

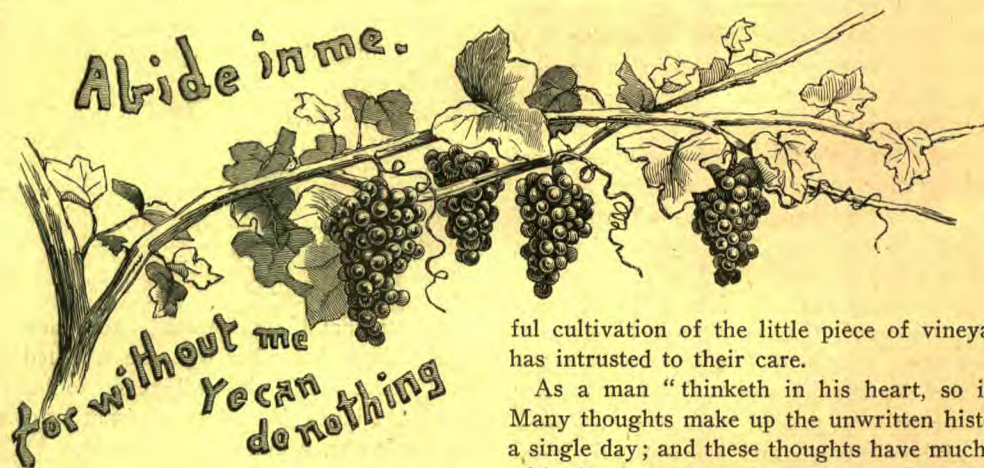
# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 3.



## HEREAFTER

WHAT though my home be a cot below,  
And through its chinks the cold winds blow;  
Though it boasts no richly paneled door,  
And rough and poor are its walls and floor?  
I ponder o'er the Sacred Page,  
Written by prophet, seer, and sage,  
And it tells of a home prepared for me  
By the beautiful shore of the Crystal Sea.

What though my garments be thin and plain,  
A slight defense 'gainst the wind and rain;  
Though trials may fill my earthly years,  
And my eyes be often dimmed with tears?  
I read with delight in the Blessed Book,  
And up to the Holy Hill I look,  
Where Robe and Crown are kept for me  
Till I stand with the saints on the Crystal Sea.

And though the world holds naught for me  
But the scanty loaf of poverty;  
And though I may drink a bitter cup,—  
Still, my soul looks up in faith and hope;  
For I read in the Book,—the Book divine,—  
Whose pages with rich jewels shine,  
Of the Wedding Supper that shall be  
In the City of the Crystal Sea.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

It is conscientious attention to what the world terms "little things" that makes life a success. Little deeds of charity, little acts of self-denial, speaking simple words of helpfulness, watching against little sins,—this is Christianity. A grateful acknowledgment of daily blessings, a wise improvement of daily opportunities, a diligent cultivation of intrusted talents,—this is what the Master calls for.

He who faithfully performs small duties will be prepared to answer the demands of larger responsibilities. The man who is kind and courteous in the daily life, who is generous and forbearing in his family, whose constant aim it is to make home happy, will be the first to deny self and make sacrifices when the Master calls.

We may be willing to give our property to the cause of God, but this will not count unless we give him also a heart of love and gratitude. Those who would be true missionaries in foreign fields must first be true missionaries in the home. Those who desire to work in the Master's vineyard must prepare themselves for this by a care-

ful cultivation of the little piece of vineyard he has intrusted to their care.

As a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he." Many thoughts make up the unwritten history of a single day; and these thoughts have much to do with the formation of character. Our thoughts are to be strictly guarded; for one impure thought makes a deep impression on the soul. An evil thought leaves an evil impress on the mind. If the thoughts are pure and holy, the man is better for having cherished them. By them the spiritual pulse is quickened, and the power for doing good is increased. And as one drop of rain prepares the way for another in moistening the earth, so one good thought prepares the way for another.

The longest journey is performed by taking one step at a time. A succession of steps brings us to the end of the road. The longest chain is composed of separate links. If one of these links is faulty, the chain is worthless. Thus it is with character. A well-balanced character is formed by single acts well performed. One defect, cultivated instead of being overcome, makes the man imperfect, and closes against him the gate of the Holy City. He who enters heaven must have a character that is without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. Naught that defileth can ever enter there. In all the redeemed host not one defect will be seen.

God's work is perfect as a whole because it is perfect in every part, however minute. He fashions the tiny spear of grass with as much care as he would exercise in making a world. If we desire to be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect, we must be faithful in doing little things. That which is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Whatever your work may be, do it faithfully. Speak the truth in regard to the smallest matters. Each day do loving deeds and speak cheerful words. Scatter smiles along the pathway of life. As you work in this way,

God will place his approval on you, and Christ will one day say to you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

At the day of Judgment, those who have been faithful in their every-day life, who have been quick to see their work and do it, not thinking of praise or profit, will hear the words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Christ does not commend them for the eloquent orations they have made, the intellectual power they have displayed, or the liberal donations they have given. It is for doing little things which are generally overlooked that they are rewarded. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat," he says. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

## UNDER GUARD

"Oh, look! look! there go the prisoners!" Of course every one ran to the window to see the little cavalcade as it filed past our tiny house in the mountains.

First comes a man seated in a lumber wagon, and driving a team of horses. He is followed by another man on horseback. What is that hanging by his side? As you look closer, you see it is a rifle; he is one of the guards. Then come two large wagons filled with men who would attract attention anywhere from their peculiar striped clothes. These are the prisoners. Immediately behind them is another mounted guard, while trotting leisurely along by his side are two fierce-looking bloodhounds. In case any of the prisoners should be so foolish as to attempt to escape, these ferocious beasts would soon catch them.

They are going into the mountains, where they are to be set to work under guard, to return to the prison at night.

Oh, how sad it made me to watch them, and realize that each one was precious in the sight of the Lord,—that every poor soul is the purchase of Christ's blood. How terrible it must seem to be constantly watched by men who are ready to take the life of the poor wretch who undertakes to escape.

But this is of course necessary for the safety of the State, and it is surely much better for the poor prisoners than solitary confinement, with





nothing to do all day but think and think until the weary brain is exhausted or delirious.

I do not see how any one can be out all day amid the most glorious scenery of which it is possible to conceive, and not be made better by it. So let us hope that these poor men, hardened by sin as many of them are, may, by daily beholding the works of God in nature, be led to reverence and obey that great Being whose name is Love, and who gave his Son to redeem us, even while we were guilty sinners.

Mrs. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

Cañon City, Colo.

#### WHAT MAKES A WEED?

WHAT is a weed? It seems a very simple question. Most young people would say, "Why, it's just a—weed!" Or, if they knew about gardening, they might say, "Well, it's something that you don't plant, but it comes up just the same, and you have to pull it up." I remember very well a splendid flower that was sent once to my mother—a great *datura*, white and fragrant, and of how she showed it to me, and explained that it was, after all, only a variety of the despised "Jamestown weed." "It is a glorified weed," she said, and I never forgot the phrase. And afterward I found out that the very word "weed" was not originally meant as a reproach to the plant that bore it, but came from the good Anglo-Saxon "weod," which meant a shrub of any kind, or even a tree.

