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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

THE CHILDREN OF GALILEE



We read of much that men of old were doing,

In ages long ago, in Galilee.

With nets drawn up to dry, the tired fishers

Floated at sunset on the rosy sea;

Strong arms bound up the sheaves, or in the springtime
Scattered the yellow grain afar and wide;
The priests prayed in the temple, and the shepherds
Kept the white flocks upon the mountain-side.
The deeds of master, servant, soldier, tradesman,
Upon the printed page we often see;
But none have thought to tell us the sweet story
Of what the children did in Galilee.

The busy women gaily laughed and chatted,
While on their ears the sounds of spinning fell;
Then, in the twilight of the summer evening,
Fetched the fresh water from the village well.
They spread the meals, and served their guests, like Martha;

Or, Mary-like, conversed in language sweet:
They ministered unto the sick and dying,
Arrayed the bride, or draped the winding-sheet.
The past has told of many a fair mother,
Whose happy babe sat laughing on her knee;
But, though they loved their voices, none have told us
Of what the children said in Galilee.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

THE HAWAIIANS

Manners and Customs

THE native Hawaiians are mild, pleasant, indolent, and very fond of music and flowers. Most of them are large, finely formed, and approach more nearly the original standard than the majority of white persons of the present generation. The pure Hawaiian is very dark, has black or dark-brown eyes, and an abundance of either straight or curly black hair.

I will relate, as it was told to me, an instance illustrating the Hawaiians' simple manner of life and love of ease. Years ago, before the white man's influence was so widely felt, about a dozen Kanakas (native men) united their interests, and went to live at one house. One man obtained work, and for a whole month labored industriously, as indeed he must; for the burden of supporting the whole family rested upon him. It is true their wants were few and simple, an abundance of poi and raw fish being enough to satisfy even the most fastidious; but even these necessities could not be obtained for nothing, and so Number One toiled cheerfully on, looking forward to the good time coming.

At the end of a month his work was done for a year; and Number Two took his place, followed by each of the others in turn.

And so they lived, happy and contented, lounging in the sunshine, singing, playing the beloved guitar, sleeping, and — resting. Sometimes, feeling especially energetic, they

made poi. This is a paste, or pudding, and was formerly made by baking taro, sweet potatoes, or breadfruit in underground ovens, and afterward peeling and pounding them up with more or less water. The mass was then left to ferment, after which it was again worked over with more water, until it attained the consistency of thick paste. This was known as "one-finger poi," from the manner of conveying it to the mouth, which is not with spoon or fork, but with the forefinger of the right hand. There are also two- and three-finger poi, according to the consistency of the dish.

At the present time most of the poi is made by Chinamen. The taro is first boiled, and then ground, mixed with water, and allowed

Ordinarily nearly all the natives and the Chinese, as well as Japanese and Portuguese, go barefoot; but since the breaking out of the plague, one rarely sees bare feet upon the street. Stockings, however, are deemed superfluous, and are generally omitted.

The Hawaiian *luaus*, or feasts, are generally objects of interest to foreigners as well as to the natives themselves.

The food for these is usually prepared in the following manner: First a deep hole of the required size is dug. In this a wood fire is built. Rocks are next added; and when these are sufficiently heated, they are covered with ti leaves, and the articles to be cooked are placed upon them. Roast pig is generally a very prominent,



MAKING POI

to ferment, after which it is ready for use. It is carried around in kegs or pails fastened to the ends of long poles borne on the shoulders of the little yellow men from the Orient.

The curiosity of the fastidious American or Englishman is generally satisfied with one look at the cloth that covers the bucket, its ancient appearance being sufficient to dissipate all previous desire to investigate the mysteries of this favorite dish of the Hawaiians.

During the recent epidemic of plague, many barrels of poi were taken in wagons to the quarantine lines, and there dealt out to the natives, in bowls, pitchers, pails, and all kinds of dishes. The Chinese and Japanese seem to like it as well as do the Hawaiians; and it was a curious sight to see men, women, and children of all sizes and colors, from black to light yellow, each awaiting his turn to be served, and then walking quietly away with his treasure.

and often the principal dish at these luaus, and it is generally roasted whole. Besides this, there are fish, beef, taro, and sweet potatoes. These are placed beside the pig, and all are covered with ti leaves, banana leaves, a clean white cloth, and, last of all, with earth. After several hours the coverings are removed, and the feast is ready to be spread.

One has only to recall his childhood days, when he roasted potatoes and apples in the ashes, and green corn before the glowing coals of the kitchen fire, to realize the superior excellence of the food thus prepared.

We are informed upon good authority that a certain kind of dog, raised and fattened upon poi, is also considered a great delicacy.

LENA E. HOWE.

"We can not always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly."



WHEN I HAVE TIME

WHEN I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care.
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent—
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her saddened life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend! no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time!

—London Christian Endeavor.

THE PRICE OF OUR REDEMPTION

III

AFTER condemning Jesus, the council of the Sanhedrin brought him to Pilate's judgment-hall, to have their sentence confirmed and executed. And there, though declaring, "I find no fault in him," Pilate gave the Saviour up to his accusers. He desired to deliver Jesus; but when he saw that he could not do this and retain his position, he chose, rather than lose worldly power, to sacrifice an innocent life. The priests "were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified." And "when Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. . . . And when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified."

Christ was betrayed by Judas, and forsaken and denied by his disciples. He was scorned as a deceiver, and hunted down as one unfit for human sympathy. He was condemned by Pilate, and crowned with thorns. His hands and his feet were pierced with nails as he hung on the cross. Every step onward in the shameful scene was one of intense suffering.

Behold the Son of God suffering on the cross for three terrible hours of agony, enduring the penalty of transgression, in order that repentant, believing ones might have eternal life. And in the darkest hour, when the Saviour was enduring the greatest suffering that Satan could bring to torture his humanity, the Father hid from his Son his face of pity, comfort, and love. Twice, at the baptism and at the transfiguration, the voice of God had been heard proclaiming Christ as his Son. The third time, just before the betrayal, the Father had spoken, witnessing to his Son. But now the voice from heaven was silent. No testimony in the Saviour's favor was heard. Alone he suffered abuse and mockery.

In this trial Christ's heart broke. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" he cried.

As the divine Sufferer hung upon the cross, angels gathered about him, and as they looked upon him, and heard his cry, they asked, with intense emotion, "Will not the Lord Jehovah

save him? Will not that soul-piercing cry of God's only begotten Son prevail?" Then were the words spoken: "The Lord hath sworn, and he will not repent. Father and Son are pledged to fulfill the terms of the everlasting covenant. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Christ was not alone in making his great sacrifice. It was the fulfillment of the covenant made between him and his Father before the foundation of the world was laid. With clasped hands they had entered into the solemn pledge that Christ would become the surety for the human race if they were overcome by Satan's sophistry.

