

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## ON THE TROPIC OF CAPRICORN

THE southern tropical line passes through the midst of the Australian continent a distance of nearly three thousand miles. It is quite safe to say that few, if any, have ever traced its entire course, as the country is uninhabited and uninhabitable. Ten thousand pounds' reward was offered to the one who would first penetrate the country from north to south; and it was only on the third attempt that it was accomplished. A telegraph-line followed the track thus opened. But there has as yet been no call for a consecutive transcontinental journey from east to west.

Starting at the city of Rockhampton, Queensland, where the tropical line strikes the eastern coast, a railway follows it for nearly five hundred miles westward. The interior of Australia is in appearance a monotonous plain, arid, and burning with heat. Rains seldom fall, and flowing streams are unknown. Between this great desert region and the more genial coast lies a wide expanse of country, generally appropriated by sheep- and cattle-raisers. Much of the land is fertile, and would be exceedingly fruitful but for the want of rain.

The vastness of this section may be understood when it is stated that Queensland, one of the five colonies, covers an area of six hundred and sixty-eight thousand square miles,—territory equal to a large number of the United States combined.

For four years the western districts have been experiencing the worst drought in the history of the country. Some rains have fallen recently, reviving hope in the hearts of settlers and squatters. But it is said that in Queensland fifteen million sheep have perished by starvation, and over half the cattle have been consumed.

Journeying through this region, one tires of the changeless scenery. But upon stopping to examine more closely its minute details, the traveler discovers much of interest. Occasionally a pair, or even a drove, of emus are seen stalking away as on stilts. Kangaroos will be seen sitting on their haunches, or leaping away with tremendous bounds. The wallaby, a diminutive kangaroo, is altogether too common, being a nuisance wherever gardens or fields are attempted. Flying foxes haunt "the scrub" in great numbers. They hang pendant from trees through the daytime. In some places the scrub

timber is literally covered with these great, bat-like creatures. At night they make havoc with fruit-trees.

Wherever a lagoon is found, its waters and muddy borders are inhabited by great black swans with red beaks; flamingoes with beautiful plumage and long, pipe-stem legs; pelicans with their ugly pouch bills; ibises in droves, with long, crooked beaks; and plenty of ducks and geese. The larger timber regions are the home of cockatoos, parrots, magpies, laughing jackasses, and a numerous variety of smaller birds.

Insects and reptiles are not lacking. There is a variety of snakes, all venomous, and myriads of ants of every kind. Ant-hills in many places stand thick as hay-cocks, and about as

excellent cook. She was even then engaged in preparing a meal for the men who were lying about the hut. Spying some dainty-looking food just prepared, the friend asked the cook for a sample. It was given, on green leaves, to each of the ladies, and by each was pronounced "delicious," "lovely," "exquisite," etc. Just before leaving, the visitor asked the cook what that particular food might be. "Snake!" said the black woman, with her arms akimbo. There was a violent effort on the part of the ladies to unswallow what they had just eaten. They were both violently sick, much to the amusement of the men on the grass. But the snake did not come back.

At the time I visited this region, it was a



large. Once in a while the sight of a tarantula, centipede, or iguana gives a stranger a start, and causes his teeth to grind together for a moment. Beneath our feet a few modest purple daisies blossom, varied with buttercups; while overhead various trees are from time to time in bloom.

It is in this country that the few remains of aboriginal life are seen. We visited a native camp near a railway station, and what we saw is well shown in the illustration. Parents and children were outnumbered two to one by ugly, ill-fed dogs, which barked and growled around us. The wretched people live on anything they can get that is at all eatable,—snakes, slugs, grubs, beetles, roots, leaves, carrion, and whatever they can beg. A lady friend who will not see this told me that once, in company with a friend, she visited a black fellow's camp, where one of the women ("gins") was known as an

common sight to see horses and cattle in the last stages of starvation left to perish where they finally staggered and fell. For days the poor creatures would lie there with no one to pity them, no one to offer a drop of water or a mouthful of food. The crows would pick out their eyes, and mangle their heads, and at last death would come slowly along. In many places, piggeries have been established, and a still more horrible chapter is thus added to the awful story. For when it became certain that the creatures would soon die, they were driven into the inclosure, and pigs and crows vied with each other in the horrible feast. What was done with the pigs? Don't ask! We know what is done with pigs.

Sin and the curse hang heavily over a large portion of our fair world. What a change will take place when He comes whose right it is to reign!

G. C. TENNEY.





## ABIDE WITH ME

In the glorious golden morning,  
When my heart with peace is filled;  
When my feet are on the mountain,  
And my soul with joy is thrilled;  
When thy grace is all-sufficient,  
And thy love a boundless sea,—  
Then, in peace and joy and gladness,  
Lord, dear Lord, abide with me.

When the fields are ripe for harvest  
In the noontide's blinding heat;  
While I bear my sheaves, and lay them  
Meekly at thy blessed feet;  
When in weariness I labor,  
Glad thy servant, Lord, to be,  
Let me feel thy presence near me:  
Lord, dear Lord, abide with me.

When the evening shadows lengthen,  
And I wander to and fro,  
Groping blindly through the valley  
Where the bitter waters flow;  
When my eyes with tears are blinded,  
And thy face no more I see,  
Then I need thee, sorely need thee,—  
Lord, dear Lord, abide with me.

When the stepping-stones to heaven,  
Shining bright before me rise;  
When, with all thy ransomed children,  
I am lifted to the skies;  
When my cup of joy o'erfloweth,  
Or thy chastening grievous be,—  
Cometh joy, or cometh sorrow,  
Lord, dear Lord, abide with me.

—Lissie Clark Hardy.

## LOVE NOT THE WORLD

"BEHOLD, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not."

Christ's life on earth was the embodiment of purity and holiness. He was in the world, but not of the world. The world did not understand him. His life of self-sacrifice was to them a mystery. He lived a life apart from them. Had he united with them in eager pursuit for applause, for riches, for worldly honor, they would have known him; for he would have been of them.

Christ was the Light of the world, but the world knew him not; and because it knew him not, it knows not his followers. We can not follow Jesus, and keep the friendship of the world. True Christians will take Christ as their pattern, loving him with the whole heart, and serving him with the entire being.

"Ye can not serve God and mammon." "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." There must be an entire surrender on the part of the Christian, a complete forsaking and turning away from the things of the world. God's word declares, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Christ has given us an example of how we should work. He did not come to this world to save the righteous: there were no righteous. He came to call sinners to repentance, to save those who felt their need of a Saviour. He identifies his interests with the interests of all who will receive his grace.

