

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

THE ALAMO CITY

It was almost two hundred years ago that the Jesuits pushed inland from the Gulf of Mexico, and beheld in rapture the curling stream and the lovely valley where now is situated the city of San Antonio. Far enough from the Gulf to escape undue humidity, and at an elevation of about six hundred and fifty feet, it is practically free from malaria. For years this city has been a Mecca to those afflicted with throat and lung troubles. The soil is porous, and the rains therefore sink quickly. The winds are dry, and there



Mission San Jose.

are no fogs. Because of these advantages, and also because of the mild and delightful winter weather, San Antonio is fast becoming the popular health resort of the Southwest. Many make this place their home during the winter months, thus escaping the rigors of more northern latitudes during that season.

Founded by the Spanish, there yet remain some of the buildings that they erected, though by far the greater number are in ruins. The old ascequias missions have almost crumbled to the ground; a few, however, have been restored as relics of the old Spanish domination.

Historically, San Antonio is interesting for having been a fortress and a battle-field. More than a dozen times has it been besieged and captured. The most notable siege was that of the Alamo, March 6, 1836, in which David Crockett's little band of Texans, under Colonel Travis, in defending the place against overwhelming numbers of Mexicans, were slain to a man. Upon the heavy stonework of the Alamo were carved many inscriptions, now almost obliterated by the effacing hand of time.

Much has been done in recent years to increase the attractiveness of the city. Parks, plazas, boulevards, asphalted streets, and many handsome public buildings are to be seen. The plazas, together with the large Mexican population, give to the city a Mexican likeness, as do also the crumbling

adobe huts surrounded each with its clump of mesquite trees, in which, morning and evening, may be heard the mocking-bird.

The river itself is not without interest. Indeed, it is a wonderful river. Only a few miles farther up, in the foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains, the water bursts forth from beneath the rocks a full-fledged river. The water is exceptionally clear. Little is yet known of the subterranean origin of this stream.

One must not miss visiting the market on market morning. It is a motley throng that greets the eye,—negroes, Mexicans, Italians, Jews, Chinese, each busy making his purchases of poultry, eggs, vegetables, meats, fish, oysters, crabs, fruit, etc. Each vender calls out his wares; and the tumult occasioned by so many voices, mingled with the sound of numberless feet, the squawking of poultry, etc., combines to make the place a pandemonium. One is glad to escape, and make his way to the river's cool and shady banks, where the results of the curse are less apparent.

LESLIE J. WEESE.

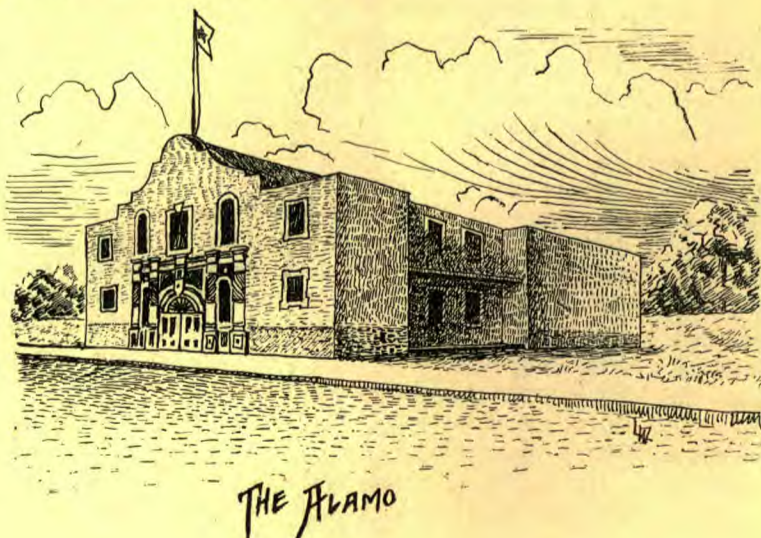
BOUNDARIES

THERE are many who deplore the narrow sphere of their lives, and long for an opportunity for larger usefulness. In an incident I once read I found an idea that has helped me to be content with the small duties of life.

Two ladies and a gentleman were enjoying a drive up a mountain. Out beyond the woods they came to a certain broad swell, that seemed to raise itself as a center, zenithward, whence the horizon line, broken and closed in here and there by scattered forest growth, fell away from the slight, beautiful uplift, leaving it in nearer communion with the sky.

"Stop here a minute, Putnam," said one of the ladies, reaching out her hand.

"There! now look up. Did you ever see the blue and the clouds so near? And yet we are not very high. I have noticed the same effect in one other place—in Cousin Sarah's brook-orchard. I have walked there at twilight, when there seemed a close tent of the loveliest colors dropping just overhead and about me. I have seemed to be right in the sunset. Here we are in the blue shine and the soft whiteness. It is wonderful. What makes it?"



THE ALAMO

"We are a little shut in as to our horizon, and we are just a little lifted above it," was the reply.

It is our privilege to walk always in the light of the Sun of righteousness. Though we may be a little shut in as to our life's horizon, we may be so lifted above it as to be brought out into the blue shine and soft whiteness of the light and atmosphere of heaven.

In "Steps to Christ" we find these words: "Although there may be a tainted, corrupted atmosphere around us, we need not breathe its miasma, but may live in the pure air of heaven. We may close every door to impure imaginings and unholy thoughts by lifting the soul into the presence of God through sincere prayer. Those whose hearts are open to receive the support and blessing of God will walk in a holier atmosphere



Mission San Francisco.

than that of earth, and will have constant communion with Heaven."

Do not mourn because you can not see any great work that you have done for the Lord. Remember that it is the tiny screws in a watch that hold the different parts together, so that the watch can run, and be an accurate time-keeper. You may not be a mainspring or a wheel in God's great plan; but if he has set you to do the work of a little screw, do not repine, but keep still, and hold fast. Thus will you glorify the Lord in the place he has chosen for you.

MARY E. INMAN.

Don't cast people off, when they go wrong. Don't talk them down. Quit your gossiping about other people's mistakes. The man who never made a mistake is a myth. Mingle gentleness with all your rebukes. Make allowances for constitutional frailties. Never say harsh things where kind words will do as well. Let us make men feel that we love them, and that we mean to help them, and they will be helped. "The bread can not rise when the yeast is kept apart from the dough." Happy is the man and blessed the woman who have in their souls that which gives to life the warmth of the sunshine, the redolence of the rose, and the freshness of the dew.—
M. C. Peters.



