

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Educating Young African Cannibals

An Interesting Experiment

In the July number of the *World's Work*, a magazine which, as the name implies, deals with the great practical issues of the day, there appeared a deeply interesting article entitled, "An Educational Experiment with Cannibals." The writer is Mr. Samuel P. Verner, a professor in Stillman Institute, at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Through the courtesy of the journal named, the *INSTRUCTOR* is permitted to reproduce the illustrations, and to make free use of the article accompanying them.

Two African lads came under the charge of Professor Verner over five years ago, when he was in the central part of the Dark Continent. This was at the time of the Belgian expedition against the Arabs. While General Kitchener advanced against the Mahdi from Egypt, Baron Dhanis ascended the Kongo, and then its greatest southern tributary, the River Kasai, at whose sources he recruited allies from the Batetela tribe for the war against the Arabs. Among the Batetela natives were these boys, Kassongo Lusuna and Kondola Mukusa. They accompanied the army with other boys to help carry food and ammunition.

Their ages at that time were fourteen and ten years. The older, Kassongo, is a nephew of the king, and heir to the throne, while Kondola is the son of a fisherman, a common native. The Batetela negroes are famous over a large area of Central Africa for their bravery, intelligence, and industry, but they are the most confirmed cannibals. Kassongo was present at the battle of Nyangwe, when the Arabs were so signally routed, and when, after the engagement, the Batetela soldiers held a banquet over the remains of their foes. The country of this tribe is just south of the equator in the Kongo Free State, and about midway between the eastern and western oceans.

When these two cannibal youth fell to the charge of Professor Verner, their traits of character came into bold prominence, and day after day they became a fascinating study. At that time they would lie, fight, steal, and gamble whenever occasion offered. To break these habits was not an easy nor a short task. The methods used were the Scriptural ones, consisting both of moral suasion and the rod; and before leaving Africa, the writer states that his life and goods were safe in their hands. It was evident that their bad habits were the result of their surroundings, and not of some defect in their moral constitution. While in Africa, both boys learned to read and write in their native dialect, which had been reduced to alphabetical characters for this purpose.

In the article published in the *World's Work* several incidents are related which show the devotion and fidelity of these African youth. On one occasion the professor went to the summit of a high mountain to make some geographical observations. While there, he fell into a concealed game-pit ten feet deep, set with sharp, poisoned stakes. Kassongo got him out, and then ran five miles for help, returning in a little more than an hour. He then sucked the poison from the wound, and nursed his master through the almost fatal illness that followed. The writer states positively that he owes his life to this faithful lad.

At another time it was necessary to make a forced journey into a dangerous country to attend to an unpleasant business matter. With Kondola they walked fifty miles the first day, sleeping in jungles infested by leopards and elephants; and though the little lad was only twelve years old, he neither complained nor faltered. When the journey's end was reached, the professor was so exhausted that he had to be lifted into a boat; but Kondola promptly joined in a game of ball which the youngsters of the town were playing! This shows the remarkable physique of these youth.

On one occasion Mr. Verner was obliged to make a perilous trip by canoe down the cataracts of the River Kasai to meet a steamer coming up from below. Kassongo volunteered for the dangerous place of paddler at the prow, watching for rocks, crocodiles, and hippopotami, and to do a large part of the steering. He maintained his post all day long without complaint, while they passed through what the writer calls one of the worst pieces of water on earth.

A touching instance of the power of nobler ideas in these late cannibal minds was shown in

their treatment of a sick comrade who was being taken down the river to his old home at Stanley Pool on the Kongo. This was Bundu, a Mukongo native who had been the cook of the camp. He was dying of the sleeping sickness, that strange malady which carries off whole



Kassongo Kondola
THE BOYS IN ALABAMA, A FEW YEARS LATER

villages. The Batetela boys nursed him, fed him, watched over him, and when the poor lad died, they helped bear him to his lonely grave. Then they made their way, weeping, back to the steamer, and solemnly said that "poor Bundu had gone to his own country at last." Their language has no word for home.

A great surprise waited them at Stanley Pool, where they first saw a locomotive. They promptly named it "steamer on land," and with wide-opened eyes they said, "What wizards these white men are!" An accident made it necessary to telephone for another engine. When it steamed up, Kondola exclaimed, "See, his brother has come to help him!" Kassongo then observed that even the white man "could not make an animal that would not stop."

On the passage to Europe the boys had several wild animals that they cared for, and they managed to keep them all alive except some chameleons and a little green monkey. The latter drank sea water and died. The little Africans wept over him sorely, then had a funeral service for him, and consigned his body to the deep.

As the steamer neared Antwerp, the young negroes were observed with much interest. The towers, the spires, the great buildings, the cathedral, bells ringing, whistles sounding, ship after ship lining the quay, and all the roar and bustle of city life,—these strange, new things overwhelmed these lads from the dark recesses of Ethiopia. The passengers crowded around to note the effect. The boys' eyes grew bigger, and Kondola ventured to exclaim, "Oh, we must be at heaven now!" Kassongo thoughtfully asked, "Master



MR. VERNER AND THE BATETELA BOYS

why do the white men leave all this to come to our land?"

The trip across the Atlantic was uneventful, and the steamer reached New York in February, in a raging blizzard. On landing, the boys were left temporarily in the care of the clerk of a lodging-house, the proprietor being absent. Imagine the professor's dismay when, returning after a half-hour's absence, he learned that his wards had been put out, and the explanation from the lodging-keeper was, "I don't want any niggers here; I put 'em out!" The police were called up, and after several hours' search Mr. Verner found the boys at midnight standing near a fruit-stand in sight of the familiar bananas. Each caught sight of the other at the same time, and Kassongo exclaimed: "Is it not a great city, master? We would not go far away, because we feared we should be lost. In the morning we thought you would find us."

While absent to deliver a lecture, the Africans were left at the Thornwell Orphanage in South Carolina. On returning, Professor Verner learned that a general pilgrimage had taken place from all over the country to see Kassongo and Kondola; indeed, they had caused a great sensation. In Columbia the little fellows were the recipients of many attentions, and the house where they stayed was a real Mecca for the colored people for a month. Later they were taken to the Stillman Institute at Tuscaloosa, where they are now being educated.

The progress of these youth has been extraordinary. Both can now read and write, and are quite familiar with elementary geography and arithmetic. Both have professed Christianity, and are of sound moral character. They are faithful workmen on the farm, and can use ordinary mechanical tools fairly well. One is leading his class with an average of ninety-three in scholarship, and the other is not far behind.

The gentleman who has taken such a deep interest in these dark-skinned Africans hopes to secure a grant of land for them in the Kongo Free State, from the king of Belgium, that they may return to elevate their people.

Reader, can we not discern the hand of God in this interesting experience?

G. W. AMADON.

Living Water

IN the incident of the Samaritan woman at the well, is shown one of the Saviour's ways of winning souls. While the woman was extolling Jacob's well, Christ was speaking to her of the water of everlasting life. He who drinks of the water of Jacob's well "shall thirst again," he said, but he who drinks "of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

Instead of disparaging Jacob's well, Christ presented something better. "If thou knewest the gift of God," he said, "and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." He turned the conversation to the treasure he had to bestow, which would satisfy the craving of mind and heart. He offered the woman something better than anything she possessed, even living water, the joy and hope of the gospel of his kingdom.