Christ labored to save men from delusion. To this end his servants must work. God has given to every man a measure of light, and he is to let this light shine forth to others. No Christian lives to himself. He who is devoted to self-serving is not learning of the divine Teacher, though he may profess to be a Christian.

Unless truth leads to right actions, it proves only the condemnation of the hearer. Truth is

to be woven into the daily experience, controlling the life, making us pure, even as Christ is pure. We may know without doubt who are the true sons and daughters of God. And "every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." As Christ is pure in his sphere, so man may be pure in his sphere.

Conformity to the world is decidedly forbidden in the word of God. Paul writes: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

The mighty power of the Holy Spirit is a cleaver which separates men from the world, and sends them forth as missionaries for God into the highways and byways of life, to seek and to save lost, perishing souls, to minister to the physical and spiritual needs of suffering humanity. Thus Christ worked, and he says to us, "Learn of me." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. . . . For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

We can either honor or deny Christ. His work was to reveal to the world the glorious perfection of God. This is also our work. We are not to shut ourselves away from the world to escape from it. Christ's prayer to God in behalf of his disciples was, "Not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." We have a work to do—the work of seeking for lost souls. If you are necessarily associated with worldlings, remember that Christ is to be honored as your companion, your leader, your wisdom and sanctification. He says, "I am at your right hand to help you." The child of God must not allow himself to be guided or governed by human wisdom; for this always leads from the path of self-denial and cross-bearing cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. The undivided affections must be given to God. It is for our eternal welfare to stand with him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." "Whosoever will come after me," Christ said, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

John thought it an honor of infinite importance for men to be called the sons of God, to be acknowledged by the Creator of the universe as his children. In comparison with this, all other honor sinks into insignificance. If our names are even mentioned with favor by the great men of this earth, we think it a matter of sufficient importance to cherish, yes, and tell again and again, that others may see how we have been honored. But the lips that give us this supposed honor are only mortal. Dust they are, and to dust they must return. Our names may be uttered with joy by the lips of Christ. It is our privilege to be honored by him who is King over all kings. If we are faithful, the eternal God will claim us as his sons and daughters. Then is it any condescension on our part to receive Christ?

John holds up before us the infinite sacrifice made in our behalf, and points us to the infinite possibilities that lie before us. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." We may enter into this sacred relationship. No pen can describe the honor this will bring to us. Many act as if it were a great humiliation to accept Christ as their Saviour. But there is no true honor except that which comes through Christ. Our highest good is found in following his example. We meet with many failures because we do not realize this. If we lift the cross cheerfully, Christ will guide us by his counsel, and afterward receive us into glory. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

## LOOK UP

THERE is hope in the world for you and me;  
There is joy in a thousand things that be;  
There is fruit to gather from every tree;  
Look up, my friend, look up!

There's a place in the land for you to fill,  
There is work to do with an iron will,—  
The river comes from the tiny rill,—  
Look up, my friend, look up!

There are bridges to cross, and the way is long,  
But a purpose in life will make you strong;  
Keep e'er on your lips a cheerful song;  
Look up, my friend, look up!  
—Selected.

## UNTIDINESS A SYMPTOM OF CHARACTER WEAKNESS

God is a God of order, not the author of confusion; and if we would develop characters after the divine likeness, we shall carefully avoid habits and practices that will lead to untidiness, confusion, and disorder. The unerring accuracy with which the astronomer tells the time of the stars' appearance, the uniformity with which the earth keeps up its march around the sun, as well as the great law of cause and effect, sowing and reaping, whose operations may be daily observed in both the physical and the spiritual world, teach us that regularity, punctuality, faithfulness, and reliability are attributes of the divine character. The infinite care with which God arranges all things in nature, the carefulness with which each little particle of starch in a kernel of wheat is wrapped in a separate envelope, and each little globule of fat in milk is surrounded with its covering of casein,—all these things are evidences of the painstaking care with which the Creator attends to even the smallest details of his great work.

That boy or girl, young man or young woman, who comes into the house, and throws down hat and coat anywhere; whose room is ever in a state of disorder and confusion; who, instead of having a place for everything, has no place for anything, may be sure that the character they are building will be but reflections of these habits of confusion and disorder. Such persons will think in a disconnected manner. Their conversation will be lacking in soundness and sobriety. Their Christian experience is likely to be fitful and unsatisfactory,—one day extremely hopeful and buoyant, the next disheartened and discouraged. Carefulness all along the line, even in the smallest matters in our experience, is required, to insure having it in more important events.

W. S. SADLER.

## THE SURE CURE FOR BITTER EXPERIENCES

WHEN Moses came to the bitter waters of Marah, he held a prayer-meeting; but the children of Israel turned the occasion into a fault-finding meeting, and tried to find some one to blame for this trying experience. The Lord showed Moses a branch that would sweeten the water, while the devil showed the people that Moses was to blame for all their trouble. There is a branch in Rom. 8:28 ("We know that all things work together for good to them that love God") that will sweeten the most bitter experiences that we shall be called upon to pass through; but it must be applied whenever the occasion demands. It is well for us to know that God never sends us any trouble without previously seeking to whisper to us some truth, which, if accepted, would save us the after-pain and sorrow. Job 33:14, 19.

Ordinary germs can be destroyed at a boiling temperature; by adding sufficient salt to convert the water into brine, it can be heated eighteen degrees hotter before it begins to boil, so it will destroy more virulent germs than simple boiling



water; but when we wish to be absolutely sure that the fluid is sterile, we subject it to live steam under pressure. This surely and certainly kills all germs and spores, provided the vessel does not burst. This may illustrate how God allows various circumstances to purify us: when ordinary opportunities do not have sufficient effect, he brings us through an experience that produces briny tears. If this does not spiritually sterilize us, he subjects us to greater pressure. The devil comes in at this point, and tempts the individual to say, "I won't stand it;" and he feels as if he should "fly all to pieces," and that he is "going to give it all up;" thus the process is all spoiled, because he lives by feeling instead of principle. "Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him." Heb. 12: 5.

A true conception of God's plans for us makes heaven bud and blossom, even here below. It sheds light into the dark corners of life, and blows leaves of happiness into the pathway of the Christian; all this is a part of the Christian's heritage this side the River Jordan.

