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WITH PEN AND KODAK

THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD

The Lord says that "where the word of a king is, there is power." Eccl. 8:4. A king's word has power because the king himself has power. And the measure of the power in a king's word is according to the power which he possesses.

Above all the kings and rulers of the great universe is one, even the Lord, who is "a great King." Ps. 47:2. He is "King of kings, and Lord of lords." Rev. 19:16. He "ruleth over all."

The Lord, as king over all, is a king of infinite power. David says, "Power belongeth unto God." He is the source of power. By his power he made the heavens and the earth, and all that is in them. The things that God has made reveal his power. In them it appears in a "tangible form." Rom. 1:19.

The Bible not only tells us that the Lord made all things by his power, but it tells us the way he did this. He did not work with his hands, nor did he use machinery. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made." "For he spake, and it was; he commanded, and it stood fast." Ps. 33:6, 9.

What a wonderful word was that! There was nothing. All was blank nothingness. God spoke, and the worlds were framed. Darkness covered the earth. He commanded the light to shine out of that darkness, and there was light. The earth was barren. There was not a blade of grass nor a single living creature. The Lord spoke, and the earth was robed in unspeakable beauty, and peopled with myriads of living creatures. And by that same word of power the Lord upholds all that he has created. Heb. 1:3.

Because God's power is enshrined in his word and imparted through it, that word is called "the word of his power." Whatever is created by that word, whether it be a world, a blade of grass, or a new heart in a sinner, receives the power of God. In the tiny seed is wrapped the power of God that was imparted to it at creation.

Every created thing about us is continually revealing this power, but we do not always recognize it. Now and then we see such remarkable manifestations of it that we can not help perceiving the power that is everywhere at work. The picture that accompanies this article illustrates this point. It is a picture of a grave visited by the writer a few weeks ago in the city of Hanover, Germany.

This grave is a little more than one hundred years old. It is made of nine separate stones. Four of these are laid on the top of the ground for a foundation. They are six feet long, sixteen inches wide, and four inches deep. On the top of these are placed four other stones four feet long, sixteen inches wide, and twelve inches deep. These four stones were fastened together with iron bands. On top of these, and over the opening, is placed a large block of stone

four feet six inches long, two feet six inches wide, and two feet deep. It is estimated that this block weighs at least a ton and a half. On the front of this block are inscribed these words: "Henriette von Ruling. Born Jan. 19th, 1756. Died April 15th, 1782." On the front foundation-stone is chiseled the following remarkable statement: "This grave is purchased for eternity. It shall never be opened."

It appears that a seed from a poplar tree had been deposited in the soil inclosed in the tomb. This seed sprouted, and sent up a tender twig, which was drawn to a small crevice where two of the stones joined, and through which light and air penetrated the grave. In some way the twig succeeded in pushing its slender form through the crevice into the open world. It managed to live, and, of course, to grow and



THE GRAVE THAT SHOULD "NEVER BE OPENED"

But the grave has been opened, and stands open to-day. The iron bands have been broken, every stone has been moved, and the heavy block has been lifted up on one side, so that one can look into the open space it once covered and made secret.

This work was not done by the ruthless hands of grave-robbers, nor by the violent force of an earthquake shock. It was done by the silent working of the mighty force wrapped in a tiny seed.

So great was its hidden power, that neither the iron bands nor the heavy stones could restrain it. The bands were broken asunder, and every stone was moved from its original position. The tree grew up, and lifted the heavy block from its resting-place, thus opening the grave, and setting at naught the declaration that this grave "shall never be opened." The tree is still living, and is triumphantly waving its bright, leafy branches over the rent tomb.

The power of that seed is the power of God's

word; for it was that word that made the seed. That power is nothing else than the power of the living God. And as the Lord changes not, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, his word remains the same. All that it has ever been it still is, and all it has ever done it can still do. In the beginning it created all things. It has ever since upheld all that it created. Some day it will open every grave that has ever been made, and bring forth every human body that has ever been buried.

To-day that word is able to save our souls. It can break every band with which Satan has bound us. It proclaims liberty to every captive. It speaks life to every one dead in trespasses and sin. Only let that word enter your heart, and it will do a more marvelous work with you than it did with that grave at Hanover.

"Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." James 1:21.
A. G. DANIELLS.



A SONG OF THANKS

THANKFUL for strength in strife;
For faith more steadfast than the stars above;
Thankful that life is life,
And love is love.

Thankful for homes, and herds
That hide the hills; for harvests ultimate;
For the sweet, prattling words
Of children at the gate.

For Hope's "Good morning" and
Faith's sweet "Good night," when we are realmed
in rest,
Led by the Father's hand
Safe to his loving breast.

—Frank L. Stanton.

FROM PERSECUTOR TO DISCIPLE

I

CHRIST had suffered an ignominious death; and, in the most positive terms, the Sanhedrin had forbidden the disciples to preach the doctrines of Christianity. But every effort to put down the new religion seemed only to increase its strength, till it threatened to destroy the rites of the temple, and the customs which for generations had been followed by the Jewish nation.

Saul was aroused. He saw that decisive measures must be taken to suppress the new faith. A sensation had been created in Jerusalem by the death of Stephen. The persecution that followed drove the disciples abroad, and the priests and rulers hoped that by vigilant efforts and stern discipline the heresy might be suppressed.

In Damascus the new faith seemed to have acquired fresh life and energy. The work of suppression must be begun there, and Saul was selected for this work. "Breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," he went to the high priest, "and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound up to Jerusalem."

As Saul journeyed, "suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven." Frightened, bewildered, and blinded, he fell to the earth. As he fell, he heard a voice saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

A general slain in battle is a loss to his army, but his death gives no additional strength to the enemy. But when a man of integrity and sterling

principle joins the opposing force, not only are his services lost, but those to whom he joins himself gain a decided advantage. Saul of Tarsus might easily have been struck dead by the Lord, as he was on his way to Damascus, and much force would have been withdrawn from the persecuting power. But his life was spared, and by the mighty power of God he was carried from the side of the enemy to the side of Christ.

