

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. XLVIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER 11, 1900.

No. 40.



## THE CARIBS

MORE than a century ago an English ship carried a cargo of ungovernable Indians from the Island of St. Vincent to the coast of Honduras. The emigrants were not all full-blooded Indians. The blood of the African race, with whom they had been compelled to labor, had been mingled with their own. Intermarriages between negro and Indian had produced a race with thick lips and woolly hair, who had all the cunning of the Indian without his filthy habits. This mixed race has spread itself along the coast of Honduras; and from a few hundred individuals, has grown to an equal number of villages—always near water; for the Carib is an amphibious creature.

Upon approaching one of their towns, we see a long line of canoes drawn up on the beach, high above the breakers, and the shining black bodies of children sporting in the surf. As our boat runs in on one of the waves, half a dozen villagers dart from the shade of the cocoanut-trees, grasp the rail of the boat, and draw us far up on the sand.

Beautiful bodies these Caribs have, erect and muscular. "Once," they say, "before polygamy came among us, there were many giants." Even now they are a large people. Unconfined at foot or waist, the women are almost as powerful as the men, and accomplish more work. A group of these women marching along the beach with baskets and pails upon their heads, is a sight worth seeing, they are so erect, and their step is so elastic. The children go entirely naked; but of late years, men and women, when visiting the Spanish towns, put on Honduran dress. About their work in the native villages, the Carib women wear a sleeveless white cotton garment, reaching a trifle below the knee. The men wear cotton trousers and a straw hat when at work, unless they are in the water.

Though polygamy is practised among the people, the family ties are held more sacred than they are among some other classes of Central Americans. With the exception of the better classes, the Caribs are the most cleanly and industrious people in Honduras. In many respects they are certainly superior to the common Spanish and Indian mixtures, from which the soldiers and petty officials of the republic are drawn.

When a young Carib reaches maturity, he enters the forest, clears an acre or two of ground, and brings in the leaves of the cohune palm,—a tree closely resembling the cocoanut palm,—and spreads them out to dry. Poles are also brought, besides quantities of wild cane. The frame of his house is constructed without nails, wild vines, with which the Central American

forests abound, being used in lashing the poles together. The steep roof is covered with thatch made from the cohune leaves, and our "Compy" (a word having among the Caribs much the same meaning as "John" has in America when spoken in reference to the Chinese) prepares for the "raising." A keg of rum has been smuggled in from Belize; and there is no lack of willing help to empty the keg, and to plaster the basketwork sides and floor of the new home with red clay. Children are allowed a share in the work; for no trowels are used, the mud being thrown on out of the hand, and then smoothed down with the same tool.

The doors and window shutters are hewed from cedar, a few wooden bowls are chipped out of mahogany, and a basket-like device is made to assist the young wife in carrying wood, coconuts, and wee Caribs. At last all is ready, and

of a neighboring tribe, sparing the lives of the women. In time these women became reconciled to their new homes, but never gave up their old language when conversing among themselves. Thus there is a women's language among them to-day.

Naturally, the Caribs are black; but a sort of skin disease, which begins with an itching, and ends with a deadening and whitening of the skin, is making them a spotted people. A person afflicted with this disease suffers little, except in appearance. The contrast is shocking at first sight, and the foreigner avoids it as he would leprosy. Some have called the disease a mild form of leprosy, but resident physicians class it with eczema.

The young Caribs do as little Americans do,—imitate their parents,—diving in the surf, paddling tiny boats, and fishing. Bright fellows they



CARIB WOMAN CARRYING WOOD

wife number one comes in possession of the home and plantation.

The young husband no longer gives thought, much less labor, to the plantation that he has cleared. The woman plants the cassava, sweet potatoes, yams, and ginger, makes the cassava bread in great cakes three feet in diameter, prepares the fish soup, and keeps the house tidy. "Compy" goes off with the mahogany-cutters to new scenes and conquests.

The Caribs are great wood-choppers. They use a long-handled ax that in their hands is very effective. Often the tree that is desired for lumber has long spurs at the base, and the Carib has to build a scaffold to raise him above them. Immense trees are chopped down in this way, then squared with a broadax, and floated to the mouth of the river, where they are put on board ships bound for England or the United States.

Those who have lived with the Caribs tell us that the women speak a separate language among themselves, besides being able to converse with their husbands and sons in the Carib tongue. This strange custom is accounted for by the following legend: Centuries ago the women of the Caribs were massacred in war, and the bereaved husbands took vengeance by slaying the males

are, too, who are glad to learn of better things. Already they are asking for a school to be started among them. Let us work and pray to the end that the gospel as it is known to us may be preached to them.

HERBERT OWEN.

## WHERE CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM MEET

STRANGE comminglings of primitive barbarism and modern progressiveness are found on the South Sea Islands. The customs and conveniences of civilized life have been brought to the islanders in fragments; and of those presented, the people have adopted but few, and have merged the new with the old. Thus, imported musical instruments are heard in connection with primitive gongs and sea-shell trumpets; and familiar European airs almost lose their identity as they grow to resemble more and more the weird chants of the aborigines. Bicycles ("tread-go-rounds") are owned by natives who were never within thousands of miles of a railway, and typewriters are operated by individuals whose grandfathers not only never learned the alphabet, but had no alphabet to learn. A native dignitary who owns horses and a car-



riage imported from New Zealand, keeps the carriage on the veranda of his house.

A native of a remote atoll once greedily sought to obtain a package of pins that he saw in my possession, though what use he could make of them is a query, as his costume consisted merely of a strip of cloth tied about the hips. The man offered, in exchange for a few cents' worth of pins, a fish-hook whittled from a pearl oyster shell, though he had formerly declined to sell the fish-hook for less than half a dollar. By the way, many of the island women are more accustomed to the use of a needle than of pins—an advantage not possessed by all our own countrywomen. Sewing-machines, too, are owned and used by a few of the native women, some of whom, seemingly, have no idea that white cotton thread is not suitable to use on fancy silks and velvets.

Generally the South Sea Islanders appear not to care for house decorations, but lavish their wealth and taste on ornaments for the person. Many who have no abode except a miserable hut, floorless, windowless, and furnitureless, appear on gala occasions in elaborate and expensive garb. Some of the more ambitious natives have comfortable cottages, and, in some instances, these contain a few pieces of furniture. However, the apparent signs of civilization are often only signs of vanity; for the owner not uncommonly prefers still to live in his squalid hut, to sleep wrapped in a palm-leaf mat and lying on the earth floor, and to eat his food from leaves or a wooden trough on the ground. If in the presence of white persons, a Polynesian assumes the dignity of sitting in a chair, he quickly tires of the unusual position, and resorts to the floor again. Shoes donned for a festive occasion are likely to be doffed before the festivities are ended; and instead of the few superfluous garments worn occasionally, a mere waistcloth is preferred for ordinary wear.

