

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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THE HAWAIIANS

Native Dress

FTER six thousand years of the curse, nature still provides, in a crude state, all that man needs to sustain life, and make him comfortable. She comes to the assistance of the indolent children of tropical climes, and kindly takes upon herself much of the labor that is required of those in cooler countries, where exercise and activity are not only necessary to supply physical needs, but also to maintain that physical health which, in its turn, adds mental and moral vigor.

Perhaps nowhere is she more lavish of her gifts than in Hawaii, where are the most brilliant of sunsets, the brightest skies, the bluest waves, and the most gorgeous rainbows. Many tropical fruits grow without cultivation, and many more may be obtained with slight exertion: yet even here the word spoken to Adam after he sinned,—“In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground,”—is literally fulfilled.

While the paper-mulberry and mamake trees supplied the bark for the manufacture of the *kapa* (cloth) from which the scanty garments of the native Hawaiians were made, still some labor was necessary in its manufacture. This labor was performed by the women. Strips of bark were peeled from the trees, and the outer coat was scraped off with shells. The strips were then soaked in water, laid upon smooth logs, and beaten with grooved mallets made of

hard wood. The strips were united by overlaying the edges, and beating them together.

The fabric thus made was then stained or bleached white, and either left plain or impressed with bamboo stamps in a great variety of patterns, and in many different colors,—gray, red, different shades of blue, pink, green, etc. After this it was glazed with a kind of gum, or resin.

In general the *kapa* could not be washed, and lasted only a few weeks. Some of it was very fine, while other kinds resembled wash-leather. Many varieties and patterns may be seen at the Bishop Museum, and one can not but wonder at the ingenuity displayed in the manufacture of this curious fabric.

Besides the *pāu* of the women and the girdle of the men, the *kih'e* was sometimes worn by both sexes. This was about six feet square.

In order to obtain them, the natives would decorate trees with the bird's favorite flowers, and then smear the branches with a sticky gum. Seeing the flowers, the birds would light on the branches, where they were caught.

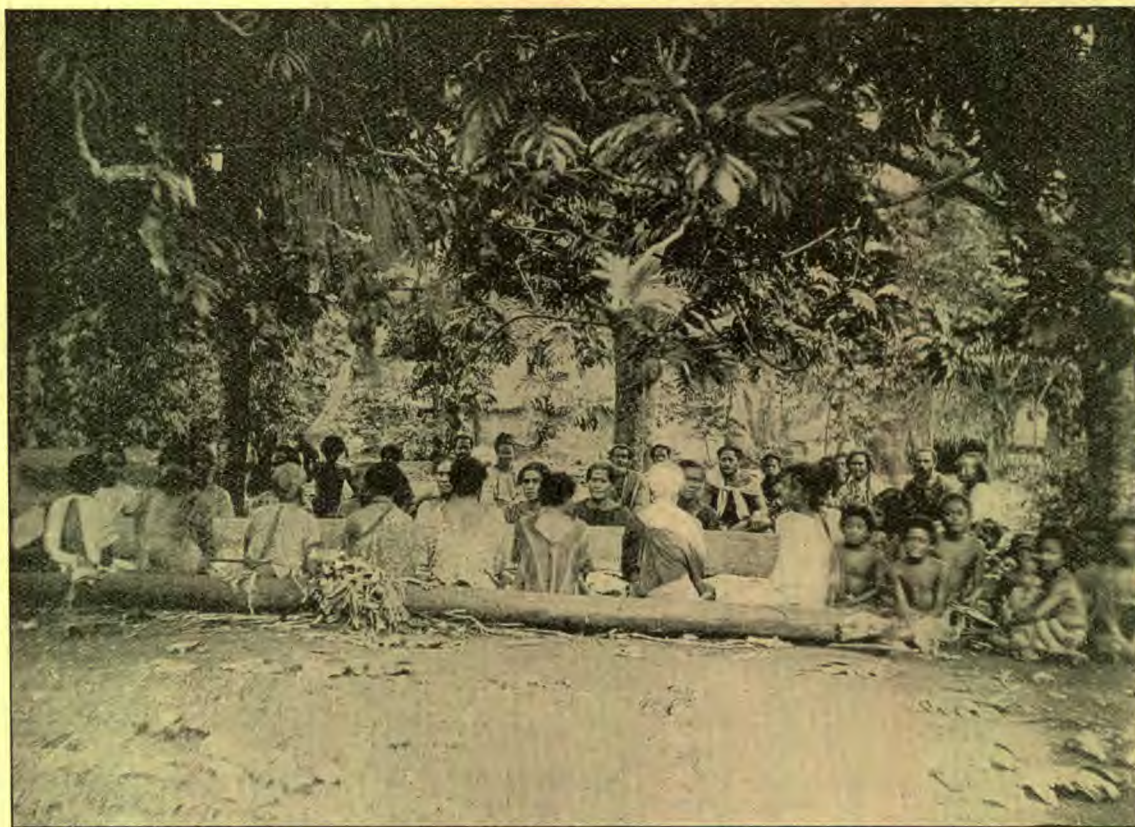
These choice yellow feathers were reserved for royalty, inferior chiefs wearing smaller and less expensive capes.

Several of the larger cloaks, or robes of state, are on exhibition in the Bishop Museum. One of these was the royal garment of Kamehameha the Great, and was used by him and all succeeding monarchs of Hawaii as a royal emblem. This cloak is about five feet long, all of yellow mamo feathers, and very beautiful. The bird from which the feathers were taken is now nearly extinct, and this cloak is the only one of the kind in existence. Another, equally beautiful, is made of yellow feathers, with a design on the back outlined and filled in

with small, bright-red feathers. Still another has a border of yellow feathers mixed with red.

The cloak of Nahienaena, the daughter of Kamehameha the Great, is also on exhibition. It is eleven feet long and sixty inches wide, and is made of small yellow feathers, and lined with peacock-blue satin. It was worn by the princess, perhaps for the last time, on the occasion of Lord Byron's visit in 1824. Since her death it has been used as a royal pall.

The Hawaiian *kahilis*, or plumed staffs of state, are



MAKING KAPA

The sleeping *kapa* consisted of five layers of common *kapa*, and was several yards square. The outside layer was generally stained or painted.

Besides the garments made of *kapa*, there were the magnificent feather cloaks, or robes of state.

The groundwork of these was a fine netting of olon, or native hemp, to which very small feathers of bright yellow or scarlet were attached so as to overlap one another like the scales on a fish.

The birds from which these feathers were taken are jet-black, with long, curved bills, and a tuft of yellow feathers under each wing.

rods from ten to thirty feet long, topped with feather cylinders from one to two feet in diameter, and from one to four feet in length. Some are of pink feathers, with just a suggestion of white near the edges. Others are of jet-black, pure-white, green, purple, and gray, and still others are of mixed colors. The lower parts of the cylinders are closed with beautiful satins of corresponding or contrasting colors. These are drawn down, gathered around the staffs, and tied with long satin ribbons.