Saul had talents that would have enabled him to serve in any position. He was courageous, independent, and persevering. His reasoning powers were of no ordinary value. By his withering sarcasm he could place an opponent in no enviable position. He was an eloquent speaker and a severe critic. A man of stern purpose and undaunted courage, he possessed the very qualifications needed in the Christian church.

After Paul's conversion, he spent some time in Damascus, showing his brethren there the genuineness of his experience. Then he went to Arabia. Returning to Jerusalem, he tried to join himself to the disciples, that he might be recognized as a follower of the Saviour. But they were all afraid of him, not believing that he was a disciple. So great had been his zeal in persecuting the church, that the believers thought his conversion only a pretense. It was difficult for them to believe that so bigoted a Pharisee, one who had done so much to destroy the church, could become a sincere follower of Jesus.

"But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus. And he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem. And he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians: but they went about to slay him. Which when the brethren knew, they brought him down to Caesarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus."

In the past the labors of the apostles had been put forth wholly in Palestine. Round this place their hopes had clustered. They regarded the Jews as the covenant people of God. Paul was raised up by God to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. Of him God said to Ananias, "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." While Paul and Barnabas were laboring in Antioch, the Holy Spirit gave direction, "Separate unto me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away."

Paul went to Greece to proclaim as the Christ a Jew of lowly origin, brought up in a town proverbial for its wickedness, a man who had been rejected by his own nation, and crucified as a malefactor. How could Paul awaken an interest in this man?

The Greeks looked upon philosophy and science as the only road to true elevation and honor. They believed that there was need of elevating the race; but could Paul lead them to believe that the cross of Christ would do this? There is to us a sacredness about the cross of Calvary. The scenes and associations connected with it are hallowed. But when Paul preached the gospel in Corinth, the cross was regarded with the same feeling of repulsion as the gibbet of to-day. Any reference to a Saviour who had met his death on the cross would naturally meet with opposition.

Paul knew how his message would be regarded by the Greeks. "We preach Christ crucified," he said, "unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." In the estimation of the Greeks his words would be absurd folly. They would look upon Paul as weak-minded for endeavoring to show how the cross could have any connection with the elevation of the race or the salvation of men.

But the cross was to Paul the one object of

interest in the world. He determined to know nothing among the Corinthians "save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." He presented the cross to them as the only means of salvation. He stood forth before them declaring: "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

By Paul's labors in Corinth a church was established. Many were turned from the worship of idols.
MRS. E. G. WHITE.

THE BLESSING OF BEING BROKEN

SOMETIMES when our cherished plans are broken, we are apt to become discouraged and fretful; but at such times we should remember that Mary's alabaster box of precious ointment emitted no fragrance until it was broken. We are in this world to manifest the savor, or fragrance, of His knowledge in every place.

If we are good only when everybody is kind to us, we shall not make any striking impression on those with whom we are associated. When Christians realize that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord, there will be about their lives, even when broken and crushed, a fragrance that will be noticed by all who come within the sphere of their influence.

We have this treasure in earthen vessels; and if occasionally God finds it necessary to break the vessels, in order that the excellency of his power may be made manifest, we ought rather to rejoice than to murmur.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward [sometimes a long time afterward] it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." As we learn this blessed truth in our own experience, we are prepared to act out the next verse: "Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees."
DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

HOP TOADS AND TROUBLES

"THERE'S a hop toad in my garden!" cried a little voice in distress; and in front of the piazza where grandfather was sitting appeared a child with blue eyes full of trouble. In her hands she carried a diminutive rake and hoe, and her whole figure drooped with disappointment. It was evident that all the pleasure of gardening was spoiled for her by the presence of the hop toad.

"There's a hop toad in my garden, grandfather, and I can't make him get out," repeated the little voice.

Grandfather put down his paper, and looked over his glasses. "Don't you know what the hop toad is for, little one?"

"No," said the child.

"It's to eat up all the worms, so they will not eat up your little plants. There was danger threatening the little seeds you had planted, so the toad was sent to hunt out all the worms and eat them up."

"Oh!" said the child, gravely. "But, grandfather, I don't like the toad. I'm afraid of him."

"But the toad can't hurt you, little one; he can only do you good. He has come to help you do what you could not do for yourself. You could not go through your garden, and find all the worms and insects and destroy them; but the hop toad can, and though he may be ugly, he will do you only good. Go back to your planting, little one."

"There's a trouble come into my life!" cried the child, one day, grown older. "I can not bear it. I'm afraid of it."

"Fear not, my little one," says the tender Heavenly Father, "I have sent it for your good. You do not know what it is for now; but by and by you shall see how it was to help you get rid of some enemies in your own heart, which you could not find and kill alone. The trouble is hard,

my child, I know, and you do not like it, but fear not. It can not hurt you, it can only do you good. Go back and be cheerful. When the trouble shall have done its work and gone, you will be glad for it, and feel that it was good. Fear not, for I have sent it in love to you."—*Grace Livingstone Hill.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND HOLY ANGELS HELP US DEVELOP CHARACTER

CHRIST said of the Holy Spirit that when he should come, he would reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. The Lord would not send the Holy Spirit to show us our sins, without at the same time providing a way to escape from sin. God never makes us hungry without supplying the food to satisfy our appetite. "He satisfieth the longing soul." The Lord points out our weaknesses of character only as an evidence of his willingness to supply strength to overcome them. And his strength is made perfect in our weakness. So the Holy Spirit and ministering angels are not engaged in the work of pointing out defects in human character, simply to produce sorrow, regret, and remorse on our part. The pointing out of these defects should be regarded by us as a hand that points to the promises of God, who is both able and willing to remedy the defects, and to make and keep us perfect.

Jesus watches the character that is being tested in the fiery furnace of temptation. The angels are interested beholders; and the Holy Spirit himself, understanding the eternal purposes of God, co-operates with the Father and the Son in their work of making our characters what they ought to be. No matter how severe the trial, or how painful the struggle, we should press on in the assurance that all heaven is interested in the work of training, purifying, and developing character. A realization of this truth should lead us to bend every energy, put forth every effort, to co-operate with the heavenly intelligences as they seek to hew and polish and chisel the stone, thus making it ready to occupy its place as "a lively stone" in God's eternal building.

