

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. XLVIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST 16, 1900

No. 33.

AUGUST



O H the hills and the valleys are fast asleep
In the warmth of the summer noon;
The yellow lilies stand straight and tall
Like sentinels under the grim stone wall;
Butterflies, amber and white and brown,
Whirl and flutter and settle down;
Birds, like bits of the cloudless sky,
Silently over our pathway fly;
Brown bees, tired of the chase they've
led,

Rock in the clover blossoms red,
And softly, sleepily croon;

Poppies, scarlet as sunset seas,
Nod and bend in the idle breeze;
Grasses, fringing the fields of wheat,
Shimmer white in the waves of heat;
And maples, under the light wind's play,
Glimmer with mingled green and gray.
The quiet world, in the silence mild,
Thrills like the soul of a dreaming child.

Oh, golden lie the waiting fields,
With sunshine o'er them glancing!
And bright the winding river gleams,
And all the rippling rills and streams
With mirth and joy are dancing;
The lakes are seas of burning glass,
The brooks are crystal-clear;
Like cheery prophets in the grass
The cricket's chirp we hear.
But through the beauty and the glee
There rings a note of sorrow,—
To-day is sweet; but ah, too fleet!
Too soon will come to-morrow.

—Harper's Bazar.

DO WE INHERIT CHARACTER?

MANY young persons suppose that character is something they inherited from their parents, and so they settle down with the idea that they can do little either to remedy its deficiencies or to strengthen its weaknesses. This is a great mistake, and one of the enemy's deceptions, which he effectually employs in his work of preventing young men and women from putting forth earnest and well-directed efforts for the development of true and noble characters.

A child is born into the world without a character. Its character will be developed by the use it makes of its God-given life, together with the talents of time and opportunity that Heaven may place within its reach. We may inherit a predisposition to certain weaknesses of character; and, accordingly, it may be with much or little effort that we succeed in developing our characters along these particular lines. Let every youth bear in mind that while he may inherit certain tendencies that may be either a help or a hindrance to the development of a truly strong and noble character, the character itself is not inherited, but is built by himself. Eli was a godly man, but the wicked carelessness of his two sons is an evidence that the good character of the parent can not be transmitted, as such, to the child. A short time ago I met a young man, only twenty years old, who was well-nigh steeped in sin and iniquity. In talking with him, I learned that his father was a minister, his

mother a godly woman, and he himself had been carefully trained, and was well educated.

I asked, "How does it come that you are in this sad condition?" Note his answer: "The many good things which my mother told me I failed to build into character. I have had good chances, but I have a weak, miserable character. There is where I have failed."

upon this foundation—the divine nature—that we are, by the grace of God, to erect the structure of a divine character. Therefore we should let the mind be in us that was in Christ Jesus (Phil. 2:5); for with the divine nature as a foundation, and the divine mind daily controlling us, the product of our Christian experience will be a daily growth in grace and



"GLIMMER WITH MINGLED GREEN AND GRAY"

And so, dear reader, you can not expect to succeed in this world, or prepare yourself for the next, upon either the goodness or the strength of your parents' character.

Every act of our life—physical, mental, or moral—has its influence upon the character we are building. When we were born into this world, we inherited the nature of our parents; and when we are born of the Spirit,—born again,—we become partakers of the *divine nature*, we inherit the nature of God. It is

in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; in other words, the developing of a truly noble and Christlike character.

W. S. SADLER.

ARE YOU SOWING FOR GREAT USEFULNESS?

TRUTH has in it to-day the same fascinating, captivating power that it possessed when it fell from the lips of John the Baptist or of Christ

himself; yet the people of those days left the cities, and went into the wilderness, in order to listen to the former, and made long, footsore journeys over dusty roads that they might have the privilege of following the latter. As individuals, neither became popular: one ended his life in a prison cell; the other gave up his life as a criminal on the cross.

Is not the gospel movement, of which we compose a part, represented by the work of John the Baptist? and in our individual lives are we not to represent again to the world the life of Christ? These are tremendous possibilities,—miracles of grace, which only divine power itself can produce,—yet the human agent has a part to act in order to become such an object-lesson of what truth can accomplish for human flesh.

One important obligation that is laid upon the human agent is to *study*, not to win the approval of men, but to be "approved unto God, . . . rightly dividing the word of truth." The most beautiful and attractive loaf of bread can be so crumbed and macerated that no one would suppose it fit food for any but the lower animals; or it may be laid off in beautiful, uniform slices: in both cases it is the same bread; the difference is only in handling it. So truth, on account of our failure to study it, may suffer such violence at our hands that it will lose for others its attractive and fascinating flavor; but if we are willing to study under God's direction, multitudes will again, ere the close of time, receive the life-giving truths from our hands; for it is his purpose that living truth shall yet permeate the masses everywhere. The water of life is to percolate through every strata of society; and when this is accomplished, the end will come. Have you in view any higher ambition in your study than that you may become an effective instrument in the hand of God to accomplish this work?

DAVID PAULSON.

"It is not prayer —
This clamor of our eager wants
That fills the air
With wearying, selfish plaints.

"It is true prayer
To seek the Giver more than gift,
God's life to share,
And love — for this our cry to lift."

AS WE FIND THEM

THE two had paused for a moment at the parting of the ways, and were talking of a friend.

"Lizzie is kind and generous," said one, "and so energetic, too, if only she were a little more careful —"

"But she isn't," interposed the other, cheerily, "so we must just take her as we find her, and piece out her shortcomings, whatever they are, with our own long-goings. I suppose none of us quite fill the measure of what other people consider desirable, and probably Lizzie says of me: 'Elinor is warm-hearted and well-meaning, and so careful, if only she were a little more —' something that I am not! I used to worry a good deal because I could not make my friends over into what I thought they ought to be; but I am learning to take them as they are, and fill up their deficiencies with all love's might."

A laugh rippled through the words, and still shone in her eyes as she turned away. Taking people as we find them, valuing them for what they are, and filling up what is lacking with "love's might"—what a heaven it would make of many a discordant earthly home!—*Well-Spring.*



THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD



THE old house stands beneath the maple trees,
With green boughs lying on the shingles gray;
The chimneys crumble on the gables old,
And doorsteps totter in their sad decay.
Wild mustard hides the lilacs, where, in spring,
The purple blossoms fling their fragrance deep;
The mayweeds crowd the lattice near the well,
And sunflowers in the broken windows peep.

