

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## In the Hindu Sacred City

HINDUISM has many so-called sacred places, but Benares is the chief. Before ever Rome was built on the Tiber, Benares, on the Ganges, was the resort of the devout of India. Still to-day the pilgrims throng its streets and temple areas. With its resident and transient population, it is as like a human beehive as any city in the world.

Kasee, the Hindus call it,—“Kasee the Splendid.” My first view of it was from across the river, in the early morning, just as the rising sun was touching temple and tower and minaret with gold. It really is an imposing sight. I could fancy a pilgrim's heart thrilling with ecstasy of feeling as the view burst upon his eyes,—the city toward which the hearts of his fathers have turned for thirty centuries, a very gateway to the Hindu heaven.

To me, however, it meant a very citadel of superstition and ignorance of God, the fruits of which we meet everywhere in darkened India.

High over the city rise the minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzeb, one of the Mogul conquerors of India. He tore down the chief Hindu temple of Bisheswar in order

to plant his mosque above its ruins. But the Mohammedan sword could not pull down the traditions and social fabric of Hinduism; so alongside the mosque new temples sprang up and multiplied, and the idolatry of Bisheswar, “lord of all,” still fills the sacred city.

I walked with the crowd along the highway from the Kasee railway station to the temple district and the river terraces. The fascinating study in Benares, as everywhere else in the East, is the crowd, the people themselves. Many of these pilgrims come to die in Kasee; others have spent their all to make the journey in order to win deliverance from sin. One is struck with the serious and businesslike manner in which the multitudes take up the performances connected with this way of self-salvation. Poor

souls! I know from having talked with some, that, in spite of all their wearisome toil, they feel still the burden of sin upon them. Of course they must. Not a soul can come up from the bathing in the Ganges, or return from making the round of the fifteen hundred temples, without being conscious of the fact that God's law, written by nature in the heart, still speaks in order that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.

The Brahman priests are everywhere in evidence. Under great umbrellas the *gunga-putras*—“sons of the Ganges”—earn a living by caring for the effects of the bathers, and by setting the proper mark of their god upon the foreheads of the devotees.

To my mind, the saddest sight in all this sad city is the spectacle of old age waiting for the



A VIEW IN BENARES

summons into eternity. Here at almost any morning hour, among the bathers, companies of aged widows may be seen, with shaven heads, washing and worshiping in the Ganges, hoping at last to atone for the sin that is supposed to have brought the curse of widowhood upon them.

Benares is not altogether dependent upon its reputation as a shrine. Rare tapestries and silks are made in its old-time factories. In the brass market, skilled workmen produce chased and decorated brazen articles that are famous the world over. It is rather a center for publishing interests in the Hindi language. We ought ere long to have workers enough in India to allow of making some effort among the hundreds of thousands of Benares.

W. A. SPICER.

## The Apostles' Clock

PERHAPS the object that excites the most present-day interest in Prague is the Apostles' Clock in the tower of the Council House. Once an hour an expectant throng gathers on the sidewalk opposite the Council House; and, when the moment arrives, a skeleton representing Father Time takes hold of a cord, which he pulls with his grim and bony hand, thus ringing a bell.

Then two little windows of stained glass mysteriously slide open, and life-size figures of the apostles appear. Matthew, John, and all the rest are seen first at the left-hand window. They turn squarely around, and look up and down the street. Then each passes to the second window, turns squarely around once more, looks up and down the street again, and passes on out of sight. The

twelve follow in solemn silence, while skeleton Time tolls the bell. Last of all comes Peter, whereupon a cock, which is roosting over the apostles' windows, flaps his wings, and utters a lugubrious crow. Then the windows close upon the scene, and all is still again for another hour.

For a curious story connected with this old clock that illustrates the barbarism of those bad old times, I am indebted to an old-time resident of Prague, who vouches for its substantial accuracy.

Before Columbus discovered America, this clock was built, and even then was the wonder and pride of the

city. The skilled mechanic that set it going was induced to build another just like it for a rival city.

This greatly angered the Pragueites, who wanted a monopoly of apostle clocks of that sort. So what did they do but catch the inventor and builder, and put out both his eyes, so that he could never make another clock.

But this blind Samson asked to be taken once more to his loved clock, that he might feel of its curious machinery, and say a last fond farewell to his handiwork. Such a reasonable request could hardly be denied; so the clock-maker was led up into the tower, and allowed once more to touch the beloved machinery.

When he had firmly grasped it, with one tremendous wrench he tore cogs and wheels and

balances apart, and in an instant it was a hopeless wreck. There was no other man in the world who could repair the damage; the blind clock-maker alone knew the secret of the mechanism; and for a hundred years it stood idle and useless, a monument to the folly and jealousy of Prague.

At length, after several generations, a clock-maker was born skillful enough to repair the damage of the blind inventor; and ever since the old clock has been in charge of this man and his descendants, who to-day have a fine jewelry and watch-makers' shop on a corner opposite the Council House, and they alone know the secret of the mechanism of the Apostles' Clock.—*F. E. Clark, in Christian Endeavor World.*



#### By Love Concealed

If all the trials of the year,  
The year that is begun,  
Should to thine eyes at once appear,  
Couldst say, "Thy will be done"?

If all the sorrows of thy days,  
The days thou still must live,  
Should cast their shadows o'er thy ways,  
Couldst thou the sight survive?

If all the pain by love concealed,  
The heartbreak and the loss,  
Were to thy gaze at once revealed,  
Wouldst thou accept the cross?

O soul impatient! love divine  
The future still doth hide;  
Then on thy Father's breast recline,  
And in his love abide.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

#### Sweetness the Secret of Love

It was a beautiful spring day. As I walked down the narrow trail leading through a dark wood of brush and bramble to the banana plantation, I came to a place where the air seemed fairly drenched with fragrance. Stopping to enjoy for a moment the sweetness which was brought by every breath, there occurred the thought that a flower emitting such perfume must certainly be one of great beauty; and immediately I longed to possess it.

Casting my eyes from bush to bush, I soon discovered, almost hidden by the dark foliage of the luxuriant tangle, some little cone-shaped flowers very unlike those my imagination had pictured. But because of their fragrance I gladly gathered a handful to take home.

What a lesson this little flower teaches us—that sweetness rather than beauty wins the heart. Every one desires to be loved. But what shall I do to make people love me? you ask. Let the flower answer, *Be sweet*. Fragrance in the character as well as in the blossom quickly finds its way to the heart.

CHAPMAN MCCOY.

#### Good Conductors

It was a shoemaker's shop, with bench, half-worn shoes, and not a few boxes. The proprietor was an old friend of mine, but so deaf that few could converse with him. Visiting the village in which he lived, I made him a call. He was happily surprised. After a chat by means of the lips, signs, and paper, he asked if I would like to hear his boy play the harp. I said that I should. A little later a lad came into the shop with a beautiful instrument. Placing his feet on the pedals, he ran his fingers over the wires, and the most melodious music responded.