The elegant feather helmets were made of wicker-work covered with small, delicate red or yellow feathers. The one we saw was of yel-

low, with a band of scarlet extending over the top from the front to the back. There is also an ancient feather helmet from Vancouver's collection, which was obtained by exchange with the British Museum. The colors are very dull in comparison with that first described.

Wonderfully beautiful bands of feathers, several inches in width, are used as *leis* on hats.

The present dress of the native Hawaiian is almost invariably the *holoku*, a long, flowing dress similar to the American woman's Mother Hubbard. A holoku without a train is a thing almost unheard of. On account of the warm climate, the material is generally quite light; and the Hawaiian woman, with one hand holding up the superfluous length, swings along with an ease and freedom of movement unknown to the wearer of high-heeled shoes and fashionable clothing.

When upon the street, most of the women known as "half whites," as well as many of the younger Hawaiian ladies, dress in the same manner as do the white ladies; while many of the latter spend their mornings arrayed in the cool and comfortable dress just described.

LENA E. HOWE.



... "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land or ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JULY STUDY OF THE FIELD PART I: "EDUCATION IN CHINA" (July 1-7)

1. *Basis of Study.*—Since the real stimulus of education in China is the hope of obtaining office and honor, the rigid methods of preparing for examinations and the conducting of the same, will no doubt be read with interest by our young people. As a description of the common schools appeared in the INSTRUCTOR of May 3, our notes this week are confined almost wholly to the work that follows the common school education. A brief description of the examination halls in which China's sons labor for their degrees appears in the INSTRUCTOR of March 29, but we have treated the question more fully in the notes this week.

2. *A Mania for Degrees.*—Despite the fondness for titles in this country, it is scarcely possible for Americans to realize the mania of the Chinese for literary degrees. The highest ambition of every family is to have at least one of its members pass examinations, and get a degree. If none are inclined voluntarily to study for a degree,—which, however, is seldom the case,—the father will select one, and compel him to do so. Sometimes actual force is needed to effect this. In one case a young man was kept by his father a prisoner for five years, with no companion but a tutor, to force him to prepare for the examination. At last he succeeded in passing the first examination, and getting the first, or bachelor's, degree. In this he rejoiced; for he supposed it would mean the end of his imprisonment. But it meant no

such thing. The father quickly returned him to his cell, and bade him study for the second, or master's, degree. The prospect of this, and of then being similarly forced to study for the third, or doctor's, degree, so disheartened the young man that he hanged himself.

3. *Easy Examples.*—These examinations are interesting, especially in mathematics and what Western nations consider practical sciences. For example: "If eight thousand piculs of rice are carried for thirteen tael [cents] a picul, and the freight is paid in rice at two and one-half tael a picul, how much rice goes to pay the freight?" Imagine such a problem in mathematics gravely given out to college students as the crux of their final examination for the baccalaureate degree! And then imagine only one among ten thousand being able to solve it! And the question of the superficial area of a globe eighteen inches in diameter proved a still worse stumbling-block.

4. *Persistence in Securing Degrees.*—The thousands of unsuccessful candidates do not give up hope. They return to their work at the next examination, and again and again, until they either pass or die of old age. We read recently of an examination where three of these successful candidates were from one village. One was a boy of fourteen or fifteen years, and another an old man of nearly eighty years, who had been trying to pass at each year's examination since he was a boy. The whole village was wild with enthusiasm over his final success at his sixty-first trial, although the mandarin who conducted the examination declared he was not really entitled to pass, but was allowed to "slip through" because he had been trying so long, and there was danger that he might not live to attend the next year.

5. *Examination Halls.*—As the candidate enters the examination hall, his name, family, age, and place of residence are recorded; and he is given a slip of paper, on which is written the number of the passageway and cell he is to occupy for the next three days and nights. These cells, about seven feet high, four feet wide, and three feet deep, are entirely devoid of furniture, invariably very dirty, and almost as hot as ovens in the summer, when the examinations are held. After three days and nights the students are given a recess of three days. A second confinement of three days and nights follows; then a second recess; and finally a third confinement, or nine days and nights in all, which concludes the examination. In entering the second time, each one draws new numbers for his cell and alley, care being taken each time that no candidate shall occupy the same cell that he was in before. All communication with the outside world is as completely cut off as if the men were in prison. Watch-towers are erected, where soldiers are on duty with orders to shoot any one who tries to communicate with persons outside the walls. Besides this, an outer wall twenty feet from the inner one would seem to prevent any such attempt. Each student must supply himself with provisions, candles, fuel, and bedding, or else go without such comforts until three days are passed, unless it may be that, as is sometimes done, a little boiled rice is distributed by the authorities. It is by no means an unheard-of thing for candidates to die in their cells, sometimes from exhaustion, sometimes from the bites of venomous serpents, and sometimes from wounds deliberately self-inflicted in despair of getting through the examination. There are three examinations,—first for the

bachelor's degree; second for the master's degree; and third for the doctor's degree; and each is more rigid and exacting than the preceding. But all who pass any of the three examinations form a class apart from the rest of the nation—a ruling class, superior in social rank, as well as in politics and religion.

6. *Our Opportunity.*—The fact that the Chinese everywhere have a great admiration for learning, and that they have great respect for the printed page, so that nothing of that kind is trampled underfoot, should be an incentive to a large number of young people to consecrate their lives to the carrying to this people of the closing message of mercy in the printed page. Dare we say that the statement that "the silent messengers of truth should be scattered like the leaves of autumn" refers only to the United States, when the Chinese receive eagerly books of all kinds? Scores of them, who might have been saved in the kingdom of God, will be eternally lost because vile and trashy literature came into their hands instead of the word of God. These people have great respect for education, and their ambition to become acquainted with the English language has led thousands to study the word of God in that tongue, with the result that many have been converted. Can we close our eyes to these opportunities? Again and again has the appeal been made that young men and women fit themselves for foreign work. The condition of affairs in China to-day should lead us to ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Soon the work that might have been performed in peace and comparative prosperity may need to be done under the most trying, forbidding circumstances.

THE "STAFF OF LIFE" IN SYRIA AND PALESTINE

THE loaf of bread in Syria and Palestine is made in two shapes. The first is a round cake, about five or six inches in diameter. The dough is rolled out thin, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, placed in a hot oven, and baked. When it comes out of the oven, the upper part is separated from the lower, leaving a hollow space between the upper and lower crusts. The dough is sometimes mixed hard, and sometimes soft; it is prepared in the houses, and sent to some special bakery to be baked. This kind of bread is generally made in the cities and towns. It will keep good for two days, but on the third day it becomes dry, and is not so palatable.