W. S. SADLER.

KEEP THANKSGIVING DAY

Rest awhile, O weary worker!
Life is flitting by too fast.
Rest, and let the heart remember
All the blessings of the past.
Gather up the gleams of sunshine
While the shadows roll away;
With a smile and song of gladness
Let us keep Thanksgiving day.

Has the year been full of sorrow,
Toil, and pain, and grief, and care?
Look beyond the present trials,
Hope and joy are waiting there.
There's a light for every shadow—
Treasure well each shining ray,
That with praise for every mercy
We may keep Thanksgiving day.

Heedless of the common blessings,
So abundant and so free,
We forget our Father's mercy,
Boundless as a shoreless sea;
In the cold and storm of winter
We forget the smiling May;—
Lest we grieve the Love that guides us,
Let us keep Thanksgiving day.

Life has many compensations
For its days of toil and care,
And full many a priceless blessing
For the griefs we all must bear.
Let us read the tender tokens
Of God's love, along the way,
That with faith and hope undaunted
We may keep Thanksgiving day.

—Selected.

THERE is a stingy caution, which will do nothing for fear of doing wrong, and so does wrong all the time.—*Phillips Brooks.*



PEN & INK DRAWING For Reproduction

LESSON 3—TECHNIQUE

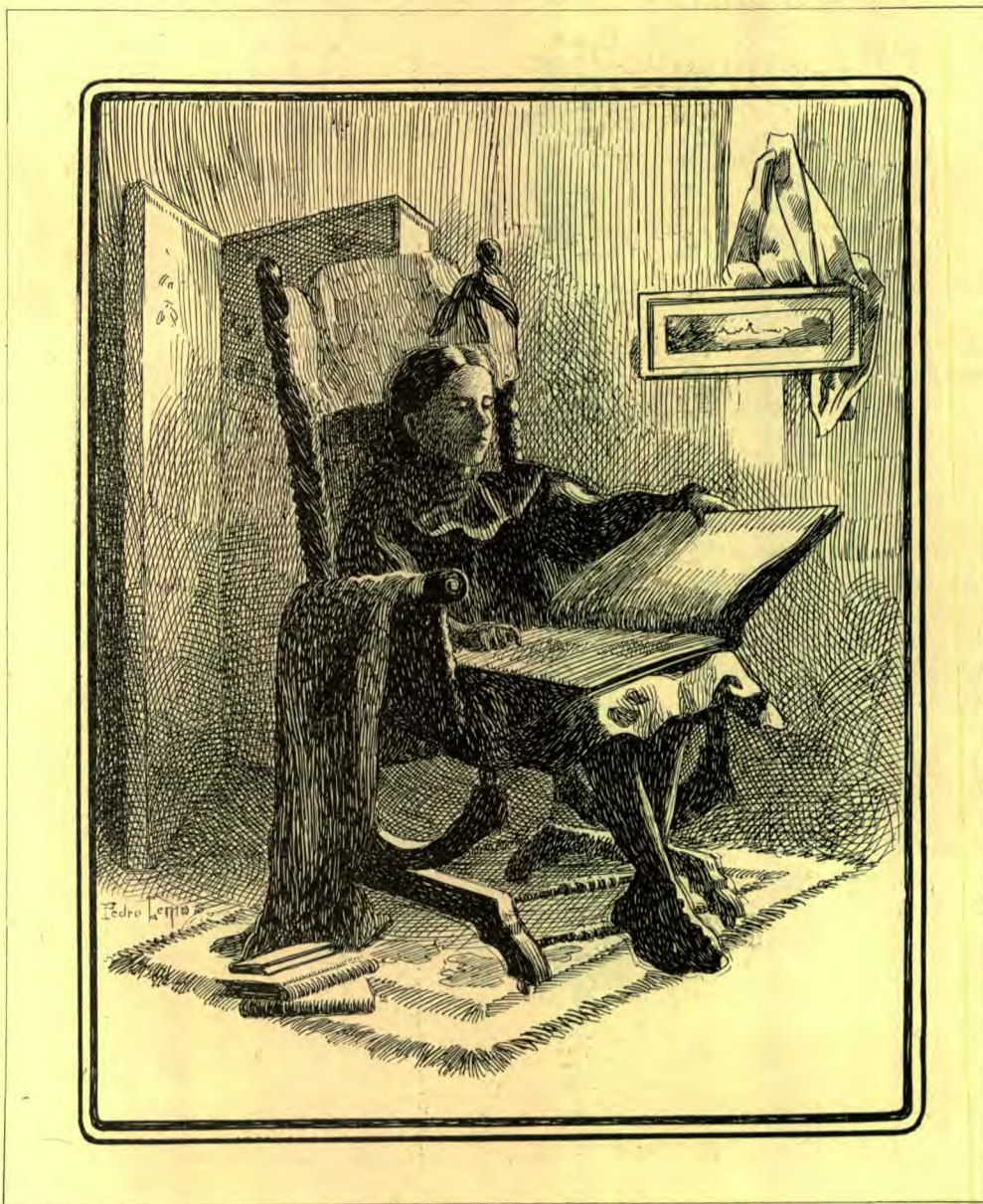
AN excellent way to practice is to make an original drawing from an object, using a good example of pen-and-ink work that some artist has applied to a similar object, copying the technique, but not the drawing. Or else draw the object with an entirely different technique, endeavoring to get as true an effect as possible.

You will observe that some artists use a combination of the three methods explained in the last lesson. In the accompanying illustration you will see how crosshatching has been used in the background, while in the lighter portions

objects as simply, and with as few lines, as possible.

An artist once remarked that two persons were necessary to the successful painting of a picture,—one to do the work, and the other to stand over him with a club, and tell him when to stop. It is highly important to stop at the right place; many an otherwise good picture has been spoiled by overwork. A pen-picture, of all others, especially if intended for publication, should be simple, as too much detail will interfere with a clear reproduction.

