

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

THE BEST

MAKE-THE-BEST-OF-EVERYTHING
Finds the world a happy place;
And he says a heart to sing,
And a smile upon the face,
Are the surest means to make
Sunshine for another's sake.

Make-the-Best-of-Everything
Is a pleasant friend to greet;
For he's always bound to bring
News that's welcome, true, and sweet,
And that sheds a brighter ray
On the duties of to-day.

Make-the-Best-of-Everything
Never has an hour to spend
Wondering or worrying
How his best-laid plans shall end;
But, in doing all things well,
He makes every minute tell.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOSEPH II

THE act of the sons of Jacob in selling their brother to the Midianites, in order to avoid the responsibility of murdering him with their own hands, has a parallel in the case of the Jews, who, while thirsting for the Saviour's blood, passed him over to the Romans to be executed.

We can imagine something of what Joseph's anguish must have been as he realized the deep plotting of which he was the innocent victim. He was, however, powerless to help himself; and he had done nothing to bring this upon himself. He must therefore wait and see what God would bring out of it. That is always our privilege. Instead of finding fault with what seems to be misdirected providence, and giving up to repining, it is far better to consider, first, whether or not our adversities are the result of our own misdoings. If they are, then we have no cause for complaint. Our only course then is to repent, and ask God to forgive, and to turn our adversity to a blessing. This he can easily do. If adversity comes without any fault of ours, we may confidently believe that the Lord has a high and holy purpose in it for us.

The record tells us that the Lord was with Joseph. It does not matter where we are if he is with us; and he will be with us, no matter where we are if we will only be with him. "The Lord is with you, while ye be with him." The presence of the Lord makes life a success, and fills it with happiness wherever we may be. Joseph evidently determined not to leave the Lord behind when he went into bondage.

Potiphar, the general of the Egyptian army, bought Joseph, and it was the most fortunate investment he ever made; for when he brought Joseph into his house, he brought the blessing of the Lord also. "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." Prov. 10:22. Everything Joseph did prospered, and Potiphar very soon saw that the best thing he could possibly do was to leave with Joseph

and the Lord the management of everything he had. I wish we could all be as wise as that, and know that real prosperity can not be found outside of God's blessing.

But right in the midst of this season of prosperity, when every prospect seemed bright and pleasing, Joseph was suddenly plunged into the deepest disgrace and affliction. What would seem to make it harder to bear was the fact that it was no fault of his own, but his very faithfulness and innocence, that brought the trouble upon him. But, no matter what might come, he would not be false to God and to his master, who had reposed such confidence in him. "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" was his sterling reply to temptation. To many it would seem very hard to have to suffer for righteousness' sake, to be made the victim of the sins of others. Here again the experience of Joseph comes into close sympathy with that of the Saviour, who "was bruised for our iniquities."

Joseph did not abandon himself to sullen grief as he went to prison. It is remarkable that for such an offense he was not at once slain, but it is probable that, like Pilate, Potiphar had doubts as to the real guilt of the one whom he condemned. Again Joseph took the Lord with him. Still the divine blessing attended him, and rested upon all he did. The presence of Joseph became a great light in that dreary place. As it was in the days of Jesus, so now, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."

G. C. TENNEY.

THE GENIUS OF WORK

"MAUD is unusually bright, but Alta has a genius for work, and, after all, I am inclined to believe that that is the genius of geniuses." Chance words, but how full of wisdom.

Call it by whatever name we will,—perseverance, diligence, industry, application, or that homely phrase, stick-to-it-iveness,—work, untiring, unremitting, honest work, is the one thing that is sure to win in this world of ours.

We are accustomed to look upon the work of the great successes of our own and other times, and exclaim, "Behold! the work of a great genius." We are sensible of the vast ability required to bring forth such a result; we are keenly alive to our own inability even to approximate it; and how often has each of us said, "What would I not give for such power, such talent, such genius!" Yet I dare say that very few of us would be willing to pay the price that it has cost the one whose work we so much appreciate. We are so apt to forget the years of toil and hardship, the long procession of days and weeks and months and years which were filled with hard, thankless work.

Then came the days when there seemed to be no sun in the heavens, and all the clouds had lost their silver lining,—and more work,—work in which disappointment and grief are buried, and which throbs with the life-pulses of an aching heart. But God pity any of his human children who must meet trial and grief without the solace of work. Since the day our first parents left Eden

to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, work has been earth's greatest blessing. Yet all this is what we are apt to forget when we look upon the finished and accepted product of what we are pleased to call "genius." But this is the price some one has paid for that which we would have for the asking.

Let us not fear nor try to avoid work. Rather, let us lay hold of her as a friend. There can be no happy life without work that is serious, purposeful, and unremitting. The life that has not known this sort of work is like the plant that has not known the sunshine. It lacks the beauty and symmetry of development that God intends it to have, as well as the bond which should bind it closest to those of its kind. The life which has not known work is, of necessity, out of tune with the life vibrations of the working world around it. He who does not work has severed himself from the fellowship of his race.

Withal be assured that "no honest, faithful, heroic work ever fails of reward. It may not be the particular reward that the worker set out to win, but something richly worth the toiling for is bound up in all labor; for this is one of God's beautiful laws."

There is a story told of a young man who was spending a summer in a Rocky Mountain mining-camp in the hope that the high altitude and pure air might restore his broken health. One evening he was sitting with an old miner at his cabin door, talking of the vast wealth that these mountains have poured into the world's coffers, and of the vast riches they no doubt still contain. The older man turned half way round, and pointing to a huge boulder a little distance from them, said, "Young man, do you see that rock? Well, if you want to dig for a fortune, you will find it at the foot of that rock." The next day the old man left the camp. A few months later, when he returned, he scarcely recognized the stalwart, bronzed youth who awaited him at his doorway.

The young man had found no trace of precious metal in the vicinity of the rock; but the work had its reward within itself, and the fortune of health which came to him was one whose value can never be measured in gold. Yet it was the desire for gold that led him on, and stimulated him to the exertion which brought to him, gradually, almost imperceptibly, the thing which he desired above all others. We are such children that often we will work harder for a toy than for something of lasting value; but let us not cry if the toy be taken away, and something of real worth put in its place.

I hear some one say, "I have no work. Where and how can I find it?" We read in Holy Writ, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And our beloved Longfellow says,—

"That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art."

The first thing to be remembered in our search for work is not to look too far from home. Do not grasp at the stars before you have gathered the daisies at your feet: by that time you will not care to. It is wonderful, the charm that labor lends to these prosaic lives of ours. You need have no fear of not finding work when

once your eyes are open to the necessity for it. It may be, indeed, that so many opportunities will present themselves that there will be difficulty in deciding among them.

There are three questions which, when carefully and honestly answered, will prove a safe guide in this matter. First, is the work a necessary one? Does the demand for it arise from some real need of the race? Will my fellow men be happier, wiser, better, for its having been performed? Second, Is the work a legitimate one? Would the best powers of my being be called forth and developed in its performance? Does it intrude upon any present known duty? Third, Is it *my* work? For God has given to each of us a work just as surely as he has given us an identity,—a work which, if we fail to do it, will be left undone throughout all eternity as a memorial of our infidelity or incapacity. Then let us not shirk our work, nor try to fit our burden to the shoulders of another. It is ours, God-given and God-required. As long as we live, it will be with us, the solace of our declining years or the haunting ghost of our recollections. But this is as we will. The work God has given to each of us is as long as life, and its results are as lasting as eternity. It only remains for us to find and do it.

