

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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A TRIP TO PARIS

It was in the summer of 1894 that two Americans, then staying in London, decided to visit the renowned French capital. One of them was a middle-aged professional man, who had traveled considerably in various parts of the world, and was consequently an excellent companion for such a trip. The other man was younger, not yet thirty, and his experience away from home was somewhat limited. He had seen several of the Eastern and Middle States; had visited the world-famed Niagara; and the year before had visited the Columbian Exposition. Besides this he had taken with nature's kodaks a large number of mental pictures of the beautiful scenes so wonderfully spread out before one making a trip up the Hudson. These experiences, together with the ocean voyage to Queenstown and Liverpool, and the trip to London by rail in the odd, small, side-door, English compartment cars, had fanned into a blaze a long-smoldering fire of longing to see something of the great world in which we live.

Under these conditions these two persons were thoroughly mated, and well prepared to enter heartily into a search for the many interesting things of the strange city, from which to derive instruction and entertainment. With the Latin phrase, *multum in parvo*, in mind, concerning both time and expense, advantage was taken of a cheap, three-days' excursion via the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, leaving England's metropolis at 8:30 Saturday night. Before the train started, every one seemed to speak English, though occasional traces of a foreign accent were heard, and an abundance of black hair and eyes on the

crowded platforms of Holborn Viaduct Station showed that a larger percentage of Norman blood than is usually seen in a London crowd was present. As soon as the train started, however, and even before it had passed over the famous old "King Lud" hotel, situated under the Ludgate Hill bridge of this line, a jabbering of French was heard on all sides. This road is one of the great arteries of traffic and travel between the realms of Her Majesty, the Queen, and her neighbors of the great Continental Republic; and naturally enough, in addition to the number of English passengers "going abroad," there were a large number of French subjects returning to their

with the prevailing rougher Anglo-Saxon words heard two hours before. Here, after a half-hour's delay, one of the Calais boats was boarded. The English Channel is rough,—very rough and choppy sometimes,—and these boats are not large, like the great "liners" of the Atlantic service; but a description of this feature of the trip will be omitted till the return journey, for fear that some might by its perusal miss the enjoyment that such a trip really affords.

By the time the shores of France were reached, not only was there much French to be heard in the commands of the custom-house officers, the orders of the railway foremen, and the shout-

ing of the men under them; but English seemed to be a dead language. It will be remembered that only a short time before this date, the anarchist Vaillant had thrown a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies, in Paris, which resulted in the injury of many persons and damaged the auditorium to a considerable extent. This incident caused much excitement all through the nation; and on entering the country all foreigners were carefully scrutinized, and their baggage was subjected to a thorough examination.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

homes, who had been quite inconspicuous while mingling with the crowds of London, but who began to be much in evidence as they were thrown into one another's company, and discovered many with whom they possessed a mutual language.

The ride to Dover lasted about two hours. The route lay through the ancient city of Canterbury, where is situated Canterbury Cathedral, the scene of Thomas à Becket's murder; but the night was dark, and nothing much could be seen. These English cities are not so brilliantly lighted as are our American towns, or at least they were not at that time. The use of French continued to increase till Dover was reached, when it seemed that nearly every one was using the quick, soft speech of the smooth Latin tongue, in sharp contrast

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the fact that it was finished better than others, and that it was the first to leave the station, the conclusion was reached that it was for regular passengers only, not for excursionists. After showing their tickets to the brass-buttoned official, the two Americans were turned over to a "guard," or a "trainman," as he would be called in England and America; but what appellation is given to him in Calais was not learned. With lantern in hand, he led the way across several tracks to the opposite side of the yard, opened a door, and motioned them to enter a dingy, ill-lighted, uncushioned compartment, in a black car, which can best be compared in outside appearance to a Lehigh Valley coal-car with a roof. For half an hour it had been dawning upon the Yankees that they were not receiving the courteous attention that a lavish use of francs and centimes would have secured, and now they had good reason to regret that the continental portion of their trip was to be as "excursionists."

After a tedious delay, during which the first-mentioned train pulled out, this train was hauled out of the darkness, and backed up to the station platform. Then the other passengers entered the compartments of the cars, which are similar to those of England, except



A COMPARTMENT CAR

that they are much heavier, and evidently designed for longer journeys. The section assigned to the two Americans received the addition of three Frenchmen and an Englishman who spoke French. The journey passed without incident worthy of mention till daylight, when other passengers, residents of the rural districts, took the places of some who had reached their journey's end. The Americans, now properly designated the foreigners, not being acquainted with the road, and not understanding the language, did not know the exact time they would arrive in Paris; so the younger one took out his timepiece, and pointing to it inquiringly, said to one of the latest occupants, "Paris?" He felt sure that the name would be recognized, and the man would understand that the time when the city would be reached was sought. But no; not a gleam of intelligence passed over the face of the Frenchman. The French-speaking Englishman came to the American's assistance by informing him that Paris was not so pronounced in France. Said he, "You should say Paree." On hearing that word the Frenchman became animated at once. Reaching for the watch, he pointed to seven and twelve, thus indicating that the train would reach the city at seven o'clock. He seemed quite pleased to be able to render this service.

It was soon learned by the two Americans that what seemed to be a lack of courteous-

ness on the part of the people with whom they were forming an acquaintance was due only to a failure to make themselves understood; and without doubt if those men at the station at Calais had been changing cars in Chicago or New York, the different manners and customs of American railways would have led them to think they were among a race of stupid, ignorant people. So much for a different point of view. That the newcomers in the car were considerate for others was soon proved by the act of a kind-hearted old man with an "Oom Paul" countenance, who made use of his snuff-box, and seeing the elder American eyeing it closely, passed it to him at once.