One of our workers interested herself in the spiritual welfare of a young woman who was unconverted. When asked if she was happy, the latter replied: "No, I am most miserable, but not quite so much so as my sister, who is a good Christian." The Christian should be a reflector on this earth of the joys of a glorious heaven. 1 John 4: 17.

Many Christian homes are so dark, cold, and cheerless that the devil has no difficulty whatever in producing a more attractive counterfeit; but the true Christian home has the privilege of being a sample of heaven on earth; and if it is so, all the devil's schemes will come far short of successfully competing with it.

When we are determined to have our own way, in spite of God's admonitions, the only thing that the Lord can consistently send to us is trouble, which will tend to obstruct our path, and thus save us from going to destruction. Therefore let us cease to work against God's providences, and say, "Here am I; send me." On this point we may learn wonderful lessons from Jonah's experience. The Lord prepared a gourd to protect him from the fierce rays of the sun, and he was "exceedingly glad" for it, and undoubtedly felt that he deserved such favors. But directly, God, in his infinite wisdom, prepared a worm, which destroyed the vine to the extent that it withered; then he prepared a vehement east wind. God knew that Jonah needed to pass through these two latter experiences just as much as to sit in the shade; for with the scorching sun beating upon his head, and a furnace-like wind wilting his body, he had a better opportunity to sympathize with suffering humanity,—a lesson that he would not learn in any other way. When God has permitted some worm (perhaps in one form, perhaps in another) to spoil some of your cherished plans, do you get angry at the worm? or do you recognize that God permitted the circumstance to occur for some wise purpose, and thank him for it, whether or not you can discern the object to be attained?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A word about borrowing books. Only from one's intimate friends should one ask the loan of a volume. One has no right in any circumstances to lend without authority a borrowed book, even for a single day. A borrowed book should be treated with scrupulous care, and returned, in good order, after a reasonable time, to its owner. One should never lend nor borrow a book that forms part of a valuable set; there are too many contingencies, and a broken set of books loses its commercial value, as well as its sentimental worth. People should have the courage of their convictions, and dare refuse a loan of this kind, unless they are willing to accept every bit of the risk involved.—Margaret E. Sangster.



#### ONLY A LITTLE

ONLY a little tarnish on crowns else fair and bright;  
Only a little stain-spot on robes else pure and white;  
Only a little folly in the wisdom of the wise;  
In sweetly fragrant ointment, only a few dead flies;  
A very little blemish, the very smallest speck,—  
Ah, yes; but one small blunder may lead to total wreck!  
Only a little canker will mar the luscious fruit;  
Only a little discord destroy the sound of lute;  
Only a little curve will change a sweet expression.  
A little step aside may lead to great transgression.  
So let us in our service all aim to perfect be  
(For as the twig inclineth, so stands the full-grown tree),  
And seek to be, in all things, whether called small or great,  
Conformed to His good pleasure on whom the angels wait.

—Selected.

#### THE REAL COWBOY'S LIFE

##### II

WHEN the different "outfits" meet in a general round-up, thousands upon thousands of cattle, belonging to ranches situated perhaps hundreds of miles apart, will be gathered together. Then the work of separating them begins.

A herd is surrounded by a sufficient number of men to keep them from scattering, while a few others ride into the herd, select the cattle bearing their employer's brand, and drive them out one by one. Once away from the herd, they are taken in charge by other men, whose duty it is to look after the cattle bearing that particular brand, and keep them away from the others.

Separating the cattle is a rather difficult task, but the "cow ponies" soon become adepts at it. Sometimes a steer is determined not to leave the herd; but though he runs ever so fast, stops ever so short, and turns ever so quickly, he will find the tough little broncho just before him, ever crowding him farther and farther from the herd, until he gives up, and trots off to join the other cattle that wear his brand.

After the cattle have been separated, each outfit handles only its own. The beeves are driven to the nearest railroad station to be shipped to market. The others are driven back to some range, usually near the home ranch, where the feed and water are good; the calves are branded; and the herd is then left to its own resources until time for the fall round-up.

Branding is hard work for both men and horses, but their suffering can not be compared to that of the calves. They are lassoed, and dragged to a near-by fire, where their sides are deeply burned with a hot iron. The burn soon heals, but the scar remains as long as the animal lives. No matter how long afterward, no matter in what part of the country the creature is found, the brand will show to whom it belongs.

After the spring round-up, the men usually have a month or six weeks to do general work around the ranch. There are fences to build or repair, hay to put up, and sometimes stray horses to find.

The fall round-up is never so extensive as the one held in the spring. The principal object is to gather the beeves for shipment to the Eastern market; but before this work is finished, cold weather usually sets in, and makes camp-life extremely disagreeable. No tents are carried

on the round-up; but the men have large pieces of heavy canvas to cover their beds, as a protection from storms as well as to keep them from getting soiled and torn. Cowboys usually take great pride in their beds, and the more fastidious often have more than a hundred dollars invested in eider-down quilts and Navajos blankets.

After the fall round-up, most of the men are paid off, and their work for the season ends, though two or three may be left at the ranch, and sometimes a few "winter riders" may be kept at work throughout the season.

The duties of these winter riders are various. Sometimes they are given a certain line to guard. They are then expected to turn back all cattle, of whatever brand, that come to that line. This keeps the animals from drifting too far from their accustomed range. Sometimes a stream has a good many bogs, where cattle are liable to become mired. The winter riders are expected to keep watch over these bogs, turn back all cattle that approach them, and render timely assistance to any that do get caught. During the severe snowstorms, some of the feeble cattle, especially the old cows, get so weak and stiff that when they lie down, they are unable to get up again. To help these cows to their feet is another duty of the winter riders; and so far as the animals are concerned, it is a thankless task. No sooner do they regain their feet than they seem to possess supernatural strength and energy, which they promptly use to attack their benefactor. Once the animal is sure to regain its feet without further assistance, the cowboy mounts his horse, and rides away as quickly as possible.

Sheepmen and farmers have gradually crowded the cowboy back, until now the "cattle range" occupies less than a tithe of the country it once did. Every advance step of the newcomers has been bitterly opposed by the cattlemen, who have not stopped at theft, arson, and even murder, but all to no purpose. In a few years the occupation of the cowboy will be gone; and he, like the trapper and Indian scout, will be remembered only by the romance that clings about his name.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

#### REMEMBERING WHAT WE READ

IN the story of an Eastern king, who was also a philosopher, a young man at a certain royal entertainment had forgotten part of his recitation.