Some one says, "My ability is so small that it scarcely seems necessary for me to work when others can accomplish so much more with equal effort." Result is the standard by which man judges success or failure. Effort is God's standard. Because one's talent is small, it is none the less God-given. Of him to whom little is given, little is required so far as results go; but in effort the same is required of every one, and that is his best. With this thought in mind, let the one with small ability go to work in earnest, and he will soon find that his capacity for work is increasing.

There is but one way in the world to learn to row a boat; and that is to take the oars in your own hands and row. True, one may gain some idea of how to proceed by watching another handle the oars, but no ability nor power is gained until he takes them into his own hands. Just so there is but one way to learn to do any sort of work, and that is to work. And when difficulties come, as they will, it is not wise to try to avert or evade them. One's courage should always be in direct proportion to the difficulties he must meet,—

"And never, on all the way,
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so threatening and so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour."

That consciousness of power which comes as a result of battling with and conquering the difficulties which come to us is the angel at our side who is ever inviting us on to higher pursuits, and giving us courage to undertake new tasks and try new paths.

Last, but by no means least worthy of notice, is the symmetrical development of character which comes to one as a result of honest, soulful labor that will enable him to stand on that most precarious of all precarious footings, the pinnacle of success.

Then let us turn to work; let us embrace her as a friend, and thank God for time and opportunity to enjoy her companionship.

ETHEL TERRY REEDER.

MAKING a mistake in the outset of life is like beginning to wind a skein of silk at the wrong end. It gives infinite trouble, and perhaps is in a tangle half through, but it often gets smooth and straight before the close. Thus many a man has so conquered himself, for duty's sake, that the work he originally hated, and therefore did ill, he gets in time to do well, and consequently to like.—*D. M. Craik.*



DIVISION I—GEOLOGY

Chapter VII—The Storm and Its Effects

§65. THE message, "Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh," seemed to the world of Noah's day an absolute impossibility. How could their cloudless sky produce such a volume of water? Never had their horizon been darkened by clouds or rain; never had the thunders rolled or the lightnings flashed across their sky.

§66. The ark was at last finished; and the pleadings of Noah's voice ceased,—that voice which for one hundred and twenty years had been heard in solemn warnings throughout the length and breadth of the land. Then this righteous man gave his attention no longer to the scoffing mockers who had so long rejected his message, but rather to the care and arrangement, within the ark, of the birds and beasts that had, guided by angelic hands, come to receive the very means of salvation from the coming storm that men had refused. When all was in readiness, the Lord himself shut Noah and his family in; and the voice of God declared, "For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth."

§67. There are thousands of persons living upon our earth to-day who have never seen it rain, and who are as incredulous as to the possibility of such an occurrence as were those who lived before the flood. The inhabitants of Upper Egypt know no more of rain than did the world of Noah's day. The earth at the present time has no fewer than five million five hundred thousand square miles of territory where rain never falls.

§68. "And it came to pass on the seventh day [margin] that the waters of the flood were upon the earth." Gen. 7: 10. Little can we realize the terrible consternation of that deluded people when they saw the first great drops of rain fall heavily from the darkened sky. Vividly did the warnings of Noah come before their bewildered minds as they realized, for the first time, the physical depression of a heavily laden atmosphere, and felt the very ground give way beneath their feet. "The earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. . . . Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them. Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered." Ps. 18: 7-15.

§69. As the vast cataracts of water poured down from the skies, the scene of confusion was appalling. Vast fields and beautiful valleys sank forever out of sight. Great pillars of water spouted up from the earth beneath, carrying mud, earth, rocks, and trees with them. Buildings were crushed by these falling rocks, and their remains scattered everywhere. Strong men strove with powerful beasts for the higher elevations of land, in order to escape the rapidly rising waters. So terrible were the convulsions of nature that the Lord says (Isa. 24: 18, 19): "For the windows from on high are open, and the foundations of the earth do shake. The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly." While these texts refer more especially to the final destruction of the earth by fire, yet from their wording they certainly do have some reference to its previous destruction by water. In "Patriarchs and Prophets" we read that "the depths of the earth are the Lord's arsenal, whence were drawn weapons to be employed in the destruction of the old world. Waters gushing from the earth united with the waters from heaven to accomplish the work of destruction."

§70. As there is probably no more graphic description of the flood and its effects than that given by the same writer, we quote the following (pages 107, 108): "The entire surface of the earth was changed at the flood. . . . As the water began to subside, the hills and mountains were surrounded by a vast, turbid sea. Everywhere were strewn the dead bodies of men and beasts. The Lord would not permit these to remain to decompose and pollute the air, therefore he made of the earth a vast burial-ground. A violent wind, which was caused to blow for the purpose of drying up the waters, moved them with great force, in some instances even carrying away the tops of the mountains, and heaping up trees, rocks, and earth above the bodies of the dead.

§71. "By the same means the silver and gold, the choice wood and precious stones, which had enriched and adorned the world before the flood, and which the inhabitants had idolized, were concealed from the sight and search of men, the violent action of the water piling earth and rocks upon these treasures, and in some cases, even forming mountains above them. . . . The earth presented an appearance of confusion and desolation impossible to describe. The mountains, once so beautiful in their perfect symmetry, had become broken and irregular. Stones, ledges, and ragged rocks were now scattered upon the surface of the earth. . . . Where once had been earth's richest treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, were seen the heaviest marks of the curse. And upon countries that were not inhabited, and where there had been the least crime, the curse rested more lightly.

§72. "At this time immense forests were buried. These have since been changed to coal, forming the extensive coal-beds that now exist, and also yielding large quantities of oil. The coal and the oil frequently ignite and burn beneath the surface of the earth. Thus rocks are heated, limestone is burned, and iron ore melted. The action of the water upon the lime adds fury to the intense heat. As the fire and water come in contact with ledges of rock and ore, there are loud explosions, and volcanic eruptions follow."

§73. Never has the writer found, in so small a compass, entirely free from glaring inconsistencies, so complete a volume of geological truths as is contained in the foregoing quotation. This world's wisdom never framed so full an answer to the many problems found in the geological field of science as is herein contained. As we now take up each one of the principal geological questions, we shall see how utterly false are many of the popular deductions drawn therefrom; also how true and consistent are the Scriptural teachings concerning this important subject. For the Lord designed that man should read, in the very rocks themselves, a confirmation of the great truths of his word as penned by the hand of his servant Moses.

QUESTIONS

Give as many reasons as possible why the preaching of Noah should seem unreasonable to those who heard it. Why are the scoffers of to-day willingly ignorant of the deluge? 2 Peter 3: 3-7. State the events connected with the close of the antediluvian probation. Describe the storm and its effects. How was the internal structure of the earth affected? After the waters subsided, what was strewn over the face of the earth? How and why did the Lord cause these bodies to be buried? What did this high wind do to the mountains and many of the rocks? Where now do we find our gold, silver, and precious stones? State from what material, and in what manner, our coal-mines were formed. From what is coal-oil formed? Besides the burning of these, what other causes can you give of volcanoes, earthquakes, hot springs, etc.? In what great event do most of our geological questions center?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

2005 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.



PANSY FACES

UNDER the eave of the cottage wall,
Just back of the drip when the rain-drops fall,
Mingled with leaves which their stems entwine,
Fragments of opaline velvet shine,
Of nature's unrivaled weave.

Shadows embodied they seem, astray
From shade that envelops them all the day,
Splashed with the gold that upon them shines
When the sun caresses their graceful lines
A moment at morn and eve.

More than mere beauty all flowers possess;
These have expression and means to express,—
Beautiful faces from which shines out
Heaven-born joy, that is shed about
Like smiles that the angels leave.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

PERFUME BY THE WAY

"WHERE is that sweet thing? I can not see
anything of it, and yet I know that somewhere
near us a lovely flower is growing."

