

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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NATURE'S LABORATORY

NO DOUBT many are more or less familiar with the chemical processes used in the laboratory to produce various medicinal substances; and all have seen the druggist's soda-water fountain,

road track is fed principally by similar springs higher up the valley.

Only a few feet beyond these springs is one of the most lovely sights that the human eye often looks upon. The abundant springs bursting out of the ground produce a series of beautiful falls, known as the "Moss Brae Falls." In some places there will be only a tiny opening in the heavy layer of moss, out of which the water escapes in tiny dribbles; at others there are comparatively large openings in the moss, and a torrent of water bursts out, and is beaten into spray below.

As we view these remnants of the Edenic

Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

—Shakespeare.

ON AN INDIAN POST CARD

THE Sunderbunds is the name of a large tract of land between the mouth of the Hugli and Ganges rivers, being really the delta of the Ganges. It is a low, swampy region, cut up by natural canals and lagoons, which, in many places, are overhung with vines and branches. The jungles are generally infested with tigers and wild beasts. Hunters and explorers have seen more or less of this region, though much of it is unknown.

They tell us that in this tract there are the ruins of a city, built in the days before British occupation, and, in fact, prior to the times of which native writers have preserved the history. One British official made his way to it, and found tigers and serpents among its marble columns and jungle overgrowth. It is supposed to have perished in some flood.

The story of the lost city was revived the other day when heavy rains flooded many streets of Calcutta, and covered surrounding villages



MOSS BRAE FALLS

and perhaps sometimes made the mistake of going there and drinking. As usually sold, the comparatively harmless soda-water is contaminated with infected ice-cream, or various so-called "fruit flavors," which recent investigation has clearly shown to be in most instances simply colored chemical fluids, rather than extracts of the fruits whose names they bear.

In the various chemical transformations that the chemist carries on in his laboratory, he is only imitating on a small scale what God has been doing on a large scale throughout all ages; and here and there on earth we may still catch a glimpse of the products of nature's great chemical laboratories. One of these is the famous Shasta Springs on the Pacific Coast. Here the bubbling water comes directly out of the mountain-side, just to the rear of the buildings shown in the illustration, and is as heavily charged with carbon-dioxid gas as one could desire. It fairly bubbles out of the water when a cupful is dipped out. By bringing this water down through pipes from some distance up the mountain-side, and then allowing it to escape directly upward, artificial geysers are produced, which throw a jet of water, as shown in the illustration, almost to the tops of the trees. The wild, rushing stream on the opposite side of the rail-



SHASTA SPRINGS

beauty that God has permitted to remain upon the earth, there is born in the heart a longing for that future home that is to be all beautiful. And in that home, when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Would you have a part in this inheritance? Hear the promise: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

with water to a depth of five or six feet. One authority says that if the moon had been in the phase that brings high tide, Calcutta itself would have been under eight feet of water, and might have shared the fate of the lost city of the Sunderbunds.

W. A. SPICER.

"WE all take pains to learn good manners. We take pains to master our daily calling. We take pains to learn music, or to acquire the mere essentials of an ordinary education. Why, then, should we not take a hundredfold more pains in learning how to do the will of Him whose will shall be our work through the endless ages?"



MY HEIRSHIP

LITTLE store of wealth have I;
Not a rod of land I own;
Not a mansion far and high,
Built with towers of fretted stone.

Stocks nor bonds nor title deeds,
Flocks nor herds, have I to show;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate, nor jewels rare,
Brodered silks of worth untold,
Nor rich robes a queen might wear;

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir by grace of God —
Richer, grander, than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.

Heir of all the ages I —
Heir of all that they have wrought;
All their store of emprise high;
All their wealth of precious thought;

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passions and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime,
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that time
To earth's fainting sons has given!

Aspirations pure and high,
Strength to do and to endure,—
Heir of all the ages I,—
Lo, I am no longer poor!

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

IN MEEKNESS AND LOWLINESS OF HEART

God desires that meekness and gentleness, the distinguishing characteristics of Christ, shall be brought into the lives of his followers. The Saviour gives to all the invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

In self-love, self-exaltation, and pride there is great weakness; but in humility there is strength. True dignity is not maintained when we think most of self, but when God is in all our thoughts, and when our hearts are all aglow with love for our Redeemer and for our fellow men. In pride and separation from God we are constantly seeking to exalt self, and we forget that lowliness of mind is power. Christ's power lay, not in sharp words that would pierce the soul, but in his gentleness. This made him a conqueror of hearts. We are invited to learn of him who was meek and lowly in heart.

The life of Christ is to be our pattern. His life and work in the world are a sample of what our life and work should be. "I receive not honor of men," he said. In his service we need not expect ease or worldly honor; for the Majesty of heaven did not receive these things. "He was despised and rejected of men."

The light reflected from the cross of Calvary will humble every proud thought. Those who seek God with all the heart, and accept the great salvation offered them, will open the door of the heart to Jesus. They will cease to ascribe glory to themselves. They will not pride themselves on their acquirements, or take credit to themselves for their capabilities, but will regard all their talents as God's gifts, to be used to his glory. Every intellectual ability they will regard as precious only as it can be used in the service of Christ. "If any man be in Christ," the apostle says, "he is a new creature: old things are

passed away; behold, all things are become new." Everything in life or character that is unlike Christ is put away. An indwelling Christ purifies the soul from selfishness and iniquity. A new life enters the dry, sapless branch, and it becomes fruit-bearing. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, patience, faith, meekness, are revealed in the life.