Having seen travelers and white residents practice photography, the islanders like to obtain portraits of themselves; but generally one copy suffices, since it is not intended as a gift to a friend, but as a means of gratifying the pride and curiosity of the individual.

The meager vocabulary of the islanders is ill adapted to the changed conditions of life there. Hence many foreign terms have been introduced. Some of these terms are hardly recognizable when pronounced by the natives. Original phrases have been devised to express newly received ideas. Thus a horse is termed *puaaorofenua* (a "beast-run-land"); a goat, a "tooth beast" (probably referring to the horns); a cat, a "cry-house." A tuberose is called an "onion flower," because of the bulb.—*Adelaide D. Wellman.*

#### NO WASTE

God has given each life a vast treasure of time. Some coin this into currency, others fritter it away in dust and scraps. Perhaps the greatest waste in the world is the waste of time. Five minutes is so cheap and common—who values it? In fragments of time like those which most of us waste, some men have gained an education, others have made fortunes.

As we pass through the government's great coin factory, with an eye upon its many provisions for guarding against the dissipation of valuable material, we are reminded of all the ways in which men waste life. Especially do we recall our waste of spiritual opportunities—opportunities to receive and to impart blessings. How full and beautiful and strong our life would be, had we but used to the full our privileges of knowing and practicing the truth as it is in Jesus! Then to think of the lives we might have touched, the deeds we might have done, the words we might have spoken—now wasted forever!

No life so rich in any respect that it can afford to disregard waste.—*Well-Spring.*



#### JOHN, THE BELOVED

I'm growing very old. This weary head  
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast  
In days long past, that seem almost a dream,  
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.  
These limbs that followed him—my Master—oft  
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood  
Beneath the cross, and trembled with his groans,  
Refuse to bear me even through the streets  
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips  
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.  
My ears are dull, they scarcely hear the sobs  
Of my dear children gathered round my couch;  
God lays his hand upon me,—yea, his *hand*,  
And not his *rod*,—the gentle hand that I  
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,  
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old,—so old I can not recollect  
The faces of my friends, and I forget  
The words and deeds that make up daily life;  
But that dear face and every word *He* spoke  
Grow more distinct as others fade away,  
So that I live with him and holy dead  
More than with the living.

Some seventy years ago  
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.  
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide  
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light  
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake  
Soft, purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!  
And then *He* came and called me. Then I gazed,  
For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,  
From out of which, as from a window, shone  
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,  
And lighted it forever. Then his words  
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made  
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love  
Took hold of me, and claimed me for its own.  
I followed in the twilight, holding fast  
His mantle.

Oh, what holy walks we had,  
Through harvest fields and desolate, dreary wastes!  
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,  
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,  
And so upbore him. Lord, now I am weak,  
And old, and feeble! Let me rest on thee!  
So, put thine arm around me. Closer still!  
How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.  
Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take  
The path to Bethany; for Mary's smile  
Awaits us at the gate and Martha's hands  
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.  
Come, James, the Master waits; and Peter, see,  
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends,—  
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone  
Back to his kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.  
I know it all; and yet, just now I seemed  
To stand once more upon my native hills,  
And touch my Master. Oh, how oft I've seen  
The touching of his garment bring back strength  
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.  
UP! Bear me once more to my church! Once  
more  
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;  
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice  
Just now, I think he must be very near,—  
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time  
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,  
And watch his footsteps.

So, raise my head.  
How dark it is! I can not seem to see  
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea  
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush.  
My little children! God so loved the world  
He gave his Son. So love ye one another.  
Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.  
My legacy unto an angry world is this.  
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?  
What call the folk my name,—the Holy John?  
Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,  
And lover of my children.

Lay me down  
Once more upon my couch, and open wide  
The eastern window. See, there comes a light

Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,  
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came  
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows  
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.  
I know the way! I trod it once before.  
And hark! It is the song the ransomed sang  
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!  
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul  
Can join it now

O my Lord, my Lord!  
How bright thou art! and yet the very same  
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years  
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,  
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide.

—Selected.

#### WE ARE HIS WITNESSES

##### III

THE Lord continued to bless his followers as they bore their testimony. Believers were added to the church, the sick were healed, and wonderful works were wrought, "insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one."

Here were light and evidence that none could gainsay. But did these signs have weight with the priests and rulers?—No; they were filled with indignation, and laid their hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison. Satan was striving to make of none effect the work of Christ, to blot his name from the earth. But Heaven was determined to give evidence to the people that Jesus was the Son of God. An angel of the Lord was commissioned to go to the prison, and say to the disciples, "Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life."

Will the disciples obey the voice of God, or the voice of the men who have taken it upon themselves to close the door against knowledge and truth? "And when they heard that, they entered into the temple early in the morning, and taught. But the high priest came, and they that were with him, and called the council together, and all the senate of the children of Israel, and sent to the prison to have them brought. But when the officers came, and found them not in the prison, they returned, and told, saying, The prison truly found we shut with all safety, and the keepers standing without before the doors: but when we had opened, we found no man within. Now when the high priest and the captain of the temple and the chief priests heard these things, they doubted of them whereunto this would grow. Then came one and told them, saying, Behold, the men whom ye put in prison are standing in the temple, and teaching the people. Then went the captain with the officers, and brought them without violence: for they feared the people, lest they should have been stoned. And when they had brought them, they set them before the council; and the high priest asked them, saying, Did not we straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name? and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us."

Then the disciples told how the angel of God had released them from prison, and had bidden them go and preach Jesus to the people. "We ought to obey God rather than men," they said. These faithful witnesses had a testimony to bear; for light from heaven had flashed upon them. "The God of our fathers," they fearlessly declared, "raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him."



When these words were spoken, "they were cut to the heart." But was their spirit softened? Did they repent of their wicked rejection of the Son of God?—No; the same spirit that had prompted them to action against Christ still raged in them, to silence the voice of the apostles. "They took counsel to slay them." But there was one man in the council who recognized the voice of God in the word spoken to them. This man, Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, "commanded to put the apostles forth a little space." He well knew the elements he had to deal with. He knew that the murderers of Christ would hesitate at nothing, if only they might carry out their purposes. "Ye men of Israel," he said, "take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men. . . . Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

"And to him they agreed: and when they had called the apostles, and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go. And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ."

Paul and Silas were imprisoned because they proclaimed the truth that Christ had bidden them teach. Many stripes were laid upon them, and their feet were placed in the stocks. But they did not think of murmuring. They did not say, It does not pay to preach Christ. Instead, they sang praises to God, that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. All heaven was interested in these men who were suffering for Christ's sake, and angels were sent to visit the prisoners. At their tread the prison doors were shaken open, and a bright light flooded the prison. The jailer awoke, and supposing the men to have escaped, was about to take his own life. But Paul cried out, "Do thyself no harm; for we are all here." Then the jailer hastened into the prison, to see what manner of men these were whom he had treated so severely; and casting himself before them, he asked their forgiveness. "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" he asked. "And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house."