Then, when I visited a schoolmate who lived on a farm, I found that the beautiful white-and-yellow daisies that I loved so were nothing but weeds on a farm, and were rooted up wherever they showed their pretty heads. And as I grew older, and traveled, I began to find out that what was a flower in one place was a weed in another, and people weeded up in California what other people kept in conservatories in New York. So the question, "What is a weed?" seemed to get harder and harder to answer all the while.

But finally I got the clue. What do you suppose it is? Why, just this. It isn't the plant that makes the weed, but the place the plant is in. If it is in a fit place, its own place, a place not set apart for anything else, it is simply a plant; and if it is beautiful, we call it a wild flower, and admire it and gather it. But when it takes a place that we need for other flowers, or for other plants, and crowds them out, then we are right to make war upon it; for it is a weed, useless and obnoxious.

And that clue has given me another clue. When I was a child, I often wondered whether some things I wanted to do were right or wrong—whether they were flowers or weeds in my soul garden. I couldn't always tell: can you always tell, young people? But since I have settled in my mind what makes a weed, I have solved my question. Remember, I am not speaking of sinful things, but only of doubtful things. Sinful things are not just weeds; they are poison plants, to be rooted up at once. But the doubtful thing is not wrong in itself, any more than the ox-eye daisy or the goldenrod. As long as it does not grow in the wrong place, and crowd out better things, it does no harm.

But just there is where we must watch it. A farmer who had a field of goldenrod and no wheat—what a failure of a farmer he would be! A girl who had a garden bed, and only field daisies in it, with never a rose nor a heliotrope nor a geranium—what a mockery her garden would seem! Whatever interferes with the best we can make out of our lives; whatever makes us vain, or selfish, or lazy, or unloving; whatever crowds out, little by little, better things—that is a weed; and, if we are wise, we will root it up now, while we are young; for the best time to do weeding, as everybody knows, is early in the morning!—*Priscilla Leonard.*



#### SINNING AGAINST LIGHT<sup>1</sup>

THERE is always a cause for backsliding, and the soul that has become entangled in the enemy's snares must look carefully and prayerfully for the cause of its downfall; for until this is discovered and corrected, there can be little hope of permanent improvement, little hope of regaining peace of mind and poise of soul. It is surprising to note what disastrous effects are produced by small causes. It is when we begin to examine into the cause of backsliding, that we appreciate as never before the truthfulness of the scripture concerning "the little foxes, that spoil the vines."

Not long ago I received a letter from a young brother who had been engaged in the Lord's work. The letter told unmistakably of the moral depression from which he was suffering. He appealed for help. He seemed to realize that he was rapidly losing ground, and yet it appeared that he felt powerless to check himself. Shortly afterward I met this brother, and in conversation with him I learned the cause of his backsliding,—the secret of his lost spiritual strength and moral courage. Before his conversion he had not only been addicted to the use of tobacco, drink, etc., but he had also been exceedingly fond of candy; and while a love for the former things disappeared at his conversion, it was not until some time later that he became convinced of the unwholesomeness of confectionery. One day he became thoroughly satisfied that it was not right for him to continue to use candy, especially between meals, as he had been eating it. He took his stand on this as a duty revealed by the Lord, and says that he was greatly blessed in so doing.

For a number of years all went smoothly, even prosperously. Each day witnessed the gaining of some new victory in the warfare against self. The young man's usefulness was increased. New responsibilities in the work of God were open to him. But alas, one day the little foxes of transgression began to nibble at the vine. One afternoon some one offered him some candy. He accepted it, but did not eat it. A few days afterward more candy was given him, under such circumstances as necessitated his either eating it or taking a firm stand against it. Sad to record, he ate the candy. And from that day his experience was one of constant defeat. Point after point, which he had gained by earnest conquest, the enemy now took from him. Step by step his soul went backward. Day by day he became more and more disqualified to fulfill the duties of his sacred trust. Little by little the influence of a useful life was ebbing away. Small as the piece of candy was, the eating of it meant a *step backward*,—the most dangerous thing in the world for a Christian to take.

Trifling as this act may seem to many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, it meant much to this young man; for in taking this step, he *sinned against light*; he did that which the Spirit of the Lord had shown him was wrong, and had warned him to shun.

The story is almost told. Erelong, dark clouds of doubt and despair settled down over this once busy worker for God; and almost before he knew it, the enemy had carried him back into many of his former sins and vices. Tobacco, drink, and all the demons that controlled him in the days before his conversion, came, as it were, with seven spirits, more wicked than themselves, and took

<sup>1</sup>BROTHER SADLER will be glad to answer any questions that may arise in the minds of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, to correspond with those who wish further light, and to do all in his power to help the youth get rid of the soul-destroying "little foxes." Address all communications to 1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

possession of this soul that did run so well for a season.

What a beacon of warning the experience of this young man should be to every young man and woman who would work for God in this life, and make sure of the life to come! There is but one safe course for both old and young in the Christian warfare, and that is to "walk in the light, as he is in the light."

(Candy is largely made of sugar, which ferments very quickly under conditions of heat and moisture. These conditions are found in the stomach. Sugar from which candy is made is not digested until it reaches the large intestine. Candy is therefore subject to fermentation all along the entire process of digestion, and the fermentation of sugar results in the production of alcohol. All ordinary candy contains, in addition to sugar, various unwholesome coloring and flavoring substances, some of which are actually poisonous. For these and other reasons the free use of candy can not be encouraged.)

W. S. SADLER.

#### HOW TO TREAT GOSSIP

I FIND that the safe plan is to believe all the kind things that other men are reported to have said about me, and hardly ever to believe the unkind things. This is a pleasant rule, as well as a safe one, which all may practice.

Why should we be ready to think that people are always speaking against us? If we are conscious of not deserving to have the hard words said about us which reach us in currents of idle gossip, we ought to suppose it very improbable that good men who really know us were guilty of saying them. As for strangers, they often speak, not against us, but against some dismal caricature of us,—a mere phantasm created by imagination and rumor,—which they have mistaken for us,—and though the mistake may have its inconveniences, there is no reason for being indignant about it.

A quiet, honest man may sometimes see in his newspaper that some scoundrel, having real flesh and blood, of the same name as himself, has been brought up before the magistrates for burglary. He does not fume and fret, and get angry with the witnesses because they say such hard things against the man that happens to bear his name. He does not denounce the magistrates for committing the culprit. He knows that the witnesses said nothing against himself, and that the magistrates have done him no wrong. It was another man that was concerned in the affair, not he. And so reports that reach us of what has been said about us ought to be received with the same equanimity.—*Dr. R. W. Dale.*

#### WALLED TERRACES

"WHEN I was traveling in Switzerland," said a friend, the other day, "I noticed how many walled terraces there are along the hillsides—places where, but for the restraining wall, the storms would wash the earth down into the water, leaving the rocks waste and barren. But the walled terraces made rich beds of soil, and were green and beautiful with fruitful vines."