True greatness never has a tendency to exalt self. Truly great men are invariably humble. Those who have stored their minds with useful knowledge, and who possess genuine attainments and refinement, will be the most willing to admit their own weakness. They are not self-confident nor boastful; but in view of the higher attainments to which they might rise, they seem to themselves to have only begun the ascent.

The enemy of God and man takes advantage of the weak points in the characters of men and women. If men are inclined to self-esteem and self-exaltation, he makes a special effort in that direction. If one is puffed up with vain conceit, Satan says: I will set my agents to work to surround that man with temptations. I will make him believe that he is of great consequence. I will work his ruin by extolling him and seconding all his efforts. Thus I will lead him to trust to himself, and walk in the sparks of the fire of his own kindling. For a time the world is stirred with an apparently deep interest in the man whom Satan is seeking to deceive and ruin; but when he has separated himself from God, and the object of the enemy is accomplished, the world no longer interests itself in him. It has led him into difficulties, but it does not lead him out again, and Satan rejoices in the ruin of his soul.

Salvation has been brought within the reach of man at an infinite cost. It is the free gift of God. Nothing can be added to it, nothing can be taken from it. It is complete, perfect. Christ does not say to any one of us, You are complete in yourself, in your own talents, your trusted endowments; but he does say, "Ye are complete in him." "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." Not the possessions of a man determine his character, but the heart purity, the steadfast purpose. The character built with good and noble deeds is a monument that the angelic hosts respect,—the character which, when life has closed, lives in the memory, perpetuated by the good deeds done for others.

The true Christian will not think of himself more highly than he ought to think. He will not be ambitious for worldly honor and esteem. A learner in the school of Christ, he will be gentle, distrustful of self. His life will be characterized by a Christlike simplicity. Luxury, ease, and wealth have no attractions for him; for he looks to the one who for his sake became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who was wounded for his transgressions, bruised for his iniquities, and by whose stripes he is healed. It is "the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." The meek and quiet spirit will testify of itself in good works. This is that which distinguishes the people of God from worldlings. In their sympathy for others, their tenderness, their meekness and lowliness of heart, they reveal that they wear Christ's yoke, and are recipients of the gift of the Holy Spirit.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

HE STOOD THE TEST

THE Blue Line street-car stopped at the corner, and an anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Robin," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you. Don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor; but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't, I'll scare the horses, and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, I'll give you this peach if you'll pull that note half way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag, and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face. I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself; for when a man left his seat on the other side to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap; and then everybody clapped and applauded, until it might have alarmed Robin if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face: "Tell your mama that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Robin's mother; but no matter,—the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket on the way.—*Youth's Companion*.

OUR WONDERFUL BODIES

THE BRAIN AND THE NERVES

II

THE spinal cord is the nerve substance of the brain prolonged into the spinal canal. It is about sixteen inches long. The gray matter this time is inside, and the white outside. It also has a right and a left half, and from these branch other divisions called "columns."

The brain and spinal cord send out forty-three pairs of nerve-trunks—twelve from the brain, which supply the upper half of the body, and thirty-one pairs from the spinal cord, which supply the lower half of the body. The brain, spinal cord, and nerve-trunks together make the *cerebro-spinal nervous system*. The nerves of this system cross one another. Nerves from the right side of the body cross, and attach to the left side of the brain and spinal cord. When the right side of the body is paralyzed, the injury is on the left side of the brain.

A row of small ganglia, in pairs, on each side of the vertebral column, are joined to one another and to the cerebro-spinal system. These ganglia and nerves are called the "sympathetic nervous system." The stomach, intestines, liver, and blood-vessels are closely united in sympathy by these nerves, of which there are thirty pairs. The control and harmony of the entire body are due to the action of the brain and the nerves.

Nerve-trunks have two kinds of fibers: one carries impressions inwardly to the brain and spinal cord; the other conveys impressions outwardly to the muscles or other organs. So we

have the two kinds of fibers—*sensory* and *motor*.

Sensory nerves control hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling; also sensations of hunger, thirst, heat, cold, etc. There are two kinds of sensation, *internal* and *external*; and for each of these there is, in the brain, a group of cells, or ganglia, having charge of that particular sensation. These nerves end in the tissues.

Motor nerves differ in their work. Some sets control the heart; some the stomach; others the muscular contraction of the walls of the blood-vessels, causing the paling or flushing of the face, etc. These motor nerves end in the muscles. Coughing and sneezing are governed by the vasomotor nerves.

The brain is really a receptacle for cells that receive and send out messages to the entire body. These cells have power to store up energy to use as thought or action, when required by proper stimulus.

Nerve-force travels one hundred feet a second.

Sensation gives rise to motion. To illustrate, you have all noticed, when burning your finger, how quickly and involuntarily it is withdrawn from the flame. This is the result of *reflex action*. Many movements of the body are reflex. Walking is at first voluntary, but afterward it becomes reflex. The chief function of the spinal cord is reflex action. It has power, separate from the brain, to send out impulses to the muscles, which are received through the sensory nerves.

The brain needs exercise. Reasonable study of such subjects as will bring vigor to the mind, and develop beautiful and pure ideas, is most essential. God's word is the best study we can pursue; but all other studies that are in harmony with its teaching will be of service. Worry destroys the vitality of the brain-cells. Violent excitement or sensational reading is injurious. Sleep and muscular exercise are beneficial. If the general health is impaired, nerve tone is lowered, and nervous energy is lessened. This weakens mental capacity, and is generally followed by weak moral power. Physical health lies at the basis of our usefulness here, and, to a great degree, of our future as well. The most necessary foods for the nervous system are phosphates. These are found in whole wheat, peas, beans, and eggs. Prunes also are said to be thus nourishing.