The apostles did not wait until they were refreshed, and their wounds were dressed, before they began their work. This is not the spirit manifested by the natural heart; but Paul and Silas had the spirit of Christ, not the spirit of revenge. And the jailer "took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway."

We have a work to do in presenting Christ. We need to talk of Christ, and the practical lessons he gave, until our hearts are warmed with the love of God. We should not make much of the trials and opposition we meet. It is true they may close the door of influence for a time, but it will open to us the wider after a little. The work for us to do is rightly to represent our faith in our life and character as well as in our words. By living faith we must cling to the promises of God.

Christ says of his people, "Ye are the light of the world." Let your light shine amid the moral darkness. You need the Spirit of Christ

to dwell in your hearts by faith, if you would be prepared to teach men the way to heaven.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### OCTOBER

OCTOBER comes across the hill  
Like some light ghost, she is so still,  
Although her cheeks are rosy;  
And through the floating thistledown  
Her trailing, brier-tangled gown  
Gleams like a crimson posy.

The crickets in the stubble chime;  
Lanterns flash out at milking-time;  
The daisy's lost her ruffles;  
The wasps the honeyed pipkin try;  
A film is over the blue sky—  
A spell the river ruffles.

The goldenrod fades in the sun;  
The spider's gauzy veil is spun  
Athwart the drooping sedges;  
The nuts drop softly from their burs;  
No bird-song the dim silence stirs—  
A blight is on the hedges.

She listens when the dusky eves  
Step softly on the fallen leaves,

friend, add to the burdens of another human being,—one, perhaps, already weighed down with cares and anxieties. So to speak is to allow yourself to be overborne by "things," ruled by the natural course of the world. You can not rule the world, it is true; but you have the power to rule your part of it—that is, yourself.

Don't hate, and don't worry. This is the advice given by a hale and beneficent old man to those who asked him for the secret of length of days. He might have added, Don't get angry.—  
*Ada C. Sweet, in Woman's Home Companion.*

#### FLATTERY THE BLIGHT OF CHARACTER

MANY a truly noble character has been hindered in its growth by a mildew of flattery. Many a soul that has successfully gained the first victory in a series of struggles, has been effectually defeated in every succeeding conflict by the weapons of flattery. Many a young man whom God has blessed, and whose efforts to water and feed the souls of others have been abundantly honored of Heaven, has had his



AN OCTOBER SCENE

As if for message cheering;  
And it must be that she can hear,  
Beyond November, grim and drear,  
The feet of Christmas nearing.

—St. Nicholas.

#### WHEN THE HEART IS HEAVY

WORRY kills. It wears upon the brain as dropping water wears away stone. The habit must be killed by eternal vigilance, resolution, and good sense. Worry, like bad air or an obnoxious person, must be driven out; and the best way to drive either out is by the introduction of the good. You can fill your mind with comforting, calming thoughts, leaving no room for harassing ones. You can flood out the enemy, just as by pouring a stream of clear water into a tumbler filled with discolored liquid, you can soon force out the muddy contents of the glass, and leave it filled with liquid crystal.

Check expression when bitter or somber feeling has the best of you. To say how sad or perplexed you feel when your heart sinks for the moment, deepens your inward trouble, and at the same time spreads it to outside people. You would not spread disease; do not spread mental distress. Your desponding words, bursting impulsively from a full heart in the presence of a

career of usefulness brought to a sudden end by the poisoned arrows of flattery.

The character that yields itself to the deception of flattery is like a ship that is filling with water—it will soon go down. Many a young woman with both the disposition and the talent to do a great work for God has had her career cut short by words of flattery and mistaken appreciation; and the life that, by earnest application, diligent study, and humble effort, might have achieved great things in the name of Christ for the good of man, is robbed of its humility and its energy, only to become a moral derelict,—a wreck of what was once a noble character.

Dear young people, do not take the credit to yourselves for the character that God may be helping you to rear; do not say, as did Nebuchadnezzar, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?" Remember that when you praise yourself, either in thought or word, you are "brushing the luster off your best efforts."

W. S. SADLER.

THE child of God does not look backward to gain fresh energy. His energy is the energy of hope, not of retrospection. He presses forward; his glance is ever onward. He anticipates revelations of God ever more and more glorious.—  
*Stopford A. Brooke.*





### THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

You start at the gate labeled "Push;"  
If it creaks on its hinge, never mind,  
Though many, dismayed at the sound,  
Turning back in despair you will find.  
When you enter, go on straight ahead;  
'Tis the road that's called "System" you take;  
There's "Happy-go-lucky" close by—  
Be sure that you make no mistake!  
Yours leads along "Energy's" vale,  
Up "Difficult" hill on the right;  
Then it enters "Perplexity's" woods—  
Ahead there is no ray of light!  
You mustn't stop here, but go on;  
"Purpose" River is over the crest;  
Once crossed, the fair plains of "Success"  
Offer richest refreshment and rest.

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

### THE REAL COWBOY'S LIFE

#### I

IN the eyes of the average young American, cowboy life has ever been surrounded with a halo of romance. The very word "cowboy" seems to carry with it a picture of rough manners, unbounded generosity, and reckless daring, to the accompaniment of broad-brimmed hat, silver-mounted spurs, and pitching broncho. The imagination fills in all the minor details that go to make a striking and romantic figure; but romance and reality are widely different.

It was in Colorado that the writer spent three years on a cattle range, the country over which he followed the "round-ups" being now covered with farms and sheep ranches. But in Wyoming, Montana, Arizona, and a few other States, the cowboy still survives; and perhaps the INSTRUCTOR family would like to know what his life is really like.

Formerly most of the range cattle were raised on the broad plains of Texas. Early in the spring the Northern cattlemen would go to that State with a crew of cowboys and a camp outfit. A herd of young cattle, from five to ten thousand head, would be bought; and each man who was to accompany them would be furnished with from eight to ten horses. Then the northward journey began. The writer never drove cattle "over the trail," so his information on that subject is second-hand. The work on the trail, however, did not differ materially from that on the round-ups, except that it lasted longer, and was consequently more monotonous. It is cheaper to transport cattle by rail now; therefore the old method has been entirely abandoned.

It is usually late in the fall before the herd reaches its destination. Then the cattle are re-branded, and turned out to shift for themselves until the following spring. Early in the spring a committee of cattlemen allot to each ranch the district over which it is to drive, mark out a course for the "outfit" to follow, and select a place for the general round-up to be held.

