

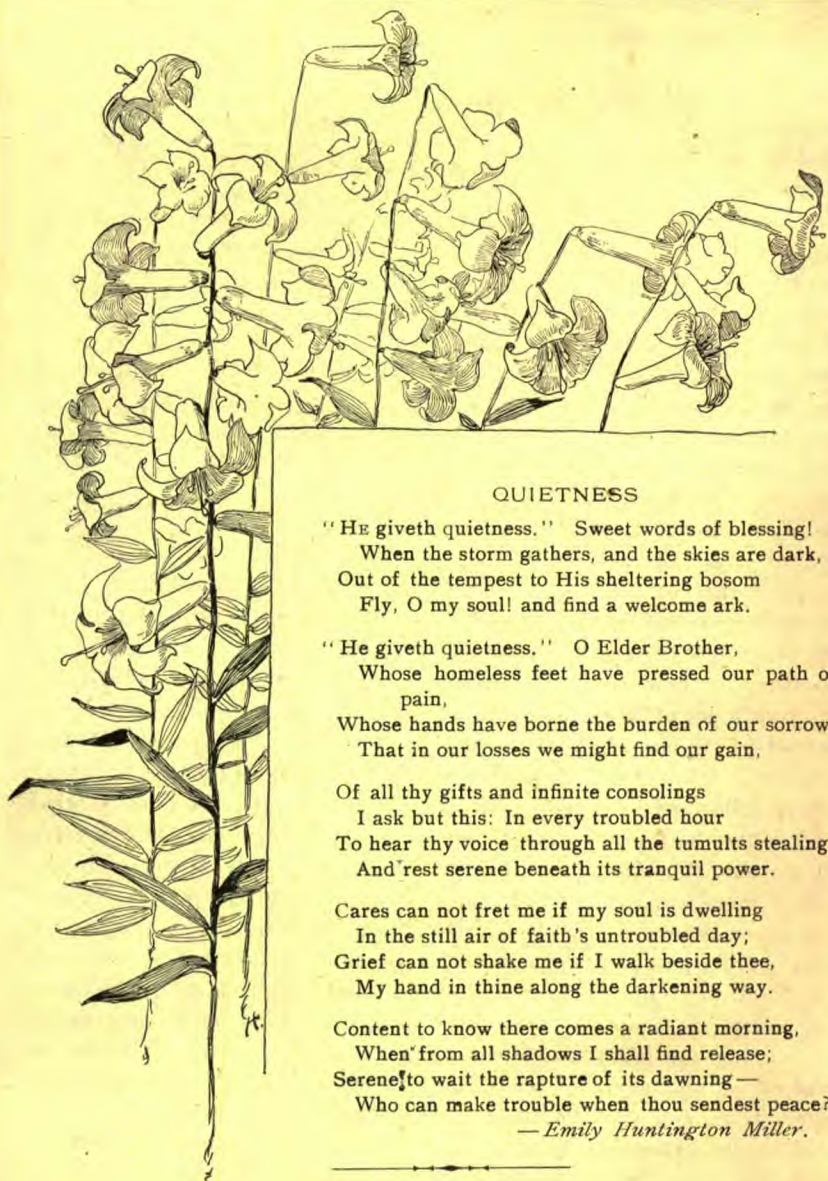
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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QUIETNESS

"He giveth quietness." Sweet words of blessing!
When the storm gathers, and the skies are dark,
Out of the tempest to His sheltering bosom
Fly, O my soul! and find a welcome ark.

"He giveth quietness." O Elder Brother,
Whose homeless feet have pressed our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in our losses we might find our gain,

Of all thy gifts and infinite consolings
I ask but this: In every troubled hour
To hear thy voice through all the tumults stealing,
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares can not fret me if my soul is dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief can not shake me if I walk beside thee,
My hand in thine along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning,
When from all shadows I shall find release;
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning —
Who can make trouble when thou sendest peace?
— Emily Huntington Miller.

MARY'S OFFERING

"THEN Jesus six days before the Passover came to Bethany, where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead. There they made him a supper; and Martha served; but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him. Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."

The feast at Simon's house brought together many of the Jews; for they knew that Christ was there. They came not only to see Jesus, but many were curious to see one who had been raised from the dead. They thought that Lazarus would have some wonderful experience to relate, and were surprised that he told them nothing. But Lazarus had nothing to tell. The pen of Inspiration has given light upon this subject: "The dead know not anything. . . . Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished." Lazarus had a wonderful testimony to bear, however, in regard to the work of Christ. He had been raised from the dead for this purpose. He was a living testimony to the divine power. With assurance and power he declared that Jesus was the Son of God.

Overwhelming evidence had been given to the Jewish leaders in regard to the divinity of Christ, but they had closed their hearts that no light might be admitted. The testimony of Lazarus was so clear and convincing that the priests could not resist it by argument. They could not deny it; for he who had been dead four days stood before them in the vigor of manhood, showing forth the praise of the great Restorer. They feared the effect of this miracle upon the people, "because that by reason of him, many of the Jews went away,

and believed on Jesus." If Lazarus continued to bear his testimony, the number of Christ's followers would be greatly increased. They purposed to remove Lazarus secretly, and thus less publicity would be given to the death of Christ. They could bring no charge against Lazarus; but rather than admit evidence that could not be denied, they plotted to kill him. The end, they argued, would justify the means. This men will always do when they separate themselves from God. Unbelief takes possession of the mind; the heart is hardened, and no power can soften it.

At the feast the Saviour sat at the table with Simon, whom he had cured of a loathsome disease, on one side, and Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead, on the other. Martha served at the table, but Mary was listening earnestly to every word that fell from the lips of Jesus. In his mercy Christ had pardoned Mary's sins, which had been many and grievous. Lazarus, her beloved brother, had been called from the grave, and restored to his family, by the power of the Saviour; and Mary's heart was filled with gratitude. She longed to do him honor. At great personal sacrifice she had purchased an alabaster box of precious ointment, with which to anoint the body of Jesus at his death. Now, taking the box in her hands, she quietly broke it, and poured the contents upon the head and feet of her Master.

Her movements might have passed unnoticed had not the ointment made its presence known by its rich fragrance, and published her act to all present. "When his disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste?" Judas was the first to make this suggestion, and others were ready to echo his words. Led by him, the disciples continued, "This ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor."