"Now," said the irate ruler, when the guests had departed, "what have you to say in excuse for such a performance?"

"Most gracious majesty," the youth replied, "I could not remember it: I tried very hard, but some of the parts escaped my memory."

The king made no reply, but handing the young man a cup brimful of oil, he told him to carry it through the city streets to the house of a noble, a mile distant. "And remember," he said, "if one drop is spilt, it costs you your life."

The streets were thronged with people, but the young man carried his cup so carefully that every drop of oil was safely delivered.

Each day a similar task was imposed upon him. With attention riveted upon the cup and its contents, he passed through the long, winding streets without noticing another thing. Thus he gained power to fix his attention on whatever he undertook. This was just the power he had lacked. And now, with practice, his memory became so tenacious that he could commit whatever he chose at one reading.

Is there not here a lesson for us? If you make the subject a study, you will notice that attention is the keynote of every strong, receptive memory: and every defective memory is due mainly to what has been called "scatteration."

By "scatteration" I mean the indiscriminate, unthinking perusal of books and papers. Often people read simply for the moment's pleasure, with no attempt to store away the impressions



that pass through their brains. In this way, habits of reading and thinking are formed which soon wreck the memory, making it uncertain and unreliable. And what can be more unsatisfactory or distressing than such a memory! It brands its victims as poor talkers, poor thinkers, and, in the field of intellectual life, condemns them to mediocrity and inferiority. It is as true of the intellect as it was of Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Now you will probably ask, "If my memory has been impaired by such habits of reading and thinking, how shall I strengthen and develop it?"

The answer is: By exercise of the *will*. Like the young man in the story, keep your mind on the work in hand, and go only as fast as you can be sure of each step. Read to some purpose; and as you work, walk, or ride, think about what you have read, and compare it with what you have read or heard similar to it. Thus, by the law of association, it will become anchored in the mind.

One day a college student complained to his instructor that while he could learn his lessons easily, he could not retain them long. "I will show you why that is so," the professor said; "come this way." They entered a room where old schoolbooks, magazines, and newspapers were piled unclassified on the floor. "There is a paper here," the professor said, "which speaks of Garfield's nomination, and I wish you would pick it out for me."

"Why," exclaimed the young man, "it would take me a week to find it in that mess!"

"Well," remarked the professor, "that is the condition your mind is in. The last ideas you put into it are on the top of the heap. These you can find. But only a few of the older ones—those that by chance were classified and placed on their mental shelves—can be found. You must learn to arrange your thoughts in classes. Put each in its proper place by association, or comparing it with kindred ideas. Then you will be able both to retain and to revive what you learn."

While we may employ *attention* alone to fix an idea in our mind, to recall it—have it literally "at our tongue's end"—requires *association* also. The proper application of these two principles constitutes the true art of remembering.

EDISON J. DRIVER.

#### NO THOROUGHFARE HERE

For many years the winding road along the little tumbling river had run through Farmer Grant's land. People who were more interested in having a pretty view than in getting somewhere at a particular time were very likely to choose this route. At length travel grew so common that Farmer Grant became tired of the continued passing and repassing, and resolved to close the road.

All at once a locked gate barred out those who wished to take the way by the stream, and a placard in big letters announced that it was not a thoroughfare. But the public was not disposed to submit quietly to the loss of this privilege; and in the discussion that followed, Farmer Grant made a discovery. In allowing the townspeople the right of way through his land year after year, he had lost his right to shut them out. The public, which had traveled this road so long, had come to have a claim upon it. The putting up of the gates was declared illegal, the placards were taken down, and again carriages followed the winding road by the river.

Farmer Grant is not the only one who has made such a mistake. A great many times when young people give wrong thoughts the right of way through their hearts, they flatter themselves that their journey there will only be temporary. They give way to fits of impatience; they speak unkindly and irritably; they allow gloomy fancies to linger in their minds. And all the time

they make themselves believe that when they get ready to turn the intruders out, they have only to set up a barrier at the entrance of their hearts, and the trouble will be ended.

Nature's law is very much like that which surprised the New England farmer. The habits which, year after year, are given the right of way in the heart, grow in time to have a certain claim upon the road. They are not frightened at the sight of a good resolution warning them away. It is very difficult to set up a barrier that will keep them out. They have made a highway of the heart so long that, in one sense, it has become theirs.

"No Thoroughfare Here," is a good sign to set up in our hearts early in life. The only safe way is to keep wrong thoughts and unlovely words from using us as a highway. The rights of habit can not be altogether disregarded; and if we succeed in having them set aside, it is only after a payment so heavy that in nine cases out of ten it leaves us bankrupt.—*Young People's Weekly*.



#### BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 2; "Thoughts on Revelation," pages 345-362

NOTES ON LESSON 2  
(October 21-27)

*Ephesus*.—This church was pure; it had received the gospel in its purity from Christ and the disciples. From the baptism, A. D. 27, to the close of the first century, the church stands forth before the world as a conquering power. Ephesus means "first, or desirable." The overcomer was promised a part in the tree of life. "All that have connection with Christ have access to the tree of life, a source of knowledge of which the world is ignorant. After sin entered this world, the heavenly Husbandman transplanted the tree of life to the paradise above, but its branches hang over the wall to the lower world. *Through the redemption purchased by the Son of God, man may now partake of its life-giving fruit.*"

*Smyrna*.—Satan's wrath waxed hot as he saw the triumph of the church of God, and he sought to destroy the church by persecution. Many sacrificed their lives for the sake of the gospel. The name that God gave to this period, extending from the close of the first century to the nominal conversion of Constantine, in 323 A. D., shows how he regarded their sacrifice. Smyrna means "myrrh, or sweet-smelling savor." That period was a bloody one; but God was pleased with his people, and sent them the message that although they might be overcome by the first death, the second death should not hurt them,—that he which was dead and is alive would rescue them from the power of the grave. "Jesus is not in Joseph's new tomb. He has risen. He has burst the fetters of the grave. He has led captivity captive, and given gifts unto men. He has given us an evidence of what he will do for those whom Satan has placed in the prison-houses of death. At his resurrection he opened the tombs of many righteous, took the captives out of the narrow cells, and led them away in triumph to his kingdom. Those who have fallen asleep in Christ . . . shall be rescued from the grave, and restored to life."