No sickles touch the grass upon the lawn,
Growing waist-high about the gate unbung;
Red clover tangles o'er the broken walks,
And wrens build in the halls where laughter rung.

From spring to spring the sweet old garden blooms,
Amid the weeds and desolation round;
From fall to fall the apples ripen there,
And drop unheeded on the sodden ground.

Thus man is false to what he once did love,
Thus God is true to things formed by his will.
Man wearies; but to nature's loving eyes
That which was lovely once is lovely still.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

THE CLIFF HOUSE

ONE of the notable show-places in California is the Cliff House, with its view of Seal Island Rock. The Cliff House is a large five-story white building, the top being surmounted with pinnacles and a large tower. Its sides are all windows, and when the sun's rays beam upon the glass in the evening, it shines like red or yellow gold. Inside is a large dining-room, where refreshments are served, and sea-shells, paintings, photos, and other souvenirs of the place are for sale. A fine view of Seal Island Rock may be obtained from this room, as its sides are all of glass.

The Cliff House is built upon a large ledge of rock, the western end of the house projecting over the water. Here it stands like a majestic temple overlooking the "gray and melancholy waste" of old ocean. Mingled with the

constant roar of the ocean is the weird cry of the seals as they crawl with apparently laborious effort up the slippery rocks, trying to reach the top. After a frolic in the water, their coats appear dark-gray; but after spending some time in the sunshine, they are of a golden-brown color. When the sun shines, the seals come by hundreds to welcome him, until the rocks are covered with them.

East of the Cliff House is a steep ascent, which takes the visitor into a pretty park, where many persons go to watch the sunset from the Rotunda—an elevation higher than the top of the Cliff House. As the sun apparently nears the water, it sends forth the most brilliant and dazzling light, illuminating all the western sky; then slowly, slowly, it withdraws its bright face, till at length it drops, like a ball of fire, into the ocean. * * *



THE CLIFF HOUSE

THE LETTER-WRITING HABIT

"If Helen would only stop sending notes, I could love her dearly!" So said Louise Martin to herself as she shook her golden head over the letter the postman had handed her.

"I wonder what she can possibly have to write of this time," she continued, as she opened the delicately perfumed missive. "We had a long, happy day together yesterday, and she was her sweet, natural self all the time."

A moment later a flush of annoyance reddened Louise's face, and the closely written pages received an impatient crumple. "What nonsense this is!" she ejaculated. "Helen has taken it into her head that I do not think as much of her as I used to. She says that although I have mercifully tried to conceal the fact, my affection for her, she knows, is waning. She reproaches herself for the change, and says she is conscious that she is unworthy my friendship. She is sadly aware that her manners are far from pleasing, but that a stubborn spirit within her causes her to be brusque and unsympathetic, even when her heart is really overflowing with affection."

Louise's bright face clouded as she re-read her friend's effusion carefully. "There is not a single word of truth in it," she said, with a touch of indignation, "and in her heart I am sure that Helen agrees with me. Every pleasant meeting we have is spoiled afterward by one of these reproachful notes, and as she always begs me not to reply, or even to refer to what she has written, I am powerless in the matter. I am afraid," she added, "that if Helen really wishes to lose my friendship, she is going about it the right way. Such letters as these are hard to bear."

Louise's unwilling prophecy proved a true one. Helen's persistent letter-writing habit led to the dropping of their old intimacy, and one by one her other much-tried friends fell away. Yet never did it dawn upon the blinded girl that her own morbid habit was the real cause of her isolation.

There are many girls who, like Helen, fancy themselves misunderstood and unappreciated, but who have the good sense to keep their thoughts to themselves. For this act of control they are afterward devoutly thankful. There are also girls who,

like Helen, brood over every little incident, and fancy new and unintended meanings in the simplest sayings of their friends.

Alas for such a one if she yields to the temptation of putting her bitter thoughts upon paper! As she writes, a score of new ideas will pour into her mind from some source of evil inspiration; and by the time the pen is laid aside, the letter will contain much that in her normal state of mind she would not approve.

"But I am no harder on my correspondent than I am on myself," says some self-convicted Helen.

My child, I should say to such a one, you have no right to inflict your criticisms of yourself upon your friends. There is no reason that they should think worse of you than you deserve, and, pardon my plain speaking, you are not apt to write the real truth when you are in a

pessimistic, introspective mood. The criticism of your friends is still more unpardonable; and if repeated to a wearisome extent, will eventually cut you off from their society.

Still more, dear girl, the habit is distinctly an unchristian one. If your thoughts and time were but fully occupied, you would not indulge in these worse than profitless imaginings. Instead, you would be looking outward to the world that daily needs your services, and upward to the Master whose example you wish to follow.

Think of this, my dear girls, when the next fancied coldness or affront grieves you. A frank question may solve the mystery at the time; but if you do not choose this course, consider yourself bound by the obligation of our common Christianity to prevent the gathering in your head of unkind thoughts of others, and resolve that the morbid habit of writing down your grievances shall never be indulged in again.—*Mrs. C. F. Fraser.*

A SIMPLE AQUARIUM

A LEAFLET for the use of public-school teachers, recently issued by the Cornell University College of Agriculture, gives directions for the making of an aquarium. The writer says:—



"An aquarium with living, moving insects in it is a very interesting ornament for the window-sill of a schoolroom. A glass candy-jar, or even a butter-jar, may be transformed into such an aquarium thus: First put into the jar a layer of sand about two inches deep; in this sand plant some small water-weeds, and then add a layer of gravel or pebbles;

then nearly fill the jar with rain-water, pouring it in carefully, so as not to disturb the plants. The plants will keep the water in a right condition for the water-insects to live in; more water should be added from time to time to replace that which evaporates. In such an aquarium place any insects found in water, and watch their habits."

Such an aquarium is within the reach of any boy or girl, and will prove a source of unfailing interest. Especially would it delight a young invalid, who is shut away from all outdoor pleasures and opportunities for observation.