Then here and there we
search, among the bushes
and in the deep grass, until
we have found the plant
which has shed so much
of perfume upon our way.

"It does me good just to
look into that man's face.
It is as good as a sermon
to me to sit where I can see
the light in his eyes."

This is what a young lady
said of a gentleman who
lived very near to the
Blessed One. It was like
fragrance from the flower
by the way. At first we
could not find it, but its
perfume betrayed its pres-
ence. We had only to look
about a little to discover the
secret of its hiding.

"I never feel like say-
ing anything wrong when I
am with this young man.
Someway I think of better
things when I am with him
than at any other time. I
wish I might always feel that way."

Can you think of anything more to be desired
than to possess a character which should be thus
helpful to all we meet? And there is so much
need of young men and women who are thus
helpful! Beautiful as this world is, much as
there is in it to enjoy, not every one sees the
beauty, not all know its pleasures. Some one
must point these gloomy hearts up toward the
brighter things so thickly strewn life's path-
way.

But is it possible to live up to this standard?
Is it worth while to do so, anyway?

A young lady whose life is very beautiful said,
in answer to these questions: "I do not see how
any one can help showing it by his life if he
really has the Spirit in his heart. How can he?"

That is a hard question to answer. It seems
as if you and I must let the sunshine out if it
be really in our souls. Why place curtains at
the windows when the world so much needs the
light? Why carry the candle down into the cellar
when without it all will be dark about us?

Our question, then, ought to be, not, "Is it
possible to live up to this standard?" but, rather,
"How can we live in any other way, and be
truly what we profess?"

It is the man behind the promise to pay that

makes the promise worth anything. It is the
light in the soul which shines out over the life.
If the light is really there, it *must* gleam forth.
Then how the poor and the weary and the sad
and the lonely will seek its cheering rays! They
will search for it just as you and I sought the
flower growing by the wayside. They will linger
as we pass by to feel the influence which goes
out from all we do, and will be made better and
happier thereby.—*Young People's Weekly*.

HOW CEMENT IS MADE

BEING interested to learn how cement is made,
I visited the large cement works near Yankton,
S. D. These works are situated on the Mis-
souri River a few miles west of the town, where
the crude material, chalk and clay, is found in
abundance.

I first visited the engine-room, where an engine
of five hundred horse-power was at work. It con-
sumes six and one-half tons of coal in ten hours,
and a point on the circumference of the fly-wheel

ground fine, and conveyed to a large warehouse,
where it is sacked or barreled ready for shipment.

When an order for cement is received, it can
be loaded on the cars direct from the warehouse.
From each carload a sufficient quantity is kept to
make three forms, which are of the thickness of
one inch vertically, and one inch in the center
and about one and one-half inches at the ends lat-
erally. These are for testing the tensile strength
of the cement. On the seventh day from the time
the forms are made, the first test is taken. The
form is placed in clamps, which are closed on each
end, and then pulled apart. Weights indicate the
power required, which is from two hundred and
fifty to six hundred and ten pounds,—usually
about four hundred and fifty. Three hundred and
fifty pounds is full standard. That kept twenty-
eight days requires over eight hundred pounds to
break, while that kept for one year is almost like
stone. A record of each test is placed on a card,
which is kept on file. If a purchaser is not satis-
fied with his cement, he can trace its record, and
so determine its original strength.

Tests are also made to see how soon the
cement sets, or hardens. The time varies
with different lots, but it is usually from
fifty-two minutes to four hours.

JAMES C. ANDERSON.

HOLDING ON TO SIN

A LITTLE child was one day
playing with a very valuable vase,
when he put his hand into it, and
could not withdraw it. His
father, too, tried his best to get
it out, but all in vain.

They were talking of breaking
the vase, when the father said:
"Now, my son, make one more
try; open your hand and hold
your fingers out straight, as you
see me doing, and then pull."

To their astonishment, the little
fellow said, "Oh, no, papa! I
couldn't put out my fingers like
that; for if I did, I would drop
my penny."

He had been holding on to a
penny all the time! No wonder
he could not withdraw his hand.
How many of us are like him?
Drop the copper, surrender, let
go, and God will give you free-
dom.—*Selected*.

SOME HINTS FOR SELF-
EXAMINATION

THERE are times in the life of
most people who profess Chris-
tianity when there come doubts
as to whether they are living up
to the standard laid down in the

Bible. "For myself," says a writer in the *Her-
ald and Presbyter*, "I have written down the
following questions, and find them helpful:—

Do I love God with all my heart, soul, and
strength?

Am I willing to leave all, and follow him?

Have I faith in Christ which enables me, in
times of trouble and affliction, to look up and say:
"Not my will, but thine, be done"?

Do I keep the commandments?

Do I do good as I have opportunity?

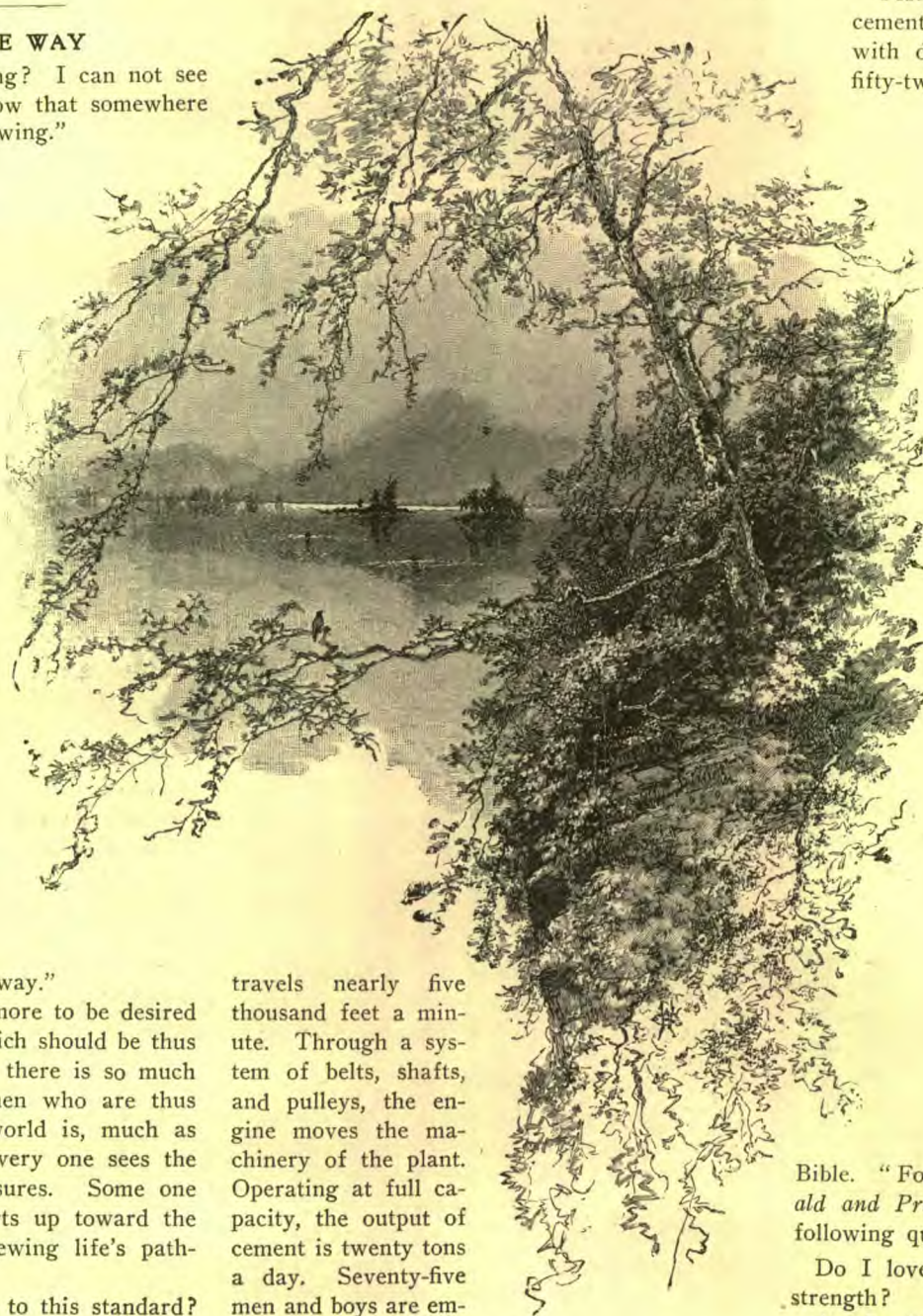
Do I search the Scriptures daily, to see what
the Lord would have me to do?

