

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Fisk University

CLINTON BOWEN FISK, after whom this celebrated institute of learning was named, was born at York, New York, in 1828, and died in 1890. Entering the army, he rose to the rank of a brevet major-general. After the War of the Rebellion he became attached to the Freedman's Bureau as a commissioner, and later assisted in the opening of the institute which bears his name. The work of founding this university was begun in 1865, and it was incorporated in 1867. It was then known as the Fisk school, and was opened for the reception of pupils in the old Federal Hospital Buildings, Jan. 9, 1866.

This opening was a most thrilling affair. The newly emancipated colored people, for whose education it was intended, gathered by thousands about the grounds and upon the streets. "Thousands of ex-slaves were there. One passion animated this dusky throng. To learn to read was the ambition of the bright colored boy, of his sedate but none the less eager sire, and of the veteran grandparent with white hair, and with eyes that must learn the alphabet with the aid of spectacles."

The first agency, and the most successful, in the perfecting of this grand undertaking was the American Missionary Society of New York City, founded in 1846 as a distinctly antislavery missionary society; but the real worker, the one who was instrumental in bringing the university up to its present standard of excellence, was Treasurer George L. White, who was instructor in music in the Fisk school from its opening.

With a faith in the result, and a courage invincible and unshakable, he organized, from among the male colored students, a band of nine singers, and started out with these in 1871 to raise money for the enlargement of the institution. Only for his faith and courage, and the prospering care of God, the enterprise would have proved a lamentable failure; for the

first few weeks of their journeyings was a constant record of loss and discouragement. Mr. White had named his company "The Jubilee Singers," and they could sing with incomparable sweetness, and with a pathos to melt the stoniest heart; yet as they went from town to town singing their melodies, they were often penniless, and on the verge of starvation. At last they reached Oberlin, and were permitted to sing before the National Council, then in session at that stronghold of the colored man. This turned the tide. Plymouth, Brooklyn, and scores of other prominent churches in the North opened their doors to receive them, and money poured into the treasury.

Crossing the Atlantic, Queen Victoria welcomed them. Germany and France received them, and at the end of seven years they returned to Nashville with the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was expended in the

rooms for men. In addition it has the chapel, study-room, library, museum, laboratory, classrooms, and the president's and treasurer's offices. The Gymnasium and Workshop was erected in



MAIN ENTRANCE — FISK UNIVERSITY

1889, at a cost of five thousand dollars, through a legacy of a Mr. Howard, of Philadelphia, and other gifts.

In the fall and winter of 1890-91, a band of Jubilee Singers canvassed for funds for the erection of the fourth building, the African Missionary Association assisting, and in 1892 Theological Hall was erected, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars.

In the same year, through a legacy of General Clinton B. Fisk, the Fisk Memorial Chapel was built. It will seat one thousand persons.

The sixth building, the president's house, was built with money contributed by the widow of General Fisk, and Miss Mary F. Penfield, a teacher in the institute, who sold her home for two thousand dollars, and gave the proceeds to the building fund.

The seventh building, the Daniel Hand Model School, was erected in 1895, at a cost of five thousand dollars, the funds being contributed by the African Missionary Association, from the income of the Daniel Hand Fund. It is designed for the instruction of children under thirteen years of age.

Magnolia Cottage, the eighth building, containing four rooms, is the beginning of a hope for a "Department of Music." It is used for instruction in music.

These eight buildings, with thirty-five acres of ground, and with the apparatus and furnishings, cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The most formidable obstacle encountered in the work of this institute is the extreme poverty of the colored people of the South; for the income of the institution falls short of its requirements.

The State of Tennessee provides sixty-six scholarships for colored men in the State, and each State senator has the right to appoint two men to scholarships during his two years of service. This scholarship enables a student from any recognized school to enter Fisk University on a credit of \$6.25 a month of the total expense for board and tuition.



FISK MEMORIAL CHURCH (SIDE VIEW)

erection of Jubilee Hall, and in paying for the ground occupied, comprising thirty-five acres of what was formerly a slave plantation. The hall itself is surrounded with eight acres of land. There are seven other buildings.

Jubilee Hall was erected in 1876, and cost over one hundred thousand dollars. It is 145x128 feet, five stories high, and contains dormitories for the girls, and the boarding department. The principal of the women's department has the oversight of this building, and an experienced woman is employed to look after the health of the young women, and to give individual advice.

Livingstone Hall, the second of the eight buildings comprising the Fisk University group, cost sixty thousand dollars, and is the gift of Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Malden, Massachusetts. It was opened in September, 1882, and contains one hundred and twenty large, well-furnished, and comfortably warmed



DORMITORY — FISK UNIVERSITY

The library contains seven thousand one hundred and forty-two bound volumes, and a large number of periodicals, and is catalogued by the card system.

The faculty consists of seven regularly appointed professors, and twenty instructors, graduates of Northern universities.

The aim of the founders and supporters of the Fisk University has always been "to make its students strong, earnest, broad-minded Christian men and women, who shall give their lives to the uplifting and benefiting of their people;" and the result, so far, is that out of four hundred and nine graduates in the college and normal departments in the last twenty-five years, three hundred and nineteen have become college professors, teachers of high-grade schools, principals of normal or grammar schools, ministers, doctors, lawyers, or are still students in professional schools. Only ten remain yet at home, unprofessionally employed.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



Just Where Thou Art

JUST where thou art lift up thy voice,
And sing the song that stirs thy heart;
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand
To lift, to save, just where thou art.
Just where thou standest light thy lamp,
'Tis dark to others as to thee;
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

Out yonder in the broad, full glare
Of many lamps thine own might pale;
And thy sweet song amid the roar
Of many voices slowly fail;
While these thy kindred wandered on
Uncheered, unlighted, to the end.
Near to thy hand thy mission lies—
Wherever sad hearts need a friend.

—Isabel Darling.

"It Is My Way"

SOMETIMES one who professes to be a follower of Christ is heard saying, "You must not be surprised if I am rough, if I speak bluntly, if I manifest temper: it is my way."

You ask us not to be surprised! Is not Heaven surprised at such manifestations, since the plan of salvation has been devised, since an infinite sacrifice has been made on Calvary's cross, that you might reflect the image of Jesus? Will "your way" enter heaven? Suppose some one comes up to the pearly gates, and says, "I know that I have been rude and unkind, and that it is my disposition to lie and steal; but I want an entrance to the heavenly mansions." Will such a disposition find entrance through the portals of the heavenly city?—No, no! only those who keep God's way will enter there.

The manifestation of natural and cultivated tendencies to wrong-doing can not be excused by the plea, "It is my way." Christians realize that in order to bring the principles of Christianity into the daily life, they need much of the grace of Christ.

The youth who co-operate with Christ will find that their way is full of errors needing to be corrected. Brought into the character-building, these errors are as rotten timbers. Let no one allow them to remain. Let no one plead for the privilege of clinging to his imperfections, excusing himself by saying, "It is my way." Those who please self, refusing to give up their way for Christ's way, will suffer the sure result. They will find themselves strengthless, Christless.

