

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 20



BEAUTIES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—V

As one looks oceanward from San Pedro harbor, he can see dimly through the hazy mist, at a distance of twenty-three miles, a small black speck upon the face of the waters. This is the island of Santa Catalina. Twice a day during the busy season the little steamers plow their way through the sea to this summer isle, affording trips that are a delight to the mariner, though less pleasant to those who spend the time paying tribute to Neptune, while the little boat joins in a playful romp with the mighty sea. After being restored to their normal equilibrium, the passengers generally begin to look about to see the spout of the California whale, and watch with interest the schools of flying fish, now flitting about over the water, now darting beneath the curling waves.

As it draws near the island, the boat skims over the ocean, that lies in glassy stillness along its northeast shore, and glides into Avalon, the little half-moon bay sleeping so silently below the bold headlands that children, unattended, paddle carelessly about.

This is the ideal rowing- and bathing-place; for the water is not disturbed by the surf that beats vehemently upon the rocky cliffs of the southwest shore. The wind seldom reaches this sandy beach, and so calm and clear is the water that a look through the glass-bottomed boat reveals wondrous mysteries on the floor of the sea. So perfect is the life there revealed, so clearly do the trees loom up from their watery groves, that the observer is led away into a wonder-world far beyond his most fantastic dreams.

The boat first floats over great kelp beds; then over beautiful gardens of variegated seaweed, where, in and out through the tender sprays, dart the tiny creatures of the deep; then over rocks alive with the strange forms of the submarine world. Order seems to govern all,

and the solemn stillness adds impressiveness to the scene beneath.

Here are wonderful fishing grounds, where may be caught anything from a herring to a giant sea bass weighing five hundred pounds. It is amusing to watch the fisher being towed by one of these great monsters. In fact, sometimes it is rather difficult to decide at which end of the line the fisher is. The pride of conquest is the only reward for taking the life of these creatures; for after being wrenched from its happy quarters, the bass is not considered edible.

While most visitors come here because of the enjoyment they find upon the water, the interior of the island is not without attractions. Hovering about the sheltered cove of the bay is the little town of Avalon, the only inhabited por-

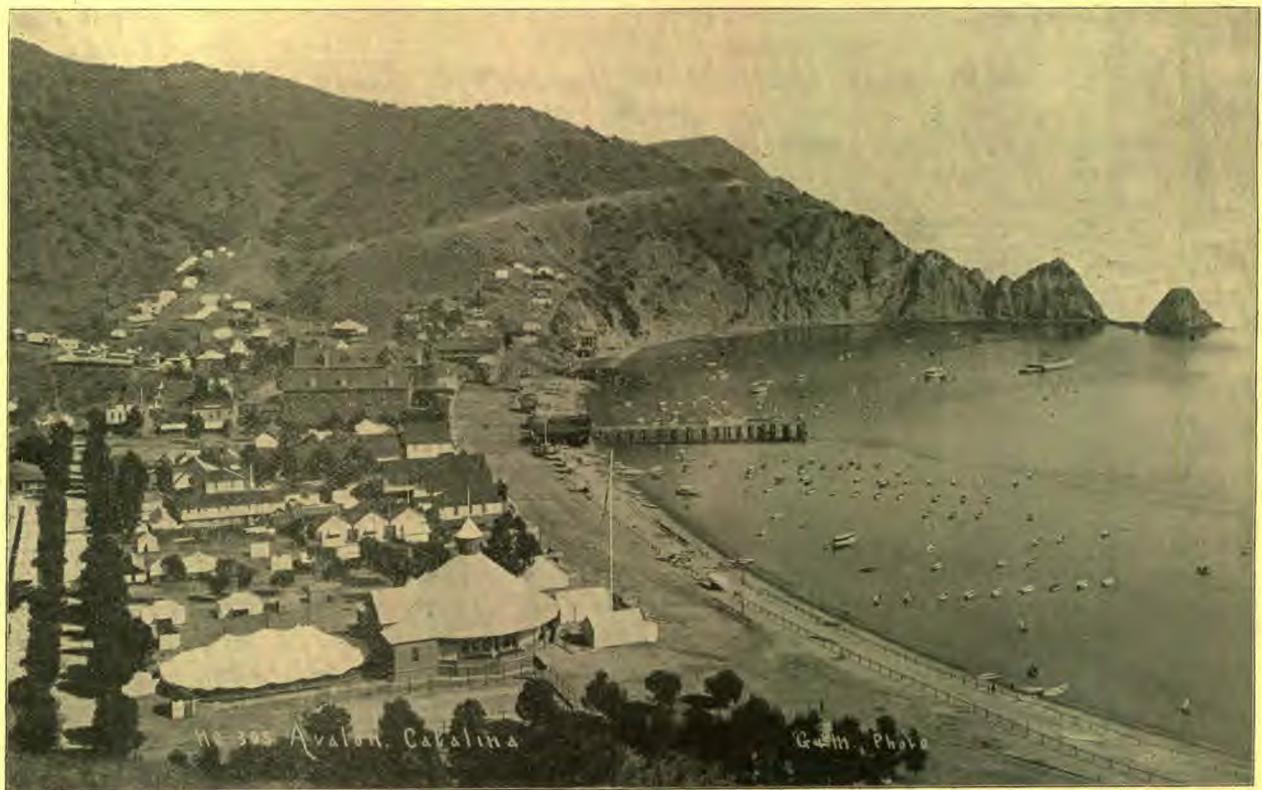
From here the trip is continued to the opposite side of the island in the more inaccessible regions, thickly inhabited with mountain game. The return is quickly made. The passengers are weary with their day's outing, and they leave all to the driver, who gathers the reins, and skillfully guides his six horses past precipices, around curves, through cañons, and down to the valley below.

Santa Catalina Island is twenty miles long and eight miles wide; it is the property of the Banning Company, and is under their careful management.

MRS. KATHLEEN WAGNER-GILMORE.

SOME ISLANDERS AND THEIR LANGUAGE

ON a map the islands of the Pacific look like little dots scattered here and there over the ocean; and so they are. But though they



tion of the island. In the height of the season, between five and six thousand persons live about Avalon Bay. Many of them inhabit the tent village among the beautiful shade-trees along the macadamized streets; others prefer the more central part of the town, at Hotel Metropole, or the surrounding boarding-halls.