The other kind of bread is used in the villages of Galilee and its environments. The loaf here is circular in shape, and from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter, flat as a wafer, and one sixteenth of an inch in thickness. After the loaves are baked and cooled, they are placed in the bread-basket, one on top of another, and covered over tightly, in order to exclude the air. When this precaution is taken, the bread will keep soft and fit for use for from ten to fifteen days. A large quantity is baked at one time, because the bread is made at home. Every family has an oven, and it is desirable to avoid heating the oven oftener than necessary. When this kind of bread is exposed to the dry air of that country, it becomes hard and brittle. The bread in the cities is generally made of wheat flour. The country bread is sometimes made of the same, but for the most part it is made of rye or something similar. Sometimes, in Galilee and other places, it is made of barley or of white corn.—*Sunday-School World*.



THE ARTISTIC SIDE

TO TREAT the subject of artistic photography exhaustively would require more space than the editor has allotted to this entire series. Even if it were allowed, I should simply come to the end of my knowledge of the subject; for the subject itself is inexhaustible. All I can do here is to give a few simple rules for composition, and leave the reader to study out the why and wherefore by applying them to every painting, engraving, or photograph he sees. But remember that there are exceptions to all rules.

The interest in a photograph should, and usually does, center in some particular object. That object should never be in the middle of the picture, but about one third the distance from one side or the other. You must be careful about your center of interest. Very often the object that catches and holds the attention is one that should be subordinate. Many a good landscape has been spoiled by introducing a figure in incongruous costume and attitude. More often than otherwise, this figure is posed directly in the middle of the picture, and staring straight at the camera. Figures in landscapes are extremely difficult to handle, and should be avoided by a beginner.

The horizon ought never to cut the picture in halves. For some subjects it should be about one third the distance from the top of the picture; while for others it is better to have it one third from the bottom.

When you have anything with well-marked lines, such as a stream, a road, or a fence, do not allow it to run directly across your picture, nor straight up and down from bottom to top. Aside from these points, the lines may occupy almost any position; their arrangement will admit of a great deal of latitude without violating the rules of good composition.

In photographing a building do not plant your camera directly in front of it. Get a position where you can see one end as well as the front, and that will give you the building in perspective. When you photograph tall buildings, be careful to adjust your swing-back, or the upright lines may converge toward the top.

In taking a street scene, a view of a road through the woods, or a lane with shade-trees or hedges on each side, do not stand in the middle of the road. To be sure, your lines will not run directly from bottom to top, even if you do (because of the principle of perspective, they will converge from either side to the vanishing-point on the horizon); but such a subject will give a V-shaped sky, and unless the lines can be broken by some irregularity in the sky-line, the point of the V should be about one third the distance from one side of the picture.

There are many other rules for landscape composition, but most of them are more complex. If you become thoroughly familiar with these simple directions, you will have an excellent foundation for artistic success with subjects of this class.

When you are called upon to take portraits, I advise you to refuse. A beginner can not expect, with his tools, to equal the portrait work of the professional photographer; and it is seldom that he can satisfy his patrons. You will lose fewer friends by refusing to take portraits under any circumstances than you

will by taking them whenever you are asked. Sometimes, however, you may be with a group of friends who do not see this matter as you do, and under such circumstances it might be quite rude flatly to refuse to take their pictures. Of course it would then be best to make the effort.

If you do attempt a group, try to select some plain background, such as a thick hedge or grassy hillside. Direct sunlight will not do for portraits; so unless the weather is cloudy, you must find a shaded spot. Do not arrange the group in a straight, unbroken line. A pyramidal form is much better.

When your group picture is finished, do not give away your prints. Tell your friends that you can not spend the Lord's money to flatter their vanity, and charge them as much as they would pay a professional photographer. They will think more of you for it.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



14—BISHOP'S-PURSE

THE Bishop's-purse is one of the most common of our wayside weeds. One can walk scarcely a block along any of our city or village streets, where grass finds room to grow, without finding at least a few specimens of bishop's-purse. The Latin name of the plant is *bursa pastoris*, which, in literal English, is "purse of a pastor, or bishop."

It takes its name from the peculiarly shaped seed-pouches. These grow at the end of the flower-stems, and soon assume the shape of the three-cornered, triangular purse once carried by bishops. This little plant belongs to the order *Crucifera*, which means "bearing a cross,"

from the fact that there are in this order of plants but four petals, set somewhat in the position of the four arms of the Greek cross. To this order belong such plants as mustard, radish, turnip, peppergrass, the sweet alyssum, and cress.

L. A. REED.

EVERY nook and corner of nature's garden is filled with wonders at this season.



A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS

"Just as sweet!
Just as sweet!"
The little wren said,
As she squinted her eye in the side of her head,
Looking down the big throats of the wrenlets she fed;
"Just as sweet!
Just as sweet!"
"Not at all!
Not at all!"
Cawed the crow far above;
"Your blind little wrens are too tiny to love;
Down the throats of my fledglings your whole brood I
could shove;
Such I love!
Such I love!"
"Tis n't size!
Tis n't size!"
Dame robin put in,
"Or young turkey-gobbler our affection must win.
'Tis the pretty red napkin tucked under the chin,
Such as mine!
Such as mine!"
"Not agreed!
Not agreed!"
Chirped the birds that were pied;
And they wrangled so long in their motherly pride
That a jury of owls was called in to decide
Which was right,
Which was right.
"All are wrong!
All are wrong!"
If the truth we must tell,
You all look alike when you hatch from the shell;
And God loves us all, and equally well,
Let us learn!
Let us learn!"
"He is good,
He is good,"
All at once did declare;
"No creature too small for his love and his care!"
So a jubilee grand they all sang in the air,
And were glad,
And were glad.
Dear children,
Dear children,
Of every kind,
Look sharp at this story; and if you should find
Any lesson you think it is best you should mind
Heed it well,
Heed it well.

J. A. L. DERBY.

"WAIT-A-BIT"

THERE is a little vine that I know in the South, which is commonly called "wait-a-bit;" and the title is not only poetical, but prophetic as well. In walking through the hummock, on every side you encounter trees, odd plants, creeping vines, and bright, unfamiliar blossoms. At first, among so many things that are strange and beautiful, you may not notice the dainty little vine, with its smooth, green leaf. But perchance you brush against it, and you are arrested at once—not merely by reason of its beauty, but because it has laid detaining hands upon you; for at intervals along the slender stem, half hidden by the dainty leaves, are sharp thorns that curve in all directions, and hold you fast. You can not easily tear yourself away; for the hasty movement will cause more of the thorns to grasp you than you have released; but you must patiently unloose each tiny finger.

And so the little vine, like all else to seeing eyes and thinking minds, has its lesson for humanity. "Be patient," it says; "wait a bit."