Picture the scene,—the old cobbler, with leather

apron, bent form, and glowing eye riveted on the musician; the boy, with his very soul making the strings vibrate beneath his touch; while the writer was perched upon the counter enraptured. When the music stopped, I turned to the old man, and asked by signs: "Did you hear it?" He shook his head, and answered: "Not a note." Then stepping to the stove, he picked up a long black poker, and putting one end between his teeth, and placing the other on the harp, he motioned the boy to play on. How the lad played! His fingers moved as if by magic. The room was flooded with music, and pedestrians stopped in their walk on the street to listen. Every string of my heart was touched, and harp and heart were in sympathy. Suddenly the musician stopped. The old man, his face beaming with delight, looked at me. I propounded the same question: "Did you hear anything?" He laughed. "All that you heard I heard," he answered.

What was the reason?—The poker was a conductor of sound, and by its use he received a benefit which otherwise he could not have enjoyed. Ah, I thought, few hear the music, see the smile, feel the touch, taste the sweets, of Jesus; but it is because they do not come in touch with him. Prayer, my young friends, is one conductor; God's word is another; worship at church is another; acts of love in Christ's name are others. Test them, and you will be well repaid. Try them, and they will put sweetness into your life, and music into your soul. By them the song of mourning will be changed to a halleluiahs chorus.

WILLIAM P. PEARCE.

#### John Earl's Noon Hour

JOHN EARL was employed in one of the largest cotton mills of Lowell. The work was hard, the hours long, and, worst of all, the pay small, with little or no prospect of increase. His condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others employed in the same mill, but, somehow, it seemed to disturb him more. He believed that he was capable of better things.

One noon, while eating his dinner beside the machine he operated, the thought occurred to him, Why am I wasting the noon hour each day? Each year he spent three hundred days or thereabouts in the mill, and the possibilities of those three hundred noon hours appealed to the young man. Too weary at night to turn his attention to serious study, he had about given up hope of bettering his condition.

Being naturally a good penman, and fond of mathematics, he turned his attention to figures and bookkeeping. He thought that during the ensuing five years, while his companions were idling and telling stories, he could master the subject that interested him.

The following morning, on his way to the mill, Earl purchased an arithmetic, and, when the noon hour came, having eaten his dinner, he made a beginning on the course he had marked out for himself.

Of course the men laughed when they saw him at work with his paper and pencil; that was to be expected, and Earl was not disturbed in the least. In fact, he was so engrossed with his work that he heard but few of their gibes. The only thing that seriously annoyed him was the one-o'clock whistle.

One noon the superintendent of the mill chanced to pass the young man while he was busy with his study. He noted the nature of the book, but said nothing. That afternoon, however, he referred to the incident, asking the foreman who the young man was, and what his ability as an employee.

"Oh, you mean John Earl," said the foreman. "He's the best workman in my room, sir, but I'm afraid he isn't going to stay with us long."

"Keep your eye on him," said the superintendent; "that kind of young man is worth holding."

Five years, the time that Earl had first allotted

for the completion of his studies, had passed. One morning the foreman stopped before Earl's machine, and informed him that the superintendent wished to see him in the office.

"Haskell has a bone to pick with you, John," said the foreman, striving to conceal a smile, as he noted Earl's bewilderment. "Don't think ill of me, John; I had to report you."

"Report what?" demanded Earl, flushing.

"You will find out when you reach the office," said the foreman, beating a hasty retreat among the noisy looms.

"Mr. Earl?" queried the superintendent, turning in his chair as the young man approached his desk a few minutes later. The "mister" perplexed Earl even more than the foreman's words. Ordinarily the employees, when addressed by the heads of the departments, were spoken to in a most concise form. The "mister" was quite without precedent, but he replied in the affirmative.

"I think it was nearly five years ago that I chanced to see you one noon at work over some problems. I spoke to your foreman about it and told him to keep a sharp eye on you. We have been some time in coming to a decision in the matter, but we have finally decided that you have outlived your usefulness as an operative."

Poor Earl crimsoned clear to the roots of his hair. He knew that he had attended to his work faithfully, and for a moment the seeming injustice of the superintendent's remarks fairly stunned him.

The superintendent nervously stroked his beard as he noted Earl's amazement, and then resumed: "For some time past we have been dissatisfied with the work"—John was deathly pale now, for he had had time to recall the fact that there was rent due and fuel to buy, and, strive as he would, he was unable to keep back the tears—"of our first assistant bookkeeper," finished the superintendent, smiling for the first time; "to-day we discharged him. Are you ready, Mr. Earl, to take his place?"—*Well Spring.*

#### Sabbath Observance

I WELL remember the time when, before I had much light on present truth, I began to rest on the seventh instead of the first day of the week. To me the term "Sabbath-keeping" then meant little more than ceasing work on Saturday. The hours that were not occupied in attending and going to and from meetings were long and wearisome; and when sunset marked the close of the day, a feeling of relief came over me. I was not a Sabbath-keeper; I simply kept Saturday.

I fear that many of our young people regard the Sabbath in the same way that I did at that time. I have been in homes where children were impatient for the sunset hour to come in order that they might go out to play. The spirit of true Sabbath-keeping is lacking in such homes.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath," says God, "from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." The Lord wants us to find great delight in keeping the Sabbath. The "holy of the Lord" should be the most joyful day of the week. When, in the ordinary sense, there is to be a joyful day, special preparations are made for it. We need to plan, before the Sabbath comes, how we shall spend it, so that it may prove delightful to us and acceptable to the Lord.

It will be necessary to rise early, in order to avoid hurry and confusion in preparing breakfast and getting ready for Sabbath-school. Whatever work needs to be done should be done as noiselessly as possible. Do not wait, however, until the Sabbath comes to "study to be quiet." Preparing for and attending Sabbath-school and meeting usually occupies the first half of the day.

The remaining hours should be devoted to sacred purposes.

The Sabbath was given that we might remember the Creator,—that our minds might be directed to the true and living God. Since God is seen in the things he has made, it is especially appropriate to study him in nature on this day. During the pleasantest hours of the day take a walk into the field or forest. A previous study of such chapters as the 104th Psalm or Job 36, 37, 38, and 39, will open your eyes to many things in which God's hand is at work. His love is seen in trees, flowers, hills, and clouds. If you are kept in the house, study his word.

Let the members of the family gather to praise the Lord in singing. Devotion in this is as pleasing to the Lord as prayer.

Suitable reading, which may have been selected during the week, and laid aside for Sabbath afternoon, may be enjoyed by the older members of the family as well as by the younger. It is a good plan to study the Sabbath-school lesson for the following Sabbath. Let the children take turns in preparing short Bible readings during the week to be studied by all on Sabbath afternoon.

