

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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PICTURES FROM REAL LIFE IN CHINA

Happy New Year

NEW YEAR'S day, with its clear, blue sky, seems to spread a holiday air over both city and country. Everything breathes festivity. Now and then a bomb or a skyrocket is fired off, not to disturb the peace, but rather to try the strings of the Æolian harp, and fill all the air with the sound of delightful music.

Tsai-shen-ie—the god of wealth—had already demonstrated his power to make people rich. However, a few words of explanation will show that *Tsai-shen-ie* and *U-fu* have this year neither more nor less treasure to bestow than had the old gods. The wealthiest man in China, Li Hung Chang, and others of like character, have pawn-shops all over the country. On the shelves of these stores are the richest festival robes one could wish to wear.

making calls. But it would not do to get tired of the endless greetings. No; one should rather be pleased to see the large number of Chinese come, and in their most polite manner bring their greetings, "*Mu-si, Hao-ko-nien*" (Happy New Year, pastor), bowing low in their respect, and offering their card as a token of friendship. The Chinese receive with gratefulness the missionaries' cards. This small act of kindness leads to an intimate friendship be-



FESTIVAL STREET SCENE IN PEKING

About ten o'clock in the forenoon the great mass of humanity is set in motion. Mother and daughters remain at home, while father and the boys go out to make their friends a call, and greet them with, *Hao-ko-nien* (Happy New Year!). All are well dressed; hands and faces are clean, and the hair is combed. Little boys who but the day before were ragged and filthy are now as neat and tidy as can be.

Rich and poor all are dressed alike. If it were not known to us how the common people had obtained their fine clothes for the festival, we might be tempted to think that

Garments made from the finest silk, in all colors of the rainbow, embroidered with gold, such as the sons of the Orient love, are seen on New Year's day in China. These garments are rented for the occasion, as but few are able to buy such clothes. The poor pay a certain sum for these borrowed articles, returning them after one day's wear and pleasure. But what of that? The festival comes but once a year, and one must take part, in spite of borrowed clothes and empty purses. He must greet his friends with a "Happy New Year!"

The whole of New Year's day is spent in

tween the missionary and the Chinese. When one goes to China, it is wise to be friendly and accommodating, as far as is in accordance with the word of God; for thereby many may be won to the gospel.

But little thought is given to eating and drinking during the first and second day of the New Year; for every one is busy going from house to house with the New Year's greeting. At each house, however, simple refreshments are offered, such as dried peas, peanuts, and a certain kind of berries. Melon seeds are chewed as a pastime. [As the festival-robed

friends come with their hearty *Hao-ko-nien*, we are obliged, by the etiquette of the country, to urge them to crawl on hands and feet onto the *kang*, and partake of the food there.

The mandarins, the highest civil and military officers, also parade the streets. But they are out to exhibit their official rank more than for anything else. Their rank is shown by buttons, and by the peacock-feather in their cap. These officers are clothed in the finest and costliest fur I have ever seen. They are seated in gold- and silver-mounted sedan-chairs, carried by eight or more men, who are usually dressed in uniform. Heading the procession is a company of the strangest-looking men one can imagine, from fifty to one hundred of the most noted beggars in the community. These are trained to act a part in the festivities of the day. It matters not whether they have any clothing or not. The more ragged they are, the better the procession is enjoyed. Each is given opportunity to earn at the most twenty "cash" (one cent), which is regarded as a great deal for them, even on New Year's day.

During the festival the mandarins supply these sons of misery with a uniform, consisting of a long red shirt. Trousers are not needed, but a high paper helmet is worn. These men carry the banners, and lead the band music, which is of such a character it is impossible to describe

it. Following the mandarin in his sedan-chair are subordinate officers on horseback. Each rider is accompanied by a soldier, who holds the horse's tail so as to keep up with the rider when he gallops down some side street with a greeting in behalf of the mandarin to some of his friends. The streets through which the mandarin passes are packed with persons of all classes and ages.

This year the Chinese New Year's day fell on the 31st of January.

ERIK PILQUIST.

IN THE LAND OF THE DRAGON

THE mystery of race—that humanity has divided sharply upon lines so divergent that science fails to account for the marvel—is but another of the problems for whose solution no mere study seems to bring us one whit nearer, and for which the Sacred Book alone furnishes a hint. The African, in his ignorance and dullness, and the dreamy Mongol, in his apathy and stolid indifference, roused on occasion to ferocity, stand apart from all the progress of the world. In one way, and one alone, African and Asiatic doff the filthy tatters of their racial inheritance, and stand up, "quitting themselves like men,"—having accepted in the spirit the washing away of sin in the blood of the Lamb of God. In Jesus Christ are neither bond nor free, nor are there Caucasian nor Ethiopian nor Malays nor Mongolians.

Some say that it costs more than it is worth to convert the Chinese. With less than two hundred thousand Christians in all that vast empire of four hundred million souls, the statement is plausible. But remember that if but

one soul had been saved for all eternity, it had been worth the seeking; and since Christ said, "Go ye into *all* the world," who shall gainsay the supreme duty of missions?

Alas! at the hour when I write, the missionary is indeed in that unhappy country as a sheep among wolves. And who shall say that the next tidings sweeping round the world on the electric girdle may not be that these brave soldiers of the cross have died martyrs? God save them!—the loving, loyal men and women who are holding up the gospel light in that darkened land,—so that when these written words are printed, we may all thank him that the terrible danger is over.

Protestant missions have not failed in China: they can not fail. Great as are the obstacles in that country, in the end they must be overcome. Many of the followers of Gautama, Confucius, and Laotsze must eventually be brought to see and realize the folly and futility of these erroneous and strange doctrines, and to find joy in the true gospel of the Son of God.

G. I. CERVUS.

PLANTING FOR OTHERS

My next-door neighbor is going to move away this summer. By June, or July at the latest, the pretty brown house will be vacant, or filled with stranger-folk. I am so sorry! We have been such good friends all the year and a half we have known each other. I said as much to her.

"I'm just sorry, Mrs. Lowell! I can't tell you how I've enjoyed our chats over the fence! That's about all the time either of us has had for calling. I don't mind telling you that I've fairly invented excuses dozens of times, to come and crony with you. This time it is nasturtium seeds. It's about time to plant them, if you mean to have any coming up this summer. But now I suppose you don't care."

