

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. XLVIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER 27, 1900.

No. 38.



A TRIP TO PARIS III

AMONG the objects of interest that all tourists visit in Paris are the Church of the Madeleine, Notre Dame Cathedral, and the Louvre. These were visited the next day by our travelers. At the Madeleine the wealthy gather on Sundays to see and to be seen. The effects of the action of the elements are seen on this building, as on St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and workmen are almost constantly employed in making repairs. Notre Dame Cathedral, situated near the Palais de Justice, or the police headquarters, as it would be called in this country, is the seat of the archbishop of Paris. Its architecture is striking, but can not be carried in mind sufficiently to give a detailed description several years after a visit. One thing that impresses an American is the great number of candles of all sizes used in the place. Many of these are kept continually burning.

The Louvre is the great picture-gallery of France, and of the world. Like the National Gallery in London, it has an international reputation, but it is much more extensive than the latter. Here are found the great masterpieces of dead artists. An extensive museum of antiquity is also connected with the Louvre. It was in a window of this building that Charles IX stood and fired on the fleeing victims of the St. Bartholomew massacre. The old palace of the Tuileries, with its beautiful gardens, is close by. This is the place from which Louis XVI was taken when led to imprisonment and execution. On Tuesday a visit was planned to Versailles, and the beautiful palace and grounds of Louis XIV. It was soon learned that in order to be understood in Paris, when speaking of Versailles, one must pronounce it "Versa," as softly as possible. It is much easier to make one's self understood by writing than by speaking, as French pronunciation is so different from English. When asking for railway tickets on this side-trip, one of the men wrote on a card: "Versailles and return; two; second class." Without hesitancy the young woman attend-

ant handed out two second-class, round-trip tickets.

This palace of the Louises, with its surroundings, is one of the grandest sights in France. It is said that at one time during its construction there were six thousand horses and thirty-six thousand men employed. The palace contains some of the finest paintings of war scenes in the world. One picture, which makes a lasting impression on the mind, is on a large canvas about fifteen by thirty feet in size. In the center are three life-size horses with their uniformed riders, apparently charg-

been growing so many years, these have now attained a great size. As the grounds are higher than any others in the immediate vicinity, the thought suggests itself, Where does the water for the ponds and fountains come from? The explanation given is that it is brought many miles in underground aqueducts. The place is a beautiful sight to behold, but one can not repress a thought of pity for the poor laborers who were so terribly oppressed by the proud monarchs of France when it was built. The fact that royalty reveled in luxury, and hesitated at no extravagance in carrying out its



STORMING OF THE BASTILLE, IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

NOTE.—The Bastille was an extensive citadel prison in Paris, situated at the gate of St. Antoine. It was surrounded by a ditch twenty-five feet deep, and outside the ditch was a high wall. The building had eight massive round towers, with walls from twelve to forty feet thick. In the towers were located the numerous cells in which prisoners of state and other unfortunates were confined. History records that the inhuman treatment to which prisoners in the Bastille were subjected, has few parallels in the history of penal cruelty. Once there, without any trial, and with no communication with the outer world, the fate of the victims was wholly dependent on the caprice of despotism. The Bastille was stormed by the people and destroyed July 14, 1789. On its site now stands a column erected in memory of the French patriots.

ing at breakneck pace. As the room is entered at one end, they appear to be coming directly toward the visitor. As the middle of the room is reached, they all appear to have changed positions entirely, still looking at the one approaching. At the other end of the room they appear to have turned squarely around. A good artist can so paint one figure as to make it present this deceiving appearance; but it is a mystery how three horses abreast, with their riders, could be made to have this appearance.

The grounds back of the palace are beautifully laid out, in sections, each of which is covered with trees of a different kind. Having

We are permitted to use the accompanying illustration by courtesy of the publishers of "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation."

ambitions and pandering to its desires, was the most potent cause of the terrible Revolution in which France forgot all justice, religion, and morality.

The accompanying illustration, "Storming the Bastille," gives some idea of the fury of the insane mob that took things into its own hands in that memorable year 1789. La Bastille, situated in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, was built in the fourteenth century, and was originally used as a fort, but later was made a prison, in which inconceivable tortures and cruelties were perpetrated. The people utterly destroyed the whole structure; and after peace was restored, a monument was erected on the spot, which still stands as a reminder of the great struggle between princes and paupers, rulers and subjects, labor and capital.

On the banks of the Seine in the heart of Paris stands a statue of Voltaire. His greatness, commemorated by this elegant work of art, consisted largely of his infidelity. His character is so common throughout the country that the expression, "Infidel France," has become a stereotyped phrase. This unbelief in God followed as a natural result of the selfish actions of rulers who, while they professed Christianity, lived such wicked lives, and indulged in such unrivaled excesses, that men were led to think that if this was Christianity, they did not care to have it. What a lesson for all who profess to follow the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth!

A beautiful boat ride for a distance of several miles to St. Cloud and return, on the ever-turning Seine, was enjoyed on one of the last days of the visit. Hundreds of little launches run up and down the river continually, and a ride on one of them the length of the city gives views of life among certain classes not well seen in any other way.

At seven o'clock on Tuesday evening a train was entered at the Station du Nord for the homeward journey. Being "excursionists," our tired travelers were obliged to occupy a compartment well filled with men who could not understand how the odor of bad tobacco could be objectionable to any one. Just before going into the car, a loaf of Paris bread was purchased by the younger man, which he took home and varnished, to preserve as a souvenir and curiosity. It is a yard long, about the size of a man's wrist, and is still well preserved.

The passage across the Channel was even rougher than before, and the boat was smaller. As a result, both tourists were thoroughly seasick, and had to repair to couches in the cabin. Once the waves broke entirely over the boat, and the water came pouring down the carpeted stairs into the cabin. During the violent tossings of the boat, a lighted lamp broke its fastenings, and fell, striking within a few inches of the elder tourist's head, and breaking into many pieces, the oil running all over the couch and out upon the floor. It was a narrow escape both from the fall of the lamp and from fire.

As the early morning fog began to lift from the steaming Thames, and the hundreds of butcher's carts were hurrying away with their day's supply from the Smithfield market to their respective shops in every part of the great city, the two travelers alighted from the train, and boarded another on the Underground Railway for Holloway Station, near which was a place where some good cooking and an opportunity to sleep were appreciated to their fullest extent. H. E. SIMKIN.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THEM?