There are obstacles in the life-path that have to be overcome. We can not avoid them; they must be met fairly and squarely. We can not tear ourselves away from them without receiving more or less injury. Is it not better to deal patiently with them, to meet them little by little, and at last come out of the ordeals no worse, but possibly better and stronger, than when we encountered them?—M. Palmer Sweet.



THOUGHT

THOUGHT is a little child;
Let him but have his way,
He'll be the king, and you his slave,
Forever, as to-day!

Thought is a little child;
But mold him to your will,
Whatever be the time or place,
You'll be his master still!

— Emma C. Dowd.

THE PRICE OF OUR REDEMPTION

V

At the time of the Passover the Jews and their adherents from far and near were drawn to the Hebrew capital; and it was in God's appointment that the crucifixion took place at this time. Universal interest must be attracted to the plan of redemption. Matters of eternal interest must now become the theme of conversation. The Old Testament must be searched as never before for the evidence of the work and character of the long-looked-for Messiah. Minds must be convicted, and led to ask, "Is not this the Christ?" God knew that every transaction in Christ's life—his trial, his condemnation, his crucifixion, and his resurrection—would become a matter of the deepest interest.

As Adam and Eve were banished from Eden for transgressing the law of God, so Christ was to suffer without the boundaries of the holy place. He died outside the camp, where felons and murderers were executed. There he trod the winepress alone, bearing the penalty that should have fallen on the sinner. How deep and full of significance are the words, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." He went forth without the camp, thus showing that he gave his life not only for the Jewish nation, but for the whole world.

Look at the superscription above the cross. The Lord arranged it. Written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, it is a call for all, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, hopeless, helpless, and perishing, to come. Thus Christ declared to all nations, tongues, and peoples: "I have given my life for you. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

As by his own choice Christ died in the presence of an assembled nation of worshipers, type met antitype. He is a true high priest; for after enduring humiliation, shame, and reproach, after being crucified and buried, he rose from the dead, triumphing over death.

When Christ died on the cross, Satan triumphed, but his triumph was short. The prophecy made in Eden was fulfilled, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Christ was nailed to the cross, but he gained the victory. The whole force of evil gathered itself together in an effort to destroy him who was the Light of the world, the Truth that makes men wise unto salvation. But no advantage was gained by this confederacy. With every advance move, Satan was bringing nearer his eternal ruin. Christ was indeed enduring the contradiction of sinners against himself. But every pang of suffering that he bore helped tear away the foundation of the enemy's kingdom. Satan bruised Christ's heel, but Christ

bruised Satan's head. Through death the Saviour destroyed him that had the power of death. In the very act of grasping his prey, death was vanquished; for by dying, Christ brought to light life and immortality through the gospel. Never was the Son of God more beloved by his Father, by the heavenly family, and by the inhabitants of the unfallen worlds, than when he humbled himself to bear disgrace, humiliation, shame, and abuse. By becoming the sin-bearer, he lifted from the human race the curse of sin. In his own body he paid the penalty of that on which the power of Satan over humanity is founded—sin.

Not that sin might become righteousness, and transgression of the law a virtue, did Christ die. He died that sin might be made to appear exceeding sinful, the hateful thing that it is. By his death he became the possessor of the keys of hell and of death. Satan could no longer reign without a rival, and be revered as a god. Temples had been erected to him, and human sacrifices offered on his altars. But the emancipation papers of the race have been signed by the blood of the Son of God. A way has been opened for the message of hope and mercy to be carried to the ends of the earth. Now, whosoever will may take hold of God's strength, and make peace with him. The heathen are no longer to be wrapped in the darkness of superstition. The gloom is to disappear before the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with me." "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

HOW HE LEARNED TO PRAY

ONE evening not long ago two gentlemen walking down the street came to a small group of gospel workers praying. As they paused for a moment on the edge of the crowd, one of them removed his hat, and bowed his head. Later in the evening, when asked why he had done so, he told the following story:—

"Late one fall about fifteen years ago, I was with a hunting and fishing party up in northern California. The hunting was good; and so one afternoon when all the rest were off fishing, I took my rifle, and went out in search of game. I had gone several miles over a rough country, when a light snow began to fall. 'About time I was making for camp,' I said to myself, and started to retrace my steps. But as it grew darker, the snow thickened, and I lost my way.

"It was growing bitterly cold; and though I looked everywhere for shelter, I could find none. The night was intensely dark, and the snow was blinding. I knew that if I stayed where I was, I should certainly freeze to death. There wasn't a living soul within five miles, and the trees on the mountain afforded no shelter.

"Well, my mother had taught me to pray; and I got down there in the snow, and, for the first time in years, told God all about it, and

solemnly promised that if he would lead me to safety, I would be a better man.

"When I got up, I felt impelled to go ahead. I didn't know which way I was going, but I just went on, perhaps a hundred yards, when splash! down went my foot in a pool of water. 'Worse luck yet,' I thought; 'that may mean a frozen foot.' But as the water soaked through my shoe, I found it was warm. I knew then that I had chanced across a hot spring. Losing little time, for I was becoming chilled, I found a place where the water was deep enough to cover me, and sat down in it. All that night I sat there, thanking God for the way he had saved my life. In the morning the rest of the party found me, and brought me dry clothes.

"Ever since then I have been a firm believer in the power of prayer; and whenever I come where people are praying, I am impelled to bow my head in reverence to the power there represented."

EDISON J. DRIVER.

LADDIE, THE LEADER

AMONG my neighbors at a lake resort last summer was a bright little boy called Laddie. He was a dear little fellow, but like all three-year-olds and some sixteen- and thirty- and fifty-year-olds, he once in a while became tired and impatient. We dined at the same small hotel table. One day we were all a trifle late in taking our places, and were not waited upon promptly. When we ordered fruit ice at the close of the meal, the waitress was long in bringing it. Laddie was much concerned. He remembered one other day, when the ice was all gone before the late-comers were served. He was quite sure it would be so this time. He was afraid that the waitress had forgotten us. He was afraid that if it did come, it would all be melted. In fact, he was very unhappy about it.

I looked sober, and said, in an anxious voice, "I wonder if I shall have any ice to-day! I do like it so much, and I don't see why it is not brought."

Instantly Laddie's face brightened, and his voice rang out cheerily. "Don't you be afraid! I'm pretty sure there is some left. She'll bring you some pretty soon. I think you'll have a good, big dishful." And during the long waiting he reassured me every minute or two with some such remark. When at last it came, he was radiant. "What did I tell you?" he asked. "You see it wasn't very long, after all!"

Another time, when we were returning from a late walk, Laddie was very tired, and there was nobody in the party strong and sure-footed enough to carry him over the woodland path. It was a weary, weary tramp for him until he was sent ahead to be our guide. Then the tired little form straightened, and the dragging feet were lifted clear; while his musical voice rang out, in caution, "You must *not* turn down there, or you will get lost. You must just follow me."