At first it is best to confine yourself to easy and simple subjects. Be careful not to attempt anything beyond you. As we study, and develop our powers of observation, our artistic sense deepens, and there come into our work, qualities that can never be attained by endeavoring to represent that which we are unprepared to grasp. Do not bother yourself too much about any special kind of technique. Try to avoid thinking about your lines as lines, otherwise than to keep them open. Think, instead, of the subject



of the background an entirely different technique has been used than in the figure. The student will understand that he is not bound to confine himself to one method of technique throughout a picture.

Make your lines strong, full, and vigorous, but not too heavy; let each line stand for something. Freedom in sketching is an artistic quality that beginners will do well to put into their work; but this must not be carried to an extreme. Students should be "carefully careless" after they have gained freedom in handling the pen; but at the beginning, when they must imitate technique, they should be more exact.

Do not fill your work with meaningless dots and dashes, hoping they will lend artistic grace to your drawing; they will not. Learn to draw

you wish to represent. When you write, you do not stop to consider how you may shape your letters; you select, almost unconsciously, the words from your vocabulary, and the fewest with which you can best express your thoughts. Select from the many lines of an object just those that will best suggest its character.

Make your lines in whatever direction will best express the subject before you. Try experiments; take the lines horizontally, vertically,—in whatever direction will best represent the surface or texture with which you are dealing. Never put in your picture all that you see in an object or scene. The mission of art is to "represent nature, not to imitate her." Only that which is necessary to complete the idea, to finish the impression received, should be

drawn. I once heard an excellent artist remark that "it takes as much knowledge to know what to omit from a picture as to know what to put in."

The student will find that this is true. Many persons think that the picture that is filled with detail, that shows that a large amount of work has been expended upon it, is a greater work of art than some simpler drawing; but one who has a trained eye will criticize such pictures as unnatural. A picture should record only the impression of a scene. Just as it tires us to hear needless detail in a description, so the eye is wearied by seeing the same in a picture. We admire the orator or writer who expresses great thoughts in few words. The best authors sum up their descriptions in a few well-chosen, strong sentences; likewise, the best pictures are those that describe their subjects in the fewest lines and with the least detail.

"In art tell the truth, but not the whole truth."
PEDRO LEMOS.



KIM SAN, OR GOLDEN HILL

(Concluded) □

It was at this time, when everything appeared to be going against him, that Song Liang became so desperate that he resolved to take his own life. With his reputation gone, his baby dying by inches, and he apparently helpless, the poor fellow thought it was better to die than to live. But God restrained him, and he was led to pray. He had not heard from us (for the missionary called Mr. Smith was the writer) since our hasty farewell in May, 1896, on the wharf at Singapore; and if he thought of us at all, it was only to say to himself, "I shall never see my adopted father and mother again."

But he cried to God in his distress, and proved again that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." One day, while crouching in a friendly corner of the street, thinking of his troubles, the postman approached, and handed Song Liang a post-card dated at Padang, Sumatra. He hastily read it, and learned that we had reached that place, and would like to see him. With joyful heart, he rushed home to inform his wife of the good news that his best friends on earth, whom he had despaired of ever seeing again, had been in Padang nearly a month, and had called for him to come down and help them in their work. He resigned his situation at the hospital, and pawning a few articles of clothing, managed to raise enough money to pay his way to Padang, a distance of about one hundred miles by rail.

One day when I was about to start out on my bicycle, a vehicle drove up, and out jumped our Chinese boy. Though much changed in the four years since I had last seen him, still the same countenance, the same sunny smile, greeted me as of yore. As a family we had made few acquaintances, being indeed strangers in a strange land, where we seldom heard the familiar accent of our mother tongue. Heavy hearted and lonely, the sight of a familiar face, which we had longed and prayed to see, but which we did not suppose was so near us, was an unspeakable joy.

We spent three days in prayer and Scripture study, and in talking over the years that had intervened; and finally, after replenishing his purse, I sent him back to bring his wife and baby.

Several days, a week, passed; two weeks had nearly slipped away; and we began to fear that the enemy of all good had caused Song Liang

some new trouble, and that we were not to have his fellowship and help. But one day several two-wheeled carts rolled into the yard from the station, loaded with bedding, boxes, and clothing. With them came the young wife and the famine baby. The first had a comely, pleasing face, while the latter looked for all the world like a baby monkey, so bony and skinny were his small features. A more pitiable object I never saw. The child's fingers were bird's claws; his wrists were pipe-stems; his general appearance bat-like in the extreme. He certainly looked like an animated Egyptian mummy; and we had, humanly speaking, no hope of his living three months. But since we believe that nothing happens, and that, in this case, God had certainly some providential purpose, we prayed—and altered at once the little scarecrow's diet. His name is "Golden Hill;" but just then almost any other name seemed more appropriate. But without joking about his name, we seriously addressed ourselves to the task of saving the child's life, not only for Christ's sake and his own, but also for his mother's; for we felt that if our efforts were successful, the mother would be more easily won to love and trust her Saviour.

We had brought a quantity of nut foods with us, and several bottles of malted nuts remained. It cost us a sacrifice, but we gladly made it in order to make this mother and father happy, and perhaps to save the baby for some useful service. We boldly claimed the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you." We asked definitely and specifically, and put God's word to a test; and our faith was abundantly rewarded. We prepared the malted nuts with boiling water, and prohibited the mother (for the little family live in the same house with us) from feeding the child rice mush. We also saw that the little fellow was properly bathed every day. Very slowly he improved. First he ceased to be peevish and fretful, and slept soundly, and as long as a five-months'-old sick baby should. Gradually he grew stronger. His head, which at first hung as limp as a frost-bitten squash blossom, began to lift itself. The lifeless form began to move, and little by little, the much-wrinkled skin began to fill out. Now, after five and one-half months, he is as plump as a cherub, and as jolly a baby as you would care to see. There is one remarkable thing about him for a Chinese baby; and that is that his flesh is almost as hard and solid as wood. Wherever his proud father takes him, the Chinese express amazement when they feel of him; and they at once ask, "What do you feed him?" Song Liang invariably replies, "We feed him on prayer." Even the unbelieving mother has greatly changed, and is convinced that our prayers saved the child.