WE mean what are you doing with your INSTRUCTORS? We know just what some are doing with theirs, and that the Lord is blessing them in so doing; and we wonder what you are doing with yours. Some of the INSTRUCTOR family—yes, a considerable number of them—after carefully reading and digesting the many good things that appear in this paper from week to week, give their copies out to their neighbors to read, calling their special attention to some of the excellent articles therein contained. Others, after having read them, send them away through the mail to distant friends, knowing that the precious seeds of present truth found therein will germinate in the fruitful soil of some honest heart, and bear fruit in the eternal kingdom of God. Again we ask, What are you doing with yours?



THE PATH OF THE JUST

HIGH up above the world
There is a narrow way;
A glorious light doth shine thereon,
Bright from the realms of day.
Though narrow is the path,
Yet there is room for all.
Follow the light that shines before,
And thou shalt never fall.

They in this shining path
Look not unto the world.
The banner of the cross of Christ
Above them is unfurled.
There are the good and true;
Pure, blood-washed robes they wear.
No room for those who walk in sin;
The just alone are there.

Unto this shining path
The Saviour is the door;
And all along throughout the way
He goeth on before.
And those who keep that path,
And do not step aside,
Will in a glorious, blessed home
For aye in peace abide.

MARY E. INMAN.

WE ARE HIS WITNESSES

I

FOR three years and a half the disciples of Christ were learning lessons from the greatest Teacher the world ever knew. As Christ's work of ministry drew to a close, and he knew that he would soon leave them to work without his personal presence, he sought to encourage and prepare them for this work. He knew also that they would meet with persecution and loss, and he would prepare them for these. "If the world hate you," he said, "ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also. But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me. . . . But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me: and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning."

Christ left a great work in the hands of his followers, but he left this promise with them: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In his prayer to the Father for them, he said: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil. . . . Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth. . . . Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." The lesson that Christ wished to impress indelibly on the minds of his followers was the importance of the agency of the Holy Spirit, and the field of usefulness that would open before them through the influence of this gift.

The parting interview of Christ with his disciples was an occasion of deepest interest. Clustering around him, a lonely company, expecting they knew not what, they were sad-

dened as they realized that their beloved Master and Friend was soon to be separated from them. During the three years he had been with them, they had looked to him for guidance in all their difficulties, and for comfort in all their sorrows and disappointments, and they were greatly oppressed at thought of parting from him. Forebodings of evil filled their hearts, but the words of Christ were full of hope: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Christ's only thought was to offer consolation to his followers. He knew that in their coming trials their faith would be terribly shaken, and he appealed to them to believe in God as they had believed in him.

For forty days after his resurrection, Christ remained on earth, comforting his disciples, and opening to them the Scriptures. "Thus it is written," he said, "and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things."

"And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them." As he stood on the mount of Olives, his hands outstretched in blessing, a cloud descended, and received him out of their sight. As the disciples watched to catch the last glimpse of their ascending Lord, two angels stood by them, who inquired: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Thus the disciples were encouraged with the promise that their Master would come again. They returned to Jerusalem with great joy, not because they had lost the companionship of their Lord, but because of the promise that he would come again. This was a precious thought to them in the trying future. MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"HANGING ON" TO HIM

THE city missionary was standing on the corner, waiting for a car. He had been called to see a dying man in the tenement-house district, had stayed with him till the end, and it was now almost midnight.

While he waited, an old woman, with a shawl thrown over her head, came across the street, and stood on the corner, as if undecided which way to go. The missionary had often been in the neighborhood, and recognized the woman as one he had seen before.

"You are out late," he said.

"Yes," she replied, in a troubled tone, "I'm a-lookin' for some one, an' I can't find him."

"Who is it you're looking for?"

"My grandson. I've been trailin' 'round ever since dark, tryin' to find him. I can't bear to go home without him, I'm so afraid he'll get into trouble again."

"Then he has been in trouble?"

"Yes, he's served three months in prison, and him only seventeen! He'd been arrested three times before, but he never got sent to the island but once. I got hold of the money to pay his fines the other times. Some folks think I'm a fool to hang on to him so, after the way he's carried on; but I promised his mother that I'd never give Robert up, an' I ain't goin' to. He's wild an' reckless, an' he does wrong

all the time; but that's no reason why I should give him up, an' I don't intend to."

"Where do you think he is to-night?"

"I don't know. He said he would come home by nine o'clock, but he did n't. Mebbe he's in the police-station, an' will be sent to jail again; but if he is, I'll still hang on to him when he gets out. I'm his grandmother, you see, an' he's only seventeen."

The car came along, and the missionary boarded it and went his way. It was his business to carry help and comfort and good advice to those in need; but this time, he felt, it was he who had been helped; and now, when loving efforts fail, and those whom he seeks to reform go wrong again, he thinks of that faithful old soul on that street corner, and "hangs on." — *Companion*.

THE SONG AT THE OPEN DOOR

My neighbor sits at her open door,
Under the leaves of the locust tree;
And the joy of life grows more and more,
For the song she sings to me.
The song she sings is a song with wings;
And the blasts may beat, and the floods may pour,
But the skies are blue in the song she sings
As she sits at her open door.

My neighbor's cottage across the way
Is cozily buildd of straw and strings,
Of sticks and feathers and love and clay
And the beautiful song she sings;
But never a nest, though ever so blest,
Could hold her heart's divine outpour,
And heaven bends down to the low brown nest
As she sings in her open door.

I wonder oft as I hear her sing:
"My little neighbor, have you no care?"
A cherry ripe and a moth a-wing
Are all her dainty fare.
Fain would I do some service true
For the song that has blessed me o'er and o'er;
But Heaven does all that love can do
For the bird at the open door.

— *The Independent*.

SMALL THINGS AND GREAT CHARACTERS

SMALL things are not infrequently agents in the development of great characters; and, on the other hand, it would appear that mere trifles have become the agencies whereby strong characters and noble aspirations have been eternally wrecked. Faithful and conscientious attention to the small things of life; an earnest endeavor to live by principle and not by impulse; the guiding of one's life by the helm of faith instead of the rudder of feeling,—these are among the most powerful of influences for the development of great, strong, trustworthy characters.

Great characters often dwell in insignificant houses. Those who pride themselves on being cultured, refined, and educated, may often regard these truly great characters as uncouth, unlearned, and uncultured. The greatness of these noble characters consists in nothing more nor less than the true grace and culture that the God of all grace gives, together with that learning which is the knowledge of him "whom to know aright is life eternal." Such a person is truly cultured, truly learned; for the elements of eternal greatness are being daily woven into the character-structure; while the character of the worldly critic is being built of the weak and beggarly elements of this world,—human pride, self-indulgence, and the study of culture and science, falsely so called.

It is faithfulness in little things that determines our fitness to enter into the great things of the future life. He who is faithful in that which is least, is made ruler of that which is much.