When the hands of the watch indicated 6:30, there began to be a bustle among the passengers in the little room of the car, especially among the ladies. Hats were adjusted, wraps fastened, children who had been eating were brushed up, and everything showed that the city was near. Soon the familiar outlines of the Eiffel Tower, so often pictured in modern literature, appeared to view through the right window, and the last possible fear that the wrong train might have been taken amid the confusion at Calais was dispelled. The great building in which the train stopped had over the door on the outside, facing the street, a sign reading, "Station du Nord." By this it was learned that the train had entered and stopped in the north side of the city. A day or two later another station was entered, over the door of which was the word "Ouest," associated with others now forgotten. The location was responsible for the conjecture that the word meant "West." H. E. SIMKIN.

(To be continued.)

COLORS OF SEA-WATER.

THE color of the sea is continually varying. The ocean, seen by reflection, presents a fine, azure-blue, or ultra-marine. Near the shore it becomes of a green, or glaucous, tint, and more or less brilliant, according to circumstances.

There are some days when the ocean assumes a livid aspect, and others when it becomes a very pure green; at other times the green is somber and sad. When the sea is agitated, the green takes a brownish hue. At sunset the surface of the sea is illumined with every tint of purple and emerald. Placed in a vase, sea-water appears perfectly transparent and colorless.

Many local causes influence the colors of marine waters, and give them certain decided and constant shades. A bottom of white sand will communicate a grayish or apple-green color to the water, if not very deep; when the sand is yellow, the green appears more somber; the presence of rocks is often announced by the deep color which the sea takes in their vicinity.

In the Bay of Loango the water appears of a deep-red, because the bottom is there naturally red. It appears white in the Gulf of Guinea, yellow on the coast of Japan, green to the west of the Canaries, and black round the Maldivé group of islands. The White and Black Seas appear to have been named after the ice of the one, and the tempests to which the other is subject.

Colored animal or vegetable bodies give to the water a particular tint. Navigators often traverse long patches of green-, red-, white-, or yellow-colored waters, their coloration being consequent on the presence of microscopic crustaceans, medusæ, zoophytes, and marine plants. The vermilion sea on the California coast is probably due to the latter cause.—*The Ocean World.*



THE CRUCIBLE

THE iron is torn away from all it knew,
Beaten and broken, biting blow on blow;
Weighed in the balance, flung to burning flame.
So I, beneath Thy hands; do thou thy will!

Up through the heaving mass the fierce blasts blow;
The heat grows sharper, piercing to the core;
Shape crumbles down, color drops out in fire.
Strength goes; pride goes; self changes; change not thou!

The fire dies out; the molten shape grows cool.
Tempered and tried, edged on the whirling stone,
Steel for the king's hand, perfect; iron no more.
Myself no more: set thou thy hand to me.

—Mabel Earle.

A SIN-PARDONING SAVIOUR

I

CHRIST came to this world to reveal the Father, to give to mankind a true knowledge of God. He came to manifest the love of God. Without a knowledge of God, humanity would be eternally lost. Without divine help, men and women would sink lower and lower. Life and power must be imparted by him who made the world.

The promise made in Eden,—the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,—was the promise of the Son of God, through whose power alone could the counsel of God be fulfilled and the knowledge of God be imparted.

God made the promise to Abraham, "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." To Abraham was unfolded God's purpose for the redemption of the race. The Sun of righteousness shone upon him, and his darkness was scattered. Christ declared, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad."

Jacob declared: "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

To Moses God talked face to face, as a man talks with a friend. On him shone the light regarding the Saviour. He said to the people: "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him shall ye hearken."

The sacrifices and offerings told their story of the coming Saviour, who was to be offered up for the sins of the world. They pointed forward to a better service than theirs, when God would be worshiped in spirit and truth and in the beauty of holiness.

In the Jewish service was typified the atonement demanded by the broken law. The victim, a lamb without spot or blemish, represented the world's Redeemer, who is so holy and so efficient that he can take away the sin of the world.

To David was given the promise that Christ should reign forever and ever, and that of his kingdom there should be no end.

The Hebrews lived in an attitude of expectancy, looking for the promised Messiah. Many died in faith, not having received the promises; but having seen them afar off, they believed and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

God prepared the way for the coming of his Son by scattering the Old Testament Scrip-

tures among heathen and idolaters. Divine power went with the Word. It carried with it the evidence of its power; for it bore the divine credentials.

Thus the way was prepared for the great Teacher. "But when the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son." Christ came to teach lessons that would echo and re-echo from generation to generation. The teaching of the rabbis consisted of a monotonous repetition of maxims and traditions. Christ spoke with an assurance that impressed his hearers. His whole being was charged with divine love. His heart was filled with sympathy for mental and physical distress, which he met wherever he went. He bore a living testimony that he came not to destroy life, but to save it. By look and word he drew men to himself. Sympathy and love flowed from him to the distressed and suffering. The beauty of his countenance and the loveliness of his character attracted the people. No sooner did they look upon his face, and hear his gracious words, than their hearts were filled with a warm glow of love.

The truth that had been given to patriarchs and prophets Christ rescued from the rubbish, and presented to the people in a way that made it seem like new truth. He also gave them many new truths, spoken on his own authority.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

ACTION

STRONG is the arm that swings, and throws
The light, free ball afar.
Up, and still up, in the air it goes,
A tiny shooting star;
Then, as it seems beyond recall,
It wavers, and begins to fall.

Across the field the schoolboys run,
With eager, upturned eyes;
They push and crowd, but only one
Is sure to get the prize
(But over near the schoolyard wall
A few boys do not try at all).