The twenty miles of mountains, with their deep gorges and winding trails, the high cliffs and precipitous rocks, the green valleys and heavy forests, the gushing waterfalls and dancing rills,—all add grandeur to the scenic stage-road that stretches across the brow of the island. Slowly and steadily the ascent is made. When the summit is reached, a halt is called, and the passengers view the broad expanse of the sea, beyond which tower the mountains.

are small in comparison with the continents, there are thousands of them, and they are inhabited by millions of persons for whom Jesus died, and whom he loves as dearly as he loves their more favored brethren. The word of God says that the isles "wait for God's law;" therefore the third angel's message must be carried to every island, and the truth be preached everywhere as a witness to the people. We have the satisfaction of knowing that our labor among the islands will not be in vain; for we are told that when the redeemed stand before the throne of God, there will be among them some from every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

Most of the natives of Polynesia belong to the brown race; but some, like the Fijians, re-

semble the negro, and are evidently of African descent. A large number of the population of the Society group are a mixture of the brown and white races. These are called half-castes, and are quite proud of their white blood. The Tahitian natives have dark eyes and black hair. They are not characterized by either curly hair or straight, as are the negroes and Indians, though perhaps curling hair is the more common. Like the people of the United States, they vary considerably in height. They are usually corpulent, and do not wish to be otherwise. Instead, they consider it very desirable to be fleshy. It is supposed that the original settlers of these islands came from New Zealand.

There is a similarity in the language all through the islands, from New Zealand to Hawaii, yet it varies somewhat in each group. In adjacent groups there is but a slight difference. For instance, that of the Austral Islands is the same as the Tahitian, except that *f* and *h* are omitted. Then, too, the Austral islanders use *A* (*á*) for "yes," while the Tahitian word for "yes" is *E* (*á*).

As Tahiti is the most important commercial center in this part of the South Seas, there is much traffic between it and all the surrounding islands; and this language is understood and used more or less in the Tuamotu, Marquesas, Gambier, Austral, and Cook islands, besides being the native language of the whole Society group.

It is a simple language, or dialect, having but thirteen letters in its alphabet, and a small vocabulary. The difficulty in learning it is in the scarcity of language books and dictionaries, and the lack of set rules for its construction. The natives themselves know nothing about grammar or the rules for their own language. They simply learn it from hearing it spoken. Sometimes two persons who think themselves well versed in the language will disagree over a short, unimportant word, one feeling sure that it should be *a*, while the other is just as certain that it should be *na*. As there is no dictionary nor grammar to settle the dispute, it is sometimes hard to know which is right. Probably both are right, as a thought can usually be correctly expressed in more than one way.

As each letter has but one sound, the vowels having the long sound, the language is easy to learn to read or write. The majority of the people are able to read; but they are not naturally studious, and there are but few good readers among them. Most of them make no distinction between words; but when writing, join two or more words together as one word, or else divide a word, making several words from one. This is because they do so little studying or writing, and know the language only by sound.

On account of lack of words, one word or expression sometimes has a multiplicity of meanings. *Haapao maitai* means "to be careful; to behave well; to do right; do a thing well; to care for; to be watchful;" and many other things. For many English words we have no word in the Tahitian. We have nothing to distinguish the difference between "love," "mercy," "pity," "to salute," and "a gift," except the connection in which *aroha*, the one word for them all, is used.

The words that are lacking are mostly such as are used to express spiritual truths. Those which apply to the feelings or sensations of the body are more plentiful. Instead of the word "sweet," the Tahitian says that sugar is *monamona*; a flower is *noanoa*; and music is *navenave*. The pronoun differs in the Tahitian in having a dual number, besides the singular

and plural. When "you" applies to one person, it is *oe*; for two persons it is *orua*; and for three or more, it is *outou*. There are four different words for "we." When the pronoun represents two persons, the person speaking and the one spoken to, it is *taua*. When it stands for the one speaking and another in the third person, it is *maua*. In the plural number, *tatou* means the person speaking and the ones addressed; while *matou* means the person speaking, and two or more others in the third person. These same words are used for "us," except that they are then preceded by *ia*.

The Bible has been printed for many years in the Tahitian language, and the Tahitian Bible is used in the Austral, Gambier, Tuamotu, and other adjacent islands, where the natives have none in their own tongue. There is but little literature in this language. A Bible dictionary, Pilgrim's Progress, a book on the sanctuary, and a number of pamphlets have been printed by other denominations. We have "Steps to Christ," several pamphlets of Bible readings, two on the Sabbath question, and one on temperance.

In the kingdom of God, when all shall speak the language of Canaan, God's people will be able to converse freely together of Jesus and his love and redemption, and there will be no trouble in understanding. B. J. CADY.

DAWN

THE glassy water, cool and clear
Reflects one solitary cloud;
And morning song-birds, far and near,
Repeat their matins shrill and loud:
"The night is done, and day is here."
—*N. E. Magazine.*

THE FIRST SIDEWALK IN NEW YORK

Now that New York is paved from end to end with stone, it may be interesting to know that in the early part of the last century there was not a sidewalk in the whole thrifty town. The first attempt at one was the work of a woman—Mrs. Samuel Provoost, familiarly known to all New Yorkers by her maiden name of Polly Spratt, who was a celebrated belle in her youth, and an exceedingly wise business woman all her life long.

Polly Spratt's husband died young, leaving behind him a fortune and a large importing business. His widow undertook the management of both. She built a row of offices in front of her handsome house, and a large store on one side. It was a little out of the line of traffic, and the shrewd owner determined to attract special attention to it. She therefore sent for a number of large, flat flagstones, and laid a fine sidewalk, not only in front of her property, but up to the street on either side. As New Yorkers had then no other place to walk than on the round, slippery cobblestones of the street, which sloped to a gutter in the middle, so that it was exceedingly difficult, in winter, to keep dry-shod, Polly Spratt's pavement was the talk of the town, and attracted so many visitors that her store was always thronged. Others followed her example, and soon the city authorities went to work to give sidewalks to all the principal avenues.

It is said that ladies came from Philadelphia to shop at this wonderful New York store; and that Mrs. Provoost made such a fortune that she kept a two-horse coach,—a thing which no one but the governor had ever been known to do. She afterward married James Alexander, and is well known in all the chronicles of New York as one of the leaders and ornaments of colonial society; and her son, Major William Alexander, became an intimate friend of George Washington.—*Selected.*



THE MORNING'S GOAL

I GAZE upon, at morning light,
A lofty mountain far away:
I tread beneath my feet at night
The crowning heights of early day.

But on the morrow, e'er I rise
To view some grander height, afar,
Which gleams so brightly in the skies
Methinks perhaps it is a star.

Thus, 'mid joy, or yet 'mid sorrow,
Ever upward let our way
View the heights of each to-morrow
From the goals of yesterday.

WALTER CUMMINGS BUTTERWORTH.