Thus for the present ends the story of Kim San, or "Golden Hill."

Since coming to us, Song Liang has been faithfully preaching the gospel among his relatives, and some of them have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and will soon be baptized.

Kim San's aunt, a Mohammedan girl about twenty years of age, is among the recent accessions to our home. Her husband abandoned her, leaving her with a little child. She then entered Islam, and recently has come to live with us as a helper in the home. One great object in our bringing her from Benkulen, three hundred miles down the coast, was to show her a better faith than Islam, and a better hope than that held out by Mohammed. She is a good girl, very devout and sincere in her prayers, which she performs faithfully every day. It is indeed a performance; for it consists of a religious bath, followed by a long prayer toward Mecca, in a white robe.

Will not my young readers remember Tachay ("Elder Sister"), as we call her, that the Spirit of God will bless our efforts, and penetrate her dark mind with the rays of gospel light and

truth? She already loves to hear us talk of the gospel. She is learning to read in Malay; and when she is proficient in that, we shall put the New Testament into her hands.

R. W. MUNSON.

Padang, Sumatra.

CRUMBS OF COUNSEL

WE have need of patience with ourselves and with others; for the greatest things and the least; against sudden inroads of trouble, and under our daily burdens; in the weariness of the body, or the wearing of the soul; in every-day wants; in the aching of sickness or the decay of age; in disappointments, bereavements, losses, injuries, reproaches; in heaviness of the heart, or its sickness amid delayed hopes. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God.—E. B. Pusey.

LEARN TO FORGET YOUR TRIALS

If you do not think much of your small trials, says the *Woman's Home Companion*, you will talk little of them, and so your friends will be spared a trouble as well as yourself.

Next to making complaints there is nothing so unprofitable as listening to them.

Learn to forget.

Forget the slights, errors in taste, gossip, and scandals you see or hear. Forget to remember the puzzles and wrongs you have had to meet, as soon as you have done your best to straighten them out. Forget worries, small and great. They only wear out heart and brain. Forget humiliations, cares, and trials. Let your mind and heart be filled with the goodness and justice and beauty that are in the world.

Do not be like the soldier who has fought one hard battle, and who spends the rest of his life thinking and telling about it.

There is nothing so inspiring as to meet a wholesome, unselfishly happy human being; and there is nothing so depressing as to meet one who insists upon dwelling in misery, and sharing it all with you.

Learn to forget your troubles, small and great, and to allow others to forget them.

MANNERS

MANNERS are not a garment to be taken off; they are the flesh and blood of life itself. They are a person's habitual ways of doing everything; they show in the smallest details and in the largest matters alike. They are so intimate, and so essentially part of us, that they express us better than we know. "The most fugitive deed and word, the mere air of doing a thing, the intimated purpose, expresses character," says Emerson. "The world is full of judgment-days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped." Our manners are the measures of our real selves.

A person with truly good manners, then, to begin with, must be a good person, kind and gentle. Mere polish does not make manners, though many foolish minds appear to think so; for selfishness and even evil can be veneered and polished, inch-deep, into a very fair imitation of the real thing, though it can never be more than an imitation. Real manners stand the test of any searching occasion; for they go as deep as character itself.

The manners that keep their gentle courtesy through defeat or ill luck, that claim no advantage over an adversary, that do not unduly exult in victory, are a testimonial to their possessor's thorough good breeding that exceeds any framed pedigree or crested note-paper.—*Selected.*



ALL THE TIME IS PLEASANT TIME

SING a song of blossom-time, when we roam and ramble,
Seeking early buds ablow under bush and bramble,
Rows of willow "pussy cats," arbutus a-shiver,
Jack in pulpit canopied, down beside the river—
Oh, for blossom-time!

Sing a song of picnic-time, when we seek the shadow
Of the woods' green parasol just beyond the meadow;
First a boat-ride, then a swing on wild grape-vine slender,
Till it parts beneath the strain on its tendrils tender—
Oh, for picnic-time!

Sing a song of nutting-time, while soft sunshine lingers
On the walnuts gathered up, staining little fingers;
Hazel copses sheltering round, plump little fellows
Clad in scalloped, ruffled coats, tinted browns and yellows—
Oh, for nutting-time!

Sing a song of snowball-time, skating bee, and sleigh-ride,
Snow against the fences piled, snow men by the wayside;
Coats with snowflake polka-dots, snow-birds faintly calling
In the pines, while on their boughs, snow is softly falling—
Oh, for snowball time!

Blossom-time, summer-time, nutting-time, winter-time,
Which is the pleasantest for little lad and lass?
Blossom-time is lovely till summer-time advances;
Winter-time seems best of all when nutting days are past.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

MORNING TOWN

THE first one up in the house can hear
The bells of the Morning Town,
When breezes blow from the woodland near,
And over the meadows brown.
A bird in the wood and a brook in the dells
Give voice and song to the morning bells.

The first one up in the house can find
The way to the Morning Town;
The oriole at the gates is kind
To carol his welcome down;
And many a citizen, passing along,
Will greet you fair in the streets of song.

The first one up in the house may see
The day with its shining crown;
For early-to-rise is the golden key
That opens the Morning Town.
Oh, who would be lazy? Can any one take
One more wee nap, when the morn's awake?
— Frank Walcott Hutt.

WE THANK THEE

For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of Thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed,
Father, mother, and the rest;
For thy precious, loving care,
For thy bounty everywhere,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

For the sunshine, warm and bright,
For the day and for the night,
For the lessons of our youth,
Honor, gratitude, and truth;
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

For our comrades, and our plays,
And our happy holidays;
For our lives but just begun,
For the great gift of thy Son;
For the joyful work and true
That a little child may do,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

— Selected.

ONE DROP OF RED PAINT

A boy walked into a house-painter's shop one day, and stood looking at the different colors. Here were lampblack, white lead, yellow ocher, verdigris, Indian red, and everything needed in mixing any tint or shade that could be desired.