After Adam fell, Jesus entered upon the work of redeeming man. In every part his sacrifice was perfect; for he could make a complete atonement for sin. Though he was one with God, yet he made himself of no reputation. He took upon him our nature. "Lo, I come," was his cheerful announcement of the clothing of his divinity with humanity, "to do thy will, O God!" He loved his church, and gave himself for it. "Therefore doth my Father love me," he said to the Pharisees, "because I lay down my life, that I might take it again."

"He saved others; himself he can not save," was the mocking taunt hurled at Christ during the agony of his death on the cross. At any moment he could have saved himself, and come down from the cross; but had he done this, the world would have been given over to the control of the great apostate. It was a marvel to the angels that Christ did not seal with death the lips of the scoffers. It was a marvel to them that he did not flash forth his righteous indignation upon the hardened, corrupt soldiers, as they mocked him, and fixed a crown of thorns on his head. But the Son of God knew that the greatest guilt belonged to the priests and rulers, the representatives of sacred trusts, which they were basely betraying. Pilate, Herod, the Roman soldiers, were ignorant of Jesus. They knew not that he was the sent of God. They thought by abusing him to please the priests and rulers. They had not the light so abundantly given to the Jewish nation. They were unacquainted with Old-Testament history. Had they known what the Jews knew, they would not have treated Jesus as cruelly as they did.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

WHAT MAKES MEN STRONG?

THE apostle wrote unto young men, because, as he said, they are strong. But when is a young man strong? Is he strong when he is held and shaken like a reed in the clutch of some base appetite? Is he strong when he is scourged and driven at the hand of some lust like a slave, and, like a slave, submits without shame or resistance? Is he strong when a low-bred sneer, a stinging taunt, or a silly banter can sheer him from a noble purpose? Is he strong when the breath of a woman, expressed in an invitation to taste the wine-cup, can blow his resolution and pledge into the air, and whirl them, as the wind whirls a feather, out of sight and thought? It was not to such that John wrote.

The thing that makes young men strong is moral courage,—high, undaunted courage,—or, to put it in a single, sinewy Saxon word, grit. In public and business life this quality enables a young man to say "No," not as if he wanted to say "Yes," but a negative that everybody, the devil included, will understand the meaning of.—*Youth's Friend*.



JUNE STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART IV: "TRIP THROUGH FIJI;" "A JAMAICAN DEDICATION;" "A MISSIONARY TOUR IN URUGUAY"

(June 17-23)

1. *Entering Fiji.*—Our work in these islands dates back five years, when Elder J. M. Cole and family reached this group from the Norfolk Islands, where they had been waiting several weeks for passage. They arrived in July, 1895. The "Pitcairn" visited them the same year; and in July, 1896, Elder J. E. Fulton and his wife, who had been laboring in Australia, joined them. The brethren began immediately to study the language. They were soon provided with a boat, first named the "Loughborough," and later overhauled and painted, and launched under the name of "Cina" (lamp). The necessity for a boat was imperative, as there are eighty inhabited islands in this group, and all travel is by water. In no field has the work grown in a more encouraging manner. Literature has been translated, and recently about forty hymns were translated for use in the services. Every letter from our workers in Fiji breathes faith and courage, and almost all report some interested or having already been baptized and united with the church.

2. *Teaching the Truth while Studying the Language.*—While our laborers were studying the language, a native missionary became very much interested in their work, and in many ways showed his kind regard for them. He came often with questions on Bible subjects, and several times asked Brother Cole to preach for him. This, of course, Brother Cole could not do, as he had not sufficiently mastered the language. However, he prepared a sermon on repentance, in the form of a Bible-reading, and after having it corrected, gave it to the missionary, who had never seen anything like it before, and who was so delighted with it that he asked for a copy, in order to preach it to his people. Brother Cole gave it to him, and about two weeks later the missionary returned to tell him that he had preached that sermon, and the people thought it was excellent. He then sent two young missionaries to see our brethren, telling them that they could answer any questions the young men might ask. They had been thinking on the change of the Sabbath, and asked many questions about it, saying, before they left, that it looked very plain, and they desired to talk about it again. They were also anxious for some books on these subjects. These experiences, with many others, led to the translation of some literature into the native language, but much should yet be done.

3. *Relief during a Famine for Water.*—Mrs. J. M. Cole, in writing from Fiji, April 6, 1897, relates an experience illustrating the care of our Heavenly Father for his children. The source of their water-supply was so low that in one more week the natives expected that it would be entirely exhausted. There were no wells, and the tide coming up the creeks made

the water brackish, and a famine seemed inevitable. Brother Cole's family were compelled to get water from their neighbors' tanks, their own being empty; and the supply of their neighbors was rapidly giving out. Of this time Mrs. Cole wrote: "The situation began to look serious, I assure you. Our cows were giving very little milk, as the water was so poor, and the grass so dry. One day Mr. Cole was down near the river, and thought he would follow up the draw that came up just a little below our house, and see if he could not find some place in the rocks where there was water standing that would do for the cows. For a long distance it was perfectly dry, when suddenly he detected a trickling sound, and a little farther on discovered a living stream of water about as large as a man's arm. It came through from among the rocks, ran a short distance, and then was lost under the rocks again. In this way it formed a large pool, where we could wash our clothes, which we had been unable to do for two weeks, for lack of water. How thankful we were for that clear, cold water! Even the cows seemed thankful. No one seemed to know anything of the whereabouts of this stream, but all feel that the Lord knew of our need, and placed the water there just for us."

4. *Churches in Jamaica.*—Some phases of our work in Jamaica are very different from those in the States. One is the importance of church buildings. In the home field, churches or halls, and in country places, schoolhouses, may be secured for public services, or they may be held in private houses; but for every company that is developed in Jamaica, a church ought to be erected. The schoolhouses in the island are owned by the various denominations, and there are no public halls to be secured for our work. Outside the towns the houses are only large enough for shelter, so that Sabbath services could not be held in them, and churches are a necessity. Several have been erected, and as many more could be used, were the means at hand to supply them. The native brethren do all they can to secure the material that can be obtained from the timber, but they have no money to buy that which they can not make. A small sum was recently given to this work by the Foreign Mission Board.