"THE VIOLENT TAKE IT BY FORCE"

I

"FROM the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

The preaching of John the Baptist created intense excitement. At the beginning of his ministry, religious interest was very low. Superstition, tradition, and fables had confused the minds of the people, and the right way was not understood. Zealous in securing worldly treasure and honor, men had forgotten God. John went forth to herald the Lord's anointed, and call men to repentance, saying: "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God. . . . Now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

The teaching of John aroused in the hearts of many a great desire to have a part in the blessings that Christ was to bring, and they received the truth. These saw the need of reform. They must not only seek to enter in at the strait gate; they must strive and agonize in order to have the blessings of the gospel. Nothing save a vehement desire, a determined will, a fixedness of purpose, could resist the moral darkness that covered the earth as the pall of death. In order to obtain the blessings that it was their privilege to have, they must work earnestly, they must deny self.

The work of John the Baptist represents the work for these times. His work, and the work of those who go forth in the spirit and power of Elijah to arouse the people from their apathy, are the same in many respects. Christ is to come the second time to judge the world in righteousness. The messengers of God who bear the last message of warning to be given to the world are to prepare the way for Christ's second advent as John prepared the way for his first advent. If the kingdom of heaven suffered violence in the days of John, it suffers violence now; to-day the blessings of the gospel must be secured in the same way. If form and ceremony were of no avail then, a form of godliness without the power can be of no avail now.

Two powers are at work. On the one side Satan is working with all his forces to counter-

work the influence of the work of God; on the other hand God is working through his servants to call men to repentance. Which will prevail? Satan, knowing that his time is short, has come down with great power, and is working with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish. Every agent that he can employ he is using to prevent souls from coming to the light. The victories we gain over self and sin are gained at the expense of the enemy, and he will not let us enjoy the blessings of God without making determined efforts to resist us.

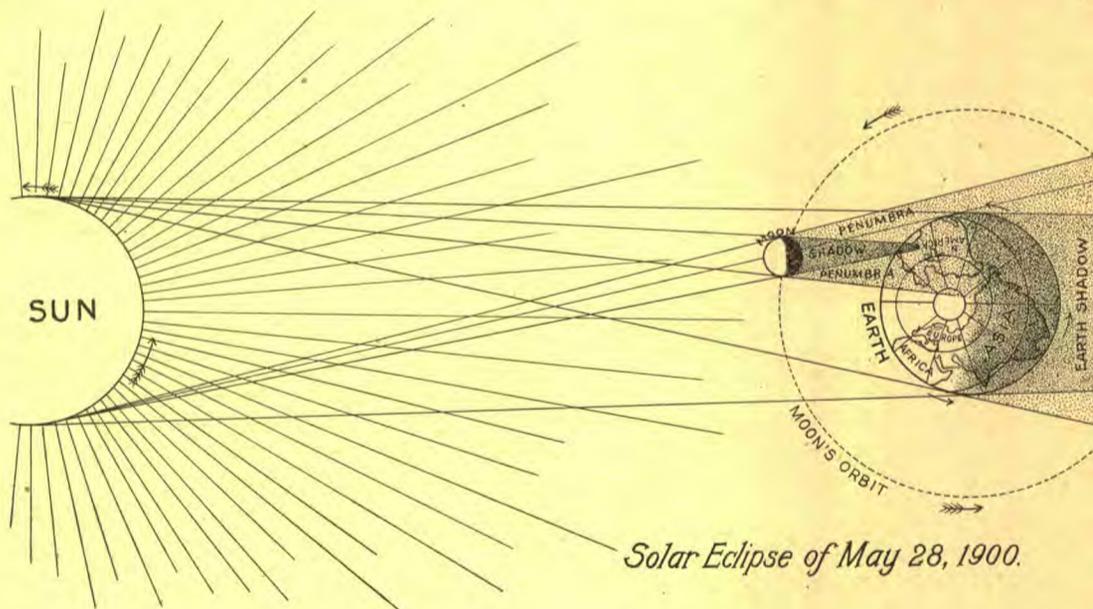
MRS. E. G. WHITE.



ASTRONOMICAL STUDY—NO. VI

Solar Eclipses

THE eclipse of May 28 will afford an opportunity for interesting observation by our INSTRUCTOR family; and it will be in place for all to understand the cause of the phenomenon. Generally speaking, eclipses are of two kinds,—those of the sun and those of the moon. The one to occur Monday morning, May 28, will be either total or partial to our readers, depending, of course, on the latitude in which they live. To those living in the extreme south and southeastern part of the United States, the eclipse will be total; while to those living farther north it will be partial. The farther north the observer, the less of the sun's face will be covered by the disk of the moon. To those living in Battle Creek, Mich., or on the latitude of about 42° , $42'$, north, the sun will show about one fourth its upper surface.



All this will be explained and illustrated in next week's INSTRUCTOR.

So far as our study is concerned, eclipses of the sun are of three kinds,—total, partial, and annular,—the last-named being the most beautiful of the three. Not that this kind occurs once each year, as might at first be inferred; but that when it does occur, it is round, or ring-shaped. To explain: it will be seen, by noticing the large illustration, that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon's passing directly between the earth and the sun. Now if the moon were always the same distance from the earth, and always passed exactly between the sun and the particular spot on the earth where we happen to live, the eclipse would be always the same; but this is not the case. The moon sometimes swings closer to

the earth than at other times, when we say it is in "perigee." Should it pass between us and the sun at such a time, its disk would completely cover the sun's disk, and the eclipse would be total to us, and partial to those living some distance either north or south of us. At other times the moon swings farther away from the earth, and we say it is in "apogee." Now notice the diagram, and see what the effect would be on the shadow of the moon to place the moon farther away from the earth and nearer the sun. By drawing a line from the top of the sun past the top of the moon, and on toward the earth, also one from the bottom of the sun past the bottom of the moon, and on toward the earth, you see that these lines would meet before reaching the surface of the earth, and in that case the whole of the sun's disk would not be covered. The moon would simply cover a portion of the sun, but not the whole; and to a person living at such a point on the earth that a line drawn directly from him to the center of the moon would reach to the center of the sun, the eclipse, when central, would show the center of the sun darkened, leaving a ring of light all around the outer limb, or edge of the disk, of the sun. This would be an annular eclipse,—an interesting sight indeed.

The diagram explains itself. In order to show the eclipse as coming to our part of the globe at seven o'clock in the morning, we have been obliged to draw this diagram showing the view from above; that is, we are looking down upon the north pole of the earth, the moon, and the sun. Please stand facing the south, with the picture directly in front of you, and you will see it as it would appear to one looking down from above. The sun will be in the east, with its south pole inclined toward the earth, which is the case at this season of the year. The earth's north pole will be seen to

incline toward the sun. The arrows show the direction of the earth's revolution; this occurs once in twenty-four hours, and in that time brings all sides of the earth into the direct light of the sun, which also passes on around through the earth's own shadow, thus giving the phases of night and day. It will be noticed that there is a portion of the earth's surface near the north pole that does not, in the revolution of the earth, pass at all into the shadow of the earth; this explains the reason of the six-months' day and six-months' night at the poles. The north polar region is now having its long day, while the south pole is having its long, cold night.