Are you striving to walk in the way of truth and righteousness? Then be not discouraged by

temptation. True, you will be tempted; but remember that temptation is not sin; it is no indication of the Lord's displeasure. He suffers you to be tempted, but he measures the temptation by the power which he imparts to enable you to resist and overcome. It is in the time of temptation and trial that you are to measure the degree of your faith in God, and to estimate the stability of your Christian character.

Do not say, "It is impossible for me to overcome." Do not say, "It is my nature to do thus and so, and I can not do otherwise. I have inherited weaknesses that make me powerless before temptation." In your own strength you can not overcome, but help has been laid upon One that is mighty. Breathe the prayer, "Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths." Then believe the promise, "The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way." Yes, the Lord says, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."

In order to receive the virtue of the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of your sins, you must consent to the conditions he imposes. "If any man will come after me," he says, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Seeking pardon of sin from his cross, you will seek direction from his throne. Looking to and believing in Christ as your personal Saviour, is your only hope of salvation. Receiving Christ in all his completeness, you are in truth able to sing:—

"I will follow thee, my Saviour,
Wheresoe'er my lot may be.
Where thou goest, I will follow;
Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee."

God has given his Holy Spirit as a power sufficient to subdue all your hereditary and cultivated tendencies to wrong-doing. By yielding the mind to the control of the Spirit, you will grow into the likeness of God's perfect character, and will become an instrumentality through which he can reveal his mercy, his goodness, and his love.

Whatever may be your defects, the Holy Spirit will reveal them, and grace will be given you to overcome. Through the merits of the blood of Christ you may be a conqueror, yes, more than a conqueror. Will you who read these words resolve never again to excuse your defects of character by saying, "It is my way"? Let no one again declare, "I can not change my natural habits and tendencies." Let the truth be admitted into the soul, and it will work to sanctify the character.

Beholding Christ, we are changed through the power of the Holy Spirit. When this change takes place, the hands, the tongue, the feet, act in accord with the heart's spiritual advancement. Faith is a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. We no longer plead for our will to be done, or for our old ways and habits to be left undisturbed. The converting power of God molds us after the divine similitude,—after the likeness of the One who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

The Little Latch-Key

It was March and midnight. The air was full of driving sleet, and the streets were vacant. Not even the form of a policeman broke the monotony of slippery pavements glittering under the wavering shadows of electricity. Presently a boyish form emerged from a dark corner, and crept slowly up the steps of a corner house. It was a large, handsome residence, now utterly dark and quiet.

What business had one to creep stealthily into that house at that hour? Was the boy a burglar?

He fumbled in his pocket, and drew forth a tiny key. Yes, it opened the door, and he stood within. The hall was dark, but warm. He moved

eagerly to the register,—he seemed to know just where to find it,—and crouched shivering over its delightful warmth. After some moments he started up the stairs, oh, so carefully, lest there should be a sound. But the steps were padded and carpeted, and his old wet shoes sank into them noiselessly. At the head of the stairs he felt his way to the door. It was closed, and he hesitated, leaning against the frame, and breathing heavily. At last he laid his hand on the knob, then turned it a little. Was the door locked?—No, it swung open quietly, and the boy stepped in.

The street light shone upon a dainty bed all made, and turned open ready for an occupant. A dressing-gown hung on a chair near the bed, and a pair of slippers stood before it. The rest of the room was in darkness. The boy gave a great sob, and fell on his knees by the side of the bed.

No, he was not a burglar, only a sick boy stealing home under cover of midnight.

It was nearly two years since he knelt by that bed. His mother had died; he had thought his father stern and cold, so he had run away to live as he liked. Once in his miserable wanderings a much-forwarded letter from home had reached him. It contained no writing, just the tiny latch key to the home door. For months the little key had burned as it lay in his pocket. It had reminded him that, though a prodigal, he still had a home. It had reminded him of the Saviour whom his mother trusted, and in the time of his deepest distress he had said, I will trust him. Still he was afraid; but the little key had still lain in his pocket, and at last had drawn him home.

The next morning Mr. Kane opened his son's door, as he always did since he had sent the latch-key. He expected nothing, but it had become a habit, so he opened the door. Did his eyes deceive him?—No, it was true. Ralph was in the bed asleep. The face was thin and worn. The father fell on his knees, and the boy opened his eyes.

"O father!" he sobbed, "I've come home to die. I've been wicked, wicked, wicked. Can you forgive me?"

"Indeed I can. And God—have you asked his forgiveness?"

"Yes, and I wanted to tell you before I die."

"Die!" said the father, gathering him into his arms. "No, indeed."

"The doctor at the hospital said that I would not live long."

"We'll see about that," said Mr. Kane, stepping to the 'phone.

When the family physician had looked Ralph over, he smiled. "The hospital doctor knew that you had little chance wandering about with no care," he said, "but we'll send you off to Florida; and if you lead a sensible, pure life, you'll live to be the stay of your father's old age."

When the physician had gone, Ralph turned to his father. "I'm so glad you sent the latch-key. I never would have come home by daylight. But when I was out in the cold, wet night, I could not resist the comfort at the end of that key," he said.

"It was God who gave me the thought, my boy. I asked him what to do."

"How good God is!" replied Ralph.

"And you have your whole life before you in which to show your love for him," replied the father.—*Selected.*

THE secret of a quiet heart is to keep ever near God. Stayed on him, we shall not be shaken, and our "hearts shall be fixed, trusting in the Lord." We get above the fogs when we soar to God, and circumstances in their wildest whirl will not suck us into the vortex if we are holding by him, and know that he is at our right hand.—*Alexander Maclaren.*



The Brave "I Will"

AMEN to the effort that says "I will,"
Whoever the boy with a purpose high;
Amen to the spirit that dares fulfill
The promise that glows in a brave "I'll try."

Wherever the runners their race begin,
Few goals can be won at a single bound.
Success to the boy with a mind to win,
Contented if only he's gaining ground.

Then up with a purpose for every day,
An earnest look toward the sun-crowned hill —
A prayer for endeavor that wins its way.
Amen to the effort that says, "I will."

— Frank Walcott Hutt.

Casabianca

THE history of the hero of the poem beginning, "The boy stood on the burning deck," is not generally known, yet the tragic story has thrilled the heart of many readers, both old and young, and not a few have wished to know more of him. A few years ago the following was prepared for the *Morning Star*, by Mr. F. M. Colby:—

"Owen Casabianca was a native of Corsica, on which island he was born in the year 1788. His father was Louis Casabianca, a distinguished French politician, and naval commander, and the friend of Napoleon, who, you will remember, was also a Corsican. He was, at this time, captain of the 'Orient,' one of the largest vessels in the French navy, a magnificent ship of war, carrying one hundred and twenty guns and five hundred seamen.