These words were the expression of a narrow mind. Judas wished to withhold this expensive favor from Christ, under pretense of helping the poor. He begrudged Christ the gift that he proposed to give to the poor. The world can judge of our knowledge and love of Jesus by the outward expression, the external testimony. Had the all-pervading love of Christ filled the hearts of the disciples, it would have been expressed in action. They would have shown that they recognized his supremacy, and knew him to be worthy the highest homage. But those who should have been first in these offices of love, were last; and Mary, who was considered the least, was first.

Jesus saw Mary shrink away abashed, expecting to hear reproof from the One she loved and worshiped. But instead of this she heard words of commendation. "Why trouble ye the woman?" Christ said, "for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." Her act is a prophetic anticipation of my death, and the record of it shall be repeated to the ends of the earth.

The look that Jesus cast upon the selfish Judas convinced him that the Master had penetrated his hypocrisy, and read his base, contemptible character. This was a more direct reproof than Judas had before received. He was provoked by it, and thus a door was opened through which Satan entered to control his thoughts. Instead of repenting, he planned revenge. Stung by the knowledge of his sin, and provoked to madness because his guilt was known, he rose from the table, and went to the palace of the high priest, where he found the council assembled. He was imbued with the spirit of Satan, and acted like one bereft of reason. The reward promised for the betrayal of his Master was thirty pieces of silver; and for a far less sum than the box of ointment cost he sold the Saviour.

In spirit and practice many resemble Judas. As long as there is silence in regard to the plague-spot in their character, no open enmity is seen; but when they are reproved, bitterness fills their hearts.

What a terrible action was this, both on the part of Judas and of the high priest! The rulers of Israel had been given the privilege of receiving their Saviour; but they refused the precious gift offered them in the tenderest spirit of constraining love. They refused the salvation that is of more value than gold, and bought their Lord for thirty pieces of silver!

The incident is full of instruction. The world's Redeemer was nearing the time when he was to give his life for a sinful world, yet how little even his disciples realized what was before them! Mary could not reason upon this subject; but by the Holy Spirit's power she saw in Jesus one who had come to seek and to save the souls that were ready to perish, and she was filled with a pure, holy love for him. The sentiment of her heart was, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" The ointment, costly as it was, expressed but poorly Mary's love for the Saviour.

Christ delighted in Mary's earnest desire to do the will of her Lord. He accepted the wealth of pure affection that his disciples would not understand. The desire that Mary had to do this service was of more value to Christ than all the precious ointment in the world, because it expressed her appreciation of her Redeemer. It was the love of Christ that constrained her. The matchless excellency of the character of Christ filled her mind and heart, and the ointment was a symbol of the overflowing love of the giver. It was the outward demonstration of a love fed by heavenly springs until it overflowed.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A MORAL, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and none other can.

—Cowper.

VOLCANIC ACTION IN THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS

THE great frequency of earthquake shocks in the Friendly Islands—usually comparatively slight since I have been here, however—has led me to read with interest some accounts of volcanic action in these islands by Rev. Thomas West during his residence here as a Wesleyan missionary. From these accounts I cull the following, without any effort either to follow or to avoid following his language:—

It was early in the year 1846 that Captain Samson, in command of an American whaling-ship, while on his way to Vauvau, the northern division of this group of islands, passed through a heavy shower of ashes and pumice-stone. He gathered up some that fell on the deck of his vessel, and bottled it.

Here is his report: "At the time we saw the cloud, it was a double-reefed topsail breeze from the northeast; but it was a beautifully clear, starlight night. As we approached, it appeared like a squall; and as soon as we entered, the eyes of the men on the watch were blinded by the dust." "When the sun arose, the dust appeared of a dark-red color, rolling over like great volumes of smoke, and presented an appalling appearance. At 8 A. M. it became so dark that candles had to be lighted in the cabin. At 11 A. M. the atmosphere began to clear a little; and the sun was occasionally seen. By noon we were clear of the cloud, having sailed through a shower of ashes at least forty miles in extent." Captain Cash, of the "Massachusetts," got into the same shower near Savage Island, about sixty miles to the eastward of Captain Samson's position.

For weeks prior to the awful eruption that belched forth at this time, a flood of lava laid waste the Island of Fonua Lei (Ivory Land), and produced the above-mentioned cloud;

earthquakes were very severe and frequent, thus warning the few inhabitants living on adjacent islands, who made their escape. Fonua Lei contained the principal gardens of the adjacent islands. So complete was the ruin, that not a sign of animal life nor a blade of grass was seen after it. The strange and alarming sounds heard at Vauvau before and after the eruption greatly terrified the natives there.

June 24, 1853, a terrible eruption took place on the Island of Niua Fooou, situated about two hundred miles northwest of Fonua Lei. On that night the people were alarmed by a severe and long-continued earthquake. This was succeeded at midnight by another, still more severe, which shook the entire island; and this, in turn, by a third, which rent open the earth in the midst of a native village. "A small chapel was swallowed up, and the blood-red flames of a new volcano shot up high in the air; while the molten sea of lava, belching from the fiery gorge so suddenly opened, swept houses, trees, and all living things into one burning sepulcher."

Before daylight ten miles of richest vegetation was buried beneath from eight to fifteen feet of rock. Those of the people who were not swallowed up, thought that the day of judgment had come. How often in the presence of some terrible physical phenomenon, the fear of the retributive judgment of God takes possession of the minds of men—as if God were thus warning them of impending doom.

Wonderful was the escape of some of the survivors as they ran through the rain of hot cinders. One man, while running, stumbled into a fissure, which suddenly opened at his feet; but recovering his footing, he flew off again, just in time to escape from a jet of fire that shot up from the very spot where he had fallen. Another, snatching up two of his children, and shouting to his wife to follow, rushed for an adjacent rising ground, where he found some shelter. His poor wife started after him; but evidently remembering that there was still one child left in the house, she was seen to rush back to its rescue. Alas! barely had she entered the house when a flood of boiling lava rolled over it. A child, fleeing in haste, stumbled over the cliff overhanging the lake, and was thought to have perished on the jagged rocks below. Two days later, faint, but still alive, it was found suspended in the branches of a tree that grew out from the side of the cliff, and thus sheltered the little one from the fire above and the rocks beneath.

As soon as the surface of the ground had cooled sufficiently, religious services were held as near as possible to the supposed site of the fated village, under the shadow of the largest volcano, still active. The result was a deep religious awakening.

Only a few years ago, smoke was seen out in the ocean from the island on which we are living. On investigation it was found that a new island had been forced up from the bed of the Pacific by the pent-up forces of nature in their effort to escape.