Overeating clogs the brain, because of the close connection of the brain with the stomach nerves. There should be, however, a good supply of healthful, nourishing food. Alcohol is especially irritating to the nervous tissue. It weakens will power, reason, and judgment, and the higher faculties lose control of the lower. The brain-cells and fibers are held together by *connective tissue*, and, by overstimulation, this grows abnormally in the drunkard, until it falls over the cells and nerve-centers, depressing and paralyzing them. Tobacco and cigarettes also paralyze the nerve-cells; for this reason young men using this foul poison are not in possession of their full intellectual powers. Will not our girls use their influence against such a terrible bondage for their brothers and friends? Opium has a fearful result on the nervous system. Self-respect and self-control are soon gone, and lying becomes a habit. Tea and coffee are mild poisons, whose habitual use produces partial paralysis of the brain-cells. Drinkers of coffee and tea often resort to chloral or opium to relieve nervousness, and thus one sin leads to another.

To sum up these evils: Alcohol weakens the will; tobacco makes one selfish and filthy; opium makes one untruthful and unreliable, and kills moral sense; and the use of tea and coffee leads to a craving for stronger stimulants.

MRS. M. D. McKEE.

(Concluded next week)

PARABLES FROM NATURE



A PARABLE FROM THE WEEDS

AUTUMN'S lessons are not all sad ones. He who looks deep enough sees in the changes that take place at that season the great power of God providing for the next summer's growth.

True, the herbs and weeds are withering and drying in the autumnal sun and frosts; their shriveled skeletons rustle and tremble, showing to all that summer is over. Even the careless realize that the great pulse of nature's life is throbbing more slowly and feebly.

But with the passing of the flowers and the fading of the leaves, before the stalks began to shrivel, each plant perfected its fruit, and sowed an abundance of seed for the next year's growth.

Everywhere these seeds are scattered. They are so abundant that thousands will be eaten by birds, squirrels, and other small animals; but though many seeds will perish in this manner, an abundance will still be left. Tucked away in snug corners, they will sleep until the spring sunshine calls them forth, under the quickening influence of life.

Though the herbs and weeds are now whitening in the sun, and rustling in the autumn winds, they did not fail until, in them, God's great purpose had been wrought. They are dead; but before their death, life's work was completed,—they had run their appointed course, they had fulfilled their labors.

Oh, that we may do as well! What more can any one do than that,—to accomplish the end for which he was created? To fulfill the purpose for which God placed you in the earth, is to do all that you can possibly do. To do this will mean that you have so faithfully fulfilled your



tasks that God is satisfied. The weeds do that much,—they fulfill the purpose for which they were placed here,—but man! how far short *he* comes of the plans and purposes of his Creator! And there are some who maintain that this is the best he can do. They claim that the Bible ideas of holiness and purity are ideals too high for sinful man to reach.

Indeed, of himself, man could never attain to such heights; but God can bring man up into the higher altitudes of living. Man has but to yield to the purpose of God, in order that it be fulfilled in him.

It is thus that even the weeds reach their appointed place and do their allotted work,—they yield to the will and power of God. It is God who works in them. But to man is given that higher privilege of working *out* what God

works *in*. Here thousands fail. Men will not yield. They wish to use the power themselves. They are determined to think out and plan out their own lives, regardless of the counsel and co-operation of their Maker. The fact that there will be plants the coming summer depends very largely on the work that the plants have accomplished this year. They have now perfected their fruit, and sowed their crop of seed. We, too, have fruit to perfect and seed to sow; and what is to be in coming days depends largely on what we do now.

Unless Christ has been perfected in us, unless we possess him, the last dread hour of death will be all dark; there will be no light, no hope beyond. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." When that life is ushered in, there will be no more a life's winter; no more dying and lying down in the grave; never again a resting-place beneath the sod.

I suppose, too, that when that glad time comes,



winter will cease to reign upon this earth of ours. Not only is the earth to be made new, but everything in connection with it is to be changed; for the promise is, "Behold, I make *all things* new."

There will be no autumnal fading of the leaves, no perishing of the plants and flowers, and no such things as weeds. Everywhere and always the earth will blossom as the rose. Oh, the glory and beauty of the earth made new! Oh, the blessedness of those who shall forever dwell there!

L. A. REED.

SOMETIME

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine more in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best!"

—Selected.



OUR MEN OF PURPOSE

WHAT has the country boy to say
Of country boys who "made their way"?
The brown lad, standing at the stile,
Nods toward the homestead with a smile,
Points to the plow, the field, the mill;
The tiny schoolhouse on the hill;
And tells with pride how from the farm
A Lincoln's sturdy voice and arm,
A Garfield's eloquence and might,
A Whittier's prophetic sight,
The faith of Grant and Washington,
Our cause upheld, our battles won,
And strengthened in its trial hour
The bulwarks of our country's power.

What has the city boy to tell
Of city boys who served us well?
He points us to a thousand strong
Renowned in story and in song,—
A thousand who have "won their way,"
Whose names shine like the stars to-day.
He tells how from the town there came
A Franklin's never-ending fame,
An Irving's sun that has not set,
The genius of an Everett;
Beneath the city's roofs and domes
There sprang the peerless wit of Holmes,
The treasured power of Motley's books,
The eloquence of Phillips Brooks.

What, then, brave toiler in the town,
Strong plowboy, in the pasture brown!
When youthful purpose clearly sees
Exemplars in such men as these,—
Join forces in their noble strife,
To seek the purest joys of life;
Join hands together, and be brave
Their legacy of faith to save.
Whatever drones and doubters say,
Be men of purpose, boys, to-day.