This is an illustration of the way in which we are to work. It is of little use for us to go to pleasure-lovers, theater-goers, drunkards, and gamblers, and scathingly rebuke them for their sins. We must offer them something better than that which they have, even "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." We must make it as plain as possible to them that the law of God is binding upon all human beings, and that this law is a transcript of the divine character, an expression of that which the Creator wishes his children to become.

These poor souls are engaged in a wild chase after worldly pleasure and earthly riches. They

have no knowledge of anything more desirable. But pleasure will not satisfy the soul. Show them how infinitely superior to the fleeting joys of the world is the imperishable glory of heaven. Seek to convince them of the freedom and hope and rest and peace to be found in the gospel.

God's people, young and old, are to lift up Jesus, who alone can satisfy the restless craving of the heart, and give repose to the mind. Wealth can not do this. Intoxicating drink can not do it. Worldly pleasure can not do it. Title, rank, learning, power,—all are worthless unless the name is enrolled in the Lamb's book of life.

In the prayer which Christ offered to his Father just before the crucifixion, he said, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Only the religion that comes from God will lead to God. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." There is in his heart a well of living water, the influence of which is felt by all with whom he associates.

To the weary and heavy laden Christ says, "Come unto me, . . . and I will give you rest." Restless, craving, exhausted heart, think of the Saviour's words, "Whosoever drinketh of this water that I shall give him shall never thirst." Drink from the wells of worldly pleasure, and you will thirst again. Drink of the water of life, and you will be satisfied and refreshed; for it will be in you "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Love and light and truth and life are found in the everlasting gospel. Come, ye who labor and are heavy laden, come to the living water. "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

The Story of Our Matabele Mission

The Last Week

THE days came and went with little change. Occasionally, for fear of lions, a fire was kept up all night. One morning when the brethren were about ready to break camp, they found that the one who had been watching the mules had fallen asleep for a moment or two, and the animals were nowhere to be seen. Several started in search, agreeing that the one who found them should fire his gun, as a signal that would call all back to the wagon. At last the signal was heard. But when they came up to the wagon, Brother Harvey and the oxen could not be found. Brother Wessels came with the mules. He found them about four miles away. All was now anxiety for Brother Harvey. But at last he, too, was found, keeping good watch of the oxen, but not knowing which way to go to find the wagon. It was very easy to get lost, as the wilderness seemed almost like the trackless ocean, and the vast numbers of thorn bushes hid the view for any distance.

One morning a small box of books was found on the road. Some one passing before had evidently lost this. Among the books was a copy of "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation." This, with some tracts, was given to a young Scotch soldier, who seemed to be a real Christian. He was glad to get them, and promised to read the book with care. The result of this seed-sowing only eternity will reveal.

The month of July had come. The travelers were near the point for which they started; so they decided to travel by day until they reached Buluwayo, in order to see the country. On the evening of July 3 they went into camp only eight miles from Buluwayo, where they planned to stay until it was decided where they would settle. During the day they had a talk with a Kafir and his wife. She understood Dutch, and Brother Wessels talked to her in that tongue, she interpreting for her husband what was said. They both seemed glad to hear about the Lord. They never had heard the old, old story, and were

ready to welcome the white man if he was coming into their country to help them.

Early the next morning Brethren Druillard, Harvey, and Gopp, the Americans in the company, had to talk of the Fourth. As soon as it was light, the party started to the city for mail. To their surprise, they found the stars and stripes floating to the breeze in this far-off land, and, upon investigating, found about thirty Americans gathered together, bent on doing something to celebrate the day.

One man, when he learned that they had come to establish a mission, offered Brother Druillard one thousand acres of land if he would bring his wife, settle on his farm, and teach the natives to work. The farm had water on two sides of it, and gold had been discovered upon it. It was regarded as a valuable property.

At 2 P. M. the company returned to the wagon with the mail. The tent was up, the wagons were unloaded, and dinner was ready. But the dinner was not tempting to-day, so many, many days had they eaten porridge. However, they were thankful to their Heavenly Father for prospering them thus far on their journey, and they would not now complain.

Their missionary meeting on Wednesday evening was in reality a missionary meeting; for were they not in the mission field of their choice? They could confidently commit themselves to Him who had thus led them, knowing that he would not now fail them in establishing the mission where the most might be accomplished for him.

On Thursday the entire company went into Buluwayo to present their plan to Dr. Jameson. They had a letter of introduction to this gentleman, and they were glad indeed to find him in his office, as he was so frequently out of town. At first he did not seem to care much about their mission. He said that missions had been a curse to the country; that the natives were made no better, while the missionaries grew rich. And, more than that, they had never taught the natives how to work, and did not help them in the least. He said much more that made it appear that he had come in contact with some missionaries who had mistaken their calling.

After the brethren laid their plan before him, he told them that if they would adhere to that, he would be very glad to have them come into the country; that it would pay the Chartered Company to help them. He was willing to aid them, and believed that they would be a real blessing to the country, if they made their mission self-supporting, teaching the natives how to work and be cleanly, to let rum and other harmful things alone, and to build houses and plant gardens for themselves. He offered them twelve thousand acres of land for this purpose, in any direction where the land had not been taken; but recommended them to the very place where the mission was later located, if they truly wished to work for the natives. He also sent four Kafirs with them to show them the way. One was to act as a guide. He was a Natal Kafir, and besides speaking English, could speak several other languages. Dr. Jameson encouraged them to spend plenty of time in choosing their location.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

REMEMBER your life is to be a singing life. This world is God's grand cathedral for you. You are to be one of God's choristers, and there is to be a continued sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving going up from your heart, with which God shall be continually well pleased. And there should not be only the offering of the lips, but the surrender of the life with joy. Yes, with joy and not with constraint. Every faculty of our nature should be presented to him in glad service; for the Lord Jehovah is my song, as well as my strength.—*Hay Aitken.*



Goldenrod

ACROSS the meadow in brooding shadow
I walk to drink of the autumn's wine—
The charm of story, the artist's glory,
To-day on these silvery hills is mine.
On height and hollow where'er I follow,
By mellow hillside and searing sod,
Its plumes uplifting, in light winds drifting,
I see the glimmer of goldenrod.

In this latest comer the vanished summer
Has left its sunshine the world to cheer,
And bid us remember in late September
What beauty mates with the passing year.
The days that are fleetest are still the sweetest,
And life is near to the heart of God,
And the peace of heaven to earth is given
In these wonderful days of the goldenrod.

—Selected.

The Danger of Talking Too Much

MANY people talk too much. There are scarcely any of us by whom are spoken no words which it were better to have left unspoken. All unkind words belong to this class. We talk too much when we speak angrily, when we say a word that hurts another. Some people seem nearly always to be talking this way. They rarely ever say a truly generous word of any one or to any one, or a word which gives comfort or help. Their speech is full of uncharitable criticism or fretful complaining. If they spoke only when they had really good words to say, they would be silent much of the time. We talk too much whenever we say anything unkind, or anything that needlessly gives pain to a gentle heart.