THE BURDEN BEARER

ALONG the quiet village street
Two oxen came with heavy load;
And, as the driver paused to greet
A friend, one, weary, sank upon the road;
The other, patient, stood and bore the yoke,
Now doubly weighted by his partner's fall.
Wondering, I saw, and light upon me broke.
"O Lord! it is thy yoke I bear,
The strength to hold it comes from thee;
If thou wilt stoop to draw with me
Earth's heavy loads, and all my burdens share,
Oh, grant that I may ne'er again despair,
And, by my faltering, added burden be."

— Selected.

WE ARE HIS WITNESSES

II

IN their very first work, the disciples met with trial and persecution, even as Christ had forewarned them. As Peter and John went up to the temple at the hour of prayer, a lame man who was daily carried to the gate Beautiful to petition help from the worshipers who came thither, asked alms of them. "And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. And all the people saw him walking and praising God: and they knew that it was he which sat for alms at the Beautiful gate of the temple: and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him. And as the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering."

Then Peter and John preached Christ to the people, saying: "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his Son Jesus; whom ye delivered up, and denied him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let him go. But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses. . . . And as they spake unto the people, the priests, and the captain of the temple, and the Sadducees, came upon them, being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead. And they laid hands on them, and put them in hold unto the next day."

The next day the disciples were brought before the high priest and elders and scribes, who demanded by what name or power they had healed the lame man. "Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people, and elders of Israel, if we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole; be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

"Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus. And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it. But when they had commanded them to go aside out of the council, they conferred among themselves, saying, What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; and we can not deny it. But that it spread no further among the people, let us straitly threaten them, that they speak henceforth to no man in this name. And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we can not but speak the things which we have seen and heard. So when they had further threatened them, they let them go, finding nothing how they might punish them, because of the people: for all men glorified God for that which was done."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

REAL AND APPARENT BACKSLIDING

As there are real and imaginary physical diseases, so there are real and imaginary spiritual diseases. There is a chronic spiritual disease called "backsliding," and there is an imaginary form of the same disease, with which many are afflicted. Those who have it are acquainted with its characteristic symptoms, and nearly always think they have the real disease. They may belong to the class who are sitting at the feet of Jesus, and are not neglectful of the word of God; they take a reasonable amount of spiritual exercise in helping others; they take spiritual respiration in the form of prayer; yet this disease *seems* to afflict them.

But God says, "Be not deceived; . . . whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Unless persons are sowing for backsliding, they do not have the disease. It is their privilege to deal with this thought just as they would if Satan should present before them the exact figures of their dead friends. They would look upon such figures as creations of the evil one; and when they look at this apparent condition of backsliding in the same way, Satan will soon cease to vex them with the vision of it.

The principal symptoms of the imaginary disease of backsliding are in some respects similar to the real disease. There is a feeling of depression of spirits, and waves of discouragement sweep over the soul. The victims feel that their prayers do not rise above their heads, and are constantly tempted to dwell upon the weak points of their character, and to think that it is of no use for them to read the Bible or pray, although they are faithfully doing both. It is the blessed privilege of such Christians to do with this feeling just as Paul did with the viper—*shake it off*. Deal with it just as you would if you saw the figure of your dead father or mother approaching you: say to it, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Reckon that the ghost of backsliding is dead, and that you are alive. Then claim the promise that all this experience has, since you have been sowing for something better, been cast into the depths of the sea; and that God certainly will not resurrect it, and the *devil can not*, and so has simply got up a cheap imitation, with which to trouble your soul.

If you will take your stand deliberately and definitely upon God's word in reference to this

imaginary disease, you will soon find that, like other imaginary diseases, it will slough off; and you will experience the meaning of the promise, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But if your unpleasant feelings do not leave you as soon as you would desire, you should look upon the experience as being permitted as a sort of gymnasium, wherein to exercise your faith. By and by, when you have secured all the exercise you need in resisting this delusion, Satan will be bidden to depart for a season, and you will then have a new lesson to learn. Then, and not until then, will you be able from the word, and also from your own experience, to teach others the sweetness of how to be cured from the disease called "imaginary chronic backsliding."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

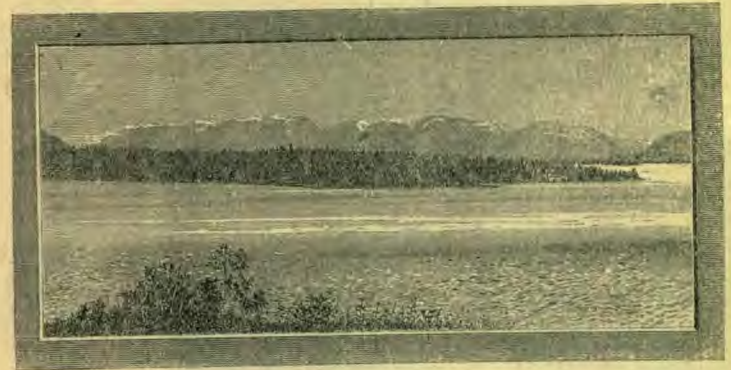
BY GALILEE

IN such a spot by Galilee
My Saviour bowed his head in prayer;
The dews of evening on him fell,
And dawning day still found him there.

Where none besides his God might see,
Far from the ways of men apart,
He bore all night before the throne
His loved disciples on his heart.

All day he taught them by the sea,—
Hot-headed Peter, James, and John,—
Then, while they took their rest in sleep,
He prayed for them from dark till dawn.

And while he named them, one by one,
By softly whispering Galilee,



And asked for grace divine for them,
He prayed for you, he prayed for me!
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

A FAR VISION

I WENT to an oculist the other day to beg for glasses that would keep my eyes from getting tired.

"My dear madam," the doctor said, earnestly, "the prescription for tired eyes is not a new pair of glasses, but *rest*."

"Of course," I answered, impatiently, "but in my case that is impossible. I am obliged to use my eyes steadily, twelve hours, at least, out of the twenty-four. Now please don't say 'rest' to me again, but do the best you can to help me work."

The good man sighed. No doubt he was often perplexed with unreasonable persons like myself; so I waited in silence while he considered my case.

"You live in the country, I believe?" he said, presently.

"Yes, in a small village; it is the same thing."

"Have you a distant view from your window?"