Can I claim the precious promises?

Do I cherish a kind and forgiving spirit toward
my enemies, and love my neighbor?

Am I keeping myself pure and unspotted from
the world?

Do I thank God, morning, noon, and night, and
at all times cherish a spirit of thankfulness, for
the blessings I have?



travels nearly five
thousand feet a min-
ute. Through a sys-
tem of belts, shafts,
and pulleys, the en-
gine moves the ma-
chinery of the plant.
Operating at full ca-
pacity, the output of
cement is twenty tons
a day. Seventy-five
men and boys are em-
ployed. The clay and
chalk are first mined,
then carried to the second floor in a car drawn
by a cable. From there they are weighed, mixed,
and fed into a grinder. Being mixed with water,
the material is reduced to thick mud. Afterward
it is thrown into open vats, where in good weather
it hardens in about seven days. Then it is piled
in drying-sheds and afterward carried in buckets
on an endless cable to large retorts, which are
generally about twenty feet wide and fifty feet
deep, and are filled with coke and "mud" in
alternate layers about five and thirteen inches
thick. When these are filled, the opening is closed,
and covered with fire-clay. One week is usually
sufficient for burning. Then the product is



WHAT OF THY HOUR?

WHAT of thy hour just past?
 The record of that hour shall last
 When time is spent. What record went
 Of thought and deed,
 Marked thine, the Judge may read,
 And put beneath thy name?
 Was it an hour of worth or shame;
 Of gold or dross;
 Of gain, or of eternal loss?
 How were the moments God hath given thee
 spent?
 Dropped one by one and lost, or sent
 On errands some Christ-work to do?
 What superscription did they bear for you
 To yonder world? Was God or time
 Stamped on the moments? That no crime
 Stained their fair hue
 Is not enough. To God is due
 Return of love's sweet breath;
 Of sacrifice through life, through death;
 Of hours stamped deeply with his name;
 Of moments kindled into flame
 To lighten time. Count up returns of thine;
 They will thy riches be throughout eternity.
 — George Klinge.

HOSPITALITY IN THE HOUSE OF GOD

Nor long ago the writer attended sacred services in three different houses of worship in a large city. After the services, the crowds broke up into little groups, who chatted pleasantly among themselves; but in only one place was the stranger remembered. In this church of pleasant memory, a kind-faced brother stood in the aisle, and held out his hand with a cheery word of greeting to every one who passed. What a wealth of welcome was in that smile and hearty hand-clasp! How it must appeal to those who are friendless, and draw them, perhaps unconsciously, to attend service there again.

There is no loneliness more poignant than that which comes to those who find themselves among strangers in a house of worship. All their friends and acquaintances are left behind; not one familiar face in all the company. And if, added to this, they are passed coldly by again and again, should they be blamed for feeling neglected and unwelcome?

In Seventh-day Adventist houses of worship, as in no other, special attention should be bestowed upon strangers. They should be welcomed with a smile, the best seats should be given them, the attitude of all the members should make them feel that they are among friends. After the service, they should be invited to come again, and a few inquiries may be tactfully made that will lead them to feel that their welfare is of moment. Often precious opportunities for missionary work will open up in this way.

We are told that angels of God, in human form, have visited our churches, and have felt the chill neglect of those who profess to be the children of Christ. In our treatment of the strangers who visit us in our houses of worship, no less than of those who come to our homes, we need to remember the admonition of the apostle: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

SHALL WE HELP THE UNWORTHY?

AN essential characteristic of a true Christian is the tendency which he possesses to share with others his blessings. The enormous destitution and suffering that are seen everywhere, as well as the great buildings erected at public expense, bear evidence that some are failing to do their individual duty toward their fellow men.

The Scriptures admonish us to bring the poor that are cast out to our homes. The Bible does not advise us to send them to the poorhouse or some other public institution. God requests, "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee." Isa. 16:4. Occasionally there are workers who come to our institutions for the purpose of securing such a training as will fit them to be efficient missionaries for others; yet they are so supremely selfish that they are not willing to share their room with some fellow worker. As long as one cherishes such a disposition, he will never be anything but a purely mechanical or professional missionary. The true-hearted missionary has a spontaneous impulse that leads him to labor unselfishly for all.

Unless the Christian worker has daily a fresh endowment of that genuine spirit of hospitality coupled with that same desire to help humanity that the Master possessed, he will soon lose his enthusiasm for helping others, and so will begin to save his money; and while so doing, he will lose his soul, for it will become so calloused and cold that he will eventually lose his spiritual power, and in reality be far more poverty-stricken than he was in the days when his neighbors used to consider him a person who could be easily imposed upon. There can be no doubt that there were many who made Christ an object of ridicule because he allowed himself to be so frequently imposed upon by those who were not deserving of the blessings which he so freely dispensed.

If we are ever tempted to share in that feeling, let us bear in mind that God has done more things for us that we have not deserved than we shall ever have the opportunity of doing for others who are undeserving.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

HOSPITALITY

(October 27 to November 2)

HOSPITALITY a Christian grace. Titus 1:8.

Commanded. 1 Peter 4:9.

To be bestowed upon —

Brethren. *Id.*

Strangers. Heb. 13:2, first part.

True hospitality will lead its possessor to —

Entertain the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind. Luke 14:13, 14.

Lodge strangers. Gen. 19:1-3; Job 31:32.

Treat even enemies with courtesy. 2 Kings 6:22, 23.

Beautiful examples of hospitality —

Abraham in entertaining the three travelers. Gen. 18:1-8.

A heathen king to the patriarch Jacob. Gen. 47:5, 6.

The Shunammite to Elisha. 2 Kings 4:8, 10.

Mary and Martha to Jesus. John 12:1, 2.

One great reward of hospitality. Heb. 13:2, last part.

SUGGESTIONS

1. The article on Hospitality in the *Review* of October 22 should be carefully read in connection with this study. In your meetings, so far as possible, dwell upon the practical side of this grace, — the little courtesies to be shown to guests; the unobtrusive thoughtfulness that ministers to their comfort; how those who have no homes themselves may yet exercise hospitality, etc., etc.

2. Trifles are the things that lie between comfort and discomfort. It is a *trifle* to see that the room set apart for a guest is spotlessly clean; that the bed is well aired, the sheets fresh and dry, the bedding sufficient for an extra cover if its need is felt; that the lamp is filled and the wick and chimney are in good order; that water and soap and towels are supplied and often renewed; that comb and brushes are on the bureau; and that writing-materials are easily accessible: but it is on just such trifles that a guest's comfort, and often his health, depend.

