

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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HIS CHOOSING

If he had let me take the pleasant way
Whereto my steps were bent,
The path where birds sing in
the boughs all day,
Shaded and well content,

I had not found, beyond the
leagues of sand,

Toil-worn, the mountain-crest
From which mine eyes look over to that land
Wherein shall be my rest.

If he had let me slumber as I craved,
Pillowed in grasses deep
Beside the stream whose murmuring waters laved
The silver coasts of sleep,

I had not heard his footsteps drawing nigh
Across the lonely place;
Unknown, unloved, they
would have passed me by,
Nor I have seen his face.

— Mabel Earle.

PICTURESQUE BRAZIL

The physical features of Brazil are indeed of exceeding beauty. Its surface, diversified with mountains, hills, and plains, interspersed with noble rivers, and in some places with lovely lakes, is everywhere covered with a verdure luxurious and beautiful. The greater part of the country consists of high table-lands of an elevation of from one thousand to three thousand feet, limited, to the north and west, by the great continental depressions of the Amazon and Paraguay lowlands. The extremely level character of these lowlands, especially those of the Amazon, can be judged from the fact that fifteen hundred miles back from the ocean, an altitude of only two hundred and fifty feet is reached.

Although the table-land of Brazil is often spoken of as being mountainous, it is said by the best authorities to be largely composed of plains, interspersed with valleys and numerous rivers. The real mountains, lying in the eastern and central portions of Brazil, may be regarded as two distinct chains. The eastern, or maritime, chain, extending from the southern extremity to almost the meridional limits of the country, is comparatively narrow, and is separated from the central chain by the plateaus of the San Francisco and the Parana basin. Between the ocean and the maritime chain lies a narrow, low strip of land, much of which is very arid; some of that nearest the ocean is inclined to be marshy.

The rivers of the lowlands are useful as a means of internal communication. Thus, for instance, the great Amazon, with its affluents, alone affords free navigation for over thirty thousand miles. Next in length are the Tocantins, the Parahyba, and the San Francisco. But many of the rivers of the more elevated districts are unnavigable, either wholly or in part, on account of the many rapids and waterfalls found in their courses. The settlers usually build their homes along the streams, large or small, as they depend upon these for their water supply, such a thing as a well being almost unknown in Brazil. I have ridden for hours through the virgin forests, where the land was of the best; but because no stream flowed through that section, there was not a planter to be found.

As to the actual geological and mineral structure of this vast country, it can be said that it is practically unknown. The mountains are largely composed of granite rock, while a species of mica is also abundant; marble is seldom found. Iron ore of a good quality, yielding as high as seventy-two per cent of iron, is found in large

been twenty thousand varieties classified. Botanists have for convenience divided the country into three zones, the equatorial, the plateaus, and the coast.

Of this vast flora we have space to mention only a few varieties. The *castanheiro*, or chestnut tree, known in botany as the *Bertholletia excelsa*, furnishes the famous Brazil-nuts. It is found extensively in the equatorial zone. Caoutchouc, the gum from which the so-called "indiarubber" is made, is an important article of commerce in the Amazon territory. Of palms there are many varieties, some one or other of them found almost in all parts of Brazil. Many species of useful wood are also found, among which might be mentioned rosewood; a variety of cedars; *granna*, closely resembling black walnut in color, only much harder; and many others. Coffee and cocoa are also important articles of commerce, especially coffee, which forms Brazil's chief export. Of aromatic plants there are also a great number, one of the principal being vanilla.

The fauna of Brazil, like the flora, are of extraordinary richness. The wide range of territory, along with varied climatic and other conditions, all contribute to making a home for the almost countless varieties of beasts, birds, and insects. Many persons make their living by catching beetles and butterflies for European markets. There are also numerous kinds of fish. Many of the poor people living along the coast subsist almost wholly from the products of fishing.

Wherever man looks in Brazil, whether at objects animate or inanimate, he may read of a wise and all-powerful Father, who is himself love, and who made all things beautiful to show this love to men, thereby to draw them to himself.

To point lost man to this all-wise, all-powerful, and all-loving Heavenly Father, we are laboring here in Brazil. And our daily prayer is for wisdom and power that we may so do our work that some may find him.

F. W. SPIES.



PALMS, BOTANICAL GARDENS, RIO DE JANEIRO

quantities, yet little is mined, most of the metal consumed in the country being imported. Gold is found in many of the provinces, with almost all the precious stones known to commerce. Among other metals found are silver, copper, and lead. Extensive coal-beds have been discovered; yet all coal consumed in the country is imported, and is consequently very high-priced, having reached as high a figure as fifteen dollars a ton, in United States money. And this, as you know, is still more in the currency of Brazil.

The climatic conditions of Brazil, though for the most part tropical, vary considerably, the country extending over such a range of territory. In addition to this, the altitude reached in some places—the greatest height being almost thirty-five hundred feet—gives a salubrious and even, bracing climate.

Of the Brazilian flora it is said that there have

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOSEPH

IV

"HIM hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel." These words were spoken of Jesus, but they apply well to Joseph. For two years he waited in prison for the gratitude of the butler to awaken to life. The recognition came at last. Is our gracious Deliverer still waiting for us to acknowledge his love?

The call came from Pharaoh. A nation was in peril; a crisis had come, and where was the man to meet the emergency? Ah, the stone set at

naught by the builders, the rejected and despised Joseph, he was the tried, sure foundation. He was made the corner-stone. From the scene in the Egyptian court, where inquiry was made for the man who could unlock the future concealed in the king's dreams, the mind goes to that scene in heaven where one is wanted who is worthy to unlock the seals, and read the future of the work of God. No one was found except Jesus, the Lion of the tribe of Judah. So now no one could attempt this work until Joseph was brought forward. The wisdom of God marked him who had so faithfully endured the contradiction of sinners, who had not turned his face away from God in any dark hour, as the one to whom the work of saving the nation and the people must be committed. To this end, all earthly power was given to him. To Joseph every knee must bow. All who would be saved must obey him.

Through the plenteous years the work of gathering went on under Joseph's direction. Great stores, boundless and sufficient, were collected by him. Though Joseph had so much, the people seemed to pay no heed. They had no store. He alone trod the winepress, and of the people there was none with him. So when want and famine

He told them to go back to their lands. He furnished them seed and cattle and food, and all necessary things, and required them to give back to Pharaoh only one fifth of what they raised. Any one who could as a slave have such a chance would think himself well off. And the people were well content. They were happy that they had found in Joseph such a wise benefactor.