The dotted line passing through the moon shows its path around the earth; and the arrows show the direction in which the moon

is traveling. In the diagram the path lies directly through the shadow of the earth; and this much of the illustration is, of necessity, incorrect; for if the moon really did pass through the shadow of the earth, we should have an eclipse of the moon in about fourteen days following the eclipse of the sun, and this is not the case this time. The reason we do not have an eclipse of both the sun and the moon each month is that the moon, in its circuit about the earth, swings north and south, back and forth across our equator, and in so doing throws its shadow many thousands of miles away from our earth. It also passes many miles above and below the shadow of our own world. When it does get into direct line



with the earth and sun, we have an eclipse such as will occur the morning of May 28.

It is impossible to give, in a diagram like the one herewith shown, the relative size and distances of the sun, moon, and earth, and give also what we have given,—their relative positions. In order to grasp the relative size of each, please think of the earth and moon exactly as given, but imagine the sun as a globe standing a trifle less than ten feet high, or a little less than ten feet in diameter; and so far as relative distance is concerned, think of the earth and moon exactly as we see them in the illustration, and imagine the sun nearly ten feet high, standing twenty-two feet away from the picture of the earth.

The smaller illustration shows the heavens as they would appear to us at the time of the eclipse, could the light be so shut off as to let the other planets and constellations appear. Venus and Mercury, you remember, are always to be thought of as being somewhere near the sun; and in this picture we see them exactly where they would appear. In the upper right-hand corner of the picture Mars is shown,—not because he is near the sun, but because he is on the opposite side, and we thought it best to show his picture, too.

Next week we will tell you more about this eclipse, and show how you may expect the sun to appear. For reasons about which we will tell you at that time, thousands of dollars are now being spent to make this coming eclipse an opportunity for special study.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

I NEVER KNEW

I NEVER knew how very far from home
My wandering feet had strayed,
Until I saw
The wounds my Shepherd bore—
Wounds which his thorny search for me had made.

I never knew within that sheltered home
How good it was to be,
Till, tired out
With wandering and doubt,
Back to his fold my Shepherd carried me.

— Sunday School Times



CARE OF NEGATIVES

IF a negative is worth keeping, it is worth taking care of; and if it is not worth keeping, it had better be thrown into the ash-barrel as soon as you find out what caused the failure.

All negatives should be numbered; and the number, name of subject, time exposed, and stop used, with such other particulars as to light, etc., as may be useful for reference in the future, should be recorded in a book kept for the purpose. All this may seem unnecessary while you have but a few negatives; but when you get two or three hundred (as you soon will if you continue to take pictures), you will find it a great help. It will not only assist in keeping your negatives in order, and in finding any particular one you desire, but will also give you a reference book by which you can readily see the effect of different times, lights, and stops on a great variety of subjects.

If you do not object to seeing a number on your print, it may be written in one corner of the negative with a pen and common writing-ink. The number should be written backward, in order that it may print right in the picture. A little practice will enable you to do this without difficulty. If you do not like to see a number on your print, it may be written with a lead-pencil; and then, unless it is written in some dark shadow, it will not be seen on the picture at all. It is more difficult to see a number that is written with a pencil than one written with ink; but this will be no great drawback, especially if you keep each negative in a numbered envelope.

Negative envelopes are cheap and convenient, but they are by no means essential to the proper care of negatives. An excellent plan is to store them, film down, in empty plate-boxes. The numbers contained in each box may be written on the outside. By following this plan, any desired negative can be found without difficulty. Be careful to pack the plates with the film side down; otherwise you will be likely to scratch the film with the plate lying on top of it when you attempt to remove it.

In storing my negatives, I have for some time followed a plan that requires some extra work to begin with, but has proved in the end to be a saver of both negatives and labor.

Around the edges of the best negatives, there are always frills, scratches, and blotches that necessitate trimming off at least an eighth of an inch from each edge of the prints. Often much more should be trimmed off, but there is always that much. My plan is to paste strips of black paper, just as wide as the strip that you would trim from the print, on the film side, along each edge of the negative. Let Figure 1 represent a five-by-seven-inch negative. *A* is the part that would be retained in the finished print; *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e* are the strips that would be trimmed from the print when it has been printed the full size of the negative: *b* and *c* are each one fourth of an inch wide; *d* is three eighths, and *e* one half.

Cut strips of black paper of these widths, and long enough to reach across the plate,

and cover one side with common starch paste, such as you use in mounting your pictures. Be careful not to use too much paste, or when it is rubbed down on the negative, some may be pressed out at the edges, to make a stain on the film. When each of these strips is in position, *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e* will be covered with black paper, so that only *A* can be printed. If a print is made on paper of full size, the remainder will be white, and may be trimmed off entirely, or simply trimmed to an equal width all around, and retained as a border. With most pictures, especially if dark mounts are used, this white border is a wonderful improvement. At the corners of the negative the strips will overlap, and there they will be double thickness. This will in no way interfere with the printing, and will be an additional protection to the negative. Even if a grain of sand does get upon the plate lying under it, there will be little danger of its scratching the film of a negative protected in this way.

Of course if you intend to intensify, reduce, or otherwise "tinker" the negative, that must be attended to before you put on the mat.

Negatives prepared in this manner may be packed, film down, in plate-boxes, and handled with only ordinary care, without danger of being scratched or broken.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

OUR WONDERFUL BODIES

THE BLOOD AND THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM

God's word tells us that "the life [or "soul," Hebrew] is in the blood,"—"the blood is the life." By comparing Gen. 2:7, which reads, "And the Lord God . . . breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul," we see that the air we breathe, the "breath of life," has something to do with the blood, and that a chemical change occurs as the vital essence in the air comes in contact with the blood. And as the "life," or "soul," is in the blood, thus making the blood the life of the being, is it not a marvelous thing to study? Of course we can never understand nor explain the mystery of life from God, in its fullness; but some facts have been revealed to us, and these we will study. The Bible has told us the facts stated; now let us see what medical science has revealed. Possibly each will throw light upon the other.

The circulation of the blood was discovered in 1616 by Harvey. Long before this, many great men, such as Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Galen, were seeking to find out the truth of the matter. In 1553 a man named Michael Servetus discovered the "pulmonary circulation," or the passage of the blood through the lungs. His discovery was connected with theological ideas that so incensed John Calvin that Servetus was burned alive at Geneva, and his book with him. Only one or two copies are now in existence, one being in the Institute of France. The discovery of the valves in the veins is attributed to Fabricius. Harvey's complete work marked "an epoch in the study of physiology; and then the scientific world began to emancipate themselves from the ideas of the ancients, and to study nature for themselves."