While all visiting should be avoided on the Sabbath, it is well to consider the Saviour's example in remembering the sick and suffering on that day, and that he said, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day."

At the setting of the sun, when the sacred hours are closing, let all join in hymns of praise and words of prayer, thanking the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the blessings of the day, and asking his presence and guidance during the week to come.

CLARA SCHUNK.

### "I'll Stand the Pain"

In the awful Park Avenue Tunnel collision in New York City last January, Peter Murphy, twenty-eight years of age, received injuries which resulted in the loss of his right leg, and the paralysis of his left arm and side. The *New York Sun* relates his part in the horrors of that cruel accident.

When the trains crashed together, Murphy's head and shoulders were pushed through a window, and his feet and legs were caught beneath the engine which had telescoped the car. He worked one leg free, and was about to pull the other loose when the roof of the car fell on both legs.

As he hung there in fearful agony, Battalion Chief Farrell of the fire department came along. Murphy asked him to lift the timbers off his legs so that he could free himself.

"If I do that," said Farrell, "the roof will fall on those inside. There are women there."

"I didn't think of that," said Murphy. "Let it stay. I'll stand the pain."

Imprisoned close to the wreck of the hot locomotive, and crushed under the deadly weight of splintered wood and twisted iron, this young Irishman waited in agony half an hour, never losing consciousness, although most sufferers would have fainted from the pain, till his fellow victims were dragged from the ruins.

Every one of those terrible thirty minutes endured for their sake was like an hour of agony; but his extended torture shortened the pain of the other sufferers, and helped them to escape with a better chance of life. It was for that he waited, with the certainty of mutilation and the nearing probability of death.

It is natural to shrink from pain; it is noble to bear it in necessity; it is godlike to endure it for others. Religion has its spiritual vision and its devotional beauty; but its heavenly service is best seen wherever men do and dare and die to help their fellow men. Nothing is more characteristic of Christian law and discipline than this magnanimity of human nature. It is the heroic virtue of Him who gave Christianity its name.—*Selected.*



From Correspondence to the Mission Board  
**Facing the Orient**

THE age of Shanghai is perhaps more uncertain than the number of its population. Mention is made of it as early as 249 B. C.; and two thousand years ago it was the seat of an extensive cotton manufacturing industry. The walls surrounding the native city are three and one-half miles in circuit, with seven gates, and were built at the time of the Japanese invasion in the latter part of the sixteenth century. The city as it now stands is composed of two distinct parts,—the Settlement, or Concession, and the "Native City."

### The Two Cities

The Concession is the foreign city, and consists of various strips of territory adjoining the original city, ceded to the different nations by treaty; or of tracts bought of, or rented from, the central government for commercial and military purposes. These have been built up either by foreign enterprise or by native capital seeking safe investment under foreign patronage. Beautiful and substantial buildings, both public and private, have been erected. The English cathedral, begun in 1866 and completed in 1891, is said to be one of the finest specimens of modern ecclesiastical architecture outside of Europe. The principal roads leading from the Settlement are planted with trees on each side, forming fine avenues. Beautiful suburban residences line these roads.

The Chinese have no right of residence within the Concession, but during the Taiping siege of their own city, in 1860, five hundred thousand natives took refuge in the Settlements. Their residence there proving a benefit

to themselves as well as to their foreign landlords and employers, they have been allowed to remain, some as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and not a few engaging profitably in trade. Coming from the sea, we approached the city from the side of the Concessions, and on landing were much pleased with the broad, clean streets, and generally thrifty and wholesome appearance of the city; but later, after a visit to the native city, we concluded that it was not unlike a "whited sepulcher." The Concession has its own municipal government.

The native city includes that part within the walls, and is entirely under Chinese jurisdiction. No description can adequately convey to a European mind a picture so unlike anything in Western civilization. Heavy iron gates bar the way to objectionable visitors. There is an inner gate besides an outer gate at each entrance. These are closed at night, and closely guarded

during the day. The streets are narrow, six feet being a common width; a few are wider, while others are still narrower. In the quarter which we visited, they were paved, the stones worn round and smooth with much travel. A light rain had fallen, and this made the pavement so slippery that it was almost impossible to keep our footing in the surging crowd that always fills the street. Occasionally a sedan-chair, borne on the shoulders of coolies, would be announced, and every one must draw in his elbows and keep close to his neighbor to allow it to pass. The coolies keep up an almost constant yell to clear the track. Furrows are laid in the pavement at each side of the street for general sewerage purposes.

### The Home Life

The one-story buildings are packed closely together, wall touching wall; and open full front upon the pavement. The same space is used for business and domestic purposes. In other words, the people live in their shops, domestic life always giving the precedence to business. A small space in the rear suffices for cooking purposes; the wife sits anywhere to mend or make the plain garments; and the children play about the feet of the workman. Very small boys may be seen handling mechanic's tools, or otherwise assisting in the labor of the shop.

At mealtime the center of the shop is cleared, the small round table spread with the day's rations of rice and fish or vegetables, and the workmen eat. Afterward the women and children come in for a portion. At night a piece of matting with a blanket spread anywhere on the floor will make a native a comfortable bed.



A CHINESE TEMPLE

Kneading bread, roasting fowls, disciplining the children, washing clothes,—anything that is to be done,—may be done on the street. The married sons bring their wives home to live; and anything like privacy in domestic life among the common people is impossible.

Many heart-rending evidences of poverty and disease are to be seen; but on the whole the plain, substantial clothes of the common people are well made and clean; and they are cleanly in personal habits beyond what could possibly be expected. Judging from the evident luxury one witnesses in the elegant sedan-chairs borne by liveried coolies, there must be another side to life even within the walled city; but I may say that what actually goes on within these fortifications is a conundrum only half guessed by the neighbors who live nearest.

### The House-Boat

Here in Shanghai one gets views of that

unique feature of Chinese civilization, the house-boat. The creek between the French Concession and the wall was almost dry from prolonged drought, but its miserable, stagnant channel was lined with boats occupied as homes. An ordinary Chinese wooden boat, with a tent-like roof of matting or any other available material over the stern, furnishes a home for the whole family, including cats, poultry, and pigs. I saw one with a hen's nest well filled with eggs on the roof.

There are no street-cars and no drays in Shanghai. Passengers and freight are drawn in jinrikishas, pushed about in two-wheeled carts or wheelbarrows, or carried by means of a bamboo pole slung over the shoulders of coolies. Man is his own beast of burden.

About five thousand jinrikishas and as many wheelbarrows operate for hire in the Concessions. These are licensed by the municipality, and each is numbered. Horses are kept for pleasure only. It is not uncommon to see a native sitting on one side of a wheelbarrow, with an immense pile of vegetables or freight on the other side, the whole trundled along by a single coolie. The burdens these men sometimes bear would be regarded as cruelty to a horse in America. We were entertained at the Seventh-day Baptist Mission, three miles from the boat landing, but the jinrikisha coolies made the distance in about twenty minutes for a price equal to five cents in United States gold for each vehicle accommodating one passenger.