"Of Casabianca's mother we know little save that she was a young and beautiful Corsican lady, and devotedly attached to her son. Owen was her only child, a handsome, manly little fellow, with her beauty in his flashing eyes and dusky hair. She died while he was yet very young; and when the green sod was placed above her grave, the boy left the pleasant valley under the smiling hills of Corsica to go with his father, and tread the hard deck of a war vessel.

"Mere child as he was, Casabianca soon grew to love his father's dangerous calling, and became a favorite with all on board. He was made a midshipman, and at the early age of ten years participated with his father in the battle of the Nile.

"The ship caught fire during the action. Soon afterward Captain Casabianca, the father, was wounded by a musket ball. Not yet disabled, he was struck in the head some minutes later by a splinter, which laid him insensible upon the deck.

"His gallant son, unconscious of the chieftain's doom, still held his post at the battery, where he worked like the hero he was. He saw the flames raging around him, and the ship's crew deserting him one by one. The boy himself was urged to flee; but with a courage beyond his years he refused to desert his post. Worthy son of Louis Casabianca, he fought on, and never abandoned the 'Orient' till the whole of that immense vessel was in flames. Then, seeking refuge on a floating mast, he left the burning ship behind him.

"But it was too late. With an explosion so tremendous that every ship felt it to the very bottom, the 'Orient' blew up, and from among the wreckage the next morning was picked up the mangled body of the young hero whose story romance and poetry can not make more heroic than it was.

"His tragic fate has been related in millions of homes, and the father's glory has been overshadowed by that of the son's brave, faithful heart. He rests now far beneath the waters in that classic sunset land; and it may be that the rushes of the Nile whisper his requiem where they tremble in the fragrant Orient breezes that sweep from the Midland Sea. And who shall say that it is not a noble grave?"

MRS. J. A. CORLISS.

Smoking Made Easy

I ONCE knew a little boy who decided to run away from home because he did not want to chop any more wood. It had never occurred to him that it was not the proper thing for him to chop the wood, until another boy gave him the erroneous information that he was being imposed upon, as his father was amply able to hire it done. So he frankly told his mother that she would get up some morning, and find him gone. Good, sensible mother that she was, she did not want her boy to undertake such a disagreeable task alone, so she told him that of course she did not want to part with him, but if he had really decided to run off, he would better go in the daytime, and she would help him get ready to start. Then he would not be ashamed to come home, being assured that they would all be glad to see him at any time.

A boy does not always realize how much his mother is willing to do for him if he will only make her his confidante. This boy seemed much surprised at his mother's manifestation of kind-

ness, and that you will never be any better off by the doing of it. Whenever a boy is confronted by such a temptation as this, he needs help; and he will find the easiest way out of the difficulty by telling his mother all about it. It is sometimes surprising how, with the help of a true Christian mother, a boy may realize success from what would seem an inevitable failure.

So if you really decide that you are going to learn to smoke, be sure to tell your mother. Then when you get sick,—everybody gets sick when learning to smoke,—you will have somebody to sympathize with you. And, too, your mother will know that you have tobacco poisoning, and she or some good physician will know what to do to get you over it. You see, if you did not tell her beforehand, you might be ashamed to tell her the cause of your illness. Then no one would know what to do for you, and you might suffer severely, and possibly die, as the result of your experiment.

Of course I do not wish any boy to understand that I am advising him to learn to smoke; for I am not. Smoking ruins the health, and besides, it calls for the expenditure of a great deal of money. Many of you would have to work hard—perhaps chop wood—to get money enough to meet this useless expense. As the result of smoking, you might have cancer of the mouth or throat, or you might become a confirmed invalid on account of organic heart disease or nervous prostration. So I am not recommending you to learn to smoke; but if you really decide that you are going to do so at the risk of money, health, and life itself, then be sure to choose the easy way by telling your mother about it.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

"I Was Wrong"

ROBERT flung himself out of the door noisily and angrily, and started down the street. His heart was full of bitterness and resentment. He was deeply disappointed, and the refusal of his request seemed to him unreasonable.

Inside the house, a soft-eyed little woman was standing at the vine-trellised window, looking after him sadly enough.

To herself she was saying, "My dear Rob! He didn't mean to hurt me so. He will understand some day that mothers can not always say 'Yes' to a boy's demands. We must do what is best—but sometimes it is very hard."

Then she turned away, and, as was her wont when deeply disturbed, opened her piano. Softly and sweetly she sang one after another her favorite melodies—all her soul in her voice, for her heart was full of tears. It was a mellow voice of appealing sweetness and tender charm.

Robert had gone but a short distance before he met a companion.

"Where are you going?" his friend

asked.

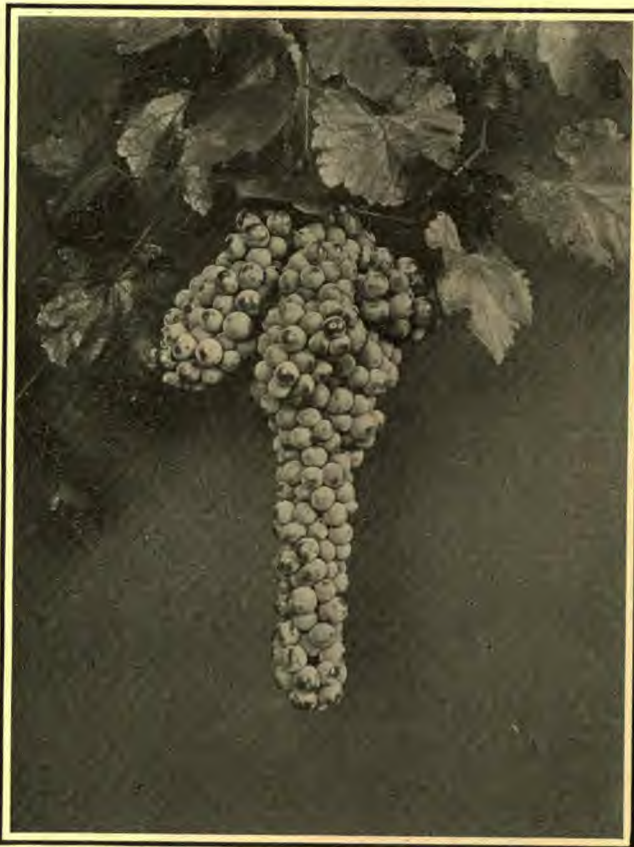
"Nowhere in particular."

"Then let's walk back to your yard. I want to talk to you about something."

On the far end of the lot was a shaded retreat where the slightly rolling ground was covered with green grass and protected by shrubbery. Here the boys threw themselves down to chat.

"Rob, I think the time has come for me to leave, and look out for myself. I've been thinking about it a good while. You know how it is, I guess, at the place I call home. A fellow can't complain, and maybe I am some to blame, but—well, it's not like yours. Then there was a pause.

Robert's heart smote him, and his companion's voice was thick and choked with emotion as he presently continued. "It was not that way before mother died, but now—O Robert, when I



"PLEASANT TO THE SIGHT, AND GOOD FOR FOOD"

ness under the circumstances, even offering to pack his satchel; and it may not be surprising to learn that he finally decided that he would rather chop wood occasionally than be deprived of the companionship of such a kind and loving mother. That surely was a very wise conclusion, although his mother showed him a much easier way to run off than he had ever dreamed of.