Jesus has saved us from eternal death and ruin. He has redeemed us. He has bought us, with all we have, from the power of Satan. Our land, our cattle, our strength, our very selves, all belong to God. He lets us live on his lands, furnishes us life and all we have, and then only asks us to give him *one tenth*. Just half as much as Joseph asked! O, is he not good? G. C. TENNEY.

PICKING FLAWS

ON an overland train the other day an old gentleman and a younger man were passing the time in telling each other of their experiences. By and by the subject of religion was broached, and it soon became evident that the speakers held very different ideas regarding it.

The young man was just telling how an old

told me there was to be an outdoor meeting in the park next day, and said it would please him if I would go. Two young men were going through our section giving Bible readings, and speaking on the prophecies. Father met one of them, and said they had the most convincing truth he had ever heard.

"Partly out of curiosity, and partly that I might argue with father, I went. When I reached the park, one of the young fellows was standing in his wagon, speaking. I couldn't help admiring him, he seemed so honest and earnest. Still I felt he was like all the others—'a fanatic.'

"He was talking on the prophecies; and as I was rather weak on them, never having studied them myself, I was glad I had come, and listened attentively. The young man knew what he was talking about, made his points quickly, and clinched them from a history I myself had studied. This was a new field to me. Was it possible there was a great line of truth I had never known of?—Yes, it was; and the longer that young fellow talked, the more disgusted I became with myself. He was right, and I was wrong!

"When meeting was over, I said to myself, 'Tom Fletcher, you're a fool!' I was com-



COFFEE-PICKING IN BRAZIL (SEE PRECEDING PAGE)

stalked forth, only Joseph had the power to save. All merit and all resources centered in him. To him must the people look. For some time they did not seriously feel the famine, but in a few years the faces of all men were anxiously turned to Joseph and his stores of food. Soon all the money was in his hands. Then all the cattle were passed over to Joseph for food. Then the land was sold for food, and finally the people, having no kind of resource, and being face to face with death, sold themselves. Joseph did not purchase all those things for himself, but for Pharaoh. So Jesus sought not his honor, but the honor of him who sent him. Then it could be said of the Egyptians that they were not their own. They and all they had were bought with a price. They had been redeemed from death, and saved from ruin. Joseph was exalted from prison to become a "prince and a saviour."

The years of returning plenty were drawing on, but the people had no land, no seed, no cattle, nor were they their own. So they came to Joseph, not with complaints, but with gratitude.

minister had tried to convert him. He would allow the old gentleman to make a few statements, and then, as he expressed it, "would pick a world of flaws in them." Or if that were not enough to silence the good man, he would ask infidel questions—"stunners and regular posers," he called them. So while the old minister was very patient, he finally had to allow that the young man was "too smart for him."

The old gentleman listened attentively to his companion's story, and finally said: "So far as that experience goes, it is almost identical with mine. As a boy, I hated religion, too. Father could seldom get the preacher over to dinner when I was about,—he was always busy or something,—but I keenly suspected he didn't relish the idea of an argument with me. I'd been reading infidel books, you see, and was anxious to argue with the deacons in our home church. Father reasoned with me a good deal, of course, but I regarded him as 'behind the times.'

"One evening when father came home, he

pletely broken up. The words kept ringing in my ears all the way home, and I've never forgotten the experience. Whenever I am tempted to repeat a mean bit of gossip, or to 'pick flaws,' as people say, I stop, and think, 'Tom Fletcher, there's something here you haven't heard, and perhaps don't understand, so *don't* be a fool.'

The "smart" young man hadn't any remarks to make; and having no "posers and stunners" to meet the occasion, soon changed his seat.

EDISON J. DRIVER.

LET this and every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to you as its close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—*Ruskin*.

"God will not let us preach for him unless we let him choose our field."



THE GATEMAN

At the railroad crossing the gateman stands,
Turning the crank in his faithful hands.
Bent and wrinkled, yet strong and true
To the daily duty 'tis his to do.
The sun may shine, or the clouds may frown,
July be torrid, December cold,
Yet there, in his suit of well-worn brown,
He guards the way for the young and old.
Keeping with steady, tireless brain
A watch for the inbound, outbound train,
He signals the passage of each through the town,
As with "Tinkle!" and "Tinkle!" the gates go down.

How the waiting children caper and dance,
And the restless horses curvet and prance!
How the servant-maids, upon errands bent,
View the intruders with discontent,—
While heavy car and elegant coach
Rumble along on the shining rails,
And on the busy ones' time encroach
With the vexing burden delay entails,—
As, mindful of duty's stern command,
In spite of impatience, of fret, or frown,
The gateman puts to the crank his hand,
And steadily turning, the gates go down.

O, I would that on every road to-day,
Where sin and its train hold right of way,
Some gateman as ready as this might stand,
Turning the crank in his faithful hand,—
That ever when danger should threaten those
Whose path must cross the enticer's track,
Some gate a-tinkle might interpose,
And hold from disgrace the weak ones back,—
Some safeguard be built for unwary feet,
To halt them midway in the perilous street,
And to signal to each, spite of fret or frown,
"Stand back for your life, while the gates are down!"

— Marcia Selman.

AN ALLEGORY

A YOUTH, taking a journey, came upon a place where his road parted in two ways, one of which he must needs take. Just at the parting of the ways were set two gates, and he turned first to that upon his right hand; over it, in letters of gold, was written the word Life, and under its arch stood One of gentle mien, who bore a shepherd's rod in his hand. Running toward him, the youth bowed himself, and asked, "Sir, how may I obtain that Life, the name of which I see above this gate?"

Then, as the Gatekeeper looked upon him, he loved him, and said: "I am the door: by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

"Thy words," said the youth, "are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. But what burdens must I bear if I enter this way?"

"If thou wouldst follow me," said the Shepherd, "thou must daily take up thy cross. My yoke, too, thou must take upon thee; but my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

"What guarantee canst thou offer me, that I shall gain this Life, if I become one of thy followers?" asked he who sought entrance.

"The key of the house of David hath been laid upon my shoulder. I am he that openeth, and no man shutteth. I am the Resurrection and the Life,—he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore."

On hearing these gracious words, the heart of the young man burned within him, for he spake as one having authority, and not as other men.

"Sir," said he, "knowest thou aught of this way? Hast thou ever walked therein?"