The painter had gone out for something, and the boy thought he would investigate a little. Some of the paints were mixed, thinned, and ready to use; some, like the white lead, were thick and stiff, and would need to be diluted with oil before they could be spread with a brush; while others were in the form of a dry powder.

On the floor stood a keg containing fifty pounds of thick white lead, and close beside it was a smaller one, filled with Indian red, all ready for the brush. In each was a wooden paddle for stirring up the paint. The boy took hold of the paddle in the smaller keg, and held

But the first thing the painter said, when he came in and looked at it, was: "That keg of white lead isn't very white. I wonder what's the matter with it."

Some of us have tried to do, with the spots in our characters, the same thing that the boy did with the spot in the white paint. Instead of removing them, we seek to hide them by mixing them up with good deeds and high motives. It's a very poor way. Root a sin out, and you are rid of it; leave it there, and, no matter how well it is covered up, the Painter will find it if no one else does. But "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—
W. D. Hulbert.

IN NATURE'S SCHOOL

ANIMALS no less than people sometimes have difficulty in training their children. And the greatest trouble among birds and beasts seems



LUNCHEON TIME

it up, watching the thin red stream that flowed from the end. Something startled him, and he turned quickly, and let a single drop fall into the white lead. There it lay, one little red spot in the white mass.

The boy was frightened, and wanted to repair the mischief he had done, but he went at it the wrong way. The red paint had not mixed with the white; for the white was too stiff. If he had taken a little stick, or the point of his pocket-knife, he might easily have lifted it out, and there would have been no harm done. Instead, he tried to hide it by stirring it in. At first a little red streak followed the paddle round and round; soon it disappeared, but some of the lead was stained a very light pink. The boy stirred deeper and deeper, and at last he thought the red drop was completely hidden. Every spot and streak was gone, and it seemed to him that it was all as clean and pure as ever.

to be in getting the little ones to rely on themselves.

I saw an old hen chase her son all over the garden the other day, just to teach the little fellow to scratch for himself.

Then I saw the cat giving her young one the same lesson. She would walk past Tabkins, and Tab would trail along after, his tail held high, like a flag of truce. Suddenly the mother would turn, and give a few low growls, which plainly meant, "Tab, aren't you ashamed of yourself—expecting your old mother to keep on providing for you!" This was usually followed by a sound cuff on the ear, and a hiss that said, as plain as words, "Get out!" Of course it wasn't long till this little fellow had learned his lesson.

Not long ago I made the acquaintance of a mocking-bird and her young one. From her I learned how birds teach their children self-reliance. All the youngsters except this one were

great birds then, and had gone out into the world to shift for themselves; but this lazy fellow would sidle up to his mother on a branch, open his little yellow mouth, and flutter and "cheep" for food. The mother-bird stood it for a while, but one day her patience gave out, and she chased the astonished young one till his little wings grew weary. After that he kept pretty much out of her way. But often when eating berries in the garden, he would forget himself, open his beak, and "cheep" and flutter as if to tempt the luscious fruit to walk down his throat.

EDISON J. DRIVER.

MAKING WALL-PAPER

THE manufacture of wall-paper is extremely interesting. First a web of blank paper is set in a reel behind a blotching-machine; two cylinders bring the free end of the paper into the machine, where a roller working in a color-pan puts a large quantity of color upon the paper in blotches. Then a set of flat brushes, called "jiggers," brush quickly back and forth, thus spreading the coloring-matter evenly over the surface of the paper. As the paper comes from the blotching-machine, a workman takes one end of it, wraps it around a stick, and places the stick across two parallel endless chains, and the paper is thus carried up an incline. When eighteen feet of it has run out, the chains take up another stick that lies across them, and carry it up as they did the first. A third stick soon follows the second; and thus the work continues until the entire web has been run out of the blotching-machine.

The chains, in their working, hang the paper in loops over a system of steam-pipes; and it is thus thoroughly dried before it reaches the end of the chain, where it is again wound into a web. Wall-paper designs are first sketched on paper, and then transferred to rollers of the size required. It is necessary to prepare as many rollers as there are colors in the design; thus, if the design requires printing in eight colors, eight rollers must be prepared. When all the rollers are ready, the artist directs the rollers, and each one is given a color. A workman, to whom a certain color has been given, takes a roller to his bench, sets it firmly in the grasp of a vise, and with hammers, files, brass ribbons, and brass rods, goes to work. Every bit of the design that is to be in green is traced out for him, and he carefully reproduces it in relief on the roller.

When his work is finished, the roller bears on its face, in raised brass, the stems, leaves, etc., and at the proper time and place will put the green coloring and shading just where the designer intended it to be. In like manner the other rollers are made ready for use. They are then taken to a press that has a large cylinder of the width of ordinary wall-paper. There are grooves around the sides and bottom of this cylinder, into which are fitted the rods on the ends of the rollers, and when in position, the faces of the rollers just touch the cylinder. An endless cloth band comes to each of the rollers from below. Each of these bands works in a color-pan, which contains, in liquid form, the coloring-matter to be carried on the roller to which the band belongs. Each roller is placed in such a position that the part of the design upon it will strike exactly in the spot necessitated by the relative position of the other rollers. When all is ready, the paper that has passed through the blotching-machine is placed between the cylinder and the first roller, the cylinder and rollers revolve rapidly, and soon the paper is beautifully printed.

A wall-paper press throws off ten rolls of paper a minute, and each roll contains sixteen yards. It is said that stamped paper for walls was first manufactured in Holland, about the year 1555. Some of the very costly wall-paper in use nowadays is beautifully embossed and painted by hand.—*Selected.*



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 5; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"

pages 391-401

NOTES ON LESSON 5

(November 18-24, 1900)

Behold.—This word has the same force when used in the Bible as when spoken in ordinary conversation. If a friend looking out at a window suddenly exclaims, "Behold!" your attention is instantly arrested. You know he wishes to call your mind to something special. When you find the word "behold" in the Scriptures, you may always be sure that God designs especially to rivet the attention to the thought that follows. "Behold" is used twenty-six times in the book of Revelation. Watch for it, and do not lose the thoughts that God designs should especially arrest your attention.