GOD'S LOVE PERSONAL

WHOEVER has once absorbed the thought that God loves him *individually*, with a personal affection, has undergone a marvelous transformation. It is scarcely too much to say that a revolution has been wrought in his soul. He is not lonely any more. He can not despond. The promises belong to him. It is easy to believe. His bliss is assured. The troubles of earth are insignificant, its prizes contemptible. Very few comprehend the greatness of God's love to us—a love which no demand can exhaust, which will last forever, and which has back of it all wisdom, all power. A little inkling of this wonderful fact is enough to start one on a new life. Its full disclosure and discovery constitute heaven. We may well pray not only for more love to him, but for a clearer view of his love to us.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE BOY AND THE BIRD

SMILETH the happy boy with the new gun:
Proudly he's aiming for—"a bit of fun."
Softly the evening comes down, and broods over
A little dead bird in the sweet, dewy clover.

Swayeth the willow branch, graceful and slender;
Falleth the twilight so tearful and tender;
Sleepeth the mother-bird,—Heaven defend her
From the sheer thoughtlessness of the boy with the gun!

Morning will shatter your heart, little mother,
Vacate the home-nest of sister and brother;
Lieth the father-bird, songless and sweet,
With the white clover for his winding-sheet,
Nevermore dewdrops will moisten the throat
Of the dear little songster who has trilled his last note.

Oh, if the clear eyes of the boy with the gun
Could see through the shadow the deed he has done,
His heart would awaken, and re-echo the cry
Of the bird in the clover, that fell there to die.

Three cheers for the boy that is tender and true,
Not only to *think* a brave thought, but to do
The wise thing, the right thing, whoever may sneer,
And who, knowing the right, can never feel fear.

Such is the need of the time and the nation;
Not for the Deweys, the heart's admiration,
But clean hands and pure hearts in our on-coming men—
You can never live over your boyhood again!

Sun will rise, and moon wane, and their satellites shine;
As the twig in youth bendeth, the tree will incline:
And this is the moral my word-painting hath;
Summer soon goeth by; then—the *aftermath.*

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

BIBLE STUDY

The Events That Take Place When Jesus Comes

1. IN what manner will Jesus come to the earth again?—"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him." Rev. 1:7.

2. What is the object of his coming?—"And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle, and another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe. And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped." Rev. 14:14-16.

3. When does the harvest come?—"The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels." Matt. 13:39.

4. What will happen to the righteous dead when Jesus comes?—"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first." 1 Thess. 4:16.

5. What becomes of the living righteous at that time?—"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them [the raised, righteous dead] in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." 1 Thess. 4:17, 18.

6. By what means are the righteous caught up to meet the Lord in the air?—"And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the one end of heaven to the other." Matt. 24:31.

7. What becomes of the wicked when the righteous are taken to heaven?—"And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." 2 Thess. 2:8.

O. C. G.

"A CHILD'S KISS"

Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong."



20—WILD ROSES

HERE are five native wild roses common in this country. The one most frequently met with in Illinois is the climbing, or prairie, rose (*Rosa setigera*). It is the only American climbing-rose, and the only one that has united, protruding styles. The stems are armed with stout, nearly straight prickles, and these are not

bristly. The petals are a deep rose-color, but gradually turn white. From this plant, by cultivation, was obtained the beautiful garden rose called the "Baltimore Bell." This climbing-rose is found only in the West and South.

A rose that always grows in low or boggy soil is the swamp-rose (*Rosa Carolina*). The stems are from four to seven feet high, and the prickles are hooked. It has numerous flowers, which are of a delicate, but not uniform, pink color.

The dwarf wild rose (*Rosa lucida*) is much



lower in height than either of the two already mentioned. The stems are usually one or two feet high, armed with *unequal, bristly* prickles. The flowers grow singly, or in clusters of two or three. It is to be met with in dry soil, or on the outskirts of swamps.

The early wild rose (*Rosa blanda*) may be known by its stems having few or scarcely any prickles, and these are easily shed. The flower is very pale pink, nearer white than any other of the wild roses. It grows near rocks and along banks, especially in stony soil.

There are two wild roses which have been naturalized from Europe. They are popularly called sweet-brier roses, and are much alike in general appearance. But *Rosa rubiginosa* may be distinguished from all others by the aroma of its crushed leaves. On the underside of these leaves are russet-colored glands, which produce the fragrance.

L. A. REED.

"NO LOAD is heavy to a cheerful heart."



SERVICE

BE not an idler in this busy world.

Fill every day with sweetness to the brim,
Keep all thy radiant flags of hope unfurled,
And lift along the way a joyous hymn;
Strive valiantly, since right must vanquish wrong,
But ever rush to battle with a song.

Thy Lord, who came to save, came lovingly
To serve, and stooped to lowlier tasks than thine;
By so much as he did, he asks of thee
To halo toil with tenderness divine.
Humility and patience, grace and peace,
He giveth these, until thy labors cease.

Serve thou in pain, in poverty, in grief,
But never serve in fear, since thou hast love;
And love can ever send for thy relief
At need, the angel host from realms above.
Serve where he sends thee; serve the Lord with joy,
And know his service should thy life employ.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

SEED-SOWING

IN his teaching, Christ called the attention of his hearers to the things of nature, the work of his own hands. He made the trees, the grass, the flowers, that they might teach us precious lessons. Nature was to him a great lesson-book, by which he sought to open the eyes of human beings to the love and power of God.

Nature is a lesson-book to which all, high and low, rich and poor, may have access; and from it the most helpful lessons may be learned. Ever in its varying seasons it repeats its lessons, that by its representations, man may grasp heavenly truth. The apparently commonplace things of earth are silent teachers, instructing us in purity, industry, economy, and patience.

The cultivation of the soil, the sowing of the seed, the care bestowed on the seed by the sower, represent different stages of Christ's work for the soul. First appears the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

The man who sows seed apparently throws away that upon which he and his family depend for a living. But he is only giving up a present advantage for a much larger return. He throws the seed away that he may gather it again in an abundant harvest. By faith he may look forward to large returns.

In order for the seed to grow, it must have care; and when man has done his part, this is only the beginning. After man has prepared the soil, and planted the seed, showing care and thoughtfulness in the work, he must depend upon God, the great Husbandman, to send sunshine and showers to water the thirsty ground, and cause the seed to spring up and grow. The combined influence of the Lord's unseen agencies is necessary from the time the seed is buried in the ground till the harvest is gathered.

If we understood better the wonderful work of God in supplying his family on the earth with the necessities of life, we should know more of his power. He employs many unseen agencies to make the seed spring up and grow. It is his power that gives life to the seed. Without his power how could the harvest be perfected? Let man do his utmost, and he must still depend on the Creator, who understands just what is needed for the perfection of the fruit.