"I took upon me the form of a servant, and

was made in the likeness of men: in all things it behooved me to be made like unto my brethren. In all their afflictions I was afflicted."

"Then I am minded to enter by this Gate," said the youth. "What lack I?"

"The gate is strait," answered the Shepherd. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter. Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor; and come, take up thy cross, and follow me," and he stretched his hands out lovingly toward the young man.

But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.

So then, as it was impossible for him either to go back or to stand still, he turned his face toward the other gate, which lay on his left hand. Its top and sides were covered with the names of many desirable things, such as Pleasure, Fame, Power, Riches, and many others, all written in brilliant letters. But among them all, and through them all, ran the legend, in black letters, "The wages of sin is death." Thereat the youth trembled, and would have drawn back had not a very fair maid appeared at the gate.

"Sir," she cried, "I perceive that thou desirest to enter this way; come in, and welcome, in the name of my master."

"What is thy master's name? and how knowest thou that I desire to enter?" asked the youth.

"The name of my master is most honorable, being the most ancient in the world. He is the First Adam, and gives his time wholly to the task of furthering the pleasures of all his subjects. And I know thy mind is to enter this gate; for I lately saw thee turn aside from yonder narrow gate. It is well that thou hast escaped, for the way is not to be endured for hardships. The One that is over the way is despised and rejected of men; he hath no form nor comeliness, and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

"But," said the young man, "I like not this legend which I see written on the gate,—'The wages of sin is death.'"

"This is not the true name of the way; the legend was not placed there by my master, who hath lived in this place all his life, but by One who never walked in this way, nor even entered this gate. My master hath tried much to blot the words out, but hath never succeeded. The name of the highway is this,—'A Way That Seemeth Right unto a Man.' But come in! come in!" and she laid hold on his hand to draw him within the gate.

"May I bring in all my possessions?" asked the youth.

"Surely thou mayest. The gate, as you see, is wide, and the way is very broad."

Then the maid, whose name was Carnal Mind, led him up to the top of the gate, and from there she showed him all the beauties of the kingdom of this world. "All these," she promised, "will be thine, if thou wilt but serve my master."

So the youth was content to stay, and he received the name of Lo-Ammi, and became a traveling merchant, who dealt in gold, and silver, and precious stones, and pearls, and fine linen, and silk, and scarlet, and sweet wood, and vessels of ivory, and vessels of wood, and vessels of brass, and vessels of iron, and vessels of marble, and cinnamon, and odors, and ointment, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and bodies and souls of men.

Here, too, the traveling was very easy; for whenever he walked abroad, he found that the road sloped gently downward; but he was not a little troubled by seeing always, at the farther end of the road, a blackness of darkness, which grew larger as time passed, and he drew nearer to it; for he found that he must still go forward.

But as often as she saw him looking sad or thoughtful, Carnal Mind led him away to satiate his soul with the attractions of the place.

At times she led him to the river which flowed there, whose name was Love-the-World, but the more he drank of it, the more fiercely his thirst burned. At other times she led him to the orchards, and bade him pluck the tempting fruits that hung there, such as, Lust-of-the-Flesh, Lust-of-the-Eyes, and Pride-of-Life; but as he ate them, they were as ashes between his teeth, and he turned away, crying, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!"

Year by year his possessions became greater, and he was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; yet was he not satisfied; for he spent his money for that which was not bread, and his labor for that which satisfied not.

After he had been a long time in the place, and had grown very rich, he said to himself, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

But that night he dreamed that One said unto him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall these things be, which thou hast provided?"

Then he awoke in great fear, and a Shining One stood by him, who took him by the hand, and said, "Up! get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city." And the Shining One led Lo-Ammi to the head of a street called Repentance, and said, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee."

By this time Carnal Mind was also awake, and she pursued after him, calling on him to return; but he would not. And as he ran on, he came again to that narrow Gate where was the Shepherd, who, as the man drew near, cried, "Enter in at the strait gate." Then as the rays of the rising sun fell upon Lo-Ammi, the purple and fine linen that he wore were in his eyes as filthy rags; and as he saw them, he was distressed, and cried, "Alas, Master! I can not enter; for I am clothed in filthy garments; and I have heard that all who walk this way with thee are clothed in white."

Then said the Shepherd to those that stood by, "Take away the filthy garments from him." And they put on him a robe that was whiter than the snow; and his name was changed to Ammi. Then as the Gatekeeper took him by the hand, and drew him within the Gate, there was heard in heaven a great shout of joy, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps in the presence of God.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

BIBLE OR CIGARS

NOT long ago a man was asked by his sister to buy her a very good Bible. All Bibles are good, but some have maps, and notes and helps to the understanding of them, and they are well bound, to last. Of course they cost more.

The young man looked it over, eyed it. "Pretty good price for a book, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the dealer, "about the price of a box of cigars."

The young man's overcoat had told the story—they do sometimes, even in church, and you have to breathe your neighbor's stale smoke. It is poor breathing!

He bought the Bible!—*Selected.*

"THE sunshine of friendliness will soon melt the ice of reserve in which so many people are wrapped, and which sometimes makes us hesitate about speaking to strangers whom we see at church or school, or as newcomers in our neighborhood."

THY friend hath a friend, and that friend hath a friend; wherefore be discreet.—*The Talmud.*



A BLESSED OPPORTUNITY

God gave me something very sweet to be mine own this day,—

A precious opportunity a word for Christ to say; A soul that my desire might reach, a work to do for him,—

And now I thank him for the grace, ere yet the light grows dim.

No service that he sends me can be so welcome aye,

To guide a pilgrim's weary feet within the narrow way;

To share the Shepherd's quest, and so, by brake and fen,

To find for him his wandering lambs, the erring sons of men.

I did not seek this blessed thing; it came a rare surprise,

Flooding my heart with dearest joy, as, lifting wistful eyes,

Heaven's light upon a dear one's face shone plain and clear on mine;

And there an unseen third, I felt, was waiting,— One divine.

So in this twilight hour I kneel, and pour my grateful thought

In song and prayer to Jesus for the gifts this day hath brought.

Sure never service is so sweet, nor life hath so much zest,

As when he bids me speak for him, and then he does the rest.

— Selected.

THE TRUE MOTIVE IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE

(November 10-16)

TO WHOM SERVICE BELONGS. — Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit. Be not ye the servants of men.