3. In very many little ways the happiness and well-being of a guest depends upon every member of the family. If rudeness, manifestations

of temper, and unkind, sharp, bitter words are indulged in between the members of the family, no matter how polite they may be to him, his peace of mind will be destroyed, and his stay marred. In the exercise of gentleness, love, and forbearance, even the younger members of the family may have a part in the exercise of true hospitality.

4. But with all this done, — with everything to minister to his physical comfort supplied, and the home atmosphere kept bright and clear, — there will yet be something of good lost if your guest does not feel, during his stay with you, be it long or short, a *positive* influence drawing his mind away from himself, and strengthening his faith and love in his Heavenly Father. "No one knocks at my door who is not sent by God," says a thoughtful writer, and it is solemnly true that we may meet no one, no matter how trivially, without in some measure making our influence felt upon him. All kinds of people knock at our doors, — thoughtless, pleasure-loving, faultfinding, as well as the poor, the afflicted, the broken-hearted. But all are sent by God. What a solemn thought! Shall they go out from our presence stronger to meet the temptations that beset their feet, of good courage to press forward in the Christian pathway, of renewed confidence in God, and desire to do his work, or — dreadful thought! — with their minds filled with doubt, discouragement, and unbelief because of our unfaithfulness, — to gain the victory, if gain it they do, in spite of us, rather than helped by us?

5. The spirit of true hospitality will do more than influence one's life at home. It will be shown in his very manner when he meets strangers; it will give depth and meaning to his greeting of friends; above all, it will govern his conduct in the house of God, and lead him to give a cordial welcome to the strangers who visit it, as well as the shy, the friendless, and the unnoticed who come there to worship.

NOTES ON THE TOPIC

1. Our work in this world is to live for others' good, to bless others, to be hospitable; and frequently it may be only at some inconvenience that we can entertain those who really need the care, and the benefit of our society and our homes. — Mrs. E. G. White.

2. The admonitions to hospitality "have been strangely neglected. Even among those who profess to be Christians, true hospitality is little exercised. Among our own people the opportunity of showing hospitality is not regarded as it should be, as a privilege and blessing. There is altogether too little sociability, too little of a disposition to make room for two or three more at the family board, without embarrassment or parade. Some plead that it is 'too much trouble.' It would not be if you would say, 'We have made no special preparation, but you are welcome to what we have.' By the unexpected guest a welcome is appreciated far more than elaborate preparation." — *Id.*

3. To his faithful servants to-day as well as to his first disciples Christ's words apply, "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." No act of kindness shown in his name will fail to be recognized and rewarded. And in the same tender recognition, Christ includes even the feeblest and lowliest of the family of God. — *Id.*

4. Poverty need not shut us out from showing hospitality. We are to impart what we have. There are those who struggle for a livelihood, who have great difficulty in making their income meet their necessities; but they love Jesus in the person of his saints, and are ready to show hospitality to believers and unbelievers, trying to make their visits profitable. At the family board and the family altar the guests are made welcome. The season of prayer makes its impression on those who receive entertainment, and even one visit may mean the saving of a soul from death. For this work the Lord makes a reckoning, saying, "I will repay." — *Id.*



THREE LITTLE SERVANTS

I HAVE a little servant,
With a single eye;
She always does my bidding
Very faithfully;
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you may
well think.

Another little servant
On my finger sits;
She the one-eyed little servant
Very neatly fits.
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you well
may think.

Now one more little servant,
Through the single eye,
Does both the other's bidding
Very faithfully;
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink—
A very clever servant, as you
well may think.

A needle and a thimble
And a spool of thread,
Without the fingers nimble
And the knowing head,—
They would never make out,
If they tried a day,
To sew a square of patchwork
as you well may say.

—Selected.

THE WILD ANIMAL CATCHER

THE United States government hires a man to catch wild animals to be put in museums and public parks. His name is Thomas Elwood Hofer. He is called "Billy" by all his friends. This man is a great hunter, and has had many thrilling and narrow escapes.

For more than twenty years he has made his headquarters at the northern edge of Yellowstone Park. He has captured several hundred animals, including bears, elk, deer, foxes, antelopes, squirrels, and numbers of birds.

In the picture you see Billy surrounded by his four-footed friends begging for some breakfast. I will tell you about them.

One morning in April he was riding down the mountainside when he came to a sudden turn in the bridle-path. Not far from the edge of the wood he thought he saw an antelope. Using his field-glass he could tell by its actions that it was a doe.

He got off his horse, and crept up as near as possible to the spot where he thought the young should be. Then the mother antelope gave the alarm to the little ones, who instantly dropped to the ground, and the tall grass hid them for a few minutes. The mother, being badly frightened, bounded into the forest. Billy found three baby antelopes too young to walk. They stared at him with their big brown eyes in a most helpless way. Billy put one little antelope into one saddle-bag, with only his head sticking out, the second he treated in the same way, and the third he put across the saddle; then he rode slowly to his tent.

That night he fed the young antelopes with milk from a bottle, just like human babies. After

a few days' feeding, the little creatures became very trustful, and learned to believe in Billy, who cared for them faithfully. When the baby antelopes got hungry at night they would cry pitifully; and Billy would get up, and warm the milk to feed his pets. At breakfast-time they seemed to know what was in store for them; for they would crowd about Billy like impatient children, pawing at his legs to let him know how hungry they were.

When the weather grew a little warmer, Billy put his pets in an inclosure out-of-doors. As he always gave them their food himself, they soon became friendly. When they heard his whistle, they would instantly jump to their feet.

One chilly night in May there was a terrific storm in the mountains. Billy brought the three little antelopes into his own tent. The wind blew, the lightning flashed, and crash after crash of thunder echoed through the mountains. Billy could not sleep. It must have been after midnight when he thought he heard a strange noise. It sounded more like a howl than anything else. He listened again; this time the sound was nearer and stronger. Hark! he listened once more; now



WAITING FOR BREAKFAST

he knew it. It was a pack of hungry wolves scouring the country for something to eat. What if they should travel his way, and kill his antelopes, after all his tender care! Billy loves animals, and rarely kills one unless in self-defense, but he has no use for wolves.

A short distance from Billy's tent there was a cave with a small opening. He quickly seized his lantern and gun, hustled the baby antelopes into the cave, and then got in himself, barring the entrance with a huge stone, still leaving a peephole for emergency. Nearer and nearer came the wild howling. Billy ventured to look out; at first he could see nothing, but by and by a flash of lightning showed from ten to fifteen wolves howling and wrangling among themselves. Two were fighting in front of the cave. Billy shot one; and the others, surprised, made for the mountains as fast as they could. Their howls grew fainter and fainter.

At dawn the rain had ceased, and Billy cautiously looked out once more. All was quiet. He ran back to the tent, heated some milk, and brought it to the antelopes, who were loudly clamoring for their breakfast.

After several months the baby antelopes learned to eat solid food, and in due time were shipped to Washington.

THE "LITTLE WILD HEN'S RUSE"

"PAPA," cried Floyd, running breathlessly up to his father, who sat reading on the cool veranda at Hillsdale Farm, "O papa! there's a poor little wild hen down at the edge of the creek meadow, and I guess she's got a lot of little peep chickens, and I'm sure they'll starve to death! She's a little bit of a speckled, plump hen, with almost no neck; and one wing is broken, I'm sure, for she tried so hard to fly, and didn't get on at all. And I think she has tiny peep chickens, because Cousin John said 'most a month ago, when we first came to grandpapa's, that she had a nest somewhere in the swale beyond the meadow."

"Oh, ho!" said papa, laying aside his book, with a very sober face, but with a funny twinkle in his eye. "So John told you about her! Did he say she was a partridge?"