How terrible to contemplate is the fact that in these last days not only will new islands be thrown up, but the islands already existing will drop out of sight with their living freight. Still more awful is the thought of those who, when the heavens depart as a scroll, and every mountain and island is moved out of its place, will implore the mountains and rocks to fall on them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

EDWIN S. BUTZ.

SOME other time is n't any time at all.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.



CHARACTER

O WORKMAN in the walls of time!
Bear with thy slow reward;
For time alone shall weigh thy worth,
Thy deed its place accord.

The works of years in ages past,
That still stand firm to day,
Were built upon enduring rock,
And not upon the clay.

As pillars of far-distant Rome
Strengthened by centuries' stay,
So shall the deeds of noble men
Brighten with time's decay;

For God, who gave the right to live,
Will all man's works define,
And while the swift-winged ages pass,
The souls of men refine.

Then, so let man, if he would win,
With purpose lasting, pure,
The foundation of CHARACTER
Build noble, strong, and sure.

WALTER CUMMINGS BUTTERWORTH.

JULY STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART III: "GREECE AS A MISSION FIELD"
(July 15-21)

1. *Greece.*—The ancient name of Greece was Hellas, and this appellation still clings to her in classical poetry. The people of that day were called Hellenes—a name to which some of the most patriotic modern Greeks tenaciously hold. The term Greece was given to the country by the Romans; probably derived from a small tribe in Epirus, called Græci, with whom the Romans, perhaps from proximity, were best acquainted. Save the land hallowed by the footprints of the Saviour, no country brings to mind more interesting memories than Greece. The Hellenes, or Greeks, have done much to promote human culture. What the Romans won by force of arms, and retained by awe of their martial power, Greece both won and retained by more peaceful arts. When one remembers how much of the territory now comprising the Turkish Empire once belonged to Greece, there is no wonder that the provinces of true Greece, now under the heel of Turkey, are restless and impatient.

2. *Geographical Peculiarity.*—The most obvious geographical peculiarity of Greece is its remarkable richness in mountains, bays, and islands, which give it unexampled natural defenses, unusual maritime facilities, and quite a peculiar variety of climate, vegetation, and scenery. In this respect it but gathers into a smaller page, and expresses in distincter type, the structural peculiarities of the continent to which it belongs. In the complexity of its make, and the variety of its natural features, Greece excels every other country in Europe, as Europe excels every other continent of the world. No part of Greece is forty miles from the sea or ten miles from the hills. Though not much more than half the size of Portugal, it has a coast-line greater than that of Spain and Portugal combined, and that coast-line is broken everywhere with all manner of gulfs, and bays, and inlets, affording a rich supply of excellent natural harbors. Strabo said that the guiding

thing in the geography of Greece was the sea, which presses in upon it at all parts with a thousand arms. The country is divided by its mountain chains into a number of independent parts. The small basins of arable land between these hills maintained comparatively isolated populations, on account of the difficulty of intercommunication, and naturally developed that individuality of character, that local patriotism, and that political independence, which marked the ancient Greek communities. And the great variety of pursuit, interest, and stimulus which the geographical features of the country created could not fail to conduce to the uncommon mental vigor, quickness, and versatility that the people exhibited. The Greeks, therefore, owed their greatness largely to the country in which it was their fortune to dwell.

3. *The National Character of the Greeks* is a matter upon which authorities take very contrary views, some idealizing them foolishly, and others depreciating them unjustly. It is true that they have the faults and excellences of their famous ancestors. They are inquisitive, full of mental activity, fond of excitement, as keen for discussion as in the days of Plato, and as eager after novelty as in those of Paul. Their thirst for knowledge is indeed remarkable, as is also their aptness to learn. Boys will put themselves to any discomfort in order to get to school; students at the university never missed a day from their classes during the revolution of 1863, but regularly attended the lectures, with the arms of the national guard in their hands; and domestic servants are often found studying in spare hours. The Greeks are courteous and sunny in disposition, and entire strangers to melancholy, so that both suicide and insanity are unknown among them. They are temperate and chaste. The common people live on one meal a day, and the richer on two. An English laborer will consume at one meal what would serve a Greek family of six for the day. Two striking characteristics of the Greeks are their patriotism, and their love not only of liberty but of equality. They have no nobility: as of old, "to be a Greek is itself to be noble."

4. *Agriculture.*—The cultivation of the soil is still in its infancy. A larger proportion of the area of Greece is uncultivated than obtains in any other country in Europe except Russia, but that is explained by the unusually large part of it that is occupied by mountains. The methods of cultivation are still primitive. The Greek plow is that of Homer, which hardly does more than scrape the surface of the ground. There is no system of rotation in crops; even the laying out of the fields is slovenly, a patch of this crop growing here, and a patch of another there. The houses of the peasantry are sheds of wood or huts of mud, without either chimney or window, but always with a picture of the Virgin inside. It is the universal testimony that the country, if properly cultivated, might grow food for three times its present population; yet cereals alone to the value of several million dollars are imported annually.

5. *War for Independence.*—From the fall of Constantinople to the present day, the history of Greece suggests a problem of profound historic interest. From the year 1453 till the end of the eighteenth century, almost all the occasions on which the Greek people appear on the page of the historian are occasions on which we read of them that they were butchered or sold into slavery. Record tells only

of their annihilation or dispersion. Yet in the beginning of the nineteenth century this apparently annihilated and dispersed people summoned sufficient energy to resist the Turks; and although in all probability they would have failed to overcome their oppressors if they had been compelled to struggle unaided, their courage and self-devotion in the conflict were such as to gain for them the sympathies of Europe, and they came forth triumphant. But even in reading of their war for independence, we are astonished that any were left. Thousands upon thousands perished, and their victory seemed only less terrible than utter defeat. Yet the spirit of life remained. The kingdom of Greece was established; and within forty years, notwithstanding deplorable mistakes in its management, the population has doubled, and the country has become consolidated into a constitutional realm.



"He's true to God who's true to man. Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

TO LIVE a true Christian life, one should be both an earnest student and a zealous teacher. He should be ever learning from the words and works of God, and ever imparting to others what he has learned. How one young man learned this secret of success is related below:—

He had accepted Christ at a camp-meeting, and, being full of zeal and earnestness, did well for a time. Then discouragement and temptation came, and he yielded. True, he rose again, but only to fall under worse discouragement. Thus things went on for several months, till he decided that, for him, a Christian life was not possible. Convinced that this was so, he determined to leave home, and work out his own nature where no one knew him.