Another kind of speech that would better not be indulged in, is that condemned by our Lord when he said that we must give account for every idle word. It need not be a hurtful word—if it is only idle it is unfit to fall from a Christian's lips. Idle words are those that are empty,—empty of love and of good, words of no value. There are many such words spoken. They may appear harmless; yet they are useless, and uselessness always disappoints the Master. They give no comfort, they put no cheer into any heart, they inspire nothing beautiful in any soul. Too much of the conversation of the parlor, of the wayside, of the table, is of this vapid and empty order,—talk about merest nothings, inane, without thought, without sense, without beauty, without meaning. How it must astonish the angels to hear those who have been "bought with a price" using their marvelous gift of speech in such a trivial, idle way! We talk too much when we use idle words.

We talk too much when we speak rash words. It was a wise counsel which the town clerk of Ephesus gave to the people when he said to them: "Ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly." No lesson needs to be urged more repeatedly than this. Inconceivable harm comes from rash talking. Many persons are rash in giving their opinions on subjects concerning which they really have no knowledge, of which they have never seriously thought. Many are rash in blaming and condemning others, without taking time to inquire into the circumstances, or to hear explanations. Others are rash in giving way to temper, and saying words that are not only unseemly, but are also cruel and unjust. In some families, the home life is greatly marred by rash words spoken in the common intercourse of the home. Sometimes it is a habit of contradicting and disputing which has been allowed to grow until it has become inveterate. Usually the questions wrangled over are of no importance. The other day there was

a serious dispute over the question whether it was two o'clock or a quarter past two when a certain thing occurred, and the contention caused bitter anger and sharp words. There are families in which gentle and kindly speech is the exception—the staple talk is ill-tempered, dictatorial, or unloving. Outside, people dare not speak petulantly or angrily, for their neighbors would resent such language. But in the inner circle of love they remove the restraint, and their words too often cut deep into tender hearts. Though love forgives hasty speech, the wounds remain and bleed. We talk too much when we speak hastily and rashly.

We talk too much, too, when we talk about ourselves. The wisest men scarcely ever speak of themselves. Certainly those who are most highly honored in any community do not. The man who habitually talks about himself and his affairs and his doings declares himself a self-conceited egotist, and this practically neutralizes his influence. The better judgment of good people everywhere approves the man who, if great, is not aware of his own greatness; if a saint, is unconscious of his own saintliness. One of the finest things in the story of Moses is that when he came down from the mountain bathed in heavenly radiance, he "wist not that his face shone." If he had been aware of the brightness in his features, the glory would have been dimmed. But too many seem to be aware that their faces shine, even though the radiance be not very bright.

It may be set down as a rule, without any exceptions, that the man who talks about himself is talking too much. But who will tell people about our attainments and achievements if we do not?—Ah! we need not trouble ourselves in the least about that. It is not necessary that people should know how great we are or what good things we do. There is nothing either lovely or Christ-like in the desire that the world should know of the fine things we do. On the other hand, our Lord said some very plain things about those who blow trumpets when they do anything good or fine, to call the world's attention to themselves. Suppose we do our work well; it is no more than it is our duty to do. And are we the only people who have done, and are doing, their work well?

Talking about one's self is perilous, because when we begin it, we are sure to go on from bad to worse. There is a strange fascination about it. It intoxicates us, and lures us on. We would better not begin. It may rob us of the pleasure of saying some things we would like to say; but it is better we should endure the pain of such self-denial and self-restraint rather than incur the danger into which beginning to talk about ourselves would lead us.—*M. C. Hazard, in Well Spring.*

"As the Sparks Fly Upward"

I FIRST noticed this tragedy of insect life in Dalhousie Square, a pretty park in front of the Calcutta post-office. It was in the short twilight hour. Thousands of insects were flying up from among the trees, and in the air overhead hundreds of birds and bats were wheeling and darting. These were catching the insects as fast as they rose into the air.

Looking to see where the poor little victims were coming from, I found them rising from numerous holes in the earth. They were white

ants of the male species. These males are winged insects, very different in appearance from the working white ant, which is such a pest to the householder in the East.

They were newly hatched, down deep in the ant nest below, and came pouring up in an almost uninterrupted stream, to spread their wings and take their first flight into the world, all unconscious of the enemies waiting above the trees to devour them. It seemed a pitiful fate that the little things should spring up from the darkness below into the free air above, only to perish on the threshold of life. It was a satisfaction to see some of them dodge their pursuers, and apparently get away.

Somehow, the scene always reminded me of the saying of Job's friend, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Eliphaz had seen the sparks leap up from the crackling fire of dry thorns, instantly to go out in the darkness. It would be a mournful world if God were not overruling and restraining the forces of destruction, warding off evil, and sending comfort to men in trouble. As it is, in spite of all the agencies of sin, it is a splendid world in which to live and work.

W. A. SPICER.

His Last Message

TEN years ago, in the county of Jackson, Michigan, living on a farm was an apparently happy family. Irving, one of the elder boys of a family of seven, was a kind-hearted lad, but of a daring, impulsive nature. The mother of this family was a Christian, and wished her children to love truth and right. She often remonstrated gently with Irving to curb his restless nature; but the desire for change only strengthened as he grew older, until finally he

wished to leave home, and "go for himself," as he expressed it. Though only eighteen, he decided to join a gang of well-diggers. These men were rough in their habits. Their conversation was not always upon those things that are lovely, pure, and just.



CALCUTTA POST-OFFICE FROM DALHOUSIE SQUARE

Irving's mother knew this, and used her utmost powers to cause him to change his decision; but he only answered, "I am not afraid. They'll not harm me." So he went; and as the months passed, and she saw her boy drifting farther from her and God, it seemed as if all her prayers and instructions had been in vain. But not so; the impressions received by the mind in childhood remain as long as reason endures.

One warm summer afternoon the well-diggers were at work in a region where quicksand was found; and after several days of effort, they struck solid rock, and could go no farther. In their vexation their curses rang out freely on the quiet air. But somehow to-day they stung Irving's ear; and he was glad when only he and a companion were left in charge, while the rest went in search of a drill to pierce the rock. By and by he approached the yawning mouth of the well; and the old, daring spirit again asserted itself. He must go to the bottom of that well, and examine the rock that caused their trouble. His companion urged him not to go, but this only made the desire stronger. "I'm not afraid. Nothing will hurt me," he said, as he nimbly descended. He was just bending to examine the rock when there was a sudden rush, and instantly a great pressure came upon him.

Alas! he realized, too late, that the last eight or ten feet of the sides of the well were of quicksand, and that he was buried fifteen feet

under sand and dirt. His companion, anxiously watching at the top, saw the accident, and with a shout for help, quickly forced two pipes down through the sand, and faintly heard Irving say that he was in a terribly bent position, and that one of the pipes was pressing on his shoulder. Then there was silence for a brief space, and his companion began to fear the worst had come, when he heard, in still fainter tones, "Tell mother it is well with my soul."

Others soon came to the boy's aid; and after hard work they reached his lifeless form. The pressure had been too great, the air too insufficient.