So with many of our natural impulses and passions. Unrestrained, their tendency is only downward; they sweep everything before them, and leave the life barren and useless; but when held in check and rightly controlled, they make strong character, and yield rich fruit. It is not the one who has never been tempted who best can aid the struggling; not the one who has never known sorrow's fierce storms or the bitter suggestions of despair who is best fitted to carry cheer and encouragement to others. Not to the one who never felt the need of battle, but to "him that overcometh," are the star, the palm, and the crown promised.—*Well Spring.*



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### THE MORAL ILLUMINATION OF A DARK CITY

CHRIST performed most of his work either on the great thoroughfares of travel or in the large cities or their immediate vicinity, making brief excursions into the rural districts for rest and recuperation. In his injunction to his disciples, he commanded them to begin at Jerusalem, and even then not to ignore wicked and backslidden Samaria. We may take a suggestion from this,—that ere probation closes, the gospel must permeate every stratum of society in our populous cities.

It was a recognition of this need that led to the beginning of what has now developed into the Chicago Medical Mission. When the first missionary nurse was encouraged to begin her work in Chicago, visiting the poor, the needy, and the distressed, carrying in one hand physical help and in the other the broader gospel, few dreamed that in six short years there would have grown from this humble effort a work of such dimensions as is now being maintained in Chicago,—a work which is represented by the various institutions shown in the accompanying illustration.

#### THE TRAINING SCHOOL

The headquarters for our operations is at the Training School, shown in the center. The main building is one hundred and twenty-six feet long, with a commodious wing at the further end. Almost every one of its fifty thousand square feet of available floor space is used to its utmost for some good purpose. The sunny side of the first floor is the women's ward, and a similar portion of the second floor is the men's ward. In these wards the sick and distressed in moderate financial circumstances, not from Chicago, but from adjoining States, receive careful attention, and surgical operations when necessary, for practically the bare cost of service, and some of them entirely free. Portions of the building are used to accommodate members of our nurses' training school, which numbers constantly from fifty to seventy-five members; other space is utilized for class-rooms, offices, etc.; while a portion is used as a free dispensary. This affords an opportunity for those who have nothing with which to pay to have free examinations, and such medical attention as their cases may demand. Many of these poor people, who for years have been swallowing medicines in vain, fairly leap into health under the application of rational remedies.

#### THE LIFE BOAT MISSION

Every night since this mission was opened, in March, 1898, the helpful, hopeful, and inspiring gospel has been presented here by earnest, devoted, and consecrated workers. It is a sight long to be remembered to see this commodious room filled each evening with such an encouraging class of people, and to witness such object lessons of the saving power of the everlasting gospel. On last Thanksgiving evening many of those who had in the Life Boat Mission received their inspiration to live a better life gathered there to give expression to their thankfulness; and if any one could have doubted whether such work is of real, permanent value, he should have had the opportunity to spend an hour there on that memorable evening, and see the clean, substantial-looking men stand up,

and relate how, one or two years ago, a tide of circumstances carried them into the mission, and how they gave their hearts to God. Some were there with their reunited families; others testified to the joy of the new light of present truth that had shone into their lives.

#### WORKINGMEN'S HOME

Jeremiah longed for a lodging-place in the wilderness for wayfaring men (Jer. 9:2); but with the present conditions of society, there is now great necessity for suitable lodging-places for wayfaring men in the very heart of our large cities. The cities are filled with these men, who have somehow drifted into them, and are temporarily stranded. They need good, wholesome food, at a moderate price. They need an opportunity to secure baths. Many of them, often through no fault of their own, are infested with bugs and vermin, and need to have their clothes disinfected while they sleep. They need the encouragement that comes from a heartfelt gospel song, and from the voice of prayer. This is what our large Workingmen's Home aims to do in Chicago.

#### THE LIFE BOAT REST

This institution is situated in the darkest portion of all Chicago. It is maintained as a sort of

snatch-station for those who have been so unfortunate as to be, perhaps unwittingly, snared into the traps of sin, and who have been sought out by workers who were led by the Spirit of God.

#### THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTIAN HOME

This institution is almost within a stone's throw of the lake, thus enjoying the benefit of the fresh air wafted across this large body of water. The majority of the children in this Home belong to families that have been more or less broken up by death, sickness, or other unfortunate circumstances. Here kind and interested teachers guide the little feet into right paths. The children enjoy the wholesome atmosphere of a Christian home and the benefits of hygienic food; and the day of judgment alone will reveal the good that has been accomplished by this noble enterprise.

#### VISITING NURSES' WORK

Calls are constantly coming in from all parts of the city—from mansions on the boulevards as well as from the poorest hovels in the slums—for nurses to come and care for the sick. The wealthy pay well for such service; the poor in proportion as they are able. Calls from the absolutely destitute are attended to gratis, as far as circumstances permit. These nurses carry into



INSTITUTIONS OF THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION



such homes the principles they daily learn in the class-room, administer rational treatments, and strive, as far as opportunity affords, to inculcate the principles of the gospel. Encouraging results are already apparent.

In the days of Nehemiah there were those who mocked his efforts, saying, "Will they revive the stones out of the *heaps of rubbish* which are burned?" So to-day those whose hearts and souls have never been warmed with a real burden to work for God and humanity, sometimes indulge in slighting remarks about the great work that God would have done in our large cities; nevertheless, an encouraging beginning has been made in this city, and those who have engaged in the work have received a blessing, and have seen much fruit from their labors. May every worker who has to labor under difficulties have the experience of Nehemiah and his co-laborers, of whom it is written: "So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: for the people had a mind to work."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy, that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done.

— J. G. Whittier.

#### WUN CHAO

(Concluded)

ABOUT this time an incident occurred that more fully awakened the missionaries to the serious state of affairs. Wun Chao found his way to the mission one dark night, and was let in, the missionaries thinking that the boy had sought their protection for the night from the blows of Tang-yu. But he breathlessly told them he could stay only a moment, as "they were looking for him." The Boxers, he whispered, had organized in Soo-choo, and Tang-yu was at their head. They were even now laying plans to burn the mission, and put all the *fau-kevei* (foreign devils) to death. He could not tell how soon they might attack his friends; but he would make his way down the river to Shanghai, he declared, and tell the American consul what he had heard.

As soon as Wun Chao had gone, the little colony began to prepare for the worst. They had learned to believe their protégé thoroughly, and they knew that he would not spare himself, if it lay in his power to bring them aid. They had not long to wait before they heard the shouts of a mob approaching the mission. Looking out, they saw a score of dark figures running down the street. In another moment there came a loud banging at the door, accompanied with a shower of stones at the windows. Mr. Graves, the chief missionary, went to the door, and, opening it a little, asked what was wanted.

"Wun Chao! Wun Chao!" was the reply.