But one day he was prompted to tell his troubles and plans to the pastor of his church. This good old man had had much experience, and soon saw what the young man needed. "My dear brother," he said, "I know that God has something far better than that in store for you. When you learn to take all your cares to him, trust him as you ought, and work for him faithfully, your life will be happy indeed."

"But," the young man replied, in a discouraged tone, "what's the use trying and trusting, and then being so wicked half the time? I can't do right."

"Now, brother," said the minister, "do not feel disheartened at your failure. You have failed as hundreds of others fail—not because you could not succeed, but because you did not know how. What you need is the formula for success, then strength to work it out. The secret of success is this: Each day read and learn something of God's great plan and sacrifice, and then each day tell some one else the truths you have learned."

The young man thought it over, and was finally persuaded to try the experiment. In the evening he studied, talking with the minis-

ter about the principles of Christianity; and during the day, at his work, or wherever he might be, he spoke to others of Christ. His life has been one of healthy Christian growth and success ever since.

The other day, when asked to what he attributed the most of his success, he said: "Years ago I resolved to make it a point never to neglect an opportunity, no matter how hard it might seem, of speaking for Christ and his truth; and that has been the keynote of my life. God has given me strength and courage to do this. It is the greatest secret of Christian success I know."

EDISON J. DRIVER.

"THAT DOES N'T TROUBLE ME!"

"THAT does n't trouble me!" said a fireman in the employ of the Boston and Maine Railroad several years ago. A Canadian express-train had just rolled into the station at Boston, and the engineer was remarking that a "hot box" had developed since leaving the last station.

No; the fact that there was a "hot box" did not trouble the fireman; the engineer was held accountable for every accident that occurred to the engine: it was for this reason, in part, that he received twice the pay of the fireman. But, somehow, the remark grated on the engineer's ears. He thought that the fireman ought to be troubled when anything occurred to the engine that he fired, and his respect for the man received a severe check.

It was not long after this incident that the engineer was called into the superintendent's office one morning.

"Mr. Stevens," said the superintendent, "what sort of man is your fireman?"

Instantly the words of the fireman passed before the engineer's mind. "That does n't trouble me!" seemed written in letters of fire.

"Dan's a good fireman," he replied, "he and I get along all right, sir."

"There's something a trifle 'out' about him?" queried the superintendent, looking keenly at the engineer; "would n't just do for an engineer?"

The engineer would have liked nothing better than to see the ambition of the fireman a reality; but he was convinced that in speaking a good word for him, he would be endangering the public.

"I think his place is on the fireman's box," he said; "he's a good man there—doesn't drink, and does all that the road demands."

"What's the matter with him?" persisted the superintendent.

The engineer hesitated a moment; for he disliked to prevent the promotion of the man who had fired for him for years. Finally he related the incident that troubled him.

"That settles it," replied the superintendent; "I wanted an engineer for a new local. You know the requirements of the road—he will never do."

A small matter to notice, perhaps some reader thinks; but it was an index to the man's life, that told of much more. The railroad demands a man on the engineer's seat who is interested in the duties of every man on the road whose duties are in touch with his own, whether they relate to a "hot box" or a defective boiler.

How many young men there are who are practically saying, each day of their life, "That does n't trouble me!" We meet them on the street and in the shop, in the home and at the concert hall. They are easily picked out. Their employers know who they are, and the more desirable positions are not for them.—*Well-Spring.*



JULY

O SULTRY July, with thy radiant sky!
The sun in his chariot is riding on high;
His steeds never tire
In their pathway of fire,
Till the cool evening breeze sings its sweet lullaby.

The clover-crowned hills and the glimmering rills,
The cool, shady grove where the oriole trills,
The meadows and trees,
And the rivers and seas,—
All speak to my heart till with gladness it thrills.

All the merry day long we will join in the throng
With the bees and the butterflies flitting along,
And with hearts filled with love
For the Father above,
We'll join in our gladness the haymaker's song.

O merry July, with thy radiant sky!
We know that thy blossoms must wither and die,
But they'll fade nevermore
On that "evergreen shore,"
In the land of the blest in the "sweet by and by."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

BUTTER-AND-EGGS

ANOTHER name for this queer little plant is Yellow Toad-flax. Another member of the family, with blue flowers, is called Blue Toad-flax.

The oddly-shaped flowers of the Toad-flax look almost like little creatures; and indeed, other members of this same order—the Fig-wort Family—have received names expressing this idea; as, for instance, snapdragon, turtle-head, snake-head, beard-tongue, monkey-flower, blue-heart, eyebright, foxglove, yellow-rattle, lousewort, and cow-wheat.

You can easily see that this must be an odd family if the names signify anything of the shapes of the different blossoms. In due time we will consider some of these, and give drawings, so that you can better understand their queer shapes and odd antics.

Toad-flax is so common that it must be ranked with the weeds. On this account we do not care for it as we do for other flowers that are perhaps less attractive, but not so easily found. It requires scarcity to advance the price of an article in the market.

L. A. REED.

WITH THE MERRY WARBLERS

WHEN the anemone nods on its slender stem, and the violet blooms in the meadow, and the willows by the watercourses are beginning to look like green mist, the wood-warblers return to us from the far South, some to tarry only a few days on their way to their distant Northern home, others looking about for a nesting-place. This is a more favorable time to make their acquaintance than later, when the thick foliage will afford them easy concealment.

The wood-warblers constitute a separate family of birds, known only to America. When the amateur ornithologist is told that seventy different species visit the United States, he is likely to be discouraged; but he may take heart again on learning that in any one locality he will find the number much reduced. While it is a great delight to a bird-lover to see a rare migrant, one who has but little time for this interesting pursuit may enjoy much in the acquaintance of a few common warblers, which remain with us all summer.

One of the most conspicuous of these is the yellow warbler, or summer yellowbird, sometimes called wild canary. Nearly every one who spends any time in the country must have seen this bright little tenant of our orchards, looking somewhat like a daffodil on the wing. Like all warblers, he lives on insects, and is furnished with a slender, pointed bill, very different from the short, thick bill of the goldfinch, for which he is often strangely mistaken. This warbler is with us from the first of May till the last of September, and is most common near the habitations of man, often building his pretty nest of fine grasses and plant-down in our pear- or apple-trees, or in the shubbery of our lawns. I have found one of these dainty nests in the crotch of a willow tree, and another in a barberry bush, low enough for me to see the little spotted eggs. The simple but pleasing song of the yellow warbler may be heard all through May and June. Summer would lose one of its charms without the presence of this sunny little bird. He is, too, an invaluable ally of the fruit-grower, on account of the great quantities of insects he consumes.

