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WITH PEN AND KODAK

PLAYING ESKIMO TWO MILES ABOVE THE SEA

If your home were in the twentieth story of a modern "sky scraper" in some of our large cities, you would be likely to use the elevator in going up and down. If you were compelled to climb the stairs, you would think it a terrible task; but when you reached the top, you would be only about three hundred feet above the street. Stand ten such buildings one on top of the other, and they would reach to about one fourth the height of Mt. Hood. How insignificant appear the great buildings of men, when compared with some of the buildings of God!

Mt. Hood owes its fame more to its situation, and its slender, graceful outline, than to its height. Standing almost on the banks of the mighty Columbia, about sixty miles east of Portland, Ore., it looks down on the vast plains of eastern Oregon on one side and the mighty Pacific Ocean on the other.

Geologists tell us that, ages ago, Mt. Hood was much higher than it is at the present time, the top and one side of the mountain having been blown off by a volcanic explosion. The explosion left the crater about two thousand feet below the summit, on the south side of the mountain, where it is now found. This theory is undoubtedly correct, but we know that geological ages do not cover as many years as so-called science often teaches. Before the flood there were no volcanoes, and God has told us quite definitely when the flood occurred. We may, therefore, safely conclude that the explosion that reduced the height of Mt. Hood was of comparatively recent date.

The ascent of Mt. Hood is not usually considered either difficult or dangerous; but one unaccustomed to mountain climbing may find it both. Scores of persons climb to its summit each year; and whenever an accident has

occurred, it has been because of the reckless daring of some one whose courage was greater than either his caution or experience.

It was principally a desire to do something unusual that led the writer and another young man to climb Mt. Hood, and spend a night on the summit. Years before, a guide had been compelled to remain on the summit overnight, with the result that he came near losing his life; but we thought we were prepared for the ordeal, and had no fear for the outcome.

Early one July morning we left our camp at timber line on the south side of the mountain, and began to tramp up over the snow fields. We carried two pairs of blankets, a mackintosh, a camera, a large canteen of water, and a generous lunch. That made a rather heavy

load for amateur mountaineers; but we took our time, and reached the crater without difficulty, a little before noon. Here we took a short rest, and ate a lunch before continuing the ascent to the summit. One crevasse, and only one, blocked our way. By making a long detour to the left, we were able to cross this on an ice bridge.

The photograph here reproduced shows this crevasse at the end of the long ridge of snow. It was taken from the crater, looking toward the summit. Beyond the crevasse we struggled, step by step, up the steep banks of ice and snow, until about three o'clock, when we reached the very top. The last part of the ascent was hard work. We were sheltered from the wind, but not from the sun, so the climb was almost like taking a Turkish bath. On the summit we were greeted by a strong wind, so bitterly cold that it chilled us in a moment, and effectually took away our appetite for scenery. We accordingly lost no time in searching out a sheltered spot, and at once began to dig a cave in the snow.

The spot selected for our Eskimo house was on the north side of the peak, where an almost perpendicular wall of snow reached from a narrow shelf of rock to the very top of the mountain. The entrance to our cave was perhaps ten or twelve feet from the actual summit. We dug through about a foot of snow, and then struck solid ice. In this the round, blunt points of our alpenstocks made little impression, and it was nearly sundown before we finished the cave, which was long enough to sleep in, high enough to stretch in, and wide enough for two to lie side by side. Of course we expected to sleep. Eskimos sleep in snow houses. Why should n't we?

We spread the mackintosh on the floor, and on top of this laid one pair of blankets, reserving the other for covering. Then we partly blocked the entrance of our snug little cave, and went out to see the sunset.

A few clouds were drifting about in the mountains below; but in the distant west the sky was clear. For a moment we caught the reflection of the sun's parting rays on the restless waters of the distant Pacific; then twilight fell. Twilight lingers a long time on the mountain tops; so for more than an hour we stood in a sheltered nook out toward the western extremity of the summit, and gazed on the scene spread out before us. We saw the lights of Portland and the gleam of an occasional campfire, but the clouds grew thicker and blacker until we could see nothing but a dark, rolling mass of vapor. The wind had doubled its fury, until it was no longer possible to stand against it. We crawled back to the cave, blockaded the entrance so as to leave only a small airhole, and prepared to—shiver.

We slept very little that night. Long before morning we had doubled up the second pair of blankets to put under us, in a vain endeavor to keep down the terrible cold. We mutually agreed that Eskimos have more than a mackin-



THE CREVASSE.

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tosh and two pairs of blankets to sleep on when they make their bed on a floor of ice.

All things have their end; and when morning came, there ended one of the most miserable nights the writer ever spent. But despite our night of suffering, we were able to appreciate the beauty of the glorious sunrise. No pen can describe the rich and varied tints of crimson and gold scattered lavishly upon the dark clouds hiding the earth from view.

We were so numb and stiff from the cold that we dared not attempt the descent until after eleven o'clock, when the sun had softened the crust of the snow sufficiently for us to pierce it with our alpenstocks. Even then we proceeded with great caution, until we had safely crossed the crevasse. Then all caution was thrown to the winds, and we went down with long strides, sometimes venturing a short glissade.

Below the crater we found a homemade toboggan, which some one had left on the rocks. It was a rough affair, but we thought it would be a time-saver in the descent, and this it certainly proved. It carried us from the crater to within a few rods of our camp,—a distance of three miles,—in so short a time that it is scarcely worth mentioning.

When we looked back at the peak, it was covered with clouds. We had descended just in time, and were heartily glad that our novel, and not altogether unenjoyable, adventure was over.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



FOR ME

UNDER an Eastern sky,
Amid the rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned his blessed head;
Blood-stained his every tread;
Cross-laden, on he sped
For me.

Pierced were his hands and feet;
Three hours did o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat
For me.

Thus wert thou made all mine.
Lord, make me wholly thine;
Grant grace and strength divine
For me.

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do. O lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To thee!

— Selected.