Now why do you suppose I have remembered these little incidents so clearly, and put them on paper for you?—Because they show so plainly that when we are thinking of others, our own worries and troubles are lightened, or disappear altogether. And also because, although we may stumble and falter and walk carelessly when we think only of ourselves, if we realize that we are showing another the way, and that he is looking to us for guidance, we do our best, and do it easily, too. It is with us as it was with Laddie,—the hard time seems short; and we can say, as he did, "You see it wasn't so very long, after all!"—Clara Dillingham Pierson.



VACATION

COME, put the book and slate away,
For June is here, and school is done;
And oh, the long, bright days for play!
And oh, the hours and hours for fun!
But in our fun we will be kind,
And in our play we will be true;
And every day we'll surely find
Some loving, helpful act to do.

Come, put away the slate and book,—
No lessons now to stay our feet,—
And run with me down to the brook,
Where I have found a swinging seat,—
A see-saw board, where we may ride
Now up, now down, the morning long,
Yet never leave that spot beside
The rippling brook, with fairy song.

Come, put away the book and
slate:

The berry-vines are glowing red,
The rose-bush bends beneath its
freight;

The cherries ripen overhead.
Oh, there are things to hear and
see,

Vacation will not be in vain,—
But ah! what dunces we should be
If school should never keep
again!

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

TEDDY'S LESSON

It was a fine, warm day.
Teddy was lying on the grass
under the big elm. Two
beautiful birds, with black
heads and orange-colored
breasts, were very busy in
the branches above his head.
They were building a nest.

Teddy was quietly watch-
ing every movement. He
was sure he had seen a pic-
ture in mama's bird-book
that looked like these birds;
and he was going to watch
and see how they built their
nest. Then he would tell

her all about it; and she would find the name
of the birds in her book; for that was the
way she found the song sparrow's name one
day when he was singing in the hedge.

The birds seemed to be very happy in their
work. They kept up such a constant chitter-
chatter that Teddy wondered if they were
really talking, and could understand each
other.

Sometimes the long string they were weaving
into the nest would get caught in some twig in
the big tree. Then again the breeze would
carry away a blade of grass at the critical
moment. But in spite of these mishaps, the
little builders chirped merrily away, the male
often pausing to pour out his happy song.

Teddy had heard mama say that people could
sometimes learn lessons from birds; and he be-
lieved this was a lesson to him—a lesson on
patience. Only yesterday he had tried to make
a pasteboard box, and the sides would not come
even. He tried again and again, and still the
sides were uneven. Then he cried, and would
have given up; but mama encouraged him, and
taught him a little verse,—

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

Teddy remembered how impatient he felt,
and he was glad the birds had shown him his
fault. Then a little Bible verse that mama
had taught him one day in his nature lesson,
came to his mind,— "Ask . . . the fowls of
the air, and they shall teach thee." Fowls here
meant birds, mama said.

Just then Mr. Oriole flew away; but he was
back in a moment with more material for the
nest.

"How fast that bird flies! I just believe he
has joints in his wings," said Teddy, under his
breath. He was keeping very quiet, that he
might not frighten the birds away. Then ris-
ing softly, to get a better view, he saw Mr.
Oriole bend his tiny legs as he perched on a
branch just above the nest, to hand Mrs. Ori-
ole a horsehair. "Yes, sir! he's got 'em in
his little legs, too!" shouted Teddy, forgetting
that he meant to be oh! so still.

"What is it, Teddy?" called mama, from
the porch.

Teddy ran to her side, and told her what
he had seen. "Birds have real joints, haven't
they, mama?" he asked.



"NOW UP,
NOW DOWN,
THE MORNING LONG"

"Yes," answered mama, glad that Teddy
was so observing. She knew that if he con-
tinued to observe the objects in nature, and to
learn the lessons they teach, he would some
day be a wise and good man. She felt that
he ought to know something more about joints,
and now was just the time to tell him. So she
said, "To-morrow we will learn about the
habits of the Orioles, but now I have some-
thing more to tell you about joints. We have
three kinds of movable joints in our bodies."

"Three kinds! I thought they were all alike,"
exclaimed Teddy.

"No, there are three kinds," said mama.
Taking hold of Teddy's arm, she continued:
"Bend your forearm. See how it moves—
just back and forth, and no other way. It is
like a hinge on a door. For that reason it is
called a 'hinge-joint.' The joint in the bird's
leg is just like the one at your elbow. It is a
hinge-joint.

"The joint at your shoulder is called a 'ball-
and-socket joint.' This joint allows motion
in every direction. See! I can move my arm
about,—forward, backward, and sidewise. It
is this kind of joint—a ball-and-socket joint—
that allows the bird's wings to move when it flies.

"There is a little joint here at the wrist. It
is called a 'gliding joint,' because the bones
glide on one another in various directions."

Mama then took some moist potter's clay,
which she kept in a jar, and made a clay shoul-
der, with a ball-and-socket joint, so Teddy
could see just what a ball-and-socket-joint is
like. She also let him help her make a gliding
joint, to represent the joint in the wrist. They
had a picture of the wrist-joint to look at.

For his lesson next day, Teddy made pic-
tures, with his brush and black paint, of the
clay joints; and mama told him about that
good man David, who said, "I will praise Thee;
for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

LYDIA M. DROLL.

GERTIE, THE GRUMBLER

It was not at all complimentary, of course,
but that was what Gertrude Tucker was called
by all her brothers, sisters, cousins, and ac-
quaintances.

"Gertie, the Grumbler," was just a little
brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, with a turned-up
nose and about a dozen
freckles. The other little
Tuckers looked much like
Gertie, but in one respect,
at least, they were entirely
different. The others were
merry, pleasant children,
easily pleased, and comfort-
able to live with; but if Gertie
had ever been pleased about
anything in all the fourteen
years of her existence, no
one had ever discovered the
fact.

The others came in hungry
at meal-time, and ate what-
ever was set before them,
without a murmur of com-
plaint, until there was noth-
ing left but the tablecloth
and the empty dishes; but
Gertie grumbled over the
soup, over the shape and
size of the crackers, over
the temperature of her plate,
which no one had ever suc-
ceeded in heating to the
proper degree, and over all
the rest of the dinner, down
to the dessert.

When it came to clothes, it was very much
the same. The other little Tuckers were al-
ways delighted with a new garment of any
description, and even welcomed the "hand-
me-downs," as the garments that passed from
Johnny to Ned, or from Gertie to Jennie, and
so on down to the baby, were called. Jennie,
only a year younger than Gertie, but a good
deal smaller, had never had anything else but
"hand-me-downs;" but she took them all
cheerfully, as a matter of course, and never
even so much as dreamed of objecting because
her red dress was not blue, or her brown dress
was made with a full skirt when she wanted it
gored.