"O doctor!" I cried, "if I could only show it to you!" And, forgetting my business and his, I began to expatiate, with an enthusiasm known only to the mountain-born and mountain-bred, upon the glories of the Alleghany foothills, as seen from my back window, and the noble Blue Ridge peaks facing my front door.

"That will do," the busy man interrupted me, smiling, "that will be better than glasses. When your eyes are tired following your pen or the lines of a book, go and stand at your back win-

dow or your front door, and gaze steadily at your mountains for five minutes. Ten will be better. You see what I mean? This will serve to change the focus, and so rest your eyes, just as walking up-hill rests a man who has been footing it all day on a level."

I have profited daily by this simple prescription. Do not think, however, that I am giving you this as medical advice. How do I know what your eyes need? But to me has been given a daily parable. "Soul of mine," I say to myself, as I stand gazing at old Jump Mountain, "are you tired of the little treadmill of care and worry, tired of the smallness of self, tired of the conflict with evil, tired of the struggle after holiness, tired of the harrowing grief of the world, tired—tired to death—of *to-day*? Then rest your spiritual eyes by a far vision. Look off to the mount of God. Look up to the beauty of his holiness. Look upon that great multitude whom no man can number, who stand in the presence of your Lord. Look away to the day, the promised day, when Jesus will come again, in power and great glory. Rest you, soul, by these far, fair visions."

This is not my prescription nor my good doctor's; but "we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—*Selected.*

HIS PRAISES

Down in the meadow the flowers bloom,
Purple and crimson and snowy white;
Deep in their hearts lies a message sweet,
Borne on the breeze for our delight.

Out in the orchard, bending low,
The bluebird carols his sweetest lay;
On his airy perch swinging to and fro,
He tells of his joy the livelong day.

When flowers and birds God's praises sing,
And a spring of joy from each heart wells,
I'll sing of the light his blessings bring,
And the peace of a heart where his presence dwells.

JANET WOOD.

COWARDICE

A CRAVEN disciple, a faint-hearted follower, a cowardly Christian! What will my Lord say to me in that day when he speaks his praise, and utters his terrible blame? I have heard Christ reviled, and my silence condemned myself more than it abashed the blasphemers. I have listened to skeptics parading their willful doubts, and my faith has been as mute as unfaith. When testimony to God's love and power has been wanted, my lips have been dumb. When others have been tearing down the idols of error, my hands have hung by my side. Where witness-bearing was easy, and to be applauded, I have lifted up my voice. Into places where men scorn the name of Christ, into drunkard's dens, the hovels of outcasts, prisons, and haunts of vice, I have not gone. What sacrifice have I made for thee, O Christ? What hardship have I borne for thee, O Christ?

And thou hast loved me! And thou hast heaped thy kindnesses upon me! I am rich in all things except service. I quiet myself with the thought that no chance for heroism has come; but it has. I quiet myself with the thought that thou hast called others to these tasks; but thou hast called me. I persuade myself that at some future time I will do thy will; but I will not, because I am not about it now. As thy apostles of old prayed to thee for boldness, so do I, out of my craven fear and indecision, O Lord, Christ of Gethsemane! Grant that I may speak thy word with all boldness, while thou stretchest forth thy hand! And as thou didst shake their meeting-place, in testimony of fulfillment, shake thou my very life from its foundations, if thou wilt. Lift my spirit, O Lord! into thy places of power.—*Amos R. Wells.*



OUR READING CIRCLE

THIS week we begin our regular winter work in the Missionary Reading Circle, according to the plan which was recently adopted by those having the matter under their direction, and which was outlined in last week's INSTRUCTOR by Mrs. Plummer. According to this plan, there will be but one lesson each week,—three lessons in Bible study, and one on the field, each month. The notes this week are on the field study for the week ending the second Sabbath in October, and the next set will appear in season to be studied the second week in November, the second Sabbath in each month being, as most of you know, devoted especially to a consideration of the needs of foreign missions. Next week the first notes on the studies on Revelation will be given. With only one lesson to prepare each week, we are sure many of our young people will find time for the important studies of the Missionary Reading Circle.

OCTOBER STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART II: EVANGELICAL WORK AMONG
THE GREEKS
(October 7-13)

How Mary Baldwin Became a Missionary.—For several years before the death of her mother, Mary Baldwin's thoughts had turned toward missionary work. After her mother's death, the two eldest children, Mary being the second, took charge of the household, their father having died two years before. So it was that, burdened with domestic cares, Mary's mind was diverted. At the end of a year the boys were sent to the public schools, and the girls spent some time with their relatives. After devoting a year to pleasure, Mary saw the unprofitableness of such a course, and felt that it was not in accordance with God's will. Hearing from her eldest sister of the destitution of schools and religious instruction in a certain part of Virginia, she determined to prepare herself for teaching, so that she might return to the neglected part of that State. While she was attending school, a friend requested of her the favor of inquiring privately of the missionary society if there was an opening for a woman missionary in the domestic field. Through a gentleman who was a member of the church in the place at which Mary was staying, the letter was written. While dictating the letter to this gentleman, the desire to become a foreign missionary was again awakened in Mary's heart, and she caused the words "or foreign" to be added after the word "domestic." The answer came that there was no opening in the home field, but that Mrs. Hill had written from Greece, urging that a woman be sent to aid her in the schools that she had established. The letter was taken to the young woman at whose request it had been written. She refused to enter the foreign work. Thus was the way opened for Miss Baldwin; and the training that she was acquiring for work in her native State was put to use in the foreign field.

Her Work in the School.—In the eyes of his fellow countrymen, every Greek is regarded as a member of the Greek Church. Miss Baldwin began work among little girls who were nominally members of the church, having received a small amount of instruction in the truths of

religion, but being ignorant of all save superstitions and errors. Her object was to reach the homes of the people, through the daughters, endeavoring to train them to keep homes. Besides the common branches and useful employments, the word of God was taught. Much good was accomplished by the training in needlework that the girls received at her school. After Greece was delivered from the Turkish power, and Otho was made king, he established the court at Athens. Milliners and dressmakers followed. They inquired for girls who knew how to use the needle. Miss Baldwin's pupils were the only ones who knew anything of sewing.

