

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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WINTER'S SILVER SHUTTLES

To and fro,
To and fro,
Athwart the tingling, icy air,
The linden branches blow, and so,
With warp of wind and woof of snow,
The weaver Winter's shuttles go.
Such garments rare
The earth shall wear,
No softest ermine, neither vair,
Nor royal robing anywhere,
Nor any cunning looms may show
A fabric half so fair.

A world of shining hints of hues,
Wherein all tints so gently fuse
In loveliness of light and shade,
No eye may tell whereof is made
Such pearly radiance; nor invade
The violet depth thereof for clews
To clasp its color-keys, and know
The subtle secrets of the snow;
The gleaming heavens, overlaid
With loosened spangles, softly fade
Into the gleaming earth below;
And all horizons seem to be
Lost in white purity.

Aye, richly, Winter, to and fro
Thus let your silver shuttles go,
Till every sparkling web is spun;
Still, with rare skill, unceasing ply
Your artful trickeries, and try
All chill enchantments, every one
Of all devices to beguile
This dreary, overweary while
Wherein we wait the sun;
And since the north must yet prevail,
And bitter, cheerless winds assail,
Come, white-winged snows, and over all
Like shreds of floating feathers fall,
And lightly lie!
So, by and by,—
Ah, by and by,—
Like blue flakes from an azure sky,
The April birds will fly.

— Evaleen Stein.

HINDU CUSTOMS

THE religion of the Hindu enters into everything he does. Visiting Karmatar the other day, I saw a cow purchased for the orphanage. The price (about thirteen dollars) being paid, the seller took a wisp of straw from the pile where the cow was eating, and said some formula over it, wishing the cow long life. He handed the wisp to the gardener, who took it with salaams, and put it in his turban. The seller then bowed low, salaaming the cow, and went his way.

The rice is being harvested at Karmatar. After the grain is beaten or trodden out on the threshing-floor by oxen, the men winnow it, pouring it from above the head in long piles, while two men with fans blow out the dust and chaff. When the pile in hand is completed, the men do a little *poojah* (worship) to it or for it.

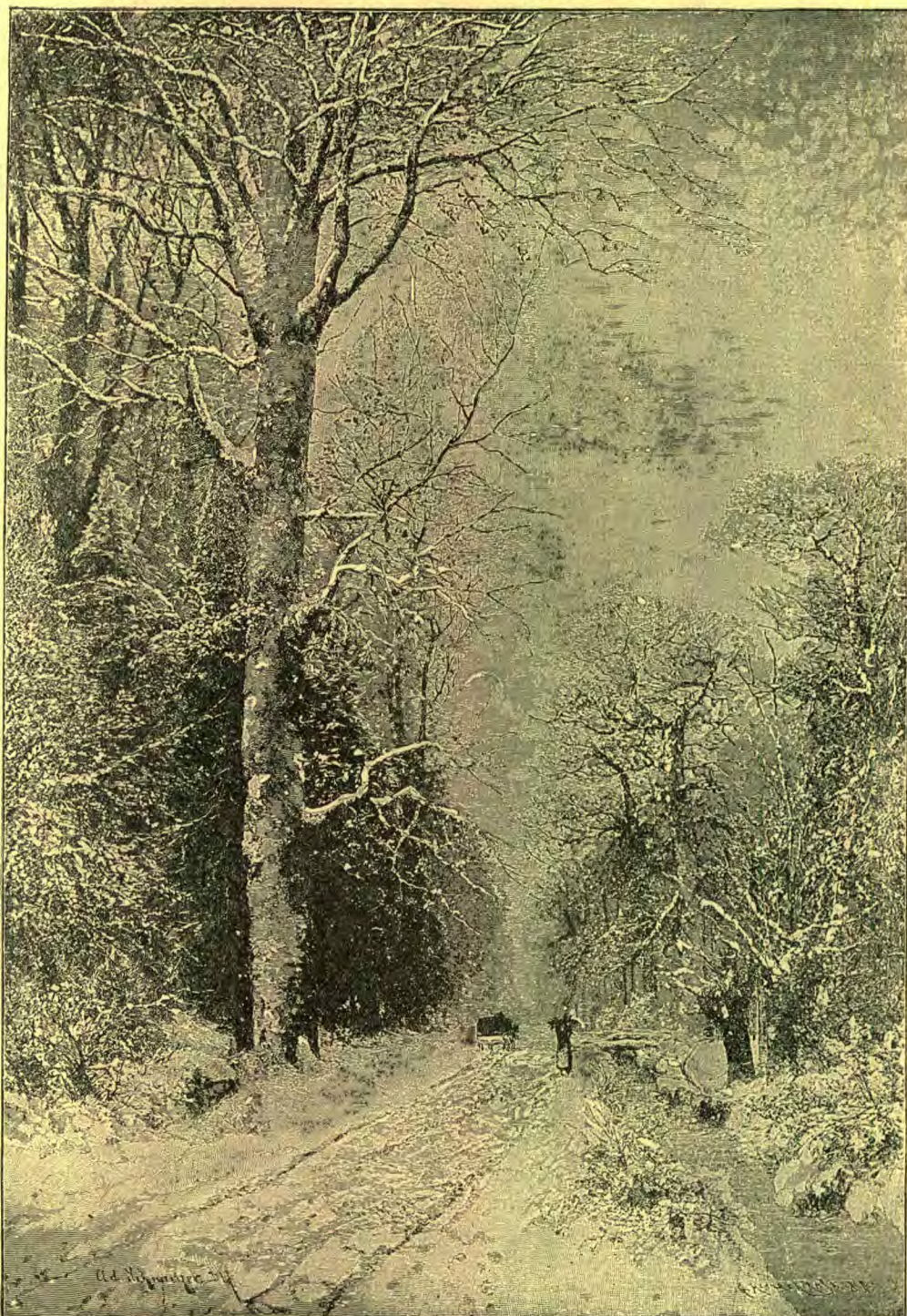
Thus superstition keeps its hold on men at every turn. But does it not suggest how often,