—Frank Walcott Hutt, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE WAY TO THE PROOFROOM

FOR the benefit of the boy who would be a proofreader, there are a number of things to be said. First and foremost, he should start in early with the intention of making a practical printer of himself, acquiring all there is to acquire along the line of typesetting, making-up, stone work, etc. There is nothing more necessary than this in a proofreader's career. True, there are very many in the profession who know nothing about the "case;" but they are not as successful proofreaders as they might be, and they are constantly "on the go" from one office to another. Though they may not confess it, they find themselves lacking in essentials. Therefore, boys, seize every opportunity to make yourselves proficient printers before you attempt to read a line of proof. A practical, hard-working printer, who begins at the beginning as a printer's boy, and learns the trade thoroughly, lays the foundation for excellent work as a proofreader.

Scores of boys attempt to learn the printing business simply because they can find nothing else to do; and it is generally easy to obtain a transient job in a printing house, to discharge the ordinary duties that are the first steps in the trade. But the boys who go into the work with the intention of learning the gradual steps rapidly but carefully are the boys who make the best printers, and eventually the best proofreaders.

In the first place, the would-be printer and proofreader, the boy who intends to make a business of this work, should try to connect himself with an office that has a painstaking, thorough-going foreman, who has a great deal of sympathy and humanity in his make-up. Under such a man's tutorship he will learn more than he ever could under a man of high-

handed, tyrannical methods. Of course it is understood nowadays that the boy printer should have a good grammar-school education before he attempts to go into a composing room; then he is ready for almost anything that may be required of him.

They say that the way to the proofroom is a way of thorns and briers. It is. So is the royal road to every success and every well-won profession. There is nothing equal to memory-training in any business; and if a boy has it in mind to become a successful proofreader, he will make it one of the highest aims of his life not to forget. He will keep his memory bright and shining under all circumstances, remembering where he left off in his duties the day before, and trying not to ask the same questions of printer or foreman a second time. Thus in a few months' time a bright boy ought to find himself thorough master of the case, as well as of all the minor details of the work, such as taking galley proofs, distributing type, etc.

Outside the office there is much to learn, too. With the proofroom still in view, the boy should keep himself as nicely informed as possible with regard to the leading questions of the day, the world over. If he does not read the better class of newspapers carefully, he is not up-to-date. He must also have a taste for the best literature, so that, as he progresses, he may become familiar with the works of all the leading authors, old and new. He should obtain and study some standard work on punctuation, such as "Wilson's Treatise on Punctuation," and should also make a thorough study of synonyms, and their finer shades of meaning. Let him always bear in mind that the accurate proofreader is a "man of parts," a man of knowledge of an exact and universal kind, in many different lines. The more information the serious, earnest boy acquires, the more valuable will he become to the great printing firms, that are continually on the lookout for just that sort of readers.

The proofreading profession is by no means overcrowded. Let the boy printer be satisfied with low wages when he begins. Later on, when he has thoroughly tested his powers, and finds himself ready to step into the proofroom, he will learn that good proofreaders command salaries ranging from fifteen to sixty dollars a week. Then he will find, too, that his habits of accuracy and attention will avail him profitably for life.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

SUCCESS GAINED THROUGH ADVERSITY

EARLY in life it was my happy privilege to become acquainted with a man who was one of a large family of children whose parents were very poor. As he was many years my senior, I could learn only from his own lips the hardships and trials through which he passed in early childhood. But over and over he has repeated them to me, and they always engaged my rapt attention and enlisted my deepest sympathy.

As I have reflected upon many of the early experiences of this man, and known something of his career later in life, how he was advanced from one position of responsibility to another, it has been a source of inspiration to me; and I am growing more and more into the opinion, by actual knowledge as well as by observation, that strength of character and real usefulness are not so much the outgrowth of wealth, advantages, and opportunities, as the reverse.

"It is easy to glide with the ripples
Adown the stream of time,
To flow with the course of the river,
Like music to some old rhyme;
But ah! it takes courage and patience
Against its current to ride;
And we must have strength from heaven
When rowing against the tide."

Yes, difficulties awaken all our dormant ener-

gies; and often in the struggle we find ourselves insufficient, and are driven to Him who is the source of all strength.

Let no one whose resources are limited, whose sphere seems narrow, become discouraged, and give up trying. Right within ourselves are grand responsibilities, while just above us, and yet within our reach, are infinite resource and power. What others have done we can do. By grappling with adversity we shall grow strong, and the obstacles in the way will become the stepping-stones to glorious success.

K. BLOSSOM WILCOX.



"Be Concise, Young Man."—The following good advice was given to a young writer who submitted to an editor a one-column article, the gist of which could have been better told in ten lines: "Young man, when a man discovers his house is ablaze, he doesn't go to the window, and tell the passers-by that 'half an hour ago what threatened to be a terrible conflagration broke out in the upper story of the palatial mansion occupied by Mr. Jeremiah Dickens.' He simply rushes to the front, and shouts, 'Fire!' Be concise, young man."

A Balloon Voyage by Night.—M. Jaques Faure, a member of the Aero Club of Paris, France, recently crossed by balloon from the Crystal Palace, London, to France. Starting at six o'clock in the evening, he arrived safely at Alette, near Boulogne, France, at ten minutes to eleven, the journey having occupied four hours and fifty minutes. The entire distance was traveled at a height of two thousand feet. It appears that "this is by no means an exceptional performance, since Mr. Percival Spencer, the well-known aeronaut of London, has crossed from the Crystal Palace to France on several occasions, with varied success; but the trip has never before been attempted by night. The advantage of the night journey is that the air, being condensed, does not rarefy the gas in the balloon, as is the case when the sun's rays are directed upon the vessel during the day. So long as the temperature of the atmosphere remains at a certain point, the balloon will maintain its equilibrium at a regular altitude."