5. *A Glimpse of Uruguay.*—The little republic of Uruguay is about twice the size of the State of New York, with an extremely healthful climate, receiving, as it does, the invigorating breezes of the Atlantic Ocean. "The Uruguayan is generous to the extreme, very obliging, and hospitable. Poor though he may be, the traveler is always gladly welcomed by the *dueño* of the house; and, like the widow of old, these people joyfully share their rations with those who seek shelter in their homes. Uruguay is a liberal country, speaking from a religious point of view. Every religion is guaranteed perfect freedom. We ourselves have preached in the principal squares of the large cities, having a large body-guard of police at our disposition, especially sent by the magistrate, even against our wishes, to protect us. In small villages the people are better Catholics than in the large cities. They have less to call their attention from the superstition. . . . We already have three or four companies in this republic, and are longing for the day when the great threefold message of Revelation 14 will be preached in its every city, town, and village. The door is open; the Lord would have us go in and possess the land. May he help us to do so without further delay."

—*Juan Mc Carthy, in Signs of the Times.*



"BEHOLD a bird's nest!
Mark it well, within, without!
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut;
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join: his little beak was all!
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand
With every implement and means of art
Could compass such another?"

12—SOLOMON'S SEAL

AMONG the larger wild flowers of the spring, Solomon's Seal is conspicuous. Both it and the larger False Solomon's Seal may be found growing near each other in the cool, moist woods. There is also a smaller False Solomon's Seal, which closely resembles the larger plant. It grows

from three to five inches high. The drawings will easily show you the characteristic marks by which you may know these plants. If you carefully dig up the roots, you will see that there is no resemblance between the two False Solomon's Seals and the real Solomon's Seal. The last-named has a peculiar, thick root, with numerous round scars, where the leaf-stalks of former years once grew. These scars are what give the plant its name, as they look somewhat as if a signet, or seal, had been pressed upon the root, thus giving it these impressions.

The False Solomon's Seals have roots quite



SOLOMON'S SEAL.

different from this; but their leaves give them a look somewhat similar. Solomon's Seal has two flowers at each axil of the leaves; the others bear their flowers at the terminus of the stem.

One of these, the smaller, is also called False Lily-of-the-Valley, because its two leaves resemble the leaves of the Lily-of-the-Valley. L. A. R.



FALSE SOLOMON'S SEAL.

A REAL LITTLE BOY

He was one of the dearest, quaintest little boys ever found outside of a book—the six-year-old son of a college professor, spending the summer at a Quaker farm-house in Virginia. He looked like a tiny professor himself, the other boarders thought, when he sat for long minutes on the veranda steps, with his wise little head resting on his hand, and his dark eyes looking off into space.

Horace was quite a naturalist; and among his possessions was a collection of creeping things, including two huge green tomato-worms, which he kept on the veranda in a wooden box covered with mosquito-netting. Once one of them escaped, and great was the grief of their small owner, and high the excitement of the summer boarders. It was a relief to the whole household when the runaway was captured, and Horace, clasping it tenderly between his tiny, threadlike fingers, restored it to its home. He pored over entomologies by the hour, and based great hopes upon some of the cocoons and chrysalides in his collection.

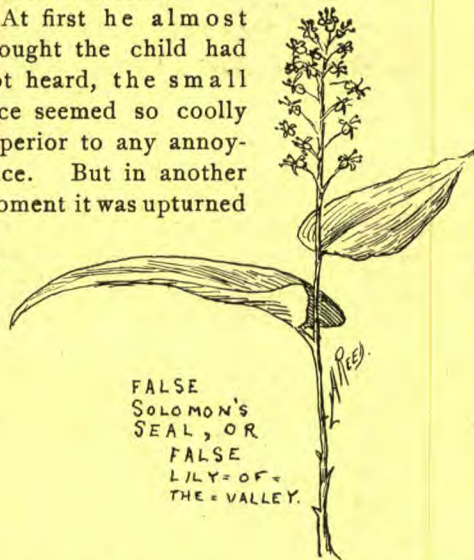
"What is that?" I asked him one morning, pointing to a large oval cocoon wrapped in a dry leaf.

"That?" he said, turning his wise, big eyes upon me, and speaking in his peculiarly ringing, deliberate little voice. "If 'Tenants of an Old Farm' is correct, that is the cocoon of a Polyphemus moth."

It will be a long time before Horace's friends forget the dignity that he displayed on another occasion. He had driven with the Quaker minister to the post-office and village "store." There was the usual number of idle youths sitting about on cracker boxes in front of the shop, and the precocious-looking little stranger came in for his prompt share of attention. "Look at the kid," jeered one, "with his legs the same size all the way up."

They were thin little legs, it can not be denied; and the remark was so much more creditable to the youth's powers of observation than to his good breeding that the Quaker minister awaited with sympathetic interest the effect on Horace.

At first he almost thought the child had not heard, the small face seemed so coolly superior to any annoyance. But in another moment it was upturned



FALSE SOLOMON'S SEAL, OR FALSE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

to his, and the deliberate little voice spoke, pitched just high enough to reach the boys on the cracker boxes.

"That is what I consider a rather personal remark," he said, "but perhaps those little boys haven't any fathers and mothers."

And the Quaker minister patted his head, and smiled, and felt that, after all, Horace had the best of it.—*Young People's Weekly.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must*
The youth replies, *I can*

—R. W. Emerson



CONTENTMENT

A TOILER rested in the field,
Mid sheaves of golden grain;
In discontented mood he looked
Across the lovely plain.
White cloud-ships sailed the deep blue sky;
Bird songs were in the air;
The grass, the buds, the flowers, the wheat,
Shed perfume everywhere.

But naught he saw of all there was,
Save barren spots and weeds;
The hills beyond in mellow light,
Seemed fairer than the meads.
Up there the trees were tipped with gold,
Alluring to his eyes;
He left his homely task undone,
And sought the fairer prize.

The dizzy heights at last attained,
Revealed rough rocks and bare;
The trees were dwarfed; the flowers, weeds;
The north wind chilled the air.
He heard no answer to his cry;
Alas! his hope was vain;
The light that had illumed the hill
Now rested on the plain.

Thus, rudely startled from his dream
Of fanciful ideal,
He turned from that which had misled,
And welcomed back the real.
He stood again mid fields of grain,
True to his guiding voice.
Divine content had touched his soul:
The Master's will his choice.

O toiler on life's battle-field!
Content and happy be;
Each humble duty bravely done
Will cause dark doubts to flee.
Do with thy might thy humble task
With loving care each day;
For it will ne'er be granted thee
To pass again this way.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

THROUGH THE DARK

A True Story

THE sun had gone down in a bank of clouds. As night fell, these clouds spread. Rough winds lifted themselves up, tossing branches and treetops about, and roaring around the parsonage like a wild beast trying to get in. The country parson stirred the logs into a cheerful blaze, and his wife lighted an extra lamp.