we who know the true God fail to think of him as present with us in every transaction? Our acknowledgments are not to be paid with outward show and vain repetitions; but too commonly we leave the thought of God out of our daily tasks.
Calcutta. W. A. SPICER.

SCENES IN GREECE

FOR nearly two hours we had been winding our way upward, in and out among fig and olive trees, until their grateful shade had been passed, and we neared the summit of the hill from which we would take a last look at Sparta. Dropping down in the shadow of a great rock, we soon forgot our fatigue in admiring the surrounding scenery. Behind us rose the mountains, higher and higher, one after another, until they seemed to pierce the very heavens; while before us lay

the beautiful valley from which we had just come. In the center, apparently set in orange, lemon, fig, and mulberry trees, lay the town of Sparta. It is now a new town of about four thousand inhabitants, having been built only about sixty years; but it stands on the same spot where its ancient namesake once rivaled Athens as the first city of civilization. The same snow-capped Taygetus keeps eternal watch over the valley; the same River Eurotas waters its fertile soil; and opposite us is the pass out of which the brave Spartan soldiers used to march to defend their valley against ambitious countrymen, or their country against the Persians. It may be that these stern mountains lent to the Greeks their hardy and cruel nature, though the beautiful valley was an esthetic education in itself; for Christ had not yet come to teach the doc-



A WORLD OF SHINING HINTS OF HUES

trine of peace, which even to-day so few are ready to receive.

Here it was that Leonidas learned to throw the spear and afterward to direct the battle, a pile of large stones being still pointed out as marking his resting-place; and here Lycurgus established his famous social laws. But the traveler to-day finds more of interest in the old, deserted city of Mistra, built on a hillside about an hour's walk from Sparta. The road leading to it passes through beautiful gardens and orchards; and here, morning and evening, may be seen pretty Spartan girls, their faces nearly hidden in large white handkerchiefs, going to and from their work in the silk factories.

As we approached the city, we passed through a little inhabited village of the same name; many of its houses are centuries old, and bear the scars of many wars. Down some of its narrow streets run small streams of the pure, sparkling spring water abundant in this neighborhood. Ascending the hill, we found ourselves winding about between ruined walls and houses. At times we passed through great gates; in fact, the entire labyrinth was a series of fortifications, one above the other, with houses in the walls. Every little while the guide led us into a church; these churches are of the Byzantine order, and in many of them the liturgies are still performed. Many of these churches are in ruins; and the guide, when asked how many there were, looked bewildered, and answered, "Very, very many." In each of them the bones of many saints are kept.

Some years ago a Frenchman removed a large stone image of Christ, with several paintings, from a church to a museum near by. Such sacrilege incensed the people; and our guide, with a few others, caught the man, and would have killed him but for the timely interference of the soldiers. The men were severely punished; but our guide's only regret seemed to be that he did not succeed in killing the Frenchman.

The hill is crowned with a very strong fortress. Our guide solemnly asserted that this city was over six thousand years old; of course he was mistaken. It was probably founded shortly after Christ; was greatly strengthened by the Franks during the crusades; held for some centuries by the Turks; and then retaken by its rightful owners, the Greeks, in their war for independence in 1821.

Recalling our minds to present surroundings, we find ourselves entering the famous pass of Langatha. This is one of the most beautiful valleys of Greece. Travelers who do not mind the difficulties of a ten-hours' ride on mule-back,—for the way is merely a bridle-path,—take this route from Sparta to Kalamata. We made the trip on foot, however; and though it was a slower journey, the privilege of visiting with the people was certainly worth the effort.

We ascended a narrow path, on one side of which a cliff, many hundred feet high, rose almost perpendicularly, and on the other, as far below and almost straight down, lay a beautiful valley. The narrow path called vividly to mind what is said in "Early Writings" about the experience that awaits the saints just before Christ's second coming. The burning sun became almost unbearable, our lips were parched, and the constant climbing had taken all our strength; but the guide urged us on with the words, "Only a little farther." At length we came to a large rock, and with difficulty toiled around it, wondering why such an obstacle had to be in the way, when, O joy! in its shadow we found a bright little spring bursting forth, and a pleasant place to rest. Did you ever find life's journey so hard that it seemed you could go no farther, or a task that made you say, "I can not do it"? Listen to your Guide when he says, "A little farther," and you will certainly come to the pleasant places.