Young men and women of to-day can be faithful to every sacred trust and to every mis-

sionary opportunity; they can do nothing more, and surely God will be satisfied with nothing less. If we are faithful, God will be successful. Every character that has been made truly great by great faithfulness, even in small things, will by and by arise on the horizon of the eternal morning; and it will then appear, although it may not have appeared before, that by being faithful in the small things of life, planks of eternal endurance were placed in the ship of character.

W. S. SADLER.



ASTRONOMICAL STUDY—NO. XIV

Saturn and Its Rings

IN our last study about Saturn we learned some interesting things concerning this, the most beautiful of all our solar brothers. That which makes Saturn especially attractive when seen through the eye of the telescope is its accompanying system of satellites and rings. The rings compose the feature that becomes the special object of interest and attraction. The first illustration shows the rings as they appear to us when the planet is in such a position as to give us their fullest view; while the second shows them as they appear when their thin edges are turned exactly toward our earth, which occurs once in fifteen years. The extreme thinness of these great rings makes them almost invisible to us at such times, only the larger telescopes showing them at all. Their appearance then is merely that of a fine thread of light. These rings are estimated to be about one hundred miles in thickness. At present the rings are widely exposed, as shown in the first illustration, and a beautiful sight they are, when viewed

through even an ordinary telescope. They will grow less and less conspicuous, until, in 1907-08, they will present their thin edges again, as they did in 1892-93.

These rings, as shown, are three in number, the inner one being extremely thin, and seemingly of a vaporous substance. This innermost of the three rings was not discovered until the year 1850, by Astronomer Bond, of Cambridge. This ring has a width of about nine thousand miles, and its inner circle is between nine and ten thousand miles distant from the equator of the planet. The middle ring, which is the broadest of the three, is about seventeen thousand miles wide, while the outer ring is about ten thousand miles broad. This outer ring has a diameter of about one hundred and sixty-eight thousand miles. The distance between the central and outer rings is estimated at about seventeen hundred and ninety miles; through this space the distant fixed stars are plainly discernible. These rings each revolve about the planet in about the same time, and in nearly as short a period as the planet makes

its own axial revolution,—which time was mentioned in our last study on Saturn.

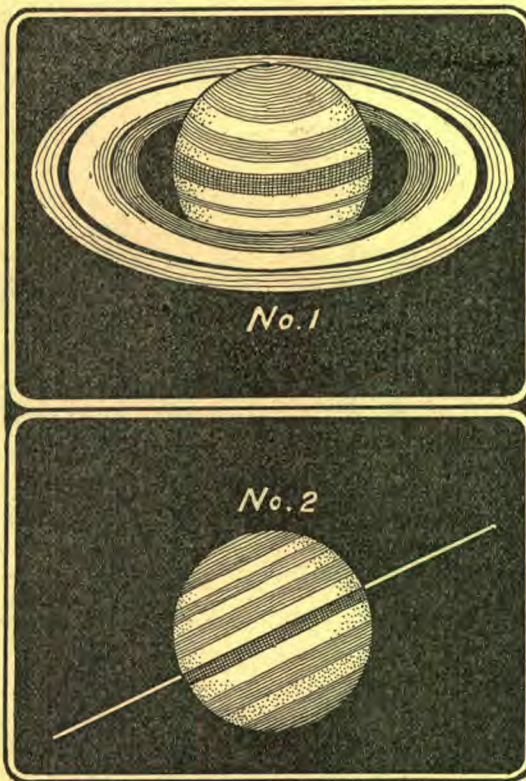
As to just what these rings are, we do not know. We learn, however, by the aid of the spectroscope, that they are not solid, continuous planes; but are composed of small particles, which move among themselves as the whole ring revolves about its primary. Each ring might be said to be composed of a swarm of small meteors, or some substance of that nature. We know the rings are not solid; for in their daily revolution around the planet the outer edge of each ring falls behind the inner edge, which could not be the case were they composed of solid materials, firmly bound together. They differ also in thickness, as is seen when their thin edges are turned toward our earth.

We believe the object of these rings to be not only to give light,—that is, to reflect light,—the same as do its moons, but also to produce its changes of seasons; for, personally, we can not see how Mercury, with its axis perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, can have any marked changes of seasons other than as they would be effected by the long-continued reflected light received from its rings when in a certain position, and then the withdrawing of that extra amount of light, and those parts of the planet being thrown in the darkness of the shadow that is cast so strongly by these rings, for another period of time.

We can have but little conception of the beauties of the heavens of a world furnished with such objects as these rings of which we have been studying, circling inside a retinue of eight moons, all making their eastward journey about their primary in different periods of time, and undergoing the various phases through which we love so much to watch our own one moon make its beautiful changes. Again we repeat the text, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto

day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



WE do not see the moon as it is, but as it was a second and a quarter before; that is, were the moon dispersed into atoms, we should still see it entire and perfect for more than a second. We do not see the sun as it now is, but as it was eight minutes before; Jupiter as it was fifty-two minutes since; Uranus as it was more than two hours before; the star in Centaur as it was three years ago; Vega as it was nine and a quarter years ago; and the star of the tenth magnitude as it was four thousand years ago.—*Selected*.

SOME sorrows, for all their intensity of anguish, have no element of bitterness in them; they bring suffering, pure and simple, but they are poisoned by no taint of sin. If such sorrows have been allotted us, let us thank God for them on bended knees!—*H. E. Belin*.



LOOK FORWARD

AN old man sits sighing to live his days over
(Ah, boys! could you see him, you'd pity him, too);
He grieved that he'd lived like a purposeless rover,
And squandered his substance in riot and rue.

He wished he could find in a misspent existence
A year that would something of evil requite;
Alas for the seeds of a willful persistence!
Alas for a field with its tares and its blight!

The right way, you'll find, is the way of the sages,
Whatever the doubter and scorner may say.
The test of to-morrow, the verdict of ages,
Are found in the purpose and strength of to-day.

In action, be prompt for the long life before you;
In thought, be secure for the evils that hide;
In speech, be on guard for the tempters that lure you;
And stand undismayed with the true and the tried.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

SOWING FOR SOMETHING BETTER
THAN BACKSLIDING

FIRST harrow the soil of your heart thoroughly with Job 33:27: "If any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not [that is, I have received no benefit from it]." Read this verse over eight or ten times, and then see if, down in the very depths of your heart, you have some definite supposition of what it means to have sinned; which virtually means to have touched the apple of God's eye (Zech. 2:8), and next, consider what an awful thing it is to have "perverted that which was right."

Has God given you a gift of speech? and have you been using it principally for the purpose of gossiping about your neighbors and associates?