"Why not?"

Her blue eyes looking so wonderingly into mine seemed to have an innocent, childish rebuke in them. I am sure she was wholly unconscious of it.

"Why should I not care now as much as any time? The house will not move away. I can plant for others, if not for myself, you know. It is kind of you to offer the nasturtium seeds. I shall be very glad of them."

* * * * *

The summer is getting on, now. My friend is almost ready for her flitting. But I see a host of little leaves starting, and I saw her yesterday out tying rows and rows of strings for them to run on.

To me, all the summer, those flowers will indeed be "living preachers"—"each flower a pulpit." Perhaps there will be a good many; but I am sure they will all teach much the same lesson—plant for others! Don't build a high, close fence around your own garden joys, and refuse to let one little straggling blossom of pleasure peep through for those on the other side. Plant for others! What if you should not live the year out?

Cultivate spiritual far-sightedness, and look ahead a little. Think of child-eyes that will gladden at the bright hues of the pretty things you took pains to plant. Think of the sick persons who will get some of them. Think of stranger-eyes that will grow bright as they catch a glimpse of that bank of beauty, while tired feet take the dusty road again more easily, as they always do when the spirit finds some unexpected well of refreshment. Plant for others! I myself am beginning to crave the experience of "the joy of the unpaid service," as some one finely calls it.—*Well-Spring*.



TEMPUS FUGIT

I STAND on the brink of eternity,
But pause to cast
A backward glance at Time's swift flight
O'er earth just past.

The Angel of Time speeds silently by,
On pinions two,
Each softly plumed, but strangely dyed
A different hue;

For one of Time's wings is spotless white
As drifting snow;
While the other's sable is all a-shine
With starry glow.

Each phantom-like wing has a name we know:
The left is Night;
And airy, fairy, fleeting Day
Is on the right.

They flutter away from us unaware,
Those misty wings;
For we ignore the plumage soft
That on them clings.

Those delicate plumes, that are minutes marked
By dial's shade,
Are above a downy layer, frail,
Of seconds laid.

And never yet did the power exist
(Save that divine)
To rob, of plume or flake of down,
A wing of time!

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

OUR TIME

It is a matter of regret that so much precious time is wasted, not only by careless worldlings, but also by those who profess to believe in the soon coming of our Saviour. Especially is this noticeable among the youth.

When one is asked if he has read a certain article in the INSTRUCTOR or *Review*, the answer often is, "I haven't had time." The same answer is also given as an excuse for not studying the Sabbath-school lesson, and for other neglect of duty. I have noticed that those who are first to make this excuse have plenty of leisure time, which they might profitably spend in study or reading, but which, instead, is spent in idle conversation. The moments go by very rapidly when engaged in conversation; and many hours are thoughtlessly spent in this way, leaving only a few moments for prayer and study of God's word.

Often, while older women are wisely improving their spare moments in doing necessary work for the household, the daughters are wasting in idle talk the hours that have been given them for study. At last, when they are asked to help a few minutes with the household work, their neglected studies immediately come to mind, and they have "no time" to help the tired mother; for "the lessons must be learned." Then they begin to study; but the mind will wander away to the things of which they have just been talking, and perhaps their study will be continually interrupted by short chats on unimportant subjects.

ROBBERY

In order to improve our time to the best advantage, we must do with our might whatever comes to us to do. The work that has been assigned us for a certain day or hour is the work that "our hands find to do" in that day or hour; and we should do it *then*, and with our might. To put it off is to procrastinate—and "procrastination is the thief of time." It is true that we do lose time by put-

ting things off; and though it is sometimes necessary to do this, we should, as far as possible, do each piece of work at the proper time.

When we do a thing with all our might, we do it better and more rapidly than if we work at it when the mind and conversation are upon something else. It is a mistake to think that we should be continually talking, even of spiritual things. There is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." If we carry on a conversation, and at the same time do our work as thoroughly and as quickly as we could if silent, conversation may not be out of place. But if our conversation causes us to forget our work, and we are led to stop for minutes at a time, and, forgetful of our work, do nothing but talk, we can not be doing that work with our might. And if we are working for some one else, and are paid for the time we spend in talking, we are *robbing our employer*. "In all labor there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury."

We should take an interest in the work we are doing, and strive to do that work as well, as thoroughly, and as rapidly, as possible. God is not honored by careless, heartless service; but he is honored when we do faithful work. When the time comes to do a certain work, it should be done heartily, as to him, and with an eye single to his glory. If it is physical labor, talking may be neglected, and perhaps with profit; but the *work* should *never* be neglected.

HOW TO STUDY

If one takes up his book to study, that is his work for that time. The mind should be concentrated upon the lesson. Simply reading it over, with the mind somewhere else, will do no good. If one wishes to learn a thing so that it will not be forgotten, he must think of it to the exclusion of everything else. When he catches the mind wandering away to something else, he should bring it back immediately. We are told to "gird up the loins" of our minds; that means to control our thoughts, and keep them where they should be. The length of time it takes to learn a lesson depends upon how strongly the mind is brought to dwell upon it. If the mind is wholly concentrated on one thought, an impression is made upon the brain that can not be easily effaced. So, as with work, when we wish to learn a thing properly, we must give it our undivided attention.

In view of the great amount of work to be accomplished in the world, it is surely our plain duty to seek to improve wisely and well our time and our talents. Why should we idle away our time, when so many are working far beyond their strength? Would it not be more Christlike to economize our time, that we may be able to help others bear their heavy burdens?

MRS. B. J. CADY.

THE BETTER WAY

"T is better to laugh than to cry, dear,—
A proverb you 'll grant me is true;
'T is best to forget to be sad, dear:
The heart's-ease is better than rue.

"T is more to be good than be great, dear;
To be happy is better than wise.
You 'll find, if you smile at the world, dear,
The world will smile back in your eyes.

—Helen L. Towne.



ASTRONOMICAL STUDY—NO. X

Jupiter's Moons

LAST week we learned many interesting facts regarding the planet Jupiter. We learned where, in the heavens, to find this planet, and have begun to watch its course as it moves along in its yearly journey around our sun. The first illustration shows the relative position of our sun, the earth, and Jupiter as it appears to be passing among the stars.

