

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## ENOUGH

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I can not stand  
One moment without thee;  
But O, the tenderness of thine unfolding!  
And O, the faithfulness of thine upholding!  
And O, the strength of thy right hand!  
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know  
All fullness dwells in thee;  
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure  
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure  
My least, my greatest need. And so  
Thy grace is enough for me.

— Frances R. Havergal.

## WUN CHAO

NO DOUBT it was the best thing in the world for Wun Chao when the two American girls, Amanda Holly and Grace Bennett, made up their minds to go to China as missionaries. On the other hand, the two missionaries never had reason to regret their friendship for the brave Chinese boy. The time was when Wun Chao was a motherless and fatherless outcast, living with a coarse, brutal Chinaman at Soo-choo, at whose beck and call the boy was little better than a slave, day and night. The old Tang-yu enforced his commands with blows from a bamboo cane, which hurt worse than any other sort of weapon, so Wun Chao thought.

The boy was only fourteen years old when the missionaries first came to Soo-choo, but he was beginning to exhibit some of the results of the hard usage to which he had been subjected. His bringing up had made him obdurate and hard of heart, and it was plain that he was nearly in a fit condition to join the ever-increasing hordes of the most disreputable of the Chinese criminals. Poor Wun Chao was of the sort of which Boxers are made; and had not Providence intervened, nothing could have kept him from that catastrophe by which thousands of China's population have been perverted and brutalized.

The two young missionaries, Amanda Holly and Grace Bennett, did not go to China without a thorough preparation. During their last two years in an American college, they had the unusual opportunity of gaining a certain proficiency in the use of the language from a young Chinese girl at a near-by medical school. From her they also learned much about Chinese customs and usages that was of great value to them in their earlier experiences in the Celestial Kingdom. Their way was thus happily paved for them to a great extent: and when they performed the long, tedious journey to China, they arrived eventually at Soo-choo with a good "working knowledge" of both the place and the people.

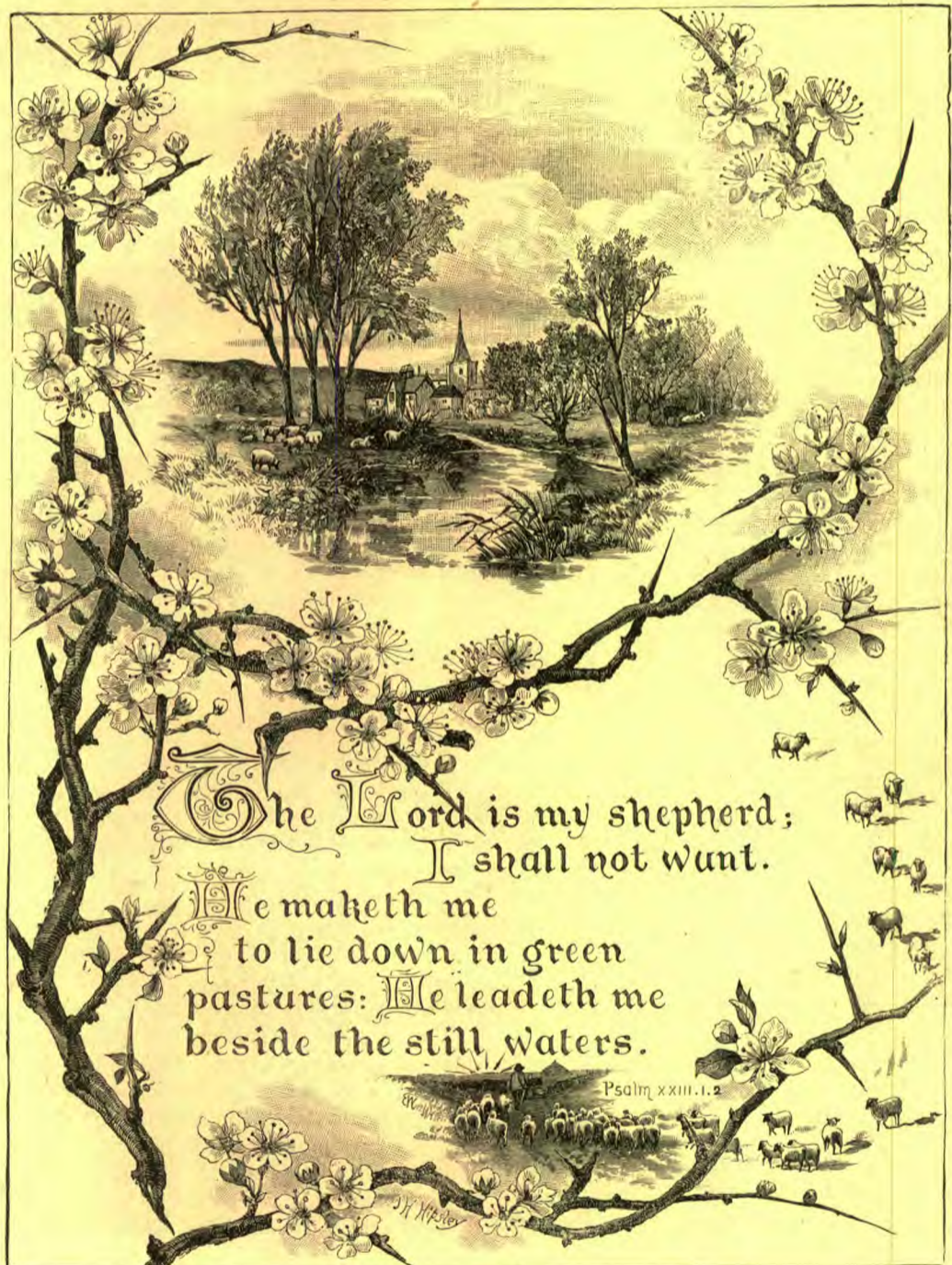
The girls found their principals there dealing with a strong opposition, fighting against great odds, and doing courageously the work of ten

times their number; but the young missionaries had been warned of these things beforehand, and as they were altogether sincere in their purpose, they entered upon their labors with true missionary ardor.

It was at the very first of their coming, and while they were getting acquainted with Soo-choo, that they ran across Wun Chao. They were passing by a narrow, ill-smelling alley, when the boy, looking quite like the dirty little vagabond he was,

the girls in China, and it was one that they never found occasion to be sorry for.

Then they lost sight of Wun for a few days. When he came to them again, he was in a most deplorable condition. His "guardian" had stripped him of his new clothes, and dressed him in a ragged, sorry-looking suit. Again the missionaries fed and clothed him; then they began to teach him. They found him intelligent and eager to learn. On his part, he discovered them



ran out shrieking, and groveled in the dust before them. A big Chinaman followed him closely, and started to beat him as he lay there. The missionaries interposed, and were able to buy off the scowling brute for a small sum.