Quite as conspicuous for his gay plumage and sprightly manners is that "brilliant little meteor," the redstart. Mr. Chapman tells us that in Cuba, where most warblers are known as *Mariposas*—butterflies—the redstart is called *Candelita*—the little torch. He darts hither and thither among the leaves of the orchard or forest in pursuit of his insect prey with such swiftness as to give us only a confused impression of red and black; but if we can see him before the foliage appears, we shall discover that his upper parts, throat, and breast, are shining black, and that there are dashes of salmon red on the wings and tail and sides of the breast. The markings of the female are similar, but the colors much less brilliant. The redstarts are so numerous that no one need fail of their acquaintance. Their song resembles that of the yellow warbler, being, perhaps, a little shorter and more abrupt. Audubon gives it as "teetee-weetee-weetee."

A third warbler, which is easy to identify, and which sometimes visits our orchards and gardens, though more numerous in the woods, is the black-and-white creeper, as he has been called from his habit of creeping, woodpecker fashion, along the branches or trunks of trees as he searches for his food. He is a dapper little fellow, all in black and white stripes, and frequently utters his rather weak song, "See-see-see-see," or, as it is sometimes translated, "Busy-busy-busy-busy-biz."

Those of us who wander by marshes or shady streams have doubtless seen a warbler with an olive-green back, yellow throat, and black cheeks,—

A living sunbeam tipped with wings,—
A spark of light that shines, and sings,
"Witchery-witchery-witchery."

One writer affirms that the Maryland yellowthroat is the most abundant of all our warblers; another says that this is one of the first acquaintances we shall make when we begin to study birds. I knew many warblers before I

met this sprightly little songster; but that may be because he is rarely found on high lands, for which I have decided preference. I know a thicket near a reedy marsh, much frequented by red-winged blackbirds, where almost any summer day I may hear—

A voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
"Witchery-witchery-witchery."

Quite different in habit and appearance from the Maryland yellowthroat is that dweller in the upper branches of our forest trees, the black-throated green warbler. Hunting for him with an opera-glass is neck-breaking work; but one feels repaid by a sight of his beautiful olive-green back, bright yellow cheeks, and black throat and breast. The two white wing-bars and large amount of white in the tail will help to identify him. He has a characteristic song, which, once learned, is not likely to be forgotten. "It seems," says Mr. Chapman, "to voice the restfulness of a midsummer day."

One of the most common bird-songs heard in the woods is a loud, insistent, "Teacher, teacher, teacher, TEACHER, TEACHER," each note being a little louder and more emphatic than the preceding. One may follow the song from tree to tree, and yet fail of a glimpse of the singer. Possibly, if he give up the search, and sit down to rest, he may see an olive-green bird, with a heavily streaked breast, walking leisurely over the ground. Most birds hop like the robin; few walk, as does the ovenbird. He is larger than most warblers, and has been erroneously called the golden-crowned thrush. The name ovenbird was given him from the shape of his nest, which is built on the ground, with the entrance at the side. The often-repeated "teacher, teacher, teacher," is not his only vocal effort. He has a rare and beautiful song, which he occasionally pours forth when the evening shades are falling. I was fortunate enough to hear it once while walking through a park after sunset. He began by repeating the familiar "teacher" twice, and ended in a rapturous and indescribable burst of melody.

An acquaintance with all our wood-warblers would require close attention to them for many seasons; but some knowledge of the few here mentioned will serve as an introduction to this fascinating family, and will lend a new charm to country life. — *Emily Tolman, in the Congregationalist.*

MY MORNING MINSTREL

In sackcloth clad, from hill and plain,
The day advances, bathed in tears;
But music stirs my sluggish ears—
A robin singing in the rain!

I rise, and in the dull, gray light
I see him from my window-seat,
The leafless branches 'neath his feet
Half hid by lingering mists of night.

Against his draggled front, forlorn,
The chill March breezes moan and sigh;
But still, with head uplifted high,
He carols bravely to the morn.

Then I, who listen, feel a glow—
A quick thanksgiving—touch my heart;
The veil is rent, the mists depart,
Again the vernal zephyrs blow;

While with the song from everywhere,
A sudden flush of spring descends;
And, even as the singer ends,
Sweet breath of blossoms fills the air.

O ruby-throated minstrel mine!
I bless the dawn that gave thee birth,
And set the tenderest chord of earth
Within that sturdy breast of thine!

— *Augustus Wight Bomberger.*



THE GIRL WHO SMILES

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary;
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely — very!
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her;
But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown,
And she looked so gay when she so came down,
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing,
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing;
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

— Selected.

"ALL GLORIOUS WITHIN"

"WHY, what is the matter, Laura?" asked Mrs. Porter. Her daughter had come from school an hour before, passed through the sitting-room and up-stairs, and her mother had not seen her since. Now, on entering Laura's room, she found her lying face downward on the bed, sobbing as if her heart would break. Kneeling beside her, and pillowing the brown head on her shoulder, Mrs. Porter smoothed the tangled locks lovingly. The comforting mother-touch seemed to subdue the tumult within, before a word was spoken.

At length, between heavy sobs, Laura's troubles were poured into her mother's sympathizing ear.

"Why could n't I have been beautiful, mother? or at least passably good looking? No one loves beauty more than I! I do so admire a pink-and-white complexion, bright eyes, white teeth, glossy locks,— and, mother, I have n't a single one of them! I'm freckled and green-eyed and shock-headed, and my teeth are crooked, and ——" but here she sat up, and brushed the "shock" of hair away from her flushed, excited face. Her mother could not repress a smile at this formidable array of disadvantages; but she knew, nevertheless, that her fourteen-year-old, and unmistakably plain, daughter's trouble was very real to her; and that to the sensitive, beauty-loving soul just awaking within, her child's plain face was a sore trial.

"But how is it that you are feeling so much worse about it to-night than usual?" asked her mother.

"Why, I overheard Lottie Brown, the new girl, ask Alice Reed who that homely girl was, who sat just in front of her. That girl was I, mother, and they called me the homeliest girl in school!" and Laura's sobs broke out afresh.

"I know, dear child," said her mother, soothingly, "that it is natural for young girls

to look much at the outward appearance. When you are older, you will be better able to estimate things at their true value. Beauty is a gift of God, and not to be despised. But our loving Father may have bestowed upon you gifts that many prettier girls do not have. Do the best with what he has given you, darling, and it will all come out right." So saying, Mrs. Porter kissed her daughter, and left the room.