Just as the evening shadows were gathering, they bore him homeward. Up through the familiar lane they went, where the dewy elderberry blossoms were nodding. Mother was watching for him at the gate, wondering why he was so late to the supper she had kept warm for him. The anguish of his home-coming none but a mother can know. The men could only stand with bowed heads as they witnessed the first terrible moments of her grief; then, in awed tones, one of their number ventured to give her that last message. How it comforted her that in this hour of anguish she could thank God that he had led her to give her boy instruction in truth, and ask his forgiveness for ever doubting his promise that his word will not return to him void.

VINA M. SHERWOOD.

Early Autumn

THE world puts on its robes of glory now,
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes,
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

The distant hills are crowned with purple mist,
The days are mellow, and the long, calm nights,
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians, show
The shifting splendors of the Northern Lights.

The generous earth spreads out her fruitful store,
And all the fields are decked with ripened sheaves;
While in the woods, at Autumn's rustling step,
The maples blush through all their trembling leaves.

—Albert Leighton.

The Gospel in a Barrel

I stood in a large barrel factory the other day, and watched the man who inspects the barrels just before they are started down the inclined plane to the shipping-rooms. He would whirl the barrel around a few times to inspect the outside, and then, rolling it over, thrust a small incandescent light into the hole in the side, and with his eye at the opening, stand quietly gazing inside for a moment, as if looking for something.

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"To see if inside's O. K., charred all right, 'nough glue, etc.," he answered.

I put my eye to the hole in one of the barrels. All was as black as pitch within.

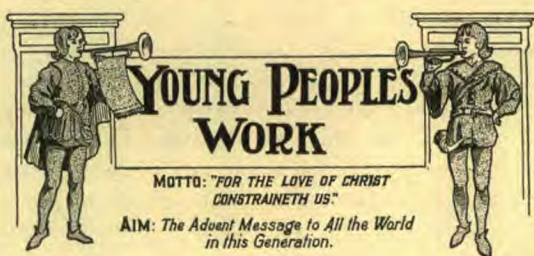
"Here," he said, pushing me aside, and putting the little electric lamp through the hole, "now look." I did, and the inside of the barrel was as light as day. Every joint and irregularity was as plain as could be.

How like our lives! We never know our hearts until Jesus holds the light. How we need his inspection, even after we are his!

"That needs a new head and two new hoops," remarked the inspector, as he made some chalk-marks on the end of a barrel, and rolled it to one side.

Let us not find fault when the Master stops us for repairs, or desires to make us over again. —Selected.

WHAT was commanded to be said to the children of Israel is said to you—Go forward.—J. A. James.



The Name of Jesus

PREPARATORY to the last great Pentecost, when all the nations and tribes of earth are to hear the wonderful works of God set forth again, each in their own tongue, God has had an army of workmen busy setting the Scriptures into the various languages of earth. The word of God speaks in over four hundred tongues now, and new conquests are continually being made.

We, who work in our expressive English speech, itself having been so largely shaped and molded by early Bible translations, can appreciate but partially the difficulties of the translators working in some of the non-Christian tongues. Christian ideas are so totally different from the heathen conceptions, that many thoughts are put into language only with the greatest difficulty.

The noble army of God's workmen have labored and toiled, especially during the last century, to search out right words in which to set forth Christ crucified, in the language of Holy Writ. Now, to-day, in the border lands of missionary enterprise, these workmen are still toiling away with a devotion that may well be an inspiration to us. In the *Missionary Review of the World*, a missionary of the Society of Friends, working in West Central Africa, gives this account of his search for words with which to clothe the thoughts of God:—

"The first word I secured was 'Nichau,' meaning 'What is it?' Day and night I pestered every man I met with that question. In the brickyard, muddy hands and pencil added to muddy paper the swelling list of words. In the garden, hoe and spade were dropped for pencil and notebook, as some new word dropped from the lips of the black man at my side. So it went through the day with its varied duties, and then at night, by candle-light, the day's treasures were gathered up, classified, and made ready for their blessed service.

"For two years and a half I searched for the word 'Saviour.' As each day and week and month passed by, it grew bigger with meaning in the light of the frightful need which faced me—a need which I knew I could meet if I could bring that word to bear upon it; but before which I was powerless until that golden key was discovered.

"But it finally came, and the toil of years was recompensed. Around the evening camp-fire I sat with my men, listening to their stories, and watching eagerly for the coveted word. Finally my head man, Kikuvu, launched upon a tale which I hoped would bring it. He told how Mr. Krieger had some months before been attacked by a lion and badly wounded, and how he had been rescued. But to my great disappointment he did not drop the concrete word for which I was looking. Sick at heart, I was about to turn away, when in a modest way he turned to me, saying, 'Bwana nukuthaniwa na Kikuvu' (The master was saved by Kikuvu). I could have shouted for joy; for, having the verb, I could easily make the noun; but to prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt, I said, 'Ukuthanie Bwana?' (You saved the master?); and he replied, 'Yes.'

"'Why, Kikuvu,' I said, 'this is the word I have been wanting you to give me all these "moons," because I wanted to tell you that Yesu died to Ku—'

"I got no further. The black face lit up, as

in the lurid light of the camp-fire he turned upon me, exclaiming: 'Master! I see it now! I understand! This is what you have been trying to tell us all these moons,—that Yesu died to save us from the power of sin!' Never did a sweeter word fall from mortal lips than that word 'Saviour' as it fell from the lips of that black savage in Central Africa.

"For four years I dwelt alone, seeing three of my co-workers stricken down by fever; had over thirty attacks of fever myself; was three times attacked by lions, several times by rhinoceroses; ambushed by hostile natives; fourteen months without bread; for two months subsisted on beans and sour milk; have had to eat everything from ants to rhinoceroses; but I rejoice to say that I would be glad to go through the whole program again with my eyes wide open if I could have the joy of flashing that word 'Saviour' into the darkness of another tribe in Central Africa."

Rejoicing with this worker in his joy at finding the long-sought word, do we not see, more plainly than ever, the fullness of the gospel in that one blessed word, that dearest name in earth or heaven, brought by angels to men—the name of JESUS? Strike what we know of the meaning of that name JESUS—SAVIOUR—out of our lives, and how all the lights of heaven would go out in darkness in our souls. Yet the greater part of the peoples of this earth to-day do not know the name, and the glorious message to men that God has infolded within it.

W. A. SPICER.

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XX—Jesus' Second Coming

(September 14-20)

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.

When Jesus comes the second time, everybody will see him. His people will be watching for him, and they will rejoice. His enemies will not be expecting him, and they will mourn and weep.

All the angels of heaven will come with him. He will waken all his people who are sleeping. Those that are awake will be "changed;" in place of weak mortal bodies, they will receive immortality. His people are now scattered all over the earth; but his angels will be sent to gather them.

As the Saviour comes nearer the earth, the brightness of his presence will destroy the wicked.

He will not touch the earth. We shall be caught up to meet him in the air.

Then we go with him to heaven, and stay a thousand years. All the wicked will then be dead. All God's children will be in heaven. Satan and his angels will be shut up in the desolate earth.