Some way, so many times when a boy wishes to enter into some new experience, he prefers to undertake it alone, rather than have his mother know anything about it. But surely this is not the easiest way; while the common practice of confiding in some boy friend can not possibly result in the receiving of any valuable assistance.

Boys, if you think of doing anything that you really do not want your mother to know about,

remember some things,—the hateful things I used to do and say,—I would give the world if I could take it all back again. She was sweet and reasonable, like your mother. She always makes me think of her whenever I see her.

"I was such a hasty-tempered, stubborn fellow, and she had such patience with me. She understood me, and she always stood between me and the trouble I made for myself, saying it would be different when I got older, and could understand that I made more sorrow for myself than any one made for me.

"Well, I begin to understand it now; for whenever I get over my tempers, and see a thing as it is, I hardly ever find it just as I thought it at first. Remembering that has helped me to hold myself level, and to pray for more patience and knowledge.

"Mother said it would all come right in time, and she was so patient! But the older I get, the more I understand what a real mother she was, and how she hated to cross me when she had to. And to think that I——" But he could say no more. Through all their conversation they had been dimly conscious of music, but now clearly and plaintively came the strains of a prayer for consolation adapted to the exquisite music of "The Angels' Serenade," once heard, never to be forgotten, and it touched the deeps of his nature. His tears fell, and Robert felt his own heart full.

They had long been friends, and, though no complaints had ever been made, Arthur having the reticence of a manly boy, Robert knew something of the hard conditions of his life, and now, for the first time, realized his loneliness as well. He could think of no words that would express his sympathy.

There was silence for quite a time. Finally the music ceased, and they took up conversation again, but this time to discuss plans as yet but partially formed in Arthur's mind.

But now, in spite of his interest in his friend, Robert's thoughts were beginning to wander. He felt an irresistible impulse toward his mother. His heart was softened, and his cheeks burned with shame as he remembered his disrespectful words, and his rudeness to that tender mother, the very best and dearest thing on earth to him. He longed to tell her all that he felt and to ask her forgiveness.

For there is just this difference between a low and a high nature: that the one refuses to admit its fault, and is ashamed to confess error; while the other can not rest until it has set matters right, and said, "I was wrong; I am sorry."

Presently the boys parted. Robert leaped up the steps, and rushed joyously into his mother's presence with an overwhelming sense of gladness. "Mother! Mother!"

"O Robbie! I knew you would come! I hoped you would understand! God is good!"—*Selected.*

The Unseen Witness

THE gospel declares the abolition of secrecy. "No man saw me do it," says the sinner. "It was only a thought. I would not dare to express it. I did not express it. No one knows that I cherished it." "It was only a desire. I have not done the thing. No one knows." "I did it in the dark. It will never be found out."

Not so. No public act of our lives was ever so open, or under such universal observation. What do the unseen spectators care for the drama of our acts? They watch the battle-ground of the inner life. When once evil has conquered there, the evil act will follow in its course.

We may be sure that it is precisely that part of our life which we deem secret, and in which, therefore, we tolerate what we could not endure that men should see, that interests God and the unseen witnesses. They see most clearly and watch most acutely, what we think we have hidden from all sight.—*Robert E. Speer.*



This Page

Belongs to our young people. It is *your* page, dear young friends, all you who are *doing something*, whether near or far, to give to the world the advent message in this generation. It does not matter whether you are working in an organized company or "all by yourself,"—if you are *working*, if you are *sowing*, the Lord of the harvest will give fruit, and you will receive a blessing. Then tell it—write a report of your work, of its results if any are seen, of the influence that your efforts for others have had on your own experience. What you say will be a help to others, an incentive to them to do likewise; for the influence of helpfulness does not cease with the performance of the first act, but increases, in ever-widening circles of blessing and helpfulness.

We know there are hundreds of young people who are interested in this work, who are giving their time and best efforts to carrying it forward. Now we want to hear from them. Perhaps *you* are of the number. Will you not do your part to encourage and cheer and inspire other young people, who would like to work, but yet feel that they do not know how to begin, by telling them how you began, and what you are doing?

Do not put this matter off. Think what has helped *you*, write it out, and send it to the INSTRUCTOR for this department.

October Study of the Field

Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting (October 5-11)

SONG SERVICE.

Prayer.

Responsive Scripture Reading—Revelation 14.

Song—Hymns and Tunes, 1055.

Our Matabele Mission (a paper).

The Malaysian Field (a paper).

The Apostle to the Indians of British Guiana (a talk).

Song—Hymns and Tunes, 1263.

History of the Third Angel's Message in the Cook Islands (a paper).

Work among the Women of India (a talk).

The Missionary Campaign, or Every One a Part in This Work (a talk by the leader. For notes, see *Review and Herald*, September 16, page 24).

Closing prayer for the work.

Song and benediction.

NOTE.—There is an abundance of material this month which may be used as the basis of a most excellent missionary meeting. No society need confine itself entirely to the subjects suggested in the program. Any one of them would provide sufficient matter for an hour's service. Besides, many other fields are mentioned. Above all, endeavor to enlist as many on the program as possible. If there is one who does not study the field, ask him to present the subject of the "Apostle to the Indians of British Guiana," or the "Story of our Matabele Mission," telling him where to find the material for his talk or paper, and you will find his interest growing. The study of the field each month should serve to extend our vision of the great work intrusted to us, and stimulate to earnestness of preparation, that soon all our powers may be used in giving this last message in the most needy fields.

If the church has not adopted the use of the weekly offering envelopes suggested in the article "The Missionary Campaign," *Review and Herald*, September 16, page 24, the Young People's Society might take the initiative. The Mission Board will be glad to supply a sufficient number of these so that every young person may have one every Sabbath.

E. H.

Why Study the Field?

As young people, especially, we need to be thoroughly informed with reference to the progress of the third angel's message in the world. "Facts carry with them inspiration." Why are we not more thoroughly awake to the cause that should be nearest our hearts—the giving quickly of this message to all the world? Why, with so many open doors, are we not able to enter, and answer the Macedonian cry? Is it not because we do not know the needs—because we are not more thoroughly informed?

There are many ways of gaining a knowledge of this work. A visit to the field would certainly enlarge our vision, and give us a clearer view of our duty. But few, except those who have already studied the field, and been aroused to its needs, and with consecrated lives go to answer that need, have the privilege of going. The instruction from one who has visited the field and seen the need, brings a knowledge of the work to some, and touches their hearts. But all do not have that privilege.

There is one method by which we can not fail to deepen our interest in the world-wide work, and that is, read,—read every article and every report from missions that appears in our own papers, or any others to which we may have access. We should allow no information to escape our notice.

The giving of the gospel of the kingdom quickly to all the world is the only work to which we as young people should devote ourselves. It should be the absorbing passion of our lives. No other plan should be allowed to supersede it. When this message has been preached to all the world, our work here will be finished, whether we have had a part in giving it, or have been engaged in some selfish pursuit.