They took Wun Chao home to the mission, where they washed, clothed, and fed him, and made a respectable, if not an attractive, looking boy of him. This was the first telling work of

to be real friends, since they asked of him nothing but obedience, which, from the first, he was ready enough to give.

Four times did Wun Chao lose his new clothes, and four times did his new friends patiently reclothe him and care for him. The fifth time he came back with his new suit intact. Tang-yu had evidently given up the fight; the missionaries had scored a victory.

Wun Chao learned rapidly, and in a few weeks he was able to express himself very well in English, both in speaking and in writing. He went back and forth to Tang-yu, as usual; but he was given the freedom of the mission house, where he might stay whenever he should choose so to do. But this, it appeared, Tang-yu would not agree to.

The boy became indispensable to the missionaries in their work about headquarters. One by one, he dropped a number of bad habits; and he learned from the daily example set by his friends to tell the truth, to hide nothing, and to obey. He signified that he was ready to obey the slightest wish of the young Americans who had saved him from the wrath of Tang-yu, and who never for a moment tired of making him welcome and teaching him a better way of living. He would run errands until there were no more errands to run, and would bring in boys and girls to be fed and clothed, until it seemed he would never arrive at the end of his list of acquaintances.

The little mission had much to contend with. Opposition to Christian teaching in the town had been fearful from the first. How the earliest missionaries had ever gained a foothold was a matter of the greatest wonder to all who had come after them. The rabble seemed determined to discourage every Christian effort; and the Chinese men, women, and children who finally decided to cast in their lot with the missionaries possessed the spirit of martyrs, so much insult and abuse were they forced to undergo at the hands of the townspeople.

Lately, the ill-feeling of the people began to assume more serious proportions. It was not uncommon to find windows broken in the mission house, and thefts became of frequent occurrence. Appeals to the officials resulted in a few minor punishments; but those in authority looked upon the mission as a trifling affair, and passed lightly over the earnest appeals for help from the un-called-for outrages.

Rumors began to come in from other cities and missions of outrages more serious than any that had yet occurred at Soo-choo. One day a friend brought the information of a riot of the rabble at Peking, and news of the work of the dreaded Boxers from still other sources was not wanting. At a certain inland district a missionary had been killed, but nothing had been done about it. The Christian colony at Soo-choo was naturally disturbed at these rumors, the more so as not one of its members could walk any distance from the mission without receiving an insult of some sort.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

(Concluded next week)

#### OUR SCHOOL IN HONOLULU

THE capacity of our building for both boarding and school work is about one hundred. No doubt to some at home these Chinese students are regarded as a sedate, investigative, religiously inclined class of young people. To us there is actually a lot of mischievous, roguish schoolboys. True, there is a commingling of older ones, who are a little more studious, but for the most part they compare to the general run of schoolchildren from seven to eighteen years of age at home. And it is from these that those are to be found who are to be brought to a knowledge of the truth, and, in turn, become workers for their countrymen. The oldest boys now in school have started with their A B C in this school, and you may thus know something of what it is to train them in a new religion, while the old is being practiced in their homes. But it seems the only way, as long as there are none to teach them in the Chinese language, and it is difficult to find time to study the language while there are so many things requiring time and attention in the regular school work. But we trust and pray that this will not long continue. Surely the signs of the times among the nations portend wondrous

things; but remember that now, and until probation closes, between us and the coming of Christ lies our duty toward China and the rest of the unentered fields of the world. Shall we not pray ardently that God will thrust forth laborers into his vineyard? It may be that the response to such a prayer will be the offering of some of you to the work here.

Oh, how I long to see every youth laying his heart bare before God, and pleading, "What wilt thou have me to do?" If such were the earnest plea, the answer would surely come, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard." How shameful to see even one taking the talent given by his Father, and sneaking away to hide it in the ground; that is, in the earth,—in seeking only earthly gain and glory, when God wants his children to have both gain and glory—and the only true kind, too—for all eternity. It is like working all day for a handful of worthless tin tags, when you might as well be working for coffers of gold. Dear young friends, learn to choose only the real of life. Don't deal in counterfeit happiness, counterfeit glory, or any other iniquitous fraud that the great satanic counterfeiter has devised.

Here in our little cottage we are situated among Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, and Portuguese, besides the usual mixed multitude of every nation that goes to make up a city. The families of the three teachers of our school are the only white families for a quarter of a mile or more. The work of the school is wholly for the Chinese, and many of them are deeply interested in it—interested, I mean, to the extent of hundreds and thousands of dollars. The pleasant, neat, comfortable school building that they have erected at their own expense testifies to an interest that is more than passing; while to know of the real sacrifices that some of the heathen Chinese have made to build a school for Seventh-day Adventists to teach in, might set some of us to querying whether they had not learned some lessons from the lowly Man of Nazareth, even though they have not yet learned to pronounce his name. I am glad that God has told us that such will be rewarded for their friendliness to his cause on earth. And we feel here as if there are some whom we would love to meet in the home of the saved, though we may never be privileged to grasp their hands in church fellowship.—*Dr. Albert Carey, in a letter to the Young People's Society of Christian Volunteers of Ohio.*

#### A LESSON FROM THE CENSUS

THE twelfth United States census has been taken, and the reports have been partially made. Of the one hundred and fifty-nine cities containing 25,000 inhabitants, or over, only thirty-eight have over 100,000 apiece. Fifteen, or less than one tenth, have a population of over 250,000 apiece, and these contain over 10,600,000 persons, or about one seventh of all the people in the United States. The united population of these cities is twice that of the United States in 1800.

Pursuing the comparison still further, we find that New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, together, have over 6,428,000 inhabitants, being more than that of St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Washington, D. C., combined. The cities mentioned rank in population as given, starting with 3,437,000 inhabitants, and ending with 278,000.

In the large cities are much of the wealth and power of the nation—influences potent for good or evil. But the evil predominates and calls loudly for recruits. Shall not the call for workers to save some from its ranks also find a ready response?

JAMES C. ANDERSON.

"THE ornament of a house is cleanliness;  
The honor of a house is hospitality;  
The blessing of a house is piety;  
The happiness of a house is contentedness."



INASMUCH

THOU, too, my Lord, an hungered? All the day  
My soul has sought for bread, and sought in vain.  
Men shut their doors on me, and turned away—  
But thou, who feedest all, was thine the pain?  
Thou, too, my Lord, my Lord?

So beats in thee  
The pure, deep pulse of that humanity  
Which thou hast borne, and still dost bear, for me?