Each ranch is expected to furnish men in proportion to the number of cattle owned. But as not more than fifteen or twenty riders can work together to advantage, a round-up crew seldom exceeds that number. The regular "riders," two men to take care of the saddle-horses ("horse-wranglers," they are called), a cook, and the foreman make up the crew.

When the drive begins, all the cattle found are brought together in one herd. This is given into the charge of three or four men, while the remainder scour the country through which the outfit passes in search of more.

The routine of a cowboy's work is about the same day after day. Breakfast is eaten before daybreak. Then the horses that have been

brought up by the "night wrangler" are lassoed and saddled, and work begins about sunrise.

While actually with the herd, horses are permitted to walk, in order to prevent exciting the cattle,—not out of regard for the animals' nerves, but because excitement makes them lose flesh. At all other times the cowboy rides at full speed, with no more regard for his horse than if it were a machine.

There is perhaps no place on earth where horses are treated with such heartless cruelty as on the cattle range. When the spring work begins, each man is supplied with eight or ten horses as plump and spirited as one could wish for. When they are returned, three months later, they are poor, lame, and sore-mouthed; their sides and flanks are often cut and scarred by the quirt and spurs of their heartless riders; and they have hardly enough life left to try to avoid the cowboy's lasso.

As soon as breakfast is over, the cook packs everything into the "grub wagon," and drives to the place designated by the foreman. Ten or twelve miles is the usual distance traveled when beef cattle are being driven, but sometimes it greatly exceeds that.

When the cowboys reach camp, they find dinner waiting for them. They seldom move camp in the afternoon, but sometimes the men are sent out for a short time to gather up the cattle in the immediate neighborhood. As a usual thing, however, the regular round-up for the day ends before dinner begins. In the afternoon the herd is left in charge of two or three men, while the remainder spend the time loitering around camp, gambling, or engaging in some sport that is as cruel as it is rough.

A favorite diversion, especially during branding time, is to lasso and throw three or four calves that are old enough to be strong, and young enough to be stubborn. These calves will be released at a given signal; and when they regain their feet, before they have time to realize what such rough treatment means, a cowboy will spring upon the back of each, and endeavor to stay mounted as long as possible. The frightened creatures will go kicking, jumping, and bellowing back to the herd; and sometimes the unwelcome rider is thrown before he has gone a dozen yards. The cowboy who holds his seat the longest wins the contest.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

(Concluded next week)

### A SWEET SPIRIT

THE sweet-toned bell rings out sweetness, however gently or rudely it is struck; while the clanging gong can not be so touched as not to respond with a jangle. There is the same difference in people. From some you learn always to expect a snarl, or a whine, or a groan; while others give forth words of cheerfulness and joy. When the grace of God possesses mind and heart, you will respond with a sweet spirit to every touch, kind or unkind, rude or loving. You will be a voice for God, in whatever place or company you are thrown, a witness for charity and kindness and truth.

"When a man lives with God," says Emerson, "his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn." Wherever you are, be as a sweet-toned bell.—*Selected.*

### LIVING BY PRINCIPLE RATHER THAN IMPULSE

It is our privilege to have the Spirit of God unfold to us simple, definite principles, which we may incorporate so thoroughly into our life's experience, that, like a master key, they will serve to unlock our most troublesome perplexities.

Immense tunnels are constructed by human enterprise; and although the men who dig them can not see their way ahead, the tunnel will come out within a fraction of an inch of the place planned by the engineer. This is because

the master minds that supervise such undertakings follow so closely certain mathematical principles that there is not the slightest deviation to confuse the correct outcome. So in our spiritual experience: if we trust the Master, and do not seek our own way, we shall succeed; but if we lay aside living faith and guiding principle, and attempt to walk by sight and feeling, we shall soon find ourselves involved in endless difficulties.

Those who weave the magnificent tapestry produced in Oriental countries, work under the goods, and see only the rough threads hanging down beneath; but they have in mind a definite pattern of the beautiful figure that is being wrought out on the top. Often in our daily work, seeing only the loose threads, we seem to have abundant reason for discouragement; but if we work from principle, we may be sure that a divine hand is weaving out for us a glorious pattern, which will abide through all eternity.

The magnificent tile floors that are occasionally seen were laid down a bit at a time; but the workman had in mind those marvelous figures that afterward delight all observers. It requires faith to believe that every act of faithfulness, however small, is placing a stone in that temple of character which God is rearing in every human soul that is learning the sweet lesson of living by principle instead of by feeling.

An unsightly block of marble may have been used merely as a doorstep; but by and by a sculptor begins to chip off its rough corners and edges. Where others saw nothing but rough, undesirable stone, he sees the form of an angel. Every blow brings out more fully his ideal. So from the standpoint of sight and feeling, we may be only rough stones; but the various trying experiences through which God allows us to pass will, if we submit to them as does the block to the chisel, serve as a certain blow to bring out the figure of the divine where before appeared only human rubbish.

Sometimes the devil will fairly crush us by leading us to think that God will not again undertake the process of character-building that was interrupted by some sad blunder. We should never, even in the darkest hour, lose sight of the fact that although God can not tolerate sin, he will never cease, as long as there is the least prospect that he can be won, to draw the sinner to himself. We should remember that at best we have this treasure in earthen vessels, and that the treasure is of more consequence than the vessel that contains it.

An eaves-trough made of ordinary lumber may carry off as much water, provided it is so hung as to catch the drops, as one made of silver. So although, from a human standpoint, we may not be very promising, if we are willing to be placed of God where the droppings of the latter rain can fall into us, we shall be happy ourselves, and a blessing to others.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

### WHAT SMOKING DOES

A MEDICAL man recently, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect of the habit upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less decided taste for strong drink. In twelve there were frequent bleedings of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on discontinuing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was stopped, when health and strength were soon restored.—*Selected.*





## ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE BOY

THERE was a boy, a tall, strong boy,  
Bred in the wilds of Illinois,  
When Illinois in frontier days  
Welcomed the pioneer's red blaze.  
Within a clearing of the wood  
The lad's rude home, a log house, stood,  
And there his youthful days were spent  
Who afterward was president.  
There was he taught, in homely phrase,  
The Golden Rule of all his days;  
And there, in lowliness and need,  
Was sown Emancipation's seed.  
A log fire cast the fitful light  
Wherein he learned to read and write;  
He owned a dog-eared book or two,  
Whose every word and phrase he knew.  
Like many a backwoods boy, all day  
Out in the woods he hewed his way;  
But, unlike many another, he  
Hewed deeper, surer; and no tree  
Of all the proudest in the wood  
This giant's tireless strength withstood.  
And so, by every stroke made strong,  
He ever hewed his way along,  
Out of the wood and wilderness,  
Into the world's great storm and stress,—  
Out of the depths of poverty,  
Unto the heights that were to be.  
He burst the bonds of circumstance,  
And nothing sought of fate or chance.  
He owed his greatness and his fame  
To honest poverty's good name,  
To sturdy toil, and wholesome care,  
And to a loving mother's prayer.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

## A TRUE STORY OF A GREAT MAN

SHALL I tell you a true story, children? Methinks I see hundreds of bright eyes glisten, and hundreds of little hands raised. "Please tell the story," they all say.