Boys, press your way, and be alert
For opportunity!
Don't be content to stand inert,
But up — and run — and see.
Hurrah for him who wins the prize, —
And honor to the boy who tries!

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

CONFESSING CHRIST

How swiftly the Ethiopian put on the badge when he found that Jesus was his Saviour and Lord! Some of us might have said to Philip: "I believe that you are right, and that Jesus Christ is the Saviour, but I would rather not acknowledge him publicly, now. There are no Christians that I know of in Ethiopia. The customs are quite unlike yours; I could not commune there; and this is all a good deal of an experiment. When I come to Jerusalem next year, as I hope to, I would like to talk with you again about this matter." Is this what he said? — No! Seeing some water by the roadside, he said, "See! water! what doth hinder me to be baptized?" There is the loyalty that commits itself absolutely and immediately. How did he know where he would be another year? No one can do anything to-morrow. If I live until to-morrow and do anything, it will have been done to-day; then, if it is right, do it to-day. To-morrow may not come. Fly your flag to-day for Jesus Christ, if you have given yourself to him. You will be stronger to fight a good fight and keep the faith to-morrow, if to-morrow ever becomes to-day. — *Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.*

"We can not have Jesus, and not have joy."



THE MARCH OF THE GOLDENRODS

HERE 'S a torchlight procession afloat through the meadows!



The van has gone on, and the rear 's never seen;
It troops o'er the fields in undisciplined order,
Each soldier arrayed in uniform green.

I can not distinguish recruit from commander;

The order of march lacks the common design:
But each, with his torchlight held valiantly upward,
Is doing his best to keep up with his line.

They leave me the road and the walk and the pathway.
Where I, from my cool, shady seat, watch them pass,
While they tramp through ditches and hollows and valleys,
And scramble up hillsides and through the tall grass.

The regiment gains in recruits as it marches,
And volunteers always "fall in" by the way.
Their names are not drafted: one only condition, —
That all carry torches by night and by day.

But by and by comes! Then the torches burn faintly —
A flash — and a flicker! Their brilliance is sped!
And commands from the front, in the distance from nowhere,
Send orders to "halt," for sweet Summer is dead!

Then the soldiers in green halt, and patiently listen
For further commands for the troop to disband;
But while they are waiting, their enemy, Winter,
Approaches, and on them he lays his cold hand.

And they die! and their little lives vanish — oh, whither?
But their ghosts remain standing, true pictures of woe,
With inverted torches — you often can see them,
If you walk through the fields in the season of snow.
— *Helen T. Wilder, in The Interior.*

25 — Black Mustard

ONE of our most common wayside weeds is the Black Mustard. I present a drawing of the whole plant, and a larger one of the flow-



Sisymbrium officinale
Hedge Mustard.

Brassica nigra
Black mustard

ers and pods. This plant belongs to the family of *Cruciferae*, with the Peppergrass and Bishop's Purse, already described in these articles.

It is not a native of this country, but came to us from Europe. It is often cultivated for its small, dark-brown, pungent seeds, from which the well-known condiment called mustard is made.

26 — Hedge Mustard

A far more unsightly weed than the Black Mustard is the Hedge Mustard. It may be found almost anywhere along waysides. The flowers are much smaller, and of a paler yellow. The Hedge Mustard branches about as freely as the Black Mustard, but hardly lifts its thin, curved branches out of the weeds among which it grows. This unsightly weed was formerly used for medicinal purposes.



Brassica nigra

L. A. REED.

ONE OF NATURE'S STOREHOUSES

WOULD you like to go with me this morning to a little house not built with hands? It is a tiny house, painted green, with a beautiful round tower, which reaches so high above it that it is always the first part of the house to catch sight of the rising sun, and the last to which the sunbeams say good-by.

This little storehouse has no counters nor shelves, no glass windows nor clerks; and the queerest part of it all is the strange stock kept here, and the funny little customers that come to the house. The stock is all kept up in this tall, pink tower, stored in cups so small that you and I can not see them with our naked eye. The stock is something that we all like, and good things are always wanted by everybody; thus it happens that the oddest, busiest lot of customers come to this place that you can imagine. They come with noise and bustle; for are they not always in a hurry to get home to their babies, who must have some bread to make them strong?

They come buzzing just like the bees that they are, and creep up to the tower where the sweets are kept, and fill their pockets full (for you know bees have pockets in which to carry bundles). And what kind of money do you suppose they pay for this honey? — Why, gold dust, which they carry all over their wings and bodies.

Thus it is that the bees go shopping, and visit the little storehouses — the clover plants. — *Child Garden.*

GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.

LEARN to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to stop croaking. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. If you can not see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours. — *Epworth Herald.*



Ah, Genius burns like a blazing star,
And Fame has a honeyed urn to fill;
But the good deed done for love, not fame,
Like the water-cup in the Master's name,
Is something more precious still.

— Susan Coolidge.

THE GREAT TEST OF CHARACTER

SOMETIMES our best efforts seem to be rewarded only by the faultfindings and criticisms of others; and it often appears that our endeavor to help another is rewarded by falsehood and misrepresentation. To be able, under such circumstances, to bear these things in patience, without murmuring, constitutes one of the greatest tests of a true and noble character.

