hunted, while Bonnibel stopped for a drink of running water at the trough. But nobody found it but grandpa.

"We give it up—you'll have to tell," the children said at last. And then with his whip, Grandpa Tod pointed to a row of poppy plants, with all the bright blossoms lying in wilted little heaps beside them. "Oh!" mama said. "Oh!" the rest chorused.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY

A BODY to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind, and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, kindness, charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, temptation, sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure from foul language and unpolluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, kind words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird, tree, rill, and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true,—God's finger-prints in flower, field, and snowflake.

A soul pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good, and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.—*Selected.*

DANDELIONS

SPRING, in feverish haste and hurry
Summer's coming quick to greet,
Drops her gold. In wild profusion
It lies scattered 'neath her feet.

—*Selected.*



BLUE PRINTS

THE blue-print process is very cheap, very simple, and consequently very much despised. But for many subjects there is no prettier printing process known to photographic science. Of course if one uses blue prints exclusively, for all subjects, he may in time find the sameness of their tone monotonous; but a very simple process of bleaching and redeveloping will turn the blue to a brown, or even to a deep black.

Blue-print paper may be bought ready for the printing-frame; but its cost is not much below that of silver print-out paper. It requires a somewhat longer exposure than gelatin paper, and it does not show as clearly defined an image; but a little practice will enable you readily to tell when it has been printed enough.

After printing, the paper is simply washed until it no longer colors the water. Five minutes is sufficient for this if the print is kept constantly in motion. The picture is then ready to mount, or to dry without toning, fixing, or further washing. Quite simple, isn't it?

The preparation of blue-print paper is almost as simple as its printing. Any paper may be used, but of course the regular photographic paper is best. Good, smooth, unruled writing-paper answers the purpose well, however. Bristol-board and pen-and-ink drawing-paper are also excellent, especially if the prints are to be kept unmounted.

The sensitizing solution is made as follows:—

Citrate of iron and ammonia,	1½ ounces
Water,	8 ounces
Ferricyanide of potassium,	1¼ ounces
Water,	8 ounces

These solutions will keep separately, but they should be mixed only for immediate use.

Take equal parts of each, and float, or immerse, the paper for three minutes; then hang it up to dry in the dark. Another method of coating the paper is to swab the surface with the solution. Many prefer this method; so I will describe it in detail.

Take a half-inch board, three inches wide by eight inches long, and cut it out to the shape of the handle of a flat paint-brush. Then wrap a long strip of soft, white muslin about three inches wide around the wide end of this stick, until you have quite a thick pad. Wind a string several times around the muslin, and tie it firmly in place. You will then have a swab that will serve as well as a camel's-hair brush, for which you would pay a dollar.

Provide a board somewhat larger than the paper to be coated, and fasten the paper to it by placing a drawing-tack or a pin at each corner. Stand the board on end in a tray containing a small quantity of the sensitizing solution, and hold it at an angle of forty-five degrees with one hand, while with the swab in the other you brush the solution over the surface of the paper with a quick up-and-down motion. Turn the board on its side, and repeat the operation, so that the marks of the swab will be in both directions of the paper,—up and down and across.

The paper will look streaked, but that will not matter if the surface has all been covered. The streaks will disappear in the final washing. Two or three dozen sheets of paper can be coated in this manner in half an hour.

Blue-print paper keeps well, but it must, of course, be kept in the dark. A number of large sheets may be sensitized at one time, and then cut, when dry, to the required size, and stored away until needed.

The natural tone of the blue-print gives quite a pleasing effect to most views. The only reason that it is held in such contempt is that the process is so cheap and simple. If you dislike the blue tone, it may be changed to a pretty brown color by the following process: Immerse the prints in a bleaching-bath composed of one part aqua ammonia to ten parts water, until the image is faded out to a pale yellow. Wash through three or four changes of water, and immerse in the following solution:—

Water,	10 ounces
Tannic acid,	2 ounces

This bath will slowly redevelop the image to a brown tone.

This formula has been published again and again. I have met people who have used it, and I have seen prints it has produced. The time necessary to redevelop the image in the acid bath is said to be about twelve hours. I must confess that I never had the patience to try it. I did look for a short cut, however, and found it in my plate-developer.

The formula used was the one for eikonogen-hydrochinon developer, as given in the article on Plates and Developer. No doubt other developers would answer equally well, but I have never tried them.

In this developer the faded image comes up clear and strong in a few minutes, losing nothing but the blue color, which has been exchanged for a brown that resembles an old engraving. Personally, I prefer the blue prints, but as tastes differ, the reader should try this method.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



Anniversary of Gutenberg.—On June 23 next a festival will be held at Mayence, Germany, to commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing. In this celebration almost all civilized nations will take part.