Thou, too, my Lord, athirst? Not so—not so!  
Forgive, dear Christ! forget—for I forget!  
I will be glad, if thou must bear my woe,  
And rich, if thou must grieve with my regret.  
Judge not, O Judge of all!

So pleads in me  
The unguessed grace of that divinity  
Which, in thy day, shall lift me up to thee

—Mabel Earle.

#### REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS

IN this life we shall be tempted and tried. Friends may prove treacherous, enemies may be inspired by Satan to cause sadness. In these trials let us turn to the Strong for strength. There we shall find comfort, consolation, and tender sympathy.

Christ interposes between us and the difficulties that appear so formidable. The flame and the flood are behind him. Then lift him up, with voice and song, and let the melody of thanksgiving and praise ascend to heaven in your life service. Keep cheerful, full of faith and courage and hope. Elijah was subject to like passions as we are, yet the Lord was his strength. He prayed most earnestly, and the Lord heard his prayer. Let us, under all circumstances, preserve our confidence in Christ. He is to be everything to us,—the first, the last, the best in everything. Then let us educate our tongues to speak forth his praise, not only when we feel gladness and joy, but at all times.

Let us keep the heart full of God's precious promises, that we may speak words that will be a comfort and strength to others. Thus we may learn the language of the heavenly angels, who, if we are faithful, will be our companions through the eternal ages. Every day we should make advancement in gaining perfection of character, and this we shall certainly do if we press toward the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. Let us not talk of the great power of Satan, but of the great power of God. We are to speak even as Christ spoke, allowing no harsh, impatient words to fall from our lips. Thus we shall be a savor of life to all with whom we come in contact.

In every soul two powers are struggling earnestly for the victory. Unbelief marshals its forces, led by Satan, to cut us off from the source of our strength. Faith marshals its forces, led by Christ, the author and finisher of our faith. Hour by hour, in the sight of the heavenly universe, the conflict goes forward. This is a hand-to-hand fight, and the great question is, Which shall obtain the mastery? This question each must decide for himself. In this warfare all must take a part, fighting on one side or the other. From the conflict there is no release.

Paul says to those who are fighting on the side of truth: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." We are urged to prepare for this conflict. "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." The

warning is repeated, "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

He who is mighty in counsel, to whom all power in heaven and earth has been given, will come to the help of those who trust in him. In the Scriptures we read that in certain places Christ could not do many mighty works, because of the unbelief existing there. It is of great importance that we have a faith that will not wait for the evidence of sight before it ventures to advance. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh. By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### THE DARK SIDE OF A DARK CITY

OUR large cities are rapidly becoming moral cesspools of society, and the problem that confronts the Christian worker is, How shall these moral swamps be drained? At the first glimpse of these modern Sodoms the most courageous are sometimes tempted to give up in despair; but as the lily grows pure and sweet amid the filth and slime of the pools, so in these great centers of iniquity there are thousands of men and women who are developing noble characters. Other thousands there are whom the ruthless heel of unfortunate circumstances seems to have ground into the very depths of despair, yet the sentiments of the well-known song apply in a striking manner to many of them:—

"Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

Dear young friends,—you who had your father's green meadow for a playground; who daily saw the sparkling dew, and had the fra-



A BACK YARD IN THE SLUMS

grance of roses wafted to you by gentle breezes; whose soul has been inspired by the sweet melody of the birds; who still cherish the memory of a fond mother's kisses, and the affectionate caresses of a godly father,—are you congratulating yourselves that you are neither criminals, crooks, nor drunkards? If so, reflect a moment upon what you might have been if your playground had been in the yard shown in the accompanying illustration. This is no fancy sketch, but is a photograph

taken from one of our Training School windows, and represents our very adjoining premises.

Suppose, in addition, that your daily associates and playmates had been composed of ordinary street waifs, a good illustration of whom is also given. Study these faces, and you must conclude that they are already old in sin and iniquity. Many of these children have entirely lost track of their parents, while thousands of others always associate the thought of father and mother with kicks, cuffs, and brutal blows.

Chicago has enough saloons, if placed side by side, to make a solid wall over fifty miles long. There is one ward where one fourth of the entire population is arrested every year for various offenses. It is estimated that there are over sixty thousand morphine fiends in this city alone. It must not be imagined, however, that Chicago is all wretchedness and squalor. This city possesses magnificent parks, and about forty miles of beautifully kept boulevards, many of them lined on either side with elegant residences.

Next week we will tell about some of the work that is being done for the Master in this great city.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

#### GUARDING THE THOUGHTS

OUR thoughts make us. They are silent builders, working day and night on the walls of the temple of character which each one of us is rearing. What our ordinary thoughts are, that we become. As a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he." If his thoughts are white, a white life grows up. If he thinks vain, empty thoughts, the life will be vain and empty. If his imaginations and mental recreations are stained and unworthy, a life stained and unholy will be the outcome.

So we see how important it is that we guard our thoughts. They need guarding, too, and it is no easy task. Thoughts, fancies, feelings, and imaginations flow through the mind like a river. Some persons suppose that it is no matter what they think, as long as they do not let wrong thoughts take form in expression. Hating another in the heart, they say, does no harm if it does not show itself in word or act. Indulgence in impure fancies is not sinful, they think, if the fancies lead to no evil acts. But this is not true. Wrong thoughts are sins, even though they find no expression in act.

It is well to understand where sin begins. Temptation is not sin. Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Evil

from coming into our hearts to nest and home there. We can refuse to read any book or paper which contains words that would start evil thoughts in our mind. We can shut our ears against any irritating, debasing, or indecent words. We can turn our eyes away firmly from seeing anything that would suggest evil.

There is a Bible promise that if we will take everything to God in prayer, the peace of God shall guard our thoughts. It is the figure of the sentinel that the words suggest. In the camp, in war time, in the most perilous hour, soldiers sleep



CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS

in quietness and confidence because, all about the camp, sentinels wake and watch. So it is that God's peace sentinels the very thoughts of him who makes God his intimate, confidential friend. We must let God keep us, or we can not be kept.—M. C. Hazard, in the *Well Spring*.

#### TRANSFORMATION

UPON the work table in the laboratory I noticed beneath a glass a tiny cube of gleaming gold resting upon a cube of dull lead. When I asked my friend, the chemist, what experiment he was trying with his little metal cubes, he answered, "Come in again in a month, and I will show you."

A month later I found the chemist working at his leaden cube with test-tube, Bunsen burner, and chemical acids.

"What are you doing to the lead?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "just making sure of what the lead has been doing," mixing, as he spoke, two liquids, which, on coming together, took a pale yellowish tinge.

"Sesquioxide of iron and protochloride of tin," he said, dipping into the liquid a glass rod, which he then plunged into the vessel containing the lead in its latest estate.

"Watch," he said; and as he drew the rod through the liquid, I saw in its track a delicate purple tinge.