Christ taught his disciples to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." God hears this prayer, and is constantly working to answer it.

He makes his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust, and gives to all wind and rain, thunder and lightning. These are God's blessings, sent to purify the atmosphere from injurious, unhealthful agencies, which, if allowed to accumulate, would poison it, and destroy everything that breathes the breath of life.

Christ seeks to lead the mind from the natural seed cast into the ground to the gospel seed, the sowing of which will result in bringing man back to his loyalty. The Saviour came to this world to sow the seed of truth. Like a sower in the field, he scattered the seeds of truth in the hearts of men.

"He that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty." Shall the expectation of the sower of the seed be disappointed? God forbid! for it is for the present and future good of the receiver that the seed sown be received into good ground. When it is received in faith, it will spring up and bear fruit.

What does it mean to receive into the heart the good seed?—It means to receive the words of Christ. This is a remedy for sin. Some give the truth a partial reception, a half-sympathy, wishing at the same time they had never heard it. In such soil Satan sows his seed, and soon there is a growth of thorns, which chokes the good seed. But when the gospel seed is sown in soil that welcomes it, when it is incorporated with the life, direct and glorious results are seen,—results that testify to the infinite love of God and the transforming power of the gospel.

It means much to receive the good seed. In Luke we read, "That on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience." An honest heart is a heart, which, when the light shines into it, acknowledges that sin is the transgression of the law. "Take heed how ye hear," said the Great Teacher. What will it avail to spend the life in self-deception? When truth is received into the heart, the tares growing there are uprooted. The appeals of God to the conscience are no longer turned aside as of no consequence.

All who receive the word into good and honest hearts will bring forth fruit. In their hearts will spring up the precious fruits of the Spirit,—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

CONTENT, MY HEART

THE lark soars high, his slender wings are strong;
So he is blest.

The little sparrow needs must sing his song
Nearer his nest.

Content, my heart! To all it is not given
To soar and sing;

And lowlier praise may sound as sweet in heaven
As song on wing.

—Emma C. Dowd.



ASTRONOMICAL STUDY—NO. XI

Saturn

AS ALL our readers have now learned where to find the planet Jupiter, and have a fairly correct idea of this, the largest, and at present the most conspicuous, of all the planets, we will turn our attention to the next in order as we journey from the sun, and study for a time the most beautiful, if not to the naked eye the brightest, of our sister-worlds. We refer to the planet Saturn. This "mansion" of our Saviour's creation, when viewed through a telescope, is the most wonderful, and the most beautiful to look upon, of any of the worlds that accompany our sun in its onward march.

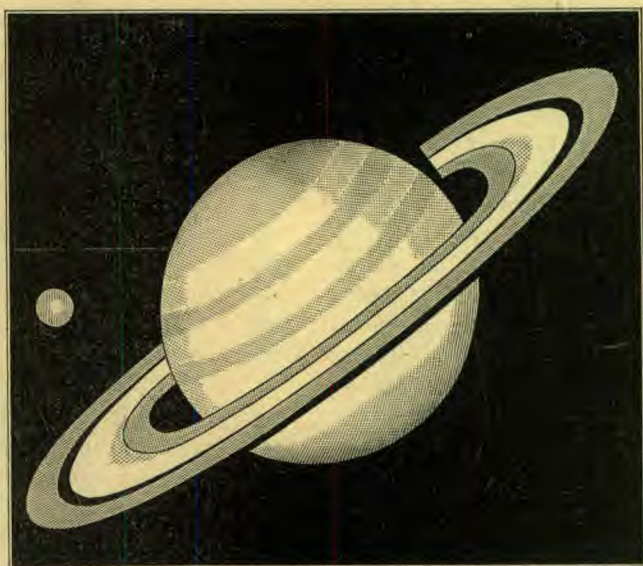
To the unaided eye, Saturn appears as a first-magnitude star, shining with a steady, yellowish light, and is at present to be seen about thirty degrees to the east of Jupiter. It is among the first stars to appear in the early twilight after Jupiter. We hope you will all look for these planets, and fix their position in mind; you will then be prepared to watch these heavenly wonders as they, from night to night, speak to the inhabitants of this world of the glory of God; for the heavens do declare the glory of God, and he is pleased to have us reverentially study into their mysteries.

As a planet, Saturn has a mean distance from the sun of 886,065,000 miles. At its nearest approach, it is 841,097,000 miles, and at its farthest distance, 931,033,000 miles, from our sun. Its nearest approach to our earth is 774,000,000 miles, while its most distant point from us is 1,028,000,000 miles. Its length of day is ten hours, twenty-nine minutes, and seventeen seconds. Its equatorial velocity is 22,476 miles an hour, which is second only to that of Jupiter.

Its onward, or yearly, motion in its journey around the sun is slow, being only 21,560 miles an hour, requiring 10,759 days, or about twenty-nine and one-half years, of our time to complete one revolution. In size Saturn is next to Jupiter, being 75,036 miles in diameter. The great wonder connected with this planet, and that which makes it the most beautiful of all in our system, is its rings. These are three in number, and present many interesting features, which it will be our pleasure to study in a future article.

The accompanying illustration shows Saturn with its rings, also one of its eight moons. These rings are at present so tilted that they present to us much of their surface, thus making the planet appear brighter than it does when only their thin edges are turned toward the earth. In our next we shall learn some interesting things concerning these wonderful accessories of this beautiful world, which we trust we shall some day have the blessed privilege of visiting.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.





WHEN MATTIE CHURNS

WHEN stirs the first-awakened bird
Out from her nest among the ferns,
A song is from the dairy heard,
When Mattie churns.

And to her tuneful voice and sweet,
Her swift, obedient dasher learns
A true and merry time to beat,
When Mattie churns.

Then comes a gentle, patting sound,
Her deft right hand the ladle turns,
And shapely are the rolls and round
When Mattie churns.

And when the ardent August sun
In at her eastern window burns,
He finds the dairy-work all done,
When Mattie churns.

And from the fields of ripened grain,
His willing feet her father turns,
A bowl of buttermilk to drain,
When Mattie churns.
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A HARD LESSON

"MAMA, may I go with Lois Hunter to get some lilac blossoms? There are lovely ones on the old Cole place. Hallie said so yesterday. We can go on our wheels. It is n't more than a mile and a half."