Did this mean that our labor was over?—By no means; it meant that we were refreshed, and could ascend to greater heights. After a little

we reached the summit, and before us was spread out another valley, more beautiful than the first. A half-hour's descent brought us again among the trees, and under their pleasant shade we pursued our way, finding much amusement in throwing stones, and listening to hear them strike in the stream far below. Now and then we found a little settlement of mountaineers, or passed a shepherd with his sheep and goats guarded by fierce dogs. These people are very simple in their habits, and pleasant to talk with. I have been warned against them many times; yet I saw nothing to alarm me except the dogs, to guard against which each traveler must carry a heavy stick.

About the middle of the afternoon great clouds suddenly rolled up over the mountains, and we were soon driven under a large cliff for shelter; darkness seemed to have fallen upon us, and the rain came down in torrents. I began to wonder if we should have to spend the night in our cave, when the guide said, "Never mind; it will soon pass." So it did; and when we came out of our retreat, those black clouds were rolling down the valley, the sun was shining, and all nature was smiling and beautiful.

When night overtook us, we found lodgings in a beautifully situated little village, deep down in the valley. Although my bed was not very comfortable, I never slept more soundly; and it was with difficulty that the guide got me started at seven o'clock the next morning. For two hours we ascended the mountain on the other side of the valley, and at its summit were rewarded by seeing our destination, Kalamata, lying apparently at our feet, in a beautiful plain covered with tropical fruits, while the Mediterranean shone blue in the distance.

H. A. HENDERSON.



THE NEW YEAR

WHAT do you keep for us, O stranger Year?
Days overfull of grief, or loving cheer?
Of ease, or toil? We question vainly thus;
For no reply the New Year has for us.

But face of Christ we see with love alight,
And this it tells us: "Depth, nor breadth, nor height,
Nor present things, nor those that are to be,
In any wise can sunder you from me."

Thrice welcome, then; we need not shrink in fear
From aught that you can bring us, untried Year!
Christ's arm is 'round us. Speed you on your way;
And we will try to make each passing day

The setting for some loving-hearted deed
Or tender word to those who are in need
Of gentle ministries. So shall we be,
Dear Christ, at the year's end more near to thee.

—Young People's Weekly.

HOW SHALL WE REGARD UNCONGENIAL ASSOCIATES?

WE are often thrown in direct company and close association with persons who are whimsical, notional, and so difficult to please that we are strongly tempted to avoid them altogether. Instead of doing that, we ought rather to be glad of such an opportunity; for it will be a constant school for us, serving to bring to the surface tact, judgment, and other latent qualities in our characters. The very crankiness that is manifested by our immediate associates may be used by God as a rare opportunity to bring out a strong reflection of the divine from our lives. If one does not recognize this principle, such experiences will tend to develop evil traits of character instead of molding him to become more like the divine model.

If a person occupying some position of respon-

sibility abuses and misuses us, it is probably God's object, in permitting it, to teach us how *not* to treat some one else when we are called to occupy a similar position.

When others talk about us, and say all manner of evil against us *falsely*, this is a God-given call for us to rejoice and be exceedingly glad. If we do this, the thing that seemed so hard to bear will only serve to bring out more prominently the really good points in our character. Every person who is permitted to wrong us may serve as a heavenly chariot to bring away luscious fruits of divine love from us, just as the same car that carries rubbish and trash in one direction, may return filled with useful and beautiful things.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

REJOICE IN THE LORD

CHRIST says to his followers, "Ye are the light of the world." Then let your light shine forth in clear, steady rays. Do not wrap about you a cloud of darkness. Cease to suspect others. By good works represent the character of Christ. When you are tempted to yield to despondency, look to Jesus, and talk with him. Your Elder Brother will never make a mistake. He will judge righteously. He will guide you aright.

God is not pleased to see his children wrapped in gloom and sadness. His arm is mighty to save all who will lay hold on him. He desires us to be cheerful, but not trifling. He says to each one of us, "But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." God wants us to be happy. He desires to put a new song on our lips, even praise to our God. He wants us to believe that he forgives our sins, and takes away our unrighteousness. He wants us to make melody in our hearts to him.

The "hope set before us"—what is it?—The hope of eternal life. Nothing short of this will satisfy the Redeemer; and it is our part to lay hold of this hope by living faith in him. If we are partakers with him in his sufferings, we shall be partakers with him in the glory which will be his; for his merits have purchased forgiveness and immortality for every sinful, perishing soul. "This hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." Our trust in this hope, purchased for us by the atonement and intercession of Christ, is to keep us steadfast and unmovable in every hour of conflict. With such a hope as this before us, shall we allow Satan to cast his shadow across our pathway, to eclipse our view of the future?