Before we study the process of circulation, we must know what the blood is. We have all seen the bright-red fluid as we have pricked

our fingers, or cut ourselves. The blood is defined as "a red, opaque, viscid fluid, heavier than water." This fluid is called "plasma." An analysis of the adjectives "red," "opaque," and "viscid" will be helpful. We speak of the color of the blood as red. This is true of the human family and the animal creation, but the blood of mollusks and other low-grade animals is white, tinged with blue. Such creatures are called "white-blooded." "Opaque" means obscure, not admitting rays of light; and "viscid" means sticky, of a glutinous consistency. The plasma would be colorless but for the myriads of little red corpuscles that float in it. They constitute about one half the bulk of the blood, there being over a million in a single drop.

The amount of blood in the body constitutes about one thirteenth its entire weight. What would the blood weigh if a person weighed one hundred and thirty pounds? There are two kinds of corpuscles, or cells,—red and white. There are three white corpuscles to a thousand red ones. The white cells are formed by the spleen, lymph glands, and bone marrow, and are useful in repairing injuries to the tissues, as they are found in great numbers wherever inflammation exists. Recently it is known that these white corpuscles are useful in destroying germs and foreign substances that get into the blood. As we breathe, eat, and drink quantities of germs, we should not live long were it not for these wonderful little creatures. The plasma, too, has power to destroy disease germs. Can we not see the necessity of keeping these corpuscles healthy, so they can do their work? The power to work effectually is lost when we eat gross food, and take into the system such poisons as tea, coffee, drugs, alcohol, and tobacco.

Before leaving the white corpuscles, we must know that they are spherical in shape, and measure about one two-thousand-five-hundredth of an inch in diameter. The red corpuscles are much smaller, and are like a flattened disk one three-thousand-five-hundredth of an inch in diameter. They are formed by the red marrow of the bones, and their work is a wonderful one. They absorb and carry oxygen and carbonic-acid gas, in quantities much greater than themselves. When the air rushes into the lungs, with this life of God in it, this "oxygen" as science calls it, the little red corpuscles load up with it, and start out on a tour of distribution. They leave "life" for every tissue and every organ of the body, depositing it at the different places they pass, as they hurry on. The circulation hurries the blood on from head to foot, and these little corpuscles carry their burden of oxygen to renew the worn-out organs. Then, too, they load up on the return trip with poison,—carbonic-acid gas,—and throw it off as they reach the lungs, and the breath goes out in expiration. *Inspiration* takes in "life" for the corpuscles to carry to the body; *expiration* throws off "death" that they gather up on their travels. They also carry nutrition from food to the various parts of the body, and material to repair losses. Is not this a wonderful study? When the corpuscles are loaded with "oxygen," the blood is a bright-red; when loaded with poison, the blood is darker in color—rather blue-black. The former is arterial blood; the latter, venous blood.

MRS. M. D. MCKEE.

The oldest printed book is said to be a *Mis-sale speciale*, or mass book, in a collection in Munich. Competent judges declare it to be at least seven years older than the "forty-two line Bible" of Gutenberg, issued in 1450.

The CHILDREN'S Library

THE FOUR BIG BROOMS

"O MOTHER, why does the big wind blow,
And rattle the window-pane?
If I close my eyes to sleep just so,
It wakes me up again;
If I hide my head beneath the spread,
You speak so soft and low
That I can not hear what you have said.
Oh, why does the big wind blow?"

"Let us play, my darling, a
merry play.

The winds are four big
brooms
That sweep the world on a
windy day,

As Mary sweeps our
rooms.

The south wind is the par
lor brush,
That sweeps in a quiet
way;

But the north wind comes
with roar and rush
On the wide world's
sweeping-day.

"Like Mary sweeping the
halls and stairs

Is the work of the good
west broom,

And the sweetest odors, the
softest airs,

Float over the world's
wide room.

But to-night the broom from
the east is here,

And with it comes the
rain,

Like John when he brushes
the porch, my dear,

And hoses the window-
pane."

The little boy laughed, and
cuddled close

In his warm and downy
bed.

"I hear the broom, and I hear
the hose,

And I like them both,"
he said.

And so, though the rain may
pelt away,

And the big wind loudly
roar,

He remembers the wide
world's sweeping-
day,

And thinks of the big
brooms four.

— Companion.



GOOD MORNING!

THE STORY OF A FIG

"WON'T you buy one, auntie?" pleaded a little girl, as she reached out toward some small, block-shaped packages, neatly wrapped in thin white paper, and tied with baby-ribbon. "Just o-n-e, auntie!" and the chubby hands soon grasped firmly the "just o-n-e" package of figs.

It was not long before the little block was "poiled," as baby termed the process of unwrapping it. How good the figs tasted! She would pick one up, and turn it over and over before eating it. By and by she ran to auntie's side, and holding up a fig, asked her to "tell a story" about it.

"We'll play the fig is telling its own story," said auntie, as she put down her work, and lifted the little one to her lap. "Listen to what it says:—

"Eat me up! eat me up! Boston is a cold place, and I've been used to hot weather. I was born and raised and steamed and packed

where things are warm. My first view of this world was a host of little twigs and branches covered with hard green bulbs, not so large as the tip of your little finger. The sun shone so bright that very soon a snug green roof grew just over my head. I felt proud of my little home, but soon discovered that all my brother figs were just as fortunate as I. The big tree was covered with leaves.

"I had a fine time at the end of a long branch. The little birds swung me to sleep, and the breezes kept me cool. Finally I and all my brothers and sisters grew so large that the branch bent low down, and one day I jumped to the ground. There I had to lie in

around one day, we saw some clouds, and presently it began to sprinkle. Then there was a great bustle, and we were crammed into boxes in a twinkling.

"About the next thing I knew we were tossed into a large wagon, and hauled away, boxes and all, to a packing-house in Fresno. I can't remember how long we stayed stacked up on its wide porch, before they placed my box, with seven others, on a hand-truck, wheeling us away and piling us up inside.

"While stacked up in the packing-house, we could hear a loud rumbling, whizzing, sissing noise, and after awhile we were plunged into a boiler of bubbling water, salty too.

When you eat me, and call me sugared, you are mistaken. I'm salted; all the sweetness I have came from my mother tree. Well, I swam down near the bottom, looked through the screen, and saw some pipes with steam-holes in them. Then the screen flew up with a jerk, and out we slid into some small boxes. Almost before I reached the box, a man jerked it up, shouldered it, and ran into a—, well, it wasn't a bee-hive, no! bees couldn't make such a humming, buzzing noise. The man carrying us ran down an aisle between two long tables lined with girls and women, some of them busy, but most of them crying out, 'Fruit here! fruit here!' And such longing glances followed us as we were hurried on to where the man thought he ought to pour us into another box! The pleasant girl who received us smiled, then began to work in regular machine fashion, picking us up one by one, slitting each of us down the side, and cramming most of us into a little space about an inch deep and three inches long. There were four of these spaces in one block, called a 'form.' She jerked me

one spot, while bugs and ants and bees came to sip my sweet nectar.