TWO MOTIVES OF SERVICE —

- (a) Love of God. For the love of Christ constraineth us.
- (b) Love of self. All their works they do to be seen of men.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ACCEPTABLE SERVICE —

- (a) One Master — No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other.
- (b) Singleness of Purpose — This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark.
- (c) Faith in Jesus — He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also. All things are possible to him that believeth.
- (d) Not to Be Seen of Men — When thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.

NO ONE TO JUDGE ANOTHER'S MOTIVES. — Judge not, that ye be not judged. Thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things. The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

CHRIST'S WARNING AGAINST OSTENTATION IN SERVICE. — Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men.

GREAT OBJECT OF ALL ACCEPTABLE SERVICE. — He that winneth souls is wise. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.

SUGGESTIONS

1. All are bought with the blood of Jesus; therefore he has a right to the service of all. But he never *compels* service. All the riches of his love, all its wonder and sweetness, are held out to those whom he purchased with his own life, but none are compelled to become his yoke-fellows.

2. Paul was a straightforward servant. Like the wise builder, he sat down and reckoned up the cost, declaring, "What things were gain to me, I counted loss for Christ." He set out to run a race; his aim was definite, and he had staying power. He did not run well for a season, and then turn back and go the other way because there were obstacles in his course.

3. While it is well for us to consider seriously the motives that actuate our service,—to look into our own hearts, and try our inner motives in the light of Christ's unselfish life,—we must not allow ourselves to become discouraged at what we see. All our works are acceptable only as they are wrought in Him; but we have the assurance that he loves to dwell with the humble, trusting, loving heart; and that no service, however lowly, if done out of love to him, will fail of his acceptance and blessing.

4. Do not fail to read the article on "The True Motive of Christian Service," in the *Review* of November 5. The following selected notes from "Mount of Blessing" will be very helpful in preparing this study:—

NOTES ON THE TOPIC

1. "Jesus did not teach that acts of kindness should always be kept secret. Paul the apostle, writing by the Holy Spirit, did not conceal the generous self-sacrifice of the Macedonian Christians, but told of the grace that Christ had wrought in them, and thus others were imbued with the same spirit. He also wrote to the church at Corinth and said, 'Your zeal hath stirred up very many.' Christ's own words make his meaning plain,—that in acts of charity the aim should not be to secure praise and honor from men. Real godliness never prompts an effort at display. Those who desire words of praise and flattery, and feed upon them as a sweet morsel, are Christians in name only."

2. "We are to give in sincerity, not to make a show of our good deeds, but from pity and love to the suffering ones. Sincerity of purpose, real kindness of heart, is the motive that Heaven values. The soul that is sincere in its love, whole-hearted in its devotion, God regards as more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir. 'There is no service like his that serves because he loves.'"

3. "The work of beneficence is twice blessed. While he that gives to the needy blesses others, he himself is blessed in a still greater degree. The grace of Christ in the soul is developing traits of character that are the opposite of selfishness,—traits that will refine, ennoble, and enrich the life. Acts of kindness performed in secret will bind hearts together, and will draw them closer to the heart of him from whom every generous impulse springs. The little attentions, the small acts of love and self-sacrifice, that flow out from the life as quietly as the fragrance from a flower,—these constitute no small share of the blessing and happiness of life. And it will be found at last that the denial of self for the good

and happiness of others, however humble and uncommended here, is recognized in heaven as the token of our union with him, the King of Glory, who was rich, yet for our sake became poor. The deeds of kindness may have been done in secret, but the result upon the character of the doer can not be hidden. If we work with whole-hearted interest as a follower of Christ, the heart will be in close sympathy with God; and the Spirit of God, moving upon our spirit, will call forth the sacred harmonies of the soul in answer to the divine touch."

4. "Christ does not say that man will not or shall not serve two masters, but that he *can not*. . . . Just where the conscience of the Christian warns him to forbear, to deny himself, to stop, just there the worldling steps over the line, to indulge his selfish propensities. . . . No one can occupy a neutral position; there is no middle class, who neither love God nor serve the enemy of righteousness. Christ is to live in his human agents, and work through their faculties, and act through their capabilities. Their will must be submitted to his will; they must act with his spirit. Then it is no more they that live, but Christ that lives in them. He who does not give himself wholly to God is under the control of another power, listening to another voice, whose suggestions are of an entirely different character. Half-and-half service places the human agent on the side of the enemy, as a successful ally of the hosts of darkness. When men who claim to be soldiers of Christ engage with the confederacy of Satan, and help along his side, they prove themselves enemies of Christ."

5. "One day alone is ours, and during this day we are to live for God. For this one day we are to place in the hand of Christ, in solemn service, all our purposes and plans, casting all our care upon him, for he careth for us. 'I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.' 'In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.'"

TRUE AND UNTRUE MOTIVES IN SERVING OTHERS

If we carefully analyze the real motives that prompt us, we shall often blush to find how utterly unchristian they are.

Many persons are educated from childhood to think a certain kind of lies is not to be regarded as such. How many mothers there are, who, on a busy day, looking out of a window just in time to see some gossiping neighbor turn in at the gate, will drop some such remark as, "Oh, my, there's Mrs. White coming to take up my time. I do wish she would stay at home, and attend to her work, and let me attend to mine;" and then, a moment later, when the visitor steps in at the front door, will greet her guest with a hearty welcome. Perhaps the visitor suggests, "I am afraid my coming will break into your work," and receives the reply, "Oh, no, don't think that for a moment. I was not doing anything important, and I am so glad to have you come."

Many, as we said, have been trained, more or less, to this kind of falsehood, until it is sometimes extremely difficult to determine, when a certain kind act is performed, or certain encouraging words are spoken, whether they represent the real promptings of a generous heart, or whether there is not some selfish motive back of it all.

This has become so prevalent that the true worker for God is met at almost every turn with the remark, "Well, he has an ax to grind." May the Lord keep us from hypocrisy, falsehood, and wrong motives in all our dealings, not only with our immediate associates, but with humanity in general.

DAVID PAULSON.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

CLARIBEL

THE sound of footsteps on the stair,
A sudden glint of golden hair,
A fairy form beside my chair,—
'Tis little Claribel.

Intent on mischief or on play,
Her feet run to and fro all day;
Through what forbidden paths they stray,
'Twould take me long to tell.

She wants to know the "reason why"
Of everything in earth or sky;
And into secrets deep would pry,
This daring Claribel.

She dropped her dolly down the well,
And helped the chickens from the shell,
Then wept sore when they lifeless fell.
How could she this foretell?