"It is pretty," I said, "but what does it mean?"

"It surely means gold," he answered.

"Gold!" said I, in surprise; "but it was the leaden, not the golden, cube which you had there."

"Yes," the chemist replied; "only the lead has been in good company, a month with gold, and it has gained some of the gold particles by being with the noble metal; that is what comes of keeping good company."

I wondered that the lead cube resting in contact with the gold should be permeated by its tiny, precious particles; but I remembered that I had seen human creatures gain gold from good company, and reverently I thought of the One of human kind who was perfectly pure, with no alloy of sin, and of what it must mean to live in his presence, in holy touch with him; for even so may our lower natures be permeated by his glorious life, till, at last, forever with him, we may be transformed, made in truth like him.—*Selected*.



## REST

"God's acre" rests in silence, calm and sweet,  
Scarce broken by a wild bird's distant cry;  
Its marble tombs gleam in the morning light  
As white as drifts that round about them lie.

The stars, reflected from the tranquil face  
Of the deep pool that lies below the hill,  
Tell naught of depths oft torn by wind's rough  
hand,  
But sleeping now beneath its surface, still.

The quiet waters, dreaming 'neath the stars,  
To sad hearts bring a vision of repose.  
The "silent city's" sweet, alluring peace  
Suggests a future rest from present woes.

For nature seems wrapped in a happy dream,  
Without a sigh to mar her slumber deep;  
While winter sunbeams, gleaming on her face,  
Reveal her faintly smiling in her sleep.  
MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

## AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

ONE of the big buildings of the Exposition will be that devoted to Machinery and Transportation. The work on this building is very ornate, with roofs laid with red tile, and the cemented walls brilliant with color. The colors are to be of reds and yellows in light tints. The loggias, balconies, pavilions, etc., are to be ornamented with shrubs, vines, and flowers, blending with the coloring of the building. The openings are grilled with specimens of wrought-iron *rejas*, or grill screens, such as are seen in examples of Spanish architecture of the sixteenth century.

The building has a large central court, one hundred by one hundred and seventy-five feet in extent, with a beautiful fountain in the center, and a border on each side of flowering shrubs, ornamental trees, and rare plants. Of its numerous entrances, the principal ones are in the center of the four façades. Once inside the structure, the size will be appreciated. All the towers, pa-



vilions, and other proper spaces are to be brilliantly illuminated, and made gay with banners and flags.

The large Service Building, although small in comparison with the larger Exposition structures, was completed in thirty-two working days, and was the first building erected on the grounds. It is the present home of a large corps of officers and employees having immediate charge of the constructive work of the Exposition. This handsome building is on the west side of the grounds, and is ninety-five by one hundred and forty-five feet, two stories high. A broad, arched driveway on the north side leads to an inner court. To the right and left of the driveway are en-

trances to the corridors that open into the various rooms.

In this building are the offices of the director of works, the landscape architect, superintendent of building construction, purchasing agent, chief engineer, and the mechanical and electrical engineer, with their numerous assistants. On the second floor is a large drafting-room for the use of architects, with fire-proof vaults at hand for their valuable drawings. In this building will also be the headquarters for the police and hospital service, the fire department, and the officers in charge of the transportation and installation of exhibits, and other officers. The building is equipped with cellar, kitchen, dining-room, and numerous sleeping apartments for the accommoda-

year-old Katie, "I saw one to-day getting dinner ready."

At this there was a general laugh.

"You mean the cook in the dining-car," said Lizzie. "I don't think mama means him."

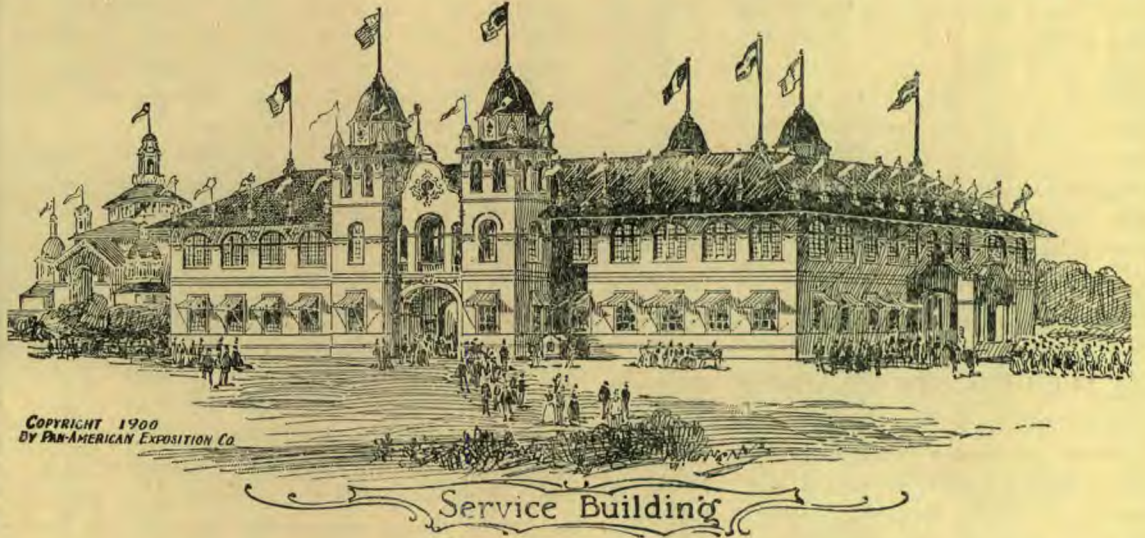
"These messengers," Mrs. Lane explained, "are many in number. Each is burdened with a particular message to a certain individual."

"I have been in the cars many times," mused Flora, "and I never saw one."

"That was because these travelers have a car to themselves."

"What kind of messages do they carry?" asked Will.

"Oh, all kinds. Some bear sorrowful tidings, and will cause hearts to ache. Others carry



tion and comfort of those whose work requires their continuous presence on the grounds.

MARK BENNETT.

## WHITE MESSENGERS

A BRIGHT, interesting group had gathered in the sitting-room. It consisted of Mrs. Lane and her four children, whose ages ranged from five to fifteen. The wood fire leaped and crackled in the grate; the thoughtful, tell-me-a-story look upon the faces of the children proclaimed that it was that charming time, "between the dark and the daylight," known as "the children's hour."

stings like a wasp's, and no one likes to meet them. One came to me yesterday, which seemed like a white-winged angel, the message delivered was so sweet and beautiful. All day and all night these messengers are flitting in all directions."

"I wish I could see one," and Lizzie gazed out of the window, as if expecting one to materialize for her especial benefit. Just then the postman's knock was heard. "Open the door, Lizzie," said her mother, "and perhaps you will see one."