"Some traveler may be on the road to-night," she said, looping the curtains back from the front windows with thoughtful care; for the parsonage was but a little way from the country road.

Hardly had these good folks seated themselves at the tea-table when a pressing "rat-tat-too" sounded on the door, as if some one was eager for entrance.

As a matter of fact there were two such—two boys of fourteen or fifteen, with wheels tilted against their legs. They begged for a night's shelter, explaining that they had expected to reach Dallas before dark, but had lost their way, and been overtaken by storm and darkness.

"We'll sleep anywhere," Hugh said; "a barn will do, if there's straw enough to keep warm in."

But the preacher made the boys welcome, and set them down to share his supper.

"My, but this light was a blessing!" exclaimed Guy, blinking his still bewildered eyes at the good wife's lamps. "I am sure nobody ever was so thankful before to see a light as

Hugh and I were when this kind lamp came shining out through the dark to meet us."

"Don't be too sure," said the preacher. "I think I can tell a story of the dark worth two of yours."

"Now, husband, don't!" remonstrated the preacher's wife.

"Why not, my dear? Perhaps my cave story would interest the boys. And if it doesn't turn out a 'sang,' as Burns says, there may be a bit of a 'sermon' in it. Go on with your supper, lads; you can listen and eat at the same time.

"When I was young, I had a great fancy for caves. I have been in a good many, in Virginia, Kentucky, and elsewhere. But once I got so much of a visit to a cave that I have never been underground since. It was out in Tennessee, long before either of you boys was born, that I reached the little village of L—, late one evening, and put up at its one hotel. My purpose was to visit a cave near by, of which I had heard interesting accounts. At the supper table I met several friendly young business men who were proud of their cave, and anxious to show it to me.

"'But you'll have to lie by a day,' one of them said to me; 'to-morrow is election day, and every mother's son of us must go to the polls.'

"I told them how sorry I was to lose their friendly services, but that having only one day to spare, I must explore the cave without them. 'There is a guide on the spot, I suppose.'

"'Yes,' they said; 'the guide lives in a cabin only a stone's throw from the cave's mouth.' But they were evidently disappointed.

"When I came down to breakfast next morning, there was not a man in sight over twenty-one. I set out on foot for the cave, and soon reached Jim Hagood's cabin. Alas! Jim had gone to the polls, too. None of us had foreseen this.

"I asked Jim's wife if she could not act as my guide. By no means; her six-weeks-old baby could neither be taken into that cold place nor left alone in the cabin.

"But I was determined to see the cave, although the woman warned me earnestly against going in alone. Lives had been lost in there before now, she said; there were precipices and holes without number in those dark recesses. I believed her in part, but partly I took this for the 'shop talk' of a guide's wife. At any rate, go I would.

"I got from Mrs. Jim a candle, a box of matches, and some rice to mark a trail; also a long, stout stick, like an alpenstock. With these I plunged into the cave's mouth, promising myself that I would venture only so far as half my candle would hold out.

"But, being a geological crank, I lost my head as soon as I got to work on the unexpected formations I found in the cave. I sprang from boulder to boulder, using my hammer, sitting down to study and examine my 'finds,' without realizing how time was passing, and how my candle was wasting. Suddenly I began to feel hungry. I came to my senses and looked at my candle. There was only an inch left! Not that I had been in the cave as long as an unmolested candle would burn on your table, but I had idiotically flared it above my head, swinging it here, there, and everywhere, to get good views. And this was the result.

"A cold perspiration broke out on me. I dropped my bag of treasures, my hammer as well, and began to retrace my steps as rapidly as possible. But I had neglected the rice-sowing; and even if I had not, the candle gave out long before I could hope that I was near

the entrance. Its last ruddy flare showed me a yawning crevasse some steps ahead, and then I was in total darkness.

"Perhaps you think, boys, that you know what darkness is. You do not. Not until you find yourself alone, deep below the surface of the earth, with darkness folded around you like a thick blanket, can you know the meaning of the word. By means of lighted matches I managed to cross this first chasm, over a narrow ledge of rock; but it wasted my supply so alarmingly that I had to desist. Then I tried to go forward in the dark, but a single experience of putting forward my stick, and having it go down (I had almost toppled after it) into an uncanny void, so unnerved me that I gave up the hope of getting out of the cave by myself."

"What did you do next, sir?" demanded Hugh, eagerly.

"Ah, this is the part of my story that I want you to remember, boys. I realized now, as you can well imagine, my utter helplessness. And then, although I had been a Christian for many years, I realized for the first time what it was to have an Almighty God for my Father and Friend. I kneeled down in the darkness, and committed myself to his care, asking him to save my life if that was according to his holy will; and if not, to be with me in the dark hour of death.

"Having done this, I quit trembling, my head no longer swam, my eyes ceased starting from their sockets. I began again to draw free, regular breaths. And now I beguiled the time by repeating all the things I had ever committed to memory, especially psalms and hymns; and when I had been at this business for at least two hours, as I thought, or maybe three, I lighted one of my precious matches, and looked at my watch. Exactly twenty minutes had passed.

"Then, boys, I began to know how long eternity might be; and my heart overflowed with gratitude to my Redeemer, who had provided for me an eternity of light. I lifted up my voice, and sang his praises in the dark, and felt my cheeks wet with tears,—happy tears, boys,—for his wonderful goodness in giving me a bright, eternal hope.

"Well, you see me here, so you know the end. I sat there, sometimes lying down, for thirty-six hours. The guide's wife thought she saw me pass her cabin on my way back to the village, and gave the matter no more thought. But the young men whom I had met at the hotel, finding that I did not come back for my traps, felt alarmed for my safety, and a searching party set out to find me.

"Can you imagine my feelings when I roused from a half stupor of sleep, and saw a light glimmer through the darkness?—No, you can not possibly picture it to yourself. I can never have such an emotion again until I leave the darkness of earth, and see the light of heaven."

When the old preacher took down the Bible for the evening worship before sending the boys to bed, he read the beautiful psalm which says, "The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."—*Elizabeth Preston Allan.*

SPEECH is gold when the soul has gold to put into it, and sounding brass when there is but brass back of it. There is, of course, great difference in the transparency of speech. Some men shut the windows; some have stained glass, to let in the light, and hide what is within. And yet what is there will out. If genuine character is within, it will manifest itself. If angels are within, they will show themselves, as will also imps of darkness.—*Emerson E. White.*



LITTLE LIGHT MOCCASIN

LITTLE Light Moccasin swings in her basket,
Woven of willow and sinew of deer;
Rocked by the breezes, and nursed by the pine tree,
Wonderful things are to see and to hear.