Christ values human beings with a value that is beyond any human computation. Then let us encourage faith. Take your eyes off yourself. Faith and hope are not to be centered in self: they are to enter into that within the veil, whither our Forerunner is for us entered. Talk of the blessed hope and glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We are exposed to great moral danger; and if we trust in self, looking no higher, we shall make shipwreck of faith. Do not fail nor be discouraged. Hope is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast when it enters into that within the veil. Thus the tempest-tossed soul becomes anchored in Christ. Amid the raging of temptation, he will neither be driven upon the rocks nor drawn into the whirlpool. His ship will outride the storm.

Close the door of the heart to distrust, and throw it open to the heavenly Guest. Put away all fretting and complaining; for these things are a snare of the devil. Let us make a pledge before God and the heavenly angels that we will not dishonor our Maker by cherishing darkness and unbelief, by speaking words of discouragement and mistrust. Let every word we utter, every line we write, be fraught with encouragement and unwavering faith. If we live faith, we shall talk faith. Think not that Jesus is the Saviour of your brother only. He is your personal Saviour. If you entertain this precious thought,

you will beat back the clouds of despondency and gloom, and make melody to God in your soul. It is our privilege to triumph in God. It is our privilege to lead others to see that their only hope is in God, and to flee to him for refuge.

Every act of consecration to God brings joy; for as we appreciate the light he has given us, more and greater light will come. We must banish the spirit of complaining, and open the heart to the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness. There is peace in perfect submission. Peace follows grace. They work in perfect harmony, and are multiplied in progression. When the hand of faith takes hold of the hand of Christ, the expression of the heart is: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

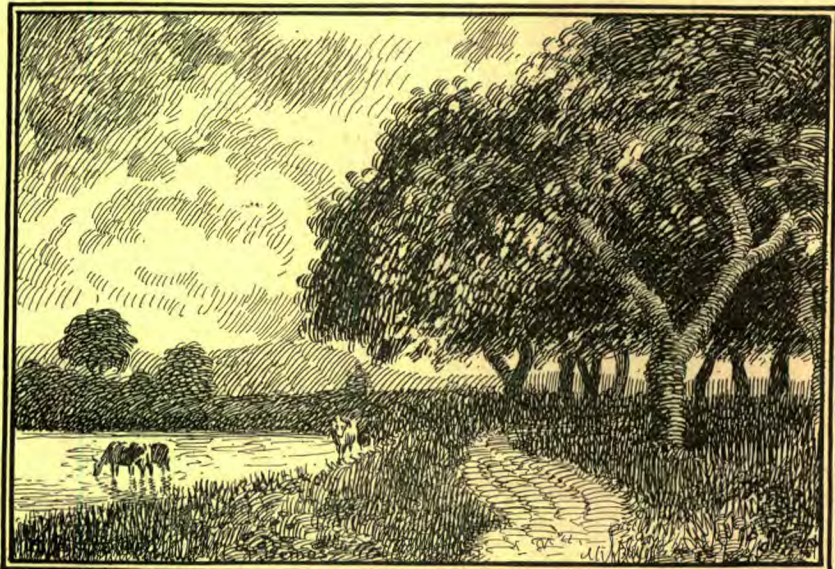
Open the windows of the soul heavenward, and let the rays of the Sun of Righteousness in. Look on the bright side. Let the peace of God reign in your soul. Then you will have strength to bear all suffering, and you will rejoice that you have grace to endure. Praise the Lord; talk of his goodness; tell of his power. Sweeten the atmosphere that surrounds your soul. Do not dishonor God by words of fretfulness and repining. Praise, with heart and soul and voice, him who is the health of your countenance, your Saviour, and your God.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

HOURLY BY HOURLY

"If you have a disagreeable duty to perform, do it as bravely and as faithfully as you can, but don't do it a dozen times over," said the gray-haired lady. Then, as the girls looked up at her, wonderingly, she added: "If some distasteful task awaits you at four o'clock, don't spoil ten, eleven, and all the hours between by forecasting it: leave it to the hour where it belongs. Then, when you have met it and have done your best, don't let its echoes make discord of all the rest of the day; leave it still in the hour where it belonged."

"Do you say that is impossible? It is largely a matter of habit, and it is a habit well worth cultivating, for the sake of peace and strength of mind. Have you an appointment with the dentist or surgeon? You gain nothing but added pain and loss of self-control by giving up the preceding hours to nervous dread. Have you an interview with friend or acquaintance, in which unpalatable truth must be told? Nothing will so unfit you to tell it calmly and with 'sweet reasonableness' as constant brooding and worrying over it beforehand. The best preparation for any duty is the faithful doing of the one just before it; but too many of our days have only one hour in them, and that the darkest one."



PEN & INK DRAWING For Reproduction

LESSON 7—DRAWING FROM NATURE



WHEN drawing from nature, one of the chief qualities to be avoided in pen-and-ink work is "fussiness,"—putting in little lines that detract from the picture.