"Letters! letters!" cried Will, "why did n't I think of that before?"

"Why, of course!" said Lizzie, "why did n't we?"

An hour later Will still sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire. "Writing is really a wonderful art, isn't it, mother?" he said at length. "I remember reading of a woman who sent a message to her husband by an Indian. She wrote a few words on a chip, and gave it to the man to deliver. When the Indian found that the white man, by a glance at the chip, knew about things at home, he was dumbfounded. He said afterward that he did n't hear the piece of wood say a word, but somehow it told the man something, for all that."

"I suppose he thought some enchantment had been used," his mother replied. "We should be very thankful that we have this way of communicating with our absent friends. Let us be careful always to put this useful art to a good purpose."

VIOLA E. SMITH.

Suddenly the sound of a passing train near by attracted their attention.

"Doesn't it seem strange," remarked Will, the eldest, "to think of the people on that train? How they have come from every direction, and with such different objects? What interesting histories some of them must have!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lane, "I have often thought of that, and also of the white messengers many trains carry."

"White messengers?" asked Will; "what do you mean, mother?"

"Why, that white messengers go north and south, east and west, all the time."

"Oh, I know what mama means," said five-

AMBITION is of two kinds. There is the ambition of desire. Nothing is more common. Every man would like to be wise and rich and great. If wishes were wings, all would be angels. But ambition that succeeds is made of sterner stuff.

There is, again, the ambition of purpose. This is the motive power of life. Wish is vain until it turns to will. Will begets work. The ambition of desire is common because it costs nothing. The ambition of purpose is rare because it exacts toil and self-denial, lays the lash on the back of indolence, restrains the appetite, curbs unruly passion, scorns delight, and lives laborious days. Few reach the top, because few are willing to climb. We fail of success because we will not pay the price.—Selected.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL

We can not play outdoors to-day;  
See how the snowflakes dance and whirl!  
So let us go upstairs and play  
We lived when Grandma was a girl.

In summer, when the fields were gay  
With flowers, she helped to rake the hay,  
Or went to school two miles away —  
When Grandma was a little girl.

And stormy winter days like this  
She kept her spinning-wheel a-whirl;  
For every lass knew how to spin  
When Grandma was a little girl.

Such pretty patchwork, row on row,  
With patient hands she made them grow;  
For folks had no machines to sow  
When Grandma was a little girl.

Her knitting-needles,—how they flew!  
She learned to narrow and to purl,  
She made her hose and mittens, too —  
When Grandma was a little girl.

With happy heart for work or play,  
And song on lips through all the day,—  
Thus passed the busy hours away  
When Grandma was a little girl.

— ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## A VICTORY IN SPELLING

"C-A-L-Y-P-T-R-A, calyptra," spelled Elizabeth quickly, casting an anxious glance toward the little schoolhouse across the field.

Mrs. Patterson stood in the doorway, a dust-cloth in one hand, and in the other Elizabeth's spelling-book. Elizabeth had hoped to get away this morning without this reviewing of the lesson; but just as she was tying on her sunbonnet, and calling out, rather hurriedly, "Good-by, mama!" Mrs. Patterson remembered that Elizabeth had not been able to spell several words correctly the evening before. Mr. Patterson always declared that his wife followed Elizabeth half-way to the schoolhouse with the spelling-book in her hand. And Mrs. Patterson admitted that she was proud of her little daughter's record as a "speller," and was always ready to hear her lessons—sometimes too ready, Elizabeth thought.

"Cantharis!"

"C-a-n-t-h-e—no c-a-n-t-h-a-r-i-s," the lesson proceeded; then Elizabeth interrupted: "I must go now, mama. Here come Leslie and the boys."

"Well, remember caryatides and caryopsis, those two words you missed again this morning," her mother answered as she stooped to kiss her.

Elizabeth joined her schoolmates in a race across the field, and Mrs. Patterson returned to her dusting.

Just before the class in spelling was called, Elizabeth remembered her mother's advice, and looked over her lesson carefully.

"I am at the foot of the class to-day, but then I don't want to miss," she considered, "and I might have a chance to go up a little way."

The late afternoon sun glimmered through the uncurtained windows, and rested upon the little line drawn up for the spelling class—the last recitation of the day.

Elizabeth had stood for a term at the head, and this afternoon as she took her place at the foot of the class, she wondered where she would stand when the lesson was over. Most of the good spellers were near her, so she had little expectation of a misspelled word's reaching her.

The lesson was rather hard, and there were many words misspelled, but they were all spelled

correctly before they reached the foot of the class. Two or three of the hardest words came to the girl who stood by Elizabeth; but as they came to her in turn, and she spelled them correctly, there was no opportunity for Elizabeth to leave her place at the foot. This girl was a new scholar; and though she was a shy, timid child, and sometimes misspelled words through sheer nervousness, she was already gaining a reputation as one of the best spellers in the class.

"Caryatides!" the teacher gave out, and Elizabeth spelled the word over to herself as the boy at the head of the class tried and failed.

Elizabeth; you may take your place at the head."

"But—I—spelled—" stammered Annie.

"What is it, Annie?" asked the teacher.

"N—nothing," she faltered, and began to cry.

"Never mind, Annie. Go to the head of the class, Elizabeth. Now, let us go on with the lesson."

Elizabeth looked troubled as she walked up the line. She had spelled the word correctly, and mama would be so glad to have her at the head of the class again. But, had not Annie spelled it just as she had? Well, the teacher must be right, and she must have misunderstood Annie. Any-



WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL

The word passed along down the line, and Elizabeth's heart beat quickly at the possibility of its reaching her.

"S'pose it should come to me, and I should spell down the whole class; but no, Annie will spell it—if she does not get too scared."

Annie, the new girl, grew more and more nervous as the word passed from pupil to pupil. When at last it came to her, she spelled it correctly, but in such a hesitating, confused manner that the teacher evidently misunderstood.

"Next!" she called.

Elizabeth hesitated a moment. Surely Annie had spelled the word correctly. And she repeated it, letter for letter, in a clear, distinct voice.

"Right!" exclaimed the teacher. "Well done,

way it was not her fault. She would not think any more about it.

The lesson was nearly over, the teacher pronounced the last word and shut the book. "S'pose Annie did spell the word right," Elizabeth's troubled thoughts ran on; "well, why didn't she say so? It is too late now, anyway, and it was not my fault. Was it?"

The troubled face cleared a little, and Elizabeth's voice spoke up bravely, if a little tremulously, "Miss Dean, I think Annie spelled that word correctly."

"What word, Elizabeth?" Miss Dean inquired, as she turned to dismiss the class. "Oh, do you mean the one you spelled?" she continued.