MRS. J. N. ANDERSON.



#### A Good Plan

YES, it is a good plan to deny self for the advancement of the cause of God. Self-denial is the first thing the Christian must learn. Jesus said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." I am glad to note that a self-denying spirit is coming into the young people's work. Many are not only taking time that they have been accustomed to use in serving self, to do work for others; but they are also saving, for missionary purposes, money that formerly they spent upon themselves.

Our young people do not have a great deal of money. What they have is largely the result of their own earnings. In many cases the amount earned is not much more than sufficient for actual needs. Notwithstanding this, there is a disposition to bind about personal wants, that something may be given for the advancement of the message that is to go to all the world in this generation.

A number of Iowa young people are saving one dollar a month for the work in mission fields. Just now they are contributing it to the one-thousand-dollar fund which is to go to France. Slowly, but steadily and surely, that money is coming in; and by and by the entire sum will have been raised, and no one will really suffer because of what he has given.

One of the largest of our young people's organizations is planning to send out one of their number as a missionary to Egypt. Doubtless they will not only be able to send him, but to contribute largely to his support in the field.

Another cheering move is that which has been made by the young people in Oakland and San Francisco. They have established a Self-Denial Fund. This fund is made up of the money that these young people have been spending for candy,

chewing-gum, ice cream, and other things more or less harmful. The money is to help in the establishment of a dispensary for the treatment of the sick and poor in San Francisco. The young people throughout California are invited to join in this grand work. Those who try this plan will be surprised, at the end of a few months, to see how much they have been able to give. Several years ago I greatly desired a certain sum of money for a special purpose, and began to save all the dimes that came into my hands, and placed them in a box, for the purpose in mind. I never was more surprised than when I discovered that I had more than the amount required. It seemed so easily saved, and in so short a time. I am sure that many may have the same experience. I wish that the saving of the money that is uselessly spent, and the devoting of it to missionary purposes, might become a prominent part of the work of each Young People's Society. May it be so!

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

#### In Service for Christ

THERE can be no self-seeking in the life of him who follows the Saviour. The true Christian banishes all selfishness from his heart. How can he live for self as he thinks of Christ hanging on the cross, giving his life for the life of the world?

In your behalf Jesus died a death of shame. Are you willing to consecrate yourself to his service? to hold yourself ready to be or to do anything he may require? Are you willing to put self aside, and speak a word of warning to the companion you see yielding to Satan's temptations? Are you willing to sacrifice some of your plans for the sake of trying to lead him in safe paths?

Many youth are in peril who might be saved if Christians would manifest toward them a loving, unselfish interest. By faithful effort they might be led to Jesus. But how many professing Christians there are who are so absorbed in self that they make no effort to help those in need of their help. Terrible will be their remorse in the day of judgment, when their mistake will be plainly revealed. The Spirit of God was striving with the straying ones, striving to lead them home. But those who should have co-operated with God were occupied with their own plans, too busy to see the opportunity that he offered them to work with him. Thus the connection between heaven and earth was broken. Those upon whom God called for help did not respond.

Remember that when you accepted Christ as your Saviour, you entered into a solemn covenant to employ your powers in his service. Into this work you are to put earnest, whole-hearted effort. Christ will not accept divided service. It is expected of a steward that he be found faithful. You are to make all temporal matters subordinate to the work the Lord has placed in your hands. He will call for a strict account of the use you have made of his gifts. The true Christian works unselfishly and untiringly for the Master. He does not seek ease or self-gratification, but holds all, even life itself, subject to God's call. And to him are spoken the words, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

To the indolent, those who are doing nothing for God, comes the inquiry: Why stand ye here all the day idle? Is there nothing to be done in my vineyard? Are there no souls for you to help? Have you forgotten that the judgment is coming? Work while it is called to-day; the night cometh, in which no man can work.

You are God's light-bearer. He has placed in your hands a lamp that you are to keep trimmed and burning for him.

By all that has given us advantage over another,—be it education and refinement, nobility of character, Christian training, religious ex-

perience,—we are in debt to those less favored; and, so far as lies in our power, we are to minister unto them. If we are strong, we are to stay up the hands of the weak. Angels of glory, that do always behold the face of the Father in heaven, make such their special charge. Angels are ever present where they are most needed, with those who have the hardest battle with self to fight, and whose surroundings are the most disagreeable. And in this ministry, Christ's true followers will co-operate.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### Battles between Truth and Falsehood

##### Lesson X—The Heart of God's Law

(June 15-21)

HOW TO STUDY THESE LESSONS.—(1) Read the lesson story; (2) try to recall or find scriptures in proof of each statement; (3) study the texts; (4) see how many missing links you can supply; (5) give the lesson to some one else. You will keep only what you give away.

It is by no chance arrangement nor arbitrary ruling that the Sabbath command is made the "seal" of God's law. It is indeed the heart of the law; and as such it is placed in the bosom of God's perfect law. Without it the rest of the law is a dead letter. From it flow the life and power of the whole law. God would have no right to govern us simply because he is older, wiser, or more powerful than others. His only right to say what we shall or shall not do lies in the fact that he is our Creator. He made us; he keeps us alive; we belong to him. So *he rules by right*; and the Sabbath as a memorial of creation is a "sign" of his rightful rule.

#### Outline

1. Wicked priests violated God's law. Eze. 22: 26.
2. People were not taught to see God in the Sabbath; so he was profaned. *Id.*
3. The heart, or "seal," was torn from the law—a breach was made in it.
4. Those who honor God in his Sabbath will repair this breach. Isa. 58: 12, 13.
5. The "seal" of the law will be restored in the hearts of God's people. Isa. 8: 16.
6. The Sabbath is God's "sign" of rightful rule. Eze. 20: 12, 20.
7. The Sabbath is the memorial of God's character. Read the ninety-seventh Psalm, especially the margin of verse 12.

#### From Lehigh, Kansas

FOR a long time I have had a deep desire to help our young people, and have wondered what I could do to awaken in them a new interest in missionary work. At last I learned of the Young People's Societies that are being formed, and calling some of the young people together, we organized ourselves into a company of twenty-eight. Others were added at a later meeting. We are much interested in the reports in the INSTRUCTOR, also in the studies given therein, and hope to order a club of the paper soon. We are of good courage, and mean to go forward in the Master's service.

NETTIE GAEDE.

#### How to Win a Person's Confidence

WHILE the art of winning people's favor and confidence is, in many instances, a natural gift, like most of the good things in life, it may be acquired by those who earnestly seek it.

The first step to be taken is to cultivate, if you do not already possess it, a uniformly cheerful disposition. A bright, smiling face will do more to incline a man's heart toward you, and to gain his ear, than all the virtues in the calendar, handicapped by a gloomy visage.