Wide is the sky—from the top of the mountain,
Sheltered the cañon from glare of the sun;
Ere she is wearied of watching their changes,
Little Light Moccasin finds she can run.

Brown is her skin as the bark of the birches,
Light are her feet as the feet of a fawn;
Shy little daughter of mesa and mountain,
Little Light Moccasin wakes with the dawn.

All the rare treasures of summer-time cañons,
These are the playthings the little maid knows,—
Berry time, blossom time, bird calls, and butterflies,
Columbine trumpets, and sweet-brier rose.

When on the mesa the meadow-lark, stooping,
Folds her brown wings on the safe-hidden nest,
Hearing the hoot of the owlets at twilight,
Little Light Moccasin goes to her rest.

Counting the stars through the chinks of the wickiup,
Watching the flames of the camp-fire leap,
Hearing the songs of the wind in the pine trees,
Little Light Moccasin falls fast asleep.

—Indian Advance.

TEDDY'S SCHOOL

"TIME for garden work, isn't it, mama?" called Teddy from the kitchen.

The morning's work was all done; and Teddy, with Ben and Ray, had helped do it.

Mama was in the dining-room. She had just seated herself in the rocker at the large window to do some sewing.

Teddy had been so busy he had not noticed that it was raining. He did not even hear her tell the boys to take the big umbrella to school with them.

"Come, dear," said mama, in answer to Teddy's question, "and look out the window."

Teddy bounded joyfully into the room.

"Look out the window," repeated mama.

When Teddy stepped to the window, and saw the little raindrops pitter-pattering against the glass, a gloom spread over his face. Just then mama saw two big tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Oh, I wanted to work in the garden," sobbed Teddy, "and now I can't!"

"Don't cry, dear," said mama; "let us be very happy for this nice rain. Think how much good it will do the seeds we have planted. We can be happy for that, can't we? And then you know there are many other things that we can do to-day."

Teddy was a little home-school boy. His mama did not care to send him to day-school: she wished to teach Teddy his first lessons herself. Teddy thought his home school was the best school there could be. Mama let him play in the big yard every pleasant day.

When mama said, "There are so many other things that we can do to-day," Teddy smiled and brushed the tears from his eyes.

"Get your marrowfat peas and assorted wires," said mama. The peas had been soaking in water all night. When Teddy had found them, he sat down in his little red chair by mama's side.

"A long, long time ago," said she, "the first man was made. God made him, and put him in a garden to work."

Teddy thought that now mama was going to tell him again about Adam and the garden of Eden. But no; she had another story to tell—a new one, that Teddy had never heard.

"Of all the creatures that were made at that time, man is the most wonderful," she continued.

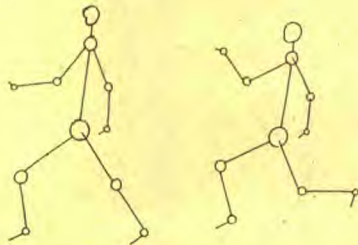
"God, who knows all things, saw that man would find true joy in working. He gave man a body so nicely arranged that he could work with ease and comfort. He gave him a head in which was a mind to think, eyes with which to see, ears with which to hear, a nose with which to smell, and a mouth with which to taste. He gave him arms and hands with which to work, and legs and feet with which to walk.

"He put joints in different places in man's body, so he could move the different parts to aid him in his work.

"Did you ever notice any of these joints at work, Teddy? Just bend your arm. Ah, how nicely this joint allows your arm to move backward and forward! Not a creak nor crack do I hear. In machines, joints have to be oiled often, or they will get dry and creak; but God has made the joints in our bodies to oil themselves.

"There are many joints in our bodies. Wherever you can bend any part of your body, you may be sure a joint is to be found.

"I wonder if you can find some of these joints. I think you can. With your peas and



wires you may now make some little skeletons. Use the wires for bones, and the peas where you think there should be joints."

Teddy was delighted with his lesson story on joints, and with a few hints from mama he soon had a little skeleton made. When she had finished her sewing, mama was surprised to see what a number of skeletons, in different positions, Teddy had put together. That afternoon at the lesson hour she gave him a piece of heavy white paper, and suggested that he get his brush and black water-color paint, and make pictures of some of the best skeletons. Teddy enjoyed this; and after he had made a number of pictures, mama showed him how, with a few wide strokes of the brush, to make his skeleton-pictures look like dressed boys. This pleased Teddy; and by and by, when he had made all the skeleton pictures look like dressed boys, he asked, "Mama, may I make some joint-pictures in my nature painting-book?"

When mama looked at the pictures he had made, and said, "Yes, you may," Teddy was delighted.

"I b'l'ieve I'll keep two whole pages for skeletons, just to see the different ways the body can be in, on account of joints," he declared.

LYDIA M. DROLL.



THE REASON

WHEN Minnie and Mamie are both at their play,
Everything runs in the smoothest way;
Each dear little face is so sunny and sweet,
To watch them together is surely a treat.

They never quarrel nor disagree,
Nor snatch the playthings, nor come to me
With pitiful stories, as Jennie and Sue,
When they play together, are sure to do.

I wondered what the reason could be,
Since they are all sweet little girls, you see;
So I called them up, and the case made plain,
And asked if they could the riddle explain.

And Minnie looked puzzled, and shook her head,
But our wise little Mamie quickly said,
With a wee, droll smile: "I think it must be
'Cause I 'let' Minnie, and Minnie 'lets' me!"

—Selected.

JUDGING

"WHAT a green acting fellow that Clyde Williams is! he looks like a simpleton," said Harry Potts to Elbert Rogers, not stopping to think that perhaps others were saying the same thing about himself.

Clyde Williams, Harry Potts, and Elbert Rogers are all young men not yet twenty-one; and if one has any pre-eminence over the other in the way of intellect, those about them have not yet been able to determine which is the superior.

All three are alike unripe in years and experience. But some of us have such a habit of judging and misjudging others. Oh, that we might be able to see ourselves as others see us! then our judgment and speeches would surely be kinder toward one another. There must be a lack of charity in our souls; for there is nothing that so illuminates our minds, broadens our sympathies, and beautifies human character as genuine charity.

I have not given you the real names of the young men mentioned in this article; nevertheless the young men are *real*, and it is a homely reality that there are many more like Harry Potts. How careful should all be to remember the command, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

MRS. PARRIE L. H. ROBERSON.