Outline

Every eye shall see Jesus come. Rev. 1:7. No one will need to be told that he has come. Matt. 24:23-27.

His people are looking for him. Heb. 9:28; 1 Thess. 5:4.

They rejoice to see him. Isa. 25:8, 9. The wicked do not expect him. 1 Thess. 5:1, 2; 2 Peter 3:10.

They weep and mourn at his coming. Rev. 6:15-17; 1:7; Matt. 24:30.

All the angels come with Jesus. Matt. 25:31. The dead will wake up. Isa. 26:19; 1 Thess. 4:13-16.

The living will be changed. 1 Cor. 15:51-54. The angels will be sent to gather them. Matt. 24:31; Ps. 50:5.

All will go together to meet the Lord in the air. 1 Thess. 4:17.

A fire burns up the wicked. Ps. 50:3; 2 Thess. 1:7-9.

Christ's people are with him one thousand years. Rev. 20:4, 5.

Satan is shut up. Rev. 20:1-3.

NOTE.—Read in connection with this lesson chapter XL of "Great Controversy," Vol. IV.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Hailing the Ferryman

I GATHER willow switches in the early days of spring,
And papa makes me whistles of tones most loud and shrill;
And in the April mornings I hear the robin sing;
And I watch the brook trout gleaming where the stream is deep and still;
Sometimes I help my papa take a load of hay to town,
Returning in the evening through the shadows long and cool;
But that's nothing to the pleasure of the time when I go down
With Gyp to hail the ferryman to take the girls to school.

I gather in the apples, and the pumpkins, golden bright,
And hang the ears of pop-corn in the attic, warm and dry;
And I hear the wild geese "honking," at morning, noon, and night,
As they southward fly, in long, long V's across the autumn sky.
There is coasting on the hillsides when the world is white with snow,
And sliding when Jack Frost has built a bridge on every pool;
But they can't compare with mornings in the summer, when I go
With Gyp to hail the ferryman to take the girls to school.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

My Pastoral Ants

UNDER the cherry tree only a few yards from the house was a patch of red raspberries that were allowed to care for themselves. Among them grew a number of weeds, and in their shade a large colony of ants herded their thousands of cows. The ants were large, black fellows, and had small red ants for their slaves. These were the herdsmen, and well they performed their task.

The cows were small, green plant-lice, such as you may sometimes see on your mother's plants in the window. They lived on the leaves of the weeds, staying on the under side in the daytime. On each weed were two or three herd ants, that slowly made the rounds, to see that all went well. They were very gentle with their charges, and never did them any harm; but they would attack at sight every worm that tried to climb up a weed, seeming to fear either that the intruders would hurt their cattle or eat all the pasture.

But what were these cattle for?—One need not watch long to find out. Soon he will see a black ant running up the stem of a weed, and from the deference the herders pay him, it is easy to see that he is one of the lords. He runs up to one bug, hunches it with his head, and the bug gives off a small drop of honey. This

he licks up greedily, and then goes to another, and another, till he has had all he desires, when he goes back home. All day long the ants may be seen running to and from this pasture.

Many of you may have noticed black ants marching up and down the trunk of a box-elder or a maple tree, and thought nothing of it. If you look carefully next time you notice ants on such a tree, you will find the little, green bugs on the leaves, and so see just what I have described. Ants, unlike men, do not eat their cows, but are content to raise them for their "milk."

There are a few very tall weeds near the berry patch; and here another colony of ants had herds

But I did not realize what they were, for a long time. In fact, I was so stupid that it took several years to learn; for they were not very common, and only grew near the house for one year. I finally learned that these are also a variety of cattle that are carefully cared for by the ants. They have underground passages leading to where these "cattle" live, and they never see the light of day. The bright sunshine kills them. I don't know just what use the ant makes of them; for, being underground, there is no opportunity to watch, and if they are exposed above ground, both they and the ants know that something is wrong. But I am inclined to think they secret honey, much as the others do.

With all their wisdom, the ants seem to have no rulers nor leaders. The slaves are not "bossed," and appear to be very devoted to their masters. They undoubtedly communicate ideas to one another, but all seem on an equality. How truly the wise man has said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

Prissy and Her Bell

THE house on the corner had been vacant a long time, and now some new tenants were moving in. Elsie Manning from the sitting-room window of the next house watched the furniture as it was carried in, in hopes to see some sign of a little girl in the family.

"If there is one, there'll be a small chair or a doll-carriage or something," she told her mother; but no such articles appeared, and Elsie was disappointed. She longed for a little next-door neighbor. Her nearest friend lived three houses away, on another street, and to visit her she had to go around the block or climb fences, either of which was inconvenient when she was in a hurry or in stormy weather. It would be so nice, she thought, to have somebody in the next house.

The day after the new neighbors came, Elsie was attracted to the window by the sound of a bell. She heard it several times, and finally she saw a lady on the porch of the corner house with a dinner-bell in her hand. As days went by, the bell-ringing grew to be a regular sound; but nobody could imagine what it was for. Elsie was especially puzzled, and when her mother went to call on the strangers, she begged her if possible to find out about the bell.

When Mrs. Manning returned, Elsie was ready with questions.



"WITH GYP TO HAIL THE FERRYMAN TO TAKE THE GIRLS TO SCHOOL"

so entirely different, and so novel, that I must tell you about them. One could not see them from the outside; but as there were always ants about these weeds, I was interested to know the reason. One day I pulled one of the weeds up, and its roots were covered with a bluish-looking substance,—mold, as I at first thought. I looked at it; and lo! it was alive, thousands of little, bluish, mold-colored insects! They were sucking at every root by hundreds. It is a mystery to me how any plant can grow with so many of these little creatures sucking at its roots.

"Yes," said her mother, smiling, "the secret is out. The bell is for their cat—Prissy, her name is. They say that whenever they want her, they go to the door and ring the bell, and she always stays within sound of the bell, and comes as soon as she is called. It is strange, isn't it, that a cat should be so prompt in obedience?"

Elsie said "Yes," very soberly. She was wondering if her mother was thinking of the many times that she had been called home from Bertha's, or even from play up-stairs, and she had lingered for "just a minute longer" until the summons had been forgotten. Only the day before, she had missed a pleasant walk with her uncle because she had not started at once when she was called. But Elsie could only guess, as Mrs. Manning went on talking about the new neighbors, and telling many interesting things which she had heard.

The next time that Elsie heard the bell, however, she thought about it again, and running to the window, she saw the handsome Prissy climb the back fence, and scamper across the back yard toward the house, and through the door which the cook held open. It was not fear that made her run so promptly.

"I'm not going to let a cat mind better than I do," said Elsie to herself; and the day after, when she heard her father calling her from the library, she ran at once to see what was wanted, although she was right in the middle of a most interesting play. If her father was happily surprised, he said nothing at the time.

Perhaps it would not have been so easy for her always to remember if it had not been for Prissy's reminding bell; but that daily "ding-dong! ding-dong!" never failed to keep the subject in mind, and Elsie came to run so promptly at every summons that Mrs. Manning said, smilingly: "I think Prissy is a pretty good teacher."