"No, that wasn't the word; it's shorter than that. Why, you know, papa, she's the little hen that keeps saying, 'Bob White! Bob White!' almost every afternoon and evening."

"Yes, I know now," said papa, smiling. "Her name is Mrs. Quail. But it's her mate, my boy, that says 'Bob White!' She has been too busy lately hatching her chicks to say anything. But who can have been cruel enough to break her wing? Let us see."

They walked briskly across the sweet-smelling meadow grass until almost in the shade of the wooded strip beyond. Then they went more slowly and cautiously till Floyd pointed out the spot where he had seen timid Mrs. Quail. She was not there, but as they walked forward into the woods very softly, and speaking in whispers, she suddenly darted from a clump of ferns almost beneath their feet.

With a whirl she shot a few feet into the air, and wheeled to the left; but before going a rod she fell to the ground with one wing outstretched, and fluttered along, crying, as if in great pain.

"O papa!" Floyd exclaimed, almost in tears, "don't let's scare her any more! See how it hurts

the poor thing!"

"Very well," said papa, "let us go this other way, to the right, and look carefully under every leaf and beside all the stones. Maybe we can find some of her chicks."

They moved slowly away; but instead of hurrying off in the opposite direction, as she had started, the mother quail came nearer, tried to fly a second time, and again fell with a broken wing—only it was the right one this time, instead of the left, which had been outstretched before. Her actions seemed to say: "If you want to catch anybody, catch me. I'm wounded, and can't get away."

But the two intruders kept right on searching, and all at once the father whispered: "Quick, my boy, come here just as quietly as you can!"

Floyd crawled swiftly to his side, and peeped under his arm. There were three grayish-brown stones in a row—at least the two outside ones

were stones, but on looking close it could be seen that the round ball cuddled between them had a downy surface with mottled lines set close together. And right in the center were two bright eyes that no one ever saw in a stone. It was a baby quail, not more than two or three days old, but sharper at playing hide-and-seek than a boy or girl of a thousand times that age.

Papa and Floyd watched it for five minutes, but the little chap did not stir a feather. All this time the anxious mother kept calling and fluttering about only a few yards away. Her wing was not broken, as Floyd's papa had known from the first; it simply was a pretty trick that many wild, feathered mothers employ to lure enemies away from their young.

After a little time Floyd whispered "Good-by" to the chick, and the two went quietly away, sure that as soon as they were gone, the wildwood family would be speedily reunited.—*Roe L. Hendrick, in Youth's Companion.*

MY MISSION

I WANT to be a watchman,
And with the watchmen stand,
And sound the note of warning
O'er all this troubled land.
I want to tell the story
How Jesus died to save,
And with the Father's glory
Came from the cruel grave.

Let me repeat the promise
That he will come again,
And hear the joyful echo
O'er every hill and plain.
I want to tell my brother
That Christ is very near;
How like a loving mother,
He quiets all my fear.

And O, if they'll believe me,
And join the holy throng,
The watch will soon be ended;
'Twill not be very long.
We shall the earth inherit
When Jesus comes to reign,
Receive the Holy Spirit,
And shout the glad refrain.

S. O. JAMES.

THE HOLY SEED

God says to each one of us, dear children, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And he tells us what it is that is to make this wonderful change. "Ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." That word, which drops gently upon our hearts like the snow and the rain to cleanse us, is also the seed, which will take beautiful form in the pure, snowy blossoms of holiness that it brings forth.

To every one of you, dear children, God is saying, "If thou wilt hearken unto me, there shall no strange god be in thee, neither shalt thou worship any strange god." In these words he shows us that all we have to do is to listen to his voice when he says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and then he will keep away every strange plant out of his garden, and root out all the weeds of sin, and everything that he has not planted himself. These things will all fade away, just as the fig-tree withered at the word of Christ.

The great ugly weed of *self* tries to fill up all the space in the garden, and it has such showy blossoms that we are sometimes deceived into thinking it is a very fine plant. But O, when we see "the Chiefest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely," all our love for *self* will disappear, and this ugly weed will shrink and wither away as we say, "Not I, but Christ." And in its place the sweet, pure worship of the one true God with all the heart and mind and soul and strength will fill the garden with "the beauty of holiness" for the pleasure of the King, and to show forth his praises. EDITH E. ADAMS.



THE raising of the coco plant is a delicate operation. The young plants have to be sheltered by larger trees, as they can not stand the direct rays of the sun. A cucumber-like pod growing on the trunk and the large branches contains the seeds, the coco-beans of commerce. Besides the care of raising, the process of drying requires painstaking attention.

IN July of last year, during the burning of the oil tanks at Bayonne, N. J., an immense umbrella-shaped column of smoke rose straight up in the air to the surprising height of 13,411 feet,—more than two miles and a half. The phenomenon was observed for two days. After one explosion the flames shot up three thousand feet into the air, and their heat was felt nearly two miles away. Little wind was stirring at the time; and except at the top of the smoke column, where soft white clouds formed, the sky was cloudless.

WOODPECKERS feed largely on worms that burrow into trees. Sometimes these borers make a gallery three or four feet long in a single season; so in order to get at his prey, the bird must make a number of incisions in the wood. While on a natural history exploration in the Maine woods, Prof. E. T. Clarke noticed one family of woodpeckers that adopted a practical labor-saving device in obtaining their favorite food. Having opened up a gallery made by a borer, the birds brought the berries of the Indian poke, "the rankest plant that grows in the Maine woods," and dropped them one by one into the orifice. The odor from these berries is detested by all animal life, and to escape it, the grubs would come to the surface, where the intelligent woodpeckers were waiting for them.

BREADFRUIT

MOST of the INSTRUCTOR readers are familiar with the story of the mutiny of the "Bounty,"—how in 1787 this vessel, under command of Lieutenant Bligh, was sent from England to Tahiti, there to load with breadfruit plants to be carried to the West Indies; and how a mutiny broke out, and the commander and his crew were cast adrift in a small boat, while the mutineers returned to Tahiti, a few afterward settling on the lonely island of Pitcairn.

Lieutenant Bligh had been sent on this expedition at the recommendation of Captains Camper and Cook, who, years previously, had called the attention of the English government to the value of this fruit, and the desirability of introducing its culture into the West Indies.

The fruit has nothing about it, either in taste or form, that resembles bread, but acquires its name from the fact that it forms the staple food substance, hence the bread, of the inhabitants of the tropical islands.

The tree is fair-sized, with large, glossy foliage, the male flowers growing in spikes, and the female in a dense head, the carpels of which consolidate, and form the fruit, which, in size and shape, generally resembles a melon. There are several varieties, some of which are not eaten, but whose large seeds are highly esteemed as food. The edible fruit seldom matures seed. There being many varieties, some are constantly ripening fruit, so that the fruit is present on the trees nearly all the year round.

In the South Sea Islands, a common practice is to roast the fruit in the coals, afterward scooping out the contents with a spoon. The fruit is

picked just before ripening, when it is filled with starchy material, which, when cooked in this manner, resembles potato prepared with milk. It is frequently eaten with milk, butter, or syrup, making a toothsome mush, or pudding. In the Pacific Islands the fruit is stored in pits to ferment, when it forms a substance resembling new cheese, and having a very offensive odor. This disappears, however, when the fruit is baked under hot stones.

The common method of preserving breadfruit is to cut it into thin slices, which are dried in the sun, and afterward reduced to a flour, from which bread, biscuit, and puddings are made; or the slices are baked, and eaten without grinding. W. S. CHAPMAN.