So said Ruth Colfax one bright morning in May. Lois was her special friend, and she expected much pleasure from the ride. They would cross the iron bridge, where the minnows played in the cool shadows; go past the deep woodland slopes, and the pretty stretches of prairie; and come back with their baskets filled with flowers. She stood wistfully waiting.

Mrs. Colfax hesitated. She knew that Ruth was inclined to be self-willed and disobedient. Could she trust her? She would see. After carefully weighing the matter a moment, she said, "Yes, you may go if you will be sure to be back in time for dinner."

Ruth promised, and away the happy children went, enjoying to the full the bird songs, the new, fair dress of the woods, and the beautiful blue of the sky. But reaching the Cole place, they grew afraid. Though no one lived there, perhaps they ought not to take the flowers. It looked lonely and gruesome. Picking up their still empty baskets, they started for home.

The sun was high in the heavens; and by the time they reached the bridge, they were tired, thirsty, and very warm.

"Let's go to auntie's and get a drink," said Ruth. "We can get some lilacs there, and some of those dear violets by the creek, and have plenty of time to get home before dinner. Our mothers won't care."

Auntie was working with the bees back of the house; but she heard the little girls knocking, and went to open the door. After bidding them good morning, she asked, "Have you ever had chicken-pox? Mr. Wince is very sick, and we have sent for the doctor to see what ails him. He has been exposed to what is called chicken-pox. You had better stay outside if you have not had it."

Ruth thought she had, but Lois said she had

not, and would not like to get it, as her eyes were weak, and it might hurt them.

"But we can get a drink, can't we, auntie?" said Ruth.

"Yes," said auntie; "come around to the well through the side gate,—but wait, I will get the water, and you may sit on the front porch and cool off. Here are some books to look at. I am sorry I can not ask you in."

When tired of the books, Ruth asked for some flowers, and auntie gathered a great armful of the fragrant, purple lilac plumes for each of the girls, and then showed them the beds of violets, and brought them out some honey and bread and fruit for a lunch, telling them to play they were having a picnic under the locust-trees.

They enjoyed this, and having finished their repast, and picked all the violets they wanted, they asked if they might see Homer's "park,"



—a pretty flower garden, laid out in walks, and with rockeries here and there, and a grape arbor in the center.

Consent was given, but they soon ran back, saying there was a great snake out there, all coiled up.

Homer went to see, but it had crawled off; and hearing voices in the house, auntie went in.

The doctor had come, bringing with him the county health officer. After examining Mr. Wince, they pronounced the disease to be, not chicken-pox, but smallpox.

And auntie said, "There are those little girls out there!" The doctor went to the door, and said, "Run home as quick as you can; it is smallpox!"

That night they were quarantined. A red flag was hung out at each of their houses. The brother and sisters of poor Lois were hustled off to grandma's, and both Lois and Ruth were vaccinated, and had to stay in the house for fourteen long days.

None of their young companions could come to see them, and even their mothers were kept at home.

When they got out of quarantine, people were still afraid, and would not let their children go near them. It was anything but pleasant; but auntie laughed, and told them their thoughtless disobedience had turned out just as it did in story-books, where disobedient children always get into trouble, run on to snakes, or fall into the water. She thinks it will be a lesson that they will remember through life.

God's law is that children obey their parents. To obey them is to obey him.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

"A BOY OF A THOUSAND"

HE is not what most persons would call a handsome boy; but he is strong and muscular, and walks as straight as a young Indian. And he is not a dressy boy—unless perfect cleanliness and wholeness make dressiness. When at work, he wears blue denim overalls and a queer garment that boys call a "jump jacket." But his Sabbath clothes are such as any boy might wear, and his linen is always as white as snow.

There is nobody but Fritz and the old father and mother. A long time ago, before Fritz was born, these two came over from the "fatherland" to our wide, free America. By such economy and self-denial as we know nothing about, they had saved enough to buy them a little home on the outskirts of the village. The day they moved into this simple home was a proud and happy one to them; for, in the "old country," they had never hoped to own a home of their very own. In the corner of the yard Herr Gougenheimer put up a tiny shop with the word "Tailor" over the door. And there he sat and stitched in cozy content with his own lot, and with the rest of the world, never going in debt, and every year laying up a little something for the "rainy day" that comes to us all. To Herr Gougenheimer it came when Fritz was a little fellow six years old. Rheumatism gripped the honest tailor one whole winter; and when he was able to sit in his shop again, he was not the same man, and the savings had all melted away. His right arm, that had put in so many good stitches, was

bent and almost useless. He tried to work as of old, but the stitches and the work were not such as Herr Gougenheimer once did, so that people began to say, "Poor old fellow, his working days are over!" while his wife skimmed the milk closer than ever, and put no butter on her own bread. When they first moved into the little home, they had wisely put out fruit-trees and berries, and by this time they were beginning to bear. And before Herr Gougenheimer realized that he had lost his hold on the world, the good wife and little Fritz had slipped into the breach.

First, it was big, luscious strawberries, which he sold in nice, clean boxes, decked off at the top with a little bouquet of strawberries and strawberry leaves, that was pretty as a picture. Nobody ever found small, green berries at the bottom of Fritz's boxes. What they were on top, they were all through. If he promised to let you have them at ten cents a box, on condition that you would take them all through the season, he did not wait until he had sold all the good ones at fifteen cents, and then bring you the refuse.

I learned to watch for the little boy with the cheery greeting; and when he left, I felt, somehow, as if the world was a clean, trustworthy place after all, and that I was glad to live in it. Besides fruit and berries, Fritz brought butter, too,—such glowing, golden molds, done up in cloths so snowy that, as my little ones said, “you could eat it in the dark!” He never left grimy finger-prints on those spotless cloths as he lifted the butter from the basket.

One day he handed me my butter, and it looked for all the world like that he had been bringing me. But he said: “That is not our butter. Our milk wouldn’t ‘turn’ to-day; so mother sent you some butter that her cousin made, but she said you need n’t take it unless it suited you.”

And this was the principle on which Fritz always dwelt—perfect honesty and reliability. If he promised to bring berries at seven o’clock, we did not have to delay our breakfast until half-past seven, or eat it without them. If ever there was a small “man of his word,” Fritz is one. I often hear the old business men talking about him as he goes taking his two cows to the pasture, or quietly selling some of his garden products. “There goes a boy of a thousand,” they say. “I never knew him to cheat any one out of a copper, and what he promises to do, he’ll do, if the stars fall.”