*Pergamos*.—Christianity became popular at this time. Persecution did not destroy the church; therefore Satan tried exaltation and flattery, and by this means was more successful in his evil work. Pergamos means "height, or elevation." This was a corrupt church, and covers a period from 323 to the setting up of the papacy in 538 A. D. God refers them to the work of Balaam and Balac, who enticed Israel, even on the borders of the promised land, to mix in worldly pleasures and sins, and separate themselves from God. "And he employs the same agents now as he employed three thousand years ago. By worldly friendships, by the charms of beauty, by pleasure-seeking, mirth, feasting, or the wine-cup, he tempts to the violation of the seventh commandment." "Many of the amusements popular in the world to-day, even with those who claim to be Christians, tend to the same end as did those of the heathen. There are indeed few among them that Satan does not turn to account in destroying souls. Through the drama he has worked for ages to excite passion and glorify vice. The opera, with its fascinating display and bewildering music, the masquerade, the dance, the card-table, Satan employs to break down the barriers of principle, and open the door to sensual indulgence. In every gathering for pleasure where pride is fostered, or appetite indulged, where one is led to forget God and lose sight of eternal interests, there Satan is binding his chains about the soul." We should profit by the example of the past, and keep a distinct line of demarcation between us and the world; for God is about to lead his people over into the promised land.

*Thyatira*.—We are now brought down to the Dark Ages, extending from 538 to 1798 A. D., when the papacy held sway, and millions of God's people sealed their testimony with their blood. Thyatira means "savor of labor, or sacrifice of contrition." While studying of this period, when God's holy law was set aside, his Sabbath trampled underfoot, and his people slain, do not forget that while "a day of great intellectual darkness has been shown to be favorable to the success of the papacy, it will yet be demonstrated that a day of great intellectual light is equally favorable to its success." "She [the papacy] is silently growing into power. Her doctrines are exerting their influence in legislative halls, in the churches, and in the hearts of men. Throughout the land she is piling up her lofty and massive structures, in the secret recesses of which her former persecutions will be repeated. She is stealthily and unsuspectingly strengthening her forces to further her own ends when the time comes for her to strike."

#### DAILY LIFE

ARE YOU watching for the Master  
Day by day?

As each golden morn is breaking,  
Does this thought your spirit cheer—  
"Lo, the day of his appearing  
Draweth near"?

Are you walking with the Master  
Day by day?  
Simply walking on with Jesus,  
Trusting him for one step more;  
Thankful that he veils the future  
Yet in store?

Are you working for the Master  
Day by day?  
Are you gathering in the lost ones,  
Following in the Saviour's track,  
Till the keeper of the vineyard  
Cometh back?

Go on watching, waiting, working,  
Day by day.  
In the little time that's left you,  
Even though the way be dark,  
Press still onward, upward, heavenward,  
Toward the mark!

—Maud Bussell.





## OUR COUNTRY COUSIN

OUR country cousin's father lives  
A humdrum life on grandpa's farm;  
There I have seen her, day by day,  
A dinner-bucket on her arm,  
Go down into the harvest fields,  
Barehead, although the sun was warm,  
Smiling—as if such homely tasks  
Held anything to please or charm.

Our country cousin knows the flowers  
And ferns in every woodland nook;  
Knows where the wild birds build their nests,  
Which love the upland, which the brook  
(I am not sure that I can tell  
A wren or robin from a rook);  
And, what is queer, she learned it all  
Without a teacher or a book.

Our country cousin's dresses look  
Each like to each as pea to pea;  
She never saw a "picture" hat,  
She wears no frills nor finery;  
Yet if you'd say to me some day,  
"Your Cousin Jane—what like is she?"  
I'd say, "My country cousin is  
A girl as sweet as girl can be."  
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## ONE RAINY DAY

DRIP, drippity-drip, fell the raindrops  
from the gray skies outside the window;  
and, deary me, drip, drippity-drip, fell the  
teardrops from a pair of gray eyes inside  
the window. Just as if that would help  
any! But it was such a serious matter.  
For days Ida had looked forward to this  
morning,—her birthday morning,—for  
she had been promised a long ride with  
papa and mama, to visit a dear aunt in the  
city. And when she awoke, the first  
thought in her mind was the visit, and the  
first sound in her ears was the rain. She  
was so disappointed that she could not eat  
her breakfast; and now, at ten o'clock, it  
was raining harder than ever, both indoors  
and out; for papa had said that if it should  
stop by ten o'clock, they might still go.

Unable to bear the sight of the falling  
rain any longer, Ida threw herself down on  
the sofa, and hid her face in the cushions.  
Mama, who had tried in vain to comfort  
her little girl, or interest her in some work,  
was glad to see her lie down; for she was  
sure that something would soon happen to  
comfort, if not to interest, her. What hap-  
pened proved to be interesting, too; for in  
a few minutes the rain stopped falling, and  
Ida put on her hat, and went out in the  
garden. The sun was very hot, and all the  
flowers hung their heads feebly. She went  
around to the east side of the house, where  
the pansy-beds were, and found all the dear  
little flower-faces drooping sadly.

"Dear Pansies," said she, "why do you  
droop so this bright morning?"

"O Little Ida!" said they, "it is too  
bright; the sun is too hot. If it would only  
rain a little, we would hold up our faces  
again."

She went into the corn-field: the long  
blades were hanging limply from their  
stalks, and some of them looked a little  
yellow.

"Good Corn," said she, "why do you not  
stand up straight and green, as you did  
a while ago?"

"We need rain," said the Corn. "Our  
roots are drying out; and if it does not  
soon rain, we shall die."

Then Ida went out on the road; and there she  
met the old white duck and her nine little yellow  
ducklings, moping along, and quacking mourn-  
fully.

"Ducky," said Ida, "why don't you take your  
little ones to the pond this fine, bright morning?"

"Pond?" said the Duck, "alas! there is no  
pond any longer. We have been so long without  
rain that the place where the pond was is now  
only a dry hollow. Quack! quack! I wish it  
would rain!"

And all the little Ducks said, "Peep! peep!  
we wish it would rain!"

"Well, I know there is water in the brook,  
anyway," said Ida, and away she went down the  
road to the bridge. She could hardly believe  
her eyes—the brook was dry! "Oh, oh! I  
wonder what has become of all the little fishes!"

Then she heard a little splash, and looking  
down, she saw a tiny pool under the bridge, and  
in it one little fish.

"All my brothers and sisters are gone," he  
said. "When the water began to get low, they  
started down to the river. They begged me to  
go, too; but I loved the brook and the bridge:  
and I said, 'Surely it will rain soon;' so I stayed.  
And now I am ready to die for lack of water.  
Oh, I hope it will rain soon."