One difficulty the student will have will be in discovering which are the most important lines; but by making a careful preliminary drawing

ing, and studying what must be retained, and what can be left out without detracting from the general effect, he can determine which lines must be retained. The important things should be clearly noted with the pen; the rest should be erased, leaving nothing but black lines and white paper, which will reproduce perfectly.

In the drawing of trees, mannerisms should be avoided; and the only system to follow must be that which each student invents for himself by studying nature. Analyze everything in nature, and ascertain what lines will best give the character of form, texture, and quality of each object. Remember to mass your shades, especially in trees, no matter what technique is used. Hardly two artists use the same technique in drawing trees or other objects, yet one will observe that the shades in all drawing are massed in nearly the same manner.

After the pencil outline has been drawn, the color-tones and shadows can be indicated very lightly with a softer pencil in the parts to which they belong; then the student can see what shades can possibly be left out. In general this will be whatever does not give character to the object.

In using the term "color-tones," I mean the varying degrees of light and dark, and am not speaking of the colors as colors,—red, blue, green, etc. In pen-work the artist is unable to indicate the colors of an object; but of the strength of value of one color, as compared with the colors around it, he should be able to give a fair understanding.

Never work at a picture when tired, or when not in the mood to draw; for if you do, your work will show it. Never work laboriously upon a drawing in the hope of remedying an error already made. It is better, when completely dissatisfied with one's work, to begin it afresh. "Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

The border, if the drawing requires one, should be as heavy as any other line in the picture, if not heavier. This will set the picture off, while a lighter line will not. A picture with heavy lines or dark shades will look best with a dark border.

A picture is finished when you are doubtful if any additional work will improve it. Sometimes beginners, in studying the work of artists, see very little in their pictures to admire, especially in pen-work, which contains broad strokes, seems to have been carelessly drawn, and appears to them only partly finished. But the student will do well to follow this style of drawing; for he should remember that these artists have made a study of their work, perhaps devoting a lifetime of constant study to attaining the perfection they have reached. The student will,



sooner or later, if he continues to study art, come to this conclusion, and will regret that he wasted his time in following the taste and advice of those who were not masters of the art.

If the student has a turn of mind toward decorative art, he will find much help in studying nature. The same rules in drawing for reproduction apply to decorative art for publication; that is, the lines should be open and clear. Book plates, initials, chapter-headings, tail-pieces, posters, decorative panels, etc., all come under the head of "decorative art." More detail is sometimes put into this class of work than the other. Nature must be the foundation of this work; for plant and flower forms, mostly conventionalized, are used in nearly all decorative work.

For poster work, and drawings like the accompanying panel, the student will find the shadow drawing, explained in a previous article, of great help to him.

A few words as to the signature on a drawing. Some artists sign their full names, others simply a monogram, and others their initials. Any of these ways is good; but don't scatter your name clear across the drawing, nor sign it in a way which is no more legible than a puzzle. Make a neat, clear signature. A signature is put to a picture so that any one who wishes to know

who the artist is, can find out by reading the artist's name. It should not be so plain that it is the first thing that attracts the eye, and in a way detracts from the picture; neither should it be so constructed that no one but the artist himself can decipher it.

In making pen-drawings for reproduction, the greatest difficulties will be avoided if the student will carefully attend to the following suggestions:—

1. First of all, study nature.
2. Study good examples of pen-work.
3. Draw from memory.
4. Make careful outlines.
5. Draw only what impresses you.
6. Mass and simplify your shades and shadows.
7. Be individual in your choice of subjects.
8. Represent objects with as few lines as possible.
9. Do not fill your work with little scribbled lines.

PEDRO LEMOS.



THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR

I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked, and paused. He answered, soft and low:
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried,
And, ere the question into silence died,
The answer came: "Nay, but remember, too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked: "Is there yet more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yes! this one thing, all other things above,—
God's will to love."

—Selected.



THE LABORS OF A GRASSHOPPER

RAMBLING one summer day over a hilly pasture in Vermont, driving the grasshoppers before me, my eyes accidentally fell on a grasshopper which did not budge, although I nearly walked over it as it sat perched on a stick of wood. On looking closer, I was somewhat astonished at seeing that it apparently grew out of the stick.

Of the hinder portion of the body only a small part could be seen, the rest being imbedded in the wood. It was plain that the poor creature did not move because it could not; it was stuck fast. What was the fellow about?

It proved to be one of our common grasshoppers, the "sprinkled locust," found in all our northern tier of States east of the Rocky Mountains, and also in Canada, being particularly fond of the edge of the woods. It has the remarkable habit of laying its eggs in half-decayed "punky" wood.

To do this the female has to bore deep holes in old logs, the underside of boards, or in any soft wood lying on the ground: upright timber it avoids, no matter how much decayed. The wood must be firm enough to keep the pod of eggs in place, and soft enough to absorb plenty of moisture until the eggs hatch.

Somewhere from six to fourteen eggs are laid in one hole, and are placed aslant, one upon another. To accommodate them, the creature has

to bore a hole about an inch long by about an eighth of an inch in diameter.