What is it, my little friends, that makes Fritz “a boy of a thousand”?—Truthfulness, reliability, steadiness, industry, honesty, cleanliness. And these qualities will make any boy respected, whether he be the son of prince or peasant.—*Mrs. Eva Malone.*

THE CODFISH WAR

PERHAPS there have been more riots and outbreaks in Holland than elsewhere; for Dutch indignation, though slow in kindling, makes a prodigious blaze when once fairly afire. Some of these disturbances have arisen only after long endurance of serious wrongs; and some seem to have been started at once by that queer friction-match in human nature, which, if left unguarded, is sure to be nibbled at, and so ignited, by the first little mouse of discontent that finds it.

There was a curious origin to one of these domestic quarrels. On a certain occasion a banquet was given, at which were present two noted Dutch noblemen, rivals in power, who had several old grudges to settle. The conversation turning on the codfishery, one of the two remarked upon the manner in which the hook (hoek) took the codfish, or kabbeljaauw, as the Dutch call it.

“The hook takes the codfish!” exclaimed the other, in no very civil tone; “it would be better sense to say that the codfish takes the hook.”

The grim jest was taken up in bitter earnest. High words passed, and the chieftains rose from the table enemies for life.

They proceeded to organize war against each other,—a bitter war it proved to Holland; for it lasted one hundred and fifty years, and was fought out with all the stubbornness of family feuds. The opposing parties took the names of “hoeks” and “kabbeljaauws,” and men of all classes enlisted in their respective ranks. In many instances fathers, brothers, sons, and old-time friends forgot their ties, and knew each other only as foes. The feud, being Dutch, raged hotter and stronger in proportion as men had time coolly to consider the question. A thicket of mutual wrongs, real or imaginary, sprang up further to entangle the opposing parties; families were divided, miles of smiling country laid waste, and tens of thousands of men slain—for what?

Those who fought, and those who looked on, longing for peace, are alike silent now. History can not quite clear up the mystery. I know how hard it must have been to settle the knotty question whether hooks or codfish can more properly be said to be “taken,” and how dangerous the little thorns of anger and jealousy become if not plucked out at the onset. It is certain, too, that the hoeks and kabbeljaauws were terribly in earnest,—

“But what they killed each other for,
I never could make out.”

The kabbeljaauws had one advantage. When a public dinner was given by their party, the first dish brought in by the seneschal, or steward, was a huge plate of codfish, elaborately decorated with flowers,—something not only ornamental but substantial as well; while the corresponding dish at a hoek festival contained nothing but a gigantic hook, encircled with a flowery wreath.—*St. Nicholas.*



TEACH ME

Oh, teach me, Lord! that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh, give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I might speak with soothing power
A word in season as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, use me, Lord! use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see;
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

AUGUST STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART IV: “GREECE AS A MISSION FIELD
PART II”
(August 19-25)

1. *Ancient Religion of the Greeks.*—The ancient religion of the Greeks was the most poetic and humane of polytheisms. It was a complicated system of mythology, in which gods and goddesses of all ranks, character, attributes, and degrees were supposed to rule over the destinies of mankind. Every household had its altars, which were crowned with myrtle and other foliage, and ornamented with votive offerings. Still they were pagans: futurity was shrouded with gloom. They held hopeless views of death. They dreaded old age and weakness, because it brought them nearer to the grave,—a grave upon which no cheering revelation shone. While they worshiped beauty, power, intellect, music, poetry, martial success, and manly strength, they showed that even the tender mercies of the cultivated heathen are cruel. They tortured slaves, and practiced terrible cruelties in war. Paganism taught them no love, no mercy, no pity. The majority of the Greeks, notwithstanding their culture and education, acted like the savages of the heathen world in their treatment of the aged and sickly, although here and there a few refined philosophers taught differently.

2. *Their Many Gods.*—The temples sacred to the worship of these deities were thickly

planted up and down the land, and it is recorded that when the Athenians had erected a temple to every deity they knew, they finished by building an altar to “The Unknown God.” In fact, some writers say that the Greeks worshiped over thirty thousand deities; and that when all this was done, they built altars in their fields and plains to the unknown gods generally, in order that they might not fail in their duty to one of this vast imaginary host.

3. *Paul in Greece.*—It is interesting to know that Paul’s labors were not lost in Athens, but that there, as well as in Corinth, he planted a small Christian church. Among the most ancient Greeks, Zeus was the chief deity. He was called the father of the gods, and the god of gods. It was in reference to the attributes ascribed to Zeus, and the universal homage paid him, that Paul used the quotation, “For we are also his offspring,” as applicable only to that God whom he declared unto the ignorant Athenians. The entire passage from which Paul quoted will be read with interest:—

“Zeus fills the haunts of men,
The streets, the marts; Zeus fills the sea, the shores,
The harbors. Everywhere we live in Zeus.
We are his offspring too. Friendly to man,
He gives prognostics; sets men to their toil
By need of daily bread; tells when the land
Must be upturned by plowshare or by spade;
What time to plant the olive and the vine;
What time to fling on earth the golden grain;
For he it was who scattered o’er the sky
The shining stars, and fixed them where they are;
Provided constellations through the year,
To mark the seasons in their changeless course.”

4. *Brief History of the Greek Church.*—This church, being the most ancient of existing Christian churches, claims its descent from the times of the apostles. The apostles traveled in Greece and its colonies, founding Christian churches, and spreading abroad the knowledge of Christianity by their teaching, while Greek scholars made copies of the gospel. This Christian church became eventually the established church of the nation under Constantine the Great, who was converted in the year 312, and made Constantinople the capital of his empire. He extended protection to the Christians, rebuilt the churches that had been destroyed, and showed them much honor. The Greek nation was then prosperous, and the Christian religion was patronized by all classes of society, until it became fashionable to be a votary of the dominant faith. But a branch of this Christian church had also been established at Rome; and the bishops of Constantinople and the bishops of Rome began to regard one another with envy, both seeking the supremacy. In time, the bishops of Rome were called “popes,” while the bishops of Constantinople were named “patriarchs.” These titles are still worn by the respective heads of the churches in question. In these early centuries, various disputes arose between the Roman and Greek churches upon points of worship and doctrine; for both had degenerated from the simplicity of the apostles’ days, and both claimed the pre-eminence. The Greek Church denies many of the heresies taught in the Romish Church; while, on the other hand, it observes heresies of its own, such as image-worship and the intercession of saints. These disputes, occurring time after time, occasioned much strife and commotion between the two great branches of the early Christian church; and finally, in the eleventh century, a controversy arose over the manner of celebrating the eucharist, and the pope in anger issued a decree of excommunication against the whole Greek Church. Since then the two branches of the church have been completely separated,

and known as the "Eastern" and "Western" churches.