But if, by any chance, Gertie happened to
be pleased with the cloth selected, no one
could possibly make the garment to suit her.

But perhaps Gertie was most trying when
it came to Christmas or birthday gifts. Her
mother stayed awake nights trying to think
of just the right thing to buy for Gertie, the
Grumbler, but she might better have gone to
sleep, as far as the result was concerned. The
children, too, devoted most of their pennies
to the purchase of something unusually fine
for Gertie, if the others had to go without

If Gertie got a book, she had been longing for a doll; if she found a purse in the toe of her stocking, she "supposed it would have to do," but she had hoped to find a gold thimble.

One day early in December, Gertie received an invitation to spend a month, including the Christmas holidays, with her Aunt Anna, who lived in the city, where marvelous sights were to be seen. In spite of heroic efforts, Gertie could find no cause for complaint about the invitation, but Mrs. Tucker was discouraged when she found that Gertie's wardrobe would need replenishing.

"It's bad enough," said she, "to make her one new garment at a time, but to think of trying to please her with two new dresses, a jacket and a hat, is enough to give one nervous prostration."

Gertie's big brother Tom returned from his medical college for the holidays a few days before her departure for the city, and was much concerned about the little girl's unfortunate habit.

"Gertie," he said, "stop grumbling. It is n't ladylike, and the habit is growing on you. It's getting to be chronic, and you'd better stop it while you're young."

When the day came for Gertie's departure, her father presented her with a crisp, new five-dollar bill. Gertie's eyes sparkled; for she had never possessed such a sum before, and she was about to exclaim, "Oh, thank you, papa!" but she remembered in time to pull down the corners of her mouth, and say, mournfully, "Dear me! I wonder if I can get it changed into silver. I should like that so much better."

"You are to use it for anything you wish," said Mr. Tucker. "I thought you might like to spend it in some of those big stores."

Although Gertie did so much grumbling at home, she was too shy and too polite not to give up the unpleasant habit among strangers. Gertie, on her good behavior, was really such a delightful little maiden that her Aunt Anna and Uncle Dick were greatly pleased with her.

She enjoyed the noise and bustle of the great city, and all the unusual sights; but perhaps what she liked best of all was visiting the stores, and making her Christmas purchases. She planned to send a box by express, which was to reach all the big and little Tuckers the day before Christmas, and was planned to fill them with joy and gratitude. She spent much time and thought and all her pocket money upon the contents of the box, and in addition she carefully hemmed a gingham apron for her mother, and made a doll's dress for little Betty out of the bits of gingham that were left. Altogether, Gertie was delighted with her box; and when at last it was nailed up, and directed plainly in big black letters, and carried to the express-office, she could hardly wait for the postman to bring her the thanks of her grateful relatives.

It was really a very nice box. Considering Gertie's inexperience, she had used excellent judgment, and all the big and little Tuckers were delighted with their gifts.

"I must write to her at once," said Mrs. Tucker. "She will be so anxious to know if we like our presents."

"Mother," said Tom, "I have an idea—I believe I have discovered a remedy for Gertie's habit of grumbling."

"Hurrah for our doctor!" shouted Ned.

"My idea," Tom went on, placidly, "is to give Gertie a good dose of her own medicine. It will be bitter, but I believe it will do the work. I will write notes of thanks for all of you, and you are to copy and sign them; and unless I am very much mistaken, Miss Gertrude

Tucker will resolve on New-Year's day to stop grumbling forever."

It took time to persuade gentle Mrs. Tucker to consent to Tom's plan, but finally she did; and three days after Christmas the mail-bag contained a remarkable collection of letters—all addressed to Miss Gertrude Tucker.

"I already have three pairs of slippers," wrote her father, "so I have no use at present for the extraordinary pair you sent me, upon which you must have expended as much as twenty-five cents. I suppose you found them on some bargain counter."

"Twenty-five cents indeed!" exclaimed Gertie. They cost a dollar, and he said before Christmas he needed some."

"I was already supplied with more aprons than I needed," wrote her mother, shedding tears of pity while she penned the cruel words, "and I should have preferred any other color to brown; but I suppose I shall have to be satisfied. The Chinese lily bulbs are a nuisance to plant, and the odor of the blossoms is sickening. I wish you had sent hyacinths instead."

"And she liked the one Mrs. Brooks gave her last winter the best of anything she had!" wailed Gertie.

"I am sorry," wrote Tom, "that you wasted your money on a shaving-paper case for me. I am thinking of raising a beard."

Complacent Johnny, who had never been known to complain of anything short of the toothache, wrote that handkerchiefs were no doubt useful; but that if there was anything on the face of the earth less acceptable than a handkerchief as a Christmas gift, he didn't know what it was, unless it might be a handkerchief with a letter "J" embroidered in the corner.

"If you must buy cheap perfumery," wrote Ned, "don't bestow it upon me. Give it to the cook, or keep it yourself."

"Ned always helps himself to mine, when I have any," said poor, bewildered Gertrude.

"How could you buy such homely plaid hair-ribbons?" wrote Jennie, the patient wearer of hand-me-downs. "The book you sent me does not look at all interesting, and I should have preferred a tooth-brush or most anything rather than the photograph-frame you sent."

"The dress," printed Betty, "is too small for my old doll, and the new one you sent has yellow hair. Didn't they have any with brown curls?"

But the last straw was from the baby, who made her mark with much assistance from Tom.

"Got too many bibs and woolly lambs already, and the red comes off the rattle and makes me sick."

Poor Gertie could not believe her eyes. "Why, the things were beautiful," said she, "and I never supposed I had such impolite relations! They might at least have pretended to like them. I'm sure I should n't say such things——"

Then an unpleasant thought came to her.

"I do believe those letters sound like me! Dear me! Is it possible that I am really so disagreeable? I will write to mother right away, and tell her that I did like the pretty waist she sent me, although——" Gertie blushed when she thought of it—"I was going to say that I should have been better pleased with a pink one."

Three days later she received a very different letter from Mrs. Tucker, who was too tender-hearted to let her suffer long; but Doctor Tom's medicine had had time to effect a permanent cure, and "Gertie, the Grumbler," gradually came to be known as "Gertrude, the Good."—*Selected.*



How to Loosen a Glass Stopper.—To loosen a glass stopper, take a piece of stout string about two feet long; and either tying one end to a stationary object or letting another person hold it, wind the cord about the neck of the bottle once; then move the bottle forward and back a number of times. By doing this the neck of the bottle will become so hot that it will allow the stopper to be taken out at once, without danger of breakage, no matter how thick the glass may be.

Gutta-Percha Trees in the Philippines.—In a recent issue of a German publication it is stated that the Philippine Islands are among the few places where gutta-percha trees will flourish, and the paper suggests the cultivation of these trees as an opportunity for American enterprise. It is well known that rubber is becoming so scarce that, as is the case with paper, new materials are being constantly sought, out of which it, or at least a good substitute, may be manufactured.