Have you been given the gift of knowledge, so that you can readily stand at the head of your classes, and easily win the educational prizes? and then, instead of thanking God for this gift every day, have you looked down upon and despised those who could not do as well as yourself?

If you possess a beautiful face, have you recognized that God gave it to you to represent to the world a little of the glory of the divine Architect? or have you simply felt flattered and vain?

Have you attractive and winning ways? and have you simply used them that you might become recognized as a leader in society, or have you used them to inspire discouraged souls to seek higher ideals?

If not, you "have perverted that which was right;" and if you carefully weigh the whole matter in the balances of the sanctuary, you will probably come to the conclusion, "It profited me not."

When you have taken this stand, then just as truly as God's throne is in the heavens, he will carry out his part, found in verse 28,—he will deliver your soul from going into the pit.

It may be that, in being dragged out from that pit, your shoulders will occasionally scrape against the edges of it, and this may sometimes be a source of bitter discouragement to you. Occasionally you will be tempted to look down into the pit from which you have been taken, and it will appear just as dark as it was when you were down there; but remember that your part is to live out the attitude indicated in verse 27, which you have the power in yourself to do. Then God will bring to pass the blessed results pointed out in verse 28, which you do

not have the power to do; for no one can deliver his own soul.

Another way to prepare the gospel soil in your heart is to meditate upon the truth which is found in 2 Cor. 8:12: "For if there first be a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." You can not change your mind, but you can be willing. Notice in how simple a manner God deals with chronic backsliders. He simply asks them to do the things they can do, and then he works a miracle to accomplish that which they can not do for themselves. When you have done your part, simple though it may be, you have a right to reckon yourself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. 6:11. You may not feel very much alive, or recognize your old self to be very dead; and, therefore, it is necessary to *reckon* that it is so. But the moment you do this, that moment God reckons, or counts, this to you for righteousness. Rom. 4:3. In other words, Christ takes your place, and God treats you as Christ deserves to be treated.

Sometimes you will be anxious to feel and see your own progress much faster than God can trust you to see it. If so, you should bear in mind that Paul had discouraging obstacles to meet until only a short time before his death; and that God has said, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12:9.

Let us, then, instead of spending our time being dissatisfied with our advancement (we shall never be fully satisfied with it in this world), learn in whatsoever state we are therewith to be content, when we know we are carrying out God's principles in reference to growth. Not content with ourselves, but content with God; for we know that he is watching our growth; and to the Christian everything does not necessarily have to appear in this world. God can not yet trust us with all the lessons he has for us. It is enough for us to know that the process is going on under divine guidance. Our part is to sit at the feet of Jesus, and hear his word.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

FUN WITH "DUTCH TEARS"

"It is a great wonder to me," said an old chemist in his laboratory the other day, "why more boys do not take up chemical experiments as an amusement. Why, I can do things with the common materials of everyday life that really seem more magical to the uninitiated than many of the wonders performed by magicians on the public stage.

"Now there are those curious little bubbles of glass known as 'Prince Rupert's drops' and 'Dutch tears.' Apparently, they are merely little globules of glass, with elongated tails, made by heating a small glass rod in a flame, and allowing the molten drops to fall into water. After they have cooled, you may pound the thick part with a hammer or mallet without breaking it. On the other hand, if you break a little piece off their tails, or prick any part of them with a quartz crystal, they will disappear into the surrounding atmosphere quicker than snow will melt on a hot fire. To the person who does not know the reason, the performance is most astonishing.

"And yet it is all very simple. It is due to what is known as 'surface cohesion.' Glass, when heated to a molten state, has naturally reached a very high temperature; and when the drops of melted glass are allowed to fall into the cold water, the sudden change produces a really terrific stress all over the surface of the drop. This stress, however, must be considered

as a whole. It is strong when taken altogether, but it is exactly as if a piece of very thin rubber was stretched over the surface of the glass. If you punctured the rubber, its haste to resume its normal condition would pull it off the glass.

"So when you break off the tail of the drop, or cut through the film of hard glass with a crystal, its endeavor suddenly to resume its normal condition results in its own destruction, and it breaks up into particles finer than the finest sand. It seems like a wonderful performance, but it is no more wonderful than many another that any youngster could perform if he would study even the simplest forms of chemical action."—*Selected.*

YET EVEN SO DO I

"WHAT does this spell?"—so asks my little son,
As, bending o'er a book with earnest air,
He tells the letters one by one—"L-I?"
"There must be other letters printed there,"
I say: "Yes, 'F'; and now what does it spell?"
"What else?" I ask. Impatient with the strife
For knowledge, with a frown he murmurs, "'E;'"
And then—and not till then—I answer, "'Life.'"

Yet even so do I. With book in hand,
Wherein the Master has my small task set,
I tell its hard words singly, asking, "What?
Why? When?" And oftentimes I fret,
And deem the answer needlessly delayed.
But this I know: When life's last word is told,
Then will the Master turn, and unto me
The meaning of the mystery unfold.

—*Young People's Weekly.*

BE COURTEOUS

NOT long ago I attended church services in a city not far distant. I was a stranger to most of those present, but I shall not soon forget a young boy who sat near me. When the hymn was given out, he found it each time, and gracefully handed me his book. He was not tall enough to share it with me, so he gave it wholly for my use. As I took the book, I could not but think, Here is a boy who is courteous; he has been well trained by a careful mother, who has taught him to be kind to strangers. His earnest face has often been in my thoughts since then; and my prayer is, God bless him; and as he grows in years, may he not forget to remember others, and seek to make them happy.

When a young girl, I was standing one afternoon with a group of young friends at the forks of a road, when a stranger rode up, and being undecided which road to take, asked the way. One girl gave him a pert answer, which would have misled him had he followed her direction. A quiet, plain-looking girl then stepped out from the group, and answered his question. With a smile he thanked her, and said, "You reflect credit upon your mother and your home training, miss," as he turned and rode away.

This incident made a deep impression on my mind, and led me to ask myself if my conduct to others was such as to bring honor or dishonor upon my own dear mother? Would people judge of my home training by my manners abroad?

Have you ever thought of this? If you are rude and boisterous on the streets, will it be said, "She has been brought up in a refined home; that boy has been gently trained"? Sometimes young people do not follow their good home teachings; they get into bad company, and say and do things they would be ashamed to have their parents know. Mother is not to blame for their rudeness; but some one will misjudge her, and she will have to bear the blame of their ill behavior. Remember this, dear young friends, when tempted to be pert or rude. MRS. M. C. DU BOIS.



READY FOR BED

WHERE have the little feet been to-day?
Out to the field where the lambs are at play;
Down to bring grandma a drink from the brook;
Up the long stair after mama's new book:
Now they are ready for bed.