"'There comes the crew,' said one of my brothers; 'they'll take care of us;' and sure enough I was soon tumbled into a basket, from which I was poured out into a box about three feet long and two feet wide. When the teamster drove by, he called out, 'That sweat-box here boys!' and then hauled us away.

"Next day we were dipped in boiling salt water, spread out on trays, and shoved into an air-tight box filled with sulphur smoke. We suffered so there for three hours that we turned from green to white. I've heard some one say that this was to kill the germs, so perhaps we ought not to complain. Anyway, that was only the beginning.

"For days and days we lay baking in the sun,—and remember, that was where the sun really shines, away over on the other side of Uncle Sam's farm, in California. Looking

up, slit my side, pulled and pressed me into a flat, round cake, and dropped me into a little box at one side, where the larger figs were saved for 'layers.'

"When the four little spaces were all filled, she handed them to the waiter, who took them up to a machine called a press, where a wooden block jammed them together so tightly that they stuck together in one solid cake. The waiter then took my lady's 'form,' together with six or seven others, and started down the aisle, handing them back to the packers.

"We large figs were then placed on the top as layers. Being on top, I could see all that was going on. My lady pressed us down with a block dripping with cold water, and just the size of the open space. All the wooden fixtures were wet, so as to keep us from clinging to the form. Then we were shoved out of the form, wrapped in fine white paper, and placed in a

box just large enough to hold ten of us. Each block weighs about a pound, and is called a 'carton.'

"While all this was going on, I heard a score of voices all shouting at once, 'Fruit! FRUIT! FRUIT! Empty boxes! Paper! Fruit here!! Facings! Press, me! Press, here!' etc. I wondered that the poor waiter didn't lose his head, but somehow he did n't.

"When our box was filled, my lady placed us on the floor under the table; still I could hear all that was said.

"The work went on until twilight; then the women went away. Presently the whistle blew, and only the men were left. They soon gathered us up, wheeled us to the next room, and stacked us up; then they cleared off the tables, swept the floor, and made everything tidy.

"The next day found us at the 'ribbon' table. There the cartons were emptied out of the boxes, and tied with gaily colored baby-ribbon. When a little maiden picked us up, I heard her say, 'You're solid enough;' then she pulled some ribbon from a huge spool, wrapped it around us, tied a little bow, clipped it from the spool, and put us back into the box. Then we were ready for the nailer, who fastened a cover on the box, and shut the outside Fresno world forever from our view.

"At seven o'clock the whistle blew again, and several men who were willing to work after supper came with hand-trucks, and wheeled us into a freight-car. We all went to sleep, and were only awakened when the Boston fruit dealer uncovered our box, and put us in his bright show-case.

"Think a moment of all our experiences,—that is, if you're not hungry, and in a hurry to eat me. But if you are hungry, just think of my tempting sweetness, and eat me up without a thought of my wide-spreading birthplace, of the burning sun that ripened me, of the birds and bees that tasted me, of the sulphur-box, the sweat-box, the seething dipper, the fig-room, the perplexed waiter, the press, the labeling machine, the ribbon table, or the box-maker."

WILLIAM YARNELL.

ONE SWEET SMILE

ONE sweet smile and two kind words;
Three merry laughs, like the songs of birds;
Four bright faces that once were sad;
Five little hearts made cheery and glad;
Six brave fathers doing their best;
Seven tired mothers strengthened and blessed;
Eight dear children filled full of glee;
Nine happy families pleasant to see;
Ten big blessings in one short while,—
And all springing forth from one sweet smile.

—Emma C. Dowd.

MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELVES

SHAKE off your listless, shuffling ways, boys, gather up your God-implanted energies, and set about making all there is to be made of yourselves. Now is your spring-time—your budding, growing, improving time; make the most of it, and fill each day to the very brim with sturdy activity and manly action. Throw back your shoulders; straighten up; look with a keen, straight glance out upon the great work-field of the world, and see what it can teach you. The world has little need of you as yet, but you have great need of the world. It is full of experiences, and object-lessons, and hints, and suggestions, for the days coming to you. Use your tongues little, but your eyes constantly. If young people would only use well their keen, quick eyes, and be governed by what they see, they would be spared many a tumble into pitfalls that those in advance are just drawing themselves away from.—*Selected.*



GLORIOUS it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose luster is not less.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

MAY STUDY OF THE FIELD

PART IV: "OPENINGS IN ITALY;" "FIVE YEARS IN CHILE;" "ST. THOMAS, W. I."

(May 20-26)

1. *One Need of Italy.*—Nominally, Italy is Christian. Of her thirty million inhabitants, fully one third are devoted Catholics. But education has been at a low ebb, and the masses of the people are incredibly illiterate; even among the better classes many are unable to read or write. During the last two decades something has been done to alleviate this, schools being opened for even the girls; and in a small degree the percentage of illiteracy is diminishing. There are seventeen national universities, and many other schools of learning; but among all these students there seem to be none who are earnest Christians,—no young men or young women who are planning to devote their lives to the spread of the gospel. In the recent move among Christian young people to better fit themselves for service in this and other lands, none are found among the young people of Italy. Here is the need—Christian young men and women, who will carry the gospel to young people—educated, but not Christians.

2. *One Illustration of the Gospel in Italy.*—Signor Cavalier Lingi Capellini, who died less than two years ago in Italy, was one illustration of the power of the word of God upon the heart of a devout Catholic. Born of true Catholic parents, he was educated and trained in the tenets of that church, his parents desiring that he should become a priest. In 1860 he enlisted in the army of King Victor Emmanuel, and fought for the deliverance of his country from foreign despotism and papal tyranny, yet spiritually he was still very much attached to his church. One day in moving about the courtyard of the barracks, he picked up a few fragments of the New Testament, and out of curiosity glanced through them. The page he had in his hand contained the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John; and that page was, under the providence of God, the means of his salvation. His spirit was instantly touched, and to the right purpose. He at once began missionary work among his comrades, reading Protestant literature to them and with them. As soon as he could, he left the army, and devoted himself to the work of a missionary to his countrymen. It was he who organized the Military Evangelical Church of Italy. He was a faithful laborer until death; and although some of the seed sown fell by the wayside, some on stony ground, and some among thorns, much fell upon good ground, which yielded fruit that sprang up and increased.

3. *Our Present Work in Chile.*—The year following the advent of the canvasser in Chile, Elder Baber and his wife were sent to this

field. Through the combined efforts of these workers, several native laborers were raised up. There are to-day three organized churches and eight companies, with a membership of at least one hundred and fifty Sabbath-keepers. With Chile as a center, the laborers have reached out into Peru and Bolivia, although the work in these places is only begun.