Be generous with your sympathy, and try to be at least as much interested in the joys and sorrows of others as you would wish them to be in yours.—*Success.*



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

### Do You Know Her?

I HAVE a little friend who doesn't like to mend,  
To dust, or set the table, or even make a bed;  
The very thought of sweeping nearly sets her off  
a-weeping,  
And she always goes about it as if her feet were  
lead.

She "hates" to rock the baby, and says that  
some day, maybe,  
She'll go away and linger where they've no  
babies 'round  
To keep folks busy rocking—but really this is  
shocking,  
And she doesn't mean a word of what she says,  
I will be bound.

'Tis true she can not bear to even walk a  
square  
To buy a spool of cotton, or stamps for mama's  
mail,  
And it's much against her wishes that she's set  
to washing dishes,  
While to speak of darning stockings is enough  
to make her pale.

In fact, she wants to shirk everything resembling  
work,  
And the only thing she does enjoy, so far as I  
can say,  
Is to take her doll and book, and within some  
quiet nook  
To read of elves and fairies, and dream the  
hours away.  
—Selected.

### Garbage-Box Brain Food

WHAT child is there who does not enjoy good food? It is always pleasant to gather about the table with friends. We *must* have food; and if we can not get the best, we have to partake of an inferior quality. I have known poor children in large cities who had to live on what they could pick out of garbage-boxes. It is sad indeed to think that anybody should have to live like that. But what would you think of a girl or a boy who, being provided with good food, carefully selected and well cooked, would turn away from it, and eat from a garbage-box, all reeking with filth and vermin? Such a course would be so unreasonable that it could result only in evil, perhaps in disease and death.

Now listen; I know of some young people who receive the INSTRUCTOR who do things almost like that, and I will tell you about it. You see the mind is a part of the body, and must be fed in order to grow and become strong and useful. It is a pleasure to feed the mind; nothing is more delightful than to study and read. Good books and papers are like the good food that we feed to our bodies, and bad ones are like the garbage-box, filled with vileness and disease. When we turn from instructive books and papers, and read trashy novels and untrue stories; our mental taste becomes poisoned and unnatural, so that we *prefer* the base and untrue to the true and beautiful. Our minds then become sick and dwarfed,

and almost die from the effect of such poor food. In later years we can not make useful men and women in the world, because our minds are so impoverished that they can not serve us. Let us choose the *very best* food for our minds as well as for our bodies; then they will always be strong. LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

### The Treasures of a Mountain Rat

THE mountain rat is an odd genius. He is considerably larger than the common rat, is gray in color, and lives in caves and holes in the rocks. He never cuts holes into houses, nor gnaws things, like our common rat; but if there is any opportunity,—and there always is in the log cabins in the mountains,—he gets into the house. He does not stay, but only enters to explore. He has a great weakness for making collections. It makes little difference of what they are composed, but his preference is for articles taken from a house, or that man has handled. Every rat has his own house. If he lives in a cave, he will have his treasure-house in some loft or deserted shack. If these are not available, he chooses a hollow log or another cave, and to it carries chips from the wood-pile, shoes

combed his hair with them once. It was a mystery how he ever got into the cabin; diligent search failed to find a hole half big enough; still he made his nightly raids for a time. We searched for his treasure chamber, but could not find it, nor could we find his home. There was a box of giant powder in the cabin; and when he began stealing that, we thought it time to put a stop to his visits. One night he was in the house pilfering as usual when one of the boys awoke, and knocked him over with his shoe. The rat managed to escape, but we were never troubled with him afterward.

Perhaps you wonder if the mountain rat does not use these piles of trinkets for a house. No, he simply hoards them, for the same reason that a miser hoards money, or a boy collects postage stamps. Crows and bluejays do the same thing, only their cache is harder to find, and is never so large. If this creature stores food anywhere, it is not with his collection. He does not even take his treasures down, and look them over occasionally. I have known them to be stored in a loft just over a sleeping-room, and yet the rat work so quietly that no one knew that they were there. A lady of my acquaintance lost her spoons one at a time until they were nearly all



AN UNWELCOME GUEST

from the house, hats, stockings, handkerchiefs, or any article of apparel that he can lug off, no matter what.

Among their favorite treasures are pieces of broken glass, broken dishes, knives, forks, spoons, cups,—anything that they can have no possible use for. These are carefully piled up into a neat pyramid, carried to a sharp point at the top. When one pile grows so large that it is inconvenient to place things upon it, he starts another. I have known these pyramids to contain chips, coffee, spices, shoes, strings of ginseng and dried pumpkin, saucers, spoons, knives, tea, paper, etc. I have two combs in the curiosity-shop of one of these rats, and I am sure that he has never

gone. Afterward she found them among the trinkets of a mountain rat in her own garret.

Mountain rats do not increase rapidly, and therefore are not very numerous.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

### The Birthday Present

It was to be a surprise. "One," said Bessie, "that mama mustn't even suspect. We mustn't drop a hint—not the least bit of a one; mama'd guess it in no time if we did."

"What must we give—something nice—nicer'n anything she got last year," said Harold. "Let's—see," pondered Bessie, slowly, her

"thinking cap" making itself evident in the tiny "considering puckers" on her forehead. "Her birthday's on Wednesday, and it's Monday now — we've no time to lose."

"Let's get what she'd rather have than anything else — let's!"

It was the first time Carl had spoken.

"That's what we're going to," replied Harold; "why we're thinking so long," and it did seem long, for Harold was expecting any moment to hear Willy Ferguson's "call whistle" at the gate, which meant one little Holman less to discuss the question of the birthday gift.

"She had a watch last year — from Switzerland," said Carl, ruefully, for hadn't he seen the stock of fine ones at Freeman's — "better'n they make in Switzerland?"

"And a chafing-dish," added Bessie, counting on her fingers, "and a chair, and a desk, and a —"

"We can't get any of those." It was Harold's turn to think. "Besides, they'd cost —"

"We'd never thought of that," exclaimed Bessie, in dismay, "about the money! I don't believe we can get — I haven't a cent!"

"Nor I!"

Ray "fished" into the pockets of his trousers — his first ones — and drew from their depths only a jack-knife handle.

"Then we can't —"

"But we must, Harold!" said Bessie, with all the emphasis she could command. "We must! Mama'd feel so disappointed with nothing — now we've planned so much!"

"And we wanted it better'n anything she'd ever had," and Ray looked to Carl.

"And it can be — if you agree!" Carl went to the lower drawer of the bookcase, and took out his box of "Tom Thumb" stationery. "I just thought of it!"

Bessie looked up inquiringly.

"It's something we each can give — what she's wanted and wanted, ever so long! And what she's asked for, too," mysteriously.

"I — don't — see," said Harold, thoroughly puzzled. "We haven't any money!"