5. *Doctrines, Usages, and Superstitions.*—The Greek Church is known and styled among the natives as the "Orthodox Oriental Church." Some of its doctrines are identical with those held by Protestants, while others are generative of superstition. For instance, the Scriptures are held in the same estimation in the Greek Church as in our own, the Sixth Article declaring that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation;" also "that an atonement was made by Christ for the sins of the whole world." But many errors have crept in, such as Mariolatry, or the worship of the Virgin, invocation of saints, image-worship, and transubstantiation. A liturgy is used, which contains many prayers consistent with Protestant views, although there are many others favoring idolatry. In fact, the doctrines of the Greek Church are far more Scriptural than its practice.

6. *The Rule of Faith* in the Greek Church includes the canon of the Scriptures. It holds seven sacraments—baptism, chrism, the Lord's Supper, penance, ordination, marriage, and the *euchelaion*, or administration of holy oil. In baptism, oil is mixed with water, while among the Copts the sign of the cross is made during this sacrament no fewer than thirty-seven times, for the exorcism of evil spirits. Chrism is an ordinance corresponding somewhat to confirmation in the English Church. In the eucharist, the wine is mixed with warm water, and administered to clergy and laity alike, even children of tender years being allowed to partake. By penance is understood the performance of extraordinary alms, or undergoing prolonged fasts. Wednesday and Friday in each week are regularly observed by faithful Greeks as fast-days; while the total number of fast-days appointed throughout the year amounts to two hundred and twenty-six. Relics are held in great reverence in the Greek Church, but the doctrine of purgatory never obtained a footing there.

7. *New Testament in Greek Schools.*—A few years ago the ancient Greek Testament was adopted by the minister of education in Greece as a text-book in the schools of that kingdom. As there were then over twelve hundred schools, with about eighty thousand pupils, this measure will have an important influence upon the rising generation of Greece. Schoolboys at Athens will read Paul's discourse on Mars Hill, as delivered to their forefathers; while those at Corinth may reverentially and wonderingly read the same apostle's letters to the earliest Christians in that city.

THE CURE FOR LONELINESS

SELFISHNESS is one great cause of loneliness. If a man builds walls around himself, so that he may keep all that he has to himself, he soon finds that he has built walls around himself, which shut out all that might come in to him from others. The cure of loneliness may be the overcoming of selfishness. The medicines for this disease of loneliness are potions of generosity, of thoughtfulness for others, of self-sacrifice, taken in large doses. Even when the loneliness comes from the bitterness of loss and sorrow, forgetting self, going out of self and doing for others, is the only cure that God has given on earth for its healing. Are we ever lonely? Then let us go and do something for somebody. That is the cure.—*S. S. Times.*



NO RESPECT OF PERSONS

(August 25, 1900)

Lesson Text.—Gal. 2:6-10.

Memory Verse.—Acts 10:34, 35.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Review the events of the last lesson, as recorded in Acts 15, and referred to in Galatians 2. Give special attention to the second chapter of Galatians, from the beginning, and including the present lesson. Read the epistle from the beginning, and get the points so fixed in mind that you can recall them readily.

QUESTIONS

1. What was the occasion of Paul's second visit to Jerusalem? Acts 15:1, 2. How long was this after his first visit? Who went with him? Gal. 2:1. Who sent him? V. 2.
2. What did Paul lay before the apostles and elders at Jerusalem? V. 2. On whose account did he make this visit? What was involved in the question under dispute? V. 4; note 1.
3. To what brethren did Paul present the gospel as he had preached it among the Gentiles? Vs. 2, 6. Did he do this in order to learn from them? How much did they add to his knowledge of the gospel? V. 6; note 2.
4. What did they learn concerning Paul's work? Concerning that of Peter? V. 7. Who worked for both Peter and Paul? V. 8. How, then, would the preaching of Peter and Paul agree? Note 3.
5. Which of the apostles were present at this council? What did they perceive of Paul and Barnabas? What did this lead them to do? What division of the gospel work was then made? V. 9.
6. What did the brethren suggest that Paul should do in his work? Did he need to be urged to do this? V. 10; note 4. When preaching the gospel, did he pass by the Jews? Note 5.

NOTES

1. Paul preached the gospel, which is the good news of *freedom* from sin. These false brethren taught a doctrine that would lead the believers back into *bondage*. Those who were troubling the Galatians were teaching the same false doctrine; and Paul says of them that they "would pervert the gospel." Gal. 1:7. This was no small matter, therefore, but one that involved the whole question of salvation.
2. Paul did not go to Jerusalem to learn the gospel from the apostles there. The Lord had taught it to him years before. And the brethren learned from him that he preached the same gospel that they preached.
3. To Paul had been committed the gospel to the Gentiles; to Peter, the same gospel to the Jews. So both these apostles had received the same gospel; for there is only one. Gal. 1:6, 7. When it became plain that it was the true gospel that Paul was preaching, it did not take the brethren long to come to an agreement.
4. In Acts 11:28-30 we read how Paul and Barnabas were interested in aiding the brethren in Judea during a famine. This was some years before the council at Jerusalem. Again, in Acts 24:17, Paul speaks of the alms he had brought with him on his last visit to Jerusalem. He also makes frequent appeals in his epistles in behalf of the poor.
5. Paul not only remembered the Jewish brethren by receiving alms for them; but

wherever he went, he preached to the Jews first. He says of his work, "Unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews." 1 Cor. 9:20. Of the Gentiles he writes, "I am debtor to the Greeks, and to the barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise." Rom. 1:14. As God is no respecter of persons, neither should his servants be.

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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. 75, Mixed, to South Bend	8.20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit ..	3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit ..	8.37 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



PUBLISHED BY THE
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

ADVISORY COMMITTEE
A. T. JONES W. C. SISLEY

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
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To Foreign Countries	1.25

CLUB RATES:

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The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

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

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

When you have done a kindness, and your neighbor is the better for it, why need you be so foolish as to look any further, and gape for reputation and requital?—*Marcus Aurelius*.