Study, pray, and give. No one will engage in any one of these exercises without engaging in the other two. Begin where you will, the one will lead to the rest. The young person who does this will very soon be led to consecrate himself to the greatest work ever intrusted to human beings,—the giving of the third angel's message to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people,—and he will be among those who with rejoicing will come to meet the Master on his return, bringing their sheaves with them.

E. H.

THE October number of *The Life Boat* will be by far the most important one ever issued. The August number was a fifty-five thousand edition. This October number will probably attain a circulation of seventy-five thousand. It will be a Home and Purity number, and will have contributions from such well-known writers as Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Kellogg, Lucy Page Gaston, A. T. Jones, Eva Shontz, Mrs. W. S. Sadler, Fannie Emmel, and others. It will contain interesting and inspiring accounts of homes that have been reunited by the gospel. It will also have a children's department, in which will be told something about what the children are doing for *The Life Boat*.

Why not send for a liberal quantity at two cents each, and circulate them among your friends? See that your county jail, poorhouse, and other public institutions are supplied, as well as the homes of your neighbors.

Address *The Life Boat*, 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

Getting the Answer

My grandma's hair is almost white,
And it seems hard to realize
That it was once as brown as mine,
And bright and youthful shone her eyes.

Such curious things they used to do,
When she was just a schoolgirl small;
The schoolrooms then were low and dark,
No lofty or ornamented wall.

A row of benches lined the side,
And all day long, early and late,
My grandma sat and read and spelled,
And "did her sums" upon her slate.

She says a triumph sweet was hers,
And in her heart a rare delight,
When, after toiling long and hard,
At last she "got the answer right."

She tells me many a problem
hard,
Upon life's page will meet
my sight,
And if at last I hear, "Well
done,"
I'll know I "have the an-
swer right."
VIOLA E. SMITH.

A Chapter from the Life of a Meadow Spider

As a child, I played with many spiders, though I have never really "made friends" with but one. When I was ten years old, we were making hay about two miles from home, taking our dinners with us. All I could do was to ride a horse to drag in the haycocks; and so when there was a stack to top out, I had nothing to do. In southeastern Iowa there is a large meadow spider that is very beautiful. It is yellow and golden, dotted with green and barred with jet-black, with legs as black as a raven's wing.

One of these, and one of the largest that I have ever seen, had made her web behind the haystacks in the fence corner where I liked best to rest. There was a reason for her choice, as I soon found out. During the night, hundreds of grasshoppers would climb on these stacks; and in the morning when we began work, they would jump off, many of them tumbling right into her nest. She had a very large net, with a spread of fully ten feet, and she always sat in the middle, so that she could see all that was going on. Her several husbands were compelled to stay at the edges.

Every meadow spider has from three to a dozen husbands; but they look so different from her that many people fail to recognize them as of the same species. They are not one tenth as large as she, although their legs are nearly as long. In color they are a dull-brown—it is a very old one that has any bright colors. Their mistress reserves the right to wear all the finery, and to rule the household, but in return for this they let her do all the work. Occasionally one will help a little, but usually, like the lazy fellows they are, they contentedly eat the food she has worked to get.

Whenever by mishap a grasshopper fell into

the net of my meadow spider, no time was lost. The net was strong, but what was that to an unchained grasshopper? So while he was struggling, the old spider would run down, and keeping out of the way of his legs, would wind web after web around him till he could not move. Then she would suspend him by a thread, cut him loose from the remainder of the web, repair the web, and again station herself in the middle. But though she worked quickly, she did not capture all of them, by any means. Often her victims would escape, leaving her a half-hour's work repairing her net, and not a grasshopper to show for her pains.

By and by I began throwing grasshoppers into her net. At first she resented this, and paid no

My spider came to look for me; and if I paid no attention to her, she would immediately begin to shake her web, and would soon be swinging back and forth so furiously that she could not but attract notice. I have often seen these spiders do this for other reasons; but I know she was trying to attract my attention, for if she apparently failed, she would run about from place to place on the web, and signal again, and really become quite excited. When I finally noticed her, she showed her pleasure quite plainly. I never tried to handle her; for I had been taught that the bite of a spider is poisonous. I know now that she was harmless.

Only an all-wise God could give so much wisdom to so little and despised an insect. Truly his ways are past finding out.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

Hallie

HALLIE'S cheeks are not pink and dimpled. She is a little colored girl, with a very black face and short, woolly, black hair. She is a happy little girl, however, for she loves Jesus.

Her soft, dark eyes sparkle and shine as she sings her favorite song,—

"I am Jesus' little lamb,
Happy all day long I am.
He will keep me safe, I know,
He will wash me white as snow,
For I'm his lamb."

Hallie's kindergarten teacher, Miss Ada, said to her class, one Sabbath: "Each of you place your hand on your chest as I do. Do you not feel a fluttering there? That is your heart beating. The motion you feel is the blood passing into your heart and out again. It goes to every part of your body, and keeps you alive. God never forgets you for one minute. He is always watching over you, and it is he who makes your heart beat. Even when you are asleep, he is near you, keeping you alive. He says that he 'neither slumbers nor sleeps,' but lovingly watches over you night and day."

It was something new and startling to Hallie to feel her heart beat. She had never before noticed that wonderful throbbing within her breast.

The next Sabbath, Hallie's mother told Miss Ada that she had been a brave little girl all the week. She had overcome one of her gravest faults. For some reason, though she never knew why, Hallie always had been afraid to stay alone in the dark. A light had to be left burning in her room every night. They had tried many times to quiet her fears; but when the light was taken out, she was so frightened that it had to be brought back.

The evening after her lesson, when her mother kissed her good-night, Hallie said: "You need not leave the light, mama; I am not afraid any more. Miss Ada told me to-day that if ever I was tempted to be afraid, to put my hand over my heart; and when I felt it beating, I would know that Jesus is right there with me to keep me alive. Nothing can hurt me when Jesus is near,



AND "DID HER SUMS" UPON HER SLATE

attention to them. Soon she began to capture all I threw in; and then, as she was so well supplied, she began cutting off and dropping those that had begun to decay. We worked there over two weeks, and she finally became so tame that she would take grasshoppers out of my fingers. That is to say, I would hold the grasshopper in the net so that he could not kick and break it, and she would come down and spin threads around him till he could not move, when he was hung up for a future meal.

Spiders are very careful of their web; and if one becomes broken, they often wind it up into a ball, which they carry till they have occasion to use it again. When one drops on a strand, as from a tree, he almost always takes the cord up again when he returns.

so I am not going to be afraid any more."
Hallie goes to sleep now in the dark room with her chubby little hand laid over her heart; for she says, "I know that Jesus is with me."

EDITH O. KING.

Whom Shall We Thank?

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump,
From which the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me."
(This little boy had been well-bred.)

Then said the Pump: "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only let the water run."
"O, don't thank me; for what I am
(Polite he always meant to be),
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks;
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I thank thee, Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"O, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring in silvery accents said.