The Acropolis.—A flat, oblong rock, about two hundred and sixty feet high, one thousand feet long, and four hundred feet broad in the widest places, situated in a wide plain that is surrounded on three sides by mountains and bounded on the south by the sea, is the Acropolis, the center of Athens. Here the earliest settlement of the city was made. The western side is the most accessible. The citadel was surrounded by a wall, but it is probable that a great number of the inhabitants lived on the southern slope, within easy reach of the fort that guarded the inclosure.

The Temple of Jupiter.—This, the largest temple ever erected in honor of Jupiter, was one of the first conceived, but the last executed, of the "sacred monuments" of Athens. It was finished by the Roman emperor Hadrian, more than six hundred years after the first stone was laid. It thus became a byword to designate great intellectual efforts that were left uncompleted. In it was a statue, in ivory and gold, of the Olympian Jupiter. Immense sums were spent upon this temple, and it was one of the largest in the world.

The Arch of Hadrian.—Hadrian erected many new buildings. Most of these were in an addition to the southeastern portion of Athens. The suburb formed in this way was named Hadrianopolis, or New Athens, to distinguish it from the old city. The Arch of Hadrian marked the boundary between the two towns. See the illustration in the October *Missionary Magazine*.

Education of the Ancient Greeks.—Until their sixth year, boys and girls were brought up together, under the care of their mother. At that age they were sent to school. Gymnastics, music, and grammar were the subjects commonly taught. The Greeks considered physical training as necessary as training of the mind. The children were probably first taught their letters. The letters were next combined in syllables, and then words were formed. The master made the copy on a wooden, wax-covered tablet, which took the place of our slate. The letters were scratched on the waxen surface with a pointed style made of bone, ivory, or metal, and having one side broad, so that when the tablet was filled, it might be smoothed over for use again. Two or three of these tablets were generally fastened together with hinges. Only the more advanced pupils were permitted to use such expensive material as papyrus, and then they wrote on both sides of the sheet.

Why There Are Not More Protestants in Greece.—The ignorant classes are blindly fanatic, and see no necessity for any religion but their own. The enlightened and intelligent class fear anything that will bring disunion into their present church; for this would weaken their political power. Again: from infancy all are communicants of the Greek Church, and grow up in the belief that the external rites of their religion are all that is necessary for their salvation, and it is difficult to make them see that their religion is vain. So it is that those who become Protestants are liable to persecution and ostracism.



OUR NEIGHBOR

SOMEBODY near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope, and courage together are gone,—
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon-fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold—
Send him some aid to-day;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and strong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Who are our neighbors? Look up, and behold,
Pressing on every hand,
Little ones, lonely ones, sad ones, and old,
Everywhere see them stand.
He is our neighbor whom we may befriend;
He to whom comfort or aid we may lend;
He whose slow footsteps we may cause to wend
On toward the heavenly land.

Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast;
Soon it will all be gone.
Soon will our season of service be past;
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind word,
Some one needs help such as you can afford;
Haste to assist, in the name of the Lord:
Who knows but a soul may be won?
—*Lutheran Observer.*

HAPPINESS OR FUN

THERE is a very wide difference between the two, though in some youthful minds they seem to be reckoned as one and the same thing. "The pursuit of happiness" is properly declared to be an inalienable right, belonging to all men. But the pursuit of fun is usually no right at all. Happiness is a composite quality, into which every feeling of peace, contentment, satisfaction, and joy enters. Fun is simply intense amusement. There may not be a particle of happiness about it. One may be happy in suffering. One may be happy in grief—not happy because of grief or suffering, but in the consciousness that beyond the suffering is felicity. Thus happiness may, and often does, come through expectation. Jesus, "for the joy set before him," endured suffering, shame, and the cross, and was happy in bearing the burdens that his mission imposed upon him. But who would ever look for fun in the life of Jesus?

Three words seem to be closely related, perhaps not etymologically, but by their fruits as well as by alliteration. They are Fail, Fool, Fun. A fool is a failure, and fun is foolishness. Fun is folly, and folly is the failure of good sense. Allied to "fail" is fault, and a fool is a faulty person. It is thought that the word "fool" is from the Latin *follis*,—a bellows, or an inflated bag,—a bag of wind; and that describes fairly well a clown, or a "funny fellow." In fact, clowns were formerly called fools. A person who devotes himself to the pursuit of fun, or folly, is a sad failure. He entirely mistakes fun for happiness.

One point of difference between happiness and fun is that the former can not be obtained at the expense of anybody else. No one can be truly happy in making others unhappy. But any amount of fun is created by making other people miserable. A joke, a trick, may seem very funny to those who perpetrate it; but such enjoyment is wicked, because bought at other people's expense. The wise man said: "It is sport to a fool to do mischief" (Prov. 10:23); and, "Folly

is joy to him that is destitute of wisdom" (Prov. 15:21); and again, "Enter not into the paths of the wicked; . . . for they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, except they cause some to fall." Prov. 4:14-16. That is the character of *fun*.

Let us, then, beware of those witticisms or jokes that please us while they wound another. Let us avoid being amused at other people's misfortunes. Think how satanic was the sport that the soldiers had with Jesus that night. Let us seek happiness in benefiting others, and making them happy. The memory of one good deed of love has more joy in it than a lifetime of reckless folly.

G. C. TENNEY.

OCTOBER COLORING

By a curious analogy with the daily glories of sunrise, repeated at evening in the sunset glow, the woods and fields that have been green or sere through midsummer now put on colors as rich and varied as were worn in the gayest weeks of spring; only now it is not a multitude of brilliant flowers that enrich the landscape, but a greater and more extensive display of gaudy leaves.

The universal greenness of plants is due to the presence of a complex pigment called "chlorophyl," the varying abundance and mixtures of which give the diversified greens of foliage. It is most abundant and important to the plant when it is growing, and putting forth its leaves vigorously in the spring; and after the plant has accomplished its duty of flowering, the leaves grow duller in color, because the chlorophyl has begun to be absorbed. This goes on until finally, when autumn comes, all or most of the chlorophyl has disappeared from the foliage and herbaceous stems, and has been transformed into something else in the plant. Along with it, however, other color-making materials form a part of the cell sap. One of these is tannin, present in all plants, especially in woody ones, and giving rise, under the influence of growth and chemical influence, to a class of pigments called "anthocyanins," which furnish a range of purple, red, and brown tints. When the green chlorophyl disappears, these other colors show themselves in the foliage; and their varying intensity, mingling and changing under the chemistry of sunshine, air, rain, and frost, furnish the hues of autumn, and out of the same materials that, acted upon in a different way, and under other circumstances, make the flower tints of spring. The petals of the rose, the brown leaves of its bush, and its scarlet seed-case, or "hip," which remains to glow against the snow and feed the birds, are all painted from the same palette, but with different brushes.