Elsie laughed. "Yes, mama," she agreed, "I think she is; for I don't know as I should ever have learned to come quick when I was called if it hadn't been for Prissy and her bell."

Elsie did not know that Prissy, like people, had to learn a lesson before she could teach it. She had not lost a walk with her uncle, but the loss was much greater in her opinion. She lost a dinner!—*Selected.*

The Lord Provides

A FEW days ago mama told me to go to the store. When I came back, I met a little boy, holding a tiny chicken in his hand. He held it so tight I was afraid he would hurt it, so I asked him all about the chicken, and found that he must have taken it from its mother to play with. I coaxed him to let me have the poor, half-dead little thing, and mama gave it to a neighbor who keeps chickens, and would make this little one a good home.

Now who can doubt that the Lord provided for that little chicken? Who can doubt that he provides for us all? If we walk in the parks and fields, we see how beautiful everything is, and remember that the Lord provides these things for our pleasure, and also for homes for many of his creatures.

I am glad that he lets everything grow so beautifully. I love to serve him, and I am going to gather grasses and dry them for Harvest Ingathering, when we can not only thank and praise him for his great love to us, but show in other ways that *we love him.*

EDNA FRENCH.

It is true that love can not be forced, that it can not be made to order, that we can not love because we ought, or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into friendship through the door of discipleship. We can learn love through service.—*Hugh Black.*

Braiding and Weaving Horse Hair

A Penholder

COVER an ordinary wooden penholder with neatly woven horsehair in a suitable pattern, and you will have converted an article worth five cents to one that should sell for from a dollar to a dollar and a half. It is true that some time will be needed to do the work, for both warp and woof should be made of rather fine thread; but horsehair-weaving is something that can be taken up during spare moments, and left when one has other duties to attend to.

For a base procure a penholder that has a hollow metal cylinder inclosing two semi-cylindrical metal plates to receive the pen. This will permit the hair to be woven close to the lower end of the holder, which the old-fashioned kind would not. Most holders of this kind are quite large at the lower

end, where they are covered with cork, tapering gradually to a point at the top. Remove the cork, and dress down the remainder of the handle with a piece of broken glass or coarse sandpaper. Remember that twice the thickness of your warp, and four times the thickness of the threads of your woof, will be added to the diameter of the base when the holder is finished, and dress down the handle accordingly.

The woof should be composed of threads containing from four to six hairs each. Four strands of number eight thread will be quite large enough for the warp.

Begin weaving at the bottom of the holder; and as that part is quite apt to get stained with ink when in use, it will be well to make it entirely of black hair. After about an inch and a half of the holder has been covered, a sufficient number of white threads to make whatever pattern you choose may be introduced.

The easiest way to finish is to cover the top with needlework. But that is not the best way; for a knob on the tip gives it rather an ungainly appearance. It will be impossible to draw the threads of woof under the work with a needle, as the base at the top will be so small and of such unyielding material that the threaded needle can not be forced between it and the woven fabric. There is still another way of concealing the ends of the threads, which, though somewhat complicated, can be used on any kind of work.

When four more circles of stitches will finish

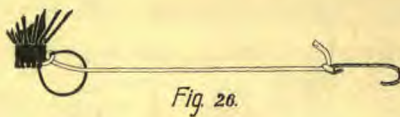


Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.

the work, take the end of each thread of woof after a stitch has been made with it, and pass it under the warp, just as you would do in adding a thread with which to splice a short one. This will give you a circle of loops all around the base, as shown in Fig. 25. Now cut off all but about a foot of the warp; and for convenience in handling, fasten a wire hook to the end of it. The object now is to pass the warp through each of the loops in such a manner that, when drawn taut, it will form the regular weaving stitch with the threads of woof. This is shown in Fig. 26.

When the warp has been passed through a loop, it is hooked to some convenient support and drawn taut. Then the thread of woof can be tightened in the regular manner, and the warp unhooked for another stitch. Three or four circles of stitches made in this manner will be sufficient. In order that the work may not end too abruptly, it is well to pass the warp straight through two or three loops. Then take hold of the projecting end of each thread of woof, and draw it through. Now your work will look like Fig. 27, and all that remains to finish it is to cut off the projecting ends of both warp and woof.

In Fig. 28 a finished penholder is shown.

A Cane

It is no longer good form for a man to carry a cane unless he really needs a walking-stick; so if you wish to cover a cane with woven horsehair, the first thing to do is to secure a stout, serviceable stick, and the next thing is to cover it almost entirely with black hair, allowing just enough white to give it contrast, and show the texture of the fabric, but not enough to make it unduly conspicuous.

If you do not have a cane, do not go to the expense of buying one for this purpose; with no other tool than a plane, or even a pocket-knife and a piece of broken glass, one can be made in a few minutes from a discarded broom

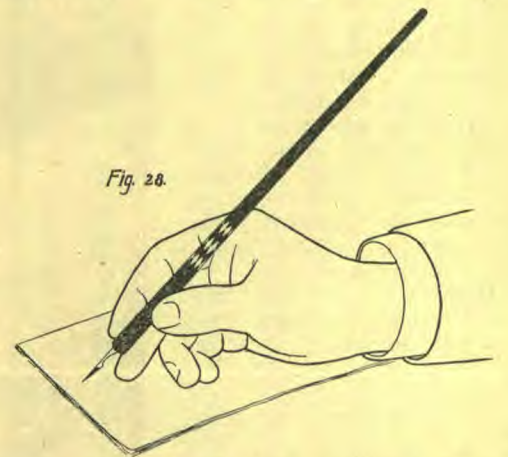


Fig. 28.

handle. The stick should be tapering, and quite small; for the woven work will add quite a little to its diameter. You will have to buy a ferrule, but that will cost very little. The top of the ferrule should be large enough to cover the tip of the cane after the hair has been woven around it. The top of the cane should be a knob just large enough to fit the hollow of the hand comfortably, and a little thicker in proportion to its diameter than a door-knob. This may be made by wrapping twine or narrow strips of cloth around the top of the stick till the desired size and shape are secured, and then fastening in position by driving two or three small nails through the twine ball and into the wood of the cane.

Begin to cover the cane at the top, and work downward. An attractive pattern is made of black with the introduction of three or four circles of white, diamond-shaped figures about six inches from the top. When you come to within an inch of the tip of the cane, it will be time to stop the weaving. It will not be necessary, however, to hide the threads of woof under the woven work. Instead of this, the warp may be wrapped closely and tightly around to bind the woof to the base. When it has been wrapped to the very tip of the cane, the warp is tied, or fastened with a very small tack to hold it in position. Then the ends of both warp and woof are cut off, and the ferrule is adjusted and fastened in position.

The knob on the top must be covered with needlework, as horsehair can not be woven with warp and woof around a base whose diameter varies so much in so short a distance. But with needlework any shape of base can be readily covered. Black hair may be used; or, if you prefer, alternate black and white rings.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII—The Marriage of Isaac

(September 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 24.

MEMORY VERSE: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6.