How Geese Are Shod.—In Poland, where geese are driven long distances to market, it is found necessary to protect their feet. This is done in a very simple yet ingenious way. Just before taking the trip to town, the geese are caused to walk several times through soft tar, and then through sand. In this way their feet are covered with alternate layers of tar and sand, affording them ample protection against rough roads.

A New Paper Material.—"Guaxima" is the name of a new material which it is proposed to use in the manufacture of paper. It is said that its fiber is long and very strong, and that it "resists the action of water, and is much more easily prepared than jute." This new material is to be found in abundance in Brazil. With the present ever-increasing price of wood-pulp, of which most of the paper of the world is made, it is certain that the discovery of new substances of this kind will be heralded with joy by all paper-users.

Facts about Winking.—Many scientists are not yet clear about the purpose of winking.

One of the many theories in regard to the phenomenon is that it serves momentarily to rest the eyes. As the eyes grow tired, winking becomes more frequent, that the eyes may be moistened sufficiently. It has been demonstrated by photographers that the duration of an entire wink is only four tenths of a second, a duration too slight to interfere with distinct vision. The downward movement of the eyelid lasts only from about seven to nine hundredths of a second, while the upward movement averages seventeen hundredths, the eye being thus shut fifteen hundredths of a second during each wink.

Luther's Argument with Satan.—It is stated upon good authority that Martin Luther once had a short but decisive argument with Satan, greatly to the latter's discomfiture. These are the words of the great Reformer, describing the same: "Once upon a time, the devil said to me, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!' 'Stop! stop!' said I; 'one thing at a time; I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it; I confess it. What next?' 'Therefore, you will be damned.' 'That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner, but it is written, 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us;' therefore I shall be saved. Now go your way.' So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

A Ball-Bearing Gun.—Captain Cullen, of Virginia, has patented a gun in which ball-bearings are used instead of the usual "rifling." When a projectile is fired from this gun, instead of rubbing and twisting its way out of a tight-fitting barrel, it slides out on the steel balls. To give a rotary motion to the projectile, the ball grooves are spirally curved, as is the case with ordinary "rifling." Official tests show that the gun is in every way the best yet produced. After having been fired 2,311 times, the gun was only three per cent less effective than when first fired. The average muzzle velocity was thirty-two hundred feet a second; while that of the Driggs, Hotchkiss, and Maxim guns, with which this new gun was tried in competition, was only eighteen hundred feet a second at the muzzle. The increase in range is in like proportion. For example, all four guns were fired at a plate of nicked steel twenty feet square, and one and three-eighths inches thick, at three thousand yards' range. The Driggs and Hotchkiss guns failed to penetrate the plate, and glanced into the earth in front of it. The Maxim projectile hit the plate, and stuck in it, penetrating to the depth of five eighths of an inch. On the other hand, the ball-bearing gun hit, penetrated, and passed through the plate, and was picked up 1,626 yards beyond the plate, making a total range of 4,626 yards, or two and one-half miles, besides passing through one and three-eighths inches of the best armor plate. All four guns were fired with the same charges of brown, semi-smokeless powder, and the projectiles were of the same weight, the only difference being that the ball-bearing gun's projectile was perfectly smooth, while those fired by the other guns were banded, to make them follow the "rifling." Another advantage of this gun is that, owing to the unusual swiftness of the projectile in reaching the gun muzzle, the bursting strain is reduced seventy-five per cent, thus requiring fewer steel jackets around the gun, and thus materially reducing the weight of heavy artillery.

A. J. BOURDEAU.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON NO 4

THE CHRISTIAN'S TREASURE-HOUSE AND PROVIDER

(June 16, 1900)

Lesson Scripture.—Matt. 6: 19-34.

Memory Verse.—V. 34.

QUESTIONS

1. Why is it unwise to lay up riches on earth? Matt. 6: 19. What is the better and only wise course to pursue? V. 20; note 1. What intimate relation between the heart and the possessions makes it necessary to choose the latter way? V. 21.

2. What valuable service does the eye render to the body? V. 22. In order to fulfill its duty perfectly, what must be the condition of the eye? *Id.* What is the state of the eye when *not* single? And what is the result to the body? V. 23; note 2.

3. What is it impossible for any man to do? Why? To what masters does Jesus refer? V. 24; note 3. In view of these self-evident facts, what admonition does he give his people? In addition, what pertinent question does he ask? V. 25; note 4.

4. To what practical illustration does Jesus call attention, that man may learn to trust God? V. 26. By what question does he show the impossibility of man's helping himself? V. 27.

5. What helpful thoughts may be gathered from a study of the flowers? Vs. 28, 29. What lesson is to be learned as we thus view the beauties of inanimate nature? V. 30. What questions relative to life are not to cause anxious thought? V. 31. Why not? V. 32; note 5.

6. What is the first and only object to be sought by a child of God? What will thus result to him? V. 33. What are the words of our memory verse? What practical lessons do you gather from them? V. 34.