Another assistant material in producing bright colors is the fatty particles in the plant juices, which, when the chlorophyl retreats, appear upon or near the surface, and give a yellow or reddish tinge to the stems and leaves, and sometimes to the bark and seeds.—*Well-Spring.*

"WHEN Grandeur tells her story,
Merriment is mute;
We miss, 'mid autumn's glory,
The Bob-o'-Lincoln flute."

DANGER FROM WEAK POINTS IN CHARACTER

DAY by day we should carefully examine the life-structure that we are building. Do the fruits of the Spirit appear in our life? Are we becoming more and more conscientious in the small details of Christian experience? Is the conscience more sensitive to the call of duty? Does the ear of the soul hear more readily each day the still, small voice that speaks within? Do we enjoy communion with Heaven to-day as never before? The answers to these questions will enable us to know whither we are drifting.

One of our greatest dangers is the tendency to retain in the character some peculiar weakness, whose presence, in a crisis, may mean downfall and utter defeat. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. A noble ship may sink as the penalty of carrying one rotten plank. We should closely study our characters, to learn their weak points, and then, by earnest prayer and sincere human resolution, seek God for strength and grace to overcome and put away each of these danger-spots.

One demoralizing trait of character, if allowed to remain in the experience, will sooner or later corrupt every virtue. Just as one decayed apple in a barrel of sound fruit will contaminate the whole, so the indulgence of appetite, the gratification of pride, a spirit of levity, and other kindred compromises, however small in human estimation, will surely accomplish the ultimate downfall and destruction of the soul that dares trifle with them. It was one little weakness of character, growing stronger because not overcome, that proved the ruin of Judas.

Again: this fault, which you may consider trifling, and which may be occupying but a small place in your experience, may, because of your influence and example, be reproduced in the experience of another, and become the cause of his ruin. Thus the influence exerted by your compromise with this apparently small evil becomes directly responsible for the loss of a soul that might have shone with eternal brightness in the kingdom of God if you had been conscientiously strengthening your character instead of compromising with evil, and excusing its weaknesses.

Every Christian will surely be called upon not only to give an account of the influence he has exerted, but also for the influence he might have exerted.

W. S. SADLER.

THE TURN OF THE LANE

A YEAR ago to-night I did not dream
That I could be so full of happiness,
Nor that my heart would beat a happy tune
From notes set on the staff of thankfulness.

The days are often sad, the way is dark;
But, unexpectedly, a sudden gleam
Bursts through the clouds of sorrow overhead,
And through the rift a heaven of joy is seen.

The desert path we follow day by day,
By toil and heat and weariness oppressed,
Sometimes turns swiftly to a cool, sweet spring,
That offers shade and rest—refreshing rest.

God's ways are mysteries. To human minds
His paths are hard to find and understand;
But future days are fraught with ill unless
They fall beneath the shadow of his hand.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

It is only doubtful things that need to be labeled. We carefully mark the packet of seeds we put away; but when they have been put in the ground, and have blossomed into sweet peas and morning-glories, we do not need to tie a name to them; they show what they are.

The same is true of the moral garden plot—it is only the virtues that have not blossomed into action that are constantly needing to be labeled. If we find it necessary to assure and reassure our friends that we can be depended upon to keep an appointment, that we will not forget a promise, that we will do as we have said, we may be sure that our reliability has attained but very doubtful growth.

The honesty that requires expatiating upon has not reached the point where it can be known by its deeds, and the goodness that is always asserting itself to be "as good as anybody else" has failed to make itself recognizable by its life. Honesty, reliability, and goodness, that have blossomed into daily living, into habit, need no labeling: everybody knows them.—*Selected.*



LIKE GRANDMA

WHEN grandma goes to take a nap,
I climb up in her chair,
And put her glasses on my nose,
Her cap upon my hair.
I gather up her knitting-work,
And hold the needles — so;
But though I've tried, I find that I
Can't make the stocking grow.

Once, when my grandma did n't see,
I thought that I'd pretend;
But all those funny little loops
Ran off the needle's end.
My grandma knits so easily,
Her fingers move so quick;
I like to hear her needles say,
"Clickity, click-click, click."

And while she knits, my grandma tells
So many wondrous tales —
About the big ship Noah built,
Which had no masts nor sails;
How Daniel spent a whole, long night
Down in a lions' den,
And Joseph was to bondage sold
By his bad brothers ten.

And best of all, my grandma says
That every one is true.
I've heard them told so many times
That I could tell them, too.
So when, with cap and glasses on,
In her arm-chair I sit,
I'd be just like my grandma dear,
If I could only knit.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

RALPH'S ACCOUNT-BOOK

RALPH CROSS tried to be a good boy, but sometimes he failed; so his mother asked him once to try the experiment of making a mark in a little blank book every time he said a naughty word, or did anything that was n't just what a little Christian ought to do. Every time Ralph thought of it, he put down a mark in the book. Once when he looked at the list, his heart failed him, and he felt discouraged to see how often he had failed.

Mrs. Cross had never asked to look at the book, but after a few weeks, Ralph could stand it no longer. So he put on a brave face, and went to his mother.

"Mama," he said, "I'm tired making marks in my book."

"Has the little boy made so many marks that he is ashamed of them?"

"I don't know, mama, but I guess I must be a pretty bad boy."

"Well, Ralph, suppose we try another plan."
"Another plan, mama?"

"Yes. Suppose you get a new book, and write in it about the kind things you may do and say. If you will let me look at it at the end of a week, I'm sure I shall find it excellent reading."

"Why, mama, it seems to me that would be about as hard as putting down the bad marks. Just think — to let everybody know how good I am!"

"Oh, no, Ralph! that is to be between just you and me. I know it will help you, and it is sure to help and interest me, too."

"Well, if you say so, mama, I'll give it a try."

And Ralph did "give it a try." At the end of the week the little book had several pages filled with the pleasant things that Ralph had done; and they were well worth reading, too, because Ralph never did anything by halves. These were some of the things Mrs. Cross read: —

"SUNDAY: Helped mama take care of little Jennie, and read to grandma one hour.