Very well. I would like to take all the little motherless children and all the poor, homeless little ones of the INSTRUCTOR family in my lap if I could, while I tell them about a little boy who was born many years ago—about the time your grandpa was born.

This little boy was not homeless nor motherless, but he was very poor, and lived in a small house. But this did not prevent his becoming a wise and good man.

I suppose the relatives of the little fellow were a long time deciding what name they should give the baby boy, just as people are nowadays; but finally they made up their minds to call him Abraham. I wonder who can guess his last name.

"Oh, I know who he was," I hear somebody say; "he was the good, kind president, who set the poor slaves free."

Yes, and it is of one of these poor slaves that I will tell you.

We will call her Dinah; she was born a slave. Sometimes Dinah longed for freedom, but one day she became the wife of a young man,—a slave on the same plantation where she lived,—and after that she settled down quietly to work.

After a time her husband became so wretched under the cruel lash of the overseer, that the spirit of freedom, which God has implanted in the breasts of all his creatures, burned in his heart until he determined to risk everything to become a free man.

At last Providence favored him, and he escaped from his cruel master, and hurried toward the North and freedom. But oh, the sad, sad parting from his young wife! But they were cheered with a hope of better days to come, when, in the bright land of the free, they would again be reunited; for the husband promised to provide

some means of escape for her, if he was successful in reaching a place of safety.

After Dinah's husband had been gone a few weeks, a dear little baby came to the anxious wife. Still she toiled, week after week, on the old plantation, wearily waiting for some news of her loved one.

Finally she decided that she could wait no longer. She would take her baby, and, trusting in God, who loves all his children alike, black as well as white, she would make a dash for liberty. Perhaps she could find her husband; at all events, anything was better than the chains of slavery, and the weary days of suspense and anxiety.

Waiting for the friendly darkness to shield her, she started.

Carefully she made her way along, over fields, through dark forests, fording streams, skulking in the darkest shadows,—wherever she could find a shelter from the cruel eyes of her pursuers,—always northward, toward blessed liberty. The extra weight of her little one impeded her flight, but at last she saw before her the broad Potomac. There was a boat ready—so it seemed to her—to carry her safely over; but she scarcely dared risk the attempt of getting on board, as of course she had no money and no means of obtaining a ticket. But in some way she managed to hide herself among the crowd, and with wildly beating heart, seated herself in a sheltered corner of the boat.

Groups of people stood chatting here and there, and among them Dinah noticed a tall, sad-looking man. Little dreaming who the stranger was, still she could not help watching him.

Finally the boat stopped at the landing, the gang-plank was placed, and the passengers began passing out.

Clasping the little brown bundle more closely in her trembling arms, Dinah attempted to pass out with the others.

"Stop! where is your ticket?" thundered the heavy voice of the porter.

"O massa! massa! let me pass!" screamed the poor woman, almost frantic with fear for herself and her child.

"Down with you! down below! we will look after your case pretty soon! We are getting used to runaways!"

The poor creature's heart almost stopped beating from fear and horror. After enduring so many days and nights of weariness and anxiety, to be caught at last, and hurried back to chains and slavery! Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she looked wildly around in hope of finding some friendly face in the crowd about her,—nor did she look in vain.

Here comes the tall, sad-eyed stranger—he is close at hand. "Stop, porter! let the woman alone. I will ask her a few questions," he said.

Then poor Dinah pleaded her case and that of her child with all the eloquence of despair. She told of her husband's leaving her, of his uncertain fate, of the birth of her little son, and of her flight for freedom, and of her horror at the prospect of going back to the old life. Long before she had finished her story, there were

tears in the stranger's eyes, and she felt that she had found a friend. "Here, porter, let this woman pass. I am going with her."

After walking by her side to a place of safety, and advising her what to do, the stranger raised his hat politely, and turned to leave, but Dinah begged him to tell her his name.

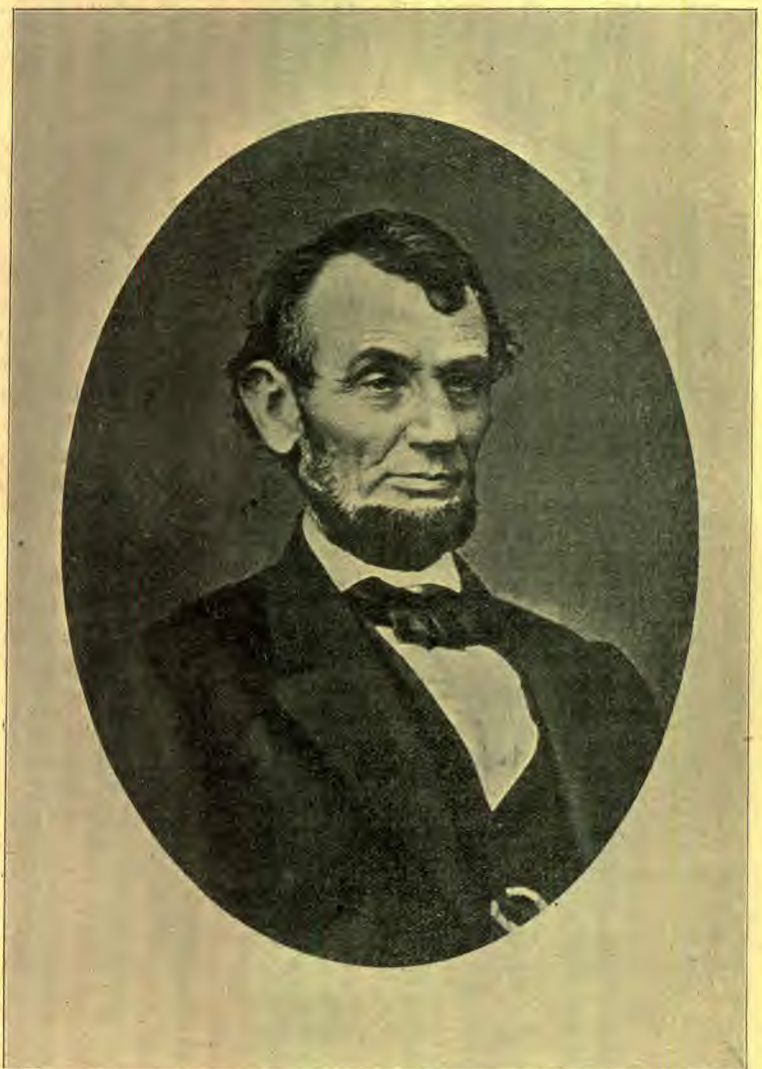
"Abraham Lincoln," he explained, and walked rapidly away.