Europe's Ignorance of American Affairs.—Europeans know comparatively little about America, while, through Stoddard's lectures and otherwise, Americans know a great deal about Europe. As an illustration, it is related that an English gentleman, being shown Bunker Hill Monument, and told, "Here Warren fell," looked up at the monument, and asked, "How far did he fall?" Says Geo. T. Angell: "A friend tells us that he has met several educated young Englishmen, who, while they could tell him all about the war in the Crimea, not only had never heard of the battle of Gettysburg, but did not even know that we had ever had any war between our Northern and Southern States." This is generally true of even the educated classes on the European continent. For instance, the writer remembers that when, as a boy, he was attending the public schools of Bienne, Switzerland, he was obliged to learn not only the number of inhabitants in each Swiss canton, but the number of persons living in each town and village, the number of churches in each, etc., etc., while very little mention was made of the great continent of America. In fact, had you asked the average schoolboy of the place how much larger was the United States than Switzerland, he would not have hesitated to tell you that his own land was the larger of the two.

A. J. BOURDEAU.



A PRISON-HOUSE

HIGH are its walls, so you can't see o'er,
And so narrow are they that one can't get in;
Nor outward swings its close-barred door
Of Love, to welcome one's kith and kin.
The shutter of Sympathy's never drawn
To send forth a message of hope and cheer;
The flag on the tower, from eve till dawn,
Reads, "I live alone; please don't come near!"
"And who is the inmate,—some witch or elf?
And the name of the house? I can not guess."
The inmate's a shriveled-up dwarf called Self,
And the narrow house is Selfishness!
—Adelbert S. Caldwell, in *S. S. Times*.

DOROTHY'S SERVANTS

DOROTHY's face wore a discontented look: she glanced around the plain little room that served for kitchen, dining-room, and parlor, and sighed.
"What is it, dear?" asked her mother.

"O mother! I'm so tired of being poor," she answered. "Alice Pratt has such a beautiful house to live in, and servants to wait on her. She never has to sweep floors, or make up her bed, or even comb her own hair. I wish we were rich, too."

"Why, girlie, I don't think you would feel so poor if you would just count up your riches. You, too, have a beautiful house of your own, and many servants to wait on you."

"O mother! this house is not beautiful a bit; and we never had any servants. I do not understand what you mean. Please tell me," and Dorothy came, and leaned on the arm of her mother's chair.

"I'll tell you about some of your servants first. They are good, faithful servants, and you would miss any one of them very much. They have been with you always, but some of them did not begin work as soon as others. A curious thing about them is that many of them go in pairs, exactly alike."

"Do go on, mother," said Dorothy, as her mother paused. "It sounds just like a story."

"Well, two who began to serve you very early are artists. The first picture they painted for you was a picture of the light. There were the window and the lamp, and there were little points of light reflected from bright articles in the room. Then they showed you a picture of mother's face; after that, there was father; then there were flowers and birds, trees, clouds, and houses. They have painted all these things for you, and without their help you would have seen none of them."

"The next pair are reporters. Not a sound do they hear but they tell you of it. The bird-songs, the music of the brook, the wind in the trees, mother's voice, and the church bell,—all sounds, sweet or harsh, sad or joyous, they report faithfully to you. But they did not begin work quite as early as the artists."

"The next pair are your jolly playmates,—workmates, too; never a game of ball or jack-stones do you have but they play it with you, sharing your fun. And when you have work to do, they always turn in and help with all their might. Yet when you were little, they were very naughty: you would hardly believe it, but they actually used to scratch your dear little face until I thought I should have to tie them up."

"One more pair I will tell you of, whose duty it is carry you around, wherever you may wish to go. When you were little, they were your favorite playthings. Alice Pratt is rich, and rides in a carriage; but she would gladly exchange it for a pair of servants as nimble and strong as yours, to carry her about."

"Another little servant tells you what food you will like, even before you have tasted it. She warns you when you have forgotten your bread, and left it in the oven too long; or when you have let the kettle boil dry; and she tells you if there is mold or other unwholesome matter about. She also gives you much pleasure by bringing to you the pleasant odors of flowers and fruits."

"There is one servant who makes a great profession of modesty, hiding behind a double defense, first of coral, then of ivory. But as the Good Book calls her an 'unruly evil,' I would advise my little girl to keep a close watch on her; and not only that, but also to pray, as did David, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.'

A BETTER GIFT

"OH, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much. She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

Viva chatted this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

"She has something far better than brilliancy," said Miss Merton.

"What?" said Viva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

"She has a courteous manner,—a grace that is far too rare. I know Ruth well, and her kindness and courtesy are unfailing in company or



"The most important servant of all is the one who pumps. You have never seen her; but her little pipes run to every point, and her work never ceases, as long as you live,—'lub-tup,' 'lub-tup,'—night and day, night and day, with a tiny rest after each stroke."

"Now, dear, I've mentioned a few of your servants, but only a few. I think you know now what the house is that you live in, do you not?"

"Yes, mother; it is the temple of my body," said Dorothy, softly. "I never thought before that I was so rich. Thank you for the story."

"Here is a verse I would like to have my little girl learn," said her mother, as she opened the Bible, and pointed to Ps. 139: 14: "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

AUNT BETTY.

at home. She will grow into a lovely woman."