"Don't need any. Wait! I'll get mine ready, and then you'll see."

Carl went to the table, and wrote on a page of his delicate paper: —

"For Mama's Birthday Present. I'll give up my whistle in the house forever and ever and ever. CARL."

They all crowded to look over Carl's shoulder.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Bessie. "I know what I'll give!"

"And I!" cried Harold.

Ray didn't quite understand. Bessie whispered something to him, and all that the rest could hear was "cap."

What excellent gifts they were!

"I promise not to read a word after it gets dusk — before the gas is lighted. BESSIE."

"I'll hang up all my things in their proper place when I come from play or errands — I really and truly will. HAROLD."

"Ray will not forget to take off his cap in the sitting-room."

Mrs. Holman smiled her sweetest mother smile when she received her gifts, two days later.

"They are the choicest presents I have ever received," she said, happily; "for they are something we all can keep!" — *Companion.*

### Getting the Worst

A boy came to the door of a lady's house, and asked if she did not wish some berries.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket, and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why don't you come in, and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think that would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals, or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin which is worse than all the gain. The one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it. — *Selected.*



### Abide with Us

ABIDE with us in days of youth:  
O, help us love Thy word of truth!  
'Twill give us might and strength and power,  
And guard us safely hour by hour.  
We'll keep thy holy standard high,  
To thee in trouble quickly fly;  
Then, Lord, abide with us, we pray,  
And help us choose the narrow way.

Abide with us as years roll on,  
And help us meet, with cheerful song,  
The varied changes time will bring,  
Of good or ill, upon his wing.  
He swiftly flies; and naught can stay  
The hands that bear the books away,  
Wherein are kept, on pages fair,  
The record of the deeds done here.

Abide with us, both young and old.  
May we obtain the precious gold  
Which binds the parent and the child  
In sweetest union, gentle, mild.  
Abide with us in that dread day  
When sin and death shall pass away,  
And may we with the faithful meet,  
And sing together at thy feet.

PAULINA M. A. ANDERSON.

### Cheap Language

To be able to speak well, to express one's thoughts in simple but pure language, is a great blessing, and marks one as a gentleman or a lady.

It might be thought, however, judging from the practice of many young persons, that to be jocular, or even coarse, is an evidence of real development. But rather than conclude that those who show such lack regard their way as right, the writer believes that as a rule they have simply fallen into a habit of being cheap in their manner of speaking.

It is easy to be cheap. To use the slang expressions common to the loafer and street Arab requires no effort. No midnight oil need be burned, no painstaking application made. All one needs to do is to open his ears, loose his tongue, and let himself go. Moreover, he who does so always finds plenty of company, and hosts of admirers.

But cheapness is no standard; it is simply a slime-pit, into which any standard may be dropped. To be cheap is to make of life a mere round of existence, purposeless, useless. Even the world regards cheapness as something to be despised and abhorred; for, sooner or later, sensible people always turn away from that which is worthless.

But how should cheap, boorish language appear to the Christian? With the prospect of entering into the presence of the King of kings; of associating with the pure, unfallen beings of heaven and other worlds; of conversing with Christ Jesus, the great Author of perfect language and address, the Christian views anything short of highest excellence as unworthy of his calling. Believing, as he does, that all knowledge and perfection gained here will be carried

with him into the next world, and that "for all knowledge that we might have gained, but did not, there will be an eternal loss, even if we do not lose our souls," he seeks to cultivate the ability to express in perfect language the thoughts given him of God. Standing face to face with the thought that God is dishonored by foolish jesting, impure speech, and the slang heard almost everywhere, he denies these things any place in his life, with all his might adopting the refining, elevating word and thought of the divine.

"Well," says one, "I believe all that, and would like to be able to use good language; but I have had no opportunity to learn, and even now am not able to attend school." Dear young friend, you do not absolutely need book-learning — that which is taught in school — in order to acquire a good vocabulary, and wholesome, beautiful expression. In fact, the best form of speech is not gained in the schoolroom. Rather, it is absorbed, taken in, gathered from here, there, everywhere, — this speaker, that writer, and from articles which now and then come to the attention. He who is willing and anxious to excel, to become an easy, smooth, and really correct speaker, needs to keep his eyes and ears open; and all along the way he will gain the very highest of educational advantages. He will find teachers all around him. The sermon will contain a word, the lecture a phrase, the article a sentence, which contrasts with his own imperfect form, and he stands corrected, improved.

In view of such resources, let no one say that he can not improve. Stir up your mind. Set your face like a flint. Be determined to be the very best. Begin *now* to weed out of your language all that is coarse and cheap. Abhor slang and senseless bywords. But withal, be a Christian. Be simple and natural. Strive to please God, and not to please and fascinate men. "Be swift to hear, slow to speak." "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few," and choice, even "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." And forget not to pray, daily: "Let the words of my mouth . . . be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer." C. L. TAYLOR.

### The Life of an Apple Woman

IN his "Investment of Influence" Dr. Hillis tells the story of a London apple woman.

Her life lay among the poorest of the poor. Her only means of living was the peddling of fruit from a basket. She was a daughter of the gutter, the offspring of the London tenement, than which there is no more sunless nor degrading birthplace in the world. Cold, and the poverty that means frequent hunger and sometimes eventual despair, were the conditions of her life. But an English author searched out her career, and as Dr. Hillis remarks, "Her story makes the story of kings and queens contemptible."

For forty-two years this poor woman had dedicated herself to the rearing of those waifs of the street who have no knowledge of father or mother, and who are blown hither and thither, perhaps to lifelong imprisonment, perhaps to suicide, certainly to starvation and crime.

In her back room, in the cellar of one of the most lawless tenements, she had an ash-box, which was continually in use either as a cradle or a bed. There a chance visitor might at any time have found one, two, or three wee orphans, whose lot was even harder than her own.

During these long years this woman reared some twenty orphans with as much solicitude as if she had been their mother. She gave them home and bed and food and education. She felt that there was another and purer world beyond the fighting and the filth, the hunger and the crime, to which she had been accustomed, and from which she could never hope to escape; and with this feeling she taught them to look for

better things, both here and hereafter. She enabled them to attend school, saw that they acquired some knowledge of useful trades, and finally, when, one after another, they grew to a more self-dependent age, she helped them off to Canada, and to the United States, and to Australia, that they might begin life for themselves.

The life-history of this poor London apple woman is an exotic blossom of the slums. With her misshapen face but exquisite smile, with her disfigured body but beautiful soul, she seemed, as she lay on her deathbed, like one over whom God's loveliest angels bent.

She has fallen asleep, but her example of devotion remains a living essence of good in the midst of evil. It ennobles poverty. It dignifies opportunity. It illustrates Christ.—*Youth's Companion*.



## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### XII—The Promise of a Saviour

(June 21)

"AND the Lord God said unto the serpent, . . . I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Gen. 3:14, 15.