One writer has said that "the truly noble character will not stoop to resent the false accusations made against it." To be able patiently to bear mistreatment, as did Joseph; to be willing to be misjudged, as was Daniel; and to be unappreciated, as was Moses, are all essential elements to strength and nobility of character. How can we hope calmly to meet the great crises in life's experience, when we so easily become ruffled and out of temper when misjudged by our friends, or ill-spoken of by our enemies? "If in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

The youth who to-day is building a character for eternity should be so busied with the work of helping others that he can find no time either to resent or to attempt to explain away the many falsehoods that the enemy may circulate about him. Thus the patience with which we can suffer wrongfully, the fortitude with which we can endure hardship, and the forbearance with which we labor under misrepresentation, constitute, in themselves, not only one of the greatest means of developing character, but also one of the greatest evidences of its strength. At some time in his experience, every Christian will be brought to the place where he must stand alone with God.

W. S. SADLER.

ARE YOU A CHRONIC BACKSLIDER?

Do you occasionally yield yourself sufficiently to God so that you secure a definite spiritual uplifting, and then do you afterward drift back even farther than you were before? Have you gone to camp-meetings, or to some revival effort, and enjoyed a real spiritual feast, only to find in a short time after returning home that your soul was as famished as before? Have you not sometimes seriously wondered what would be the final outcome of all this,—whether God would some day suddenly and miraculously lift you above the inclination to backslide; or whether, after all these trials and tribulations, you were eventually to be lost? or have you come to the conclusion that your present Christian experience is about all the satisfaction that can be secured from Christianity in this life, and that the real peace and happiness resulting from following Christ do not *begin* until one has crossed to the other shore?

Have you tried to root up error from your mind, instead of planting truth there? Have

you tried to crowd darkness out of your soul, instead of bringing in light? Have you tried to remove weariness from your spiritual muscles by simply rubbing the aching spots? Or have you learned the sweet lesson of taking that rest which *naturally* brings refreshing?

Perhaps your experience has been a duplicate of the kind described by Christ in Matt. 12:43, 45, where an unclean spirit had been dislodged from a human soul, and after a time returned, and found the place from which it had been driven out, *empty*, swept, and garnished,—the very fact that it was left empty being nothing less than an invitation for the evil spirits of jealousy, envy, evil surmisings, doubt, frivolity, gayety, and sentimentalism to return, and take possession to an even greater extent than before. This led Christ to say that the last state of that man was worse than the first. This man had spent more time and energy in getting evil things *out* than he had in letting the truth *in*,—that truth which, by its very disinfecting power, would have driven out these undesirable things. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." John 8:32.

There is a better experience for us all than to have an empty and naked soul, walking about in a ghostly manner, simply inviting back the devils that have been cast out. For there *are* truths, which, if accepted, will cure us of chronic backsliding, so that we may become like "a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither [backslide]; and whatsoever he doeth [including work for other young people] shall prosper." Ps. 1:3.

When there is a fragrance about your Christian experience that captivates the hungry souls that come in contact with you, it will be easy for you to recommend the gospel to your associates; for the very flavor of your life will, to use a homely figure of speech, cause their spiritual saliva to flow, and they will be ready to digest whatever truths you have for them. Then your branches will spread; there will be beauty about you, as about the olive-tree, and fragrance, as of Lebanon; and those who dwell under the shadow of your influence will be revived, and grow up as the vine. Hosea 14:5-7. When you begin to feed upon truth that produces that kind of experience, it will be quite natural for you to say, like Ephraim, "What have I to do any more with idols?"

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

TRICKS OF SPEECH

NOTHING is easier to acquire, nothing more difficult to lose, than a trick of speech and manner, and nothing is more universal. If we look around among our friends and acquaintances, we shall find scarcely one who has not his favorite word, his perpetual formula, his automatic action, his unmeaning gesture,—all tricks, caught, probably, when young, and, by not being got rid of then, next to impossible to abolish now.

Who does not know the familiar, "I say," as the preface to every remark, and the still more familiar, "You know," as the middle term of every sentence? Who, too, in these later times has not suffered from the infliction of "awful" and "jolly"—mile-stones in the path of speech, interspersed with even uglier and more obtrusive signs of folly and corrupt diction—mile-stones that are forever turning up, showing the successive distances to which good taste and true refinement recede in the race after slang? Then there are the people who perpetuate ejaculations; who say "Goodness!" as a mark of surprise, and "Good gra-

cious!" when surprise is mixed with a trifle of reprobation. Lower in the social scale come "My word!" "Patience!" "Did I ever!" and indifferently in all stations, "You don't say!" or in a voice of deprecation, "No!" and "Surely not!" To judge by voice and word, these ejaculatory people are always in a state of surprise. They go through the world in unending astonishment, and their appeals to their "goodness," and that indeterminate quantity called "good gracious," are incessant.—*Selected.*

WHICH WOULD YOU BE?

I KNOW a little girl who cries
Whenever things perplex her;
And oh, the petty cares of life,
They do so often vex her!
She spends her time from morn to night
In dolefully repining,
Nor ever looks behind the clouds
To see the sun still shining.

I know a little girl who laughs
At every grievous trouble,
And blows it smilingly away,
As if it were a bubble.
For her the sky is always blue,
And always birds are singing,
While all the world is bright and gay,
With merry voices ringing.

— Watchman.

PLATINUM

IN almost all native gold is found another metal called platinum. This metal is, in reality, a combination of metals; that is, platinum is found in a somewhat rare ore called platinum ore, which also contains palladium, rhodium, iridium, ruthenium, and osmium.

In the sixteenth century, Spanish miners discovered in the gold ore of the Darien mines, grains of a whitish metal somewhat resembling silver, this was used by the Spanish government to adulterate their silver coin, and its exportation was prohibited. Its existence remained, therefore, comparatively unknown until late in the last century, when it was introduced into Europe as a curiosity, under its Spanish name of *platina del Pinto* (the little silver from the River Pinto). Subsequently the ore has been found in Santo Domingo; in California; on the Rogue River, in Oregon; in Canada; and in Borneo; the richest deposits, however, occurring in the Ural Mountains. For a time the Russian government struck coin of this metal, but its market fluctuations forced its abandonment for this purpose. Since that time the main use to which platinum has been put is in the manufacture of chemical utensils and other articles requiring lightness combined with strength.