"Yes, Miss Dean."

Miss Dean looked from Elizabeth to Annie. "Will you spell 'caryatides' exactly as you did before, Annie? I do not think I misunderstood," she said, a little doubtfully.

"C-a-r-y-a-t-i-d-e-s," spelled Annie, in a low voice, but very distinctly.

"And you are sure that is just as you had it before?"

"Yes, indeed," returned Annie.

"You understood it so, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Miss Dean. I should have spoken at once," Elizabeth replied, flushing painfully, "but I—I—"

"Yes, you should, and Annie should have made herself understood. I am glad that you spoke, Elizabeth," continued Miss Dean. "And I beg your pardon, Annie. You may exchange places."

Annie's eyes spoke her gratitude as the girls passed each other, and Elizabeth returned to her place at the foot of the class, but with a happy heart.—*M. Palmer Sweet, in Boys and Girls.*



#### BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 10; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"

Pages 488-496

(January 13-19)

*Clothed with a Cloud.*—Although the face of the angel was like the sun, yet its clothing was a cloud. This would seem to indicate the manner in which the message was given. It was given in great power, yet it was not all understood; it was partly covered with clouds. If the believers had understood all, they would never have been disappointed.

*The Little Book.*—There is only one book that the Lord ever commanded to be sealed,—the book of Daniel,—and of that book the Lord said, "Seal the book, even to the time of the end," indicating that when that time was reached, the book should be opened. The period known in the Bible as "the time of the end" began in 1798, when the twelve hundred and sixty years of papal rule ceased. Dan. 11:33-35; 12:6-9. In the vision of the tenth of Revelation the angel holds a "little book open;" this must be the book of Daniel, which was to be unsealed in the time of the end; for there would be no special force in the angel's holding any other book of the Bible open, as the other books were never closed, but have always been open.

*World-Wide Message.*—What a forcible picture is here presented! The angel stands with his right foot on the sea and his left foot upon the land, holding that open book out to the inhabitants of all the earth. With a loud voice he tries to arrest the attention of the busy multitudes, wrapped up in the cares and pleasures of the world. His voice is compared to the roar of a lion. Many years ago I was staying for a while in the suburb of a city where there was a menagerie containing several large lions. Although more than a mile away, I well remember how one night, when the lions were disturbed in an unusual manner, their terrible roar rang out on the stillness of the midnight air, causing a feeling of alarm everywhere. The sounding of the first angel's message went through the earth like a lion's roar. Many heeded it, and prepared to meet their Lord; even scoffers felt alarm, and

were quiet when they came up to the day on which the Lord was expected to appear.

*Time No Longer.*—This can not mean literal time; for the last verse of the chapter says, "Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings," bringing to view another world-wide message to be given after this. In the Bible are given several lines of prophecy, which have definite dates for their beginning and close. One period, the twelve hundred and sixty years, ended in 1798; another, the three hundred and ninety-one years and fifteen days, ended Aug. 11, 1840. The longest period of prophetic time given in the Bible is the twenty-three hundred days of Daniel 8:14. This began 457 B. C., and ended 1844 A. D. There is no definite date given for any line of prophecy that reaches later than 1844. Prophetic time ceased in 1844; the angel said, "Time shall be no longer." The book of Daniel is the only book that contains the prophecy of the twenty-three hundred days.

*Eating the Book.*—How often when one is especially interested in reading some worldly book, the expression is used, "He is devouring that book." It would be a great blessing to us if we were often found devouring the Bible. We never say that one is devouring a book if his interest is so meager that the least word will attract his attention from it. Have you ever eaten the Bible? Do you become so absorbed in reading it that you do not realize the passage of time? "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Jer. 15:16. Can you say those words from the heart? If so, you will experience the spiritual strength expressed in the following: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." We receive no physical strength from food by simply looking at it and dallying with it; in order to be physically strong, we must eat it. Spiritual strength comes from eating God's word, giving it prayerful study.

*Sweet, Then Bitter.*—When God's people took the book of Daniel from the angel's hand, and ate it up, it caused great rejoicing. As they studied the different lines of prophecy, they learned that the coming of the Lord was near. In the eighth and ninth chapters of Daniel they learned that the sanctuary was to be cleansed in 1844; and supposing the earth to be the sanctuary, they expected that the Lord would come in 1844. They overlooked the teaching of the Bible in regard to the heavenly sanctuary. Even their enemies never discovered their mistake. "God's people were then accepted of him. Jesus looked upon them with pleasure; for his image was reflected in them. . . . They had placed their affections on heaven, and in sweet anticipation had tasted immortal deliverance; but their hopes were not realized. . . . The world laughed, and mocked, and reproached them; and those who had believed without a doubt that Jesus would ere then have come . . . felt as did the disciples at the sepulcher of Christ, 'They have taken away the Lord, . . . and we know not where they have laid him.'"—*Early Writings,* page 103. This disappointment was indeed bitter, but it led the believers to study the Bible more carefully, and God revealed to them the light of the heavenly sanctuary, where Christ had entered upon the work of the judgment.

#### SIX POINTS OF SIMILARITY

between Revelation 10 and Revelation 14:6-12, showing first angel's message in both:—

1. World-wide message by sea and land. Rev. 10:2. In the midst of heaven, to every nation, etc. Rev. 14:6.
2. Loud voice. Rev. 10:3; 14:7.

3. Calls attention to the Creator and creation; swear by the Creator. Rev. 10:6. Worship the Creator. Rev. 14:7.

4. Everlasting gospel (Eph. 6:19); mystery finished. Rev. 10:7. Preach the everlasting gospel. Rev. 14:6.

5. Based on time; time no longer. Rev. 10:6. Hour of his judgment is come. Rev. 14:7.

6. Followed by other messages. Rev. 10:11; 14:8-12.



*What One Newspaper Pays.*—It is said that a New York newspaper, the *Sun*, pays eight dollars a column for matter that it accepts. In order to secure payment, "the contributor must cut from the paper the contributed article, and mail it to the business office on or before Thursday, in order to receive payment on the Saturday following." Most of the great metropolitan dailies pay for contributions at about the same rate.

*Automobile Mowing-Machines.*—Among the many agricultural implements exhibited at the recent Paris Exposition were some automobile mowing-machines, propelled by gasoline engines. After a practical test, in the presence of the exposition officials and many leading agriculturists, the new machines were pronounced a success. The test was made in a field of second-growth lucerne, where the machines were able to cut about an acre an hour.