Whether the poor woman ever found her husband or not, I can not tell; but she never forgot till the day of her death,—which occurred only a little while ago,—the noble kindness of this truly great man.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

## TWO DAYS

A TEAKETTLE sat on the top of a stove, singing merrily. "Dear me!" complained the broom, from the corner, "I do wish you would stop your noise!"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Yes, do stop that everlasting song!" called the dustpan from his hook behind the door. But the happy kettle, paying no attention, continued its tuneful ditty. The cook, coming into the kitchen, and hearing the cheerful song of the kettle, began to sing. As one can not be cross with a song on one's lips, she was kept good-natured. Because she was light-hearted and sweet-tempered, everything went well and smoothly. Dinner was on time and well cooked, father and mother were pleased, and every one was happy and bright.

One heart that is light,  
A smile sweet and bright,  
Somebody happy,  
Everything right.

## ANOTHER DAY

The teakettle sat on the stove and pouted. "What's the use of singing? No one cares, and it does not matter."

"Yes, do stop for a while," said the broom.



"It would be a change if you should keep quiet," called out the dustpan.

So the teakettle listened to its tempters, and stopped its song. When the cook came into the kitchen, there sat the sulky kettle, quiet and still. "Dear me, how is this?" said she, impatiently. "There's no hot water, and now I shall have a time getting dinner." She hustled and bustled, upsetting this and spilling that in her hurry, getting crosser and crosser because things would go topsy-turvy. Dinner was late, father impatient, mother worried, and nothing was as it should have been.

One heart with no song,  
A face sour and long,  
Somebody snappy,  
Everything wrong.

—Sabbath-School Visitor.



#### BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Rev. 1: 1-20; "Thoughts on Revelation," pages 323-344

#### NOTES ON LESSON I

(October 14-20)

MAKE it a point, when you have a moment's leisure, to store your mind with Scripture truths, and especially with what is brought to view in the *Revelation*, because some of us are to be the very actors who will be on the stage in the last days, when these things are revealed; and as you make a persistent effort to understand, the angels of God will enlighten your mind.—*Review and Herald*, April 10, 1888.

Here is a wonderful promise,—the angels of God will come and enlighten us, if we will make a persistent effort to store our minds with "what is brought to view in the *Revelation*." If we accept the promise, and comply with the regulations, we shall be prepared to stand in the trying time before us.

How many of the young people will make a persistent effort to store their minds with Scripture truth, by committing to memory the verses contained in the lesson each week? The first lesson has twenty verses, less than three verses for each day of the week. All would receive a great blessing by committing them to memory, so that in the time of need the Spirit could bring them to remembrance. Who will co-operate with the angels, and make the effort?

The introductory chapter of *Revelation* may be considered under the following sub-divisions:—

**Introduction.**—The book opens with a blessing upon all who will read, hear, and keep the things contained therein. Every encouragement is held out to induce us to enter this precious treasure-house.

**Character of Our Saviour Portrayed.**—"Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness," will ever plead for us in the heavenly courts. He is the "first begotten of the dead." Satan had nothing in him; therefore it was impossible for death to hold him in its grasp. Only those who have separated from all the character of Satan can hope to share in the first resurrection. He is the prince of the kings of the earth. Christ stands forth as having all power to witness for us in heaven. Every earthly power is under his control, while death, the last enemy, and Satan, are also vanquished. After setting forth all this power and

might, John says that Jesus "loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," and has exalted us to positions of kings and priests.

**Second Coming of Christ.**—The King of kings descends upon the cloud, wrapped in flaming fire. The heavens are rolled together as a scroll, the earth trembles before him, and every mountain and island is moved out of its place. . . . There are those who mocked Christ in his humiliation. With thrilling power come to their minds the Sufferer's words, when, adjured by the high priest, he solemnly declared, "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." . . . Those who derided his claim to be the Son of God are speechless now. There is the haughty Herod, who jeered at his royal title, and bade the mocking soldiers crown him king. There are the very men who with impious hands placed upon his form the purple robe, upon his sacred brow the thorny crown, and in his unresisting hand the mimic scepter, and bowed before him in blasphemous mockery. The men who smote and spit upon the Prince of Life, now turn from his piercing gaze, and seek to flee from the overpowering glory of his presence. Those who drove the nails through his hands and feet, the soldier who pierced his side, behold these marks with terror and remorse.—"*Great Controversy*," Vol. IV, pages 641-643.

**John's Trials.**—John calls himself the brother of all the church, and declares himself our companion in tribulation and patience. If we are his companions in patience, we must also be in tribulation; for "tribulation worketh patience." We do not need to be banished in order to share with John. The real meaning of the word "tribulation" is "a threshing-sledge," and is a synonym of affliction.

**The Sabbath.**—In the ark of God's testament, in heaven, before which Christ witnesses for us, is the law of God, written upon the tables of stone, which fold together like a book. I quote as follows from "*Early Writings*," page 26: "Jesus opened them, and I saw the ten commandments written on them with the finger of God. On one table were four, and on the other six. The four on the first table shone brighter than the other six. But the fourth, the Sabbath commandment, shone above them all; for the Sabbath was set apart to be kept in honor of God's holy name. The holy Sabbath looked glorious; a halo of glory was all around it."

**Seven Churches.**—God's people from his first to his second advent are here brought to view; and the varied experiences through which they pass in different periods of the world's history are indicated by the names given them.

**Description of Christ's Person.**—He is clothed with light and glory, a real person, not simply a spirit; and when the redeemed stand with him on Mt. Zion, they will possess bodies like his glorious body.

**Christ's Mighty Power.**—"Christ is the Alpha and Omega, the Genesis of the Old Testament, and the Revelation of the New. Both meet together in Christ." "He is before all things, and by him in all things consist." "It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell." He has the keys of hell and of death, and stands forth a mighty conqueror over all the power of the enemy.

The scope of the book covers the past, the present, and the future.

"GARLAND" STOVES AND RANGES were awarded highest prize at Paris Exposition, 1900.



#### THE PROMISE OF THE INHERITANCE SURE

(October 20, 1900)

LESSON TEXT.—Gal. 3: 15-18.

MEMORY VERSE.—1 Peter 1: 3, 4.

The present lesson is closely connected with the preceding one. Review carefully the last lesson, especially verses 12-14. Through Christ we are partakers of the blessing of Abraham, "that we might receive the promise of the Spirit." This promise, or covenant, is further mentioned and considered in the present lesson.