CHRIST BEFORE HEROD

FROM Pilate, Christ was hurried to the judgment hall of Herod. Herod had never met Jesus, but he had long desired to see him, and witness his marvelous power. As the Saviour was brought forth, the multitude surged and pressed about him. Herod commanded silence, for he wished to question Christ. He desired to have his curiosity gratified, and thought that Christ would do anything he asked, if he was given a prospect of release.

Herod ordered the fetters of Christ to be unloosed. He looked with curiosity into the serene face of the world's Redeemer, but he read there only innocence and noble purity. He was satisfied, as Pilate had been, that Christ had been brought there from motives of malice and envy. He urged Jesus to perform one of his wonderful miracles before him. At his command the decrepit and

maimed were brought into the presence of Christ, and he was ordered to prove his claims by demonstrating his power before them. Men say that thou canst heal the sick, Herod said; I am anxious to see that thy wide-spread fame has not been belied. If thou canst work miracles for others, work them now; and it shall serve thee a good purpose.

But the Saviour stood before the king as one who neither saw nor heard. Herod felt that he was mocked. Again he commanded Jesus to work a miracle. Show us a sign, he said, that thou hast the power with which rumor hath accredited thee. He promised Christ that if he would perform some miracle in his presence, he would release him. But Christ preserved alike his silence and his godlike majesty. That ear that had ever been open to human woe had no room for Herod's words. Those eyes that had ever rested upon the sinner in pitying, forgiving love, had no look to bestow upon Herod. Those lips that had uttered the most impressive truths, that had ever pleaded in tones of tenderest entreaty, that had ever been ready to speak pardon to the most hardened sinner, were closed to him.

Some of Christ's accusers had seen with their own eyes the mighty works wrought by his power. Their ears had heard him command the grave to give up its dead. They had seen the grave obey his command, and fear seized them lest Christ should work a miracle and thus defeat their purposes. In great anxiety they raised their voices, declaring, He is a traitor, a blasphemer. He works his miracles through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. He claims to be the Son of God, the king of Israel. The hall was one scene of confusion, some crying one thing, and some another.

Herod interpreted the silence of Christ as an insult to himself, a contempt for his power. Turning to him, he said: If you will not work a miracle, if you will give no proof of your claims, I will give you up to the soldiers and the people. They may succeed in making you speak. If you are an impostor, death at their hands is only what you merit; if you are the Son of God, save yourself.

No sooner were these words spoken than a rush was made for Christ. The Saviour was mocked, and dragged this way and that, Herod making suggestions as to how they could best humiliate him. And all this against a man who had been pronounced faultless. No accusation could be proved against him. He was the victim of the malice and jealousy of the people who had been the chosen of God.

Satan led the cruel mob in their abuse of the Saviour. It was his purpose to provoke him to retaliation, if possible, or to drive him to perform a miracle to release himself, and thus break up the plan of salvation. One stain upon his human life, one failure of his humanity to bear the terrible test, and the Lamb of God would have been an imperfect offering, and the redemption of man a failure. But he who by a command could bring the heavenly host to his aid, he who could have driven that mob in terror from his sight by one look of divinity, submitted to the coarsest insult and outrage with dignified composure. The crown of thorns encircling his brow was the symbol of his anointing as the great High Priest.

As Herod saw Jesus accepting all this indignity in silence, he was moved with a sudden fear that this was no common man before him. He was perplexed by the thought that his prisoner might be a god come down to the earth. He dared not ratify the condemnation of the Jews. He wished to relieve himself of the terrible responsibility, and so sent Jesus back to Pilate.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Dan. 8:14-27; "Thoughts on Daniel," pages 160-182

NOTES ON LESSON II

(February 11-17)

1. *Tabernacle and Sanctuary.*—These words are used interchangeably in referring to the wonderful structure that God caused the children of Israel to erect in the wilderness, that he might dwell among them; but its prominent and permanent name was "sanctuary."

2. *The Temple.*—When the necessity for a movable structure ceased to exist, the sanctuary took a more permanent form, and was built on Mt. Moriah in Jerusalem. The pattern of this structure was given to David. Each of the apartments was twice the size of those of the tabernacle built in the wilderness. The vessels were also enlarged and multiplied for the service. Unto Solomon was committed the erection of the building, and seven and one-half years was required for its completion. As the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle in the wilderness (Ex. 40:34), just so he took possession of the temple. 1 Kings 8:10, 11.

3. *The Temple Despoiled.*—Thirty-four years after the dedication, Shishak, king of Egypt, conquered Jerusalem, and carried away the treasures of the temple. The rule of Egypt was but temporary; and, later, restoration was made of some of the losses.

4. *The Temple Destroyed.*—When Nebuchadnezzar conquered Jerusalem, B. C. 606, he removed the sacred vessels to Babylon. After the third siege of the city, B. C. 588, the temple, with the whole city, was set on fire, and nothing was left but an unconsumable pile of rubbish.

5. *The Temple Rebuilt.*—After the expiration of the seventy years of Israel's captivity in Babylon, multitudes of the Jews returned to the site of Jerusalem, to rebuild the house of the Lord. The sacred vessels were also restored. Fifty-two years after the first temple was destroyed, Zerubbabel laid the foundation of the second. Hindrances were encountered, and it was not completed until twenty-one years later.

6. *Some Things Lacking.*—The house was of the same dimensions as the former one, but those things that constituted the glory of the first temple were missing; namely, the ark, which contained the tables of the law; the shekinah, or glory of the divine presence manifest between the cherubim over the ark; the urim and thummim; and the holy fire on the altar.

7. *Again Rebuilt.*—After five hundred years the temple was in need of many repairs. Herod the Great, to court the favor of the Jews, proposed tearing it down and rebuilding. This was done. Forty-six years was required to build it, and it was completed A. D. 27, the very year in which Christ began his public ministry. The magnificence and splendor of this building excited the admiration of the world.

8. *Final Destruction.*—In A. D. 70 the armies of Rome encompassed Jerusalem, and the city fell. A Roman soldier climbed upon the shoulders of a comrade, and thrust a firebrand into the gilded lattice of the temple porch. The magnificent structure was leveled to the ground. This destruction came in the same month, and upon the same day of the month, that the destruction of Solomon's temple occurred, six hundred and fifty-eight years before.