*Where the Dollar Sign Came From.*—Although there are eight or nine theories as to the origin of the dollar sign, yet, according to Marcus Baker, secretary of the United States Board of Geographical Names, it was invented and first published in 1797, by Rev. Chauncey Lee, of Rutland, Vt.; and it "was a part of a general system invented by him for designing mills, cents, dimes, dollars, and eagles. In his system, one stroke designated a mill, two strokes a cent, three strokes a dime, four strokes a dollar, while an eagle was designated by the letter E." These symbols appeared in a quaint little arithmetic published in Lansingburg, N. Y., and called "The American Accountant."

*The American Dentist Abroad.*—Dentists are generally able to make a good living anywhere. That this truism applies not only to those who practice in this country, but to those in foreign lands, is supported by the following statement from the pen of the well-known foreign missionary, Margherita Arlina Hamm: "The American dentist reaps a golden harvest in almost every foreign land, even down to the most benighted. The ladies of the khedive's harem [in Egypt] have a distinguished American surgeon-dentist attend to their dental wants; and the seraglio of the sultan himself is as familiar with the electric bell, the automatic hammer, and the improved dental chair, as are the members of New York's 'four hundred.'"

*Count Zeppelin's Air-Ship.*—An air-ship has finally been made that will do all that is claimed for it. So successful have its trial flights proved, that the German government has purchased the ship for its own use. It is a long, cigar-shaped affair, composed of seventeen separate balloon compartments filled with hydrogen gas. It measures four hundred and seven feet in length, and is thirty-nine feet in diameter. It has traveled against a wind blowing twenty-six feet a second; can be guided up or down, or to right or left, at

will; and its greatest speed so far has been five miles in seventeen and one-half minutes. The crew may consist of as many as five persons. Though long, and weighing twenty-two thousand pounds, the air-ship is so well constructed that it is very stiff, and at the end of a trip through the air, settles down upon the surface of a body of water as gracefully as a sea-gull. In fact, it alights so easily that it does not take in any water. Count Zeppelin spent over two hundred thousand dollars in its construction, the framework being of aluminum and the rest of the air-ship requiring the best and lightest materials obtainable.

*A Telegram from China.*—It is, indeed, a wonder that cipher messages from China do not contain many more mistakes than they do, considering the number of times they must be transcribed, and the places through which they must pass. For instance, "the message from Minister Conger was filed at Tientsin. The operator ticked it off to the cable station at Hongkong. From there it was sent to Singapore; it entered India, was caught up at Madras, and hurried on to Bombay; with lightning wings it flew to Aden, in Arabia; where it was put on the cable to Suez, Africa. Then began the race toward Europe, by way of Malta, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, ending on the eastern hemisphere at London. From the English capital it made another deep-sea journey to New York; and from there was telegraphed overland to Washington, having been transcribed no fewer than fifteen times."

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.



**THE JEALOUSY OF AARON AND MIRIAM**  
(January 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Num. 12: 1-15.

MEMORY VERSE.—Rom. 12: 10.

1. Aaron and Miriam spoke against Moses, their brother. Why did they do this? Num. 12: 1; note 1.
2. What questions did they ask? V. 2.
3. What was the character of Moses? V. 3; note 2.
4. When the Lord heard the murmuring of Aaron and Miriam, what command did he give? To whom? V. 4.
5. How did the Lord appear to them? V. 5.
6. What did he say to Aaron and Miriam concerning his way of speaking to men? V. 6.
7. Would he follow this rule in revealing himself to Moses? Why? V. 7.
8. In what way would he speak with his servant Moses? V. 8 (first part).
9. What question did the Lord then ask? V. 8 (last part); note 3.
10. What is said of the Lord's feelings toward Aaron and Miriam? What did he do? V. 9; note 4.
11. As the cloud departed, what was Miriam's condition? V. 10; note 5.
12. What did Aaron say to Moses? Vs. 11, 12.
13. What prayer did Moses at once offer? V. 13; note 6.
14. What did the Lord say should be done with her? V. 14.
15. How long was she to be separated from the camp? What did the people do meanwhile? V. 15.

NOTES

1. Zipporah, the wife of Moses, was not an Ethiopian woman ("Patriarchs and Prophets," page 383), but a Midianite, and was thus a de-

scendant of Abraham. She was of darker complexion, however, than the Jews. Miriam was not pleased when Moses took her as his wife, and in many ways showed her disrespect. She was especially displeased because Zipporah had told her father, Jethro, about the work of Moses, and had thus been the means of leading her father to counsel with Moses. But in allowing herself to grow jealous of Zipporah, Miriam opened the door to Satan, who led her to feel that she had been neglected; and so she came to be jealous even of Moses himself. She found fault with Moses and with the plans of the Lord. Jealousy is a terrible thing. It is as cruel as the grave. Like envy, it is only "a row of hooks to hang up grudges on." It is the spirit which led Lucifer to rebel against God, and which cast him out of heaven.

2. In the days of Moses it was not regarded any honor by the world to be meek. He who would not fight for his rights was regarded as a coward, not a true man. And that is largely true to-day. But God looks upon meekness as one of the most precious gifts. "The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way." "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

3. It matters not who the seryant of the Lord may be, it is always wrong and only wrong to speak against him. Jesus said, even of the wicked Pharisees, "The Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do." We are to respect those who hold places in the work, even though they may not be the best of men or women. We are always to be "afraid" to speak evil or gossip in any way concerning anybody, and especially concerning the Lord's workers. In speaking against them, we speak against God.

4. The Lord's anger is not as ours. When we read that the Lord was "angry," we are reading only that he was displeased with sin. God hates sin, but always loves the sinner. He had no bitter feelings toward Aaron and Miriam.

5. Leprosy is an incurable, loathsome disease. Like the envy of Miriam's heart, it means death. The Lord would have us learn that just as leprosy eats away the flesh, bringing decay and death, so sin destroys the heart, and brings eternal death. And just as leprosy is one of the very worst of all diseases, so jealousy is one of the worst of all sins.

6. Moses was the one who had been deeply wronged and misrepresented, but it was his prayer alone that could prevail in taking the leprosy away. And how glad he was to pray for his erring sister! It is thus that Jesus feels for us. Jesus cherishes no feelings of anger, but the very moment we repent of sin, his prayers are offered, and we are saved.

THERE is no one in this world of whom we are oftentimes so utterly ignorant as we are of the person who walks in our own shoes, and the things which we least anticipate are our own pitiful falls into sin.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

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ST. MATTHEW, 13.

42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, 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-

eth 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; 13 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 contemned 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:

We look a man in the face to understand him.  
Why not look in God's face?—*Whitney.*

##### MONDAY:

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.  
—*Thomas Kelly.*

##### TUESDAY:

To learn of a fault is an opportunity to add a new line of beauty to the life.—*Anon.*

##### WEDNESDAY:

"The inner side of every cloud  
Is bright and shining.  
I therefore turn my clouds about,  
And always wear them inside out,  
To show the lining."