She really does more than that. She selects wood that is hard on the outside, and bores almost perpendicularly into this until she finds it soft enough beneath for her purpose. Then she turns the direction of the hole so as to make it run with the grain of the wood; the necessary cavity in this softer part must be of the proper size, for it is only in this that the eggs are placed.

Usually the perpendicular portion of the hole is only about a quarter of an inch deep; but this means an inch and a quarter for the whole extent of the burrow.

Now the grasshopper herself—for all the work devolves upon the mother—is only about an inch long, and the abdomen, which is the only part of the body that can be crowded into the hole, only half an inch. But the abdomen can be greatly extended; and it is by means of this that the female manages to construct so long a burrow, with a somewhat abrupt turn in it.

The apparatus for making the hole seems quite incapable of such a performance. It consists of a pair of sinuous, horny hooks, or claws, at the very end of the body. They diverge at the tip, one scraping upward, the other downward. They appear about as suitable as a bent pin for the excavation of wood; yet the holes are perfectly cylindrical, and look as if bored with a minute auger.

Imagine the patience of the creature! Patience? Why, for one hole bored to the end and put to use, anywhere from twenty to fifty are bored part way, and abandoned because unsuited to the fastidious tastes of the parent!

In a single stick of wood about eighteen inches long and two or three wide, I once counted seventy-five borings, only three of which had been used as nests; and I have often found abandoned nests from one half to three quarters of an inch deep.

All the sawdust must be dragged laboriously out by the hooks, now serving as hoes, and the body again forced into the hole, which it tightly fits. Poor old thing! When her work is over, her body trails behind her like a wet rag.

But she has some compensations. The black-sided males come to sing to her and cheer her in her work. I once found three of them around one half-buried female, busy at her task, two of them so near together that they could cross antennæ.

Their song is not an elaborate one. They merely raise their hind legs, and with them scratch their upper wings a few times with solemn regularity. The first or first two strokes of the fiddle-bow usually do not strike anything, and so no sound follows; but the number of notes which are finally made varies from seven to sixteen.

The rapidity of their sequence varies with the temperature. If the sun is shining, the songsters are merrier, and scrape their violin the more rapidly, finishing their song of say ten notes in about three seconds. But if the day is cloudy, they make only about nine notes in the same time. No great difference, but perceptible.

While performing her task, the female is most of the time motionless, remaining rigidly in one position, the action of the tail-scrappers being of course concealed. She heads the opposite way to the completed hole, and when it is finished, fills it with her eggs from the same position.

The eggs are packed in sawdust, as it were, with great regularity. Then the vertical part of the hole is filled with a frothy material which exudes from the hinder end of the body. Finally, the top is covered with a thick pad of "molasses" from the mouth of the grasshopper.

This hardens into a tough cake, and effectually protects the eggs until the early spring, when the increased moisture softens the pad sufficiently to allow the escaping young to push it out or eat through it.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE LION'S NAMESAKE

THE great tawny cat of the forest is not more cunning in his search for prey, nor more ferocious in the killing of it, than that little namesake of his, the garden ant-lion. Like the big lion, the ant-lion lives in dens, lies in wait for prey, and greedily drinks the blood of his victims. But he does more: he builds a trap, and in that trap catches his food.

Last summer, at the foot of a pear-tree, I found a whole family of these little lions, each living in a den of his own, and feeding on insects that were caught in his snare.

While observing them, I saw a snare made. The ant-lion began by marking out a circle in the earth about as large as a silver dollar. Then, walking backward, and digging with his tail, he dug other circles within this, throwing out the dirt by quick jerks of his head. Little pebbles, some as large as the insect himself, were balanced on his jaws, and with a quick spring of the neck, tossed several inches away. He continued this digging and tossing until a perfectly cone-shaped hole had been made, about an inch and a half deep. In the bottom of this he buried himself, leaving only his jaws protruding.

Presently, from a nest near by, came an ant, hurrying out to gather seeds. With his short-sighted eyes he saw nothing alarming in the little sandy hole, and so fell in, sliding part way down the side. This side was very poor footing at best; and now, from the bottom of the hole,



came a blast of sand, thrown by the ant-lion's head. Down, down slid the little climber, despite his best efforts, right into the cruel jaws. One snap—and he struggled helpless. The sharp, bony points sunk deeper and deeper, while the ant-lion drew his prey under the sand.

Small spiders, worms, and other insects are often thus taken in the snare, and eaten. But if some big, disagreeable bug, like the pinching-beetle, tumbles in, and the lion grabs it as usual by the leg, almost before he knows it, he finds himself drawn out face to face with a horrid stranger. Discovering his mistake, he appears to beg pardon instantly. At any rate, he hastens to withdraw, leaving the whole den at the newcomer's disposal.

The ant-lion can live on a diet of one small ant a day; but if he can get them, he will eat a great many more. And the more he eats, the faster he grows, storing up energy and building-material for the great event of life—his metamorphosis.