9. *What Became of the Ark?*—It, with other large furniture of the sanctuary, was not taken to Babylon, else it would have been returned with the other sacred treasures carried there. Some have thought that it was hidden by Jeremiah. A passage in the book of Maccabees is doubtless the authority for this. The quotation reads that Jeremy the prophet, "being warned of God, commanded the tabernacle and the ark to go with him, as he went forth into the mountain where Moses climbed up, and saw the heritage of God. And when Jeremy came thither, he found an hollow cave, wherein he laid the tabernacle and the ark, and the altar of incense, and so stopped the door. And some of those that followed him came to mark the way, but they could not find it. Which, when Jeremy perceived, he blamed them, saying, As for that place, it shall be unknown until the time that God gather his people again together, and receive them unto mercy." From this latter expression some have thought that before the end of time, the ark will be discovered.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, truth is so:
That, howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, thou dost not fall.
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

FEBRUARY STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART II: GEOGRAPHY OF CHINA

(February 11-17)

1. *Basis of Study.*—For Part II of the February study, read "Geography of China," in the February issue of the *Missionary Magazine*.

2. *Family Boats.*—The population of many of China's cities is so dense that large numbers of the people live in boats on the rivers and lakes. These boats ply between the shore and the various ships, taking passengers whenever they may be obtained. They are called "sampans," and are generally long, with a small awning near the stern, under which the passengers sit. Of the four or five rowers, but one or two are men; the rest are women or young girls, who are as strong and active as the men. Each boat is the home of a family; where a family is not sufficiently large, two sometimes occupy one boat. The dwellers on these boats naturally become expert in rowing and handling their craft. Little skill is required in good weather, but there are times when the sea is so rough that boats can not be obtained at any price, and passengers desiring transportation in them may be delayed for several days.

3. *Life in a Sampan.*—While she rows, the mother may have her infant strapped to her back; and the little fellow's head, which is unsupported, travels from side to side with every movement she makes. Often the baby is handed over to a child—boy or girl—of nine or ten years, who, with the burden on his back, moves about freely, not seeming to mind

it at all. Children old enough to toddle about, but still young enough to require attention, are often tied by a string to the middle of the boat; or they may have gourds fastened about their bodies, so that if they fall overboard, as is sometimes the case, they will float until picked up.

4. *Other Boats.*—Besides the sampans, there are many other boats. Some are floating palaces, which at night are brilliantly lighted, and busy waiters may be seen moving about among the feasting men and painted women. Not infrequently these are gambling-houses and places of debauch. The large house-boats, two stories high, are richly decorated and ornamented, and used as excursion boats. Many of the vessels moored by the river-side are places of entertainment and refreshment. Some are even hotels.

5. *Joss-Houses.*—A joss is a Chinese idol. There may be a number of these idols in a joss-house, or temple. One of these temples is described as having thirty or forty idols. Among other offerings to joss were some large model-ships, representing three-deckers; these were made of paper, stretched upon frames of wood, and showed that the Chinese desired joss to cast some barbarian (foreign) ships upon the shore, that they might plunder them. Joss-paper is used in worship. It is made of gold or silver paper, cut in the shape of coin, and burned before the god.

6. *Sacred Lily.*—The Chinese, or sacred, lily, is the national flower. The Chinese call it the "Shui Sin Far," or Water Fairy Flower; and the "Joss Flower," or Flower of the Gods. It is a variety of the narcissus, and bears white flowers with golden-yellow cups. The bulb is placed in a bowl of water, with pebbles and shells, at such a date that it will bloom by New-year's day, being regarded as a symbol of good luck. At this time there is scarcely a family that has not one or more of these plants in bloom, and the majority have a number. They are also seen in the shops and stores.

7. *Chinese New Year.*—The Chinese new year is a movable festival, and may fall on any date between January 21 and February 19. It is held in particular honor, and is ushered in with the noise of firecrackers. Great numbers are fastened together upon a string in such a way that, when ignited, the rest explode in regular succession.

8. *New-Year's Customs.*—New-year's day is a universal holiday. Every shop and place of business is entirely closed; and for a week or ten days, and sometimes even two weeks, business is more or less suspended, every one taking as long a holiday as his money will allow. Worshipers crowd the joss-houses. Little rectangular pieces of perforated gilt paper decorate the door of every dwelling. A tiny niche in the entrance is adorned in like manner, and lighted with small tapers, serving as a small shrine. A great deal of visiting is done. The streets are crowded with people on their way to make calls. Those who stay at home and receive visitors do their calling by proxy, in the persons of their servants or clerks, who leave red paper cards, with complimentary messages, at the houses of their masters' acquaintances. All try to be well dressed on the first day of the year. The poor man will obtain for this occasion a passable costume, which is usually a long coat reaching down to his heels. It does not matter if he has to leave it in pawn for the remainder of the year; it is enough that he has it to wear on

New-year's day. Those not able to buy will borrow a dress for the occasion. Sometimes the servants are garbed so finely then that they are not recognized by their masters. The children of both sexes are dressed in bright colors. Every man is clean-shaven. Presents are freely exchanged.

9. *Character of the Chinese.*—Those who have lived among the people of this nation differ as to their character. They have a great respect for age. Often after a son marries, he lives with his father, and obeys him as he did before marriage. The head of the family, the oldest male, exercises supreme authority. The Chinese are superstitious. They place no value upon truth, thinking nothing of lying and cheating. They are great gamblers, even the children indulging in this vice. Death is not feared by the Chinese, and they place a slight regard upon human life. On the other hand, they are sober, industrious, and economical. A reeling Chinaman is rarely seen on the street.

A READING CIRCLE EXPERIENCE

It may be of interest to some to know how the Lord led me, after making the matter a subject of much study and prayer, to the home of two lonely widows, mother and daughter. The mother is a paralytic, and has been confined to the house for nearly eleven years. After I had given a description of the book, "The Coming King," the daughter told me she had just bought a book from an agent ("Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation") and, not being a Bible student, she could not understand it. I asked if she would not like to have some of us call and read the book with her, and explain it. She gave a willing assent, and her mother said, "Oh, I am so glad!" You will better appreciate why she was glad when I tell you that notwithstanding she was once fairly well educated, her mind had become almost a blank, through suffering. We have held several readings with these friends, and have asked the Lord to quicken their minds, and he is answering our prayers. This experience has done us all good, and called forth praise to God from all concerned.