"MONDAY: Gave one of my nice story-books to a boy who said he liked dime-novels better. I guess he liked my book, because he said he wished he had more of them.

"TUESDAY: Took some flowers from my garden to Teddy Jones, who is in bed with a broken leg.

"WEDNESDAY: Told Annie Mailman I was sorry I scared her last week by hollering at her.

"THURSDAY: Studied harder than ever to-day, and did n't miss. Will try not to miss again.

"FRIDAY: Bobby Allen never has anything. I know mama won't mind if I give him my five cents to-day.

"SABBATH: Coaxed Billy Downs to go to Sabbath-school with me. He said he was too old to go to Sabbath-school now, but I got him in a class of boys of his own age. He said afterward that he was coming again."

Ralph is willing every boy and girl shall follow his account-book plan.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.



"MY GRANDMA KNITS SO EASILY"

ONE KIND OF BOY

"WATCH that boy, now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, does n't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding-house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw Will taking a great deal of pains to find a good place.

First, he had noticed a large book full of pictures on the table. After looking at it for a few moments, he had hunted out a large easy chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There! He's got it squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the large lamp nearer it," said Phil.

"And — well, if I ever! If he is n't putting a

footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted quickly toward her, and said: "Come, mama, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair, and settled the stool at her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mama, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.—*The Watchman.*

THE ACROBAT

THE tight-rope walker has come to town,
All dressed in a suit of dusty brown;
His rope from the finest silk he spins,
Makes fast the end,—and the show begins.

He drops from a perch at a dizzy height,
And fills our hearts with a thrill of fright;
But he clings to his rope with foot and hand:
His life is safe on that silken strand.

Again the rope he firmly ties;
Then back and forth he swiftly hies,
Till a fairy wheel swings in the breeze,
Beneath the laden apple-trees.

He views his work with honest pride,
Then sits him down his wheel beside,
To watch the crowd of passers-by,
And snare, perchance, a careless fly.

AUNT BETTY.

JAMIE'S REPLY

MAMA and the children were going to clean up the back porch, where the children had their playhouse; and mama had told Jamie that she would make some changes, and fix the playhouse so it would be much better than before. There were four children to play in it,—three little girls, and Jamie,—and sometimes things would get pretty badly mused up. Jamie was the eldest, and it generally fell to his lot to do most of the picking up at night, when they were through play. That was one reason why mama suggested fixing over the playhouse, so it would not be so easy for everything to get untidy. You see she was anxious for her little folks to learn to keep things neat, even when they were at play.

"Mama," said Jamie, as she was ready at last to begin work with him in the playhouse, "I want you to fix things up, now, just as I want them."

"Well, I don't know about that," replied mama, in a gentle tone of reproof; "I think perhaps mama will arrange things as *she* thinks best."

"Oh, yes, mama," the cheerful little fellow answered quickly, "that is the way I mean; *the way you think best is just the way I want.*"

And afterward, when thinking of Jamie's reply, I wondered how many of us are as willing that the way father or mother thinks best should be our way — how many are willing to let the things our Father in heaven wants us to do be just the things we want to do. MRS. E. M. PATTON.

"A LITTLE bit of patience often makes the sunshine come."





BOB WHITE

THERE'S a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight—but hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls. In the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"
—George Cooper.

ANIMAL CUNNING

As I was walking through an orchard the other day, I chanced upon a flock of young quail among the tall grass. The whir-r-r of the old bird first attracted my attention, as she flew into a tree, and began to call a lively "quit-quit-quit!" to the little ones. This "quit," you know, when uttered in a sharp, quick tone, is quail-talk for "hide for your life!" or "danger!"

But I was there before the little yellow, fluffy balls had a chance to scatter far, and began to chase three of them through the grass. Suddenly two disappeared. They had sunk quietly on some dead leaves, and my sight was not keen enough to detect them. In fact, when nature thus hides her helpless children, the keen eyes of the fox will pass them unnoticed.

I kept after the other little fellow, and chased him thirty or forty feet before I lost him. Then I tried to scare up another; but no, all my noise and walking could not make one stir. They had orders to keep still; and no matter what came,—even a heavy foot to crush them,—there they would stay, motionless.

But all animals are not eluded so easily as that bungling creature, man. Those which "follow their noses," so to speak, must be dealt with in a different way.

One day this summer I was working in a vineyard. Near by among the vines a flock of quail—father, mother, and children—were breakfasting on bugs and worms. Little attention they paid to me, instinct seeming to tell them that I was preoccupied, and harmless anyhow in a thick vineyard. But presently I heard a quick "quit-quit!" and the "whir-r-r, whir-r-r" of a quail. Looking up, I saw a large gray cat chasing an apparently wounded bird. The mother quail, for she it was, fluttered painfully just ahead of anxious puss, till she had led him a safe distance from her young; then, with a quick whir-r-r, she was far away. Meanwhile the father quail had led the little flock away through the vineyard in the opposite direction, out of the reach of harm.
EDISON J. DRIVER.

THE MOLE

In appearance the mole is merely a flattened, oblong ball of very fine and soft, shimmering gray fur, pointed and footed at both ends. *St. Nicholas* gives an interesting account of this curious little animal. From the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail, he measures six and one-fourth inches, and his little pinky-white tail looks like an angleworm one and three-fourths inches long. His nose projects half an inch beyond his mouth, and feels as hard as if it had a bone in it. It terminates in a broad,

flattened point, shaped for all the world like a rock-drill—and the way in which it can bore through the earth is astonishing. But his fore-foot! They are three quarters of an inch wide, but less than one inch in length, including the claws, the longest of which measures nearly half an inch. Each foot is a miniature spade, armed with very sharp and powerful claws, formed like chisels, for cutting earth. The forelegs have no length whatever, the feet being set on to the body edgewise, close beside the jaws, with the soles outward. The ends of the claws point as far forward as the nose.

The instant the mole touches the earth, down goes his nose, feeling nervously here and there for a place to start his drill. In about one second he has found a suitable spot. His nose sinks into the soil as if it were a bradawl, with a half-boring, half-pushing motion, and in an instant half his head is buried from view. Now watch sharply, or he will be out of sight before you see how he does it. Up comes his powerful right foot, sliding close along the side of his head, straight forward, edgewise, to the end of his nose. His five-pointed chisel cuts the earth vertically until it reaches as far forward as his short reach will let it go; then, with a quick motion, he pries the earth sidewise from his nose, and so makes quite an opening. Instantly the left foot does the same thing on the other side, and meanwhile the gimlet-pointed nose has gone right on boring. In five seconds, by the watch, his body is entirely out of sight.

SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE

In "Wild Animals I Have Known," Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson relates an exciting experience. He had gone out alone to a remote district on his pony to inspect some wolf-traps. In one of them he found a wolf; and, having killed it, was engaged in resetting the trap, when inadvertently he sprung the next one, and his hand was caught in the massive steel jaws.

"I lay on my face," he says, "and stretched out my toes, hoping to draw within reach the trap-wrench, which I had thrown down a few feet away. Wolf-traps are set in fours around a buried bait, and are covered with cotton and fine sand, so as to be quite invisible.

"Intent on securing the wrench, I swung about my anchor, stretching and reaching to the utmost, unable to see just where it lay, but trusting to the sense of touch to find it. A moment later there was a sharp 'clank,' and the iron jaws of trap No. 3 closed on my left foot!

"Struggle as I would, I could not move either trap; and there I lay stretched out, and securely staked to the ground. No one knew where I had gone, and there was slight prospect of any one's coming to the place for weeks. The full horror of my situation was upon me—to be devoured by wolves, or die of cold and starvation. My pony, meantime, stood patiently waiting to take me home.

"The afternoon waned, and night came on,—a night of horror! Wolves howled in the distance, and then drew nearer and nearer. They seized upon and devoured the carcass of the one I had slaughtered; and one of them, growing bolder, came up and snarled in my face. Then there was a sudden rush, and a fight among the wolves.

"I could not see well, and for an instant I thought my time had come, when a big fellow dashed upon me! But it was Bingo,—my noble dog,—who rubbed his shaggy, panting sides against me, and licked my face. He had scattered the wolves, and killed one, as I afterward learned.

"'Bingo! Bingo, old boy! fetch me the trap-wrench!'

"Away he went, and came dragging my rifle, for he knew only that I wanted something.

"'No, Bingo—the trap-wrench!'

"This time it was my sash; but at last he brought the wrench, and wagged his tail in joy that it was right. With difficulty, reaching out with my free hand, I unscrewed the pillar nut. The trap fell apart, my hand was released, and a moment later I was free.

"Bingo brought up my pony, which had fled at the approach of the wolves; and soon we were on the way home, with the dog as herald, leaping and barking for joy."



THE CURSE REMOVED

(October 13, 1900)

LESSON TEXT.—Gal. 3:9-14.

MEMORY VERSES.—GAL. 3:13, 14.

Review this chapter carefully from the beginning before studying the present lesson. Repeat the first two chapters several times each week. Recall the truths and lessons already learned; and by all means keep the mind and heart open to receive new lessons and truths every time you review.

QUESTIONS

1. What experience comes to those who are of faith? With whom are they blessed? What brought this blessing to Abraham? Verse 9; note 1.
2. Who are cursed? For what reason? V. 10.
3. How is no man justified? V. 11. Why is this so evident? Rom. 3:10-12. How do the just live? Gal. 3:11. What Old Testament scripture does Paul here quote? Hab. 2:4; note 2.
4. What is said of the relation between the law and faith? How only can life be obtained from the law? V. 12; note 3.
5. From what has Christ redeemed us? What was he made for us? What scripture shows that he was made a curse for us? V. 13. How has Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law? Note 4.
6. Why did Christ redeem us from the curse? Through whom does this blessing come? What else besides the blessing of Abraham do we receive? V. 14. What have we found the blessing of Abraham to be?

NOTES

1. "Faithful Abraham" the Scriptures call him. Very commonly this word "faithful" is used in the sense of being "constant in the performance of duties, or services; exact in attending to commands." In this sense Abraham was faithful when he offered up Isaac in obedience to God's command. But what was the secret of his implicit obedience? "Abraham believed God." He was faithful in that he was full of faith. And true faith always works by love, and purifies the heart.

2. Paul preached the gospel from the Old Testament. The Lord has but one plan of salvation, and that runs through all the Scriptures. Salvation was never offered through works, but always by faith.

3. The law as the rule of action requires perfect obedience. And it justifies perfectly the one who observes it, and condemns the one who fails so to do. But since none have ever kept the law perfectly, it can never give life to any man. It always condemns the sinner to death.

4. Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law when he hung upon the cross; for then, according to the Scriptures, he was made a curse for us. A curse is pronounced upon the disobe-

dient. See Deut. 28:15-68. It is this curse of disobedience that makes the way of transgressors hard. See Prov. 13:15. The final curse of the law is death; for "sin is the transgression of the law" (1 John 3:4), and "the wages of sin is death." Rom. 6:23. But Jesus bore all this curse for us; for "he was numbered with the transgressors" (Isa. 53:12), and was made sin for us (2 Cor. 5:21); so in dying he bore the final curse of the law. And this he has done for every one of us. Will we accept the offering, be free from the curse, and enjoy the blessing?

"HAPPINESS," says one writer, "depends more upon those things that are common to all than upon those which are the rare and signal property of the few. Those matters in which men differ from one another in the scale of social condition are not half so important or valuable as those in which they agree." Mindfulness of this fact would repress many an envious sigh, silence many a complaint, and lead to glad and thankful recognition of the largeness of God's gifts to all. The fact is that the substances of life are bestowed with generous hand. Life's best things, its largest resources and privileges, are part of the common lot. A man may live in a lowly house or in an obscure room; but if he has a heart in him, he may have friendships as cordial, and love as deep

and sincere, as the prince who dwells in a palace. There may be no paintings upon the walls of his poorly furnished room; but he has just as true a possession of the pictures that the hand of the great Creator tints and frames, in the flaming splendor of the sunset, the pomp of fleecy clouds, and the varied beauty of nature. The roof of a cabin is as near heaven as the dome of a cathedral or the turret of a stately mansion. The power of worship, the mystery of the divine presence, the breath of the ineffable love, are as close to the dweller in a tenement as they were to David in his palace or to a Bernard in his cloister.—*Baptist Union.*

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No. 23, Accommodation	2.07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight	8.25 A. M.
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No. 2, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper	1.10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend	5.20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 2, daily.	
EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK	
No. 8, Mail and Express, to Ft. Huron, East, and Detroit	3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit	5.27 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.
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Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.	

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God."