##### THURSDAY:

My experience of life makes me sure of one thing which I do not try to explain,—that the sweetest happiness we ever know comes not from love, but from sacrifice,—from the effort to make others happy.—*O' Reilly.*

##### FRIDAY:

Be glad! Make life a jubilate, not  
A dirge. In storm, as in sunshine, sing!  
The clouds hide, in their somber folds, the smile  
Of God. Trust, sing, and wait! The mists will  
turn  
To gold; the angry winds be still; and peace  
Brood like a gentle spirit o'er thy life.  
—*Mettie Crane Newton, in Examiner.*

##### SABBATH:

"Now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city." Heb. 11: 16.

#### DO NOT FORGET

That *next week*, with the issue of January 17, that excellent new series of articles on "The Little Foxes That Spoil the Vines" will be begun. The first article tells how a zealous young worker lost out of his life the love for his Saviour, which had actuated him; how the apparently trivial cause was searched out; and the result that followed its removal. It is entitled "Sinning against Light." Other numbers in the series have the following titles: "First Steps in Dishonesty and Crime;" "The Fruit of One Falsehood;" "The Danger of Tampering with Error;" etc., etc.

If you have the INSTRUCTOR yourself, why not send it to some friend, who, by these articles, may be won back to a hope in the One who is

able to deliver from sin and self, and thus saved to a life of usefulness in God's cause? All the articles of this series, remember, and six extra numbers, will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for only *twenty-five cents.*

#### WINNING THROUGH DIFFICULTIES

It has been well said that "courtesy and good sense are always young;" and it might as truly be added that stories of brave and determined effort in the face of poverty, work-filled days, and obstacles that by the ease-lover would be thought insurmountable, are always fresh and interesting. One of the best of these is that told in a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post* concerning Colonel John D. Miley, who lost his life through overwork in the Philippines.

When he was ten years old, John Miley took upon himself the care of his mother and three younger brothers. The ten acres of land upon which the family lived was converted into a truck-garden, and early and late the lad worked at hoeing, weeding, and gathering and selling the produce. In the summer he was up and away at half-past three in the morning. Not much time, you think, for study? Very many boys would have thought so, too—would have thought they were doing their whole duty to the world and to themselves when the heavy round of daily tasks was faithfully done. But this boy found that when driving to and from market, he could hold a book in one hand; and by improving just such scraps of time, he acquired a complete mastery of the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division tables, and a fair knowledge of geography.

He had a great desire to go to West Point; and a retired army officer, who took a friendly interest in the lad, told him the branches with which he must be familiar in order to pass the examinations.

So the work of the truck-farm and the efforts at self-education went on; and finally, in 1883, the young man entered a competitive examination for an appointment to West Point. How he won this honor is told thus by the *Post*:—

"A dozen or more youngsters, the sons of bankers, legislators, judges, merchants, and rich farmers, all graduates of high schools, were down for examination. They were dressed in the height of fashion, looking prim, bright, and confident. Just before the session began, a tall, homely, awkward, plainly dressed young fellow entered the room, and took a seat without an invitation. The others looked at him and laughed, one remarking that 'Mr. Hayseed had evidently gotten into the wrong pew.'

"When the roll was called, the awkward boy answered to the name of John D. Miley. His answer was the signal for another laugh by the graduates. 'Wonder what Homespun expects here,' queried one, while another said, 'I wish I was as sure of getting the appointment as that hedge-fence is of missing it.'

"When the examination papers were distributed, the boy from Belleville made a quick and easy task of answering the questions, and was watching the others work when the chief examiner asked: 'Are you stuck?'

"'No, sir; I'm through,' said Miley.

"Then the examiner joined the boys in laughter. He and they supposed that the 'hedge-fence' had given it up for a bad job.

"After waiting some time for instructions, Miley asked when his papers would be examined.

"'Not until the young gentlemen are through, too,' replied the examiner.

"'About when will that be, sir?'

"'All will be ready to turn in their papers by the middle of the afternoon.'

"It was 11 A. M. 'Any objections to my taking a walk about town, sir?'

"'None whatever, if you will return.'

"John folded up his papers, put them in his pocket, and started away.

"'But you must not take your papers from this room. Put them in an envelope, seal it, and I will retain it until the others are ready.'

"The delegate from Belleville sauntered about town until noon, feasted on a ten-cent lunch, and at three o'clock re-entered the room to find a state of great confusion. The papers of all but two had been examined. It had leaked out that Miley was many points ahead. He had made no mistakes. An hour later all the papers had been examined. There was a quiet consultation between the examiner and a leading citizen, who had been a professor in a college; and the examiner began to ask Miley all kinds of hard questions, every one of which he was able to answer promptly.

"The market peddler had won on his own merits. No one had helped him. He had no political, social, or financial pull. He left the room with a happy heart when the chairman of the examining committee told him that his was by far the best list of answers, and that he would receive the appointment."

It is almost unnecessary to add that, a few years later, he was graduated with honors from the academy at West Point, and that his subsequent career was marked by continued advancement. It is pleasant to know, too, that whatever honor came to him, his first thought was always for his mother—his "partner" in the old truck-farming days—and his brothers.

Such a life can not fail to be an incentive to other boys in similar circumstances.

#### GIVING UP TOO SOON

FRED went to the public library the other day in search of a magazine article that he was anxious to read as a help in his school work. He had only the title and the name of the author to guide him in his search; but he set about it patiently enough, undaunted by the tiers of bound volumes before him.

"It can't have been printed further back than 1897," he decided; and with this thought in mind, he began, looking carefully down the index of volume after volume. With a few of the magazines, where he saw the name of his author often, he even went back of the date he had set for himself; and with one, where he had made up his mind the article *must* be found, he went further still. All in vain. Then he looked through several catalogues with the librarian, without success, and at last was about to give up the quest.

"I believe I'll look just a little further back, though," he declared. And going back, he found the thing he sought in the very first volume he opened.

"Guess I gave up too soon. My! but I'm glad I looked again," he said to himself.

Many of the failures in life come because people "give up too soon." Success does not wait upon those who are ready to "give up the whole thing" at the first rebuff, or the second, or the third; but it is very sure to crown the efforts of those who keep on trying.

#### THE INSTRUCTOR PREMIUM BIBLE

Is a useful premium to work for all the year round. A large number of these Bibles have been sent out, and every one who has received one is pleased with it. Brother Bela Robinson, of Duluth, Minn., writes as follows concerning one of these Bibles, which was sent to him:—

"The Bible and the INSTRUCTOR have been received, and I wish to say that the Bible has agreeably surprised us all in its superiority over anything we could have expected as a premium with so valuable a paper. I wish to go on record as saying that this book is most highly appreciated by the recipient."