(The chapter given as the Lesson Scripture is the lesson to be studied. Read this every day, and think over it until you know just what it teaches. Then the following notes, which should be read several times, will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Lastly, go over the questions carefully, and be sure that you can answer each in the words of Scripture.)

Sarah was ninety years old when Isaac was born. She lived for thirty-seven years after this, and died at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven years. Abraham buried her in the cave of Machpelah, that he bought for a burying-ground.

Isaac mourned for his mother, and Abraham's household was without a mistress. When Isaac was forty years old, his father made arrangements for his marriage. The twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis tells the whole of the beautiful story.

You may think this is rather a long chapter for one lesson; but as you read it carefully, you will see that much of it is the story of what is written in the first part of the chapter, as it was told by Abraham's servant to the friends of Rebecca.

God had called Abraham out from his country and his kindred and his father's house, because he wanted to make him the father of a race of good men, who would teach all the nations about the true God. This is why Abraham was so anxious that his son should not go back to the country from which God had called him out.

When God promised the land to Abraham, the promise, we have learned, took in the whole world. Yet he spoke especially of the land of Canaan, saying, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." The eleventh chapter of Hebrews says of Abraham that "by faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise." He made his servant swear that his son should not be taken away from the land of promise.

But the Canaanites worshiped idols, and an idolatrous woman would not have made a good wife for Isaac. So Eliezer was sent to bring a wife from Abraham's birthplace. Although he and his seed could not go back to the country from which God had called them out, yet others might come to them to join them in the worship of the true God.

Notice that Isaac did not choose his own wife, neither did his father Abraham choose for him; nor even Eliezer, who was sent to find her. The choice was left to God, and he sent his holy angel to guide Abraham's servant as he set forth in his search for the one whom God had chosen. This story shows how much easier and better in every way it is to let God choose everything for us, and lead us in his way, than to choose for ourselves, and go in our own ways.

The signs that Eliezer chose by which he might know the woman God had chosen, were the marks of courtesy, energy, kindness of heart, and an obliging nature. Rebecca might have been content with giving him the drink that he asked for; but she thought of the thirsty camels, and ran to get water for them also, and did not rest until they were all satisfied. This was hard work; for ten camels that had come a long journey would drink a great deal of water. Yet she did the work quickly and carefully.

Rebecca's willingness to go back with Eliezer when she heard the story of how the Lord had guided him to her, showed that she had already begun to trust in the God of Abraham.

Questions

1. How long did Sarah live after the birth of Isaac? Where did Abraham bury her? Gen. 23:19.

2. After her death, how did Abraham arrange for the marriage of Isaac? Was Isaac left to choose a wife for himself?

3. Was Eliezer sent to choose a wife for Isaac? Whom was he to bring? Gen. 24:4.

4. Whom did God send to guide Eliezer? Verse 7.

5. Why was Abraham so anxious to keep Isaac from going to Mesopotamia? Verses 6, 7.

6. Where did Eliezer go? Where did he make his camels rest? Verses 10, 11.

7. What prayer did he make to God? Verses 12-14. How soon did the answer come?

8. Tell how God showed him the woman he had chosen.

9. What good qualities did Rebecca's conduct show?

10. Whom did she tell Eliezer that she was? Then what relation was she to Isaac? Verse 24; Gen. 22:20.

11. What did Eliezer do when he found this out? Gen. 24:26, 27.

12. What did he give Rebecca as presents? Verse 22.

13. What did her brother do when he saw the presents and heard her story? Verses 29-31.

14. What did Eliezer do before he would take anything to eat? Verse 33.

15. What did Rebecca's father and brother say when they had heard his story? Verses 50, 51.

16. How soon did Rebecca return with Eliezer? Verses 54-59.

17. How did Rebecca's friends bless her when she left? Verse 60.

18. What did Rebecca do when she saw Isaac? Verses 64, 65. Where did he take her? Verse 67.

MEMORY is an essential that can be cultivated. There is no acceptable apology possible for a poor memory, and it is one thing a public will not forgive. A great deal of time is not required to cultivate the memory, since, when on a train, in the street, or anywhere else, in fact, one may be memorizing, and every line or bar intelligently committed to memory is an advance. —Success.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII—The Basis of the Kingdom of God

(September 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Same as inserted in synopsis.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." Rom. 4:7.

Synopsis

God has foreordained that Christ Jesus should declare his righteousness for the remission of our past sins. Rom. 3:25. It is by faith that we accept this returning of good for evil (verse 22); and the exchange is made that God may be just, and we justified. Verse 26.

Every time we sin, we break God's holy law (1 John 3:4); on the other hand, every time that faith accepts Christ's righteousness for sin, it establishes the law. Rom. 3:31. This is indeed a mystery, but one that Christ says is given us to know. Matt. 13:11.

Upon this same basis of righteousness is the throne of God also established. Prov. 16:12. His scepter is a scepter of righteousness (Heb. 1:8); and to every one who comes boldly before the throne of grace, the King holds out this righteous scepter, that the suppliant "may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. 4:16.

Upon the right hand of this throne sits our Saviour. Acts 2:30, 33. He is the Lord our Righteousness (Jer. 23:6), and is shedding forth his holy character to all, and upon all them that believe. Rom. 3:22. This is the basis of his kingdom (Rom. 14:17); and because it is an everlasting one (Ps. 119:142), the kingdom itself must be everlasting.

Very clearly did Daniel understand the basis of that fifth kingdom, which should stand forever; and before he died, he prophesied of the Messiah, who should bring in everlasting righteousness. Dan. 9:24-26. His coming was the coming of a kingdom. "The kingdom of God is among you" (marginal reading), said Christ to the Pharisees (Luke 17:21); and when he came into Galilee preaching, he said, "The kingdom of God is at hand." Mark 1:15.

Thus it is evident that the continuance of God's kingdom depends upon the righteousness of Christ, our Saviour. He has brought this into human flesh (John 1:14), and upon our accept-

ance of it we establish God's throne (Prov. 16:12), his law (Rom. 3:31), and his character. Rom. 3:26.

Questions

1. What wonderful plan has God foreordained?

2. How can we accept it?

3. For what twofold purpose is this exchange made?

4. Every time we sin, what do we break?

5. Every time we are forgiven, what do we do?

6. Although this is such a great mystery, upon what promise concerning it may we lay hold?

7. What is the basis of God's throne?

8. By what kind of scepter does he rule?

9. To whom does he hold out this scepter?

10. For what purpose is it offered?

11. What is Christ shedding forth from this same throne?

12. To whom is this righteousness given?

13. What is the nature of it?

14. How long, therefore, must the kingdom continue?

15. Who introduced everlasting righteousness into the world?

16. Who prophesied of this?

17. When Christ came in the flesh, what did he usher in?

18. Upon what, therefore, does the continuance of God's kingdom depend?

19. When we accept this righteousness, what do we establish?

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The Harvest Ingathering Number

THE next issue of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR (September 18) will be a special Harvest Ingathering Number. It will be filled with matter appropriate to a Harvest Ingathering service, including articles on the object of the service, decorations, a specially arranged program, appropriate verse, etc., etc. It was thought best, as the time for holding this service varies so widely in different sections, to print this special number thus early, in order to give all who wish to do so an opportunity to utilize its suggestions.