"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." John 1:14.

"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." John 1:12.

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." Heb. 2:14.

(The Scripture texts are the lesson to be studied. Go over these carefully every day, until you know just what each one teaches. Then the following notes will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Read them carefully several times. Lastly go over all the questions, and be sure you can answer each one in the words of Scripture.)

The first promise of a Saviour that was given to man, was in the words of God to the serpent that had deceived them, and so got them into his power. It was the promise that the seed of the woman should give the serpent a crushing blow, which would destroy him, though in doing this he would himself be wounded.

This promised Seed is Jesus; for it is he who "was wounded for our transgressions," and "bruised for our iniquities." But by being bruised upon the cross, he has taken away all the power of Satan, and given him his death-blow.

As we have studied God's great works of creation, we have learned that the Seed from which they all come is the word of God, and that Jesus is that Word by whom all things were made. So he is the real seed of all living things.

Every seed that is sown, and that springs up and unfolds into a beautiful plant, is a parable. It is to teach us of the true seed, Jesus, and that the whole universe is but the unfolding of the riches of his glory; for he is the beginning of the creation of God.

And now to man in his sorrow and sin came the wondrous promise that this divine seed, the Creator and Lord of all things, would humble himself, and take the form of one of his creatures, and be made in the likeness of man. The Word was to be made flesh in order to put within man again that power that made him the Son of God in the beginning. Those who receive Jesus into their hearts by believing in him have within them all the power that made the heavens and the earth, to break the chains of the serpent, and to make them again new creatures. This holy seed will unfold in the heart, and form Christ within us, to save us by his life. The divine Word, who made all things, is the power that saves them.

God said that he would put enmity between Satan and the children of men. If it were not for this, all would be the willing slaves of Satan.

Every good impulse, every desire to do right, comes from Jesus, and is a fulfillment of this promise of God to put enmity between man and the serpent. It is this that teaches the heathen who have not heard the gospel from man, to know right from wrong, to love what is good and true, and to hate evil; for Christ is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

"I can not feel Thee touch my hand.  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me as my mother does  
Her little wayward child.

"But I have felt thee in my thought,  
Striving with sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from thee."

Adam and Eve soon saw the sad results of their sin. The falling leaves and fading flowers showed that death had come into the world. But in all these marks of the curse they could read the sweet story of the cross. They told of him who was bearing the curse, and whose life was stronger than death; for if it had not been, all things would have vanished.

Sin has brought death upon us, as God said that it would, but Jesus has taken its curse upon himself, and is giving us life every moment by his power that can raise the dead. Because of sin, the leaves fall from the trees, the grass withers, and the flowers fade. But the seed, the Word of God which abides forever, clothes the world again with new beauty, telling of the Saviour's victory over death, and that he will restore all things.

The seed falls into the ground and dies, that it may spring up, and give birth to many more seeds. This also is a figure of the true seed, Jesus, who gave up his life that he might bring many sons unto glory, and clothe them again, and the earth also, with all the glory of the new creation.

#### Questions

1. What did God say to the serpent after he had tempted Adam and Eve to disobey?
2. What did he place between the serpent and the seed of the woman?
3. What did he say the seed of the woman should do to the serpent?
4. What would the serpent do to Him?
5. Who is the serpent?
6. Who is the seed of the woman?
7. What was in the beginning, by which the worlds were made?
8. What did the Word become?
9. Where did he come to dwell?
10. What power does he give to all those who receive him?
11. Why was Jesus made flesh?
12. What did he suffer when he became flesh?
13. What has he done by his sufferings?
14. Then from what are we delivered?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XII—The Building of David's House

(June 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David; he will not turn from it; of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne." Ps. 132:11.

#### Synopsis

David reigned in Hebron seven years, and then he took "the stronghold of Zion: the same is the city of David. . . . And David went on, and grew great, and the Lord God of hosts was with him. And Hiram king of Tyre sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons; and they built David an house." 2 Sam. 5:7-11.

Now David had made a vow that he would not come into the tabernacle of his house, nor go up into his bed, nor give sleep to his eyes, until he should find a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob. Ps. 132:2-5. At this time the ark of God was at Kirjath-jearim in the house of Abinadab; "lo, . . . we found it in the fields of the wood." Verse 6. From the days of Saul it had not been inquired of (1 Chron. 13:3), but now David brings it to his own city, Zion, and sets it in the midst of the tent which he has pitched. 1 Chron. 16:1.

Sitting in his house with the prophet Nathan, he can not but compare his cedar walls with the curtains covering the ark. He plans to build a

house for the Lord. But the Lord answers, No; I will build thee an house (2 Sam. 7:11); and then he swears in truth to David: "Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne. . . . For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation. This is my rest forever: here will I dwell." Ps. 132:11, 13, 14.

To build a house was to bring a son into a family. Ruth 4:11. If a house continued forever, there must be a son in the family forever. When the Lord promised to establish David's throne and David's house forever, he renewed the promise of the seed (Gen. 3:15; 2 Sam. 7:12), and declared his purpose to give his eternal Son to David's family. Although the promise may have had immediate reference to Solomon, yet it can only be completely fulfilled in Christ, the one who ever liveth. Heb. 7:25.

He is the seed of Abraham (Gal. 3:16), the seed of David (Rom. 1:1-3), and the son of both. Matt. 1:1. In him Israel was brought into the relation of a son (Hosea 11:1; Matt. 2:14, 15), and in him the family in heaven and earth are united. Eph. 3:14, 15.

In this way was David's house to be built,—through the gift of Christ, the fruit of his own body, the one coming in his own flesh.

#### Questions

1. Who built David a house in Zion?
2. What kind of house was it?
3. What vow did David make at this time?
4. Where did he find the ark of God?
5. How had it been neglected during Saul's reign?
6. What place did David prepare for it in his own city?
7. Then what thought came to his mind?
8. How did the Lord answer him?
9. What psalm records his answer?
10. What words show the Lord's acceptance of the plan which David had selected for the ark?
11. Anciently what did it mean to build a house?
12. On what basis, then, could a house continue forever?
13. In the Lord's promise concerning a house for David, what original promise did he renew?
14. To whom did this seed refer?
15. What shows that the promise can be completely fulfilled only in Christ?
16. Whose seed is he? Whose son?
17. What did the sonship of Christ do for Israel?
18. What does it do for the whole family of earth and heaven?
19. How, then, did the Lord purpose to build David's house?

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GET outdoors! Some part of these beautiful days are for you. Perhaps not a large part, reckoned by minutes, but a little space, morning or noon or evening, in God's sunshine, to let your soul breathe, will give a wonderful inspiration and uplift to the whole day. There are lessons of living, and living lessons, too, to be learned outdoors, which can never be learned inside—unless by special dispensation, not granted to those who slight God's gifts. Get outdoors! Drop the things that occupy your mind at other times, and let God speak to you. His love and goodness are written on all the face of nature; open your eyes, and read there the message of hope, of comfort, of love, of cheer, that your own heart needs. It is there, but you will never see it unless you look.