Platinum is not changed by the action of air, water, steam, or any ordinary acid. Boiling caustic potash, or soda lye, has no effect upon it; nor can it be fused with any known substance in the absence of air.

In color, platinum, as found, is a pale steel-gray, occurring rarely in any other form than scaly grains or round lumps. The grains are often found cohering, however; and in this form, masses of considerable size and weight are obtained. The Madrid museum has a mass from Condoto weighing twenty-six and one-half ounces; while the Demidoff museum, Russia, has one weighing twenty-one pounds, troy, "lumps" weighing from ten to twenty pounds being often found in the Ural Mountains. These mines produce about seven thousand pounds of platinum yearly; and as this amount is a very large quantity, some idea can be formed of the feathery lightness of the metal.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



BACK IN SCHOOL

I'm glad vacation's over,
And I am back in school.
We spent the long, hot summer
In the mountains, keeping cool.
Of bears, and wolves, and panthers
We never saw a sign;
Nor any creature bigger than —
What's six times nine?

My Papa, and my Mama,
And I, and little Claire
Camped out, there on the mountain,
And breathed the pure, fresh air.

And every bush had berries,
Bright blooms decked every vine;
And every day for dinner —
What's six times nine?

The stream was full of minnows;
And pretty speckled trout,
Below the bank o'erhanging,
Went flashing in and out.
And one day, in the branches
Of a tall and noble pine,
I thought I saw a little —
What's six times nine?

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE ARMOR OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

THIS is what the apostle Paul calls the armor that the Captain of our salvation provides for each one of the soldiers in his army. It is not our own righteousness, or right-doing, that is a protection to us; "for all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." But Jesus clothes his warriors with the robe of his own perfect, spotless character, and in this they are more than a match for all the hosts of Satan.

If some of the world's great warriors, such as Alexander or Napoleon, could have put their own spirit and hope and fearlessness into each one of the soldiers in their army, what a strong, what an invincible, host they would have had! This is what the Captain of the Lord's host does for us, — he puts his own armor upon us, so that nothing can harm us; and he puts his Spirit within us, to make us fearless and strong.

When our Captain puts his own armor of righteousness upon us, he says, "I give unto you power . . . over all the power of the enemy." Then if we believe his word, we shall be "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

In the sixth chapter of Ephesians we are told about the different parts of this wonderful armor. There is —

THE HELMET

of salvation, to cover the head. David knew something about this; for he had proved it, and found that it fitted and protected him a great deal better than the armor of King Saul.

It was this that made him so fearless when he fought the great giant, Goliath, and other of the enemies of the Lord.

We are told of Jesus himself that he puts "an helmet of salvation upon his head" when he goes forth finally to destroy all the hosts of evil. So you see that the armor he gives us is just the same as his own.

THE BREASTPLATE

of righteousness covers the heart; and so we are to let our Captain's righteousness guard our hearts from all evil. He says to us, through his word, "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" And of those who trust in the Lord, the psalmist says: "His truth [which is his righteousness] shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pesti-

power in them. Would you not like to have a pair of shoes that would keep you from ever getting weary? that would put such strength into your feet that you would never grow tired? This is what these shoes do for those who wear them. Our feet are to be "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The gospel of peace is "the power of God unto salvation," and so our feet are to be shod with the power of God, that we may be strong to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to others. Of those to whom this work is given the prophet says: "They shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Solomon knew something about these shoes. In his Song of Songs he says to the church of Christ, which is his army, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes!"

"Beautiful feet are those that go

On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so."

THE SWORD

Notice that the sword is not ours, but "the sword of the Spirit." And the first place where the Spirit will use it will be in our own hearts. He will have to cut away from us everything that is evil; for this would make us weak and useless in his army. His sharp sword, the word of God, will pierce even to our most secret thoughts, and take away all that is not good.

This is the only sword that the followers of Jesus are to have anything to do with. Of every other sword Jesus says: "Put up thy sword again into its place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

THE SHIELD

To protect our whole bodies from the fiery darts "of the old serpent," we are to take "the shield of faith," — faith in Jesus and in the free gift of his righteousness to us. Even this is not something that we are to provide for ourselves, but it is the gift of Jesus. It is "the faith of Jesus," — that faith which endured every kind of

conflict with Satan, and won the victory every time, — that is given us for our shield. "For this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

EDITH E. ADAMS.



"WHAT'S SIX TIMES NINE?"

lence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." These are some of the devil's weapons of destruction, but the strong breastplate of righteousness can protect us from them every one.

THE GIRDLE

You all know what a girdle is for. It is to bind the garment, and keep it from flowing loosely everywhere. So all our thoughts are to be kept within the girdle of truth, and not allowed to run loose, upon that which is not true, nor upon our own or any one else's imaginations. Whatever is true, and pure, and lovely, we are to think about. Then the mind will be kept pure, and become strong and ready for service whenever the Captain calls.

THE SHOES

The shoes that Christ's soldiers wear, like all the rest of their armor, have wonderful

THREE GATES OF GOLD

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three Gates of Gold.

These narrow gates — first, "Is it true?"
Then "Is it needful?" in your mind.
Give honest answer; and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

— Selected.



TAKE HOLD AND HELP

ARE you waiting idly by,
While a brother's fainting nigh
For the help your hand can give?
Oh, be useful while you live,
And take hold and help!