What have the little hands done to-day?
Gathered the roses and pansies so gay;
They had Rover to pat, and Dolly to dress,
And pictures to show to wee baby Bess:
Now they are ready for bed.

What have the little eyes done to-day?
Smiled all the frowns and teardrops away;
Old Speckle's nest they spied on the ground;
Grandpa's lost spectacles, too, have they found:
Now they are ready for bed.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A HOME

ONE sunshiny afternoon when Leil and her friend Katherine were playing in the yard, they noticed a little round hole in the ground near the barn door, and piled up beside the hole a tiny mound of fresh brown earth. Leil went into the house, and told mama about it; and mama said, "A gopher must be digging himself a home in our yard."

She went out with the little girls, and they all stepped softly until they were close to the hole, then stood very still and waited. Soon a little brown nose appeared above the top of the hole, and two bright eyes looked inquiringly at the children.

"Oh, is n't he cute!" Leil said. The gopher heard her voice, and was so frightened that he slipped down out of sight before Leil could wink her eyes; but he soon got over his fright, and came again and again to the top of the hole with the dirt he had scratched loose with his sharp forefeet. He pushed out the dirt with his head.

Once the gopher came entirely out of his hole. Then Liel saw that he was about as large as a big rat, and Katherine noticed that his back was black and brown striped; but neither said a word, for fear of frightening him again.

For an hour the little fellow worked with all his might, while the girls watched him.—*Grace M. Tilden.*

MABEL'S SECRET

THE first day of the New Year, and the children were quarreling! A bad beginning, truly!

"Alice and Harriet, take your knitting-work. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the woodshed. Mabel, you may take your slate and write; and I guess if they are left alone, the two babies can take care of themselves. Now, for half an hour let us have silence. If anybody speaks, let it be in a whisper."

So there was silence in the kitchen, except the pleasant clatter the little mother made with her pie-making, and the occasional prattle of the two babies.

There was generally considerable noise at Number Thirteen; and sometimes—pretty often—it was n't pleasant noise. The children were all young, and all wanted their own

way. But they had learned to mind their mother.

Little Mabel sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again, with much painstaking labor. At last she seemed satisfied, and going to her mother, said, in a whisper: "May I have a little piece of white paper and a pencil out of your drawer? I want to copy something."

"What is it? Let me see," said her mother. Mabel hesitated and blushed, but held it up to her, saying, "You won't tell, will you, mother?"

Her mother read it twice over. Tears gathered in her eyes.

"No, no, certainly not; it shall be a little secret between you and me."

"You won't tell anybody, will you?" entreated little Mabel

She got a clean piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child, although she was pie-making.

Mabel copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief-box,



READY FOR BED

saying: "I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and me."

But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the ironing into the different boxes; and as Mabel's was empty, she saw the writing. It was so short that she took it in at a glance:—

"Resolved, To Alwas spek pleasant when Enny body speks cros. MABEL FORD."

Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind; and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a paper in Harriet's handkerchief-box, with the resolution written more neatly, but the same in effect.

"Resolved, That I will try this year to return pleasant words for cross ones.

"HARRIET FORD."

It made a difference that was easy to see when two of the children began to practice this resolution. There was less of quarreling.

"That's mine! You'd better mind your own business!" said John to Harriet, one day, when she took up his top, and was putting it in his drawer.

"But, John, mother wants me to clear up the room," said Harriet.

"Well, I want the top to stay there," said John, obstinately.

"Well, perhaps it's no matter. A top is n't much litter," said Harriet, pleasantly.

John was fully prepared for a contest. I'm afraid he would rather have relished one. He stared. Then he looked ashamed.

"What made you say that, Harriet?"

Harriet laughed, and colored a little.

"Tell me! what made you?" John insisted.

"Come here, and I'll show you," said she.

She took him into the clothes-press, where was the row of pretty handkerchief-boxes, each labeled.

She opened little Mabel's and took out the clean, soft pile of handkerchiefs. "Look there!" said she. John read.

"The good little thing! She never *does* quarrel anyhow," said John.

"So I thought I'd better put one in mine, too," said Harriet, and she showed hers.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE INDIAN MORTAR

WHEN strolling in the foothills near Santa Barbara one day, we found an Indian mortar. Being of stone, it was rather heavy, but we managed to carry it down to our buggy, and, bringing it home, for the want of anything better to do with it, we placed it under the hydrant near the big palm-tree on the lawn, and thought little more about it.

Naturally, the dripping water soon filled it, and then we had reason to remember with great pleasure our setting it there. On warm days the big dogs, trotting wearily behind a farm wagon, their tongues lolling out, would run into the yard,—our gate was nearly always open,—and eagerly lap up the water from the mortar, and then trot on again, in evident satisfaction. It soon came to be the general watering-place for our four-footed friends; and we wondered that it had never occurred to us how few places there are where dogs can get a drink, and how they must sometimes suffer from thirst.

But the birds appreciated the new convenience even more than did the dogs; and it would be difficult to say which experienced the greater

enjoyment,—they in reveling in the mortar, or we in watching them. Though several years have passed, it is still my delight to sit at the window, and see the birds taking their morning bath. Madam Linnet comes to take a plunge, and, lighting on the mortar, steps carefully in at the edge to ascertain the depth, and then boldly plunges into the middle, where she flutters her wings and tail, and ducks her head, sending such a shower of pearls over her back that one would think she would almost drown. Mr. Linnet ventures timidly near, as if to remind her that he, too, is entitled to a bath, and that she is appropriating more time than properly belongs to her; but she deliberately drives him away, and goes on with her toilet.

But here comes a larger bird, with a striped head, and takes possession of the bath-tub as if it were not already occupied; and Mrs. Linnet, with an air of having had all she wanted anyhow, flies away with Mr. Linnet, leaving the new bird, and several friends who have joined him, in possession.

When they are gone, a robin flies down to the water, and is sipping away at his leisure,



when a tiny brown bird lights by him, and pecks him saucily. The big robin looks around somewhat startled, and, seeing his little rival, flies away. The brown bird hops in as if it were his right, and takes a glorious bath. He evidently feels that the robin has not made the most of his opportunities.

And so the little bird drama goes on, with variations, day after day. Would you like to see it? Then place some kind of basin of suitable size and depth in a convenient place, and the birds will be almost sure to utilize it.

—Selected.