A Sane Idea for the Insane.—The directors of the insane asylum at Pontiac, Mich., have given orders that in the laundry department of the institution, electric flatirons be used instead of those heated by gas, as most of the ironing is done by the patients. Electric irons have proved to be peculiarly adapted to insane-asylum service. There is no opportunity for the patients to set anything afire with the irons; and as they are kept at an even temperature, they do not require changing,—an operation requiring the exercise of judgment. This faculty, of course, insane patients do not possess.

One Fruit of Militarism.—Merely to call attention to those countries of the world where the military element predominates, is sufficient to prove the evil effects of militarism. In Germany, for instance, an ordinary citizen can not *begin* to commit the outrages that are common to the soldiery, without severe punishment. And now it is reported that "instances of brutal treatment of private soldiers by their officers in the Philippines are increasing in number and severity." Commenting upon this, an exchange says: "Under a régime of militarism, private soldiers and mules would be on an equality, with some advantage to the mule in matters of cruelty."

Some War Casualties.—At the Moscova, or retreat from Moscow, Russia, the French lost 30,000 men; at the battle of Leipsic, in 1813, the French losses were 65,000 in three days; at Austerlitz the French lost 28,850 men; at Plevna from 18,000 to 20,000 Russians were killed and wounded; and at Gravelotte, in 1870, the Germans lost over 20,000 men, and the French 19,000. The aggregate of the losses at the battle of Stone River, during the War of the Rebellion, was 13,249 on the Federal side, and 10,266 on the Confederate side. At the battle of Gettysburg a large number were killed, and 14,497 wounded on the Federal side; while the Confederates lost 2,592 dead, and 12,760 wounded. Thus it will be seen that the losses reported from the war in South Africa have been slight as compared with those of the great battles of the past.

A Girl's Sensible Reply.—The young woman who thinks she will be doing the right thing in marrying a man to reform him from the drink habit, the smoke habit, or any other bad habit, will do well to read with care the following story, told by a correspondent of the *Woman's Journal*: "At a hotel where some of us were staying a little while ago, was a beautiful young girl, educated, clever, thoroughly up to date. A handsome fellow was paying her the most devoted attentions, whenever he was sober enough to do so; and all of us felt very anxious lest his attractive manners and lavish display of wealth should win the girl. Late one evening she came into my room, and settling herself among the pillows of the couch, said, 'John proposed to-night; said I was the only power on earth that could save him; and if I didn't consent to be his wife, he should fill a drunkard's grave.' 'What did you say?' I asked, breathlessly. 'Well,' she replied, 'I told him that I was not running a Keeley cure; but if he really wanted to be saved, I would give him the addresses of several that I had heard highly recommended.'"

An Editor's Perplexity.—The following incident, told with reference to the publication of a certain Bible dictionary, shows how difficult it is nowadays to find intelligent persons who believe the literal statements of the Bible. The editor of the dictionary is said to have given the article on the Deluge to one whom he considered a safe hand; but when the article was sent in, it was found to contain views that would certainly have shocked orthodox readers. It had in it too much of science so-called, and too little of Bible theology. What could be done? The volume had to be published forthwith. In this dilemma the editor put in his dictionary, "Deluge—See Flood." This, at any rate, postponed the difficulty; and the article on the Flood was given out to a writer who, it was thought, could be better trusted. But when this second article came in, it was found to be worse than the first, and another postponement was necessary. The new volume contained another reference,—"Flood—See Noah,"—the bewildered editor trusting that by the time Noah was reached, he would succeed in finding a man who would be able to mingle so-called science and orthodoxy in due degrees.

Lighting Trains with Electricity.—The trains running on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, of France, are lighted with electricity. Each car is provided with a dynamo, arranged with its axis parallel to the rails, says the *Engineer*. A friction wheel on a prolongation of this axis is pressed against one side of a running wheel. In this way the motion of the car-wheel is transmitted to the dynamo, which, in turn, produces the electric light. A friction clutch is so arranged that the disk begins to slip when a current of twenty-eight amperes, at about sixteen volts, is being generated by the dynamo. To develop this amount of current, a speed of about thirty miles an hour is required. At any higher speed than this, the clutch slips, and the dynamo speed is regulated. The most interesting feature, however, of the scheme, is the method of supplying light to the train when it is stationary, or going at slow speed. To accomplish this, the dynamo, while the train is in swift motion, not only furnishes the current for immediate use, but also charges a battery of accumulators, the latter furnishing the required electricity when the train is not in motion.

A. J. BOURDEAU.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON NO 1

OUR SINS PURCHASED

(July 7, 1900)

Lesson Scripture.—Gal. 1:1-5.

Memory Verse.—Isa. 44:22.

STUDY the lesson text over and over, till you can answer the questions in the exact words of the text. But do not be satisfied with a mere learning of the text by heart. Study to know what it means, and offer earnest prayer that you may understand it. "Never should the Bible be studied without prayer. Before opening its pages, we should ask for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, and it will be given."

QUESTIONS

1. Who wrote this epistle? What was his position? What is an apostle? Note 1. From whom did he receive this office? V. 1.
2. Who joined with him in the greeting? To whom is the epistle addressed? V. 2.
3. What blessings are proclaimed to those who read this epistle? From whom do these gifts come? V. 3.
4. What does the grace of God bring to men? Titus 2:11. To whom does God give grace? 1 Peter 5:5.
5. What does the peace of God do for men? Phil. 4:7. Of what is this peace the work, or effect? Isa. 32:17. How do the Scriptures describe the wicked, or unrighteous? Isa. 57:20, 21.
6. What has Jesus done to secure grace and peace for us? Why did he do this? Whose will is it that he should do this? V. 4; note 2.
7. What does Jesus do with our sins? Isa. 44:22. What does he ask us to give in return? Prov. 23:26. What estimate are we to place upon ourselves, in view of the price paid for us? Note 3.
8. Where do we learn God's will? Ps. 40:8; Rom. 2:17, 18. What reward will come to those who do his will? Matt. 7:21.
9. What is due to God for all he has done for us? Gal. 1:5. How are we to give glory to God? 1 Cor. 6:20; 10:31; note 4.

NOTES

1. An apostle is one who is sent. Jesus chose twelve, whom he ordained, and sent forth to preach the gospel. Paul was not converted till after Jesus' ascension, but at his conversion he was called to be an apostle to the Gentiles. Read the account in Acts 9, and note especially verse 15. All through his ministry, Paul was opposed in his work by false brethren. The epistle to the Galatians was written in defense of his office, and of the gospel he preached.