Many hearts are filled with care,
Bowed 'neath burdens hard to bear.
Lift with those who lift alone,
Lifting theirs, you lift your own!
Oh, take hold and help!

Hundreds need you, need you now;
Do not say you know not how
The aching heart with joy to fill.
You can learn how if you will!
Now take hold and help!

* * *

SEPTEMBER STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART IV: BERMUDA: THE FIRST GERMAN
CAMP-MEETING: FROM THE LAND
OF TURKEY

(September 16-22)

1. *Our School in Bermuda.*—For several years Brother and Sister M. R. Enoch have been in Hamilton, Bermuda. For some time Mrs. Enoch taught school, using a room in her home for this purpose. When the number of students increased, Brother Enoch assisted in the schoolroom whenever he could spare time from his other duties. About two years ago these laborers found that they could not give the necessary amount of attention to teaching, aside from their other work, and asked the Foreign Mission Board to send some one to take entire charge of the school. In answer to this request Miss Winifred Peebles sailed from the States to this field in the fall of 1898. Now that after two years she has found it necessary to return home, it is expected that her place will be filled by another. In the Bible studies the children have been instructed in many of our peculiar points of faith, and in her letters Sister Peebles tells of many interesting conversations with the little ones, and of their interest in these studies. The white people of Bermuda will not associate with the blacks. There are several classes among the whites, and the same is true of the blacks, and one class will not mingle with another. Owing to this class distinction, it has been found necessary to exercise the greatest care in taking children into the school; for no influence could be obtained if the prejudices of the people were violated. But these prejudices will vanish when Christ enters the heart.

2. *The Friedensau Farm.*—Last fall a farm was purchased at Friedensau, Germany. When it was known that a school would be opened on the farm, fifty pupils from Germany, Russia, Hungary, Holland, and Switzerland made application to attend; but the buildings were not ready, and there was room for but twenty-five. Buildings for a health-food factory, a sanitarium, a tent factory, and a school have been erected. The laborers in this field hope that at this place may be developed workers who will go as missionaries to Germany and Holland.

3. *Early Life of William Goodell.*—William Goodell was born in Templeton, Mass., in 1792. His parents were exemplary Christians. In letters to his sons Mr. Goodell spoke of his father and mother in high terms, paying tribute to their Christian character. At his mother's death none of her eight children professed religion, though they did afterward, three out of four sons preaching the gospel. During the last illness of his mother, her appetite was generally poor, but one morning she fancied she could eat a trout. Her son knew that these fish were usually found only in clear, running water. It was in early spring, the meadows were flooded, and the water was sluggish. But at her entreaty he went on horseback. He could not get anywhere near the main stream, so threw his hook into the nearest waters. A trout larger than it was common to take there, even in the best season of the year, seized it. The fish was carried home and cooked. Mr. Goodell says: "I doubt not she prayed then, as I feel assured that she had often prayed before, that I might one day become a 'fisher of men.'" When twenty-eight, he decided to devote himself to God's service in a foreign field. We quote a few lines from a letter written to a friend about this time: "I would never go among the Turks, were they not embraced in those blessed promises that relate to the universal extension of the gospel. I should not dare take one step forward, had not the Saviour said, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'" * *

4. *His Labors in Turkey.*—In 1822 Mr. and Mrs. Goodell sailed for Malta. They labored there for one year, when they went to Beirut. For a time the work at the latter place went on without restraint from the civil or religious authorities; but finally persecution came, and a plot was laid to drive out the missionaries. In this state of affairs the attention of the people was called to the Greeks, who engaged the Turks in battle, and everything else was forgotten. When quiet was restored, the work was resumed, though not without threatenings, it being made an offense worthy of severe punishment for a person to render any service whatever to the missionaries. During the last two years of their stay in Beirut, Mr. Goodell seldom went to sleep without first thinking over ways of escape if they should suddenly be surprised by the enemy; and he seldom went out without looking for rocks and bushes and caves and pits, which might furnish hiding-places for the persecuted in a time of danger. For several months before leaving the place, they had everything packed, so that they might depart at the shortest notice, and their money so separated and disposed of that if hurried off to prison, they would not be penniless. It was with reluctance that they left Beirut when political disturbances rendered such a course necessary. The gospel had been proclaimed there, and converts were preaching faithfully; schools had been established; tracts had been distributed. Malta was the next stopping-place, but the missionaries hoped to be able soon to return to the city that they had just left.

Soon afterward, having received instructions from the American Board to open a mission in Constantinople, Mr. Goodell went to that place. When planning how best to begin labors there, a fire swept away nearly everything he possessed; but friends came to the rescue, and he was enabled to replace some things. Other laborers joined him. As in Beirut, things went smoothly for a time, but afterward persecution came. Many converts to the Chris-

tian religion were punished by imprisonment, exile, or death. The hand of persecution was again arrested by war. When Mr. Goodell and his family went to Constantinople, they were the only Americans there. This faithful worker spent thirty-four years in active service in the capital, forty-three years altogether in the Turkish Empire. One of his principal works was the translation of the Scriptures into Armeno-Turkish,—a task that occupied twenty years. At the age of seventy-three Mr. Goodell returned to the United States. He died at the age of seventy-five.

LOVE'S RETURN

THE life that on His hand depends
With joy its little treasure spends;
It loves, and love's return is given;
Seeking, it leads the way to heaven;
By loss it gains a strange increase,
And wins, through struggle, deepest peace.
—Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale.

CHRIST THE SON OF MAN

CHRIST was a man, not a phantom, nor a thin veil of flesh used to conceal the divine being, but a real man like other men, and yet unlike others, because he was the ideal man.