There was no school the next day; and as Laura was helping her mother arrange the rooms, the latter said: "Now we need bouquets for the parlor. Bring me some flowers, daughter. Perhaps those lovely poppies at the end of the garden would be best."

Laura looked at her mother in surprise. "Why, mama!" she exclaimed, "I never knew that poppies were favorites of yours. Let me get roses, instead."

For answer her mother drew her to the window. "Look! what could be more beautiful than those poppies? Some are a deep, rich red, and others are red, pink, and creamy white, beautifully mingled. Really, the roses look faded in comparison."

"Yes, but the roses are fragrant, and poppies are not. Roses would fill the room with their sweet odor."

"Oh! then beauty is *not* everything!"

Afterward, as they arranged the flowers, most of which were roses, Mrs. Porter told Laura how a moral and spiritual influence emanates from every one, surrounding him like an atmosphere. If one is pure and good, this atmosphere may be compared to the fragrance of the rose. It attracts all who enter its circle. After a long silence the daughter said, "I think that is a very beautiful idea, mama; I am going to remember it, and try to be like the rose."

"God grant it! Now let us hasten; for I expect Aunt Eunice here to dinner."

"Oh, I am so glad! Dear auntie! No one comes here whose visits I enjoy as much as hers."

"And yet she has a very plain face — perhaps even more so than your own."

"Oh, I can't agree with you at all, mama! I think she is beautiful — and here she comes this minute!" and Laura flew to meet her favorite aunt.

Later in the day, as she sat by her side, enjoying the confidential talk so dear to them both, Laura was forced to admit that her aunt's features were irregular, her mouth rather large, and her eyes the very same color as her own. The charm of Aunt Eunice's face lay chiefly in the smile that played about her lips, and the look of goodness and intelligence that beamed from her eyes.

"Aunt Eunice is n't pretty," Laura acknowledged to her mother that night; "but if I thought I could ever look as sweet as she, it would be a great comfort to me."

"Then begin now to strive to attain to the sweetness of character that is the source of those sweet looks. Cultivate all the graces of mind and heart; for the older one grows, the more the soul shines through the face. Get your Bible, dear, and let us see how the

Lord regards mere beauty. Turn to Prov. 31:30."

Laura did as requested, and read, "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"Do you remember what praise Solomon gives the King's daughter?"

"Yes, mama; he says she is 'all glorious within;' I think that must be what Aunt Eunice is."

"Yes, and it is what your Heavenly Father wishes you to become."

VIOLA E. SMITH.

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

SOME people call the world God's great cathedral. One of its organs is the sea. Oh, it is a great organ, the sea! It can play as sweet and soft as a flute. But it can also roar and thunder to terrify the bravest.

The sounds are many that make the music of the sea. It may seem to you one great sound, but it is made up of many. As you lie by the sea on a breezy day, you see the little white waves out there like sheep in a green field, or like cloudlets in the sky. Each one of them is making a little whisper as it runs along and breaks; and the sum of all their whispers must be something considerable, like the singing of a forest of little birds.

There is the sound of every wave that tumbles on the shingle or the sand, the rush of it as it runs along the beach, the hiss of it as it draws back. And there is the rattle of the pebbles one upon another, which it carries back with it. Then there is the little clash as it meets another up-coming wave, and the pebbles are driven up again.

Then there must be the sound of the tidal wave as it rises for hours, and then sinks for hours away. Streams are flowing with their own sound into the sea, or falling over cliffs with a trickle, or a splash, or a thud.

And the winds are piping in many keys; and the sea-birds are shrieking with wild sounds, which, perhaps, you do not separately hear; but they all make up the one mysterious voice and music of the sea — a voice as rich, and a music as unfathomable, as the great ocean deeps themselves. — P. T. Forsyth.

NOTABLE EVENTS ON FRIDAY

Moscow burned on Friday.

The Mayflower landed on Friday.

America was discovered on Friday.

Lincoln was assassinated on Friday.

The Bastille was destroyed on Friday.

King Charles was beheaded on Friday.

Queen Victoria was married on Friday.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday.

Julius Cæsar was assassinated on Friday.

The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday.

Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday.

The Battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday.

The Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday. — Selected.





CLOUDS

THERE are very few outdoor scenes that, when photographed, are not beautified by having a few clouds to break the monotony of the sky. A great expanse of clear, white sky has spoiled many an otherwise excellent landscape picture. Of course you can not always get appropriate clouds to occupy the desired position; and even when you do, it is not always possible to get them in the negative.

When the picture includes moving objects, thus demanding a rapid exposure, the securing of any clouds that may be in the sky is quite out of the question. The reason is not that clouds require a long exposure; for just the reverse is true. The violet rays so predominate in the sky that when the negative has been sufficiently exposed for the landscape, the sky has been so overtimed that it is made of universal blackness in the negative. It will then print perfectly white.

If the subject will admit of an exposure of two or three seconds, and there are appropriate clouds in the sky, the photograph may be taken through a color-screen or a ray-filter. This will exclude some of the violet rays, and thus equalize the exposure.

Under the most favorable circumstances, the sky will often be more dense than the landscape. When the contrast is not too marked, a little dodging in the printing will usually obviate this difficulty. The least dense portions of the negative will print most rapidly; and when they are fully printed, they must be protected until the denser parts are printed also. This may be accomplished by holding any opaque object over the part to be protected, moving it slightly every few seconds, to avoid a distinct line between the protected and exposed parts. If the protecting mask is held about half an inch from the back of the negative, and the printing is combined in the shade or under tissue-paper, it will not be necessary to move the mask, as the light will be so diffused that no line will appear. This is what is called "vignetting."

When there are no clouds in the sky, they may be printed in from another negative, without great difficulty. The first thing necessary is to get a negative with clouds suitable for the landscape, and so lighted that they will not look as if they were taken at a different time of day than the rest of the picture. It is well to take a number of cloud-negatives that are differently lighted. Do not devote too many plates to heavy storm-clouds. They are interesting in themselves, but there are few landscapes into which they can be appropriately introduced. Light, fleecy, scattered clouds will be far more serviceable for double printing.

Do not print a favorite sky into too many pictures, as this will give your work a sameness that will be anything but pleasing. If the sky in your landscape prints white, a print may be made from it without masking. Take a piece of brown wrapping-paper about the size of your printing-frame, and cut through it along the sky-line of the negative. If the picture is of a level country, with no trees nor buildings extending above the horizon, this will be simply a straight cut. Under any circumstances it will not be difficult, as it will not be necessary *exactly* to follow the sky-line. Adjust this mask on the face of the printing-frame so that

all but the sky of your landscape negative is covered, and fasten it in position with two tacks at each end. Unless you print in the shade, the remainder of the printing-frame must be covered with white tissue-paper.