Extra copies will be supplied at the usual rates.

THE second annual calendar of Emmanuel Missionary College, giving a history of the school, and full information regarding courses of study, books, tuition rates, etc., etc., has been issued. All who are interested are invited to write for a copy to E. A. Sutherland, Berrien Springs, Michigan.

IN sending money to the INSTRUCTOR, or through the mails for any purpose, use one of the recognized agencies for its safe transfer; namely, postal money-order, express money-order, bank draft, or registered letter. These may be obtained anywhere at the cost of a few cents. When it is not possible to remit through one of these channels, stamps may be sent for small sums, though in so doing, care should be taken that the gummed surfaces are not folded together.

"THINGS FORETOLD" is the title of a new book of lessons in prophecy for young readers, just issued by the Pacific Press Pub. Co., Oakland, California. It "shows how some things foretold have been fulfilled, how others are being fulfilled, and still others that must be fulfilled," the basis for the book being the visions of Daniel. An excellent little volume for Seventh-day Adventist children to read and study, and to sell and give to other children. Strongly bound in stiff boards; 112 pages; illustrated. Address the publishers, or the Review and Herald Pub. Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

MRS. HATTIE SUMERIX, of Trowbridge, Cheyboygan Co., Michigan, wishes to thank, through the INSTRUCTOR, the friends who have supplied her with clean copies of our various publications; also those who have so kindly sent a club of six copies of the INSTRUCTOR to her little "Sabbath-school in the woods."

We might add that the subscription to this club has expired. All who send used copies of our papers to this address, or to any other, should be careful to see that they are clean, of recent date, carefully wrapped, and that the postage is fully prepaid.

It is to be hoped that all our young people read the *Review*. From first to last it breathes the spirit of the message, and none who wish to keep informed regarding the progress of the work in the wide world-field will fail to read it carefully. An intelligent reading of the reports from our workers by the members of our Young People's Societies will make the hour of the monthly field study one of the brightest and most far-reaching, in its influence on the members, in the entire month.

The Harvest Ingathering

THE subject of Harvest Ingathering is worthy of more consideration than has been given to it. However, such reports as this, "There is to be a Harvest Ingathering service in the Sabbath-schools all over Montana the coming fall: the children are said to be devising all manner of honest ways to earn money for the occasion," are very encouraging indeed.

As I have looked through the "List of Missionary Acre Pledges" in the *Review* from week to week, I have felt to praise God for his opening providence that such an exercise might be held the world over. Should companies not be able to assist in any other line of missionary work, this enterprise alone is sufficient to call forth thanksgiving from every heart, and result in a gathering together to "acknowledge God's bounty" in the products of wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, onions, beets, beans, melons, fruits, and eggs; to express gratitude for his mercies; and to invoke his special blessing upon the offering, that it may be the means of the salvation of many souls through the medical work.

Last year six of these services were held in Chicago, and all entered heartily into them, with success as the result. The suggestive program was adapted to the needs of the individual schools in most cases. The offering from the West Side Sabbath-school was \$52.30, an increase of more than twenty-two dollars over that of the year before. Some may ask, "What effect do these services have upon the other offerings, both weekly and yearly?" For the benefit of such, and all, I will give the facts as they appear on the record books concerning the school mentioned. The first year that plans were laid, and carried into effect, for a Harvest Ingathering in this church, the offerings to missions raised by weekly donations in the Sabbath-school were \$46.31 more than the previous year. Also the annual and semiannual offerings of the church were materially increased.

When the spirit of giving, instead of constantly receiving, takes hold of an individual, none need fear that any part of the work he loves will be neglected; for God, who imparts the spirit of liberality, says that he "is able to make all grace abound toward you: that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

ANNA HIBBEN.

The Blossoming Cross

(To appear in the Life Boat for September)

SHE longed for the green fields. The brick walls of the city were hateful bars; for they shut her out from the violets and the blue hills. The noises of the street were unutterable discords, and she loved the harmonies of the brooks, the symphony of the boughs and bees, the melody of leaves. She prayed from the hand of Life, not that which gladdens woman's heart, but only and always for the great gifts of the birds, the boon of the flowers, the song of the tide, the mighty canvases of the Autumn and the Spring and the still, small Nature voice. The glare of the pavement made her life hot, and her heart tired, and she longed for the peace that cometh into the hearts of men beyond the city's walls. She prayed to Life to open the gates, and let her forth where the lark sang, and where the

meadows were dotted with daisies, and where she saw the wide waters break against the sky cliffs.

And Life said to her: "I will send one who will point out the way to the flowers and the blue hills."

And one came to her who said: "Life sent me. Let us go to the violets." They came to the place where the brick walls were the highest, and the pavement was the hottest; and the woman's guide pointed to them, and the blue hills were behind her.

"Thy way lieth there for yet a while," she said; and it seemed to the woman that her face was very stern, and that there was no pity in her voice. But there was no turning aside from the path that was pointed out; and as the days passed, the way became smoother, and the stones grew softer, and the woman's heart was cool and sweet. The grateful tears of those whose burdens she bore fell upon her face like dew, and the sight of hearts gladdened by her fidelity shut out the blue maze of the mountains and the green vistas of the fields. And the face of her companion became fair in her sight, and a soft, sweet light shone upon it that she had never seen before, and she beat her soul no longer against the red brick bars. And she said: "Thy way is fair, O Duty! for that it is thy way. Whither thou leadest I will go. Thy burden shall be my burden, and thy cross my cross."

And Duty kissed her for the first time, and she looked at the cross she had borne unmurmuringly so long. And behold, it was covered with violets.

FRANK A. MARSHALL.

A Splendid Opportunity

READ, and see if this does not mean you. The Correspondence School for Nurses, connected with the Sanitarium Medical Missionary Training School, will begin a new class the first of October. Lessons are sent weekly to students who are unable to leave home duties in order to take a regular course at one of our sanitariums. This is the fourth year this work has been carried on, and hundreds are availing themselves of it. Studies on eleven subjects are given, among which Christian Help work, and care and treatment of the sick, are prominent. Our lessons have recently been revised, enlarged, and in every way improved.

The tuition fee is three dollars, which barely covers the cost of sending out the lessons, correcting the replies, and returning the reports to the pupil. The text-books for this work are furnished at actual cost price. We shall organize a new class in October, which will continue one year (some finish in six months), and shall be glad to hear from all who are interested. A descriptive circular giving full particulars, also testimonials from those who have taken the course, will be sent free on application.

Address the Correspondence Department, Sanitarium Training School, Battle Creek, Michigan.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for the Sabbath, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your Christian faith, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.—Beecher.

WHILE the edition of "Principles of True Science" lasts, M. E. Cady will send one copy to all who order a copy of "Bible Nature Studies," for fifty cents additional. "Bible Nature Studies," \$1; "Principles of True Science," 75 cents; both, \$1.50. Address M. E. Cady, Healdsburg, California.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS,

illustrated and with music, will be mailed to you if you send your address and 12 cents to —
 OTTO LUNDELL, 324 Dearborn St., Room 770, Chicago, Ill.