She tears my books, my patience
tries;
And when I chide, she lifts her
eyes
With looks of innocent surprise,—
Mischievous Claribel!

Sometime these hands that vex
me so,
May have some gracious work to
do,
May help to lighten human woe,
And error's night dispel.

So when the fond "good nights"
are said,
And on the pillow rests her head,
I softly breathe beside her bed
A prayer for Claribel.
VIOLA E. SMITH.

BEDTIME THOUGHTS

OUR little Blue-Eyes is going to
bed,
But never alone goes she;
For Doris and Dorothy over the
way
In nightgowns white I see.
So here is a thought for your dear
little head:
Across the street they are going
to bed.

And all through the town, where
we can not look,
They are going to bed by the
score,
Till I seem to hear, "Good night!"
"Good night!"
Passed on from door to door.
So here is a thought for your
small curly head:
All over the city they're going to
bed.

And the thousands of children
throughout the land,
As westward the sun goes fast,
Will say their prayers and climb
into bed,
Till all will be sleeping at last.
Now here is a thought for your
wise little head:
Thousands of children will soon be in bed.

And all over the world, as the sun journeys on,
An army of girls and boys
Will don their nightgowns and say good night,
Leaving their games and toys.
Oh, here's a big thought for your small curly
head:
Millions of little ones tucked into bed!

—Selected.

BOB THE PIGEON

BOB was only an ordinary blue pigeon, and not at all handsome. I found him one morning on the ground under my pigeons' nests. He had been

thrown out of his nest, as other young pigeons often are, but for some reason he could not fly. When I found him, he was almost starved. I took him to the house, and tried to feed him, but he would not eat. Then I opened his bill, and put food into his mouth; but still he would not swallow it. Finally I thought what was the matter,—his mother had always fed him, and I must imitate her method.

A pigeon feeds her young differently from other birds. She sticks her bill so far down the young bird's throat that her head is literally in its mouth. This is because she secretes a fluid very much like milk in her crop, and disgorges it, along with seeds and grains of various kinds, into the young bird's throat. So I opened my pigeon's mouth, and placed wheat far back in its

since learned that a pigeon will stick its head under water until its whole head is covered, if it is very thirsty, and that it never raises its head, like other birds, to let the water run down.

One day a cat tried to kill Bob, and although he escaped, the experience caused him to form an undying hatred for cats. Ever afterward if a cat came near, he would begin cooing and threatening, and if it came nearer, he would boldly attack it. He would fly right into its face and bite its ears, and beat it with his wings till it would retreat, seeming to know that a cat will not meet a direct attack. All the cats on the farm soon learned to fear him.

It was some time before Bob learned to fly, because he was so well fed that he was too heavy. Pigeons feed their young all they can eat until

they are full feathered, at which time they weigh more than at any other in their life. Then they give them nothing but water for a week or ten days, so that they will become light enough to fly. If the young bird does not get hungry enough to venture to fly, the parents finally push it out of the nest. I have seen it take both father and mother to drive a young bird away from home. I did not starve Bob, so I had to teach him to fly by tossing him into the air several times every day.

Bob never chose a mate, and never seemed to care much for the company of the other pigeons. He made his home in the kitchen, roosting on the wood-box. On a cold winter day he delighted to sit under the stove, much to the disgust of the cats, which would fain have done the same; but he would not allow one of them even in the house when he was there.

One day a strange cat, which had been catching my other pigeons for some time, came prowling about the house, and attempted to catch Bob. But he was on guard, and met the attack boldly. They fought for about twenty minutes, the cat being determined to win. Wings gave the bird a great advantage, and the cat had to retreat with his ears torn to shreds by the bird's bill. But Bob was wounded. The cat had stuck one claw into his esophagus, and the wound never healed. Whenever he ate small seeds or

soft food, some of it would collect between the esophagus and the skin of the neck, and of course it soon began to decay there. It was removed once; but as it continued to collect, it soon caused his death.

I have told only of Bob's warlike traits. He was a very affectionate, winsome pet, loving above everything else to be fondled and petted. He especially enjoyed sitting on my shoulder, and rubbing his head and bill over my face, cooing softly while he did so. He fought nothing but cats, and then only in self-defense.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

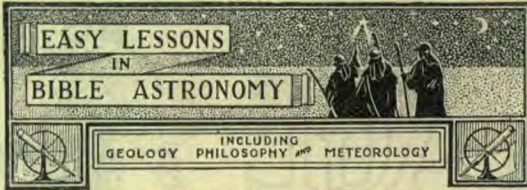
A good thing to keep — temper.



WITH LOOK OF INNOCENT SURPRISE

throat. This it swallowed readily, fluttering its wings, and squealing plaintively for more. It never knew when it had enough.

When I came to water it, I learned something else. A pigeon does not drink like an ordinary bird. I tried to give it water from a jar lid, but it would only stick its bill to the bottom, and push; then I tried pouring the water down its throat with a spoon, but that did not work very well, as it tried all the time to get its head down. One day when I had a tin cup of water and a spoon, trying to give it a drink, I learned a lesson. The bird got out of my hands, and hopping to the cup, stuck its whole head under water, and drank as long as it could hold its breath. I have



DIVISION I—GEOLOGY

Chapter IX—Our Earth's Internal Temperature

§83. It is commonly claimed by geologists that this earth was once a molten mass of liquid fire; that by rotating about a given center, it assumed a globular form; and that through the lapse of incalculable ages, its outer surface gradually cooled down, until it reached its present condition. It is also affirmed that the earth is still, internally, in this superheated condition, only the outer crust having cooled to its present state. The first proposition will be discussed under its proper heading. As to the second,—that relating to our earth's present internal condition,—we ask (1) Is it reasonable? and (2) Do the actual facts in the case warrant such a conclusion? Let us see.

§84. First, suppose that all that is claimed regarding the past is true. Let us, for the argument's sake, suppose that this globe was once a rapidly revolving mass of liquid fire. What, we ask, would of necessity be the condition of its surface, after the cooling process had been carried on long enough to form a hardened crust?

§85. First, a mass of matter the size of our earth, rotating at even its present velocity, being in so gaseous a form as it is claimed this was, would never have assumed so complete a spherical form as has the earth. Centrifugal force would have driven so fluid a body into a much more oblated spheroid than we find our earth to be. Its poles would have been far more flattened than they really are.