AN ANIMAL ALPHABET

A stands for animals,—all kinds in one,—
B easts, birds, and fish; all that swim, fly, and run.
C stands for cat, cautious and sly;
D stands for dog, who for duty will die.
E is for elephant, with clumsy sway;
F is for fox, who will steal night or day.
G stands for goat, full of mischief and fight;
H for hyena, who slinks from the light.
I stands for ibex, so wild, fleet, and pale;
J stands for jay, and jackass, and jackal.
K's kangaroo, with his legs low and high;
L is for lion, whose roar shakes the sky.
M stands for mastodon, perished and gone;
N is for navis, whose song wakes the morn.
O is opossum, so cunning and sleek;
P stands for piggy, who speaks in a squeak.
Q is for quail, with its soft, plaintive cry;
R is for rat, with his bright, vicious eye.
S is for sturgeon, with no backbone;
T stands for tiger, the biggest cat known.
U is for unicorn, known only in story;
V is for vulture, with beak sharp and gory;
W stands for walrus, who lives to be hoary.
X is xenurin, seen in the zoo;
Z stands for zebra. Small friends, adieu.

—Pets and Animals.



Wu Ting Fang's Ability.—It is stated upon good authority that Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington, D. C., is a law writer of ability. Among other things, he has "codified the body of international law for the Chinese, and has prepared a body, or code, of common law for that empire." He has also been "a prolific writer in Chinese on historical and literary topics," and is "a graduate of a European law school, as well as of an English university." He is becoming popular in this country as an after-dinner speaker.

The Trouble with Liquid Air.—The advantages of liquid air are many, but it has one disadvantage,—it is impossible to keep it from evaporating rapidly. Its tendency is to rise rapidly to the surrounding temperature. In evaporating it will, if confined, exert a much stronger power than steam under pressure. According to Mr. Carl Linde, small quantities may be preserved in well-exhausted and silvered double-walled glass vessels for a relatively long time. "One liter of liquid air requires for its evaporation in such a vessel, about fourteen days." On the other hand, "the ordinary sheet-iron vessels used industrially, holding about fifty liters, and covered with felt or wool, allow about two liters to evaporate hourly. Experiments are being made with a view to building large double-walled and silvered sheet-iron holders; and we may expect that holders will be constructed in which the evaporation will not be more than one per cent an hour." With such a prospect in view, it would seem that liquid air has a great future of usefulness before it.

Keeping up with the Fashions.—According to a German newspaper, a woman in that country recently said, in a public assembly, that "out of every hundred women convicts, ninety-nine are brought into prison by an inordinate passion for fine dress." In visiting the departments for women prisoners, she questioned the inmates regarding the cause that had brought them there, and almost invariably found that "they had stolen articles of luxury, in order to keep up with fashion." Such is quite likely to be the case with women convicts in other countries besides Germany.

A Man of One Book.—It was John Wesley who said: "To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. . . . I want to know one thing,—the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end he came from heaven. He has written it down in a book! Oh, give me that book! At any price, give me the book of God! I have it: here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be *homo unius libre* (a man of one book). Here, then, I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone: only God is here. In his presence I open, I read, this book; for this end,—to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights! 'Lord, is it not thy word, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God"? Thou "givest to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." Thou hast said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know." I am willing to do; let me know thy will.' I then search after, and consider, parallel passages of Scripture, 'comparing spiritual things with spiritual.' I meditate thereon, with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. . . . And what I thus learn, that I teach."

A. J. BOURDEAU.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

A WRITER from Washington tells us that for years two large doors of entrance to the White House have been grained to represent black walnut. This year the person having the matter in charge ordered them scraped and cleaned, in readiness for repainting; and now it is discovered that the doors are of solid mahogany, of a most beautiful natural grain. Who in the forgotten past could have had them painted?

Doubtless it was some one with a mania for modern improvements; and there are many other things, naturally beautiful, which are improved out of existence in much the same way. A young girl had a sweet, clear voice, which was always at the service of her friends, a joy in home gatherings and at local entertainments, until she was seized with an ambition to cultivate it. Instead of developing its natural beauty, she has overlaid it with a mass of affectations. A distressing *tremolo* and a frantic straining after high notes have taken the place of the old sweet melody.

Many a boy or girl, many an older person also, mistakes sham for improvement, but it never is. "Stir up the gift that is in thee"—that is right; but do not attempt painting it into an imitation of something else.—*Well-Spring.*

"WE can do nothing now to build the streets and gates; but by God's grace we can do much, very much, now to begin to become the men and women to whom heaven shall be possible."



OUR MISSIONARIES

The tender light of home behind,
 Dark heathen gloom before,
 The servants of the Lord go forth
 To many a foreign shore;
 But the true Light that can not pale
 Streams on them from above,—
 A light divine, which shall not fail,—
 The smile of him they love.

A wreath of love and prayer behind,
 Far-reaching hope before,
 The servants of the Lord go forth
 To seek a foreign shore;
 And whereso'er their footsteps move,
 That hope makes sweet the air;
 And all the path is paved with love,
 And canopied with prayer.

Christ is the fondly-loved "behind,"
 Christ is the bright "before."
 Oh, blest are they who start with him
 To seek a foreign shore!
 Christ is their fair, unfading light,
 Christ is their shield and sword,
 Christ is their keeper, day and night,
 And Christ their rich reward.

—Selected.

OCTOBER STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART I: "RELIGIONS OF CHINA"

(September 30 to October 6)

1. **The God of Office.**—The Chinaman worships his gods mainly with the hope of obtaining personal benefit. Those who are fortunate enough to secure literary degrees in competitive examinations go to the Confucian temple, and prostrate themselves in worship for this blessing bestowed. And it is Confucius they worship with the view of getting official position.

2. **The Temple and Grave of Confucius.**—In Kewfoo, the native city of the philosopher, is the most famous temple in the empire. In this inclosure are the well from which Confucius is said to have drunk, the stump of a tree which he planted, and a pavilion marking the spot where stood his schoolhouse, in which many of China's philosophers were educated. Here are also the large gilded image of the great teacher, the images of his twelve most celebrated apostles, and those of his seventy-two disciples. The grave is marked by a mound twelve feet high and thirty in diameter. The Chinese emperors have frequently made pilgrimages to this spot and worshiped there.

3. **The Founder of Taoism.**—The official title of Lao-tse is "Great Supreme Venerable Prince." He was probably born about 604 B. C., in the province of Honan. Though so much is known of the founders of Confucianism and Buddhism, but little can be ascertained of the life of this man. Having been made the emperor's librarian, he studied diligently ancient books, becoming acquainted with the rites and histories of former times. He gained a large number of students, and as a teacher of philosophy became famous. The great work of this man is the "Tao Teh King," or "Canons of Wisdom and Virtue."