"I am sorry I spoke so," said Viva. "I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles dreadfully in her lessons."

"No doubt she is sorry about it. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things; but you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kind-hearted and gentle. When you go out in the world, no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in algebra and Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought into you, whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this: every one who meets you will know, without putting you through an examination, whether you are a gentlewoman. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with every one you meet; but you can

always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living." — *Union Signal*.



UPON HIS SHOULDER

UPON his shoulder, scourged and bowed with pain,
He bore the cross along the weary road.
The scoff and scorn he braved my peace to gain;
For me he fainted 'neath the awful load.

Upon his shoulder in the desert wild,
Where souls astray in drought and darkness roam,
He laid me,—helpless as an outcast child,—
And with rejoicing brought his ransomed home.

Upon his shoulder, throned all power above,
The government of worlds is resting now.
He ruleth all things, and his rule is love—
Behold, through crowns, the thornprints on his brow!

Upon his shoulder, high, serene, and safe,
He waits to bear each life load of my soul;
And shall I dare mistrust his power, or chafe
Impatient of his choosing or control?

Upon his shoulder! In that heart's-ease word
All care and fear and doubt are overthrown.
Remove my shoulder from the burden, Lord,
And let the government be all thine own!
—*Mary Rowles Jarvis*.

BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 7; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"
pages 435-451

NOTES ON LESSON 7

(December 9-15)

THE sealing work brought to view in the seventh chapter of Revelation takes place in the space of time intervening between the fulfillment of the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the sixth chapter of Revelation. The thirteenth verse met its fulfillment in 1833. The fourteenth verse will not be fulfilled until the servants of God are sealed in their foreheads, and the hundred and forty-four thousand saints are numbered for eternity.

Work of the Four Angels.—"I saw four angels who had a work to do on the earth, and were on their way to accomplish it. Jesus was clothed with priestly garments. He gazed in pity on the remnant, then raised his hands upward, and with a voice of deep pity cried, 'My blood, Father! my blood! my blood! my blood!' Then I saw an exceeding bright light come from God, who sat upon the great white throne, and was shed all about Jesus. Then I saw an angel with a commission from Jesus, flying swiftly to the four angels who had a work to do on the earth, and waving something up and down in his hand, and crying with a loud voice, 'HOLD! HOLD! HOLD! HOLD! until the servants of God are sealed in their foreheads.' I asked my accompanying angel the meaning of what I heard, and what the four angels were about to do. He said to me that it was God that restrained the powers, and that he gave his angels charge over things on the earth; that the four angels had power from God to hold the four winds, and that they were about to let them go, but while their hands were loosening, and the four winds were about to blow, the merciful eye of Jesus gazed on the remnant that were

not sealed, and he raised his hands to the Father, and pleaded with him that he had spilled his blood for them. Then another angel was commissioned to fly swiftly to the four angels, and bid them hold until the servants of God were sealed with the seal of the living God in their foreheads." — *"Early Writings" (first part), pages 30, 31.* "What is the seal of the living God, which is placed in the foreheads of his people?—It is a mark, which angels, but not human eyes, can read."

Seal.—A seal is a mark attached to legal documents to make them of force. It shows the name of the person or power issuing the document; also the title, or right to exercise authority, of that person or power, and the territory governed

The Seal of the Law of God.—When the Creator of the heavens and the earth gave his law to man, he did not leave it without his signature. Earthly rulers usually place their seal, while some place it at the head; but God's seal, or name, is found in the center of his law,—in the fourth commandment, where it could not be removed without changing his law. "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is." Here we are given the name of the lawgiver,—the Lord Jehovah. His title is the Creator; for he made all things. His territory comprises the whole universe of God—"heaven and earth, . . . and all that in them is."

The Sabbath the Seal.—God's seal is in the Sabbath commandment. We keep the Sabbath to commemorate his great creative power,—that power which made the worlds, and upholds them in the heavens, and also makes new, clean hearts for his people, and is able to keep them from falling. In obeying the fourth commandment we acknowledge God's right to rule over the sons of men, and that we are subjects of his dominion. If the Sabbath is kept with a true heart, it marks us as loyal subjects of the great Creator of the universe. A person may keep the Sabbath faultlessly in form, and be counted by men as a good Sabbath-keeper, while his heart is far from God, who alone can read the heart. He who is *at heart* a true Sabbath-keeper *will receive the seal*. Human eyes can not read the heart, and therefore will not be able to discern the seal of the living God in the forehead.

The 144,000.—This company will occupy the position in heaven once occupied by Satan and his angels, and they will follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. Satan points to the defective character of the remnant, and says: "Are these the people who are to take my place in heaven, and the place of the angels who united with me? . . . Look at the sins which have marked their lives. . . . But while the followers of Christ have sinned, they have not given themselves to the control of evil. They have put away their sins, and have sought the Lord in humility and contrition, and the divine Advocate pleads in their behalf. He who has been most abused by their ingratitude, who knows their sin, and also their repentance, declares, 'The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan! I gave my life for these souls. They are graven upon the palms of my hands.'" — *"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, pages 473, 474.*

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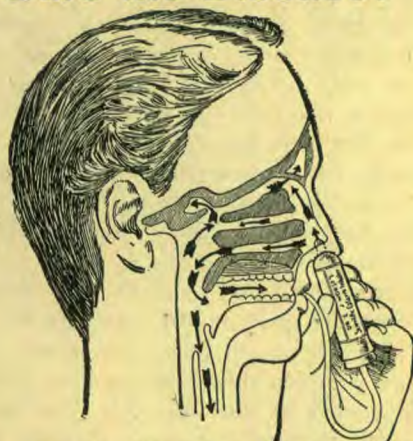
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SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON No 11

BONDAGE AND FREEDOM

(December 15)

LESSON TEXT.—Gal. 4:19-26.