As we learned last week, it is many millions of miles this side of the other stars that appear to be shining all around it.

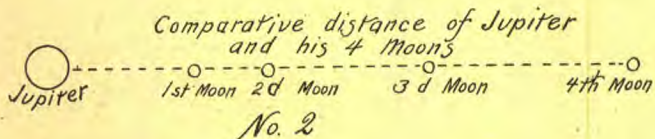
If you will notice this illustration, you will see an arrow drawn through the earth, also through Jupiter; these arrows show the direction in which these two

worlds are moving round their common center,—the sun. You will notice that they are traveling in the same direction, but that our earth is much nearer the sun than is Jupiter; consequently we get around to our starting-point much sooner than does that planet. As we have already learned, we make our yearly circuit nearly twelve times while Jupiter is getting around once. On the 27th of May our earth was exactly between the sun and Ju-

piter, as indicated by the letter "a" in the diagram. At that time we were at our nearest conjunction with the planet; since that time we have been speeding on, leaving it far behind in our race around the sun.

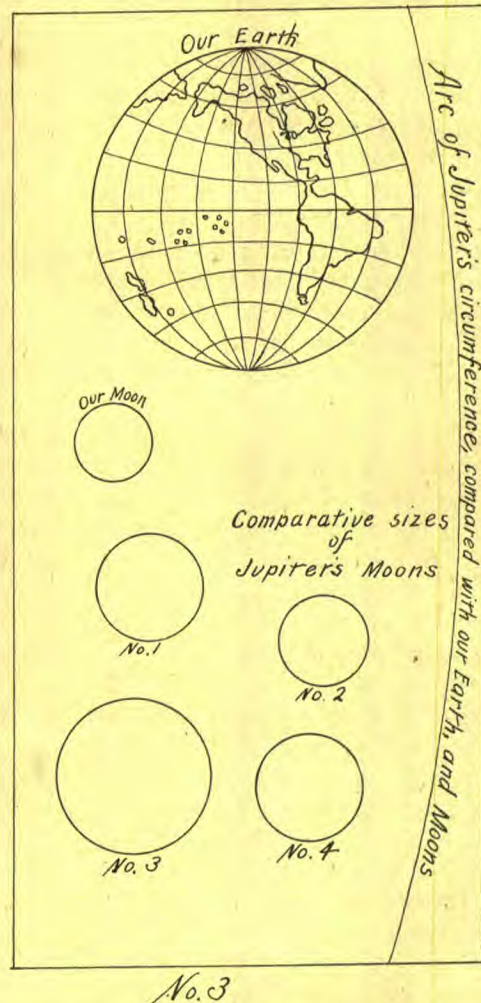
Jupiter has four moons, all larger than our moon. A smaller, fifth moon has been lately discovered, about which we know comparatively little. The second illustration shows the relative positions of the planet and four of his moons as they revolve about their primary. The first moon—the one next to the planet—is Io, two hundred seventy-eight thousand and five hundred miles from the planet, around which it revolves once in one day, eighteen hours, twenty-seven minutes, and thirty-four seconds of our time. The second is Europa, four hundred and forty-three thousand miles from its primary, and requiring three days, thirteen hours, fourteen minutes, and thirty-six seconds to revolve once around the planet. The third is called Ganymede. It is seven hundred and seven thousand miles from the planet, and requires seven days, three hours, forty-two minutes, and thirty-three seconds, to make its monthly journey around this world about which we are studying. The fourth is Callisto, 1,243,500 miles away, and requires sixteen days, sixteen hours, thirty-one minutes, and fifty seconds to pass once around this same world. Imagine, if possible, the beauties of a home upon a world having so many massive moons, each revolving so rapidly about the world that one night there might be all four in the heavens at once, again, only three, or perhaps two, or one, or, as frequently happens, no moon at all, the same as we have. Is not the privilege of visiting these noble worlds that our Saviour has created worth striving for?

These moons, revolving in nearly the same plane, pass through many eclipses. In one month of our time Io suffers eighteen; the second eight or nine; the third about four; the fourth does not pass through an eclipse nearly so often. This fourth moon, Callisto, is quite different from the others, being much darker, and always keeping the same side toward the planet, the same as does our moon. We have reason to believe that these moons, unlike our own, have both moisture and an atmosphere;



and for all we know, they may be inhabited.

The third illustration gives an idea of the size of these moons as compared with our earth and moon. By comparing the size, as given in the engraving, of our earth and moon with the moons of Jupiter that appear just below, we see something of the magnitude of Jupiter's family, which travel with this planet in its journey (occupying nearly twelve years) around the sun. No. 1, which is Io, is 2,440 miles in diameter; No. 2, Europa, is 2,190 miles in diameter; No. 3, Ganymede, is 3,580 miles in diameter; while No. 4, Callisto, is 3,060 miles in diameter. Our own moon is 2,163 miles in diameter, and our earth is 7,926.



The planet Jupiter itself has the enormous diameter of 88,439 miles. To get an idea of this, continue, with a pencil, the arc of the circle that appears in the right of this engraving so as to make a perfect circle, and you will have a comparative illustration of the size of Jupiter, as shown in connection with its moons, our moon, and our earth.

In some future article we will learn more about these interesting satellites. May we all so live that Jesus may trust us with a home in his eternal kingdom, where we may study his wonderful works throughout eternity.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

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BE STRONG

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle. Face it! 'T is God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,—oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not,—fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—The Sunday School Times.

SHALL WE READ CHEAP MAGAZINES
AND POPULAR POETRY?

HUNDREDS of young men and women have an earnest desire to become cultured and great, and they imagine that the only way they can become so is to live in the shadow of others who are great; that is, pore over their productions. What the world needs to-day is not so much those who are acquainted with what great men have done, but young men and women who themselves can do great things; not so much those who are acquainted with literature as those who themselves can produce literature,—those who have drunk from the snow-water in the mountains rather than from the murky streams in the valley.

What a bitter disappointment it is to a young woman, after she has thoroughly saturated her soul with grand and beautiful poetic effusions, to learn that nobody cares for or appreciates her repetitions of the same, and that her friends fail to recognize in her any particularly valuable trait of character that has been wrought out as a result of her inmost soul.