GOING TO MARKET IN KOREA

A QUAIN old city is Seoul (pronounced Saool), in Korea. I doubt if there is another just like it anywhere. How amused and interested you would be if you could see it! Think of thousands and thousands of houses,—many of them could hardly be called that,—looking like nothing so much as a great field of haystacks, each flattened at the top, and spreading out in shape like a horseshoe, one almost touching the other. Most of these roofs are so bowed in that they look as if they must surely drop inward of their own weight. Over the tops of these houses you will see line after line of clothes hung to dry. The streets are narrow and crooked, and you must be on the watch when you walk through them, or you will be run over. Why, one water-carrier with his pole and buckets can fill a street from side to side!

What fun you would have going to market in Seoul! The markets are usually held not far from the principal gates; for around Seoul runs a great wall, and entrance is had to the city through the gates. At these markets can be found almost anything that is needed, from a load of grain to a package of the queer, shaving-like matches.

Now we will start off to the market. Remember what I told you about the streets. Here is the water-carrier. Quick! dodge under his pole, or he will tumble you over. Now you must go around this place. See how wet and slippery it is. Two men with dippers have been ladling out the water from the gutter, and pouring it over the street, to lay the dust.

The crowd grows larger and larger. The greater part of it seems to be going all one way; that is, toward the market. The white dresses of the common and middle-classes are mixed with the violet, pink, and purple robes of the higher class. What odd hats the people wear—all sorts and sizes and shapes! Some of them look like a flower-pot turned down over a round table. Korea is sometimes called "The Nation of Hats."

Occasionally a noble goes by, carried in his chair by his big-hatted servants. The doors of the chair are open, so we can see him plainly. Indeed, he wishes to be observed. His robe is of a brilliant violet color, his girdle of flashing blue stones. His hair is rolled up in a knot, or ball, on top of his head. In his hand is a fan of silk, stretched on a frame, and set with pearls. Here are clerks in their tight sleeves, with chimney-pot hats tied under their chins; servants and slaves in pantaloons and jackets of white cotton; and policemen and constables displaying the sign of their office.

The crowd pushes and jostles and hurries along, but luckily no one is hurt. Now we have come to a kind of open space. A boy tries to sell us some candy and chestnuts from the tray suspended from his shoulders, and hanging across his waist in front. We hand him twenty "cash," the queer copper coin of the country, with the little square hole through the center; and he takes them eagerly, and strings them on a piece of twine, the only purse he has.

Now we are coming to the markets. What a hum! We can hardly get about, so great is the crowd. There are hundreds, yes, thousands, of men, women, and children. Some have come to buy, others to sell. Many of the latter are fishermen, with loads of fish brought all the way from the sea-coast, twenty-five miles away. Yonder are the butchers, noisy and important, with all kinds of meat for sale. All around are booths in which are rice, millet, ginseng, macaroni, beans, dried persimmons, and many other things. See these men squatting about on the ground! Do they not look queer? In front of them are spread lily-bulbs, seaweeds, acorns, turnips, and pecks of red peppers. All these things the people eat, and so these squatting merchants do a thriving trade. They sit upon their heels most of the time, and one would think they must get very, very tired; but they do not: they are used to it.

Boys run about selling the Korean matches, which are nothing but shavings, with the ends dipped in sulphur. Other boys are selling *mochi*, a paste made of boiled rice pounded into a mass. It resembles pie-crust, and is a favorite dish with the Koreans. Women, too, are taking part in the sales; others are acting as carriers. A few have come in from the country with loads of brushwood drawn by oxen. But not much of this is sold; for the principal fuel of Korea—that is, of Seoul—is straw.

Now we will go to that booth, and buy some eggs. Don't make the mistake of asking for them by the dozen. If you do, the merchant will only stare at you: he will not know what you mean. Eggs in Korea are sold by the "stick." They are laid end to end, and wrapped around with straw, being tied in such a way that each egg stands out straight and

stiff. Thus when you buy eggs in Korea, you may be sure of carrying them home without breaking.

If one intends to do much marketing in Korea, it is a problem to know what to do with the money. Even one hundred "cash" make quite a weight, and ten cash are only one cent. Gentlemen going to market often take from two to three servants loaded down with the "cash," which is strung on stout cords, and slung over their shoulders.—*A. M. Barnes.*



PLAIN SILVERED PAPER

A FEW years ago there was a craze for photographs having a glossy surface. Photographers reaped a rich harvest from the extra prices charged for the showy but inartistic "aristo" prints. But the fad was short-lived; and now the glossy gelatin and collodion papers are used by professionals only in making prints for reproduction in half-tone, and for their cheapest grade of portrait work.

When the reaction set in, some photographers went back to albumen paper; others took up platinotype, or other of the more troublesome processes, until matt-surface print-out paper began to appear on the market.

The matt-surface paper can hardly be called a fad. It is simply a process by which the old-fashioned pictures may be obtained with less trouble and uncertainty than by the old methods. Of course there is some difference between the pictures printed on modern matt-surface paper and those printed on plain silvered paper, such as was used by the early experimenters in the photographic art. But few artists will admit that the difference is favorable to the modern method. There is no silver-printing process that possesses such pictorial possibilities as the old plain silvered paper.

The process is neither difficult nor expensive. Its one great drawback is that the paper will not keep. It should be sensitized, printed, and toned the same day. It may, however, be sensitized in the evening, and hung up to dry during the night, to be printed and toned next day. If you arrange everything conveniently for sensitizing, this will not be as troublesome as it sounds to tell it.

What was said about paper to be used for the blue-print process applies with equal force to that sensitized in the silver bath. Photographic paper is best, but any kind will do.

Before sensitizing, the paper should be "salted." I will give several formulas for salting, and you can take your choice:—

Gloss starch,	1/4 ounce
Chloride of sodium,	1/4 ounce
Water (boiling),	24 ounces

Dissolve the starch in a little cold water, and add it to the boiling water. When clear, add the salt, and allow the solution to cool before using.

Water,	24 ounces
White gelatin,	1/4 ounce
Chloride of sodium,	1/4 ounce

Soak the gelatin in the water until it is soft; then dissolve it by heating the water. Add the salt. When cool, the solution is ready for use.

Neither of these solutions will keep more than two or three days, but both are quite sim-

ple. Here is another that is better, though more complicated:—

Boiling water,	12 ounces
Chloride of sodium,	1 ounce
Acetic acid,	3 ounces
Arrowroot,	1 ounce

Dissolve the arrowroot in a little cold water, and add to the boiling water. When clear, add the salt and the acid, and one ounce of tannin that has been previously dissolved in twelve ounces of water.