2. Jesus gave himself for our sins; therefore they belong to him. And as they were our sins until he bought them, he must have given himself to us in return for them. This may seem to us like a strange bargain, but it is an evidence of his wondrous love. We ought to be satisfied with such an exchange. Then let him have your sins, and take him instead. And as you receive him, you will learn more and more of the love that led him to die for you. The Lord's plan is to deliver us from this present evil world. To do this, he does not take us out of the world; but he has prayed for us, that we may be kept from the evil. John 17:15. We may sometimes be tempted to complain about the trials and temptations we meet, and to think we could do much better if it were not for the evil around us. But when Jesus has

cleansed us from all the evil *within* us, we may trust him to keep us pure and unspotted from the world.

3. The Lord is disappointed when his people place a low estimate upon themselves. He desires his chosen heritage to value themselves according to the price he has placed upon them. God wanted them, else he would not have sent his Son on such an expensive errand to redeem them. He has a use for them, and he is well pleased when they make the very highest demands upon him, that they may glorify his name. They may expect large things if they have faith in his promises.—"The Desire of Ages," page 668.

4. The business man may conduct his business in a way that will glorify his Master because of his fidelity. If he is a true follower of Christ, he will carry his religion into everything that is done, and reveal to men the spirit of Christ. The mechanic may be a diligent and faithful representative of him who toiled in the lowly walks of life among the hills of Galilee. Every one who names the name of Christ should so work that others, by seeing his good works, may be led to glorify their Creator and Redeemer.—"Steps to Christ."

E. W. Meddaugh and Henry B. Joy, Receivers.

CHICAGO & GRAND TRUNK RY.

Trains arrive and leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago.....	12:15 P. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago.....	9:00 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3:40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper.....	1:10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	8:30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit ...	3:45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, and East.....	8:27 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit..	2:25 A. M.
No. 2, Lehigh Exp., to Saginaw, Bay City, Pt. Huron, and East	6:50 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed, to Durand (starts at Nichols)	7:15 A. M.
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.	

A. S. PARKER, Ticket Agent,
Battle Creek.

Cincinnati Northern Railroad Co.

TIME TABLE NO. 3.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

WEST-BOUND.

No. 21, Mail and Express	6:58 P. M.
No. 23, Accommodation	2:07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight	8:25 A. M.

EAST-BOUND.

No. 22, Mail and Express.....	8:25 A. M.
No. 24, Accommodation.....	1:45 P. M.
No. 28, Local Freight	5:30 P. M.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as a sunbeam."

MONDAY:

Plant in us a humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

— Charles Wesley.

TUESDAY:

"When the grace of God possesses heart and mind, you will respond with a sweet spirit to every touch, kind or unkind, rude or loving."

WEDNESDAY:

Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

— Weizel.

THURSDAY:

God's grace is gracious; his kindness is loving-kindness. There is no grudging in his gifts, no reluctance in his relief. Our best affection is but a candle to his sun of everlasting love. There are large discoveries before us, both of what this loving-kindness has accomplished and of what it yet intends to do: but we can only find out love by loving—first our Lord and then his earthly brothers, who are put within our reach.—*Selected.*

FRIDAY:

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.
Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

— Bonar.

SABBATH:

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Eph. 4:13.

THE Year-Book of Union College, 1900-1901, has just been received. Prospective students and all other interested persons will find much practical information in its columns. It is well printed and illustrated, and will be

sent free to all who desire it. Address W. T. Bland, Union College, College View, Neb.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE

COMPETENT judges have always added their testimony to the value of the Bible as literature: even those who profess not to believe in its divine origin, and who do not follow its teachings in their lives, have paid high tribute to its literary excellence. It is impossible for the earnest, sincere, thorough Bible student to be in any literary sense "narrow:" he is familiar with the very best that the literature of any language affords. Charles Dana, the great newspaper man, once declared that any one who wished to excel as a writer should study the Bible more than any other book; and Edward Everett said that he studied it constantly as an aid in acquiring rhetorical finish. Ruskin, acknowledged one of the greatest thinkers of his age as well as a master of literary style, declared that he counted certain chapters of the Bible, learned in boyhood, "the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential" part of his education, and that to his reading of the Holy Scriptures he owed the first cultivation of his ear in sound. In writing of this Book of books, he says:—

"I opened my oldest Bible just now, . . . yellow with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at chapter 7 of the First Book of Kings and chapter 8 of Deuteronomy are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having caused me much pains. My mother's list of chapters, with which, learned every syllable accurately, she established my soul in life, has just fallen out of it, as follows: Exodus 15 and 20; 2 Samuel 1, 5, 17, to end; 1 Kings 8; Psalms 23, 32, 90, 91, 103, 112, 119, 139; Proverbs 2, 3, 8, 12; Isaiah 58; Matthew 5, 6, 7; Acts 26; 1 Corinthians 13, 15; James 4; Revelation 5, 6. And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge . . . in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after-life, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation into my mind of that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential, part of my education. For these chapters became, indeed, strictly conclusive and protective to me in all modes of thought, and the body of divinity they contain acceptable through all fear and doubt; nor through any fear or doubt or fault have I ever lost my loyalty to them, nor betrayed the command in the one I was made to repeat oftenest, 'Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.'"

RULES FOR GIRLS WHO LONG TO BE POPULAR

UNDER this heading an exchange prints eight excellent "rules," whose aim is to bring about the result desired; and while it is undoubtedly true that if girls would live up to these rules, they could hardly fail to be popular in the best sense of the word, it is also true that the girl who does, or refrains from doing, certain things *by rule*, is likely to be about as attractive as the oddly trimmed and repressed trees beloved of Japanese gardeners but avoided by the admirer of nature's graceful lines. The girl who desires to be so lovely in character as to win the good-will and regard of all whom she meets, not for self-gratification but in order that she may be a help and blessing to others, will always be glad of suggestions that will aid in perfecting such a character. For such, these "rules" already mentioned, or "sug-

estions," as we prefer to call them, are given:—

"1. Remember that a good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice should be carefully trained and developed. A full, clear, flexible voice is one of the surest indications of good breeding.

"2. Remember that one may be witty without being popular, voluble without being agreeable, a great talker and yet a great bore.

"3. Be sincere. One who habitually sneers at everything not only renders herself disagreeable to others, but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.

"4. Be frank. A frank, open countenance, and a clear, cheery laugh are worth far more, even socially, than 'pedantry in a stiff cravat.'

"5. Be amiable. You may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet; but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other. Ill-natured people are never liked.

"6. Be sensible. Society never lacks for fools, and what you may consider entertaining nonsense may soon be looked upon as very tiresome folly.

"7. Be cheerful. Even if you have some trouble on your mind, you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones.

"8. Above all, be cordial and sympathetic. True cordiality and sympathy unite all the other qualities enumerated, and are certain to secure admiration and respect."

JULY, 1900

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1860), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you *now*, and mailed to Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

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