4. **The Elixir of Immortality.**—In the writings of the ancient Taoists are found allusions

to "spiritual medicine," "pearly food," and "fountains of nectar." One recipe required that several hundred ounces of gold and silver, with red coloring-matter, lead, and mercury, be put in a crucible, over a steady fire. On the forty-ninth day they would unite. Dipped out with a ladle, placed on a waiter, and rolled, pills would be formed. If in time of poverty one of these pills were put into lead or mercury, it would change the whole to gold or silver. After five hundred years its virtue was supposed to be lost, and any one holding it then would "eat bitterness." The "golden elixir" was a mixture of stone and metals, and was to be eaten dry and hot. It was supposed to prolong life indefinitely.

5. *The Taoist Pope.*—The first Taoist pope was Chang Taoling, or the Heavenly Teacher. He is the "chief of the wizards," the "true [or ideal] man." The Taoist pope is at the head of the one hundred thousand priests. Like the emperor, he confers buttons. He also promotes priests who come to him, giving them titles and seals of office. He is supposed to control all demons, and destroy them with his two-edged sword. (See illustration in *Missionary Magazine* for October.) The demons all fear this weapon, and he who wields it can catch them and shut them up in jars. The emperor and wealthy men often call upon him to go to their homes, and expel these troublesome visitors.

6. *The Gods Not Sinless; Marriage; Promotion.*—Men have sins, and why should not the gods? say the people of Sinim. The mandarins may lose their official buttons, and why do not the gods deserve the same punishment when they improperly direct the affairs of the upper world? It is the chief priests of Taoism who have the right to judge the gods, and sentence them when they permit calamities or pestilence to visit their earthly domains. The gods, according to the ideas held by the devotees of Taoism, may marry. An old woman was so pious that, when she died, her friends thought it fitting for her to be a goddess. The priests acted as go-betweens. By communicating with the other world, they ascertained that a certain god wanted a bride. Although the old lady was buried, yet by means of paper figures and a paper bridal chair, the ceremony was conducted, and the priests received the usual fee. Just as the mandarins are promoted, so may the gods rise from humble to exalted position for ruling well.

7. *The Superstition of Taoism* may be illustrated by a delusion which swept through Central China in 1877. Persons were said to have mysteriously lost their queues while walking along the streets. The Chinamen were aroused at the thought of losing their national badge. They left their houses, and slept in the streets or under the trees in groups of fifty or one hundred. Gongs were kept going all night in the hamlets, and processions with lanterns and torches passed from village to village. Men in the towns were afraid to sleep in their houses at night; for it was said that paper men would come through the roof, expanding until as large as a cow, and would crush the sleeper. The wildest rumors were afloat about these paper men. During the two months of this panic, the Taoist priests were kept busy selling genii powder. A little package of this was put in the queue as a charm to frighten away the paper men.

TO SAVE DOCTORS' BILLS
Use "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.



THE CURSE OF THE LAW

(October 6, 1900)

Lesson Text.—Gal. 3:5-10

Memory Verse.—Rom. 3:19.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

This lesson includes the last three verses of the preceding lesson, as the connection is very close. See how many new thoughts you can draw from these verses; also review the lesson learned from them last week. We shall find new beauties in them as we study them in connection with the lesson of the day.

QUESTIONS

1. How is the Spirit ministered? How are miracles worked? Is it by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith? Gal. 3:5. What is "the hearing of faith"? Rom. 10:17; note 1.
2. Who is mentioned as having thus believed God? What did the hearing of faith accomplish for him? Gal. 3:6.
3. What are they called who have the same faith that Abraham had? V. 7. What was the significance of this title? Note 2.
4. What was foreseen in the Scriptures? Because of this, what was done? In what words was the gospel preached to Abraham? V. 8. Who are meant by heathen in the Scriptures? Eph. 2:11, 12; note 3.
5. Who are blessed with Abraham? Gal. 3:9. What is the blessing of Abraham? Rom. 4:3-8; note 4.
6. Who are under the curse? Why are they cursed? Gal. 3:10. Upon how many does this curse rest? Rom. 3:10, 19, 23; note 5.

NOTES

1. The answer to the question in verse 5 is plain when we understand how faith works. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." God in his word gave the promise of the Spirit. See Joel 2:28. The word also contains the promise that the believers shall all work miracles. See Mark 16:17, 18. The Galatians had been well instructed in the gospel by Paul, and he knew that they could give but one answer to his question.
2. The Jews made much account of being the children of Abraham. But they claimed this distinction because they were his literal descendants, and had been circumcised. Paul shows that it is faith, not works nor natural descent, that makes one a child of Abraham and a partaker of the same blessings.
3. The word translated "heathen" in the lesson is translated "Gentiles" in Eph. 2:11, 12, and means literally "the nations." As used in the Scriptures, it refers to all who are astray from God. The Father gave his Son for the world. John 3:16. Abraham was himself a heathen till he found the Lord. His forefathers were idolaters. Joshua 24:2.
4. The blessing of Abraham, as shown by this text in Romans, is the forgiveness of sin, and the gift of righteousness, by faith in Christ. So when God gave Abraham the promise, "In thee shall all nations be blessed," he meant this blessing of forgiveness and righteousness, which is offered to all who will receive it.
5. Those who are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham. But all who do not have faith are under the curse, because they stand condemned as sinners. Christ came that he might save us from this curse. This he does by offer-

ing us a free salvation by faith in his name. If we willfully reject this, or seek salvation in some other way, we remain under the curse.

OCTOBER, 1900

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 4888), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you now, and mailed to Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

Name,

Post-office,

Street,

County,

State,

Inclosed find \$..... (money-order, express order, registered letter, or bank draft), for which please send..... copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR months to above address.

P. S.—If you object to clipping this out of your paper, or wish to forward other subscriptions, please write names and full addresses on a separate sheet, stating amount inclosed for that purpose.

To Reach BATTLE CREEK FROM CHICAGO, BUFFALO, DETROIT, OR TOLEDO.

Purchase Tickets Reading over the MICHIGAN CENTRAL "The Niagara Falls Route."

A First-class Line for First-class Travel between Chicago and New York and Boston. Elegantly equipped through trains pass Battle Creek in each direction daily.

R. N. R. WHEELER, Ticket Agent, Battle Creek. O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l P. and T. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE THE Canadian Pacific Railway

for . . . CHATHAM, OTTAWA, MONTREAL, LONDON, GALT, QUEBEC, WOODSTOCK, TORONTO, BOSTON, PORTLAND, and

All points in New England, the Maritime Provinces, Great Britain, and the Continent.

Illustrated literature, time-tables, and full particulars, upon application to—

J. FRANCIS LEE, GEN. AGENT.,

Passenger Dept 228 SOUTH CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

Branch Room D, Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio. Offices: 315 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

Cincinnati Northern Railroad Co.