MONDAY:

Self-ease is pain, thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end;
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase;
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

—*J. G. Whittier*.

TUESDAY:

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—*Phillips Brooks*.

WEDNESDAY:

Tribulation can not separate you from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. But the love of God will, in the end, separate you from tribulation, and bring you out of it, and give you fullness of joy.—*J. Hewitson*.

THURSDAY:

Every moment of each hour
Has its power to raise and lift,
Or its little hindering power.
Nothing idly passes by;
Naught too small to give its gift:
Bind their wings, then, as they fly—
Till they bless you, hold them tight.

—*Susan Coolidge*.

FRIDAY:

To the formation of a good character, it is of the highest importance that you have a commanding object in view, and that your aim in life be elevated. . . . It is an old proverb that he who aims at the sun, to be sure, will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high; and, though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence.—*Joel Hawes*.

SABBATH:

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isa. 55: 1.

ARE you learning the book of Galatians? or did you learn the first five or ten verses, and then allow other things to come in and crowd out this duty? It is not too late to take it up again, if you did; and the treasure of the memorized chapters will be to you a priceless possession in the days to come. We all believe that not so far in the future there will be a famine for God's word in all the earth; and that in that dark hour we shall have only what we have stored up in our minds of his promises of help, pardon, love, and comfort, to strengthen us, and enable us to stand firm. Is it not, then, of the highest importance that we do not let this golden opportunity slip unimproved through our fingers, but that we study carefully this part of God's word, and store up its truth in its very Scriptural expression in our minds, that we may stand with confidence in the trying days before us? If we do this, the Spirit will bring these words to our remembrance; but nothing will, nothing can, be brought to the remembrance, that has not at some time been in the mind.

BEFORE the thought of the great events that are to take place so soon in the future,—the sealing of God's people, the close of probation, the coming of our Lord in glory,—how insignificant, how trivial, seem the cares and strivings that fill our days! Viewed in relation to that event, how less than nothing are many of the things we work for and worry about,—how petty our small business affairs! how foolish our plans! "Just a thought of the nearness of the end will stop the murmur on my lips, and the rebellious thought almost before it is formed," wrote an earnest friend the other day: and is it not so? Does not the thought that we ourselves are of the generation who shall see the consummation of the hope of the ages—the coming of the Lord to gather his own to himself, to dwell with him forever in a home of whose beauties we can not even form an idea—solemnize our minds, and still at once the anxious thought and fretful word?—Always! and is not this the reason that the enemy, who is redoubling his vigilance as the hours between that happy day and the present condition of things grow fewer, so fills our minds with the cares of this life as to cause us at times almost to forget our hope? Well he knows that the discontent and murmuring and fretfulness that fill our harassed days can not live for a moment before the thought of that time—that if we held its joy close to our hearts, and its hope ever before our eyes, he would forever lose his power over us.

And it is true. We live, even to-day, in the very closing hours of earth's history. We have heard the precious message that Jesus is soon coming, and we have said we believe it. Then shall we not take the blessedness of it, and cease our striving for worldly pleasures, gifts, and gains? And shall we not tell it to others, that they, too, may know the peace that comes from this knowledge?

THE issue for July 19 of the Rand-Mc Nally *Geographical Series* contains maps and descriptive matter relative to the present crisis in China, together with a concise review of its history, government, religion, people, industries, and relation to foreign powers. Ten full pages devoted to maps of the Chinese Empire and its divisions, adjacent island groups, etc.; also a map of the world. A valuable number for those who wish to be informed regarding the geographical situation in the East. Price, twenty-five cents, postpaid. Rand, Mc Nally & Co., Chicago, publishers.

HOW WE GROW

WHEN we pray, in the sheltered retreat of the closet, that faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity, may be manifested in our lives, and may become a very part of our characters, let us remember that these graces will not be given to us "in a lump." We shall not get up next morning, and find ourselves in full possession of them. On the contrary, the very next day may be so filled with perplexities and trial, so encompassed with vexation and annoyance of the kind to hurt us most, that we shall have more than ever need of knowledge, patience, charity; and when we find ourselves lacking in wisdom, impatient, unwilling to give a charitable interpretation to the acts of others, we wonder sadly why we have failed,—why, when we prayed so earnestly, so sincerely, we should come short in the trying hour.

We forget that growth must always be from within outward—first, a humble, teachable, willing heart; then, the manifestation of the fruits of the Spirit in the daily life. In order to become wise, we must train the mind,—study, think,—and then exercise the judgment; and when God is first in all our thoughts, and directing them, our thinking will have a sure result. But he, who is all-wise, will never give the priceless jewel of wisdom into the keeping of those who show themselves so negligent, so careless, of their Heaven-given opportunities as utterly to refuse to make any effort at improvement.

So with patience. Just as one must fight something, overcome something, in order to become strong,—just as the wasted muscles of the idle or the ill must be built up and strengthened by exercise,—so in order that the beautiful grace of patience may find a place in the life, it is necessary that it grow by use.

Patience presupposes trial. Without worry, annoyance, sorrow, what opportunity would there be for the grace of patience?—how would we know whether or not we had indeed added patience to our faith? So we are tried; and if, in the hour of grief or vexation, we keep our hearts fixed steadfastly on Him who is our peace, and meet the trouble cheerfully, unselfishly, we may know that we are indeed growing into "the patience of Christ."

"Tribulation," wrote Paul—and how grandly the truth of his words was proved in his own life!—"worketh patience;" and again, "The trying of your faith worketh patience." Let us not forget this when our prayers for patience are being answered.

When the test comes, then is the time to add to our faith the grace that is especially called for. If we remember this, and meet every difficulty in the strength that may be ours, the fruits of the Spirit will be indeed manifest in our life—not like what one has called "Christmas-tree virtues," but like the lovely fruit of some garden tree, that grows to all its perfection of color, form, and flavor by a proper use of the very sunshine and showers and rough breezes that would prove the undoing of artificial flowers and fruit.

How easily we speak!—and yet what sad results may follow some thoughtless word! It is so easy to wound and grieve those we love by some hasty, thoughtless remark,—so easy to turn away from the Master, by some light, careless word, those who are looking to us for encouragement and help. Since it is from the heart's abundance that the mouth speaks, we all need to pray for clean hearts, that our words may be a blessing to those who hear.