He called himself "man." He said to his enemies, "Ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth." He frequently called himself "the Son of man." After his resurrection he said to his disciples, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have."

His followers asserted that he was truly a man. John said, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Both Matthew and Luke trace his human descent through David. Paul called him, "the man Christ Jesus," "God manifest in the flesh."

Then when we read the Gospels, we find them to be the record of a human life. In these accounts we see that:—

1. Jesus had the appearance of man. Pictures with a halo about the head misrepresent our Lord; no supernatural light shone from his person. The transfiguration occurred but once. He looked like other men. There was nothing uncommon in his dress or bearing. The only glory one could see was the outshining of a wondrously beautiful soul. "Is not this the carpenter?" asked some. "Is not this Joseph's son?" asked others. They all saw that he was a man. The woman of Samaria knew that he was a Jew; Mary Magdalene took him for a gardener; no one ever doubted that he was a real man.

2. He passed through the experiences common to mankind. He lay a helpless baby in Mary's arms, his body was subject to the laws of growth, he increased in stature, his mind developed, he gained wisdom, he was subject to the limitations of human nature, he was weary at Jacob's well, he was hungry in the wilderness, he thirsted on the cross, he wept, he prayed, he was tempted, he suffered, he died. These were human experiences; we recognize the marks. He was our brother, flesh and blood like ourselves.

3. He was both human and divine. His person was divine, his nature both human and divine. This union was mysterious yet harmonious. We see something like it in our own persons. I say of one that he has head, hands, and feet; and it will be seen that I refer to his physical being. I say, He thinks, feels, loves, and plans; and I have in mind his spiritual being. In either case I mean the same person. When he assumed human form, Christ continued to be the same divine person he had been from

eternity; his God-nature was not changed. The human nature, however, was greatly exalted by its union with the divine. It was like ours, only purer, stronger, and grander. He was not at one time God, and at some other time man; but from the moment of his incarnation he was both God and man.

The value of this truth is very great. By becoming man, Christ invested manhood with a new dignity; how grand it is to be a man, since he was a man! By becoming man he entered into the experience of human joys and sorrows, that he might forever be our sympathizing Friend. By becoming man he was able to meet all the requirements of the divine law, in the place of sinning man.—*Charles A. Oliver, in Well-Spring.*



REVIEW

(September 22, 1900)

Lesson Text.—Galatians 1 and 2.

Memory Verse.—John 5:39.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

In reviewing these two chapters, read them over carefully several times each day during the week. As you read, try to recall all the lessons that have been drawn from each verse. The review should help you to gain a more connected view of the whole subject, just as you might take a long walk through the fields and woods, and then, having climbed a high hill, could look over, or review, all the places you had visited.

Of the questions that follow, those on the first chapter are quite general, and will suggest many more. Review Lesson V on this chapter if possible. Also review the notes and suggestions on as many lessons as you can. This review lesson will be an easy and profitable lesson if you have learned well all the lessons week by week. Otherwise you will find it long and hard.

The second chapter is naturally divided into two parts. In verses 1-10 Paul gives an account of the council at Jerusalem, mentioned also in Acts 15. The Lord directed him to go, and to present there the gospel as it had been shown to him. He opposed the false brethren who taught that the Gentiles must be circumcised and keep the law. Then he sets forth the results of the council. Titus, a Greek, who was with Paul, was not compelled to be circumcised. Peter, James, and John, the apostles who were then at Jerusalem, gave to Paul and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, thus approving of the work done among the Gentiles.

In the remainder of the chapter, from verse 11, Paul refers to his experience with Peter at Antioch, and then sets forth the doctrine of justification by faith instead of by works. Peter had at first eaten with the Gentile brethren at Antioch, contrary to Jewish custom; but when some of the brethren from Jerusalem came to Antioch, he changed his course. Paul reproved Peter publicly for this, and showed that he was going contrary to the gospel. Jews as well as Gentiles are sinners, and must seek righteousness by faith instead of by the law. But in thus justifying sinners, Christ is not the minister of sin. The believer becomes dead to the law, that he may live a new life of righteousness unto God. But to seek to be justified

by works would frustrate, or hinder, the grace of God, and make the death of Christ in vain.

QUESTIONS

1. To whom does Paul address this epistle? What blessings come from God the Father? What has Christ the Son done for men?
2. What had the Galatian brethren done that caused Paul to write to them? Who had been troubling them? How many gospels are there? How should any pretended gospel be received?
3. From whom had Paul received the gospel? Who had made him an apostle?
4. What does Paul say of his life before he became a Christian? How does he refer to his conversion?
5. When did he first visit Jerusalem after his conversion? What does he say of his experience there? Why does he give these experiences?
6. When did Paul again visit Jerusalem? What was the occasion of this visit? What was Paul's attitude toward the false teachers?
7. After hearing Paul present the gospel, what did the apostles at Jerusalem do? What did they request Paul to do in his work?
8. Where did Paul and Peter meet again? What course did Peter take? What did Paul do?
9. What question did Paul ask Peter? How are both Jews and Gentiles justified, or made righteous? How shall no flesh be justified?
10. Of what is Christ not the minister? If the believer in Christ falls into sin, whose fault is it?
11. What death does the believer die? Does he remain dead? What life does he then live? How may we frustrate, or defeat, all this wonderful working of God's grace?

TO ACCEPT the will of God is not to surrender, but to order a charge. To say, "Thy will be done," is not to sink back discouraged and resigned before misfortune or sin, but to consecrate ourselves unreservedly to warfare against it, and at last to complete victory over it. It is not the prayer of resignation, but the prayer of enlistment.—*W. W. Fenn.*

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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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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, 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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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"The same spirit of faith that teaches us to pray earnestly, teaches us to wait patiently; for as it assures us that the blessing is in the Lord's hand, so it assures us it will be given forth in the Lord's time."