By and by, when he has eaten enough, and grown big enough, he undergoes this change. As the ugly caterpillar becomes a beautiful butterfly, so the dusty little ant-lion changes into a wonderful winged creature, resembling the dragon-fly. Then he catches his food on the wing. The long, ugly jaws disappear; and as he dances in the sunlight, on fairy wings, only his best friend, the naturalist, will recognize in him the strange little digger of pitfalls.

EDISON J. DRIVER.

TELL IT AGAIN

OVER and over the cry is heard:
"Come and bring us the saving word."
Over and over the message rings
From the loving lips of the King of kings:
"Go and tell them, 'tis my command;
Go and tell them in every land."
And while one soul of the sons of men
Waits for the word from the lips or a pen,
We who have heard it must tell it again.

—Selected.



GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
 "And yours is just begun;
 But I am knitting the toe of mine,
 And my work is almost done."

With merry hearts we begin to knit,
 And the ribbing is almost play,
 Some are gay-colored, and some are white,
 And some are ashen gray.

But most are made of many a hue,
 With many a stitch set wrong,
 And many a row to be sadly ripped,
 Ere the whole is fair and strong.

There are long, plain spaces without a break,
 That in youth are hard to bear,
 And many a weary tear is dropped,
 As we fashion the heel with care.

But the saddest, happiest time is that
 We court, and yet would shun,
 When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
 And says that our "work is done."

The children come to say "good night,"
 With tears in their bright young eyes,
 While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
 The finished stocking lies.

—Ellen H. Jewett.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

SAY it with a bounding heart,
 Happy New Year!
 Bright-winged birds will skyward dart,
 Happy New Year!
 Daily mercies wait for you,
 Sweet flowers, fresh with morning dew;
 Hopeful be, and pure, and true;
 Happy New Year!

Say it with a loving heart,
 Happy New Year!
 Joy to other lives impart,
 Happy New Year!
 Keep a bright smile always near,
 Let the voice ring out good cheer;
 Let the helpful hand appear;
 Happy New Year!

Say it with a grateful heart,
 Happy New Year!
 Never will God's love depart,
 Happy New Year!
 Has "Our Father" been your Guide,
 Freely every need supplied?
 Still will he be close beside;
 Happy New Year!

—Eliza E. Hewitt.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"HAPPY New Year!"

What a charm lies in the word "new"! We like new books, new clothes, new houses, and it is pleasant to make new friends.

Have you not often felt "in your heart," a desire to do something that you knew was wrong, or not to do something that you knew you ought to do? It is possible for the heart to be so changed that we shall really love to do right. The Lord says that he will make us a "new heart" and a "new spirit,"—that, if we ask him, he will give us hearts that will love to do his will.

And for all his faithful children he is making many new and beautiful things. "Behold," he says, "I make all things new." We have often heard of the new earth, with its glorious capital city, the New Jerusalem. In that lovely home there will be a place for every one who has received a "new heart." And remember that the new heart is given to all who really desire it.

Not only will those who have a new heart have a home in the New Jerusalem, but to every one of them will also be given a beautiful "new name;" and they will learn a sweet "new song" of loving

praise to the One who has saved them, and taken them to live with him.

If we will take the new heart that he wishes to give us, and then believe that these other things will be ours because he has promised them, we shall surely have a "Happy New Year."

THE VERSE ON THE SAMPLER

THE little girl flung herself into a rocker, and thumped to and fro, moping and fretting. The old lady, sitting quietly with clasped hands, wore a smile. The little girl had a piano, a sewing-machine, books, pictures, bright eyes, and nimble feet. The old lady had an easy chair and a very large-print Bible.

"Grandma," asked the little girl, "what makes you look so pleasant? I'm tired of everything; I'm just miserable!"

far-away days, a little brother and sister were polite to each other, and began a kindly affection that lasted till death.

The little girl knew all these things, but she liked to hear them again, so she recalled the old lady's thoughts by asking: "Did all the girls have to make shirts?"

"Oh, no; most of them made fancy articles, but I wanted to do the fine stitching which was then the style for gentlemen's ruffled shirt fronts. I wish I had that piece of work to show you. Here is the sampler, though, done at about the same time. I was eleven years old."

Sixteen square inches it was, of brown canvas, well covered with stitches of various kinds, in varicolored silks. Around was worked a border of pink strawberries and green leaves. Within were two alphabets, and below these appeared grandma's verse, in green, all the tiny letters



"LIFE IS A STOCKING," GRANDMA SAYS

"I am thinking of my verse," said the old lady, "a beautiful verse I learned when I was a little girl. I worked it on my sampler."

"Oh, let me look at that sampler!" cried the little girl; and she soon found it, and the golden and the silvered head bent over the carefully folded package.

"I don't wonder that your eyes are not good, grandma. Just see the tiny beads on that bag. I am going to count—twenty rows. Why, grandma! You sewed four hundred beads on each square inch of this fine canvas, and must have counted every stitch, to make all these lovely roses and forget-me-nots."