Tang-yu himself appeared at the head of the crowd on the doorstep, and reiterated the demand for "Wun Chao!"

"Wun Chao is not here," Mr. Graves calmly replied.

"Let us see," said Tang-yu; and he and five others forced their way in. They went all over the house, peering into every nook and closet, breaking everything their hands touched, and uttering loud shouts of warning and vengeance. But little Wun Chao was too far away to hear them. Well for him that he was. When the Boxers found that the object of their search was neither in nor about the mission, they departed,

shaking their fists at the missionaries, and throwing another volley of stones at the house.

No one in the mission could sleep that night. The workers spent the hours in vigil and prayer, and in planning how they might escape if the Boxers should return. Happily, the latter did not come back that night, though the hours dragged slowly indeed before morning dawned.

Early in the morning, while they were preparing breakfast, Hop Kee, an old man, one of the mission converts, came to the back door of the mission, and warned the inmates to get ready to leave as soon as possible, as the Boxers were gathering large numbers from Chee-foo, and would soon enter Soo-choo. This would give the Soo-choo Boxers courage to put their threats into effect, and then who could tell to what ends they might go? If they would get ready and follow him, he, Hop Kee, would lead them by a quiet river path to a place where his friends had secreted a boat for this very purpose. If they would take nothing with them, they might get away from Soo-choo in safety.

There was evidently nothing else to do: the hour for action had arrived, and if Mr. Graves would save his little company, he must trust himself and them to the good Hop Kee.

And so Mr. and Mrs. Graves, Amanda Holly, and Grace Bennett left their mission home, to see it no more; for the next party of Americans who passed by the spot found the house a heap of ruins.

The party heard a low, hoarse murmur at a distance, as they passed quietly out of the back door by the river. Hastening on, under the guidance of Hop Kee, by the high banks of the Yangtse-Kiang for half a mile or so, they came to a bend in the stream. Here they found a boat moored, as Hop Kee had said. Inside the boat were provisions, blankets, and everything necessary for their comfort.

"What about you, Hop Kee? Of course you are coming with us?" they said, as they were about to push off.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "Hop Kee can take care of himself. Go! Go!" he urged, as the sounds they had heard a while before seemed to draw nearer.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Hop Kee!" they called to the faithful man.

"God bless you!" the old man echoed, as he pointed toward Shanghai.

Mr. Graves began to row swiftly down the river, and was soon making good headway. Looking back for a moment, he was horrified to see flames mounting up over the distant bank where the mission house had stood. The Boxers had come, and the Americans had made their escape not a moment too soon. The missionary rowed hard and steadily, and the river's strong current soon helped him along past the dangerous places out to the broader part of the stream. For two hours the party thus proceeded on their seaward course, seeing or hearing nothing to molest them.

All at once, Miss Holly, who happened to turn around in her seat, gave a cry. Half a dozen boats, each propelled by as many rowers, were coming down the river after them at full speed. Mr. Graves had seen them some time before, but had said nothing, and bravely kept on rowing. There was but one pair of oars in the boat, and the case of the missionaries looked desperate indeed. The distance was surely lessening between the boats. The white, set faces of the crew in the little boat ahead showed that they had but small hope of escape from their pursuers.

Suddenly a shot rang out over the waters, and the bullet plunged into the river on their left. The loud, snarling, animal-like cries of the Chinamen could be plainly heard, and it was evident that the pursuit must soon draw to an end. On came the Boxers, stirring the surface of the historic old river into a foam with the uneven, reckless splashing of their oar-blades. Mr. Graves's strength was nearly exhausted, but he continued

to cheer his companions as well as he might with his steady faith and courage, unwavering even in the face of so terrible and menacing a danger.

While the missionaries were thus trying to prepare themselves to meet the ordeal that seemed so close upon them, attention was drawn down the river by a quick, throbbing sound, that at once struck the ears of the Americans as familiar. They listened, half in hope, half in fear. It certainly was not a tom-tom; it was a drum-beat!

With all their faculties centered in the direction whence the sound came, they unconsciously allowed the boat to drift of itself. Two more shots from the Boxers, and an exultant chorus of snarls came from behind, when, over the right bank of the river, like a sign in the heavens to the almost hopeless watchers, appeared the waving folds of Old Glory, borne by a stout American marine. Following closely, and in double-quick time, came fifty more brave fellows.

Then there was a swift hush behind, a sudden frightened hissing, and a mad endeavor of the Chinese crews to put about and make for the opposite bank.

The exhausted missionaries were soon drawn, safe and unhurt, to the shore, and the half-fainting women were tenderly cared for. They had hardly set foot ashore, when, with a glad cry, Wun Chao himself rushed up to them.

"O my teachers! my teachers! I am so happy!"

"You dear boy!" they exclaimed. "It is certainly to you that we owe our lives. God bless you, Wun Chao!"

They were right. The boy had not lost a moment when he left them, but had made his way in a boat to Shanghai, where he had told the consul his story; the consul, in turn, had informed the captain of one of the "white squadron" anchored in the harbor; and the sailors had started at once to rescue the imperiled Americans, with Wun Chao as their guide.

Missionaries and sailors could not bestow kindnesses enough upon the young hero with the almond eyes, who had saved his beloved friends from the horrible death that surely awaited them. Wun Chao, on his part, has a deep love for his mission friends; and he believes, too, that the stars and stripes have something that the dragon flag lacks.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

#### KINDLY AFFECTIONED

WE must watch over one another. We must be jealous for the safety and honor of our friend. We must faithfully and lovingly do our best to save him from any backsliding. And when our neighbor would indicate any fault in us, let us be willing to be warned. Let us not be touchy. We have a great interest in knowing our personal faults and peril; and he is a friend indeed who will help us to get rid of the one and to escape the other. If our candid brother does not speak exactly in the right way, or in the most fitting season, or in the most delicate phrase, never mind. Do not resent it. It is a great thing to know the truth, even when the teacher is somewhat wanting in tact or feeling. A rough physician is better than a fatal malady. And if our spiritual friend sincerely seeks to bear us out of danger, let us not be too exacting. "My brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

We owe one another practical help. "Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. We must not be so altogether engaged with the spiritual and mystical as to forget that we may render one another valuable worldly aid. We may direct, assist, strengthen one another in worldly affairs and material interests, and it is a solemn and delightful duty for God's pilgrim children thus to aid one another.—W. L. Walkinson, D. D.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## A BLIZZARD

THE storm-fiends are out in their wrath to-night;  
Adown from the north, in terrible might,  
They sweep o'er the shrinking earth:  
They come by hundreds and thousands more;  
They bellow, and bluster, and rage, and roar,  
And laugh in demoniac mirth.

They whirl the snowflakes, as on they rove,  
Till all the air and the sky above  
Are a boiling, seething mass.  
Hark! now their voices to whispers die,  
While they pause to list the despairing cry  
Of wandering souls as they pass.