WM. S. HOPKINS.

PLANS

"THERE are three sets of plans for our lives," said a gray-haired lady—"those we make for ourselves, those our friends make for us, and God's, which finally overrule all. We are so sure, when life is young, that we know what we want, and have an undoubted right to secure it, that it is a surprise to find that our friends think they know better than we, and that if we pursue our chosen course, we must disappoint those who love us. 'Why can't they let us be happy in our own way, so long as it is n't a wrong way?' we say; and it takes us long to learn tenderness, for love's sake, with these kindly plannings that we can not follow. But when we have fought our way to our own path, it is not what we thought it. We are hurt with the hurts we have given, and the zest is gone.

"Then, as the years slip by, we find that we might have been at peace; for not what human affection planned for us, nor what we chose for ourselves, has come to pass; but slowly God's great purpose has changed and overruled all, bringing about, not what love feared nor hope dreamed, but his own will. Oh, what heartaches we might spare ourselves and our dear ones, if only we realized that over all our plannings runs his perfect, gracious purpose!"—*Well-Spring*.



A SONG IN THE NIGHT

NIGHT had fallen on the prairie,—
Chill and misty winter's night,—
In the quiet house I, lonely,
Sat me down to think and write.

But the day, by friends made pleasant,
Other friends had marred with pain.
Faces fair had smiled upon me;
Dark ones, proud, had frowned disdain.

And as pebbles in still water
Start the wavelet's circling play,
So my thoughts, in quick succession,
Rippled, rippled, far away,—

Thoughts of work for me awaiting,
Thoughts of errors in the past,
Future worry, present trouble,
Pleasure, sorrow, crowding fast,—

Till my mind refused to reason,
And my hand refused to write;
While I listened to the chill wind
Sighing through the winter night.

Silently I sat, till softly,
Through the mist and fog, I heard
Some one singing, though I could not
Clearly understand a word.

But the air was sweet and tender,
And the voice was true and strong;
Rapt, I listened, as the breezes
Bore the liquid notes along.

What is music, that it thrills us—
Makes us sorrow or rejoice?
What the power that oft lies hidden
In a few notes of a voice?

We know not; but though we love it
When in sunny hours we list,
Sweeter is a song at midnight,
Borne upon the winter's mist.

And when future days are troubled,
And dark shadows gloom the light,
I will call to my remembrance
That sweet song heard in the night.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

"ROOTED"

MARY LESTER was one of the most brilliant and earnest of the college girls, and teachers and classmates alike sympathized with her in the heavy affliction that brought her school-life to an abrupt termination.

Just at the opening of her junior year, her mother suddenly died, and she was summoned home to assume the management of the household, and the care of a number of younger brothers and sisters. Though overwhelmed with grief, she bade us all a brave good-by. The little room, whose belongings had been so characteristic of her bright individuality, was taken by a "new girl," and the stream of student-life closed behind her, almost as the larger current of world-life is wont to close again when some one drops out of sight forever.

But though we seldom heard of Mary, we could not forget her. So it happened that when Mrs. Warrington, our dearest teacher, and I, were taking a short vacation-journey together, we stopped, one day, at the country railway station nearest the Lester farm. Engaging passage in the old-fashioned mail-coach, which plied between the station and two or three small villages off the railway line, we were driven for five miles "up hill and down dale," until our lumbering equipage drew up in front of a low-roofed, red farmhouse, half hidden by clustering trees and clambering vines.

Mary was expecting us, and came swiftly down the path. Her face was glowing with welcome. "It is so lovely of you both to come to see me!" she said. "And you must have had a warm, disagreeable ride. The children have been watching, the last hour, for the stage."

She spoke laughingly, but a slight tremor in her voice seemed to show that the lightness was assumed to hide an almost uncontrollable rush of feeling. The children came forward to be presented to us,—two sturdy boys, of fourteen and sixteen respectively, and a pair of twin girls, ten years old. Directly her father entered, a kindly faced man, whose bronzed cheeks and hardened hands told the story of a farmer's life of toil and exposure.

At the supper table, which was daintily though plainly spread, Mrs. Warrington praised the lightness of the rolls and the sweetness of the butter.

"Yes," said Mr. Lester, "Mary's getting to be as good a cook and butter-maker as her mother was," and he glanced at his daughter with a smile which seemed to say that approval could go no further.

When the meal was over, the little girls began to clear away the dishes, and Mary led the way to the garden, where we sat down together upon a bench under a spreading cherry tree.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Warrington, taking Mary's hand in her own, "tell me all about yourself."

Mary colored almost painfully.

"There is not much to tell, dear Mrs. Warrington," she answered, trying to speak playfully. "You see it all."

"But I see only the outside."

"There is nothing else worth seeing!" Mary began, but her voice broke, and she went on impetuously. "Please don't think me ungrateful; for, indeed, I could never tell you what it is to me to have you here! But the sight of your faces brings back to me so much that I ought to forget."

"What, Mary?"

"All my hopes and plans, the things I meant to do in the world, and—I may as well confess it—for the world. I must have been very foolish and ambitious, for I really thought I could do some special work. I longed to achieve—to be of use in some broad sense. Of course that is no longer possible."

"Why?"

Mary looked surprised, but she answered, gently: "I could never be spared from home. Poor father has had losses, and needs all the help that I can give him. The children depend upon me. We must begin to plan already for the boys' education. Indeed, I am not repining—I would not leave them, if I could. But you see how it is,—I am rooted here."

"Ah! I have just made a discovery!" said Mrs. Warrington, with such apparent irrelevance and lack of sympathy that I could only gaze at her in astonishment. "That sweet-brier yonder is the source of the delicious fragrance that I have been breathing ever since I came, even before I was out of the coach."

The color mounted again to Mary's cheeks, but she said nothing.