Lion of the Tribe of Judah.—The lion is the king of beasts. The ravenous nature of the lion, before which none can stand, is described in Hosea 5:14. Christ is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the King of kings. When he comes to the earth, he will exercise his kingly power, and break the heathen "with a rod of iron," and "dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." As all flee from the ravenous lion, so none of the wicked can stand in Christ's presence when he comes as the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the King of kings. But the same kingly power that destroys his enemies will protect his loyal subjects.

The Root of David.—The root is the strongest thing in the vegetable kingdom. It forces its way into the crevices of the rocks, and bursts them asunder. How often as we pass along the street, we see the heavy stone or cement pavement forced up out of place by a hidden root. Hidden beneath the soil, it supports the mighty tree, which towers aloft, and defies storm and wind. All this work is performed out of sight, hidden beneath the dark earth. What so fitly represents the power of "Christ in you, the hope of glory," as the hidden root? Christ's life and power in the soul will overcome the fiercest temptations, and keep us safely through the darkest hours, enabling us to overcome what would seem to be insurmountable difficulties, just as his life in the root will burst the heavy rock or hard cement.

Power in the Root.—Many times we have seen a tiny blade of corn or wheat lifting a hard clod of earth that stood in its way as it reached upward toward the sun. In childhood I have raised such a clod to see if some insect was not lifting it; and when I found it was only the tiny spear of corn, I have carefully placed the clod in its former position, expecting to see it still supported. But lo, the blade was crushed by the same weight, which, a few moments before, it was upholding so bravely. How wonderfully this proclaims the power of the "Root of David," which "prevailed to open the book." The root can surmount any obstacle; but it must do the work. If we seek to control the Root, and place the weight upon it with our own hands, the mighty power vanishes, and we are left to fall in our own weakness. We can not control the Spirit of God; but the Spirit of God must control

us, if we would see its mighty power in our lives. Every trial may be met by the power of the "Root of David;" and without this power we shall be stony-ground hearers, of whom the Saviour said, "Because they had no root, they withered away."

A Grand Chorus.—People go into ecstasy over choruses rendered by a few hundred voices; but notice carefully the singing described in Revelation 5. Nothing ever heard by mortals can compare with that glorious melody. First the four beasts and the four and twenty elders sing a new song. Vs. 8-10. Then the innumerable host of angels sing another part. Vs. 11, 12. Every creature in heaven and earth then joins in the third part of that heavenly song. The four beasts close with "Amen."

"Tis a strange mystery, the power of words!
Life is in them, and death. A word can send
The crimson color hurrying to the cheek,—
Or can turn the current
Cold and deadly to the heart.
Anger and fear are in them; grief and joy
Are in their sound; yet slight, impalpable,
A word is but a breath of passing air."



THE ADOPTION OF SONS

(November 24, 1900)

LESSON TEXT.—Gal. 4:1-5.

MEMORY VERSE.—1 John 3:1.

The first thing to notice in the study of this lesson is the close connection with the latter part of the third chapter, especially verses 22-29. We are in the bondage of sin till Christ sets us free. We are like the boy under the pedagogue: when he becomes a man, he is free; so are we free from the law when we become children of God by faith. Review these verses carefully before studying the lesson text proper. A number of review questions are given on these verses.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the condition of all men, according to the Scripture? Gal. 3:22. Under what were we kept during this time? V. 23. What escape from this bondage is provided? Vs. 22, 23.
2. What is the law called in verse 24? What does it do? For what purpose? Same verse. Then what are we no longer under? V. 25. What do we become? V. 26. And if children, then what? V. 29.
3. What is said of an heir while he is a child? Though a servant, what may he be? Gal. 4:1; note 1.
4. What is the heir placed under during his childhood? Till what time? V. 2; note 2.
5. Who are represented by the heir? At what time in our experience? What was our condition then? Under what were we in bondage? V. 3; note 3.
6. What is it that brings us into bondage? John 8:33, 34. What keeps us there? Gal. 3:23. What things of the world separate us from the Father? John 2:14, 15; note 4.
7. In the fullness of time, what did God do? How was the Son made, or born? Under what? Gal. 4:4; note 5.
8. Why did the Father send the Son? Why are we redeemed? V. 5; note 6.

NOTES

1. The illustration here used is that of an heir before he becomes of age. During this time, though he may be lord, or heir, of all his father's

possessions, he is not different from a servant. The word "servant" is bondservant in the Revised Version, and means a slave.

2. The second verse explains in what sense the heir is no different from a slave. He is kept under the control of teachers and governors; he is not at liberty to use any part of his inheritance. Of course this is all meant for his own good; for in his inexperience he would be wholly incompetent to manage the affairs of the estate, and would most likely misuse and waste his means. Then comes the time appointed of the father, when the son is declared of age, and comes into possession of his inheritance.

3. In the third verse we come to the application. We are likened to the heir before he becomes of age. "When we were children" refers to the time when we were in bondage, before we became free in Christ as sons of God.

4. It is sin that brings us into bondage; and the law, as our jailer, holds us there. So the two expressions, "in bondage," and "under the law," mean the same. The elements of the world are the things of the world that are opposed to both the Father and Christ. See also Col. 2: 8, 20.

5. "The fullness of the time" evidently refers to the time when Christ came into the world. But Christ was "slain from the foundation of the world." Rev. 13:8. So the time of our redemption, as a personal experience, comes whenever we accept the deliverance he offers. The Revised Version reads, "born of a woman, born under the law." Christ came to redeem every person born into the world. We are all "redeemed by the blood of the Lamb," though many do not accept the deliverance.

6. As Christ was made a curse for us, that he might redeem us from the curse of the law, so he was born under the law that he might redeem us who are under the law. Notice that according to the illustration in verses 1, 2, we are heirs all the time. But we do not know how to use and enjoy our inheritance till we attain to the freedom there is in Christ. Then we receive the adoption of sons.

"CHARITY is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands."

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ST. MATTHEW, 13.

42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.

43 When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.

44 Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished.