Then, raving 'gainst roof and window-pane,  
They rattle my cabin-door all in vain;  
My castle they can not take.  
Each blast only makes the flames leap higher,  
And I, safely sheltered beside the fire,  
Fear not, though the rafters shake;

For I think how the Pilot of Galilee,  
Who once commanded the angry sea,  
Still worketh his sovereign will;  
And when he shall choose to uplift his hand,  
The storm-fiends will vanish from sky and land,  
At his mighty, "Peace! be still!"

VIOLA E. SMITH.

## THE REASON

I KNOW a little maiden who is always in a hurry.  
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;  
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,  
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,  
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;  
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going;  
And yet, would you believe it? she never is in time.

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;  
But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state  
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,  
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

—Selected.

## THE KINGDOM WITH A JEWELLED ROOF

Not long ago there lived a little king, who reigned in a small kingdom so beautiful that no monarch in the whole world had possessions more rich and elegant than he. All around the realm was built a wall so high and thick that no one could look through it, and this wall was colored the most lovely green imaginable.

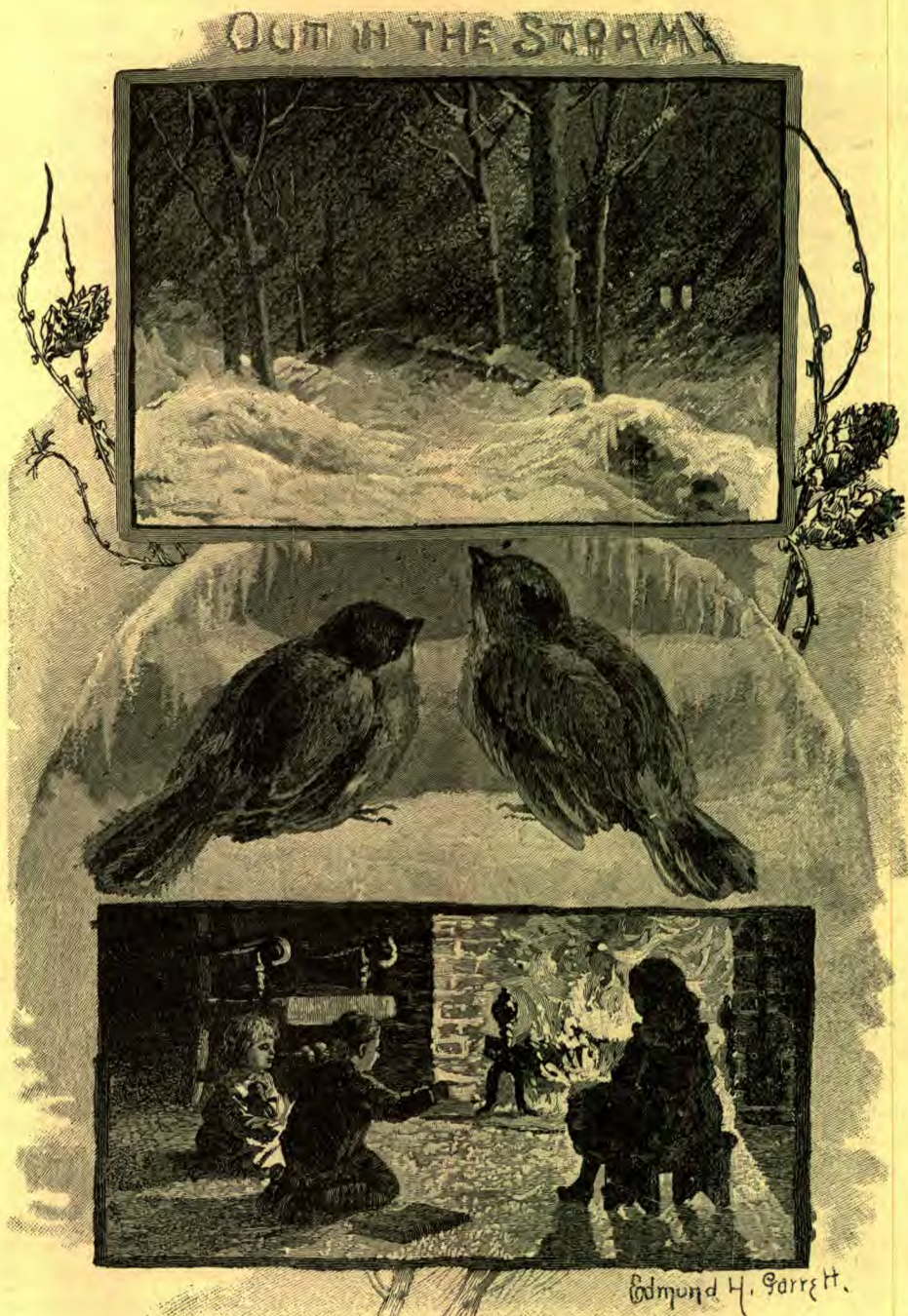
Strange to say, this whole little kingdom was covered by one great roof, which rose on all sides above the green wall, arching into a dome of wonderful beauty overhead. This dome was overlaid with deepest, purest blue, and in this beautiful background were thickly set thousands and thousands of brilliant gems, some large, some small, that sparkled and shone in a million points of light. Among them, brighter than all the others combined, gleamed one mighty jewel, so dazzling that the eye could not bear to look upon it; when it shone, its light so eclipsed that of the smaller gems that they could not be seen at all. If the great jewel had shone continually on the little kingdom, the number and beauty of the smaller gems would never have been known; but after glowing a while in the blue arch, it would hide its face for a season. Then the many little jewels twinkled out in all their milder beauty.

The little king loved the great jewel best of all, and was always sorry to see it hide its face be-

hind the golden and crimson veil hung on the edge of the sapphire dome; but he loved the little jewel shone upon the pink canopy, it increased its sparkle overhead, well content to know that the great jewel would by and by shine forth again.

The throne room of the little king was near the green wall. Its floor was covered with a carpet of the richest material to be found in the whole world,—green, soft as velvet, and patterned in a lovely design of flowers, leaves, and scattered petals. Above the throne was a canopy of palest rose-pink, draped here and there with dainty

dome, and shutting away the brightness of the great jewel; even the pink canopy seemed darkened, and the velvet carpet of the throne room appeared almost black where the shadows fell. Then the little king's mother called him from his swinging throne, and shut him up in a great wooden box (isn't a house just a great box?), where he could not see the green walls of the kingdom, and could catch only a glimpse of its jeweled roof, now hidden by the dreadful gray veil. He could hear the sound of weeping in the throne room, and he wept, too. Hour after hour



green knots, and filled with delicate perfume, which floated on the air as the soft breezes lifted the folds. There were openings through which the jeweled roof could be seen; and when the great jewel shone upon the pink canopy, it increased its beauty a hundredfold.

Here the little king held his court from day to day, wearing a golden crown upon his youthful head. Very happy was he as he sat in a throne that swayed to and fro, to and fro, beneath the scented folds of the pink canopy.

One day when the great jewel was shining, and the little king sat in his swaying throne, a thick gray veil was suddenly thrown across the sapphire roof of the kingdom, hiding the blue

he sat and listened to the sound of weeping, and was very wretched and miserable.