Shall the reading of poetry, therefore, be discarded?—No. Shall we lay aside the popular magazines of the day, containing as they do so much that is useful and helpful, and which has been gathered at such expense of time and money?—No, indeed; but the taste by which we estimate the correct flavor must be educated from a higher source than these.

The man who has never studied the correct principles of diet, and has always eaten at the average hotel table, is not the one who can readily select from such complicated menus a few simple, nourishing, and healthful dishes. Just so our moral and intellectual taste must be continually educated from inspired sources, in order that we may unconsciously and instinctively recognize, in whatever comes to our hands, that which will tend to nourish us morally and mentally, and that which will simply produce mental and moral indigestion.

The student who has secured his standard of what poetry should be from a careful study of the poetry of the Bible, will have no difficulty in discriminating between what is helpful and what is useless in the poetry that comes from human sources.

He whose standard for productions on moral topics is guided by the sermon on the mount will soon recognize whether or not a book on human ethics, no matter if written by one of the greatest of men, is worth while for him to read.

He who has spent some time in Paul's beautiful theological garden will recognize at sight a wilderness of rocks, thorns, and stunted

shrubs in some human production on religious subjects, and will not be tempted to wander there long.

He who has become accustomed to the frank, unprejudiced, unbiased stamp of the inspired historian, will be disgusted with the intriguing, flattering, unreasonable work of many human historians.

That student to whom God has revealed his plan for the universe will not be misled by some false human interpretation of the same, whether accounted for in false deductions of geology or in an unreasonable explanation of evolution.

In conclusion, then, there is nothing from human sources that it is worth while for us to read unless it is an echo of the divine; and in order to recognize whether or not it is an echo of the divine, the ear of the student must be trained to hear again and again God's voice. Then he will recognize instantly its echo when it is sent back to him from human productions.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

GARNET GIRLS

A KIND friend gave me, the other day, a little bit of solid flame, which had been chipped from a rocky ledge in far-off Alaska. It is a crystal, about one inch long, with some two dozen faces of regular shape. It is that wonderful compound of quartz and iron and the aluminum of common clay which is called a garnet, the pomegranate stone.

Its color appears to be a deep reddish-black; but as you turn it over listlessly, you soon see that something marvelous lies beneath the dull surface. In the garnet's interior, under this angle as I am now looking at it, lies a crumpled plane of orange light, with a deep-blue square at one corner. Below that face runs a single vein of the most vivid scarlet imaginable. I turn it to a different light, and all this projecting pyramid flashes out with wine-hued fire. In one part lies a nest of rubies; in one, a tangle of pink flakes. The most sullen portions of the crystal, seen at the right angle, glow with the most superb colors. And I often plunge below the stupid surface of my garnet, exploring, fascinated, its flame-caverns, and meeting rich color-treasures at every turn.

It may be a foolish fancy of mine; but, do you know, I can never look at that masked battery of beauty without thinking of some garnet maidens I have known. Dull girls they were to the careless eye. Irregular features and poor complexions and coarse hands they doubtless owned. They were not skilled in repartee. Yet daily, as their lives turned before me, beautiful surprises would flash out. A rich, red love would kindle the rude features. A golden reverence would light up the small, gray eyes. Some deed of tender sacrifice would transform the skin to softest pink and white. Pale lips would glow like rubies with sweet words. And as I came to know the spirit of light that dwelt within the dull bodies, I would call them my garnet girls.

Jewelers sometimes take these deep-colored garnets, and hollow them out, fill them with silver, or back them up with a silver plate, so that all their beauty lies on the outside, ready for the passing glance. No more mystery, no more charm of discovery and delight of sweet surprises. Garnet girls, watch, lest that sad thing happen to you! Hollow-headed, shallow-hearted women with a silver backing may be admired by the careless and the thoughtless; but God is the best artist to fashion a human gem, and nothing in all fashion's show-cases is half so beautiful as his garnet girls.—Amos R. Wells, in "Sermons in Stones."



OUR souls have sacred silences, and we
Tread softly where their mystic byways lie;
God speaks to us from thorn and budding tree,
And heaven bends lower than our childhood's sky!
—Antony E. Anderson.

19—YARROW, OR MILFOIL

Achillea Millefolium is the botanical name of one of the most common weeds that grows in this country. Achilles is said to have been the first to discover its healing properties, and on this account we have the first of its two names. The second name, which botanists call the specific name, is derived from *mille*, "thousand," and *folium*, "a leaf;" that is, thousand leaves, evidently from its finely cut, much divided, tansy-like leaves.

This plant belongs to the Composite Family, along with ironweed, asters, fleabane (already described), daisies, goldenrod, ragweed, sunflower, marigold, dog-fennel, tansy, worm-



wood, thistles, and burdock. If you look carefully at the flower-head of the Yarrow, you will notice that what appears at first glance to be one large flower is really a bunch of smaller flowers. What looks like the center of the single flowers is really a bunch of what are called disk-flowers. They are something the same shape as the single blossoms in the flower-head of the lilac. The ray-flowers are a brighter white, and look something like a paddle with a very short handle. The disk-flower is the flower that produces the seed; the ray-flower is for display, and is a sort of sign that the flower hangs out to attract insects, which help it to produce seed by bringing about fertilization.

The flower-heads of the yarrow that I have seen are a grayish-white, but I have heard of a pink variety. Among the common people for many centuries, yarrow-tea has been used as a medicine. The plant has a strong herby smell, not at all unpleasant. There is a small steamboat-landing and settlement in southwestern Oregon, within sound of the roar of the Pacific Ocean, which, from its immense fields of the weed, has been called Yarrow.

L. A. REED.



THE BURRO-BACK RIDE

"Oh, there is Don Pedro!" small Dolly Bell cried; "Come, girls, let us go for a burro-back ride! And as I'm the youngest and smallest," said she, "To let me be first I know you'll agree."

"A burro-back ride you shall have, one and all; Although you can not have the first one, Miss Doll; Because, as you know, old Don Pedro is mine, So I'm going first," said Maria Trevine.

"I never heard any one talking so mean; I'm really surprised," said Cicely Green.

"When I'm here to visit, 'tis only polite That I should ride first. Now is n't that right?"