NOTES

1. It is well ever to bear in mind that heavenly treasure is just as real, just as tangible, as earthly treasure; in fact, the only truly real things are the heavenly. "For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." 2 Cor. 4: 18. In the world to come we shall have substance (Prov. 8: 21),—a substance that is better and more enduring. Heb. 10: 34. Of course man can not know now in what way God keeps the great account of each man's life, but he *may* know that every deed of love, every sacrifice, every effort put forth in the name and for the sake of the Lord Jesus, is faithfully set down, and that a reward for each will be given. The Saviour will reward every man according as his work has been. The gift to the poor, which is a *loan* to the Lord, is actually recorded, and will *actually be returned*. Prov. 19: 17. To lay up treasure in heaven, therefore, is not a figure of speech, but a practical, every-day business matter, to be taken up and practiced by the child of faith.

2. Undoubtedly the eye is here taken as an illustration of the mind or heart. As the eye is the open door through which heaven's sunlight enters the physical being, so the mind is the channel through which the rays of the Sun of Righteousness enter the inner man. To attempt to divide the physical eye would be but to destroy its usefulness,—to blind it. It must be kept whole,—“single,”—else darkness is the sure result. The same is true of the heart. It must be kept whole—altogether

given up to the service of God. To speak truly, there can be no such thing as half-hearted Christianity. If the heart is divided, if its affections rest upon the world, Christ is not there. “There is no concord between Christ and Belial.” The divided heart is filled with darkness. “A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.” “Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.” James 1: 8, 7.

3. Jesus does not say, *Ye may* not serve God and mammon, but, “*Ye can* not.” True service springs from affection, whether the service be good or evil, and is invariably yoked up with loyalty. Loyalty of heart and purpose makes loyal service. But to be loyal to God, to yield to him the heart's love, is to be directly at variance with mammon. For the love of God is to keep his commandments (1 John 5: 3), to be righteous; while to love money is to transgress the law, to do evil. 1 Tim. 6: 10. The love of money and the love of God are antagonistic principles, drawing their subjects in totally opposite directions. And as a man can not travel in two different directions at one and the same time; as he can not both love and hate the same being at the same moment, therefore he can not serve both God and mammon. To make a success in the service of God one must wholly and forever break his allegiance to the world, and become a citizen of the kingdom of the King.

4. By a careful study of this and other passages it will be seen that Jesus does not teach the utter absence of thought concerning our temporal necessities, but rather he would have us lay aside all worry and trouble about these things, and think of them with a spirit of trust and faith. See Luke 12: 29, margin.

5. It would be foolish indeed to think that Jesus would have his people settle down in thoughtless idleness, caring nothing about their earthly needs, and waiting for some kind hand to provide for them. The world owes no one a living; and God says that he who will not work shall not eat, which, put into other words, is but saying that nothing will come to him who makes no effort to obtain. We are *to plan*, and *work as diligently*, as we would were our support all dependent upon ourselves; we are *to believe* and *trust*, as if it all depended on God. Even the birds, as far as their natures permit, follow this rule; for they go out and *gather* that which God provides (Ps. 104: 28), though they know nothing about care. We are to be diligent in business, ever planning to make the most of present opportunity. At the same time, however, this must be done with a trustful faith, and having everything submitted to God.

HAVE we not all, amid earth's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was;—and yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vain regret.
But still our place is kept for us, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it soon or late;
No star is ever lost we once have seen.
We always may be what we might have been.

—Adelaide E. Procter.

BOOKS explain us to ourselves. They reveal to us capabilities in our nature before unsuspected. They make intelligible the meaning and significance of mental experiences. There are books the constant rereading of which presents itself to an imaginative man as a sort of moral duty, so great is the illumination which they throw upon the inner being.—Arlo Bates.

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No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper.....	1.10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	8.20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	

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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.	
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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.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"There will be no crown-wearers in heaven who were not cross-bearers here below."

MONDAY:

"With all power by our side, with all peace in our heart, and with all eternity before our face, why should we not work joyously?"

TUESDAY:

If happiness has not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

— Robert Burns.

WEDNESDAY:

"As a very little dust will disorder a clock, and the least grain of sand will obscure our sight, so the least grain of sin in the heart will hinder its right motion toward God."

THURSDAY:

We give and receive direct soul impressions. Every one of us leaves an impress on every one he touches; every one of us receives an impress from every one who touches him.— *Lyman Abbott, D. D.*

FRIDAY:

"Take time to praise!
Praise is the witness that you see,
Or hear, or feel, or understand,
Or trust where there is mystery
About the workings of His hand.
It is thy child-attempt to prove
Thy kinship with the hosts above,
Who, as they in God's presence move,
Praise him for his exhaustless love.
Therefore, take time to praise."

SABBATH:

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. 3:10.