In any of these baths the paper should be soaked about ten minutes. It may then be hung up to dry. As it keeps indefinitely, a large amount of paper may be salted at one time, and it will then be ready to sensitize when needed.

There are many different formulas for silver baths; but the indispensable condition of success with any of them is purity of water. Distilled water is of course best. Rain-water stands next; but where it falls in the vicinity of large cities, it will often gather so many impurities from the air as to ruin a silver bath. The water from some wells is so nearly pure that it may be used with safety. Get the best water you can, and mix the bath according to one of the formulas given. If it looks turbid, or if it gives spotted or streaky prints, pour it into a glass jar or bottle, and set it in the sun for a few days. Then decant it, throwing away the sediment, and you will not be likely to have any more trouble.

Water,	10 ounces
Silver nitrate,	1 ounce
Nitric acid,	6 drops

In this bath the paper should be floated three minutes.

Water,	8 ounces
Citric acid,	1/4 ounce
Silver nitrate,	1 1/2 ounces

The paper may be floated in this bath, or the surface may be swabbed with the solution, as recommended for sensitizing blue-prints. But do not use the same swab for both processes. The slightest trace of foreign chemicals in the silver bath is fatal to success. After using a swab in this bath, it must be thoroughly washed, or the acid will play havoc with the fabric of which the swab is composed. After sensitizing, the paper must be dried in the dark; then it is ready to print.

Print quite deeply, as this paper tones out more than the commercial print-out paper.

This paper can not be toned in a combined bath. Almost any single-bath formula will do; but I prefer the acetate bath, a formula for which was given in a former paper. The toning is carried on just the same as with gelatin paper, but the fixing-bath requires no hardener. One ounce of hypo., dissolved in six ounces of water, will fix the paper in about fifteen minutes. After fixing, it is washed like any other paper.

Some surprisingly beautiful effects may be obtained by using these formulas for printing on silk. No additional instruction will be needed, except that if the silk is new, it should be thoroughly washed in hot soap-suds before sensitizing. Thin China silk, such as is used in making handkerchiefs, is best for this purpose.

When you use a silver bath, you need not be surprised at seeing brown stains on your fingers. They may be removed by washing in a solution of cyanide of potassium,—but remember that cyanide of potassium is a deadly poison.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

"REPENTANCE is a heart's sorrow, and a clean life ensuing."



JUDGING, ASKING, LIVING

(June 23, 1900)

Lesson Scripture.—Matt. 7:1-14.

Memory Verse.—V. 12.

QUESTIONS

1. In his relation to the life of others, what principle is the Christian invariably to follow? Matt. 7:1. What is certain to be the result of a wrong course in this matter? V. 2; note 1.
2. To show that man is utterly unable to judge his neighbor, what questions does Jesus ask? Vs. 3, 4. What must one do before he can aid in removing another's imperfections? V. 5; note 2.
3. Against what useless sacrifice does Jesus warn us? Why? V. 6; note 3.
4. If we would have God's blessing, what are we to do? V. 7. What strong assurances are given to all who thus seek? V. 8. By what questions does Jesus show the willingness of man to help those in need? Vs. 9, 10. How does God's goodness compare with that of man? V. 11.
5. What blessed rule of life is given for the child of God to follow? V. 12.
6. If we would enter into life, what way is to be chosen? Why? V. 13. What additional reason is given why great care should be exercised? V. 14.

NOTES

1. Judging, as brought to view in Jesus' discourse, is altogether different from simply seeing the faults of another. For the Lord has said that "we can not help seeing" the "faults and imperfections" of our brethren, but that we are "to love and respect" them notwithstanding. The spirit of judging is one which views the fault in order to condemn and criticize. When one takes this course, it is sure evidence that he himself is wrong. Rom. 2:1; James 4:11, 12. He is doing Satan's work. On the other hand, when he sees the fault, and in love seeks to aid the one who is overcome, he is accomplishing the work of Christ, fulfilling his law. Gal. 6:1, 2. The results of the two ways are also in contrast. He who judges drinks in the spirit of the evils he beholds; he partakes of the sin upon which his mind dwells; for by beholding we become changed. But he who seeks to restore is not thus affected by the evil; for love covers the sin, and sees only a soul for whom Jesus died. The result of the work of such a person is to bring Christ more fully into his own life, and at the same time to make beautiful the life of his brother. With these thoughts in mind it becomes easy to see how he who judges will also be judged. For as judging a sin makes prominent that same sin in the life of the one who judges, it thereby makes him the target of others' criticism, and the fit object of God's condemnation at last. "Judge not."

2. He whose fault is like a beam is far more imperfect than he whose trouble may be likened to a mote. The beam is of such proportions that it must entirely eclipse one's view of the mote. Many times the mote that appears in the eye of another is but a splinter, or part of the beam, in our own eye. But in any case one must be free from sin himself before he can deal with sin in a brother's character. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." John 8:7; see also 2 Cor. 10:6.

3. Precious truth is never to be placed before those who simply wish to cavil. The more that is placed before such, the more the injury done the cause of God.

WORRY AND SUCCESS ARE ENEMIES

"JOHN," said an old gentleman, as he lay dying, "whatever you do, *never worry*. If I could impress the importance of this indelibly on your mind, I could die assured of your success."

We give the following anecdote as showing in one man's life the results of two solutions of the world-wide question—to worry or not to worry:—

Some years ago in one of our Eastern cities lived a man noted for his success in business. In a short time he rose from poverty to independence and even riches. While gray hairs and wrinkled faces were telling the story of his associates' care-worn lives, he retained the vigor of strong manhood. Close application and diligence characterized his daily life; yet, though great, the strain of his work had no other effect than to make his endurance greater. The man lived a contented and happy life. His pleasant face won him custom; his cheerful greeting and kindly manners made friends of all who knew him.

And the secret was his home life,—a suburban home, where business worry never entered. All the world of business, with its greed and grind, was left outside the gate. Garden and house had been planned to insure seclusion and rest, and everything spoke of comfort. The library was filled with choice books. Music graced the parlor; and chosen friends came there to enjoy reading and games, or to contribute something of their own. As the children studied, they found a helpful and encouraging friend in their father. And above all, the wife and mother took delight in making home the pleasantest place in the world. With these surroundings this man was fortified for life's duties, and rose from success to success.