TIME TABLE NO. 3.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

WEST-BOUND.

No. 21, Mail and Express	6.53 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.

Direct connections are made at Toledo with all roads diverging. Close connections for Detroit and Cincinnati. J. L. READE, Ticket Agt., Battle Creek.

E. R. SMITH, City Pass. Agt., 6 West Main St.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK R.Y.

Trains arrive and leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago	12.15 P. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago	9.00 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago	3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper	1.10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend	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	8.37 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
THREE MONTHS	.20
To Foreign Countries	1.25

CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

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:

"The tasks, the joys of earth, the same in heaven will be;
Only the little brook has widened to a sea."

MONDAY:

"Seek not to interest the world in your failures. Misery loves company, but company seldom seeks misery."

TUESDAY:

"Thine was the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with him."

WEDNESDAY:

"God does not give us time in lumps.
The year 1900 does not belong to us, but
only the present instant. Whatever is
accomplished in a year or in a lifetime,
must be done moment by moment, little
by little."

THURSDAY:

"If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come! Go on, true soul;
Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal."

FRIDAY:

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—*Thomas Edwards.*

SABBATH:

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

NOTICE!

ALL communications in regard to the Missionary Reading Circle should be addressed to Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, 1502 Third Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Do NOT fail to read the articles that appear from week to week on Character Building from the pen of Brother W. S. Sadler. These articles are short, bright, and helpful, and we are sure none can read them without benefit. Dr. Paulson's series on Backsliding touches experiences that are sadly familiar to many, and points out a remedy. Read them carefully.

THE MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE

THE time has now come to begin again the Reading Circle Bible study in connection with the field study. Last year many were unable to find time to prepare carefully two Circle lessons each week; and as each study is important, it has been thought best to change the plan so that each lesson shall receive its due proportion of time. We are sure this change will be appreciated by our busy young people, who may now carry both series of lessons as easily as one of these studies was followed last year.

The plan now provides for but one lesson each week. There will be three lessons each month in Bible study, and one lesson each month on the field. The first lesson under the new arrangement will be a lesson on the field, and will appear in the *Review* of October 2, and will be studied during the week of October 7-13. The next lesson will be a Bible study to be learned the following week. The lessons will be published in both the *Review* and the *Missionary Magazine*, and the INSTRUCTOR will contain notes of interest upon the lessons. The Bible lessons will be upon the book of Revelation, with "Thoughts on Revelation," of the *Berean Library*, as the text-book. The *Missionary Magazine* is the text-book used for the field studies.

Now we ask the INSTRUCTOR family to take hold of the Reading Circle work with all the energy of which they are capable. It is impossible to estimate the extent of the influence which each one of you may have in pushing a work of this kind. Study the lessons yourself. Encourage the study of them in your home. Talk of them to your associates. Encourage those who are less earnest than yourself, and you will be doing missionary work just as truly as he who goes to a foreign field. May the Lord bless our dear young people, and give them a "willing mind" to do his service.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

THE INSTRUCTOR MISSION FUND

WE are glad to record an appreciable addition to this fund this week. The gift comes from the Sabbath-school children of Fallow, Nev., and was, as the one sending the money says, "earned by their own hands." This money will be applied on the fund for continuing the club of INSTRUCTORS to the school at Bombay, India, and we hope those who have given it will remember to ask God's blessing on the papers. We hope to hear from other schools, as well as individuals, for this fund.

CLUBS OF "INSTRUCTORS"

WHEN we consider the extremely low price of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, especially when taken in clubs of ten or more, we wonder how any Sabbath-school in our whole denomination can think of getting along without a good club of this excellent paper. We are glad that our people are waking up to the fact that the INSTRUCTOR is not only a first-class youth's paper; but that it is also publishing the Bible doctrines of present truth, and that many are taking hold to help this instrument of his creating, and are sending in their subscriptions both for single copies and for clubs to use in the missionary field.

It is proposed to make the INSTRUCTOR just what the Lord intended it should be,—a means of teaching the truths for these times to the people; and while it is a youth's paper, we find that our older brethren and sisters think just as much of reading its pages as do the younger members of the family. We are glad to see

our people taking hold of this matter, and believe the good work will continue to go forward.
O. C. G.

THE twenty-fifth Annual Calendar of the Battle Creek College for the year 1900-01, has come to our desk. While departing widely from conventional outlines, the result is an attractive and readable booklet of over one hundred pages, full of interest from cover to cover. Under the different chapter-headings, the object of study, principles underlying true education, the result to be sought in all educational effort, etc., are set forth; and the opinions held by those in charge of the school are supplemented by extracts from the writings of many prominent educators and reformers. Thus a pleasing variety of expression is brought to the subject, and the ideas are so clearly set forth as to make a more than usual impression on the reader. Outlines of study, and the usual explanations and directions, are fully given. The Calendar will be sent free to all prospective students, and to others who are interested. Address the president, E. A. Sutherland, Battle Creek College, Battle Creek, Mich.

"LIVING FOUNTAINS OR BROKEN CISTERNS: An Educational Problem for Protestants,"

By Prof. E. A. Sutherland. 380 pages. Price, \$1.25, postpaid. Published by the Review and Herald Pub. Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The subject of education—of what it shall consist, and how best it may be made to fit young men and women to do a useful work in the world—is one that is engaging the attention of the foremost educators in the world, and it is indeed one of the highest importance. "Living Fountains" deals with this problem, and with the additional one of preparing students for a home in heaven, setting forth in brief the history of education from "the Edenic school" to the present; contrasting the true education with the false; and showing how the weakness of the church to-day is the inevitable result of pagan principles of education taught in all the schools. The author makes liberal use of historic and other quotations to impress on the reader's mind the condition that exists in the schools of the world to-day, and points out the way to remedy some of the evils, closing with an appeal to Protestants to accept the education taught by the Master—that education "which was his very life in the courts of heaven." We commend this book to all parents and young persons who wish to be found on the right side of this question.

Do You Want Relief

From that ever-troublesome catarrh? If so, send us one dollar, and we will mail you, on *ten days' trial*, subject to return of money if unsatisfactory,—

THE MAGIC POCKET VAPORIZER,



The Throat.

The Nose.

An instrument so simple in construction that the germ-destroying oils may be applied to the affected parts while you go about your everyday labors.

The many unsolicited testimonials which we have received from our gratified patrons from Maine to California, are a sufficient guarantee of its effectiveness.

Our booklet, "Hygiene and Cure of Nasal Catarrh," free on application.

Modern Medicine Co.,

25 Washington Ave., N.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.