"Others have found it out before me," Mrs. Warrington went on. "Only see the butterflies—how they hover and sip! And the bees—dusty fellows!—they will have their honey flavored with roses. And look! yonder darts a humming-bird! What a profusion of blossoms! Such a harvest as there will be of the little scarlet hips by and by!"

"Yes," said Mary, "the bush is covered with berries every fall, and they hang upon it long after the snow comes. The children call

it 'the snow-birds' granary,' for the little creatures come from far and near to feast. It almost seems as if they must have couriers to pass on the good news of plenty. We are always very sorry when the last berry has disappeared."

"The bush is indeed a wonderful purveyor. Beauty for all eyes, fragrance borne on every breeze, sweetness and food for all comers—these are its gifts. Yet, Mary, from spring to spring again, year after year, it never once stirs from its corner of the garden: it is 'rooted'!"

Tears sprang to Mary's eyes.

"O Mrs. Warrington!" she cried, "I see—I understand."

The teacher laid a tender arm about the young girl's shoulders.

"The rose-tree," she said, "draws that which it gives from the warm heart of the earth. The moisture and richness of the soil flow upward through its veins, and are transformed into beauty and blessing. And the soul which is 'rooted and grounded in love,' knows the love of Christ, 'which passeth knowledge,' and is 'filled with all the fullness of God.'"—*Young People's Weekly.*

PLAYMATES

Two little puppies, full of play,
With a bone to worry and toss,
Were sporting together the livelong day,
And they never seemed vexed or cross.
Three little squirrels, gray and wee,
And spry and light as a bird,
Played all day long in the old oak tree,
And they never said one sharp word.
Four tiny pussies, the little dears,
Climbed up on the garden wall;
They played with each other's tails and ears,
And never quarreled at all.
Five little birds, such a very tight fit,
In oh, such a tiny nest!
Never crowded nor shoved nor pushed one bit
For the place that each liked best.
Six little chicks in the grass so green,
Seven little ducks in the brook,
Never gave one another, as I have seen,
An angry or unkind look.
Eight little lambs went to frolic and feed
In the meadows broad and bright,
And the dear little things never once disagreed,
From the dawn of day till night.
Nine little boys were playing ball,
But they made such a fuss,—oh, dear!—
And wrangled and scolded and screamed and all,
That it tired my ears to hear.
And that is the way, I am sorry to say,—
For was n't it just too bad?—
That they lost, on this pleasant summer day,
All the fun that they might have had.
—*Edith H. Thomas.*

QUERIES AND QUESTIONS

If the reader will use a dictionary in the effort to answer, more may be seen in the following queries and questions than appears on the surface:—

Has a heathen a *creed*?

Do we, or do we not, make a noise in *craunching* food?

What is the relation between *each* and *other*?

Is the language of the Bible an *idiom*?

Is a cut finger *lacerated*?

Is coal *pabulum*; if so, how and why?

Is one necessarily *lacking* who is in *want*?

Will a *daisy* grow on a *dais*?

What is the difference between a *story* and a *gag*?

Is a hen a *grallatory* bird?

Is a man who is hung, *suspended* or *hanged*?

Is his death *accidental*?

W. S. CHAPMAN.

"OSTENTATION is never typical of true success. It is always well to remember that the vast majority of successful men are never heard of."



"IF GOD SO CLOTHE THE GRASS"



WE have seen that, when ripe, fruits in their natural state are made conspicuous by their color, which contrasts strongly with the color of the foliage. But before the fruit was ripe, and ready for the seed sowing, it was practically of the same color as the foliage, and so almost indistinguishable from it. Thus the fruit is prevented from being taken before the seeds have matured.

When the fruit is ripe, birds and other creatures are attracted not only by the conspicuous color, but by the pleasant food that they find stored in the pulp. This food is the price that the tree pays to the birds and to man for their work in sowing the seeds contained in the fruit.

But not until the seeds are ready to be separated from the plant do the fruits become thus pleasant to the taste.

Before the seeds are matured and ready to be scattered, the fruit is decidedly unpleasant to the taste, and, indeed, contains alkaloids and glucosides that are positively poisonous to animals. By this protection the fruit is left on the tree until the seeds are ready to be separated from the parent plant. Some of these poisonous alkaloids are well known, being, unfortunately, often used as medicines, as, for instance, morphine, nicotine, atropine, and strychnine.

"Glucosides, of which more than a hundred are already known, have a use very similar to that of the alkaloids. Saponin is poisonous to man and animals; amygdalin splits up into the poisonous prussic acid, oil of bitter almonds, and sugar; and many others behave in exactly the same way. Tannin has an extremely bitter taste, and therefore protects branches, cortex, and fruits from being eaten."

Thus the Creator has provided that the fruit shall not be taken from the tree until it shall be of some use to the tree by the scattering of its seeds. Later, the alkaloids and glucosides are altered, "perhaps under the influence of the acids, which are present in large quantities in unripe fruits, and their place taken by sugars and other harmless materials. Thus what is at first unattractive, and even repulsive, becomes, on ripening, a nutritious food, much



sought after by animals, which at the same time unconsciously disperse the seeds. In this connection the walnut is very instructive. Until the seed contained in the 'nut' (here really the stone of a drupaceous fruit) is ripe, the latter is surrounded by a fleshy investment rich in tannin. It is not known that at this stage the nuts are ever interfered with by nut-

crackers or other animals. But on the ripening of the seed the fleshy envelope splits, and the nut becomes accessible.

"In other cases it is not by acids or bitter stuffs that the seeds are protected, but by strong-scented or sticky substances, which are contained in the cells and passages of the fruit. Thus, in the scales of the cone of the arolla pine, quantities of resin are present until the seeds are ripe. If the cones are cut with a knife, this resin escapes, and can only be removed from the blade with the utmost difficulty. Were a nut-cracker to peck the scales at this stage to obtain the young seeds, its beak would get all besmirched with the resin."

"The well-known 'hips' of roses, which ripen in the autumn, do not fall away from the plant, but remain attached. The seeds are contained in hard, tiny, nut-like fruits, which are inclosed in the fleshy and excavated receptacle. They are destined to be distributed by blackbirds, jackdaws, and other birds, which devour the hips for the nutriment contained in the fleshy investment; the little nuts, however, pass out undigested in some place more or less distant from the rose bush.