"O, don't thank me; for what am I
Without the dew or summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"O, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the rain and dew."
"Pray don't thank us: without the sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop," said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little man, pray don't thank me.
'Twas from the ocean's mighty store
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy—
It echoed back: "Not unto me,—

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie—
Go give thy thanks, my little boy,
To him who doth thy needs supply."
The boy then took his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued:
"O God, I thank thee for the gift—
Thou art the Giver of all good."

— Selected.

To the Girl Who Would Be Loved

If we want to be loved, we must love. Love God who made us, and gave us the inestimable privilege of life in this wonderful world of opportunity. Love the parents and brothers and sisters and friends with whom God has surrounded us. Love our home, love our church, love our school, love our work, love everybody and everything. Don't say you can not do this. Say you will try. Make a beginning. Love is magnetic, it is life-inspiring. To a girl who loves much, much will be forgiven,—plain looks, poverty, lack of brilliancy, of accomplishments, lack of grace. The girl we like best is not the girl who can do everything and say everything better than anybody else. Truly, truly, as Henry Drummond tells us, Love is "The Greatest Thing in the World."

If you have a true, loving heart, you will be loved. If you are not loved, if people shun you, and stop their familiar chatter when you appear, then you know why. If you plant the seed of love in your heart, and tend it well, so that the beautiful flowers will blossom in your character,—patience, kindness, good temper, unselfishness, courtesy, sincerity, humility,—you will be as welcome as sunshine wherever you go.—
Selected.

LITTLE children can overcome when there is in them a Stronger than their foes.—F. B. Meyer.



China's High Priest

THE case of Melchisedec affords a very remarkable example of an earthly priest-king. He was king of Salem, or Jerusalem, and at the same time "priest of the most high God," showing that he acted for the people in a twofold capacity,—as temporal ruler and spiritual intercessor. For that and other reasons he was set forth as a type of Christ, who is also both Priest and King.

The emperors of Rome never failed to associate with their other high-sounding titles that of Pontifex Maximus, which ascribed to them the religious headship, as well as the civil supremacy, of the entire Roman world. The emperor thus became the father of the people, and the embodiment of all temporal and spiritual authority and power, identifying the church with the state.

This same authority has been exercised by the sovereigns of China from time immemorial. At the very time when Abraham met Melchisedec, and by the payment of tithes recognized him to be God's priest-king, the emperors of this ancient nation acted for their subjects as both king and high priest.

As might be expected, this prerogative invested the emperor's person with an almost unapproachable sacredness. Touching the great mass of common gods with which China abounds, the emperor has power to make and unmake them at his pleasure; but in the presence of Shang Ti, the supreme ruler of the universe, too great and too sacred for ordinary mortals to approach, this high priest of China prostrates himself in self-surrendered humility, confessing himself a subject of law, and therefore responsible for the exercise of his authority. The emperor is thus virtually a monotheist; for, while he does worship at other shrines, it is only to Shang Ti that he approaches as a humble, responsible servant. And that he is Shang Ti's vicegerent is seen by the fact that while others may worship Shang Ti, yet the emperor alone is allowed to make use of the prescribed ritual. An attempt on the part of any other person to imitate that ritual would be regarded an act of high treason, having for its object the overthrow of the throne and the sovereign.

Since both the emperor and this service are so very sacred (too sacred for profane eyes), all foreigners are officially invited to be absent during the service, although at other times both the altar and the temple are accessible to foreigners. This Altar of Heaven and Temple of Heaven are said to be in some respects the most sublime structures built by human hands. They stand within the gates of the capital, surrounded by a sacred grove sufficiently extensive to insure a profound silence as the high priest performs his service. The Temple of Heaven "consists of a single tower, whose tiling of resplendent azure is intended to represent the form and color of the aerial vault. It contains no image, and the solemn rites are not performed within the tower; but on a marble altar which stands before it, a bullock is offered once a year as a burnt sacrifice, while the master of the empire prostrates himself in adoration of the spirit of the universe." This is China's most holy place, and this occasion is to the whole empire much the same as the day of atonement was to the Hebrews.

When the Tai-ping rebellion was at high tide in 1853, the Emperor Hsien Feng proceeded to the Altar of Heaven, where, having first confessed his own sins, he made intercession for his suffer-

ing people, imploring the Ruler of the universe that peace might again prevail. In the same capacity, Emperor Kuang Hsu officiated at the same temple on Dec. 22, 1887, having on the preceding day visited the temple accompanied by the grandees of the court, three elephants drawing as many chariots gracing the procession. He spent one whole night in fasting and meditation as a preparation to approaching Shang Ti, before whose name, inscribed on a tablet, he prostrated himself nine times, and also offered an ox, whose bones were consumed in a furnace.

How thankful we should be that we not only know that the true God of heaven has opened a way for each one of us to approach him personally, but also that he has by his holy word and Spirit caused us to know the way of access, and respond to his gracious invitations. Our Great High Priest, from whom all our blessings flow, is Jesus of Nazareth, who ever lives to make intercession for us. J. N. ANDERSON.

Things to Remember about Japan

1. JAPAN is about the size of California.
2. It is a beautiful country, and so mountainous that not more than one tenth is under cultivation.
3. There are more than forty-five million in-

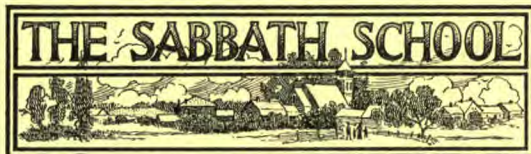


ONE VIEW OF THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN

habitants, or more than in Great Britain or France.

4. The population is rapidly increasing without immigration.
5. The government is a constitutional monarchy. Suffrage is limited by property qualifications. The country is well governed.
6. Japan has all the scientific machinery and inventions that mark modern civilization.
7. It has an excellent school system, with eighty-one per cent of the boys and fifty-one per cent of the girls under instruction.
8. Heathenism is still strong in Japan.
9. The people are without Christ, "walking in the vanity of their mind, having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart."
10. Roman Catholic missionaries entered about 1550, and were expelled in 1597. Protestant missions began in 1859, the first convert was baptized in 1864, the first Scripture portion published in 1871, and the first church organized in 1872.

THE body of Li Hung Chang, in a coffin borne by sixty carriers, and accompanied by a military and religious procession, left Peking, June 1, for the ancestral home of the deceased statesman.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—Jacob and Esau: the Blessing

(October 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 27: 1-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." Ps. 37: 5.

(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.)

Although Esau did not love God, but cared only for the things of this world, his father Isaac was determined that he should have the blessing and the birthright that God had given to the seed of Abraham. Even when Esau married idolatrous women of the land of Canaan, Isaac did not change his mind. Esau was his favorite son. We are told that he loved Esau because he brought him "savory meat." It may be that this was what clouded Isaac's mind, and made him for a time go against the will of the Lord.