"I hope so, too," said Ida. "Now I will go  
to the big mill-pond; for there is always plenty  
of water there."

Yes, there was water in the mill-pond; but the  
miller was standing idly in his door.

"Good morning, Mr. Miller," said she; "why  
are you not grinding wheat this beautiful morn-  
ing?"

"Ah, Little Girl!" he replied, "there is not  
enough water in the pond to turn my wheel, so  
I am not able to grind. If it does not rain soon,  
I shall have to give up my mill and go away."

"I am very sorry, sir," said Ida; "I hope it  
will soon rain." And then, she did not just know  
how it happened, she was at the river, many  
miles away. There she saw a fine ship, not mov-  
ing swiftly along, but standing quite still.

"Fair Ship," said she, "why are you standing  
idly here? Have you nothing to do?"

"Dear Little Girl," answered the Ship, "I am  
full of wheat and corn and flour. Kind men and  
women in the city sent me out, laden with food,  
for the poor people in a land where there is  
famine for lack of rain. But the summer has  
been dry, and the river is so low that I am  
stranded on a sandbar."

"Oh, dear!" cried Ida, "I gave the money  
from my 'Do-without Box' to help buy bread



"BAREHEAD, ALTHOUGH THE SUN WAS WARM"



for them. I wish it would rain! I wish it would rain!"

Then, all at once, she was back on the sofa, and heard the "drip, drippity-drip" of the rain.

"Oh, I am so glad it is raining!" she cried. And jumping up, she climbed on mama's lap, and told her all about it. "I'm sorry I was so cross about the rain this morning; I did not think how much it was needed," she exclaimed.

"Well, dear, I'm sorry you did not get your ride; but we needed the rain very much, and we can have our pleasure another day."

After dinner Ida busied herself with the pretty presents she had received, but which she had felt too mournful to look at in the morning. She was so busy and happy that she did not notice that the rain had ceased falling until she heard wheels on the driveway. Running to the window, she saw papa in the buggy, waiting to take mama and herself for a drive. In a few minutes they were ready; and as she went out, she could not help noticing how fresh and green everything looked. Peeping around the corner of the house, she saw all the little pansy-faces raised happily to her own.

"I'm so glad it rained," she said as she climbed into the buggy. Over in the corn-field the beautiful green leaves sparkled in the sun. And the old duck and her little ones were all diving, swimming, and quacking in the pond. As Ida and her parents crossed the bridge, a beautiful trout sprang from the water, and Ida was glad to notice that the brook was higher than it had been for some weeks.

"It must have rained hard all night in the hills," said papa; "yesterday the brook was dry."

They heard the miller whistling cheerily as they passed the mill; the pond was rising rapidly, and by to-morrow the wheel would be running again.

When it was nearly sundown, they turned toward home. Ida sat very still; and at last papa said, "A penny for your thoughts, dearie."

"I was just wondering if my ship had got clear of the sandbar yet."

"Your ship? What ship?" asked papa.

Then Ida had to tell the story all over again. Papa smiled, and patted her cheek when she had finished.

After all, it was a very happy little girl who ended the day by repeating the verse mama gave her to learn: "He . . . sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." AUNT BETTY.

#### WHAT DICKIE BIRD'S SINGING DID

DOROTHY had been in the large manufacturing village six long spring days.

And for five mornings—even the one that rained—Grandma Holman had hung Dick out in the arbor, almost close to the street, a few minutes before was heard the tramp, tramp, of the hurrying men on their way to the mills.

"What—can—grandma—do—it—for?" questioned Dorothy, slowly, from her daintily curtained window, as if purposely giving herself plenty of time to think out the reason. "It can't be it's a constitutional; for grandma does all the walking."

Dick began pouring out a volume of liquid notes.

"He's trying to explain—I guess he must have heard me," laughed Dorothy.

She listened a moment.

"It's lovely singing, Mr. Dick, but I don't understand bird-talk, even when it's sung; so I guess I'll have to find out from grandma why you have to leave the sitting-room every morning."

"Get up bright and early to-morrow," said grandma, "and you'll see." Then, mysteriously, "You'll want to be down before the men go to the mills."

"But what does Dick—"

"Tut! tut!" and grandma playfully put her

finger over Dorothy's lips. "That's just what I want you to see!"

The next morning Dorothy was up with grandpa. While he was making the fire, she peeped into the sitting-room.

"Going to—well, I don't know what," said Dorothy, curiously, "but *something*!"

"Be sure to watch the men's faces," cautioned grandma when all was ready, and Dorothy had taken her place by the gate.

"Your watchtower, eh?" laughed grandpa, stepping into the yard.

"They're coming—the men!" exclaimed Dorothy, excitedly. "Now, Mr. Dick!"

Dick never sang more sweetly.

"I—I know now!" cried delighted Dorothy. "You're just a little home missionary, Mr. Dick!"

Dick never stopped his singing for the compliment.

"The first man looked awfully gloomy before he heard Dick," explained Dorothy; "but when he heard the music, he just smiled all over, and walked ever so much more briskly. Then that lame man was saying something real cross-like to the boy that was with him; but when he noticed Dick's singing, he just laughed his ugly words all away. The man with the dinner-pail never looked up till he got opposite; and when he heard Dick, he began to whistle. And then—why, grandma, Dick just made them all over, and got them ready for their work!"

"And that's his mission, dearie,—every morning to sing some brightness into the poor workingmen's lives. They work better for it, and feel—"

"Better!" interrupted Dorothy, gayly. Isn't it a splendid plan, grandma?"

"Yes, dear, and perhaps others besides Dick could follow it, if they tried."—*Sunday School Times.*

#### PUT ON THE SHOE

HAVE you heard that old saw of the Persians,

That saying both witty and true,—

"The whole world is covered with leather

To him who is shod with a shoe?"

Fine calfskin, or kid, or morocco,

Great cavalry boots armed with steel,

The daintiest, jauntiest slippers,

Great brogues, tumbled down at the heel,—

What matter the differing fashions?—

The richest and poorest of you

Will find the whole world clad in leather

As soon as you put on your shoe!

Before, it was cold and uneven,

Rough pebbles and sharp bits of glass;

Now, presto! a smooth and warm pavement

Wherever it please you to pass.