While these birds, attracted by the colored fruits, are welcome guests, the case is quite the reverse as regards mice and other little rodents, which gnaw the nuts, and devour their contents, the seeds. But the rose-hips are well protected against these animals. The stems and branches, up which they must climb to reach the fruits, are provided with sharp prickles, with downwardly directed points, which give complete immunity against these animals. I have repeatedly, in the late autumn, when the mice desert the fields, and take up their winter quarters in the abodes of man, strewed the ground in my garden with rose-hips of an evening. Invariably, next morning, I found that they had been gnawed and demolished by mice, while those remaining in place on the plants were untouched."

And if you did not know it before, you now learn one reason—I say one reason, for there are others—why there are thorns among the roses. You see that the thorns are a protection to the rose, keeping its seeds from being eaten by mice and other destructive animals. It is quite possible that if there were no thorns among the roses, there would soon, perhaps, be no roses. Are there unpleasant things in your life, like these thorns among the roses? Be patient, and even thankful, knowing that if God permits them, he has a purpose in so doing, and intends that they shall actually minister to your comfort and protection. If God so clothe the rose-bush and these other plants, which are here to-day, and to-morrow are gone forever, how much more will he not care for you?

L. A. REED.

"No LUSCIOUS fruit of autumn
Without the sweet spring flowers;
No lavish, golden harvest
Without the early showers;
No noble, honored manhood
Without a childlike truth;
No grand old age so peaceful
Without pure aims in youth."

WINTER DAYS

If every little snowflake
Declared it would n't fall,
And if every little sunbeam
Would n't shine at all,
Perhaps the little children
Would forget the way to smile,
And winter days would surely last
A weary, dreary while.

But here come hurrying snowflakes,
And the world will soon be white;
And then the dancing sunbeams
Will add their golden light;
And happy, smiling children
Will clap their hands, and say,
"Hurrah for sleds and snowballs
This lovely winter day!"

— Anna M. Pratt.

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS?

WHERE are all the pretty, fragrant flowers that blossomed last summer?—Only down in the ground.

Nothing but great ugly roots! But the spring rain and the warm sunshine will soon liven them up, and then here and there a tiny spot



ORCHARD IN AUTUMN.

will begin to swell up, and all the little cells will put out little buds, which will break off, and grow into other cells, till soon a little bud will be seen, about as large as a pin-head. Still the little cells will grow until the bud pushes up, through the earth and leaves and sticks, a small green shoot.

Then the leaves that are all wrapped up like scales, will begin slowly to unfold, and the little leaf-stalks will grow longer, and carry the leaves on their ends out from the plant, to make room for more leaves.

Soon, right at the place where the leaves are joined on, more little buds will appear, and these buds will become branches.

Then another strange thing will happen. Some of these buds will stop pushing forward and throwing out leaves, and will begin to swell and grow very big. The little leaves on the outside, that were just ready to unfold, stay tightly rolled up; but the little leaves inside turn white or red or yellow or blue, and still farther in, they become like little threads. Pretty soon this bud will burst, all at once, into a flower.

Those leaves that were packed away in the very center of the bud, do not open out at all, but grow together to form fruit and seeds. A ripe apple or peach does not look much like a leaf; but this change is only one of the wonderful things God is doing through nature.

N. W. LAWRENCE.



WOULD YOU BE A SOLDIER TRUE?

WOULD you be a soldier true,
Where the Lord has need of you?

When the tempter whispers low,
Can you firmly answer "No"?

Can you lend a helping hand,
That some needy soul may stand?

Can you smile when you are sad,
Just to make somebody glad?

Can you give up your own way
In some cherished work or play?

Can you sacrifice a toy
That some other might enjoy?

Can you for the right appear
When companions laugh and jeer?

Can you crush the bitter word
So it never shall be heard?

If unkindness you must learn,
Can you give love in return?

Then you are a soldier true,
Where the Lord has need of you.

— Selected.

THE BLESSED HOPE

"WHERE is the promise of his coming?" for "all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." This is what the apostle Peter tells us will be said in the last days by "scoffers," who do not believe the word of the Lord, which tells them of his coming.

From the days of Adam and Eve, God's people have looked forward to the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. This has been their one great hope and comfort through all the ages. Enoch, "the seventh from Adam," prophesied of this time, saying: "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints." Job, who lived very early in this world's history, spoke also of the same "blessed hope," in these beautiful words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." He knew that although his body should go into the grave and crumble into dust, yet at the coming of Jesus, "the resurrection and the life," he would awake from his long sleep to "see God."

In another beautiful passage he tells us what was to waken him in that glorious day for which he longed: "Call thou, and I will answer thee." Yes; at the voice of Jesus, even the dead awake, and answer to his call. He "calleth those things that be not as though they were," and immediately they are. He calls the dead, and they live.

Perhaps you are thinking of how he showed his power to do this when he was on the earth, — how he stood at the grave of Lazarus, and cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" "And he that was dead came forth," even though he was "bound hand and foot with grave clothes."

Oh, there is power in his word of life, — power that can overcome death and every obstacle, and cause all things to be exactly what he says. It was just as easy for Jesus to call Lazarus forth then as it will be in the hour that is coming, when "all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth."

The apostle Paul tells us not to sorrow as those that are without hope, over "them that are asleep." For "the Lord himself shall de-

scend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise." And again he tells us that at the coming of the Lord, "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."

Think how much, then, dear children, depends upon the coming of the Lord Jesus. Think of the thousands of his children still sleeping in the dust, waiting for his mighty voice to shake the earth, and rend the tombs, and form them again from "the dust of the ground," out of which he made man in the beginning by the power of his word.

As you, little ones, fall peacefully asleep at night, knowing that in the morning you will hear the voice of your mother calling you from your slumbers to the light and joy of a new day, — just so peacefully, and in the sure hope of a joyful awakening, did those holy men of old, of whom you love to read in your Bibles, — Abraham, Jacob, Samuel, David, Daniel, — lie down to rest when their appointed time came to sleep with their fathers.