MONDAY:

Thou art coming to a King!
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such
Thou canst never ask too much.
—Bishop Warren.

TUESDAY:

"He who knows how to pray has the secret of support in trouble, and of relief from anxiety; the power of soothing every care and dispelling every fear, and of filling the soul with entire trust and confidence as to all the future."

WEDNESDAY:

"Prayer is the hinge that opens the golden gate of paradise. Prayer is the most powerful of all the forces of the universe, since it moves him who governs all."

THURSDAY:

"Whatever we shall ask,
If only we believe,
From a loving Heavenly Father,
Christ said, 'Ye shall receive.'
Trusting in this promise ever,
As he leads us day by day,
From our hearts, with love o'erflowing,
Without ceasing may we pray."

FRIDAY:

"Prayer is the weapon that moves the throne of God. Lack of spiritual power comes from lack of prayer. Christ himself, our example, taught us to pray; and he himself spent much time in prayer."

SABBATH:

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Matt. 6:6.

THE victory is not to be won some future day, by one mighty conflict with the forces of evil. No; it is to be gained now, to-day, and every day as it comes. That is the only way to share in the final triumph—to overcome in little things day by day. Every day is a decisive day: live each day as if that one were to decide your destiny.

"I LIKE to sing at the beginning of the Sabbath," said a man not long ago; "it drives out the cares of the week, and brings in the Sabbath peace." And as song after song rose on the air, and at last the familiar strains of the Sabbath hymn, "Safely through another week,"—the spirit of peace and of Sabbath reflection did come into the hearts of the little company gathered by that quiet lakeside for worship.

Singing will not only drive out the demons of care and perplexity at the end of the week; but a song on the lips and in the heart will carry one safely and easily over many a hard place, triumphantly and happily through many a dark hour. It will bring in the spirit of hope, courage, forgiveness, and love, and prepare its possessor to be one of the glad company who shall at last "come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

OUR PRIVILEGE

IS NOT the cause of much of the loneliness, the crying out against being misunderstood, the unsatisfied longing of the heart, to be found in the fact that we so persistently turn away from our privilege of communion and acquaintance with our best Friend? Of course he is *our* Friend always: no amount of coldness and indifference and slighting of his love, can make him other than our most constant and loving and loyal Friend: but whether or not we shall be *his* friends, and enjoy all that such a relationship will bring, rests entirely with us.

We love to think about our friends—does the thought of him and his constant, upholding care come like a benediction into our busiest hours? or are we so taken up with our work, our study, our pleasure, that we give no thought to the One who stands waiting, waiting, for us to turn to him—to acquaint ourselves with him, that we may be at peace?

It is a pleasure to do things for those we love, to make sacrifices, if we may but serve them: we can never do all we would; the little we can do only makes us long to do more. But do we love, really *love*, to do things for this Friend—our truest and best? If we do, we shall slight no opportunity, no matter how small or apparently unimportant, to express our love. "The test of service," some one says, "is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such little things." That is one of the tests of our friendship for him, too,—to be always doing things for him,—little things, *for him*,—and rejoicing in the privilege.

And when we are separated from our friends, with what longing do we wait for a message from them! how eagerly we read their written words! how carefully we treasure their expressions of regard, their assurances of love and faithfulness! but—alas that it should ever be true!—do not days often pass without more than a hasty glance at the word sent to us by our most faithful Friend? and sometimes, perhaps, is even that grudging concession to an uneasy conscience omitted?

We enjoy the society of our friends: it is a pleasure to be with them, to listen to their words of experience, cheer, encouragement, and comfort, and to tell them of our hopes and plans, sure of their interest in whatever concerns our welfare. Does it sometimes happen that we allow our human friendships, perhaps unconsciously, almost to usurp the place that no such friendship, no matter how dear and sweet and precious, should have,—the place that belongs to that Friend one of whose very names is Counselor, and who longs to be *our* counselor in all the affairs of our life?

What we need, what multitudes need, is not less of human love and friendship, but to remember to give these their proper place—not the first place—in our hearts. We need to remember Him who gave himself for us, and to whom we of right belong; we need to study his word, dwell upon his promises, and meditate on his goodness and love; we need to talk to him *often*—not merely to fly to him for help when we are in trouble, or to pray from a sense of duty, but to go to him as naturally with whatever touches our lives as a child confides in its mother.

When we do these things,—give to our best Friend the place that belongs to him, so that in all our thoughts he is first,—there will be in our hearts a fountain of happiness that will be unaffected by any outside influence. The worst terrors of loneliness are impossible to the one who has come really to *know* him. Shall we not love this Friend more, trust him more, and accept the rest and peace he longs to give us?

IS THIS YOUR EXPERIENCE?

HAVE you ever, under the influence of God's Spirit at some camp-meeting, or during a revival effort, yielded your heart to him, and started out in his service, confident in his strength and sure of the victory? and then have you perhaps gone home, and taken up your every-day work, and one day awakened to the fact that you had in some way lost out of your heart a part or all of the blessing you enjoyed? In short, have you had the experience that Dr. Paulson describes in the article entitled, "Are You a Chronic Backslider?" on page 284 of this paper? If you have, and if you wish to learn how to gain something better, read this article, and those that will follow it, thoughtfully, and with a prayer that you may live up to the light they contain. These articles are the result of years of experience and observation among young people, and their author is only anxious that they shall reach and help those they are intended to benefit.

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