WHEELS THAT MOVE NOTHING

ONE of the common attractions at the summer resorts is a miniature locomotive in a glass case, which stands motionless on a tiny track. When a penny is dropped into the slot, all at once the little wheels begin to move. Faster and faster they fly, as if trying to make a record for speed. But when the piston-rod ceases to work, and the wheels are still again, the little engine has not moved an inch, nor done a bit of work. The activity is all spectacular; the wheels go around, and nothing more.

There are some young people who remind us of this little engine. They are always busy. Sometimes we have heard them complain that they "hardly have time to breathe," and really there seems some ground for this complaint. But with all their hurry they never accomplish very much. One year finds them about where they were the year before. They do not carry an ounce of the world's burden, nor lift an ounce of the world's grief.

Revolving drive-wheels that drive nothing mean wasted power. And so with a life that is all the time busy without accomplishing anything, which spends its energy making the wheels spin around.—*Young People's Weekly.*



HEALING THE PARALYTIC

(Concluded)

Who Can Forgive Sins?—The Pharisees said, "Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only?" This is an instance of the kind of reasoning that starts out right, but ends wrong. Their first inference—that no one but God could forgive sins—was right. But it did not necessarily follow that because Jesus had forgiven sins, therefore he was a blasphemer; for he was God,—Immanuel; God with us; God dwelling in human flesh. "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins (he said unto the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house." Luke 5:24. The Son of man had power on earth to forgive sins, and so to-day it is the same Jesus that is on earth in every man, who has power to forgive the sinner, and free him from the bondage of his sin.

Arise, Take up Thy Couch.—The man was commanded to take up his bed and walk. To receive power to do this was the very thing for which he had come to Christ. He received the power in obeying the Master's command. In making the attempt to obey, the necessary strength was supplied. A great object-lesson is here of the disaster of continually waiting for the gift of the

Spirit, or for any other blessing that man needs, and God is willing to bestow. Heaven often asks of us the apparently impossible. It would seem that God sometimes bids us do that which we are unable to perform; and so it was in the healing of the paralytic. He was told to rise up and walk. And yet this was the very thing he was unable to do. It was his willingness to obey the Master's word that empowered him to do the thing commanded; and so with the soul dead in trespasses and sins: the one who is suffering from *spiritual paralysis*, the one who has sinned against light, the one who has stifled the conscience, may be asked to "arise and shine;" and it is according to the willingness with which he yields obedience that the necessary strength is supplied; for it is written, "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted."

Go into Thine House. And Immediately He Rose Up.—The Saviour did not send the man, after he had been healed, to some great audience to tell of the miracle that had been wrought upon him. He directed the man to go home; and in obedience to the Master's instructions, he went. The greatest evidences of conversion and a real change of life are to be found in the home and the home life of the Christian. One who is not a Christian at home can not expect to be one away from home. The great evidence that the paralytic had been forgiven, and that he actually appreciated his forgiveness, is found in his unquestioning and immediate obedience; for no sooner had the Master said, "Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house," than we find the man on his feet starting toward home.

An evidence of the spiritual healing of the paralytic is found in his implicit obedience. He carried out the Master's instructions to the letter. He did not wait until the day of miracles and wonders was over before going home; neither did he tarry to occupy much time in thanking the Master, or to tell the multitude of the wonders which had been wrought in his case. He went home at once, carrying his bed, as the Master had directed. The people said, "We never saw it on this fashion." Truly the work of Jesus was to bring new ways of doing and thinking, and so conversion marks the time when men and women begin to do things according to the *new fashion*. Thinking, eating, dressing, and acting will then be done according to the fashion of true principle and the glory of God, instead of according to this world's fashion, which results in the defilement of body, soul, and spirit.

W. S. SADLER.

PRAYING CONSTANTLY

BUT can we pray constantly? Will it not divert us from our work?—No, it will not. Praying constantly means two things. It means having, in all that we do and say, the prayerful spirit, the sense of God's nearness to us and ours to him, so that we feel his presence, and act as in his presence. This will help, and not hinder, our work. When we are expecting soon to see dear ones, we are not incapacitated by our expectancy. We work the more eagerly and intensely, but with a light and joyous heart. It is so in Jesus' service. We can live in the prayer-consciousness of his presence whatever our work or pleasure. Whatever can not be done in this prayer sense of Christ, we may be sure, is an unallowable thing.

Secondly, unceasing prayer means constant actual turning from our task to speak to God. And we can and must do that. We can not live a whole day through on one single word to God at the day's beginning: We could not work with a friend all day on such terms. Much less can we do so with God. Once and again and again during the day, we must turn definitely to him for friendship, for counsel, for strength.—S. S. Times.



GROWTH OF THE SEED

(November 2)

REFERENCES.—Mark 4: 26-29; "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 62-69.

1. What is the subject of this parable?
2. Who is it that sows the seed?
3. Where is the seed sown?
4. As the seed springs and grows up, what is the sower doing?
5. Of what thing is he ignorant?
6. What makes it possible for fruit to grow under such circumstances?
7. Who gave to the earth this power? Gen. 1: 11.
8. What are three steps of plant growth?
9. As soon as the fruit is ripe, what immediately takes place?
10. Why is the sickle put in so soon?

There are six special points of comparison in this parable:—

Seed.	Plant growth.
Ground.	He that putteth in the sickle.
Sower.	Harvest.

11. In this parable what is compared with the growth of the seed? Where is this kingdom? Luke 17: 21.

12. What is the seed? 1 Peter 1: 23.

13. What is the ground in which the word of God grows? Heb. 8: 10.

14. The one who casts the seed into the ground sleeps part of the time. Does the Master Sower ever sleep? Psalm 121.

15. The man in the parable knows not how the seed grows. Who does know? 1 John 3: 20.

16. Whom, then, must this earthly sower represent?

17. As we see the seeds springing up in a garden, what lesson can we learn concerning God's work in the heart? Isa. 61: 11.

18. If the blade and the ear represent the beginning of the growth of righteousness, what does the "full corn" represent?

19. Who is the one that putteth in the sickle? Rev. 14: 15, 16.

20. What is the harvest? Joel 3: 12-14; Matt. 13: 39.

21. For what is the Husbandman now waiting? James 5: 7.

22. Who does Paul say that God's husbandry are? 1 Cor. 3: 9. Another translation reads: "Ye are God's farm."

23. What very high calling, then, has every farmer? 1 Cor. 3: 9, first part.

24. Who is his teacher? Isa. 28: 24-26.

NOTE

In interpreting the parable of the sower, Christ says, "The seed is the word of God;" but this same thought is found in other portions of the Scriptures that are not parabolic. In Isaiah 55 is found the same comparison: As the seed fulfills its purpose in the earth under the influence of rain and sunshine, so God's word will grow and multiply, and accomplish the thing whereunto it is sent.

SELECTED NOTES ON THE LESSON

1. "The sower of the seed represents those who labor in Christ's stead. The seed is said to 'spring and grow up, he knoweth not how,' and this is not true of the Son of God. Christ does not sleep over his charge, but watches it day and night. He is not ignorant of how the seed grows."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, page 63.

2. "The question may be asked, How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plow, and driveth the oxen?—By seeking her as silver, and search-

ing for her as for hid treasures. 'For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him.'"—*Special Testimony on Education*, page 103.

3. "There is wisdom for him who holds the plow, and plants and sows the seed. The earth has its concealed treasures, and the Lord would have thousands and tens of thousands working upon the soil who are crowded into the cities to watch for a chance to earn a trifle. . . . Fathers and mothers who possess a piece of land and a comfortable house are kings and queens."—*Id.*, pages 104, 105.