THE condition is plain; the promise is sure. Do we so prize the blessing that we are ready to fulfill the conditions?

WOULD you like to earn money this summer to help pay your expenses in school next year? Why not sell the Magic Pocket Vaporizer mentioned elsewhere on this page?

IN the article on "The Moon," found in our Overhead series this week, many interesting statements are made; and some may wonder how the author knows these things to be facts. We will say that we are personally acquainted with the doctor, and believe he knows exactly what he is talking about in the science studies he is giving us. He promises to take up these subjects one by one, as his time will permit, and tell us, in simple language, *how he knows* these things to be true, and to make the subject so plain that all our readers may also *know* these things for themselves. He says he does not believe that the scientists of the world hold any rightful mortgage on the great truths of God as revealed in science. This is true. All who approach these subjects reverently, as revelations of the Creator, will be truly taught of him.

WITH its issue of May 10, the *American Sentinel* came to us in a new dress and under a new name,— *The Sentinel of Liberty*,— the reason for the change of name being that the principles for whose defense and promulgation the paper stands are world-wide in their application and extent, and by no means limited to America. The management of the paper has also recently changed hands, passing under the direct control of the International Religious Liberty Association, whose official organ the new *Sentinel* will become. The publishers ask, and surely have a right to expect, from Seventh-day Adventists everywhere, young as well as old, the same cheerful co-operation, sympathy, and hearty support that have always been given to the *American Sentinel*; and they on their part promise to spare no pains to "make the paper all that it should be as a sentinel guarding the rights and liberties of the people in the great crisis which the cause of liberty has now reached."

IF the girl who gives up to the "blues" were the only person to be taken into consideration, the case would be bad enough—a whole, bright, beautiful day, as likely as not, lost out of a life so short that every day should be made to "count." If she could only be shut up, and her distressed and distressing face kept well out of sight till the sun shone again—but in most cases that is impossible. The whole family, first, are brought into the depressing atmosphere that makes itself felt, in greater or less degree, by all whom the sufferer meets. Mother's face lengthens, the brothers and sisters tease, the world in general is unsympathetic; and the attack culminates, as likely as not, in a painful headache. And, with all this misery, what has been gained?—Nothing, of course. The one who has thus given up to despondency has not lightened her troubles by the weight of a hair; rather, she has increased them by the reproaches, perhaps unspoken, of those who have every right to expect from her at least a cheerful face. If girls—old and young—would only remember that their indulgence in this special weakness can never stop with themselves, but must inevitably reach out and affect other lives for evil, would they not at least think twice before giving up to it?

THE SALE OF THE "PITCAIRN"

ABOUT ten years ago the Seventh-day Adventist Sabbath-schools in the United States raised the money to build and equip a brigantine for carrying the light of present truth to the remote islands of the Pacific Ocean. The boat was named the "Pitcairn," on account of the general interest felt at that time in the history and people of far-away Pitcairn Island.

The "Pitcairn" has made several successful voyages, as a result of which there are now seven prosperous mission stations on various islands. Besides these, the work has made a beginning in other places.

During the last few years, transportation facilities have so increased and improved that our workers can now reach these islands more quickly, safely, and at less expense, by the regular lines of steamers and sailing-vessels, than by the "Pitcairn." For this reason the Foreign Mission Board has for some time considered the advisability of selling the boat; and a few weeks ago it was decided to accept the offer of six thousand five hundred dollars from Captain W. E. Nesbit. This was done, and the ship is now on its way to the gold-fields at Cape Nome.

Though he himself is not an Adventist, Captain Nesbit is friendly to our people, and has offered to take, free of all expense for transportation, one or two of our missionaries with him at any time.

While we had all come to have a feeling of personal interest in, and regard for, our missionary boat, and by its sale feel as if we had parted with an old friend, still, under the circumstances, we are sure that the wisest thing has been done. The work begun in the islands by our missionary ship will still be carried forward; and we are sure that many precious jewels will be gathered from these distant fields to shine forever in the kingdom of our Father.

TRUE AND FALSE DIVINE HEALING SERIES

AT the very time when God is sealing a people for translation, there are springing up in various parts of the country numerous so-called "divine healers," often with organizations, and a class of literature for the propagation of these ideas. We are naturally expecting a more and more marked display of God's power among his people as we approach the end, and many are raising inquiries in reference to these manifestations. The only way to avoid the spurious is carefully to study, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, the truth in reference to this subject. A leading feature of the *Life Boat* for the next few months will be a consideration of the principles involved in this question. For the trifling sum of ten cents this paper will be sent to any one for the next four months, or for one year for twenty-five cents. Reader, are you prepared to meet the inquiries that your neighbors will be sure to make of you sooner or later in reference to these questions?

These articles begin in the June number. Address your State Tract Society, or the *Life Boat*, 1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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.