But ah! there's a maid—have you seen her?—

A little maid, cheery and sweet,

Who daintily trips, yet I see not

What leather she wears on her feet;

For I know by her sunny eyes' sparkle,

And by the calm curve of her mouth,

And by the kind grace of her manners,

Like warm breezes fresh from the south,—

That wherever her dainty foot falleth

On loving task speeding or sent

(The cobbler may laugh, but I care not),

She is shod with the Shoe of Content.

And, little maid, so light-hearted,

I'd like your wee shoe for my own

(But borrowing's out of the question,

For me, with my "sevens" outgrown);

So whisper the secret, I pray you,—

Come, what is the shop and the street,

And where is the cobbler who fashions

Such beautiful gear for the feet?

I'll offer to give him a treasure

Will make his big spectacles shine,

If only two shoes—somewhat larger—

Like your little shoes can be mine!

And then I will don them, and leaping

Off over the world will I go,

Off over my frets and my worries,

Off over my aches and my woe;

And loudly to all limping grumblers

My shoemaker cheer shall be sent—

"The whole world is covered with gladness

To him who is shod with content!"

—Amos R. Wells.



#### THE LAW NOT AGAINST THE PROMISE

(October 27, 1900)

LESSON TEXT.—Gal. 3:17-21, first part.

MEMORY VERSES.—Rom. 5:20, 21.

In this lesson you will find a part of the previous lesson repeated. This is done that we may the better study the connection, and also that we may become more thoroughly familiar with the text and its teachings. If the lesson seems short, dig the deeper into it; you will not lose your reward.

#### QUESTIONS

1. How long after the confirming of the covenant with Abraham was the law given at Sinai? Who confirmed the covenant? V. 17. How was it confirmed? Heb. 6:13, 14.

2. What effect could the law have upon the covenant? Gal. 3:17.

3. What did God promise to Abraham in the covenant? Then if the inheritance was of promise, by what could it not come? V. 18. What is included in the promise of the inheritance? Note 1.

4. What could not the law do? V. 17. What question does Paul ask concerning the law? What answer is given? V. 19, first part. What is the relation of the law to transgression, or sin? Rom. 3:20. What conditions led to the giving of the law at Sinai? Note 2.

5. Till what time was the law added or proclaimed? What promise was made to the seed? V. 19; compare with V. 18. Why did the Lord engrave the law upon stone? Note 3. In the new covenant, where does the Lord promise to write his law? Jer. 31:33; note 4.

6. By whom was the law ordained? In whose hands? V. 19, last part. Who is this mediator? 1 Tim. 2:5. Between whom does he mediate? Compare Gal. 3:20 with 1 Tim. 2:5; note 5.

7. What is the relation of the law to the promises of God? Gal. 3:21, first part. What is the purpose of the law in securing man's salvation? Rom. 5:20, 21; note 6.

#### NOTES

1. We have seen from Rom. 4:13 that the inheritance includes the whole world. Other scriptures make it plain that this does not mean the earth in its present condition; but cleansed from sin, and restored to its original beauty. See 2 Peter 3:13; Rev. 21:1-5. And this promise of the inheritance is through the righteousness of faith. Rom. 4:13. This righteousness is also the gift of God (Rom. 5:17), and is included in the promise; for in the new earth "dwelleth righteousness." The promise is to Abraham and his seed. This insures the resurrection of all who have died in Christ; for they are "heirs according to the promise." Hence we see that all other blessings are included in the promise of the inheritance.

2. The failure of Abraham's descendants to keep this pledge [to remain separate from idolatry], as shown in their disposition to form alliances with the heathen, and adopt their practices, was the cause of their sojourn and bondage in Egypt. But in their intercourse with idolaters, and their forced submission to the Egyptians, the divine precepts became still further corrupted with the vile and cruel teachings of heathenism. Therefore, when the Lord brought them forth from Egypt, he came down upon Sinai, enshrouded in glory and surrounded by his angels, and in awful majesty spoke his law in the hearing of all the people. . . . If the descend-



ants of Abraham had kept the covenant, . . . they would have kept God's law in mind, and there would have been no necessity for it to be proclaimed from Sinai, or engraved upon the tables of stone.—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pages 363, 364.

3. He did not even trust his precepts to the memory of a people who were prone to forget his requirements, but wrote them upon tables of stone. He would remove from Israel all possibility of mingling heathen traditions with his holy precepts, or of confounding his requirements with human ordinances or customs.—*Id.*

4. This promise of the new covenant shows plainly that although we no longer have the law engraved upon stone, it is engraved upon the hearts of God's people, where he has promised to write it.

5. A mediator is one who interposes to reconcile those who are at variance. So there must be two parties between whom he mediates. God is one party, and man is the other. "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

6. The law points out sin, and thus leads to repentance and reformation. It is not against the promises, but was given at Sinai "in the hand of a mediator," who died that he might redeem us from the curse of that same law. He imputes to us his righteousness by faith. And then the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us as we walk after the Spirit. Rom. 8:4. Then the law witnesses that we are righteous. Rom. 3:21. The imputed righteousness entitles us to heaven; the imparted righteousness fits us for heaven. Then let us accept his mediation for us, that we may be heirs with him of the promised inheritance.

WOULD you make yourself dear to every domestic scene you enter, form the habit of forbearance, and all your kindred will bless your face for its own benediction. Your very coming in at the door shall be as a balm; and that comfort is not insignificant which is repeated, a drop of sweetness in every draft, a thousand and a million times. And the effect of forbearance will be not only to make you comfortable to others, but to deepen the power, and harmonize the development, of your own soul.—*C. A. Bartol.*

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ST. MATTHEW, 13.

42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.

43 When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.

44 Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished.

45 Then goeth he, and tak-

50 For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

CHAPTER 13.

3 The parable of the sower and the seed: 18 The exposition, 24 The parable of the tares, 31 of the mustard seed, 33 of the leaven, 44 of the hidden treasure, 45 of the pearl, 47 of the draughtnet, 53 Christ is condemned of his own countrymen.

THE same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.

2 And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

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##### SUNDAY:

God sends great angels in our sore dismay,  
But little ones go in and out all day.  
—Frederick Langbridge.

##### MONDAY:

What shall I do to gain eternal life?  
Discharge aright  
The simple dues with which each day is rife?  
Yea, with thy might.  
—Schiller.

##### TUESDAY:

"Evil thoughts are more dangerous than wild beasts. Keep your head and your heart full of good thoughts, and bad ones will find no room. The cup that is full will hold no more."