"Now, girls, let me tell you, you're every one wrong — I'll show your error," said Isabelle Young; "For I am the eldest, and tallest, and so 'Tis 'age before beauty,' you very well know."

"O girls! let's not quarrel over matters so small;

Don Pedro is able to carry us all!" So they filled all his back, from his neck to his tail,—

But the patience of even a burro will fail.

In vain alike coaxing, and punching, and blows,

And the sweet, tempting carrot in front of his nose:

Up and down, on the very same spot, did they get,—

This sadder and very much wiser quartet.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE STRANGE FREAK OF A CAT

A True Story

WE had all gathered around the wide fireplace, and were watching the unsteady play of the flames, and the flickering of the shadows on the wall. This was the fourth evening we had been at grandma's, and we remembered with regret that we had only two more to spend thus. It was not often we visited her, for we lived a long way off; but the roomy, old-fashioned farmhouse, with its setting of trees and smooth fields, its every path and wood and brook so interwoven with our childish memories, had a charming fascination for us, which time and the absorbing cares of middle life could not utterly efface.

The two-year-old baby had climbed into the huge rocking-chair where grandpa sat in a reverie, and perched on one of the arms; and little Lois suddenly left her place by the fire, and, going over to grandma, sat down on the floor, with her head in that sunny-faced lady's lap, and begged for a story. Grandma smiled, and stroked the wavy hair, but put the little maiden off with, "Wait a bit, dearie," while she settled her head back, and once more watched with thoughtful eyes the glowing coals and dancing flames.

Now and then she stroked the little head, saying, softly, "Pretty kitty, pretty kitty." By and by there was a sudden thump in grandma's lap, and that same little head bobbed up to encounter the round eyes and furry countenance of the family cat. There was a laugh,—one of those that sound like babbling brooks,—and grandma's eyes sparkled with stored-up sunshine as she stroked the heads of both pets.

"Ah!" she said, after a time, "I had a kitty once, a white one. She had a nest up in the open chamber, just where the big chimney went through, and where in the winter there was always a corner warm enough and secluded enough to satisfy the most fastidious pussy. There were only two finished rooms on the second floor; and one day in early spring, on going into this open chamber, which was used as a sort of storeroom, I found a nestful of kittens. Three were dark-colored, but one was white like its mother. Old Snowball seemed very fond and careful of them all; but sometimes I fancied she washed the fur of the white one a little the oftenest.

"In those days I was spryer than I am now; and partly to add to my limited income from the farm products, and partly because I liked them, I raised ducks. You know no young fowl is quite so cunning as a baby duck—just a little, soft, yellow, waddling ball of down. Well, when those kittens up-stairs

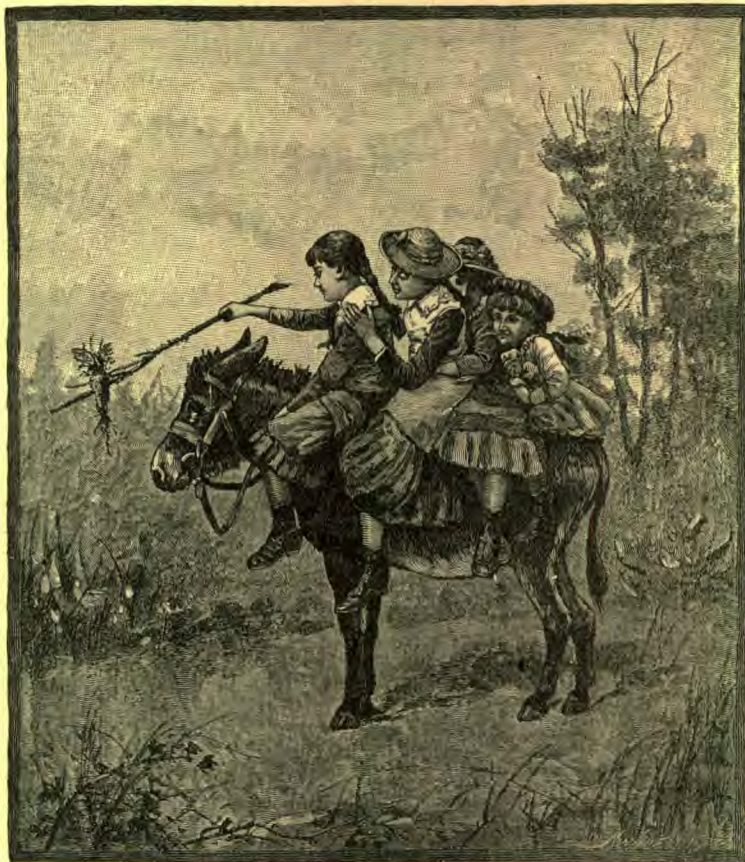
said, patting the child's smooth cheek. "There were eleven of these ducks, and all but one were of a yellowish-brown color. That was at first a deep yellow, and consequently the most noticeable, and rather the prettiest, of them all; but as it grew, the color seemed to fade to whitish, and I knew from experience that it would be white when grown, though the general color of the ducks I raised at that time was a mixed brown or black. Pussy seemed to detect this difference, too, and to develop for the little yellow duck a fondness, which she showed in various ways as she watched the brood about the yard. She divided her time between the young ducks and her kittens, and seemed unconscious of everything else as she lay quietly watching the young ducklings trail after one another in the short grass, nipping it here and there, or pushing their flat bills ahead of them through the mud that lined the shallow puddles.

"Whenever she thought the distance between them had so much increased as to be unfavorable to the exercise of her admiration, or affection, or amusement, whichever it was, she would walk slowly toward them, settling down again as close to the little yellow duck as its nearly constant motion or the presence of the others would permit. Once when she brought a mouse and laid it down before her pet, she realized that she had made a mistake; for it slowly turned tail-to, and walked away, looking at the strange object, first with one eye, then with the other, over its back. Snowball sat for a minute, her long tail whisking the grass uneasily; then she picked her burden up meekly, and slunk noiselessly up the stairs, as if she hoped no one had witnessed the experiment. She knew where the mouse would be appreciated.