4. *A Picture of Chilean Priesthood.*—The variety and manner of dress of the priests of Chile, especially attracts the attention of the visitor to that country. The Dominican priests are divided into two classes, according to dress, one wearing a gown of entire white, while the other class put a black gown over the white. The Jesuits are the most wealthy, and their dress is a rich black gown, reaching from shoulders to feet. The Capuchinos wear a heavy, coffee-colored robe, and show their bare feet through their sandals. Their beard is generally long, and their heads are always shaved smooth, but kept covered with a skull cap below their large straw hats. The Salician priests wear a kind of double bib, the *recoletas*, to show that in their hearts they have pity for all mankind. They also wear red embroidered hearts on the left side of their cream-colored robes. Not only do they dress elaborately, but they also live upon the fat of the land. And these men represent the lowly Nazarene! Is it to be wondered at that very few of the people have an experimental knowledge of the Saviour's love?

5. *Early History of St. Thomas.*—Columbus discovered the little group to which the Danish Islands belong, in 1493, and named them the Virgin Isles. They now are divided about equally between the Danes and the British. When discovered, they were peopled by Caribs, or Arrawaks; but the buccaneers of various nations, with their powder and lead, their fire-water, smallpox, and other evils, made short work of these people, and for a time held sway. Then a commercial company, backed up by Danish and German capital, took possession, making St. Thomas the grand depot for West Indian smugglers, and the clearing-house for slaves caught in Africa, and shipped as merchandise to the Western continent. Gradually it became a dependency of the Danish crown, to whom it has belonged for about two centuries. The town and harbor are the island. The greater part of the remainder is totally unfit for cultivation, being rocky and mountainous, as the island is of volcanic origin.

6. *Importance of This Island.*—"The place which is on the way to every other place," is the mariner's terse way of describing St. Thomas. That it is the gateway to the Caribbean is not mere poetic fancy. Vessels from England to any Central American port, from Spain to Cuba or Mexico, from the United States to Brazil, or from the Greater to the Lesser Antilles, go by St. Thomas, and find its port not only the most convenient, but one of the best, of the West Indies. For ship missionary work it is thus an excellent port, opportunity presenting itself for giving the message to representatives of every land.

7. *From a Late Letter.*—"St. Thomas is a beautiful place. The people are respectful and well-behaved. I believe the Lord has a work for us to do here. We have obtained a permit from the government, and are busily at work. I have also been permitted to have the use of a school for meetings Sundays and Wednesday nights. People listen with great interest. Several sick have called for advice and help.

Some have in vain tried many physicians. The Lord is wonderfully blessing our simple remedies. I have taken several orders for books, and have sold some. Thus far the Lord has blessed my efforts in a marked manner. We need reading-matter for free distribution. This is, as you know, an entirely new field. The language used is English. Our hands are full. Still more work is coming on."



THE BEATITUDES

(May 26, 1900)

Lesson Scripture.—Matt. 5:1-16.

Memory Verse.—V. 16.

QUESTIONS

1. What circumstances led Jesus to teach the wonderful truths of the Sermon on the Mount? Matt. 5:1, 2; note 1.
2. Upon what class is a blessing first pronounced? What assurance is given them? V. 3; note 2. What precious promise is given to those who mourn? V. 4.
3. Who are to inherit the earth? V. 5. What blessing is in store for those who long for God's righteousness? V. 6; note. What is said of those who cherish a merciful spirit? V. 7.
4. Who only shall see God? V. 8. Of what class shall it be said that they are "the children of God"? V. 9. Besides the "poor in spirit," what others are promised the kingdom of heaven? V. 10.
5. In what seemingly forbidding circumstances may the child of God find blessing? V. 11; note 3. Seeing things as blessings, what will one be able to do? Why? V. 12.
6. To what did Jesus liken his people? V. 13. What question did he then ask? What forcible statement did he make in connection with his question? *Id.*
7. As a blessing to the world, under what further figures are Christ's disciples spoken of? V. 14. What is the proper use of the lighted lamp? V. 15. In what way does the Christian's light shine? With what result? V. 16; note 4.

NOTES

1. The Sermon on the Mount may aptly be termed our Lord's inaugural address. Though he had carried forward his work for several months, he had not yet openly and fully declared the principles of the wonderful kingdom he had come to establish. But now his fame had spread far and wide, and at this time representatives had come from almost every part to see and hear the marvelous Teacher. Expectancy filled every heart; for it was thought that Jesus could be no other than the mighty Messiah, for whom they had been looking, and who, they thought, would break off from Israel's neck the yoke of Roman tyranny. It was therefore an opportune time to set before the world the truth that his cause and work were not of earth. He sought also to instruct his disciples, whom he was soon to send forth to proclaim the gospel. They, too, had been misled, sharing with the Jewish people the belief that their Master would set up an earthly kingdom. To them his sermon brought great and surprising revelations. But Jesus was speaking for the benefit of all his followers to the close of time. His eye beheld all, and the needs of all. And that the path might be made plain for all, he spoke the words we are now to study. May his Holy Spirit lead his

people to see the precious blessings here in store.

2. Each and every blessing pronounced by Jesus is to be realized and enjoyed *in this life*,—not so fully, of course, as in the hereafter, but at least in part. The "kingdom of heaven"—the kingdom of grace set up in the heart—is entered immediately at the time of conversion (Col. 1:13); the Lord says we should "have a heaven to go to heaven in." God's kingdom is to be known in two ways: first, as a kingdom of grace; and, second, as a kingdom of glory. But it is the same kingdom always. In this world the glory is given in the form of grace; by and by the grace will be given in the form of glory. Of the mourners it is said, "They shall be comforted." The comfort is *administered* now, for it is *needed* now. See 2 Cor. 1:3, 4; Ps. 86:17. In the better world this blessing will be realized in its *fullness*. Isa. 60:20. The meek "shall inherit the earth." Even a foretaste of the blessing of inheritance is known by those who here have no continuing city. Eph. 1:13, 14. They "that hunger and thirst after righteousness" are *now* to be filled with all God's fullness. Eph. 3:19. The merciful "shall obtain mercy." This is a law that also operates here below (Luke 6:38), and the Lord will certainly observe it in bestowing the final reward. The "pure in heart" are to "see God," not only face to face in the world to come, but in his word, in his works, and in his providential dealings with them here on earth. The "peacemakers" are to be called "sons of God." R. V. God calls them sons *now*. 1 John 3:1, 2. And of those who are reviled and persecuted for Jesus' sake, it is said that they are "blessed" "*when*" men mistreat them. In the very time of affliction and ill-treatment they are blessed—happy. This was Paul's experience all the way along (Rom. 5:3), and "God is no respecter of persons."