4. "Study in agricultural lines should be the A, B, and C of the education given in our schools. This is the very first work that should be entered upon. . . . The school farm is to be regarded as a lesson-book in nature, from which the teachers may draw object-lessons. . . . The Lord would have the grounds about the school dedicated to him as his own schoolroom. . . . So when the students employ their time and strength in agricultural work, in heaven it is said of them, 'Ye are laborers together with God. 1 Cor. 3: 9.'—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, pages 179-187.

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No. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
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EAST-BOUND.

No. 10, Mail and Express, East and Detroit.....	3.45 P. M.
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No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.22 P. M.
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No. 2, Express, East and Detroit.....	7.00 A. M.
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W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
BATTLE CREEK.



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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

A life must be either masterful or miserable—able to control itself, able to overcome obstacles, able to dominate circumstances, or else harried by many trifles into constant discontent.—*Selected.*

MONDAY:

"We will not weep; for God is standing by us,
 And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
 We will not doubt; if darkness still doth try us,
 Our souls have promise of serenest light."

TUESDAY:

When you are distracted with embarrassments and torn with pain, then is the occasion for finding also the energy and the relief and the repose that should be communicated by your faith.—*N. L. Frothingham.*

WEDNESDAY:

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Selected.*

THURSDAY:

We must not spend all our lives in cleaning our windows, but in sunning ourselves in God's blessed light. That light will soon show us what still needs to be cleansed, and will enable us to cleanse it with unerring accuracy.—*Meyer.*

FRIDAY:

To believe with all the heart that we are all children of one Father, sons and daughters of the living God, is to endow us with the highest and purest incentive to living worthy of our heritage and to helping our brothers realize their sonship.—*William D. Little.*

SABBATH:

"Your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Col. 3:3, 4.

EMMANUEL MISSIONARY COLLEGE

THE first annual calendar of the new Emmanuel Missionary College has reached our desk. It is fully illustrated with views of the new college farm, and of the buildings where the school will be carried on during the present year. The reasons for the existence of the new school are briefly stated, and several pages are devoted to a description of the new site, and the causes leading to its selection. The relation of this college to other departments of the work, the general plan, and information to those who desire to attend are also considered, with schedules of studies for the different departments. Little space is given to setting forth rules and regulations, it

being assumed that those who enter this school will be those who are preparing to teach and govern others, and must therefore learn to govern themselves.

To all who are interested in a further examination of this calendar, it will be sent, free, on receipt of a postal card bearing such request. Address E. A. Sutherland, Berrien Springs, Mich.

ANOTHER DOLLAR

For the India Mission Fund is received this week from Brother Brice Morrow, of Lead Hill, Neb. We still lack about ten dollars of the amount necessary to continue the subscription to this club of papers for India another year. Who will send in a small contribution to bring this fund up to the required place, and make it possible to send our youth's paper into other destitute and needy fields?

NOTICE!

WE would call attention to the fact that the INSTRUCTOR is furnished to libraries, reading-rooms, and all public institutions at the rate of fifty cents a year. A number have written in of late, making inquiry in regard to this matter; therefore it is brought to your attention in this way. While we are speaking of the subject, what better way can you think of to expend fifty cents than to send our youth's paper to some institution where there are young people, many of whom might receive the benefit from reading each copy?

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

WE are indebted to the Pacific Press Publishing Company for a complete set of the files of the *Little Friend*, eleven in all. They are beautifully bound, and would be, in themselves, an attractive and instructive library for any child. Each volume contains something over four hundred pages, and is filled with illustrations, and bright anecdotes, short stories, choice poems, and helpful lessons that the children will read and enjoy. If you are thinking of presenting a book to any little friend in remembrance of a birthday or at the holiday season, your gift will be a constant source of delight if you send one of these beautiful bound volumes. For further particulars address the publishers, Oakland, Cal.

THE MISSION OF A PICTURE

THE story is told of a beautiful but poor Bohemian girl who posed for a German artist. In his studio one day she noticed an unfinished picture of the crucifixion, and moved by curiosity she inquired "who that wicked man was," and what he had done to deserve so cruel a death.

The artist was not a Christian, and it was rather unwillingly that he answered the girl's questions, after the first, when he explained that the Sufferer on the cross was not a wicked man,—that he had done nothing to deserve so cruel and dreadful a death,—but that he was "good above all good men in the world." At last one day the girl, feeling the artist's lack of real love for the subject of his picture, said, simply, "I should think you would love him if he died for you."

Then she went away, but her words remained to trouble the mind of her employer, who found no rest till he obtained the peace that comes from confession, acceptance, and forgiveness.

In due time, under the influence of the new love that filled his heart, the artist finished his picture, and it was hung in the Düsseldorf gallery, with these words beneath it: "I did this for thee: what hast thou done for me?" And hither came one day the poor gypsy girl, to gaze and to wonder. As she stood weeping before the picture, touched yet only half comprehending, the artist found her. Now he could answer her eager questions as one to whom the sacrifice portrayed in the picture had brought salvation; and gently he pointed her

to the Man of Calvary as indeed the Saviour of the world—her Saviour if she would believe.

She did believe; and when, a few months later, the artist was called to her dying bed, she told him of her confidence and happiness that she should one day see Him whose pictured face she had so often gazed upon.

We can never measure all the good that a single pure, uplifting influence may exert in the world; but occasionally a glimpse is given for our encouragement.

Years after the incidents already recorded had taken place, the picture which had had so strange a history spoke its silent message to another soul. "A frivolous young nobleman looked upon it, and the study of it and the rebuking pathos of its inscription so moved and influenced him that he consecrated himself to the service of God. The young man was Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravian Church."

It is a remarkable story, and one that should cause every Christian heart to feel a thrill of joy that God can so gloriously use the weak things of the world in his greatest work—the saving of souls. First the chance word of the ignorant peasant girl, pressed home by the Holy Spirit; then the hands of the artist guided and inspired by heavenly love as he laid the colors on the canvas; next the finished picture speaking its wonderful message to poor and rich, low and high alike; and afterward, through the influence of one of these, countless souls brought to a knowledge of the Saviour's love, and hundreds of the bravest, most self-sacrificing missionaries the world has ever seen carrying the light of the gospel into heathen lands.

When we reflect on the small beginning of this great wave of influence, should it not lead us to pray again, as we have often prayed before,—

"Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee,"

that whatever we do,—whether we speak, or sing, or pray, or sweep a room, or do some humble daily task,—all our works may be "wrought in Him," and so done to his glory?

THE CORONATION PICTURE

EDWIN A. ABBEY, an American artist, has received the commission from King Edward VII to paint the official picture of the coronation in Westminster Abbey next year. According to the *Young People's Weekly*, the picture will be a colossal undertaking, and will necessitate the painting of several hundred portraits, for which sittings must be held, apart from the reproduction of the scene in the Abbey. "It will be a scene glittering with gems, and splendid with ancient costumes. If he lives, Lord Salisbury, the premier, will figure in the picture, as will Lord Dufferin, who has won high honors in diplomacy; Lord Cromer, who has remade Egypt; Lords Wolseley, Roberts, and Methuen; Lord Kelvin, the famous scientist; Lord Rosebery, and many others equally famous. Our own ambassador, Mr. Choate, will be in the picture, along with the representatives of other leading countries.

"The painting will represent the moment of the crowning of the sovereign, with the king, queen, and the archbishop of Canterbury as central figures. Of course the scene will not be shown precisely as it is, in every particular, but so modified as to bring into prominence the great characters of the occasion."

LANGUAGE IN THE HUMAN BODY

A New Conception of an Old Subject

BRINGING out a striking parallel between the skeleton and the essential principles of grammar, it gives fresh interest to a dry study.

Only a few copies left.

Price, ten cents.

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