#### QUESTIONS

1. How is a covenant among men made sure? V. 15. What is a covenant made by men? Note 1.
2. To whom were the promises made? To whom besides Abraham? What is said of the number of seeds? Who is the seed? What is the significance of the one seed? Note 2.
3. What is the promise made to Abraham called in verse 17? Who confirmed this covenant? In whom was it confirmed? Same verse. With whom was it confirmed? Note 3.
4. When was the law given? What effect, then, could the law have upon the covenant? If the law were disannulled, how would that affect the covenant of the promise? V. 17; note 4.
5. What was the promise God made to Abraham when the covenant was confirmed? Gen. 15: 18. How much did this inheritance include? Rom. 4: 13.
6. How did God give the inheritance to Abraham? What if it had been of the law? V. 18; Rom. 4: 13, 14.
7. What was it that God by his Spirit promised to Abraham? V. 18. Then what is "the promise of the Spirit," mentioned in verse 14? Note 5.

#### NOTES

1. A covenant made by men between themselves is an agreement in which mutual promises are made. A covenant is commonly drawn up in writing; and when fully agreed to and signed, it is said to be confirmed, or ratified. To disannul a covenant is to make it no longer of any force. In our lesson and in other scriptures, a promise of God is likened to a promise among men, and so is often called a covenant.

2. This lesson about the seed runs through all the Bible. Christ is the seed of the woman, which should bruise the serpent's head. Gen. 3: 15. Those who are Christ's, who are like him in character, are Abraham's seed. Gal. 3: 29. The seed of the serpent are the followers of Satan. Matt. 23: 33. In many Scriptures the lesson is impressed that the holy and the unholy seed—the righteous and the wicked—are to be kept separate. With this thought in mind, read Deut. 22: 9-11; Ezra 9: 1, 2.

3. This covenant of verse 17 is evidently the same as the promises to Abraham mentioned in verse 16. The promises were made by God to Abraham and his seed, which is Christ. The covenant mentioned in verse 17 was confirmed by God, in Christ; so we would understand that it was confirmed with Abraham.

4. In verse 17 Paul completes the comparison begun in verse 15. Even a man's covenant can not be changed or broken when it is once confirmed. God made a covenant with Abraham four hundred and thirty years before the giving of the law. But a covenant made by God can not be less binding than a man's. Therefore the law, coming so long a time after the covenant, can not disannul the covenant, and thus make



the promise of no effect. In the last part of this seventeenth verse we have it made very plain that the covenant and the promise are the same.

5. The blessing of Abraham comes to us that we may receive the promise that he received. Verse 18 makes it plain that this promise is the promise of the inheritance. Our sins are forgiven, we are counted righteous for Christ's sake, and this entitles us to an inheritance in the "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This promise also includes the reception of the Spirit.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

**A Curious French Law.**—There exists in France a law providing that "any person who has been offensively mentioned in a periodical publication has the right to reply in the next issue, provided he does not use more than twice the space occupied by the original article."

**Russia and the Oil Trust.**—It is stated that "the Standard Oil Company recently attempted to carry things with as high a hand in Russia as it is doing here." To offset this, the czar simply appointed "an auditor of its accounts, with instructions to allow the trust a 'fair profit' on its products, and turn the balance into the public treasury."

**White House Children.**—It is said that "the only child born in the White House, to a president of the United States during his term of office, is Esther Cleveland, who was born Sept. 9, 1893. Other children have been born in the White House, among the number being Julia Dent Grant (now Princess Catacuzene), born in the closing days of her grandfather's second term."

**A Publishers' Trust.**—The great book publishers of this country have formed an alliance under the name of the American Publishers' Association, in order to "abolish the wholesale cutting of rates on popular books." It seems that "thousands of small booksellers have been forced out of business by the big department stores. The retail bookseller has to carry a great many dry books, for which there is small demand. From these he derives little profit, yet he must carry them. When the department stores offer for thirty-nine or fifty-nine cents books for which the bookseller charges a dollar or a dollar and a half, he finds his trade vanishing." The new combination has agreed to "stop selling books to any jobber who supplies them to dealers who cut the retail price." It is presumed that the department-store people will be glad, as this will insure them greater profits.

**A Gigantic Strike.**—The strike recently inaugurated by the United Mine Workers has "practically terminated operations in the most productive hard-coal field in the world. There are one hundred and forty-five thousand miners in the anthracite district of Pennsylvania, and eighty per cent of them belong to the Miners' Union. The coal regions extend over nearly four hundred and seventy square miles, and the average production of the entire district is seventy-five million tons a year. The demands of the miners are as follows: 'Abolition of the company stores; reduction in the price of powder to \$1.50 a keg; abolition of company doctors; semimonthly payment of wages; abolition of the sliding scale; wages paid in cash; 2240 pounds to the ton; an advance of twenty per cent in wages less than \$1.50, and not \$1.75, a day; that all classes of day labor now receiving

\$1.50, and not exceeding \$1.75, a day shall receive fifteen per cent over present wages; that all day labor now receiving \$1.75 shall be advanced ten per cent; that no miner shall have at any time more than one breast-gang, or other class of work, and shall get only his legal share of cars."

**From Refuse to Fuel.**—Owing to the present coal famine in England, "fuel is now being manufactured, in London, out of mud, street refuse, and sewage, for sale to the poor." It seems that "a chemical process has been invented by which all this waste material is so treated that it is rendered combustible. Mud has been withdrawn from the Thames, at Millwall, treated chemically, and compressed in briquets, which in appearance closely resemble blocks of dull ebony or bog-oak. This mud burns readily, exhales a minimum of smoke, and leaves only twenty-five per cent of firm ash. The street sweepings are mixed with a small percentage of cheap chemicals, pressed into blocks, and sterilized by being subjected to intense heat. This fuel produces great heat, burns freely with little smoke, and leaves little ash. The sewage, when subjected to this chemical process and pressed into briquets, looks like the best coal, so deep and rich is its sable character. This last-named fuel can be manufactured at the low cost of two dollars a ton, and is equal in every way to the cheaper coals. Licenses have been granted to manufacture fuel from these hitherto waste materials, and works are shortly to be installed upon the river's banks at Barking."

**That Disgusting Long Skirt.**—It is indeed a strange thing that so many of the gentler sex should obey the dictates of fashion, and sweep sidewalks and streets with their long skirts. A scientist living in Rome, recently employed three young women to take their long skirts out on a microbe-collecting expedition. Upon their return, he took the three garments to his laboratory, and in them "found all the microbes of the streets," the result being "horrible to relate." The microbes contained in those three skirts were found to be "sufficient to contaminate the entire population of China, and that is more than four hundred and fifty millions." What, then, must be the number of death-dealing microbes in the thousands of street-sweeping skirts seen in our large cities? Are there not enough germs floating about in the air,—germs of tuberculosis and other deadly diseases,—without going to the trouble of garnering innumerable others in a long skirt, and bringing them home to be shaken into the noses of your friends and relatives? You hold yours up? Why not have both hands free? If the long skirt is a part of modern "civilization," then our so-called civilization is certainly a curse, and men will be compelled to look elsewhere than to woman for an emblem of cleanliness. A. J. BOURDEAU.