And of the "early Christians," those who lived in the centuries just after the time when Jesus was on earth, we are told that "they were accustomed to bid their dying friends 'Good night,' so sure were they of their awakening in the resurrection morning." But what a long, long night, you will think — thousands of years for some of God's children. Yes, the night has been long, but it will soon come to an end. The Lord has waited many years, that men might come to repentance; but soon he will come, and all those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake.

EDITH E. ADAMS.

BE YE THANKFUL

WE are too apt to remember our misfortunes and forget our blessings. Dick's idea is a good one. Try it.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Dick, "that I really must —"
"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No; just look over my Book of Thanks."
"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Dick; then he read: "March 8. Ben lent me his hat." Here again: "January 4. When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly." Well," observed the boy, pleasantly, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many they are. It is a help, to mark them down; for then I do not forget them as I might if I only trusted to my memory. When I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my Book of Thanks." — Selected.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

I'LL give you a riddle to guess to-day:
Two pretty curtains were rolled away;
Two little windows were opened wide,
And I could see who was living inside.
A dear little girl peeped out and smiled;
Afterward came a naughty child;
And the windows were dim with a sudden shower,
And the curtains were crumpled and red for an hour;
But the sunbeams burst through the clouds, and then
The good little girl came back again.
There she stayed, to my heart's delight,
Till the curtains fell, and she said good night.
Can you guess what windows were opened wide,
And who are the children that lived inside?

— Youth's Companion.



THE BETRAYAL

(February 17, 1900)

Lesson Scriptures. — Matt. 26:48-56; Mark 14:44-53; Luke 22:47-54; John 18:2-11.

Memory Verses. — Matt. 26:52, 53.

Time: A. D. 31. **Place:** Mount of Olives. **Persons:** Jesus, disciples, Judas Iscariot, officers, multitude, priests, elders.

QUESTIONS

1. How did Judas know where Jesus was, that he might betray him? John 18:2. What provision had been made for Jesus' arrest? V. 3. As Jesus met the mob, what did he ask? V. 4.

2. When they replied that they sought Jesus of Nazareth, what answer did he give them? V. 5. When he had thus spoken, what took place? V. 6; note 1. When they had revived from this shock, what question was again addressed to the multitude by Jesus? What reply was given? V. 7. What answer did Jesus then make? Why? Vs. 8, 9; note 2.

3. What arrangement for the betrayal of Jesus had previously been made by Judas Iscariot? Matt. 26:48. Feigning love for Jesus (see "Desire of Ages"), how did he carry out his part? V. 49. As he approached Jesus and kissed him, what tender words of rebuke did Jesus speak? V. 50; Luke 22:48.

4. Emboldened by Judas's familiarity, what did the mob now do? Matt. 26:50. Upon seeing this, what did the disciples ask Jesus? Luke 22:49. Angered that Jesus should receive such treatment, what did one of the disciples do? Matt. 26:51. Which disciple was this? John 18:10; note 3.

5. What did Jesus immediately do? Luke 22:51. What rebuke and counsel did he give to Peter? Matt. 26:52, 53; John 18:11. By what was Jesus led thus firmly to choose the cup of suffering? Matt. 26:54.

6. Turning to the mob, what did Jesus say? Luke 22:52, 53. Why was all this permitted to take place? Matt. 26:56; note 4.

7. When the disciples saw that Jesus refused to deliver himself, what did they do? Mark 14:50; note 5. To what place was Jesus taken from the garden? V. 53.

NOTES

1. As these words were spoken, the angel who had lately ministered to Jesus, moved between him and the mob. A divine light illuminated the Saviour's face, and a dove-like form overshadowed him. In the presence of this divine glory, the murderous throng could not stand for a moment. They staggered back. Priests, elders, soldiers, and even Judas, fell as dead men to the ground. — "The Desire of Ages," page 694. As the mob was at this time struck down by the glory of God, so will the wicked be destroyed at the second coming of Christ. 2 Thess. 2:8; Rev. 6:15, 16.

2. In the presence of the murderous throng that was hunting his life, Jesus' thoughts were not for himself, but for his disciples. He was even now laying down his life. He placed himself in the way, that the storm might fall on him instead of his followers. Who can not but love such a character? To-day "this same Jesus" invites us to find shelter in him. We, like the disciples, may be imperfect in faith and practice; but Jesus, though he knows all about it, has only thoughts of peace toward us. Dear young friend, place yourself in his care now. He will "never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

3. Peter had said that he was ready to go with his Lord to prison and to death. He had not said it in faith, but with confidence in his own strength and bravery. His trust was in the sword, and at the first opportunity he used the weapon in which his trust was placed. But this was the human way, not the divine. No man can follow Jesus after human methods; for Jesus is going in another direction, directly opposite. To follow Jesus to prison and death, only his ways may be cherished. Every step taken with the sword must be retraced, else final destruction will result. Human bravery is of no account, only as it is surrendered to God: it then becomes boldness in the Lord.

4. Every event in the life of Christ was a fulfillment of Scripture. In the counsels of heaven his life-work had been laid out, Jesus himself making known to the angels that he must die the death of the cross. All was determined beforehand. Acts 4:27, 28. We can not comprehend these wonderful plans of God, but we may nevertheless rejoice in their accomplishment. God has a plan for each and every one of his children.

5. The disciples had at no time really believed, it would seem, that Jesus would suffer himself to die. They hoped he would exert his divine power in his own behalf. But this he could not do, and still be our example. Just as he lived, we may live; for all the power that he exercised in living righteously we may have. In the action of the disciples we see how long wrong teaching follows men, and how blind and weak they are in consequence. Not only were the disciples robbed of all the precious blessings of Gethsemane, but they forsook Jesus as soon as the real trial came.