45 Then goeth he, and tak-

50 For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

CHAPTER 13.
3 The parable of the sower and the seed: 18 the exposition. 24 The parable of the tares, 31 of the mustard seed, 33 of the leaven, 44 of the hidden treasure, 45 of the pearl, 47 of the dragnet. 53 Christ is condemned of his own countrymen.

THE same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.

2 And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

In every soul there is a loneliness, an inner chamber of peculiar life, into which only God can enter.—George MacDonald.

MONDAY:

"It is a mistake that has caused many a life's undoing to regard overmuch what 'they say.' Least joy comes to him who regards most the opinions of his neighbors."

TUESDAY:

Do thou wait God's little while,
And these clouds shall clear away;
The child shall see the Father's smile,
That was but hidden for a day,
And praise where now he can but pray.
—Marianne Farningham.

WEDNESDAY:

"We never know for what God is preparing us in his schools—for what work on earth, for what work in the hereafter. Our business is to do our work well in the present place, whatever that may be."

THURSDAY:

"I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints."
—E. B. Browning.

FRIDAY:

When you get in a tight place, and everything goes against you till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then; for that's just the time that the tide will turn.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

SABBATH:

"Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 1 John 5:4.

Words spoken in jest often become arrows that wound.

The face is the mirror of the soul. What do our faces reflect?

ALREADY several who are determined to commit the book of Revelation have sent in their names. We are sure there are many others whom we have not yet heard from. This task is one that will bring its own blessing with it, and will become a joy in the doing.

A "MACHINE"

"MIGHT as well be a machine, and have done with it!" exclaimed Harry, impatiently.

When asked the reason for this outburst, it developed that he was "tired to death" of his position as door-opener and telephone-boy in a certain large office where he had, after months of waiting, finally been given a place.

Promptness and politeness ought not to be a rare combination in a boy, though they go far toward winning success in whatever he may undertake; but there is another that is just as necessary, and that is what is sometimes called stick-to-it-iveness. The first two qualities I knew Harry to have; and I knew also that he was doing his work well, and, incidentally and perhaps unconsciously, much to make people "feel pleasant" as they passed his desk.

The details of the work were not difficult—nothing that any bright boy could not master in an hour. And therein lay the difficulty. Boy after boy gladly accepted the place, only to beg, in a longer or shorter time, to be taken into one of the departments. "Might just as well be a machine as to do nothing but open a door and answer tiresome calls all day," each complained, in turn.

And thinking of their words—they are very familiar: one hears them in every walk of life—the thought has come, *Is to be a machine* the worst thing that could possibly happen to one? Look at a watch. Just a machine—yet how delicately it is adjusted; how accurately its several parts, down to the minutest wheel, perform their work; how faithfully it serves its owner. Many a careless, slipshod, "good-enough" human servant—and we are all servants—might learn a lesson from that bit of machinery.

Go into a press-room, and observe how the great printed sheets are lifted up by the set of long wooden arms, called the "fly," carried a little way, and laid carefully, one on top of another, in a neat pile. The same work to do, hour after hour, day after day, year after year,—yet how well it is done: the moment one sheet is safely placed, back the wooden arms fly for the next. No impatience, no slamming and banging, no complaints, no giving up in disgust at the routine of the task.

A boy might be many things that would be more to his discredit than to be like a well-regulated machine in accuracy, promptitude, and faithfulness. But a boy who is prompt, accurate, and faithful, and who is willing to be all this day after day at an irksome task, can never become a mere machine. For he will *think*. His thoughts will not be spent in self-pity, however, but in how to improve his work, how to do it better. And no position that is too small for such a boy can ever hold him. Soon or late he will find the place that is meant for him.

THE WAY IT IS DONE

To CONFER a favor so gracefully and kindly that the recipient is made to preserve his self-respect, requires broad sympathy and ready tact. The following story, told by David Christie Murray, the well-known author, concerning the hardships of his first years in London, shows how one man had learned "to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way:"—

"After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing house to another, Murray found himself penniless and homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankment for two nights. For two days he had not eaten food. On the third morning he was standing on London Bridge, looking gloomily into the black water, when a newspaper editor, who knew him, passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked at him, and came back.

"O Murray!" he cried, 'you are just the man I want! Can you spare a couple of hours?'
"Yes," said Murray, dryly.

"I want an article on—on Columbus for tomorrow. Birthday article. Nothing labored—no dry dates. Something light, fanciful—you understand? Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready. Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way, I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance," thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand.

"I wrote the article," said Murray, 'and found out long afterward that the birthday of Christopher Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That man saved my life.'"



Leopold's Gift to Belgium.—King Leopold, of Belgium, who has been a life-long patron of gardening, has given "the whole of his real estate in that country for parks and pleasure-grounds for the people forever."

Chicago's Automobile Club.—Chicago now has an active automobile club, having enrolled among its members most of the automobilists of the city. It is estimated that there are fully four hundred automobiles in that city to-day.

Soldiers Carrying Umbrellas.—It is stated by an army officer that the Chinese are the only soldiers who will consent to carry an umbrella. "Officers and soldiers alike," he says, "carry umbrellas as a protection from the sun; and during the Japanese-Chinese war a few years ago, I saw Chinese troops marching into a battle, which proved to be a very serious one, every one of them carrying a sun umbrella."

A Sensible Chinese Custom.—"The Chinese physician receives a salary from his patients as long as they are well," says *Will Carleton's Magazine*, "and as soon as they get ill, his pay stops. Some American families, not disdaining to learn something from the other side of the world, have partially adopted the same plan; that is, they pay the salary whether they are sick or well; and it is, of course, to the interest of the doctor to keep them well as much as he can, so as to save himself the trouble of attending them."

A Dog's Sense of Humor.—The following bit of news from New York City certainly proves that dogs think, and that they are sometimes struck with a sense of humor, as are human beings. It is related that "the proprietor of a Third Avenue store owns a little black kitten, that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws, as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. A gentleman took into the store, the other evening, an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and 'put its fists' in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. Slowly, and without a sign of excitability, the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators; and if animal ever laughed in the world, that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment." It is nonsense for people to maintain that animals do not reason.

A. J. BOURDEAU.