3. Only one thing can enable the child of God to be happy in time of tribulation, and that is to recognize and receive a *blessing* in whatever experience life brings. Nothing comes by chance to the soul that trusts the Lord. "All things are for your sakes," if you are Christ's. 1 Cor. 3:21-23; 2 Cor. 4:15. "The trials to which Christians are subjected in sorrow, adversity, and reproach, *are the means appointed* of God to separate the chaff from the wheat. . . . Afflictions, crosses, temptations, adversity, and our varied trials, *are God's workmen to refine us*, sanctify us, and fit us for the heavenly garner."

4. *Works*, not *words*, are what convince the world that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation. The gospel of Christ is better seen than heard, better felt than listened to. The life that is barren of good works is barren of the gospel. The life that bears no fruit will never reap a harvest. The greatest sin in God's church to-day is that of omission. They say, but do not. May God put upon his people the spirit of work!

A SORROW comes upon you. Omit prayer, and you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim him as your Father; and the degrading, paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall but works in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance, and

from endurance into battle, and from battle into victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life. The answer to prayer is slow; the force of prayer is cumulative. Not till life is over, is the whole answer given, the whole strength it has brought understood.—*Brooke.*

HE who can not preserve the equanimity of his soul in patience despite the raspings of circumstance, can expect but little comfort in a world like ours, keyed though it is to grand possibilities.—*Eli Fay.*

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TIME TABLE NO. 3.
IN EFFECT SEPT. 24, 1899.

Trains Pass Battle Creek, as follows:

WEST-BOUND.	
No. 21, Mail and Express	6.58 P. M.
No. 23, Accommodation	2.07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight	8.25 A. M.
EAST-BOUND.	
No. 22, Mail and Express	8.25 A. M.
No. 24, Accommodation	1.45 P. M.
No. 28, Local Freight	5.30 P. M.

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Trains arrive and leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.	
No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago	12.15 P. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago	9.00 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago	3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper	1.10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend	8.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	
EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.	
No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit	3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, 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.



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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Use what talents you possess. The work of the world is done mostly by ordinary ability, while geniuses are waiting for splendid opportunities."

MONDAY:

Only a little word,
Only a word of cheer,
Only a loving look,
Only a kindly tear;
Yet oh, how precious to the heart
Are these sweet gifts untouched by art!
— Selected.

TUESDAY:

Not to-morrow, but to-day, calls for the best that is in us. Life is made up of daily performances. The nobler, sweeter, and purer our activities, the better for ourselves and for others.— Selected.

WEDNESDAY:

"Everlasting arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
God it is who bears us on,
His the arm we lean upon.
He, our ever-present guide,
Faithful is, whate'er betide;
Gladly, then, we journey on,
With his arm to lean upon."

THURSDAY:

The life of man upon this fair earth is made up for the most part of little pains and little pleasures. The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a lifetime.— Longfellow.

FRIDAY:

"Take time to think!
Thought oft will save thee from the snare,
Bring thee to cooling streams and bowers
Spare thee from nursing needless care,
Surround thee with defensive towers,
Yield thee the harvest of content,
Lift thee from dust to starry ways,
Discover comfort, Heaven-sent,
In thy most dark and cheerless days:
Therefore, take time to think."

SABBATH:

"We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Eph. 2:10.

THE world makes certain demands on the time and strength, the ability and means, of every person living in it; and most of us are only too willing to render to Cæsar what is his. Our best gifts, the greater portion of our

time, the majority of our possessions, are freely given to the world. But standing by the side of the command to give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and equal with it, is the sacred obligation to render to the Lord his own. That is where we fail. We are his, for he has bought us; and from every one of us he has the right to expect cheerful, loving service. But to many his messages and invitations for help for his children fall on deaf ears; his tender pleas for his suffering cause are unheeded; his claims are unacknowledged. The first and best—often the whole—are given to the world; and when the demands of Heaven are brought to the attention, the heart turns away. Should we treat the world better than we treat God? would we dare treat it as we often treat him?

SABBATH-SCHOOL OFFICERS, ATTENTION!

THIS week sample copies of the INSTRUCTOR will be mailed to all Sabbath-school officers whose names we have, who do not receive the paper regularly. This is done in order that such may have an opportunity to examine the INSTRUCTOR, and recommend its use in their school. "What shall our young people read?" is a question that many anxious parents, teachers, and other workers are asking. The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR will help answer this question. No Seventh-day Adventist home where young people are growing up should be without it. You, dear Sabbath-school workers, can do much toward helping us in our effort to reach every young person in the denomination. May we not have your co-operation?

LEARNING THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

THERE are sixty-six books in the Bible,—thirty-nine in the Old Testament, and twenty-seven in the New. They are classified thus: Pentateuch, five books; Historical, twelve books; Poetical, five books; Major Prophets, five books; Minor Prophets, twelve books. Those are the Old Testament. The New Testament may be arranged as follows: Gospels, four books; Historical, one book; Pauline Epistles, fourteen books; General Epistles, seven books; Prophetical, one book. By learning one group at a time, it will not be long before the whole list will be memorized; and the knowledge thus gained will often be of service to the young Bible student.

THE crown prince of Japan is building for himself a new palace. There is nothing remarkable in that; for kings and princes have always delighted to build new homes for themselves, or remodel old ones, very much as their subjects enjoy doing the same. The remarkable thing about this palace is that, it is intended to make it so solid and firm that the frequent earthquakes of the much-shaken little empire will have no effect upon it. Long, wide, and comparatively low, its steel skeleton will be securely anchored in a bed of solid concrete by four hundred columns; and around this framework will be built up the walls of granite and marble. Nothing will be left undone that will in any way contribute to the resisting power of the palace

against earthquakes: but after all, how puny is man's effort when pitted against the forces of nature—the forces of God! And how soon—how very soon—will come the "great earthquake," before whose awful power the mightiest works of man will go down! How many—say rather how few!—of the men and women of the Flowery Land have ever even heard of the coming of that event, which means so very much to each one of them? Have we no responsibility in this matter?

HENRY E. MORTENSEN, Monitor, Ore., writes: "Enclosed you will find post-office money-order for seventy-five cents, to apply on one year's subscription to your valuable paper. I like the INSTRUCTOR very much; and as long as I can manage to get it, I shall certainly not be without it."

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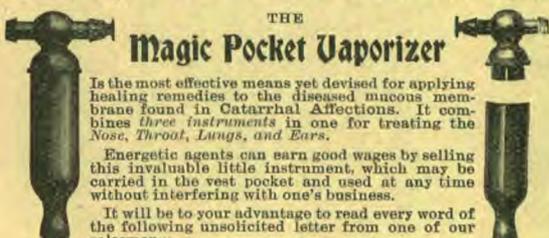
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