MEMORY VERSE.—Rom. 3:19.

In this lesson and the next, you will study the subject of the two covenants, as illustrated in the experience of Abraham. In order to understand the lessons well, you will need to be familiar with the story of this experience. Read carefully Gen. 16:1-6; 17:15-25; Heb. 11:11, 12. For an excellent commentary on the two covenants, read chapter thirty-two of "Patriarchs and Prophets," from paragraph twenty-five to the close.

QUESTIONS

1. How does Paul address the Galatians? What experience does he again pass through for them? V. 19; note 1.
2. Where does he desire to be? How did he regard them? V. 20, margin; compare v. 11.
3. How does he next address them? What question does he ask them? V. 21; note 2.
4. How many sons had Abraham? Who was the mother of the first? Of the second? Gal. 4:22.
5. How was the son of the bondwoman born? How the son of the freewoman? V. 23; note 3.
6. What are these circumstances in the life of Abraham called? What do these two women represent? Which covenant does Agar represent? This covenant genders to what? V. 24.
7. Agar represents what mountain, and answers to what city? What is her condition? What the condition of her children? V. 25; note 4.
8. What city does Sarah, the freewoman, represent? What is the condition of this city? What is our relation to the heavenly Jerusalem? V. 26. Then what is our condition?

NOTES

1. Very tenderly Paul addresses the Galatians as his children. And such, in a spiritual sense, they were. Again he suffers the soul anguish that the faithful laborer feels for those whom he would see converted to Christ. It is this suffering that causes the tears with which we sow; but we shall reap in joy. Ps. 126:6.
2. The law was heard in thunder tones from Sinai. And it spoke only condemnation to those who heard; for all had violated it. We have seen that all who seek for righteousness by the works of the law are really under its curse; for righteousness comes not by the law except by perfect obedience. And this none have rendered. So the law proves all to be guilty before God.
3. Since Hagar was a bondwoman or slave, her children could be nothing but slaves; for children inherited their freedom or bondage from the mother, not from the father. So Ishmael never could have been Abraham's heir, even if Isaac had not been born.
4. Notice that the women, not their sons, represent the covenants. The sons represent those who are under the covenants. Hagar stands for the old covenant made at Sinai, which genders to bondage. "The people did not realize the sinfulness of their own hearts, and that without Christ it was impossible for them to keep God's law; and they readily entered into covenant with God. Feeling that they were able to establish their own righteousness, they declared, 'All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient.' They had witnessed the proclamation of the law in awful majesty, and had trembled with terror before the mount; yet only a few weeks passed before they broke their covenant with God."

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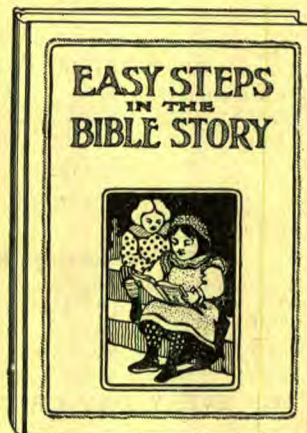
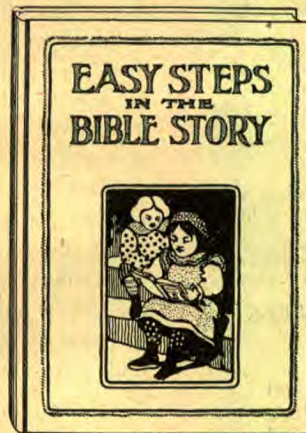
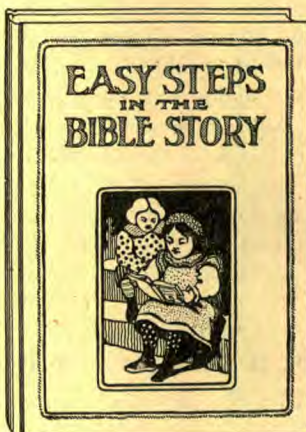
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

Press on! if once or twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try.

— Park Benjamin.

MONDAY:

"There is no corner in the world where we may not learn something of the meaning of those three great words: Duty, Love, God."

TUESDAY:

"Melancholy is 'catching,' and there is no subtler form of selfishness than a state of mind that is willfully and determinedly blue, since we are bound to cast that mental hue more or less on all around us."

WEDNESDAY:

Say not to Christ: "A chamber in the wall
Is dressed for thee; a table and a chair,
A bed, a candlestick, are ready there;
Honor thy servant's house, and enter in:"
Knowing that he must pass the lighted hall,
And see the shining service, and the state,
And thee, the master, standing girt to wait,
And pour rich ointment on the feet of sin.

— Frederick Langbridge.

THURSDAY:

"God never made a 'humdrum' day in all his beautiful world; but too often we build for ourselves humdrum souls, and then complain of the monotony of our lives. Set windows in your soul, and a skylight. How quickly you would grow sick if shut up in a dark room week after week! Do you think that your soul can grow strong shut up in the dark with self?"

FRIDAY:

There are many who would die for Christ; but in these days he calls for men who are willing to live for him. Human nature can summon itself with high resolve, and in one supreme act lay itself upon the altar. But what is needed to-day is a higher heroism, a nobler, a more costly martyrdom,—that of the living sacrifice, the sustained resolve, the renewed self-giving, the daily consecration.—Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D.