### A Suggestion

FOUR young men from the Tuskegee Industrial Institute in Alabama sailed from New York not long ago on their way to Togo, a territory about the size of North Carolina lying on the west coast of Africa. Here they will join four others from the same school who went out last year. These young men go to connect with a cotton plantation under the direction of the German Economic Society; and they hope, by their example and teaching, to instruct the natives in better methods of agriculture. An impressive statement in regard to their enterprise is that they go to Togo to live permanently.

Any such step, that shows a desire on the part of those who take it to uplift and benefit their fellow men, must commend itself to every one. As one reads of their entering this work, the thought comes, Why should there not be many young men among Seventh-day Adventists who, charged with the most important message ever given to the world, could do a similar work? There must be among the readers of the INSTRUCTOR many who have no other wish than to work for the Master wherever he calls them to labor. But they perhaps put off the decision, thinking that now they are too young. No greater mistake could possibly be made. Now is the very time to decide; then everything can be made to count for the utmost usefulness in the days to come.

For a number of years we have had a small industrial mission colony in Matabeleland; and it is hoped soon to establish, under the direction of Brother Joseph Booth, a similar colony in Nyassaland. But the field so entered is practically unoccupied. District after district, among whose people will be found many who will shine as stars in the kingdom of our Father, has never yet been entered by missionaries.

But with the message that goes to these people telling them of Jesus, and of his soon coming, will go instruction in better methods of living. They must be taught how to cultivate their land,

how to care for their bodies, as well as the common branches of education. Are there not many who will definitely decide to do this work, and then fit themselves thoroughly for it, and take it up, resolved to stay by it till the end? The blessing of God will rest upon those who make such a decision; and he will go before those who consecrate their lives to him, to be used wherever he calls in his great harvest-field.

### Further News from India

MENTION was made last week of the copy of the annual Report of the American Marathi Mission sent by Miss Abbott, to whose school in Bombay a club of INSTRUCTORS is sent every week for distribution. Following this came a letter, in which she earnestly thanks again all who have helped to send this club. She says:—

"The papers come regularly; and when three numbers are received, I send them out, as three can go for the same postage as one. It would be rather difficult for me to send them every week. I must send you one letter lately received, and a bit of another. The first is from a young lady who was in the medical school in Bombay when she wrote. She has now been graduated with honor, and gone to England for further study. She is a Hindu, but belongs to the class of reformers who have broken away from the trammels of caste. She says: 'I have been wishing to thank you for copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR that you so kindly forward to me. It is a very good paper, and a favorite among the other lady students also.' The second is from an official in the employ of a native rajah. He is a Hindu also, but in caste a Brahman. He writes: 'You are long since continuing to send me the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I have to thank you often and often. In these papers I find some interesting lessons, such as "Gospel Work in the Harrison Street Police Station," "Parable of the Talents," etc., etc., which make me as awaking from sleep. I do not know how I should reward your kindness toward me.'"

After speaking of her widows' home, and the work opening before her, Miss Abbott concludes: "I am continually asked for copies. I wish the people would pay for them; but they are either afraid of their purse or their friends. . . . Again I must thank you, and through you all those who help in sending the papers out here. I am sure the Lord is using them to his own glory."

Shall not our prayers go with the papers as they go to this distant land week by week, that they may be indeed a blessing to all into whose hands they may fall?

### "As Awaking from Sleep"

YOU will notice this expression in one of the extracts quoted in Miss Abbott's letter on this page. As the young man read of the work being carried on in Chicago, and the admonitions of another writer, he says: They "make me as awaking from sleep." Do not the words remind you of the admonition of the apostle: "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep"? Why?—"For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Are we awake? If we are, we shall work the works of Him who has called us; for "the night is far spent, the day is at hand;" and the time is now when the "works of darkness" are to be cast aside, and all who love God are to put on the "armor of light," even "the Lord Jesus," and go forward to do his work.

### A New Book

"BIBLE NATURE STUDIES," by M. E. Cady, of Healdsburg College, is, as its name implies, a nature-study book. But it differs from many similar books in that it is executed in harmony with the truth that all true higher education is that which leads the student to gain a closer

knowledge of God. "Bible Nature Studies" is a book for parents as well as for teachers; by its aid, parents can begin in the home the study that the teacher will carry on later in the school, thus laying a good foundation for future work. There are two hundred and sixty lessons in the book, or five a week, and these are so arranged that they may be adapted to the season of the year.

Published by the Pacific Press Pub. Co.; 512 pages; bound in dark-green cloth; price, post-paid, \$1.



LAYING TRACK BY MACHINERY.—A new mechanical device for laying railroad track has recently been put into successful operation near Greenville, Pennsylvania. The machine consists of a number of cars, those in the rear containing the rails and fastenings, those in the center carrying the ties, while at the head come the boiler and machine cars. It is claimed that this device, with the aid of forty men, is capable of laying two miles of track a day.

PLOWS AND PUMPS.—The Persian minister to the United States is impressed with the desirability of introducing the American plow and pump into his own country. He says: "We need the pump most. Under our earth in Persia there is plenty of water, but we have no pumps like yours. We need them to bring it to the top quickly, as you do here, to make our land fertile. We need the plow also. We have cotton, wheat, and rice; but we could produce much more if we had your plows."

THE KAISER'S GIFT.—Growing out of the recent visit of Prince Henry to this country, is the offer of Emperor William to present to the United States a statue, in bronze, of Frederick the Great, to be erected in the city of Washington. The President sent a message of thanks to the German ruler in the name of the American people; and his proposition was laid before Congress in a special message. It is already suggested that the unveiling of this statue might be sufficient occasion for a visit from the emperor himself.

HOW THE AIR IS CLEANSED.—Not long ago a health commissioner in Chicago decided to find out for himself if the common statement that a snow- or rain-storm cleanses the air, is founded on fact. The results of his experiments show that portions of the air of the city on a day just before a snow-storm "showed an average of 630 colonies of growing germs. The largest number was 1,050, the smallest 350. After a snow-fall equivalent to 1.28 of an inch of rain, he repeated the experiment, and found the average number of colonies to be sixty-six, ranging from nineteen to 180."

TELESCOPIC FIRE LADDERS.—Something new in fire ladders is being tried successfully at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The new ladder consists of a number of lengths, which telescope together, and are capable of being extended to a height of eighty-five feet. The mechanism is operated by means of compressed air. "The ladder is attached to a heavy truck carrying an air-tank. The ladder can be directed at a particular window, or other place in a burning building that it is desirable to reach. A fireman lashed to the end of the ladder is shot up with it, and rescued persons need not clamber down, as the ladder can be quickly lowered with them on it."