§86. Secondly, being in such a fluid condition, and cooling down so gradually, it would have formed a smooth, even surface, a condition we know does not exist, nor does any approach to such a condition exist.

§87. Thirdly, It is a universal law of physics that heat expands, and cold contracts. This being true, the outer surface of this great globe, in cooling down, must of necessity have contracted, leaving the inner portion still heated, and consequently in an expanded condition. Now, what, we ask, would have been the condition of our earth had it ever passed through such an experience as this? Think for a moment. The contracting of the outer surface would have drawn the crust together in great cakes, or patches of land, leaving immense V-shaped cracks, or fissures, many miles in depth, from which would issue gas and smoke from the still heated and expanded center. To illustrate this, notice the cracks that open so noticeably in the block-paved streets of our large cities on a very cold winter's morning. The extreme cold of the previous night causes a shrinking, or drawing together, of large sections of the paving. A similar drawing apart of the land may be seen by noticing the deep cracks that appear in clay soil when the sun's rays have rapidly evaporated the moisture from the roadside after a hard rain.

§88. From the foregoing illustrations it will readily be seen how entirely false are the unscriptural teachings that our earth was once in a heated, molten condition. In place of great chasms, miles in breadth, and many times deeper than broad, appearing everywhere, we see the crust crowded together, and piled up in exactly the opposite condition.

§89. We are told that the temperature of our

NOTE.—These lessons, comprising a brief study of Geology, Philosophy, Meteorology, and Astronomy have been prepared in response to the many calls that have come for a simple treatise on these subjects, that shall be free from the many infidel theories and deductions that are unscriptural and untrue. They have been written with special reference to the fireside, and the home- and church-school. The author would be pleased to receive, by correspondence, any criticisms or suggestions that will help to make them better adapted to this field of usefulness.

earth's crust increases at a definite, given rate of one degree for every fifty or sixty feet in depth that we enter its bosom. We do not deny the fact that there is an increase in temperature in many places; but is this a universal condition? The fact is that where there is any increase in temperature, the rate varies so greatly that it seems probable that it is due merely to local conditions. See Section 72. The well at Grenelle gives an increase of one degree for every sixty feet descent; the Killingworth mine in England shows one degree for every forty-five feet; while in Yakutsk, Siberia, the increase is one degree for every twenty-seven feet descent, showing that in that country at least it must be from local causes; for in Northern Siberia the ground remains frozen to a depth of six hundred and sixty feet the year round. There are many exceptions to this rule given by infidel scientists, regarding the increase of temperature as we descend into the earth's crust; as, for instance, the salt wells of Michigan, and the gas- and oil-wells of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and California, many of which reach a depth of more than two thousand feet, and show no such rise in temperature.

The "stratum of invariable temperature" ranges, in the temperate zone, at from fifty to ninety feet below the surface, where the thermometer remains stationary the year round.

§90. If the earth is actually so hot inside that at a depth of twenty-eight miles, iron would fuse, and all metals be melted (see Dana's Geology, page 699), does it not seem that the poles, approaching, as they do, 13.2 miles nearer the center than does the equator, or nearly half the distance to the fusing-point of iron, would show a much higher range of temperature than they now do, even if they do not receive quite so much of the sun's heat as other portions of the earth?

§91. Again: If the earth's center is so hot as is claimed, why are the ocean depths so extremely cold? Fresh water freezes at a temperature of thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, while salt water does not congeal until the mercury falls to 28.3° F. But for that fact, our ocean beds would be one solid floor of ice. Supposing an increase of one degree for every fifty feet we approach the earth's center, an ocean whose bed averaged only two miles in depth would have a temperature of boiling water. Imagine what the temperature would be where the earth's indenture is twice and even three times as great. These facts do not at all accord with the much-vaunted theory of evolution. In place of being extremely hot, our sea-beds are cold, our polar regions are cold, and our gas-, salt-, and oil-wells are as likely to produce cold results as warm. In view of these facts it is hard to believe the theories of the world regarding the earth's formation and history. The statement made by Thompson—that the earth loses annually sufficient heat to melt seven hundred and seventy-seven cubic miles of ice—is a hard proposition for a believer in God's word to accept.

QUESTIONS

Give three reasons why the evolution theory of the earth's internal heat is incorrect. If the theory of evolution were true, tell what we would have in place of mountain chains. Give reason and illustrations. Is there a universal increase in temperature as we pierce the earth's depths? How much nearer are the earth's poles to its center than is the equator? How much farther would they have to approach the center, according to the accepted theory, to be the temperature of melted iron? According to the same theory, what would be the temperature of our oceans? Which of the oceans would be the hottest? Why? What can you say of the actual temperature of our polar regions? The ocean depths? At what temperature does fresh water freeze? Salt water?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



THE PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD SEED

(November 16)

FIND the references in the Bible and "Christ's Object Lessons."

1. How many parables have we studied now?
2. Where are they recorded in the Bible?
3. In what three chapters do we find a parable of the mustard seed?
4. What is the meaning of the word "parable"? See dictionary.
5. What two things has every parable compared that we have thus far studied?
6. Is the same comparison made in this week's lesson?
7. To what question of the Saviour's is the parable of the mustard seed an answer?
8. Why should Jesus ask this question? Had he not already shown what the kingdom of God is like?
9. What does the grain of mustard seed show concerning the kingdom that the seed of other parables does not?
10. What does the mustard seed become when it is grown? How does it compare with all herbs?
11. What does this fact teach us concerning the kingdom of God when it is grown? Compare Dan. 2:35, 44; note 1.
12. What good promise is given to those who are least? Luke 9:48.
13. What thought does Mark give concerning the growth of the mustard tree that the other gospel writers do not?
14. Who are these branches? John 15:5.
15. What is Christ also? Jer. 23:5.
16. To whom did the branches of the mustard tree afford shelter and shadow?
17. Does the righteous Branch ever give shelter to any? Ps. 61:3. Does it afford a shadow also? Isa. 32:2.
18. What, then, are the other branches to do?
19. To how many must the gospel shelter be given? Rev. 14:6.
20. In Christ's day how did his people regard the other nations? Acts 10:28; note 2.
21. In what parable did Christ say, "The field is the world"?
22. In the first parable what did the sower do in order to sow?
23. What lesson, then, were the disciples to learn from this instruction?
24. Christ gave no explanation of the parable of the mustard seed. What can you find to show that they understood it?
25. How many times did Christ give this parable? Notice when Luke records the parable.