After a while the little king's mother brought him his supper, which he ate in spite of his sorrow: then he grew sleepy, and his mother laid him to rest in a white bed in one corner of the great wooden box. The last thing he heard was the sound of the weeping, outside in his little kingdom.

Presently a wonderful thing occurred. While the little king slept, the weeping ceased, and the gray veil was slowly withdrawn from the jeweled roof. The great jewel itself was hidden from view; but one by one the little jewels shone forth until the whole blue dome fairly glowed



with them, sparkling and twinkling as if to invite the little king's return.

At last it came time for the great jewel to appear once more. It flung aside its scarlet veil, and shot its dazzling radiance over the pink canopy and green walls of the kingdom; a few rays of light even crept into the great wooden box where the little king lay sleeping, and shone upon his face. Even in sleep the little king felt the glow of the great jewel, and he at once awoke with a cry of joy.

Soon the little king's mother came to him again, and he begged her to let him go back once more to his swaying throne and little kingdom out in the light of the great jewel in the jeweled roof. His mother smiled, and opened the door of the great wooden box; and with a shout of delight the little king bounded out of his prison, past the green boundary walls, and was soon seated on his swaying throne, beneath the pink canopy, while its perfume filled the air, and the great jewel shone in the sapphire dome overhead.

Perhaps next spring you may see Little Brother at play out in the green-hedged orchard. The grass is soft and thick with flowers; the air is sweet with perfume; and the sunshine makes Little Brother's pretty curls shine like a crown of yellow gold. He soon climbs into his little swing, hung from a branch of an old apple-tree, pink and sweet with bloom; and here he swings to and fro, to and fro, in never-wearying delight.

Look closely then, and you will discover not only the throne and throne room, but the kingdom and the little king himself,—the little king who rules by love.

Perhaps the rain-clouds come, and Little Brother weeps to be shut up in the house. Listen, then, and you will hear the sobbing of the little king, and the weeping in his kingdom, till the sun shines out once more, and Little Brother wakes in the morning to enjoy another swing out in the sunshine, under the apple-tree in the green-hedged orchard.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

### A CLEAN BOY

I KNOW that people always say that preachers' sons are the worst boys in the world. I dare say I've said the same thing myself, with that cheap sort of wit with which we all sometimes proclaim a great many things we do not really believe. Yet for all that, this "clean boy" of whom I write was the son of a Methodist preacher. Ever since he could remember, his mother had postponed the fall house-cleaning until after conference; "for we may have to move, you know." All his life this boy had heard that "preachers' sons are the worst boys in the world," and had felt that if he were bad, he would only be living up to the traditions of his class. And yet he persisted in being "a clean boy." Not that outside sort of cleanness that consists in being "proper" when people are looking, and just the reverse when no one sees. I have known boys like that; but this "clean boy" of mine did not belong to that category. He was clean from principle, and not from policy; and cleanness of this kind is the sort that goes through and through. It begins in the heart, and that is the only sort that amounts to anything in the end.

When you looked into Frank's face, you felt that no other name would have suited him so well, and you wondered if it was in a spirit of prophecy that it was given to him. His eyes met yours with a clear, unafraid gaze that seemed to say: "I am only a boy, and don't amount to much in the world yet; but I've never done a mean or dishonorable thing, and I never intend to."

You think that is too much for a pair of eyes to say at a single glance? Think for a moment. Haven't you seen eyes that said every bit of

that, and more too? This boy was not brilliant. Indeed, when you saw him beside his showy brother, you were almost tempted to think him dull. But he knew he was not brilliant, and did not offend by trying to "show off," as was sometimes the case with his brother. He was simply *himself*, and you felt all the time that this was something wholesome and healthy, and that one could safely trust. It was often a matter of doubt what this same brilliant boy would do when a battle between right and wrong came up; but, as his father said, "you could always put your hand on Frank."

"How was he clean? In what way did he show his character?" you ask.

Well, in the first place, his thoughts were clean. And it was just those clean thoughts that gave his face that fresh, unclouded look which made it, in spite of irregular features, so good to look upon. A boy may fancy that he can harbor unclean thoughts, and no one, unless he chooses, will ever suspect it. But there never was a greater mistake. The face of a young person is much like a piece of clean, white paper; and Thought, with unseen fingers, writes day by day a record that the face is sure to reveal. You may not see the lines yourself; you may think the paper is as clean and unmarred as when it came from God's hand. But others can see the ugly lines, the deceitful smirk, the unclean imprint, and read you better than you read yourself. So, because his *thoughts* were clean, it did you good to look into this boy's face, just as it does to look into the clear stream, that hides no dark, murky pools.

And then his lips were clean,—clean because no tobacco nor whisky had ever soiled them, and no unclean nor profane words had defiled them. He was not tempted like other boys, you think. I thought we started out with the proposition that preachers' boys are worse than others. And yet you say now it is easier for a preacher's son to be good than for other boys. The fact is, preachers' boys, are only *boys*—just common human beings, who are tempted every day of their lives. This boy saw other boys chew tobacco, smoke cigarettes; heard them use words that even they would not have dared to let their mothers or sisters hear. And yet his lips were clean because *he chose to have them so*. He had it in his power, just as any other boy has, to harbor unclean thoughts and to utter them; and he alone was the one who determined whether he would do so. The boy who has clean thoughts and clean lips is very sure to have a clean life, and that is the life which this boy lived.

"Oh, he was just a Cousin Nancy, a regular goody-goody!" you say. "I don't like that sort."

There again you are wrong. He was as thorough a boy as I ever saw—could run faster than any other boy in school, was captain of his football team, and whatever appealed to the average healthy boy appealed to Frank. And, what is more, he had one of the quickest tempers I ever knew; and it was only after years of patient, persevering effort and prayer that he learned to control it. I have heard him say quick, hasty things on the smallest sort of provocation; and yet, even in anger, I never heard him utter a profane or unclean word; and the reason of that was because he had no such things in his heart. It's the heart, my boy. Don't forget that. Keep that clean, and all the rest will follow, and you will be what all the world loves—a clean boy!

—Eva W. Malone.

In England an artificial stone, which does not absorb moisture, as do ordinary stones, is now manufactured. It is composed of lime and sand—from two to ten parts of the former, and the rest of the latter. After these are ground and acted on by steam, they are pressed into bricks of the desired size and shape.



### BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 11; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"

Pages 497-508

(January 20-26)

*Measuring the Temple.*—In the first verse of Revelation 11 the judgment work is brought to view, when the temple of God, and them that worship therein, and the altar, are measured. The standard of measurement in the judgment is the law of God. Rom. 2:11-13; Eccl. 12:13, 14. The temple is measured: the whole service of the temple is on account of the broken law of God. The altar of perpetual intercession is also measured: here justice and mercy truly meet. The prayer of the repentant sinner is presented on this altar; and though it falls far short when the great measuring-rod is applied, the righteousness of our Saviour is added to the prayer, and the measure is complete. The worshipers are all measured: every character is tested by the perfect standard of God's holy law. The court, representing the ungodly world, is not judged with the righteous, but is left out.