But their mother Rebecca remembered the words of the angel before the twins were born,—that the older (Esau) should serve the younger (Jacob). She knew from the character of the two as they grew to manhood that God meant Jacob to have the birthright. But instead of trusting God to give it to him in his own time and way, she was afraid that he would lose it altogether when she heard Isaac making plans to bless Esau. So she thought that she was doing a good deed, and saving her husband from going against the will of God, when she deceived him as she did.

The name Jacob means "supplanter." This name showed that it was Jacob's nature to try to get good for himself at the cost of others. In this matter he thought that he was but carrying out the will of God. But both Rebecca and Jacob suffered much for their mistake. Because of it they had to be separated, and we are not told that they ever met again. Besides this, it laid a sin upon Jacob's conscience that he bitterly repented of in after years.

In the blessing that Isaac gave to the son that he thought was Esau, he said: "Be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee." This was just what God had before said about Jacob, and Isaac was really only confirming the words of the angel about Jacob, when he thought he was speaking of Esau. This shows how useless it is to try to change the mind of the Lord, or to keep his word from coming to pass.

The Holy Spirit of God rested upon him as "by faith Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau concerning things to come," and nothing could alter the blessing that he put upon them. In our lesson last week we learned that "Esau despised his birthright," and so God took it from him. He had been willing to sell it for a "morsel of meat," and "afterward when he would have inherited the blessing, . . . he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

Questions

1. What was Isaac determined to give Esau? How might he have known that God meant the blessing of the firstborn to be given to Jacob?
2. What did Isaac tell Esau to do when he was going to bestow the blessing on him? Who heard what he said to Esau? Tell how she tried to prevent it. Gen. 27: 1-10.
3. What made Jacob think that his father would find him out? Verses 11, 12. What did Rebecca tell him to do to make himself seem to be Esau?
4. What difference did Isaac notice when Jacob went in to him? Verse 22. How was he deceived? Verse 23.
5. What blessing did Isaac give to the son that he thought was Esau? Verses 28, 29.
6. What did Esau do when he found out what Jacob had done? Verse 34. Was it possible to change the blessing? Verse 33, last part; Heb. 12: 1.
7. What did Isaac say about Jacob? Verse 36. What had God said about Jacob, that Isaac repeated in the blessing?

8. Was Esau left without a blessing? Verses 39, 40.

9. What did he determine to do when his father was dead? Verse 41. What plan did his mother make to save Jacob's life? Verses 42-46.

Growing More like Jesus

AM I growing more like Jesus,
As the days and years go by—
Do I feel his gentle Spirit,
Do I catch his purpose high?
Am I each day more forgiving
To him who hath wrought me ill?
And when anger burns within me,
Can my hasty lips be still?

Do I think of those forgotten
By the world in its mad race?
Do I seek the souls that wander
Without home or resting-place?
Do I tell them there is comfort
Where they ne'er have sought before?
Could I e'er forget this message,
Were I like him more and more?

—Eva Williams Malone.



II—The Judgment

(October 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 7: 9-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "God shall judge the righteous and the wicked." Eccl. 3: 17.

Questions

1. What scene is next presented to Daniel in his vision? What chapter in Revelation records the same scene?
2. What name is given to the One who sits as Judge? How appropriate is his name? Ps. 90: 2.
3. What exalted description does Daniel give of the appearance of the Judge?
4. Where in Revelation is a similar description given? See also Dan. 10: 5, 6.

5. What is said of the throne of the Ancient of days? What chapter in Ezekiel further describes the wheels?

6. How many ministered before him?

7. What is there to show that verses 9 and 10 describe the judgment?

8. What books were opened? Read Rev. 20: 12. From this verse notice that the dead are judged out of those books which record their works, and that another book was opened, which is the book of life.

9. What is to be done with all those whose lives are not written up in this book? Verse 15.

10. What did Daniel see happen to the beast which had the little horn? Rev. 19: 20 says the same thing.

11. What called his attention to this beast?

12. What other references in this chapter are made to this?

13. What happened to the other beasts?

14. Whom did Daniel next behold in vision?

15. To whom did the Son of man come?

16. What three things were given to him?

17. How do the dominion and kingdom of this king differ from all other kingdoms and powers?

18. How did this scene affect Daniel?

19. What especially troubled him?

20. How did he seek for an explanation?

21. What did the angel do for Daniel?

22. What did he say of these four beasts, about which we have been studying?

23. Who finally takes the kingdom?

24. How long will the saints keep that which they take?

Are you getting ready to take this kingdom?

Note

Babylon took the kingdom, but could not keep it; Medo-Persia did the same; Grecia likewise failed, and also Rome. The kingdom is now in the hands of all nations, and from these it is to be taken by the saints of the Most High. What the power of all other nations has failed to do, the people of God are to do by the power of faith. 1 John 5: 4.

"CHRIST never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at his feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftentimes counts a service most complete."

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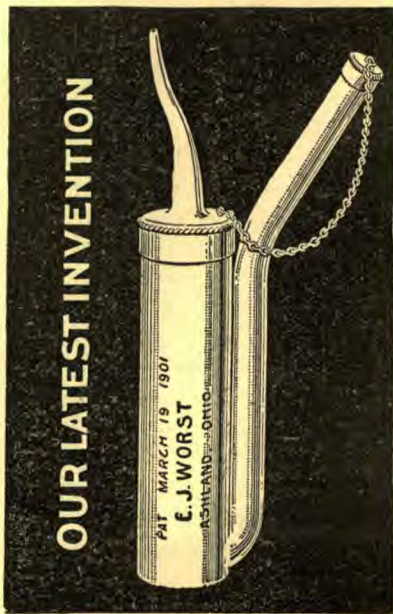
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AGENTS WANTED.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—If you have the slightest symptoms of Catarrh, or are easy to take cold, you should send for a Co-Ro-Na on the easy terms offered. In writing be sure to name this paper.



TWO-THIRDS ACTUAL SIZE.



Riding in a Glass-Bottom Boat

Avalon, Catalina Island, California

AMONG the various cries mingled with the salt-sea air as we approached the beach, came the shouts of the crew of the glass-bottom: "All aboard for the glass-bottom boat! She's going right out now!" So we crossed the wide road which fronts Avalon on the sea, and looked along the beach, where a long line of boats, tugging at their chains, was waiting for passengers.

After we had secured seats, the oarsman stood for a few minutes at the boat's stern, crying, "You'll have to hurry, hurry, hurry! We're going right out now—you'll have to hurry!"

When all seemed to have arrived who desired his services, he seated himself, and with the dextrous stroke of one long accustomed to rowing, pulled us out over the blue depths of the Pacific. The Sea Gardens of Catalina Island lie not far from the shore, where the water is comparatively quiet, and is not over one hundred feet deep.

We soon reached the edge of these gardens. "There is a garibaldi goldfish," said the oarsman, pointing to one a foot in length. How charming it was to watch it play among the broad-leaved kelp at the bottom of the sea! Then the glass bottom of our boat glided over long, fine, hairy moss, its glittering leaves and tendrils washed to and fro by the ebb and flow of the water. Now and then we would catch a glimpse of an electric fish,—blue, with golden spots,—sporting among the columns of moss and kelp.