##### WEDNESDAY:

Employ the gift thou hast,  
Whate'er it be, with true and earnest care;  
And this endeavor shall not be the last:  
Each good performed another shall prepare.  
—Mrs. Guernsey.

##### THURSDAY:

God mingles the cup of our life aright—  
The bitter and sweet, the dark and the bright—  
That he gives to our hand each day;  
But forbidden sweets we into it press,  
We add to it borrowed bitterness,  
And so miss its blessing away.  
—Forward.

##### FRIDAY:

We live by days. They are the leaves folded back each night in the great volume that we write. They are our autobiography. Each day takes us not newly, but as a tale continued. It finds us what yesterday left us; and as we go on, every day is telling truths about us to every other day, showing the kind of being that is to be handed on to it, making of us something better or something worse, as we decide.—J. F. Ware.

##### SABBATH:

"The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." 2 Peter 3:9.

#### ATTENTION

BACK of the massive building, the thrilling book, the wonderful painting or statue, the delightful poem, the marvelous bridge, there is knowledge, fitness; and back of these, preparation; and with the preparation, always attention, attention, ATTENTION. "The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every

study and every pursuit, is the quality of attention," says one whose success in his own work is unquestioned, and who has therefore earned the right to speak. Effect always follows cause: the result can be no greater nor better nor more worthy than the effort. It is a mistake to dream of some great achievement in the future, while spending idly and carelessly the preparation-time. Achievement will come as the result of honest work, in exact proportion to it, and in no other way.

#### NEEDED

To BE of some use in this big, busy world; to be assured that the comfort and happiness of those you love is made greater by your efforts; to have a place in the great white harvest field, and to know that if you do not reap faithfully, perhaps some precious grain will forever remain ungarnered—all this is a high privilege. Yet how much it may mean—how much it really does mean—is too often lost sight of by those on whom rests some heavy burden of labor or responsibility. It is so natural to look at those whose lives appear to be cast in more pleasant places, to sigh for the leisure, the opportunity, that wait upon them, when it may be that they, in turn, wish for our health, perhaps even for the very work we fret at and rebel under. Each loses sight of his own high calling,—to do faithfully the work that has been especially appointed to him,—in coveting his neighbor's good, forgetting that what is his neighbor's good might be anything but good for him.

The truth is that every one, each in his place, is needed. In the words of the old, childish song, each "has a work that no other can do." Whether or not we shall do our work "bravely, and wisely, and well," is for each to decide for himself.

As you go about your daily work, do not despise it because of its littleness—it rests with you to raise it above that: nor chafe under its restrictions as a "grind"—"even a grind may be a blessing," said one, sadly, not long ago, whose enforced leisure hung heavily on her eager hands: nor shirk it because it is disagreeable—only be sure that you are agreeable while you are doing it: nor deplore its commonness—in God's great plan for the universe, in which every child of his has a place, nothing is "common." So shall it be that, busy and burdened and perplexed though you are—

"Some sweet and tender thing shall grow  
To stronger life because of you."

Always the world needs sunshine, and sympathy, and love—the clear shining of the Christian's lamp of hope. Fellow pilgrims there are, too, many of them, whose lamps have gone out in the rough wind, or failed for lack of oil, who need your help. Yes, dear young Christian, you are needed, now, to-day, wherever you are. And the call is to service! Is your answer, "Here am I"?

#### TWO MORE

Contributions to the INSTRUCTOR Mission Fund have been received this week,—one for \$1.50 from Hattie M. Buckland, of Newfane, N. Y.; and another for an equal amount from a Sabbath-school class in Topeka, Kan. The class consisted of Nettie Pratt, Hazel, Flora, and Artie Westphal, Mary Sadler, Celia Sawyer, and Fay Barns, with Flora A. Mordaunt as teacher. In the letter accompanying the gift, the teacher says:—

"In response to the appeal made in the INSTRUCTOR several weeks ago, my Sabbath-school class and I formed ourselves into a little India missionary society, and the inclosed is the result. All the children are happy to have a part in the work, and are praying that this may bring some to a knowledge of the Saviour."

Will not other Sabbath-school classes follow the example of these earnest little workers?



*The Sultan's Prejudice.*—It appears that the sultan of Turkey is considerably prejudiced against the English nation, as "the order for two hundred and eight guns and two destroyers for the Turkish navy has been placed with Messrs. Krupp, of Essen, Germany, notwithstanding that the tender of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Company, of Great Britain, was over \$400,000 less than that of the German firm."

*Former Enemies Talking Together.*—Strange as it may seem, owing to the fierce mutual hatred of the French and German nations, nevertheless "by arrangements with the two governments of France and Germany, a telephone service has been set in operation between Paris, Frankfort, and Berlin. The charge for the use of the wire between Frankfort and Paris is eighty cents for three minutes, and between Paris and Berlin, \$1.25 for the same time." A few years ago such an arrangement would not have been tolerated.

*Trolley Cars a Blessing.*—The introduction of electric cars in our cities has been a blessing by greatly reducing the scenes of animal distress, so common when street-cars were hauled by horses. According to the *Electrical World*, during one hot season the Third Avenue line, in New York City, lost six hundred horses in a few weeks, besides having three hundred others in the hospital. In time the cab- and dray-horses will doubtless be supplanted, to quite an extent at least, by the introduction of the automobile.

*A Possible Mad-Dog-Bite Remedy.*—At last there is a hope that the dreaded hydrophobia may be cured. "The faculty of the Chattanooga Medical College is now making experiments with the weed known as 'gall-of-the-earth,' with which a mountaineer recently cured himself of a mad-dog bite, and by which he has cured others suffering from snake bite. The weed is sometimes known as 'rattlesnake's master.' It is now being transplanted for cultivation and experiment. The Horticultural Department of Clemson College, Charleston, S. C., is also experimenting with it."

*A Rule Working Both Ways.*—A Chinaman once applied for the position of cook in an American family, says an exchange. The mistress of the home, and most of the other members of the family, were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So when John Chinaman appeared at the door, he was asked: "Do you drink whisky?"

"No," said he, "I Clistian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I Clistian man."

He was employed, and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct, and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a "progressive euchre" party, and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the guests, and did so with grace and acceptability. Next day he waited on the lady, and said he wished to leave.

"Dear me! what is the matter?" she inquired.

John Chinaman answered: "Ah! I Clistian man; told you so before; no heathen. I no workee for Melican heathen!"

A. J. BOURDEAU.