*France.*—The light of the Reformation was kindled at an early date in France. Before Luther was known as a reformer in Germany, Lefevre, an aged professor in the University of Paris, in writing a history of the saints was directed to the Bible, where he found saints of an entirely different class from those given in the church history. Light broke into his mind, and he abandoned his history of the saints, and became a diligent student of the Bible, introducing it among the students of the University. As early as 1572, before Luther or Zwingle had begun their work of reform, Lefevre was proclaiming the light. Many brilliant minds accepted the gospel in the following years; but the royal family was so fully under the power of Rome that the light was crushed. Many yielded their lives for the Saviour, while others, like Calvin, fled to foreign lands, where they could work for the Master without fear of death. Time and again it looked as if the light was sure to triumph at the court; but she who was "drunken with the blood of the saints," sat upon the seat of government, and guided the course of the nation. Her thirst was insatiate, and she did not spare even the very best of the country. There were many noble martyrs, who esteemed it a privilege to die for their Master. During these years of conflict, France sapped the life-blood from the nations, and her best citizens were either sacrificed to quench the thirst of the "mother of harlots," or driven to seek refuge in foreign lands. Terrible had become the darkness, after beholding the light in which thousands had rejoiced.

*The French Revolution.*—After rejecting light, France became spiritually as Egypt and Sodom. "Unhappy France reaped in blood the results of her submission to the controlling power of Rome. Where France, under the influence of Romanism, had set up the first stake at the opening of the Reformation, there the Revolution set up the first guillotine. On the very spot where the first martyrs to the Protestant faith were burned in the sixteenth century, the first victims were guillotined in the eighteenth. In repelling the gospel, which would have brought her healing, France had opened the door to infidelity and ruin." The



victims now were not Protestants; for these had long since been slain or driven from the country. The people had learned the lessons of cruelty practiced by the Roman priests for so long, and they turned upon the Roman clergy. "The scaffolds ran red with the blood of the priests." All the cruelty they had practiced on the Protestants was turned back upon them. "In the short space of ten years, millions of people perished." As a nation, France took its position as an atheistic government, denied the true God, and worshiped the Goddess of Reason. For three and one-half years France stood before the world as an infidel nation.



#### LESSON 4—THE SPIES

(January 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Num. 13: 1, 2, 17-33; 14: 1-10, 34-45.

MEMORY VERSES.—Num. 14: 7-9.

1. In order to help Israel gain possession of Canaan, what did the Lord tell Moses to do? Num. 13: 1, 2; note 1.

2. What did Moses ask the spies to observe as they passed through the land? Vs. 17-20.

3. With what spirit were they to go? What were they to bring back? V. 20; note 2.

4. How fully did they search the land? Vs. 21, 22.

5. What did they find in the way of fruit? V. 23.

6. How long a time did they spend in their search? V. 25.

7. Upon their return, what encouraging message did they first bring? V. 27.

8. With what unbelieving report did they continue? Vs. 28, 29; note 3.

9. What did faithful Caleb say to help the people? V. 30; note 4.

10. In what discouraging way did the unbelieving spies resume their story? V. 31.

11. Though they had at first said that the land was a good land, what did they finally say? Vs. 32, 33; note 5.

12. What was the effect of their evil report upon the people? Num. 14: 1.

13. What wish did they all express? V. 2; note 6.

14. What questions did they then ask to express their unbelief? V. 3.

15. What proposition was made? V. 4.

16. What did Caleb and Joshua then say to encourage them to believe? Vs. 7-9.

17. What did the people wish to do to them? Why did they not carry out their wish? V. 10.

18. What did the Lord say should happen to those who had been so rebellious? How long should they wander? Vs. 32, 34.

19. What became of the unfaithful spies? Vs. 36, 37.

20. When the people were told that they could not enter the land, what did they determine to do? Vs. 39, 40.

21. What did Moses say to keep them from going? Vs. 41-43.

22. What was the result of their second disobedience? Vs. 44, 45; note 7.

#### NOTES

1. Our Heavenly Father desires his people to know that the land to which they are going is a good land. He therefore sends some ahead of us to look it over, find out all they can, and then come back and report. The word of God is the story of the heavenly land,—the story told by

prophets whom God has shown through visions the glory of the better world. They have brought back to us a good report, and they tell us that we are well able to go up and possess the land.

2. A great many young people think that one must have success in order to have courage. But in the Bible we find that the courage is to come first. It is good courage that brings good success. Courage is needed before the work is begun, and any work taken hold of with courage is sure to result better than that which is undertaken half-heartedly. In the Christian life good courage, united with faith, gives constant victory.

3. It is a great mistake for any one to talk discouragingly, even though he feels so. Discouragement can be overcome by simply talking courage, talking contrary to our feelings. "But" and "nevertheless" are words which should not be allowed to follow God's promise. If the spies had left out that "nevertheless," and had said what Caleb did (Num. 13: 30), their terrible sin and loss would never have come. Just talk faith, and you will have faith.

4. Caleb saw all the giants and walled cities that the others saw. He knew that the walls "reached up to heaven." But he knew that God was above the walls, and that God was stronger than the giants; and he knew, too, that God was with his people. He therefore said, "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Caleb knew that he himself was weak, but he knew that God was strong, and he talked on God's side. He kept on talking just that way, and afterward he went in and possessed the land.

5. Unbelief, if expressed, continues to grow, and it grows rapidly. As the spies talked out their evil feelings, they soon saw the good land in a wrong light. It ceased to look good, but rather evil; it was no longer a land of milk and honey, but a land that ate up its inhabitants. And the giants grew bigger and bigger in their eyes till they themselves seemed like grasshoppers.

6. God let them have their wish. Never express a wish that is not right. God may let you have it, to your hurt.

7. When the Lord desired them to go, and had the way all open for them, they refused to go. Again, when he told them to turn back into the wilderness and not to go, they determined to go. Their course in both instances was only disobedience. To do what we are forbidden, and not to do what we are bidden, are companion sins. Only one way is right, and that is always to obey God, whether he commands us to do or not to do.

God wishes to bless us first,—to give into our hearts the blessing he would impart to others through us. We are not channels in the sense in which an earthen or a leaden pipe is when it conveys water, and yet does not drink it in. We are channels in the way that the branch is. The sap of the vine, before it goes through it to form fruit, first enters to be its life, to give it new wood and strength, and then passes on into the grape.—*Andrew Murray.*

WHEN you are alone, give your mind some beautiful thought to ponder. Those who read a good book during the evening, before retiring, will not experience much difficulty in keeping their thoughts in wholesome channels when they lie on their bed waiting for sleep to come. There is no better way to close the day than with the Bible, getting some of its inspired and inspiring words into one's mind. Then if one spends the very last moments before retiring in speaking to God in prayer, there is little danger of one's thoughts running into any wrong ways.—*Selected.*

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W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,  
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#### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

##### SUNDAY:

"Only in Christ is the true ideal of manliness realized."