WHATEVER other books you read or neglect to read, let me entreat you to give yourselves thoroughly and systematically to the mastery of that which is the oldest, the greatest, and the best of all—the Bible. Our literature owes more to it than to any other, and however literary we may be, we shall enjoy it the more. Here are the earliest histories, the noblest lyrics, the loftiest philosophy, the most honest biographers, and the most earnest letters that were ever penned. And besides all these attractions, here is the portraiture of a perfect life, the exposition of true religion, and the proclamation of the only atonement for the sins of men.—*W. M. Taylor.*

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Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

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No. 23, Accommodation	2.07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight	8.25 A. M.
EAST-BOUND.	
No. 22, Mail and Express	8.25 A. M.
No. 24, Accommodation	1.45 P. M.
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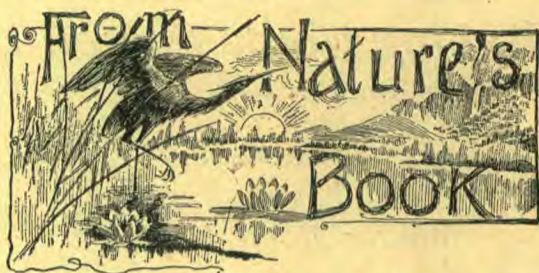
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No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago	12.15 P. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago	9.00 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago	3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper	1.10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend	8.20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	
EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.	
No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit	3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit	8.27 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit	2.25 A. M.
No. 2, Lehigh Exp., to Saginaw, Bay City, Pt. Huron, and East	6.50 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed, to Durand (starts at Nichols)	7.15 A. M.
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.	

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



AIR, VEGETATION, AND WATER PURIFIED BY BLOOD

TO ADAM, God said: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Gen. 1:28.

Adam was Christ's vicegerent upon the earth. He was made to have dominion over the works of God's hands; therefore God put "all things under his feet, . . . all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas." Ps. 8:4-9.

Satan induced man to partake of the forbidden tree, and thus he lost his dominion. The air, which had hitherto been of a mild, uniform temperature, now chilled the guilty pair. Sin penetrated and affected the entire dominion of Adam. When Christ came to seek and save that which was lost, the devil took him up into a high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and said, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Satan had usurped the dominion given to Adam, and had become the ruler of the world and "the prince of the power of the air." Eph. 2:1, 2.

From the time Satan gained this power to the present, the air has become more and more contaminated with germs of disease and death. The prophet, in speaking of this, says: "Death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets." Jer. 9:21. It is the power of God that spares his people from the death that is in the atmosphere we breathe; for the air is polluted by sin. God designed that the growth of vegetation should counteract the poison in the air; and when man increases vegetation by cultivating the soil, he is co-operating with the Lord.

Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, in the air as well as in the hearts of men. Death will never be entirely removed from the atmosphere until the blood of Christ redeems the air. This was taught in the sanctuary service by the offering of the two birds brought by the cleansed leper, as follows: "Then shall the priest command to take for him that is to be cleansed two birds alive and clean, and cedar wood, and scarlet, and hyssop; and the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water: and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field." Lev. 14:4-7.

The cedar and hyssop, being the two extremes in vegetation, would represent all the vegetation on the earth. 1 Kings 4:33. The scarlet would indicate the deeply dyed sin. Isa. 1:18. These, with the living bird, were dipped in the blood of the slain bird, thus showing that the water as well as the vegetation will be redeemed by the blood of Christ.

The living bird, with blood upon its wings, was allowed to fly out of the city into the open field, to make an atonement. Thus through the air went the blood that typified the blood of our Saviour, which was shed upon the cross, showing that the air will be cleansed by the death of Christ.

As the blood of the slain bird was shed over running water, so from the side of the crucified Saviour flowed blood and water; and the saying became true that he came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but "by water and blood. And it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth. . . . There are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood: and these three agree in one." 1 John 5:6-8. So in the cleansing of the leper, which represents the worst sin men can commit, is shadowed forth the water as well as the blood that flowed from the side of Christ. This also brings to view the baptism of every truly converted soul.

S. N. HASKELL.

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed to you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Farrar.

MONDAY:

If any little word of mine,
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

—Anonymous.

TUESDAY:

"If you do not wish for God's kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it."

WEDNESDAY:

"Lord, do not let me be content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with earnest thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher."

THURSDAY:

Giving is not the throwing away of that which we never miss; but it is the consecrating to noble uses that which is very dear to us, that which has cost us much.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

FRIDAY:

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy, like the keys
Of an organ vast.
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

—Whittier.

SABBATH:

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." 2 Cor. 4:18.

"Our choice in life may be restricted to a few things, yet the things we choose show what we are, and the nobility of choice can be shown in the narrowest and poorest life as well as in the richest and widest."

CHURCH ETIQUETTE

THE following rules on church etiquette are not new, but they are worth repeating. If every one who enters the house of God would put them in practice, there would be far less confusion than too often exists:—

"1. If possible, be in time. You need ten minutes to get your breath, get warm or cool, compose your body and mind, and whisper a prayer before the first notes of the organ.

"2. Never pass up the aisle during prayer or Scripture reading. If you do, your presence will distract the minds of the entire audience.

"3. Be devout in every attitude; find the hymn given out, and share the book with your neighbor. Sing if you can.

"4. If the sermon has begun, take a seat near the door, no matter if you are at your home church.

"5. Be thoughtful in church for the comfort of others. Take the inside end of the pew, if you are the first to enter, and leave the vacant space at the aisle end.

"6. Don't rush for the door after the benediction is pronounced, but linger a moment. We should be loath to depart from the sacred temple.

"7. There should be no loud talking or jesting after the service is concluded."

AN AID IN THEIR STUDY

THE Supplementary Notes given each week in the INSTRUCTOR are designed to be of special help in the family reading circle, bringing out historical and geographical facts not found in the lesson-text, as well as applying to present experience the lessons learned. The following extract from a letter lately received at the INSTRUCTOR Office shows how one family appreciate these notes: "We received a sample copy of your good paper last week, and see the necessity of our having its weekly visits as an aid in our study of the lessons of the Missionary Reading Circle, which we as a family are enjoying very much. We therefore inclose twenty-five cents (all the money we have just now) for the paper, hoping you can begin the subscription with the first number of January."

OUR INSTRUCTOR MISSION FUND

WE are glad to acknowledge the receipt of a generous contribution to this fund this week.

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