Some one in the boat whispered, "Ah-h-h!" and well might one exclaim; for the emerald gardens beneath us surpassed any garden that I have ever seen on land. The surface is broken up with huge, moss-covered rocks, through which the water rushes, gurgles, and recedes. Here and there is a long kelp boa; fossils of bright colors are scattered about; and now and then one could see fish swimming lazily in and out. In small cañons we saw sponges scattered about. These were spherical in shape, and of a light-yellow color. The sides of these cañons were covered with ferns, not maidenhair, nor golden-back, but just as beautiful.

"We will now visit a sixty-foot cliff," said our guide. Of course we did not go on it, nor around it, but right over it in our boat. Of all the cliffs I have seen, no other produces such a luxuriant growth of brilliant mosses and ferns. The ribbon-kelp, growing near the top of the cliff, lets its long, ragged-edged leaves float out over the water. Trees of kelp, rooted at the base of the cliff, send their trunks to the surface. These trunks, one-half an inch in diameter, are very straight, and are decorated with little bulbs of air inclining upward along their sides.

Soon a drove of mackerel swam under our boat. "They are pursued," said the guide. Just then the pursuer, a large, white sea-bass, hurried through the water after them. We saw other droves of mackerel, as thick, it seemed, as if they had been piled up with a shovel. The sight of these fish, with their silver heads and dark backs, is a great temptation to man, to say nothing of the white sea-bass.

Looking up, we found ourselves once more among the boats, and nearing the pebbly beach, where, forty-five minutes before, we had started on our trip. Though loath to leave the gardens, we were glad of a few moments with nothing to do but reflect upon the wonders of the sea, and the power and wisdom of Him who "hath made everything beautiful in his time."

WILLIAM YARNELL.

A Mountain Man of Tennessee

MISS ANNETTE F. JACKSON tells the *American Missionary* an interesting story of the work of a post-graduate of the American Missionary Association School at Pleasant Hill, Tennessee. The story shows what can be accomplished by a young man willing to "lay down his life for his friends," in consonance with the command of Jesus, and not only this, but to give his life in sacrifice to God for love of the poor and unfortunate.

He had loved the school at Pleasant Hill, he felt grateful to God for all that had been done for him there; but he knew of boys and girls in the mountains who could never attend such a school, because there was no money to pay. Though he had only twenty-five cents and his receipted bills when he left school, he made up his mind that he would himself build a school for these poor lads and lassies, that should be as spacious as his own alma mater. His father and mother helped and encouraged him, but no one else thought it possible that he could carry out his plan.

He taught school; and at the same time raised a crop of corn, which he sold. With the money he paid for the saw and planing mills, and for the greater part of his lumber. The brick (110,000) he molded and hauled himself. The doors, window frames, and much other work was done by the light of a lamp. He laid the foundation himself; burned his own lime, hauled his own sand, and carried his own bricks and mortar. He also did the carpenter-work. The work of making brick was begun in July of 1897, and in May, 1898, the wall was done. It took two hundred and thirty-seven days to build the wall.

The first building is now nearly completed. It is a two-and-one-half story structure, with auditorium, office, primary room, and upper story dormitories. There is also a three-story frame building containing a large dining-hall, matron's room, culinary department, music room, etc., and upper dormitories. The buildings are valued by the insurance agent at seven thousand dollars.

A good school is already held, and the prospects are fair for a better and larger one. Religious services are held regularly, with excellent interest.

How good it is to find now and then a young man who is willing to spend his life "redeeming the time," because he knows that the days are evil. May there be many more who will give themselves, wholly and for life, to doing the work of the Master.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

A Steamboat above the Clouds

IN the *Marine Review* of July 24, as quoted in the *Literary Digest*, is a description of a steamboat that actually plows the waters of a lake far above the clouds. This steamer was built in sections in Glasgow, Scotland, for use on Lake Titicaca, a body of water that is found in South America, in the plains of Titicaca, a strip of country lying between two ridges of the Andes in Peru and Bolivia.

This lake is nearly thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, and is no inconsiderable body of water, being one hundred and sixty miles in length by sixty miles in breadth, and from seventy to one hundred and eighty feet in depth. It is dotted with numerous islands.

The name of the little steamship that is to move on its bosom is the "Coya," a word which is said to mean "a lady descended from the Incas." The trial trip of the steamer was the occasion of a general holiday among the Indians and white people of the vicinity.

At this great altitude it was very difficult to make the fire burn in the boiler furnace, owing to the rarefaction of the air, the fuel having to be supplied in very small quantities lest the fire should go out. The engineer, too, suffered great physical discomfort in working at such a height;

the blood rushed to his head, and his eyes almost bulged from their sockets.

But think a moment of a steamboat actually plying the water of a lake whose surface is far above the clouds, the vessel itself being toward thirteen thousand feet higher than the water of the great Pacific, which is less than a hundred and fifty miles distant!

If men can do such extraordinary things to accomplish merely human purposes, what should not the people of God be willing to do to carry to the most difficult places the good news of the soon-coming kingdom?

G. W. AMADON.

The Cinnamon Tree

EARLY in the morning of April 29, 1896, the good steamship "Ophir," of the Orient line, cast anchor at Colombo, Ceylon, and our company were soon ready for a ride through the surrounding country to see some of the far-famed gardens whence the "spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and where "every prospect pleases." In riding through those beautiful groves, that which particularly attracted our attention was the cinnamon tree, whose bark yields the spice called by that name in the markets of the world. It is said that there are more than two thousand acres of cinnamon orchards, and the largest of these lie adjacent to Colombo. The tree thrives best in a sandy soil and a moist atmosphere. Under cultivation the trees are kept trimmed to from ten to fifteen feet in height; but in their native condition they grow much higher. They have a thick leaf, similar in shape to that of the laurel, but somewhat lighter in color. When it first opens, it is red, but gradually it turns green. The flower is white, and when the trees are in bloom, it is said, they appear to fill the garden. The flower has very little scent, but the crushed leaf or stem yields a spicy, agreeable perfume.

The limbs and twigs are cut into lengths of about three feet. The outside bark is scraped off with knives; then an incision is made the whole length of the stick with an instrument designed for the purpose, and the inner bark is slipped off in long strips. These are dried in the sun, and tied in bundles about a foot in diameter, when they are ready for the market. The wood from which the bark has been taken is sold for fuel.

MRS. J. A. CORLISS.

Training Is Necessary

THE time has come when, to be master in any line, it requires long years of careful training and preparation.

It is true that the opportunities open to young men are greater to-day than they ever were before; but, on the other hand, there never was a period in the world's history when the qualifications requisite for success in any line of worthy endeavor were of a higher character.

The artisan, the farmer, the business man, the clergyman, the physician, the lawyer, the scientist, each in his various rank, must prepare to reach up to ever-enlarging ideals, if he would attain his full height.—*September Success*.

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