##### MONDAY:

The happiest heart that ever beat  
Was in some quiet breast,  
That found the common daylight sweet,  
And left to heaven the rest.

— John Vance Cheney.

##### TUESDAY:

Few delights can equal the mere presence of one whom we trust utterly.— George MacDonald.

##### WEDNESDAY:

Step by step lift bad to good,  
Without halting, without rest,  
Lifting better up to best,  
Planting seeds of knowledge pure.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

##### THURSDAY:

"Inattention is the secret of forgetfulness. We always remember that which interests us. If our ears were more attentive, our memory would be more retentive."

##### FRIDAY:

Daily deed and daily thought  
Slowly into habit wrought,  
Raise that temple, base or fair,  
Which men call our character.  
Build it nobly, build it well;  
In that temple God may dwell.

— The Bishop of Ripon.

##### SABBATH:

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." 1 Peter 1:7.

AN illustrated booklet giving a full description of all the different branches of work maintained by the Chicago Medical Mission, will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents in stamps. Address the *Life Boat*, 1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

#### THIS WEEK

The promised series of articles on "The Little Foxes That Spoil the Vines" is begun. It is our earnest wish that these articles shall be carefully read by those for whom they are especially written, and that, when thus read, they shall be passed on to others. If every one will do his part, a large number who do not have the INSTRUCTOR regu-

larly will have the opportunity of reading these articles.

For only twenty-five cents the INSTRUCTOR will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for four months.

#### THE INSTRUCTOR IN INDIA

THE friends, young and old, who have contributed to our INSTRUCTOR Mission Fund, will be glad to read the following extracts from a recent letter from Miss Abbott, the missionary to whom the papers are sent for distribution:—

"Returning here [Miss Abbott has lately returned to India, after a visit in this country in behalf of her work there], I find an even greater desire than formerly for the INSTRUCTOR. One number has been sent to a young woman in a training college, and she reports that the other girls are eager to read her copy, and wish they had the paper also.

"A few weeks ago a young Mohammedan told me that he had been promoted in office during my absence, and that much of his success was due to his reading of the INSTRUCTOR, 'which improved his English, and gave him high and moral thoughts.' Many Christian young men are asking for the paper; but except in special cases I think it better to send the paper to those who are not Christians. It is certainly awakening thought in the right direction. The paper, the print, and the illustrations of the INSTRUCTOR are greatly admired, and the contents as highly appreciated."

Concerning the terrible famine in India, also her special work in that country, Miss Abbott says:—

"Your readers have doubtless heard much about the famine that has brought so great distress upon this land, and I hope they have been among the number who have given generously to meet the fearful need. I wish I could write that the famine was over, and the people rejoicing in returning prosperity. This is the case in many parts of the country; but in the Bombay Presidency we are face to face with another year of starvation. After long delay the rains came plentifully, and the fields gave promise of an abundant harvest; then the rains stopped, and no more water has fallen. Stalks are standing six feet high with not a single head of grain upon them, and the worst of it is that there are no cattle to eat the stalks. In some places the fields were beautiful to see. Then there came the 'canker-worm and the palmer-worm,' and ate up everything to the roots. The water question is the most serious one, however; for grain can be imported.

"One of our missionaries writes that more children were brought in last week to be cared for in the Christian schools than during any week when the famine was at its worst. The people are in despair. Thousands left their homes a year ago, and wandered down to Bombay, hoping to find work until the rains came. Some succeeded; thousands more succumbed to the plague and cholera; and hundreds of others are still here, utterly hopeless. There is no use of returning to bare, burnt-up fields; and so they wander about the city, sleeping in the open air at night, and begging for a morsel to eat during the day. We have numbers of these to dispose of some way every morning. It is piteous to see the worn mothers dragging their little ones about.

"I opened an industry for needy women, and immediately fifty were received. Such numbers came that I was obliged to confine those received to widows, or those whose husbands were helpless. Those turned away looked as needy as those received; but what can be done? I am hoping to secure room, money, and a teacher soon, so that I can take in fifty more. These women are quite separate from those received in my Widows' Home. In this I have now thirty women and twelve children,—all little children or babies.

Some of these little ones have their mothers to take care of them; others are orphan waifs. A number of these children are being supported; but eight of them are waiting for some one to care enough for them to send fifteen or twenty dollars for their support.

"The widows in the Home are all learning to read and sew, and some to embroider. They do all the work of the house and their own cooking. Their spiritual education is not neglected, for they are learning God's truth and love. The women of the Industrial Department have also a daily gospel service. Hindus, Mohammedans, Jews, and Parsees are sitting together to sew,—a new thing to nearly all these women. This is an opportunity for which I have been longing for years.

"The famine has wonderfully softened the hearts of the people toward Christianity. Many of the papers printed in the native vernacular are outspoken in their gratitude, and in their comparison of the Christian and the Hindu religion in respect to love and charity."

Surely we, who enjoy good health, plenty of food, Christian homes, and above all the knowledge of the saving gospel of Christ, can not but look upon it as a privilege to hold up the hands of those who are really giving their lives to the work of helping others, and bringing to them the good news of salvation. All who read the INSTRUCTOR will be glad of this opportunity for the paper to reach those who know nothing about Christianity. Let us continue the work, and not forget to pray that the blessing of Heaven may attend the papers as they go to their destination, and speak to the hearts that read them. If we sow faithfully, we have the assurance that God will give the increase.

SINCE the foregoing was put in type, a contribution of three dollars has been received from Brother Brice Morrow, of Nebraska, for the INSTRUCTOR Mission Fund. We hope others will remember this work in a substantial way.

#### A PROSPEROUS SABBATH-SCHOOL

WHEN renewing the club of INSTRUCTORS for the Sabbath-school in Columbus, Ohio, the librarian of the school says: "We could make splendid use of a few more copies of the INSTRUCTOR, but we wish to be as economical as possible, and thus have a larger amount to devote to the cause of foreign missions. No doubt you will be pleased to know that our Sabbath-school has prospered both financially and spiritually during the last year. We are grateful to God for his rich blessing, and for our good paper, which helps so much to keep the youth interested."

#### WHAT IOWA IS DOING

THE secretary of the Missionary Department of the Iowa Conference writes to this Office: "Please do not discontinue the club of INSTRUCTORS coming to the State office here, which we are sending out to the county jails, poorhouses, and other State institutions. We shall renew our club for this paper soon, either for one year or for six months."

The club taken for this purpose is a large one,—two hundred and fourteen copies,—and we are sure the papers thus sent into the dark places of earth will carry a bright, helpful influence with them. "In prison, and ye came unto me," the Master will say to those who stand on his right hand in the great day of God. And while there are many who can not go personally to these places, they can in this way send the "good news" that will make the darkest place bright with love and faith, and bring courage and the comfort of the blessed hope to those whose hearts are burdened with sin.