SABBATH:

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

A LARGE number of YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR clubs will expire during December. Please see if your club needs renewing.

PERHAPS you have fallen somewhat behind in your *Berean Library* study. If so, do not wait for a more convenient season to make up the lessons. A special blessing is pronounced upon those who become familiar with the truths contained in this wonderful book; and every day you put off this study, or allow other things to crowd it out, you are missing a blessing that you need. If you will follow the outlines suggested in the *Review* for daily study, you will be surprised to see how easily the points brought out will be fastened in the mind.

A VERY small object held before the eyes will shut out the most beautiful scene. So a small trouble may shut away from the mind the thought of all the pleasant things that come into the life, as well as all the blessings that belong to God's children by faith. Which would you rather see—a copper penny held close before your eyes, or a wide view of lake and river and wooded hill, with its endless variety of tints and lights and shades?—a bit of smoked glass, or the wonder of a rose, the smiles of friends, the light in eyes you love? And which would you rather see—the petty personal loss, the fancied slight, even the hurt of a real injury, or the light from the throne shining on the plains of the fair country that is your inheritance, the smile of Him into whose image you may become changed by beholding?

SABBATH-SCHOOL OFFICERS, ATTENTION!

ONCE more we wish to call your attention to the change in the grade of lessons to take place the first of January. As a result of this change, an increased number of papers will be needed in many schools. Learn at once if this will be the case in your school; and if it is, order the necessary number in time to supply all the classes with the first lesson. Neglect to do this will result in confusion and lack of interest—two elements that should never be allowed to enter the Sabbath-school.

GOOD EXAMPLES

CALIFORNIA has sent in a list of *fifty-one* names of county sheriffs, to whom the INSTRUCTOR is to be sent one year. This is a good work, and one that other States would find a blessing in doing. A special rate of *fifty cents a year* is made to all who send the INSTRUCTOR to reform schools, asylums, jails, and other county and State institutions. Where the sending of papers to the unfortunate persons in these places is followed by correspondence, and the blessing of God is asked on the effort, good results will surely follow.

A sister in Minnesota has ten copies of the INSTRUCTOR sent to her for private distribution. She says: "The truths in the INSTRUCTOR are expressed so clearly that I would like all our youth to read them, if possibly they might be drawn to their Saviour before it is too late." Why should not many copies of the INSTRUCTOR be used in this way? This is a work that the young people themselves might do, and in which they would be blessed.

FOUND! A NAME!

IN the INSTRUCTOR of November 1, page 341, was given a picture of three curious-looking birds, with a note asking who could name them, and describe their habits. The responses received all agree as to name,—the barn-owl,—but the descriptions of color, markings, etc., vary somewhat. This is easily accounted for by the fact that the barn-owl has a greater range than any other owl, being found in nearly all parts of the world; the birds, while maintaining the same general characteristics, differing widely in size, color, marking, and nesting habits.

Extracts from a few of the letters received will be of interest. The first came from a young friend in Wisconsin:—

"The name of the odd-looking birds in the picture is the barn-owl, or *Strix flammea*. A few years ago one of these birds was captured here, and mounted by my uncle. In color this specimen is a beautiful golden buff, of an extremely soft tint. The breast is finely dotted with small spots of dark-brown; the back is light-brown, with pencilings of white; and the tail is ornamented with four dark bars. The ruff around the face is of white, edged with brown. We think the center bird in the picture is a baby owl."

J. W. Rambo, of Camden, N. J., says:—

"I have seen many of these birds. They are barn-owls, and are common in the eastern part of the United States. About thirty years ago a pair of them had a nest in a hole in a large chestnut tree on my father's farm in New Jersey, and for several years raised either one or two families of young birds, from four to six each time. The year I first noticed them there were six young ones. These I distributed among friends, with the exception of one, which I had stuffed, and now have in my possession.

These owls are about fifteen inches in length, and have a comparatively broad spread of wing. The breast is white, mottled with brown. The back is brown and gray. There is a well-defined line about the face, which gives it a resemblance to a monkey. There are no ear-tufts, such as many other owls have. This bird has a peculiar habit of dropping its head on its breast, and wagging it from side to side. It feeds largely on mice.

"I well remember what a fright I had at one time while passing, after nightfall, the tree where the pair already referred to had their nest. They were out in search of their prey, and one of them flew close to my head, uttering, as it did so, an unearthly screech. I did not get over the feeling it gave me for some time."

W. T. Ayer, postmaster at Beaver City, Neb., who has had a pair of these birds in his possession, sends the following interesting sketch:—

"On page 341 of the INSTRUCTOR I noticed a picture of some birds that are familiar to me. I had a pair of them four or five years ago, but was never able to find any one who could classify them definitely. Whatever their scientific name, however, their general make-up and characteristics entitle them to be called 'monkey-faced owls.' They are buff-colored, mottled with black on some parts of the body and wings, and have the characteristic large, round eyes, which they wink alternately, of the owl family; also the hawklike bill, and sharp, curved talons of a bird of prey. When annoyed, they make a squealing noise not unlike the scolding of a monkey.

"The two specimens that I owned were, I should judge, only a few days old when captured, as their round heads were covered with fine, soft hair, which later developed into feathers. They were secured from the nest by Mr. Harvey Bronhard, who lives nine miles south of Beaver City, Neb., on the banks of Sappa Creek. The creek bank near Mr. Bronhard's home is from twenty to thirty feet high, and nearly perpendicular. The parent birds had made their nest in this bank, and here the young birds were found. Of the two that I had, one disappeared during the night; the other I had mounted when it was half-grown, and it is now in my brother's collection in Lincoln, Neb."

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