NOTES

1. "As Jesus spoke this parable, the mustard plant could be seen far and near, lifting itself above the grass and grain, and waving its branches lightly in the air. Birds flitted from twig to twig, and sang amid the leafy foliage. Yet the seed from which sprang this giant plant was among the least of all seeds. At first it sent up a tender shoot; but it was of strong vitality, and grew and flourished until it reached its present great size. So the kingdom of Christ in its beginning seemed humble and insignificant. Compared with earthly kingdoms it appeared to be the least of all. By the rulers of this world Christ's claim to be a king was ridiculed. Yet in the mighty truths committed to his followers, the kingdom of the gospel possessed a divine life. And how rapid was its growth, how wide-spread its influence! When Christ spoke this parable,

there were only a few Galilean peasants to represent the new kingdom. Their poverty, the fewness of their numbers, was urged over and over again as a reason why men should not connect themselves with these simple-minded fishermen who followed Jesus. But the mustard seed was to grow and spread forth its branches throughout the world. When the earthly kingdoms whose glory then filled the hearts of men should perish, the kingdom of Christ would remain, a mighty and far-reaching power.

"And in this last generation the parable of the mustard seed is to reach a signal and triumphant fulfilment. The little seed will become a tree. The last message of warning and mercy is to go to 'every nation and kindred and tongue,' 'to take out of them a people for his name.' And the earth shall be lightened with his glory." — "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 77-79.

2. "Even the apostles were slow to understand that the gospel was to be carried to all nations. Until they themselves could grasp this truth, they were not prepared to labor for the Gentiles. If the Jews would receive the gospel, God purposed to make them his messengers to the Gentiles. Therefore they were the first to hear the message." — "Desire of Ages," page 409.



HEALING THE IMPOTENT MAN AT BETHESDA
(Concluded)

Had an Infirmity Thirty and Eight Years.— This was a case of extreme wretchedness. The man had been afflicted with this disease for thirty-eight years. It is a case illustrating the connection between sowing and reaping— sin and sickness. From the words which Jesus afterward spoke to him, we might judge that this man's affliction was the direct result of his individual transgression. This poor soul was waiting, and had been waiting for years, at the pool, — waiting for some sign or wonder. He waited long; and this is true of every Christian who is waiting for unusual and extraordinary things to happen. He must wait until the waiting itself has shown him the folly of waiting, or else fall a victim to the deceptive wonder-working of the arch-deceiver.

Jesus Saw Him Lie.— It is written that Jesus saw him lying there. What an encouragement it should be to every suffering and afflicted soul to realize that Jesus sees those who lie upon beds of affliction. Not only is that true, but Christ shares every sorrow and every pain with his suffering children. The question may be asked, Why did Jesus select this one man to be healed? Divine Wisdom alone can answer; but (1) might it not have been that his was the worst case of all, he having been in that terrible condition thirty-eight years? or (2) that Jesus knew his to be the only case that would be benefited spiritually by his physical restoration? It is an encouraging thought for the soul in the slough of despond or the depths of despair, that Jesus is both able and willing to lay his healing hands upon even the worst cases.

Wilt Thou Be Made Whole? — Christ asked the sick man: "Wilt thou be made whole?" This apparently singular question was full of meaning and significance. Christ did not ask, "Wilt thou be freed from pain?" "Dost thou desire to escape the inconveniences of thy affliction?" etc. His question was a simple, pointed

one: "Wilt thou be made whole?" And in this question he asks of every inquiring soul to-day, "Dost thou desire simply to be free from the consequences of sin? Is thy repentance like unto Balaam's, who repented only when he saw the drawn sword of the destroying angel? Dost thou repent to save thyself punishment by and by? Dost thou repent to gain future rewards? Or hast thou seen the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and wilt thou be made whole, physically, mentally, and morally?" This is the question that Jesus asks every soul that seeks his face. What is your answer? Can you in sincerity answer, "Yes," to the Master's question? If you can, then with a willing heart you must walk in every ray of light that shines across your pathway; and with patience and diligence sow for physical and spiritual health; for true wholeness is only perfect health of body and perfect health of soul,— holiness unto the Lord.

Some who would be made whole are unwilling to pay the price of complete self-surrender. They are not willing to allow wholeness, which is only another word for holiness, to control their eating, their dressing, and their acting. He who would be made whole must forever give up the spirit of murmuring and the tendency to lukewarmness. He must put on the whole armor of God, and fight diligently the good fight of faith.

Jesus Said, Rise, Take up Thy Bed, and Walk.— Jesus did not ask this poor sufferer, perhaps palsied and otherwise afflicted, even to have faith in him. He simply said, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." But the man had faith enough to take hold of the divine word, even though Jesus had given him no assurance of help. Christ quickly disappeared from the man whom he had healed, and was not seen of him until later, in the temple, when he was making a thank-offering for the blessing of restored health. He took up his bed and walked. This poor man obtained healing by obedience. The teaching that promises healing without obedience is a snare and a delusion. The evidence that this man was made whole lay in his immediate and implicit obedience to the Master's command. The willingness to obey and carry out the Master's orders was but a part of the cure which the Master had wrought, and which he foreshadowed in his question: "Wilt thou be made whole?"

He That Was Healed Wist Not Who It Was.— Very often men and women receive the benefit of light and truth concerning right methods of living,— health and dress reform,— to such an extent that they almost entirely regain their lost health. At the same time they seem in almost utter ignorance of many vital truths connected with that light which has so greatly benefited them. Often the medical missionary discovers that the one who has been physically helped, like the subject of this miracle, knows nothing of the divine Master whose help he has received. This should not be regarded as discouraging; for if the benefited soul is sincere and in earnest, he will be given subsequent opportunities to learn more of the great Healer, and to accept additional light as fast as he is prepared for it.

Sin No More, Lest a Worse Thing Come unto Thee.— It was here that Christ spoke to the restored man the words that contained the greatest lesson of the miracle. "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." When questioned why he carried his bed on the Sabbath day, he replied: "He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed and walk." This man was ignorant of the enmity of the Jews and the Pharisees toward Jesus, and he told them of his remarkable experience only to honor and glorify the one who had healed him.