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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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WEST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago .....	12.15 P. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago .....	8.30 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago .....	2.50 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper .....	1.10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend .....	8.20 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 .....	8.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit .....	8.37 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit .....	2.35 P. 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.	

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,  
Battle Creek.





PUBLISHED BY THE  
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

A. T. JONES W. C. SISLEY

#### Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$ .75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
To Foreign Countries	1.25

#### CLUB RATES:

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10 to 100 " " " "	.50
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Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

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"It is not so much by what we have received that we shall measure life's happiness at the last, but by what we have bestowed."

##### TUESDAY:

"It's only her way." I wonder if the way people get with them isn't something to be accountable for, though?—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

##### WEDNESDAY:

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." But a good name is only the stamp upon the gold, like the impress the coin bears when it comes fresh from the mint. The really precious thing is the character back of the reputation.—*Selected.*

##### THURSDAY:

Even if, in the midst of an avalanche of work, He calls you "apart into a desert place" to rest awhile; and even if the desert means only a headache, or a rainy day instead of a journey, make no complaint, but follow close.—*Anna Warner.*

##### FRIDAY:

A reckless mind, a seared conscience, a hardened heart,—one step more, and then comes a lost soul. There is a call from heaven that will be the last call. There is an offer of mercy from Christ that will be the last offer.—*Bradley.*

##### SABBATH:

"The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Ps. 84:11.

WE would heartily second the suggestion found in the introduction to the Berean lesson this week—that those taking the study learn the book of Revelation. At first thought this may seem like quite a task; but it is only one chapter a week, or about three verses a day,—by no means an impossible task for those who are willing to devote a few minutes a day to the work. In talking this matter over with others, we find that those who are learning the book of Galatians in our Sabbath-school study are the most ready to try to commit the book of Revelation also. They have found a blessing in storing their minds with God's holy word. Who is willing to set

aside a little time regularly each day,—a few moments from other less profitable reading,—in order to become familiar with the very words of this wonderful book? Such familiarity will also aid in an understanding of its important truths, which apply with special force to these very days in which we are living. We should be glad to have the names of those who will begin this work with the intention of faithfully keeping it up.

DON'T be a "good-enough" worker: the world is full of incompetents, who began in that overcrowded class in life's school, and never passed on to something better. No matter what they do, they can not be depended upon: some one must stand at their shoulder, and be responsible for all the work that passes through their hands. If you have any desire to succeed in the world, or to do acceptable work for the Master, do not allow yourself to add one to their number. Be thorough; cultivate the habit of dependableness; never slight the "corners." Genius itself is said to be nothing more than an extraordinary capacity for taking pains; and whether this is true or not, it is certain that ordinary talents, with this capacity in its highest development, are worth far more to the world than the most brilliant gifts lacking it. Remember that there is everywhere a demand for what is first-class, but that "nobody wants 'a pretty good egg.'"

#### PRACTICAL JOKING

APROPOS of the article on "Happiness or Fun," in last week's INSTRUCTOR, we notice an item concerning a young mother in Chicago, who, instead of her baby, was handed a large doll with closed eyes, its face covered with a handkerchief. When she removed the covering, her first thought was that the child was dead. The shock was so great that she passed into convulsions, and died the following day. The joke was played by her sister; and now it is feared that the unfortunate girl will lose her reason. What a price for a moment's "fun"!

If this incident were an isolated case, it would still be distressing enough; but unfortunately it is not. Almost every day the attention is called to some instance where a "joke" has resulted in injury, and often in loss of life. Not long ago the papers told of a sad case in an Eastern manufacturing town. The men in a certain factory were accustomed to going to a barrel of soft soap for a supply for "washing up" after work. Some of them conceived the idea that it would be an excellent joke to charge the substance with electricity, for the purpose of "shocking" one of their number. The idea was carried out,—the victim receiving injuries so serious as to cause his death.

But there is no need of further illustrations: every neighborhood, village, and town might easily add to the list.

Most so-called "practical jokes" have in them the element of danger: there is always the possibility that they may pass beyond the intention of their originators, with results that they themselves must deeply deplore.

A story is told of a little girl who grasped the shafts of the lumbering old carriage in her grandfather's barn, pulled it out, and started to run it down the hill: she had not gone far, however, before the case was reversed, and the carriage was running her. Faster and faster she flew down the incline, her only thought being to keep ahead, and so to guide the vehicle that it should not pass over her. She was fortunate enough to succeed: but very often the practical joker finds himself powerless to stop the wheels he has set in motion, till they have resulted in lasting injury to some fellow being, and unavailing remorse for himself.

Cultivate a happy frame of mind yourself, and strive to make others happy likewise; but beware of the practical joke.

#### A LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I wish so much that I could look into your faces this afternoon, and talk with you about your plans for the fall and winter, your studies, and your work. We are all in danger of becoming carelessly, listlessly indifferent in the Lord's service, or else half-discouraged because we are not able to do the great things of which we have dreamed. All honor to the boy or girl who desires to do grand and noble things; but be it remembered that a truly noble spirit gives not up its nobility in the faithful performance of little duties, but thrives thereby.

The Lord has need of every young person in our ranks to-day. And he will fit each one for his service, if he is permitted to do so. He is opening the way for many to attend our schools and colleges. In various ways he is providing openings for our young people to receive a training that will enable them to do his work. It is pleasant and desirable to have a knowledge of many things, but that which is important above all else, and absolutely indispensable to one who wills to do the Lord's work, is an understanding of that portion of God's word which his Spirit has pointed out as "the distinct message for this time." As a help to you, dear young people, right upon this absolutely essential part of your training if you wish to have a part in the Lord's glorious work, have the Bible lessons of the Reading Circle been planned. There are but a few verses of the book of Revelation with which we are familiar. Doubtless there are whole chapters of which many do not understand a single verse. Especially do I urge those of you who will not this winter have the advantage of a course of Bible study in any of our educational institutions, to make the most of the Reading Circle lessons. Do not be content with simply reading the notes in the INSTRUCTOR, but carefully study the lesson. By diligent, continued effort you may accomplish a noble and even great work in your verse-by-verse study of that wonderful prophecy. Read Rev. 1:3, and make that blessing yours.

Sincerely your friend,

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

1502 Third Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

#### OUR INSTRUCTOR MISSION FUND

Has received another contribution. This latest gift, of \$2.85, comes from Sister H. Gildersleeve, of Fruitland, Wash. May both the gift and the giver be blessed.

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