But changes came. Death claimed the wife, and college took the children, thus leaving his home desolate. And now, with nothing to divert his attention from them, business worries and cares crept in, filling his mind. Recuperation was no more complete: the glow of health faded from his cheek; and with ill health his manners changed. The cheerful smile was gone, and friends were passed unnoticed on the street. "He is growing childish and forgetful," they remarked. In less than two years he sold his business, and began to travel for his health. But health never came. He went to a sanitarium at last, where, in spite of the best of care, he died. Worry had completed its work. EDISON J. DRIVER.

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No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	8.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
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No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit...	3.45 P. M.
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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.
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No. 23, Accommodation.....	2.07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight.....	8.25 A. M.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

God's glory lies not out of reach;
The moss we crush beneath our feet,
The pebbles on the wet sea beach,
Have solemn meanings, strange and sweet.
— Owen Meredith.

MONDAY:

If you would not be known to do a thing,
never do it.— Emerson.

TUESDAY:

"A germ is hidden in every deed,
And every word we say, I know;
And be it a flower or a thistle seed,
It will sometime, somewhere, surely grow.
And on and on in the world we go,
And on and on, and we never know
The fruit that comes from the seed we sow."

WEDNESDAY:

Blessed is he who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in others.— Thomas Hughes.

THURSDAY:

"If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender."

FRIDAY:

The true calling of the Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way.— Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

SABBATH:

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Isa. 40:31.

A FORTUNE IN MANNERS

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him," said one of the chief men of the nation not long ago, speaking of a young man, who, by his cheery, thoughtful, friendly ways, was winning friends on every hand. "It would not be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities; but to a young college student with ambition, it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

Is the estimate too high, do you think? And do you agree with the idea that a courteous manner is worth more to the ambitious

young collegian than to the young man in the smaller school, in the shop, on the farm?

No; the estimate is not too high: the courtesy that springs from an unselfish wish to make others comfortable and happy, the manner that is the natural outgrowth of a real desire to be like the One who said, "I am among you as he that serveth," is not to be estimated by any worldly standard of value. And this accomplishment is within the reach of the humblest. There is nothing to hinder the farmer lad, the blacksmith's apprentice, the grocer's boy, from possessing the unselfish heart that will make them affable and helpful to all whom they meet, considerate of others' foibles, and friendly and courteous at all times. And if such a manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to the college youth, who has the advantages of education and culture to help him in life's battle, what will it not be worth to the young man who is handicapped by the lack of these, and who yet hopes also to win,—to rise to an honored and useful place in the world, in spite of the obstacles in his way? Surely, from the view-point of worldly wisdom alone, he will do well to cultivate the civility that "costs nothing, and gains everything."

But aside from this phase of the question, there is another thing to consider: We are won or repulsed by the manner of those who speak to us; we win or repulse others by our manner in speaking to them. How important, then, that those who have the privilege of telling to others the truth for these days shall possess a manner that will win them to acknowledge and accept it! "He that winneth souls is wise."

SPECIAL NOTICE!

AFTER July 1 the price of the *Missionary Magazine* will be fifty cents a year; to foreign countries, seventy-five cents. This decision was reached at the recent meeting of the Foreign Mission Board, after carefully considering the question in all its phases.

The *Missionary Magazine* has been published at a loss from its first issue, this heritage having been received from the *Home Missionary*, out of which it grew. The subscription list has more than doubled, and yet the cost of the paper has been about twice the subscription price, and it will be impossible ever to secure a list sufficiently large to make it self-supporting at twenty-five cents. Because of this, the price was raised to fifty cents, which will practically pay the cost of publication.

The *Magazine* has been before our people more than two years, so that they can judge of its value. It has been printed on better paper than the *Home Missionary*, and bound in good paper covers. Besides this, it has been materially enlarged, and made more valuable by the addition of illustrations and in other ways. It is the aim of the publishers to endeavor to increase, rather than diminish, its value.

We are now offering our people, for fifty cents a year, a good, forty-eight-page monthly, equal in value and size to many missionary journals ranging in price from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents.

The *Missionary Magazine* and the *Sentinel of Liberty*—formerly the *American Sentinel*—will be clubbed together for one dollar and twenty-five cents. Let all orders be sent as heretofore—either through the State tract society or direct to the Foreign Mission Board of Seventh-day Adventists, Room 1906, 150 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

FOREIGN MISSION BOARD
OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS.

MISSIONARY MAP OF THE WORLD

WE are pleased to announce that a missionary map of the world, representing our work in organized Conferences and mission fields throughout the world, is now in course of preparation. It will be printed on substantial cloth, in black and two colors. Price, seventy-five cents. It will be ready for delivery about July 1. Address all orders to the Foreign Mission Board of Seventh-day Adventists, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.



A Shoe-Shining Machine.—At last a machine has been invented that will automatically clean shoes. The process is as follows: "The foot is inserted into a properly arranged opening, and the railing of the machine is firmly grasped. A small motor actuates rotary brushes that remove the mud. The foot is next placed in the blacking arrangement proper, which acts as the dauber, and the third set of brushes is devoted to polishing." The various stages in the operation are indicated by a needle on the machine. In using, the only caution needed is to turn up the bottom of the trousers sufficiently so they will not be caught in the rapidly rotating brushes.

A New Use for the Phonograph.—It is now proposed to use the phonograph as an aid in learning foreign languages. It is a fact that "in learning a language it is necessary first of all to have the ear trained to catch and recognize the sounds, and the only way to accomplish this is to listen to the continual repetition of the sounds until the ear becomes familiar with them." Also, as many persons desire to learn a foreign language who can not have the aid of a teacher who can speak that language correctly, it is proposed to have phonographic records of foreign language lessons. By this means the student may have at his command a speaking-machine that will repeat the lesson to him over and over and over again, until he becomes perfectly familiar with it.

A Great Accumulation of Newspapers.—In the British Museum the files of the daily newspapers are encroaching very largely upon the space allotted to them. The shelves occupied by London newspapers alone exceed one thousand yards in length, while "those devoted to the provincial and foreign numbers measure more than three thousand yards," making a total of nearly three miles. It is stated that in a single year the British newspapers filled one hundred and eleven yards of shelving, which is at the rate of one mile in sixteen years. In consequence of this, a bill is now before Parliament authorizing the trustees of the British Museum to "deposit with local authorities any local newspapers which have been received by them at Bloomsbury since the year 1837, or which may be hereafter received, and also to make rules respecting the disposal, by destruction or otherwise, of printed matter deposited in the museum, which is not of sufficient value to justify its preservation." Any one who has ever visited the British Museum will surely agree that its present quota of relics, literary and otherwise, is quite large enough for all practical purposes.

A. J. BOURDEAU.