The Jews found fault with Christ because he

had healed on the Sabbath day. How singularly inconsistent to seek to accuse a man of doing good on the Sabbath day, when they themselves were violating the law in concocting miserable schemes for his persecution, and even for the taking of his life! Christ says, in explaining his act to the infuriated Jews, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," intimating that the creation which God gave existence to in six days' work, he himself must uphold on the Sabbath; and that, in restoring life, in healing this poor man, Christ was but working in harmony with his Father, who, every Sabbath day, kept the man's heart beating. Christ's work is but the reflex of his Father's work. W. S. SADLER.

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SUNDAY:

"One of the greatest arts in life, and one of the most neglected, is that of finding happiness in little things."

MONDAY:

Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing
The sweet day yields; and, not disconsolate,
With the calm patience of the woods I wait
For leaf and blossom when God gives us
spring!

—Whittier.

TUESDAY:

It is a very solemn thought that God will excuse you from serving him if you want to be excused. He does not wish to do it, but he will do it.—Moody.

WEDNESDAY:

"A heart-memory is better than a head-memory. Better to carry away a little love of Christ in our souls than if we were able to repeat every word of every sermon we ever heard."

THURSDAY:

The dear Lord's best interpreters are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life like theirs is more than books or scrolls.
From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt revealed
in holy lives.

—Whittier.

FRIDAY:

The Lord Jesus can not fully save you while there is one point of controversy between you and him. Let him have that one last thing, the last barrier and film to a life of blessedness, and glory will come, filling your soul.—F. B. Meyer.

SABBATH:

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deut. 33:25.

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To every one of us is given, daily, a special and distinctive task,—“our share” of the great world-family's work. Shall we, no matter how hard or unpleasant it may be, perform our task faithfully—yes, and cheerfully? or shall we shirk, slight, and neglect it, or perhaps leave it forever undone?

AN unkind speech is one of the hardest things in the world to forget. Though forgiveness has been sought and given, though atonement ample and full has been made, and though we ourselves are determined that the ugly memory shall not come into mind,—come it will at the most unwelcome time. Perhaps even this experience is to teach us this lesson that we can never learn too well,—the care with which we should guard our intercourse with others. It is so easy to wound those who love us, so easy to speak, in a moment of anger, a word whose bitterness shall be a cause of heartache for years. How often and how earnestly should we pray, with the psalmist, “Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.”

ANOTHER thing: though the lips be guarded never so zealously; though nothing but pleasant, courteous words are allowed to pass their portals, the impression may still be far from soothing, or agreeable, or winning if the voice does not work with the words. And it is so difficult to keep that most wonderful and sensitive musical instrument—the human voice—in tune! Only the most constant watchfulness and persistent training will keep it under control, and produce sweet and harmonious results. “Peak like oo do when oo laugh,” called a sick child to her anxious father; and that little word has a meaning for us all. Nothing is ever gained, but much that is precious is lost, by a whining, fretful, “mournful” voice. The influence of the pleasant voice often goes even farther than the words themselves.

HAVE you “no time to read,” and yet time enough for doing a foolish bit of fancy work, that shall eat up a dozen precious hours? “No time” to spend with some aged friend, lending your bright face for an hour to her lonely day, and yet time enough to work for hours sewing dainty lace on a piece of linen to give to some girl friend? “No time” to fill some of the many opportunities for service that are coming to you daily,—to you, if you will but watch for them,—and yet plenty of time to work roses and violets and intricate vines and leaves on a square of linen? There may be, and no doubt are, times when these things are right and proper; but should not one always be sure, before she gives up a precious hour to them, that they are right for her, considered apart from what any one else may think, or say, or do? Fancy handkerchiefs, dainty doilies, and fussy knickknacks are too high-priced when bought at the cost of overworked mothers, neglected sick and aged, and the opportunity for self-improvement. And we believe the price is so high that no thoughtful girl will consider it worth while to pay it.

A LIFE OF TERROR

THE life of the sultan of Turkey is one long effort to protect himself from the hand of the assassin. Yielding to the fancy that his life is constantly sought, Abdul Hamid spends his energies in making himself safe. His palace at Yildiz has been called a “monument to fear,” and such it would seem to be. Architects and engineers work on it constantly, rebuilding a part here, making an alteration there, providing another secret chamber or place of retreat, or putting in some fancied addition to its security. It is surrounded with a wall thirty feet high, guarded by the picked troops of the empire, and is said

to be assassin-proof, bomb-proof, earthquake-proof, fire-proof, microbe-proof—everything, in fact, but fear-proof. A writer in *Everybody's Magazine* says:—

“One day the sultan received Monsieur Vambéry, the Hungarian Orientalist, informally at the palace. This was not an unusual thing; for the professor has been Abdul's tutor, and was almost his intimate friend. Quite naturally, therefore, the sultan turned to the one guard in the apartment, and ordered him to retire.

“The guard took a step backward and halted, as rigid as before. Abdul repeated the order, with the same result. Once more he commanded, and this time the man obeyed. Then the sultan, smiling, explained. It often happened that he wished to show apparent faith in a guest. He would order the guard to retire, and the guard, after that one step, would remain, the sultan meanwhile going on with the conversation under the seeming impression that the man had really gone. The man understood that only the third command was to be taken literally.

“When the sultan had finished this confidence, he invited the professor to sit opposite him at the little table, and have some tea. Now the sultan does not take sugar, and so he forgot to offer any to his guest. The bowl was at the sultan's elbow, and the professor was not used to asking monarchs to wait upon him. Still, he hardly wished to drink the tea as it was, and he leaned over the table to reach for the sugar.

“In a flash the sultan was on his feet, his hand at his pocket, his face pallid. The gesture of the harmless old savant looked to him like assassination.

“Again: when the Prince of Samos was retiring from an audience, he stumbled, in his backward steps, and fell. Instantly the sultan pressed a spring behind the throne. The wall opened, and he vanished within, safe from the suspected attack.

“Abrupt gestures in his presence often cost very dear. The histories of several victims of such mistakes are on record. One was a gardener in the royal park, whom Abdul shot dead for rising too quickly to an attitude of respect. At another time he found the child of a palace servant playing with his mislaid revolver, and had her tortured in the hope of discovering a plot.”

What a contrast between the life of this ruler and the serene peace of that other king, who, his life openly sought, exclaimed, “I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety,” and again, “What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.”

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THE *Hygienic Caterer* is a new eight-page monthly hailing from Guadalajara, Mexico, and “devoted to the best interest of correct dietary.” It is edited and published by D. D. Fitch, whose experience in hygienic cookery qualifies him to speak with some authority upon these subjects. Yearly subscription price, thirty-five cents. Single copies, three cents.