The cloud-negative may now be placed in the frame, and the sky printed into your landscape. The mask will protect that part of the paper that has already been printed, while the tissue will admit sufficient light to print the clouds on the white sky.

If the sky of your landscape negative prints too dark for this, it may be necessary to mask it while printing the landscape, just as you mask the landscape while printing the sky.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

THINGS TO AVOID

IN an educational journal we find a list of fifteen things that the well-bred boy and girl will avoid. The list is worth repeating; therefore it is given here:—

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Leaving a church before public worship is closed.
6. Whispering or laughing in church.
7. Gazing rudely at strangers.
8. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
9. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
10. Correcting older persons, especially parents.
11. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Talking before others have finished speaking.
14. Answering questions that have been put to others.
15. Not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation while another of the company is addressing himself to it.



THE REVELATION OF JESUS CHRIST

(July 21, 1900)

Lesson Text.—Gal. 1:11-17.

Memory Verses.—Col. 1:26, 27.

QUESTIONS

1. Of what does Paul assure his brethren? Gal. 1:11.
2. How did he receive the gospel? Had any man taught it to him? V. 12.
3. What had the brethren heard of him? In what religion was he then living? What had he done in times past? What had been the effect upon the church? V. 13.
4. In what connection is Paul first mentioned in the Scriptures? Acts 7:58-60; 8:1. How is his work against the church described in Acts 8:3? Where is he next mentioned? What did he do? Acts 9:1, 2.
5. What was his standing among his brethren during this time? What religion did he then profess? Of what was he so zealous? Gal. 1:14. What does this show concerning his religion? Note 1.
6. Who had called Paul to his life work? From what time was he thus called? V. 15.

Who are called of God? Rev. 22:17. Do all who are called of God respond to the call? Matt. 22:14; Luke 14:16-24; note 2.

7. What did it please God to do for Paul? Why did he do this? What course did Paul pursue? Gal. 1:16.

8. Where and to whom does Paul say he did not go? Where did he go? To what place did he return? V. 17; note 3.

9. On what occasion did God reveal his Son to Paul? Acts 9:3-5. Where was the Son revealed, that Paul might preach him to others? Gal. 1:16; note 4.

NOTES

1. Paul says that he formerly lived "in the Jews' religion." In this, he says, "I was exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers." This shows plainly what the Jews' religion consisted in at that time. And the fact that it led Paul to persecute to prison and to death the followers of Jesus, shows that the religion he held was not the true religion. It was the kind of religion that has always led to persecution. Saul, the persecutor, was zealous and conscientious in persecuting the church. "He believed it to be his duty to strive with his utmost power to exterminate the alarming doctrine that Jesus was the Prince of life; and with conscientious zeal he had become a persevering persecutor of the church."—*"Life Sketches."* Yet when convicted and converted by the power of Christ, he confessed his sin, and became an earnest worker for the Lord. We should learn from this not to condemn those who may oppose truth. Rather let us pray for them, that the Holy Spirit may bring conviction to their minds, and lead them to see and accept the light, and become Christians indeed.

2. The call of God is to every one. But it is left to each one to heed the call, or to ignore it. John the Baptist was called, from his birth, to do a special work for the Lord; and he was faithful in the work given him. So also was Jeremiah. Read Jer. 1:5. Samson was to be a Nazarite unto God from his birth. Read Judges 13:1-5. But of him we read: "God's promise that through Samson he would begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines, was fulfilled; but how dark and terrible the record of that life which might have been a praise to God and a glory to the nation! Had Samson been true to his divine calling, the purpose of God could have been accomplished in his honor and exaltation. But he yielded to temptation, and proved untrue to his trust, and his mission was fulfilled in defeat, bondage, and death!"—*"Patriarchs and Prophets."* Are you heeding God's call to you?

3. In these verses Paul is defending his apostleship. He received as direct a call as did any of the twelve chosen disciples. And when called, he did not confer with men about the matter, but placed himself under the Lord's instruction.

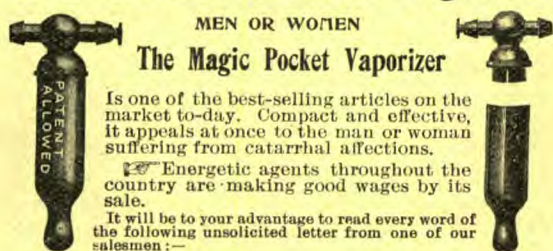
4. Christ must be revealed *in* the person who would present him to others. The gospel is not a mere theory: every one who carries it to others must be an illustration of its power. One very concise, inspired definition of the gospel is, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." Col. 1:27.

RELIGION MERELY AS SELF-DENIAL

IF I should say of a garden, "It is a place fenced in," what idea would you have of its clusters of roses, and pyramids of honeysuckles, and beds of odorous flowers, and rows of blossoming shrubs and fruit-bearing trees? If I should say of a cathedral, "It is built of stone, cold stone," what idea would you have

of its wondrous carvings, its gorgeous openings for door and window, its evanescent spire? If you regard religion merely as self-denial, you stop at the fence, and see nothing of the beauty of the garden; you think only of the stone, and not of the marvelous beauty into which it is fashioned — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

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TIME TABLE NO. 3.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

WEST-BOUND.

No. 21, Mail and Express 6.58 P. M.
No. 23, Accommodation 2.07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight 8.25 A. M.

EAST-BOUND.

No. 22, Mail and Express 8.25 A. M.
No. 24, Accommodation 1.45 P. M.
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No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago 9.00 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago 3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper 1.10 A. M.
No. 7, Mixed, to South Bend 8.20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit 3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit 8.27 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit 2.25 A. M.
No. 2, Lehigh Exp., to Saginaw, Bay City, Pt. Huron, and East 6.50 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed, to Durand (starts at Nichols) 7.15 A. M.
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.
Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Interesting Statistics.—In France, in 1891, there were four million five hundred thousand owners of land; England, with about the same population, had only three hundred and twenty-five thousand land owners; while the United States occupied an intermediate position, with a population about seventy per cent greater than that of France, and something over six million families who owned their homes or farms. These statistics represent the differences in the land system of the United States, the system of large land-holding in England, and that of small proprietorship in France.