MONDAY:

The block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Carlyle.*

TUESDAY:

"What you do every day is a promise of what you may do some day. The crowning act will not differ much, except in degree, from the habitual act."

WEDNESDAY:

To take up the cross of Christ is no great action done once for all; it consists in the continual practice of small duties which are distasteful to us.—*J. H. Newman.*

THURSDAY:

The longer we live, and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends. Parents we can have but once; and he promises himself too much who enters life with the expectation of finding many friends.—*Dr. Johnson.*

FRIDAY:

"Don't look at duty as a task to be done. That always makes it hard. The true attitude should be one of choice. Make that which comes to you as a duty the one thing of all others you would at that moment do, and it will help wondrously toward robbing that little word of its hard sound."

SABBATH:

"Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." 1 Peter 1:22.

A NEW DRESS

THIS week the INSTRUCTOR appears in a new dress, which, you will agree with us, greatly improves its appearance. Hereafter it will have a new dress every week; for the type on the paper is now set on a machine. Therefore it will not get worn down, as is the case when separate types are used, but will always be bright and clean. Perhaps you will notice, too, that the type-face

is somewhat smaller than that used heretofore, thus making a material difference in the amount of reading-matter in each issue. We hope our friends will be pleased with the change, and will continue to take an active interest in the paper.

A TRIP ABROAD

THERE are few young people who would not delight to take a trip around the world. There is a fascination about the countries beyond the seas, especially about those which we call "heathen." The strange appearance, dress, language, and manners of the people make them objects of considerable interest to us. The Lord says that he "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." So these strange peoples are all relatives of ours, and we really ought to cherish a warmer feeling for them than that of mere curiosity.

The next best thing to making a trip to these far-away places, is to have some one who has been there, and seen them, to tell us about them. And this is just the privilege we are now having in the field study of the Missionary Reading Circle. The *Missionary Magazine* is full of interesting incidents written by persons who have gone to live in those strange countries. Some of these have been asked to write articles suitable for us to study; and while we should read all that the *Magazine* contains, we ought to study thoroughly that portion of it which is assigned as a lesson.

The places mentioned should be located on a map. It would be a fine thing if every home could have in it the new map of the world prepared by the Foreign Mission Board, with all the places marked where we have missionaries. Suppose each of you forego some trinket, or ornament, or pleasure you have planned, and provide yourself with the *Missionary Magazine* and this map of the world, and one week in each month take an imaginary trip to the country which is the topic of the field Circle study, and see if you do not derive a satisfying pleasure and profit in so doing.

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THE GALVESTON STORM

SEPTEMBER 8 of the year 1900—the day of the Great Storm—will be held in sorrowful remembrance by thousands of aching hearts in Texas, as well as throughout the whole country, for years to come. Rising off Porto Rico, the storm moved westward past Haiti, struck the southern coast of Jamaica, crossed the narrow eastern end of Cuba, and after reaching the Florida coast, veered west again, and moved straight across the Gulf. The island and city of Galveston lay directly in its path, and were at its mercy. The story of the resulting loss of life and destruction of property is sadly familiar. Usually calamities of a distressing nature are exaggerated by the reports in the newspapers, but in this case all seem agreed that the reality is beyond description. The inhabitants of Galveston had become accustomed to severe storms, and were therefore the more unprepared for this, neglecting such precautions as would have been possible; and when they finally realized their danger, it was too late for many to save either their loved ones or themselves. It is now supposed that the list of the dead will reach, if it does not exceed, four thousand; while all estimates of the property loss can for weeks be only of the nature of guesswork. Doctors, nurses, food, clothing, money, and supplies of all kinds were hurried into the city; but in spite of all that can be done for the relief and comfort of the survivors, the suffering is great, and one can not but turn away in sadness from the picture.

Brother Weese, of Houston, Texas, a former resident of Galveston, who was preparing for the

INSTRUCTOR an article descriptive of the beauties of the city's world-famous beach, has written to say that it will be impossible to send the article at present; the contrast between the beach as it has been during the last few days with what it was formerly being such as to forbid a description of its previous attractions. A few extracts from his letter will be of interest:—

"In the face of this great disaster, property loss is lost sight of for a time. When relatives and friends meet, the first word is, 'Thank God, you're safe!' In this dreadful storm, many faces were turned heavenward for the first time in years. Prayers rose to the lips of those long unused to petitioning the throne of grace.

"The city of Houston, though badly damaged and torn by the storm, had but one fatality. We ourselves were uninjured, though houses near us were blown down. The wind blew about sixty miles an hour here. Hundreds of refugees have flocked to Houston, and everything possible is being done for their comfort. Several Adventists were among the victims in Galveston. It is not yet known all who escaped."

To those who are looking for the soon coming of the Lord in glory, and are familiar with the events that will precede his return, this terrible calamity is another token that his coming is near. It is near. Signs are fulfilling all around us,— "wars and rumors of wars," "and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." All things are getting ready for that day. Are we ready?

WHAT FRIENDSHIP MEANS

How much it means when, among the ever-widening circle of our acquaintances, we find a friend—a choice spirit, whose place we know instinctively is with the very inner circle of the heart's elect!—who may enter, unquestioned, the sanctuary where only the "chosen" are admitted. It means brighter sunshine, bluer skies, more glorious sunsets; it adds a rarer fragrance to the flowers, clothes the landscape with hitherto unimagined beauty, brings zest and courage to the doing of our allotted work, and invests even the humblest life with new meaning and dignity.

In its highest sense, friendship means trust; there can be no selfish withholding; we must give freely of our best. It means patience, too; it is impossible either to be a friend or to have a friend unless this divine quality enters into the relationship. It means sympathy, comfort, counsel, consolation; reliance, endurance, loyalty, encouragement; comradeship, satisfaction, joy, peace. It means giving—sometimes the pure, unselfish gift whose only reward comes in the remembrance that "the glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served." It means sincerity; the understanding that comes without words; the "inner sight" that looks below the surface, and sees, like the sculptor, the angel in the marble block; like the miner, the precious gem hidden in the rock; like the gardener, the perfect flower, in all its grace of white and gold, folded within the rough brown bulb.

And to all this is added a still deeper and holier tie—the spiritual fellowship which, in its expression, leads the heart naturally to thoughts of the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Love of friends brings us, with grateful hearts, to love of the perfect Friend, and to a new insight into the character of him who has so honored us as to call us his friends.

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