"The doors of the house almost invariably stood open through these sunny spring days. I liked the scent of the fresh earth, and the sound of bird songs, and the feeling of the invigorating spring air, that floated in to me at my work. One day a plaintive 'peep! peep! peep! peep!' greeted me as I passed through the front of

the house; but supposing it came from outdoors and being busily occupied, I scarcely noticed it till again, on passing in the same direction, I heard the same sound. I followed it to the head of the stairs, then across the chamber to the chimney corner; and there, in Snowball's nest, was the little yellow duck. She and her babies were curled up cozily, and the kittens were taking their supper, while their mother was intent on holding the little alien close to her side with one paw. It did not seem to enjoy its position, and was offering a feeble resistance. I returned it to the pen, but again and again it was found in the chamber. Snowball carried it carefully in her mouth, as she would one of her own kittens; and in vain I scolded her, and shut the ducks away from her for days at a time,—she always took the duck to her nest when it was allowed its freedom again. The duck did not thrive. Its mates outgrew it, and in the late summer it died. The children buried it after the manner of deceased pets, and often told their playmates about the odd freak of the cat that tried to adopt a young duck."

MARIAM E. WEBBER.



"THE SWEET, TEMPTING CARROT IN FRONT OF HIS NOSE"

were about five weeks old, a proud old duck out in the barn was carefully sheltering a nest of these downy little balls. In a day or two she led them out across the small pen where they were confined, and introduced them with much concern to everything in which she thought them likely to be interested. It was not long before they learned to nibble at the fresh sod thrown over to them, and to swim and dive in the pan of fresh water kept in the middle of the pen; and often I would find the brood dozing in the warm sunshine that came through the single window.

"Snowball admired the little ducks, too, and even left her own babies for an hour at a time to sit on the edge of their pen and watch them; at last she grew bolder, and took up her station inside the pen, lying on the floor, her head on her paws. At first the ducks seemed to object; but finally they became accustomed to Snowball's daily visits, and paid no more attention to her. In the meantime they had grown stronger; and the weather being warm, were allowed the freedom of the yard, returning to their pen only at night.

"But I am ahead of my story," grandma



"AS YE WOULD"

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness,
How could I ask to have what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare,
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to rest in sweet content.

—Edith V. Bradt.

AUGUST STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART III: "THE PEOPLES OF RUSSIA"
(August 12-18)

1. Basis of Study.—As the different nationalities represented in the Russian Empire are treated quite fully this week in the article in the *Missionary Magazine*, instead of preparing additional notes on this subject we have culled from "Historical Sketches" a few paragraphs from a report of one of the first missionary visits into this country ever made by a Seventh-day Adventist minister. A brief view of his experience will no doubt add to the interest as well as benefit to be derived from a study of this vast field. Let us bear in mind that the message is due to Russia just as it is due to the United States, and that some will be called to carry the light of truth to its many peoples.

2. How the Message First Reached Russia.—God, in his wonderful providence, opened the way for the truth to reach Russia by repeating the experience of the Pilgrim Fathers. Thousands of earnest souls, attracted by the story of a distant land, where civil and religious liberty was granted, left Russia, and crossed the Atlantic to find homes in America. Not only did they find homes and freedom, but some received the precious message of mercy for the last days. Ere long the light found its way back to their old homes near the shores of the Black Sea, at the foot of the Caucasus Mountains, and along the great River Volga, to the very border of Asia, the cradle of humanity and religion. Soon the Macedonian cry was raised, "Come over, . . . and help us."

3. Elder Conradi Went to Russia.—In answer to these calls Elder L. R. Conradi went to Russia during the summer of 1886. One inci-

dent occurred on the way, which showed that the Master had a care for his child as he entered this benighted land. He made the acquaintance of a German minister, who had been converted from Judaism, and had united with the Presbyterian Church. From him he learned the difficulties of trying to enter Russia as a minister of the gospel. Fortunately, Elder Conradi had served as an apprentice in our publishing house at Battle Creek, and could enter as a printer; thus he profited by the experience of the other minister, and was able to secure his passport, and enter without molestation.

4. Imprisonment.—Elder Conradi had united with him in labor a brother who understood both the German and Russian languages, who served as interpreter. They had spent about two weeks in active labor in the Russian field, visiting several companies of Sabbath-keepers, besides organizing one church and speaking to large audiences in friendly German communities, when both were arrested and hurried off to Perekop, where they were imprisoned for five weeks, during which time it was almost impossible for them to receive or convey information to their anxious friends. The charge upon which they were arrested was that they were teaching Jewish heresy. The usual penalty for this offense was exile to Siberia. This charge, made in anger by a gentleman whose family were deeply interested in a discourse by Elder Conradi on the Sabbath question, might have resulted in a long imprisonment, without trial, had not the American minister at St. Petersburg taken active and energetic measures to secure the release of these brethren. In this case, as of old, the imprisonment of the minister resulted in the "furtherance of the gospel," for the report of the arrest, imprisonment, and release of Elder Conradi and his companion went everywhere, and aroused much inquiry as to the doctrines they taught, and opened the way for other reading-matter to be circulated, and, later, for the labors of the minister.

5. Religious Toleration.—While the government of Russia tolerates many creeds, the toleration is somewhat peculiar. Every one is free to practice the religion of his fathers; he can also leave other denominations and join the Greek Church; but woe to the man who tries to leave this church to join another. The "Orthodox," as the Russians style themselves, are encouraged to proselyte; but if another dares attempt it among them, he is liable to be exiled to Siberia. The fact is that while the state church is ready to receive from all, she gives to none. Notwithstanding this, there are many sects among the Russians, some numbering millions; and many are won to the Protestant faith. But the greatest care has to be exercised by all dissenters who labor there, and nearly all that is done is accomplished by colportage. As preaching is forbidden, the believers have only so-called "experience meetings," in which the leader, remaining in a sitting position, reads from the Bible, and comments as he goes. The laborer is very careful that his converts shall never mention him, but the Bible, as the cause of their change of faith. Yet as these converts are closely questioned by the priest, then by the bishop, and finally by the civil authorities, the work is always attended with considerable danger.