A Lake of Pitch.—In Trinidad there exists a large lake of pitch. The pitch, whence comes our asphalt, is quarried, says *Chambers's Journal*, by excavating areas from a few to many feet deep and wide. As soon as the work ceases, the cavity begins to close, with a rapidity depending upon the location. Near the place of supply an excavation four feet deep and eight feet square, for instance, would fill in less than two days. Were it made where the asphalt was of average hardness, it would become entirely obliterated in five or six days, though it would substantially fill up in less time. This speedy closure of artificial cavities has led to the supposition that the supply of pitch is inexhaustible, the substance being produced, or generated, as fast as removed.

Some Census Information.—According to the census reports, there were, in 1890, more than nine million residents in the United States who were born in foreign countries. Of this number about thirty per cent were born in Germany, twenty per cent in Ireland, and ten per cent in Canada and Newfoundland. From 1821 to 1830 the United Kingdom of Great Britain constituted only twenty-eight per cent of the total immigration, the proportion from Germany being slightly less. In the ten years from 1861 to 1870, the combined immigration from Austria, Hungary, Russia, Poland, and Italy constituted only one per cent of the total immigration. In the decade 1881 to 1890 this proportion rose to seventeen per cent, and in the nine years from 1891-1899 to more than sixty-four per cent, of the total immigration to this country.

Demolishing Tall Chimneys.—In England, when it is desired to demolish a tall chimney, a cheap and effective method is made use of. The greater portion of the base of the chimney is first removed, and thick wooden underpinning is substituted therefor. When the work of underpinning is completed, a huge bonfire is kindled about the foundation, the wooden props are consumed, having previously been saturated with combustible materials, and the chimney soon collapses. It is said that "the largest stack ever brought down by this method was one at a large paper-mill at Manchester. It was no less than two hundred and seventy feet in height, was octagonal in shape, and measured ninety feet in circumference at the base. More than one million bricks were employed in its construction, one hundred thousand of which constituted the foundation. The total weight of the structure was nearly four thousand tons." It usually takes from fifteen minutes to half an hour to burn out the supports.

A Train with Twin Headlights.—One of the express-trains running between New York and Boston has twin headlights. It is said that "they focus on the rails a hundred yards or so ahead of the engine, at the points where the greatest illumination is desirable, and diverge beyond over the surrounding fields and farm-houses, enabling the engineer to see along the curves. With the new twin lanterns, one arm or the other of the X of light reaches along the curving track."

The "Emergency Ration."—Every soldier in the British Army, says the *Scientific American*, carries in his haversack what is known as the "emergency ration." This consists of a tin cylinder, similar to a pocket spirit-flask, divided into two compartments. One of these is filled with four ounces of cocoa paste, and the other contains a similar quantity of concentrated beef (pemmican). As its title implies, the ration is not to be used except in case of direst necessity; and if consumed in small quantities, it will maintain strength for thirty-six hours. The tin is produced at parades and daily inspections, and the soldier who does not display his ration is severely dealt with. The tin must not be opened on any account, except by order of an officer. The ingredients may be either spread upon a biscuit, like butter, or boiled up as cocoa or soup. Each tin contains sufficient quantities of the foodstuffs mentioned to make four pints of each.

The Watches on Board Ship.—On shipboard, for purposes of discipline and "to divide the watch fairly, the crew is mustered in two divisions,—starboard (right side, looking toward the head) and port (left). The day begins at noon, and is thus divided: Afternoon Watch, noon to 4 P. M.; First Dog Watch, 4 P. M. to 6 P. M.; Second Dog Watch, 6 P. M. to 8 P. M.; First Watch, 8 P. M. to midnight; Middle Watch, 12 A. M. to 4 A. M.; Morning Watch, 4 A. M. to 8 A. M.; Forenoon Watch, 8 A. M. to noon. This makes seven watches, which enables the crew to keep them alternately, as the watch which comes on duty at noon one day has the afternoon next day, and the men who have only four hours' rest one night, have eight hours the next. This is the reason for having Dog Watches, which are made by dividing the hours between 4 P. M. and 8 A. M. into two watches. Time is kept by means of 'bells,' although sometimes there is but one bell on the ship."

The French Academy.—L'Académie Française, or the "French Academy," is one of five academies, and the most eminent, constituting the Institute of France. "It was founded in 1635, by Cardinal Richelieu, and reorganized in 1816. It is composed of forty members, elected for life, after personal application and the submission of their nomination to the head of the state. It meets twice weekly, at the Palace Mazarin, 23 Quai Conti, Paris, and is the highest authority on everything appertaining to the niceties of the French language, to grammar, rhetoric, and poetry, and the publication of the French classics. The chief officer is the secretary, who has a life tenure of his position. The present permanent secretary is Marie L. A. G. Boissier (a gentleman of Nîmes, France), who was elected an Academician in 1876." It is the highest ambition of most literary Frenchmen to become a member of the Academy. The other academies of the Institute of France are: "The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, with forty members; Academy of Sciences, with sixty-eight

members; Academy of Fine Arts, with forty members, as follows: painting, fourteen; sculpture, eight; architecture, eight; engraving, four; musical composition, six; and the Academy of Moral and Political Science, with forty members. All members are elected for life." Thus, in France, instead of allowing the language to develop, and rules of grammar to be made by the common people, all is made *comme il faut* [as it should be], by the French Academy, for the people.
A. J. BOURDEAU.

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

And daily, hourly, loving and giving
In the poorest life make heavenly living.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

MONDAY:

"The happiest people in life are the unselfish ones,—those who are always going about bringing sunshine into other lives."

TUESDAY:

"The year goes wrong, and the tares grow strong.
Hope starves without a crumb;
But God's time is our harvest-time,
And that is sure to come."

WEDNESDAY:

"No one is shut out of a happy destiny except by his own act. Heaven is large enough for all the race, and its gates stand open. The only thing between its joys and human hearts is the barrier that sin has built, and even this becomes insignificant if we are willing to let Christ help us over."

THURSDAY:

"Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done."

FRIDAY:

To speak a kindly word of commendation or encouragement may be a very little thing for you, but a very helpful thing to the one to whom it is spoken. Never a day passes without bringing you opportunities for such service to others. Does a day ever pass without your improving such an opportunity? If so, you have reason to reproach yourself with the omission, and others have reason to regret your failure. Inasmuch as you did it not, you failed in your positive duty.—Selected.

SABBATH:

"Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good. He that doeth good is of God: but he that doeth evil hath not seen God." 3 John 11.

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