6. Leaving Russia.—After laboring about five months, Elder Conradi thus describes his experience when almost across the Russian

border: "On the evening of October 6, we reached Alexandrov, the border station. Here our passes had to be given up to the police for examination; and while they looked them over, I went to a restaurant for supper, as I had had nothing to eat all day. Hardly had I commenced my meal when an officer called out some name. I listened—it was mine. For a moment I grew pale, wondering why I should be singled out among so many passengers, after all the care I had taken to get my pass in order. Could it be that I was again arrested, when almost beyond danger? Once more he called, and this time more sharply. I arose, and told him that I was the person. In a harsh tone he bade me follow him; and we entered a room where a number of officers were receiving the passes of the passengers. There I was informed that the officials in one place had neglected to affix the stamp to my pass. I never paid thirty cents more cheerfully in my life. I went back to the restaurant, finished my supper, and then entered the German cars. A few moments later the officers returned our passes, the engine whistled, gave a few puffs, and soon we crossed a little stream—thank God, in Germany."

7. Dangers and Difficulties.—The Russian Mission has been opened. Not without cost, it is true: dangers and difficulties are still in the way. Imprisonment and persecution threaten the laborer. The preacher is not at liberty to present the message; but as it is God's cause, who can hinder? Satan is fully aware that there is a vast field opened in Russia; and he uses every means to bar the entrance. But could the veil be lifted, we should see hundreds and thousands of Germans in Russia, yes, and Russians also, who are investigating the truths of the last message. Of those who are obeying, some, notwithstanding the dangers, are nobly dedicating themselves to the work. The truth has found an entrance in this empire; the seed is already planted; and, God giving the increase, it will undoubtedly grow and prosper, so that a number from this nation also may be among the one hundred and forty-four thousand.

DON'T SKIM IT FIRST

SOMEBODY quotes a quaint old grandmother as saying, "If you're going to give me a pan of milk, don't skim it first." Most of us would be indignant if accused of such smallness; but a recent writer shows that very much the same thing goes on in ordinary family intercourse.

"Another errand? I can never go down town without half a dozen commissions!" complains Rob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again!" exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something else." She would be shocked at his going shabby, and distressed if any one thought her unwilling to render such offices; but she makes it a little unpleasant to ask the favor.

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that "it is Tommy's turn." Thus all day long, people who love one another, and who at heart are glad to serve one another, skim the sweetness from every service they render.—*Selected.*

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON NO 7

THE MEETING IN JERUSALEM—A QUESTION OF SALVATION

(August 18, 1900)

Lesson Text.—Acts 15: 1-11.

Memory Verse.—Acts 15: 11.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

The Lord had given Peter a lesson concerning the gospel's going to the Gentiles. Read carefully the account of this in Acts 10. Read also Acts 15: 12-29, to learn the outcome of this council in Jerusalem. A decision was reached that the Lord approves in his word. Read again the first chapter of Galatians, also chapter 2: 1-6. Notice that the question that troubled the Galatians was the same question that was considered in this council in Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS

1. To what place did Paul and Barnabas return after their missionary journey? Acts 14: 26. Who else came to Antioch about this time? What did they teach? Acts 15: 1.
2. What experience did Paul and Barnabas have with these men? What was it finally decided to do? Who were to go to Jerusalem? V. 2. How does Paul say he was led in this matter? Gal. 2: 2.
3. Through what parts of the country did they pass? What message did they bring to the brethren in these places? How was it received? Acts 15: 3.
4. By whom were they received at Jerusalem? What account did they give of their work? V. 4.
5. How did certain men criticise Paul's work among the Gentiles? V. 5. What kind of brethren does Paul say these were? Gal. 2: 4.
6. By whom was the matter considered? Acts 15: 6. After much discussion, who rose to speak? Of what experience of his own did Peter remind them? V. 7.
7. To what experience does Peter doubtless refer? See Acts 10. What did God do for the Gentiles who believed? Vs. 8, 9.
8. What question did Peter then ask? What does he say of this yoke? V. 10. How does he say both Jews and Gentiles are saved? V. 11.
9. How does it differ from Christ's yoke? Matt. 11: 30. How did this teaching about circumcision tend to lead men into the bondage of sin? Note 1.

NOTE

1. The gospel saves men by faith, not by works. To require the Gentiles to be circumcised in order to be saved would be to lead them to trust in their own works for salvation. But our salvation is wholly of faith, so that anything that leads people to trust at all in themselves for salvation, is contrary to the gospel, and brings them again into the bondage of sin. "For whatsoever is not of faith is sin." Rom. 14: 23. And sin is bondage. Prov. 5: 22. The rite of circumcision was first given to Abraham as a "seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had yet being uncircumcised." Rom. 4: 11. He believed, God, and the Lord accounted him righteous because of his faith. Afterward he was circumcised. Plainly, then, circumcision did not make him righteous. Abel, Enoch, Noah, and all the righteous who lived before Abraham's time, were also saved by faith, but without circumcision.

AN OLD COLLEGE

THERE is an interesting study for students in 2 Kings 6: 1-7—experiences in a small college of olden times.

We may study it under two heads—(1) The Students; (2) The Professor.

THE STUDENTS

1. The students were a typical class.
2. The students were poor, for they must avoid expense.
3. The students desired education, and were willing to endure privation to get it.
4. They were humble—witness the style of living planned by themselves.
5. They were co-operative—"Every man a beam."
6. They were not afraid of work—"They cut down wood."
7. They were not the best of workmen, for they used borrowed tools. A good ax would have been wedged to the helve.
8. They were conscientious and honest. The one who lost his ax-head was troubled, because "it was borrowed."
9. The students were helped of the Lord—"The iron did swim."

THE PROFESSOR

1. The professor was an exceptional man.
2. He was a man who had managed large affairs.
3. He was a spiritual man. Elijah had the Spirit of God, but this man had a double portion of it.
4. He gladly consented to wise petitions from students. He said, "Go ye," and, "I will go" with you.
5. He superintended the work of students, and was with them in their struggles and necessities, thus imparting to them by his life what he could not have imparted by his tongue.
6. He called to his help and theirs the strength of God.

Such schools, with such a professor and such students, with such environments and such purposes and struggles, will produce men of tact and men of honor. Great men arrive at greatness through manifold victories over self and temptation and hindrances and uncongenial environment.—*Findlay College News.*

MORE faith, O Lord!
When trusted hearts deceive,
And friends let go my hand;
Strengthen me to believe
Thy love will ever stand.
MORE faith, O Lord!
More faith, O Lord!
When sorrow seeks my side,
And I am crushed with grief,
In thee let me abide.
Cast out my unbelief.
MORE faith, O Lord!

—Selected.

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

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Yours truly, H. S. MERCHANT.

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TIME TABLE NO. 3.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

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

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Trains arrive and leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago	12.15 P. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago	9.00 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago	3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper	1.10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend	6.20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

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

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



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Entered at the post-office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter.

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Something is wrong with us if we think of our work as a burden. It is a blessing, and usually comes without disguise."

MONDAY:

"Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away,
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in."

TUESDAY:

Each day is a branch of the tree of life, heavily laden with fruit. If we lie down lazily beneath it, we may starve; but if we shake the branches, some of the fruit will fall for us.— *Longfellow*.

WEDNESDAY:

Grave on thy heart each past red-letter day;
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord has led thee; answered prayers,
And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise-echoes! Thus thy life shall be
One record of his love and faithfulness to thee.

— *Frances Havergal*.

THURSDAY:

"God so loved that he gave." He lives to give. We are not his children if we do not in our little degree throw back in feeble imitation that infinite giving.— *Dr. Joseph Parker*.

FRIDAY:

"God does not expect his messengers to enforce his commands. Let us not shrink from service under this misapprehension. We may proclaim the truth, and live it ourself; but compel no one. This we should leave to the working of the Spirit of God."

SABBATH:

"Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." Rom. 5:9.

We are indebted to the publishers of the *Sentinel of Liberty*, 324 Dearborn St., Chicago, for a copy of their new map showing the seat of the present difficulties in the East. One side is devoted to a large map of Asia. On the reverse are two smaller maps—one showing the Chinese Empire, Japan, the Philippines, etc., and the other, Northwestern China and Korea. Twenty-one by thirty inches in size; printed in colors. Price, fifteen cents, post-paid. A copy will be sent free to each one paying a full year's subscription (one dollar) to the *Sentinel of Liberty*. Address as above.

A CALL FROM INDIA

MANY readers of the INSTRUCTOR will remember the call made through these columns about a year ago for money to send our youth's paper to a school in India, where it has gone for several years, and where it is read and valued. At that time a portion of a letter from a returned missionary, Miss Anstice Abbott, who was interested in this school, was printed; and some of you may remember her earnest plea that the papers might not be discontinued, but might still be sent to that distant land to continue their mission of "making the paths straight for the King of glory."

Through the kindness of friends who read the INSTRUCTOR, and who love the truths it stands for, and are anxious that others may come to a knowledge of them, enough money was raised to send a club of twenty-five papers to this school. Now the time has come when we should begin to send in contributions that the club may be continued. A small gift from each one who can spare something for this work will, we are sure, be sufficient to extend the grant of papers for another year—and should there be anything over, there are unanswered calls from Sumatra and China and other needy fields. Sabbath-school classes will find a blessing in working together for the amount they wish to give; others might try a "self-denial" week; and still others can earn the money in some way—there will surely be a way for those who wish to find one.

Miss Abbott has been for some time in this country, and has spoken in behalf of her special work in India in many places. On August 4 she left New York City, "to return," as she says, "to the land of sorrow and misery."

In a recent letter, after speaking of the famine in India, and the dire need of that great country, in view of the prevailing distress, she says:—

"I suppose that those to whom the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has been sent, being of the high and educated classes, have not actually suffered from want. Some may have fallen from cholera, or plague, yet I have not heard any such news.

"This fearful famine has some bits of light about it—enough to show us that our Heavenly Father has not forsaken that nation, although he is bringing severe chastisement upon it. Thousands of persons throughout all India are appreciating the love that is trying to help them; and as a result they are willing and anxious to hear the gospel as they have never been before. Then, too, the law of caste is being wonderfully undermined. The common distress brings high and low together in many places; and for them the power of caste is broken forever. The most direct good is seen in the thousands of children, some say twenty thousand, who will eventually come under the care of the missionaries all over India. Not only children, but child-widows, many of them are.

"My Widows' Home is full to running over, they write me, and ask whether they may rent another house to take those who are begging

to be taken in. I take widows young and old, with their little children—those who are too young to be sent to our boarding-schools.

"After my return to India [this was written shortly before Miss Abbott's departure], I will try to get some photographs of the Hindu young men who read the INSTRUCTOR. With this I send a picture of some Christian young men who read, and greatly enjoy, the paper."

The accompanying illustration was made from the photograph sent by Miss Abbott. Surely the opportunity we have of sending our paper to our brothers in India is one we should be not only willing, but glad, to improve. Who will be the first to respond to this call?

In sending your contribution, mark it plainly, "For the INSTRUCTOR Mission Fund."

HEART-SUNSHINE—the kind that does not go under a cloud when dark days come, and that is unaffected by the season's changes, shining as brightly in gray November as in sunny June—is such an invaluable possession,—such a jewel of great price,—that the wonder is that all do not strive to obtain it. A willing, obedient heart, lighted by God's smile,



CHRISTIAN YOUNG MEN WHO READ THE INSTRUCTOR

will always overflow with this sunshine. No clouds can hide it, no biting wind of unkindness or misunderstanding can chill its warmth; for its source is with him who is the Light of men, and in whom is no darkness at all.

ACCORDING to the *Teachers' Sanitary Bulletin*, published at Lansing, Mich., by the State Board of Health, "every case of smallpox in Chicago during the last fifteen months, both the imported cases and those contracted by residents from the imported cases, has without exception been unvaccinated. There has been no case among the vaccinated. The verdict of the medical profession at the end of a century of vaccination is that, with the exception of a small number of insusceptible individuals, every unvaccinated person would contract smallpox in the course of a natural life, if exposed to the contagion; and fully one half of those attacked would die, while of the survivors a large number would be hideously disfigured, maimed, and disabled. On the other hand, if efficiently vaccinated and revaccinated, an equally infinitesimal number of hypersusceptible individuals would contract the disease on exposure, and of this small number less than one in a hundred would die. One tenth of the human race, on the average, died annually of this disease for centuries before the discovery of vaccination."