"Yes, dear, we were taught sewing on Friday afternoons at our school, and I took the prize for the fine linen shirt I made for my brother—my dear brother, two years older than I." Grandma's voice grew very gentle; for, in those

worked carefully over a single thread:—

"Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
 Who giveth, upbraiding not,
 That his light in thy heart become not dim,
 And his love be unforgot;
 And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
 Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."

(Written by Bernard Barton, England, 1784-1849, a Quaker poet.)

Under this was the line, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"She was a wise teacher who made this selection for me," said the old lady. "The precious words have gone with me through life, and I have proved them true, even down to the present day, when seventy-one years have passed, and I find myself more than fourscore. Oh, the goodness of God!"

The little girl reflected upon the sorrows which this dear old lady had borne, and some sense of

a need came into her young heart. She, too, would want God's light and love.

"Grandma, I shall learn your verse," she said.
— *Kind Words.*



LET US BE PATIENT

Let us be patient, you and I;
Let us, like watchful guardsmen, make
Our hearts a haven for the sake
Of those that drift, they know not why.

Let us be patient. Let us keep
Our watch-fires faithful as God's stars.
Whatever storm or shadow mars
The breadth of life's uncertain deep.

Let us be patient. Let men trace
No frown, no insincerity.
In skies of ours, that all may see
God's presence in his child's calm face.

— *Frank Walcott Hutt, in S. S. Times.*

BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 9; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"

Pages 469-487

(December 30 to January 5)

THE first four of the seven trumpets were fulfilled in the hordes of barbarians that poured down upon Western Rome. The church had become corrupt. The Lord represented their condition by the black horse in the third seal. The church at this time not only received the barbarians, but also accepted their pagan ceremonies, and incorporated them with the truth; from this combination the papacy arose during the sounding of the fourth trumpet.

Persia.—The Persia of Media and Persia, which was represented by the "breast and arms of silver," the "bear," and the "ram" of Daniel 2, 7, and 8, had passed off the stage of action many centuries before Mohammedanism arose. The

The Mohammedans made strong settlements in Spain. For a brief sketch of their influence in Spain, read Chapter IV in "The Peril of the Republic." The Mohammedans believe in the true God, but regard Jesus as a prophet of less power than Mohammed. Near the close of the thirteenth century the Mohammedans were organized, and a government was established, with Othman at the head. This was the beginning of the Ottoman Empire. The head of this government has ever been the high priest of this religion, holding the highest spiritual as well as secular authority in the nation.

Five Months.—Constantinople was the capital of Eastern Rome. This government is often called the "Greek Empire" to distinguish it from Western Rome, whose headquarters were at the old city of Rome. Eastern Rome, or the "Greek Empire," was the eastern "third part" of the three divisions into which the Roman Empire was divided after the death of Constantine, in 337 A. D. After the Mohammedans were organized, and "had a king over them," they began an attack upon the Eastern, or Greek, Empire, July 27, 1299. For one hundred and fifty years they continued to torment and harass the Greek Empire; nevertheless Greek independence continued until 1449 A. D.

The Second Woe.—The papacy was still busy with her bloody work; with an iron hand she was wringing the life blood from the very heart of the church. But God had not forgotten his people. Prior to this he had allowed the Mohammedans to torment the apostate church; but now from the horns of that glorious altar before the throne of God came a voice, saying to the sixth angel, "Loose the four angels which are bound in the great River Euphrates." There were four principal sultanates of the Ottoman Empire,—Aleppo, Iconium, Damascus, and Bagdad,—situated in the region of the Euphrates. They had been held in check by the Lord; but now, like dogs let loose upon the prey, they soon captured Constantinople, and established their power on the ruins of the Eastern Empire. The same power that had restrained them also set a limit to their freedom. They were loosed for an hour (fifteen days), a day, a month, and a year. Prophetic time reckons a day for a year, which would make this period equal three hundred and ninety-one

A. D.	425.	468.	479.	620.	July 27, 1449.	Aug. 11, 1840.	1844.	Earthly kingdoms given to Christ. Rev. 11:15. Righteous raised. 1 Thess. 4.	Wicked raised and destroyed. Rev. 20:9.
First Trumpet.	Second Trumpet.	Third Trumpet.	Fourth Trumpet.	Fifth Trumpet, or First Woe.	Sixth Trumpet, or Second Woe.	Message of Rev. 10.	Seventh Trumpet, or Third Woe.		
Goths.	Vandals.	Huns.	Heracl.	Saracens.	Turks.	"Time no longer."	Anger of Nations.		
Alaric.	Genserius.	Attila.	Odoacer.	Mohammed.	Othman.	Four Sultanates.	Investigative Judgment.	Earth Desolate.	2 Peter 3:12. New Earth.
55 years.	40 years.	11 yrs.	141 years.	673 years.	1150 years.	321 years and 15 days.	4 years.	1,000 years of Rev. 20.	Eternity.

Persia referred to as withstanding the rise of Mohammedanism is the restored Persian Empire, which came into power during the first part of the third century, and contended with the Romans for some time. It is the seventh of the kingdoms whose history is given in the "Seven Great Monarchies," by Rawlinson.

Mohammedanism.—Mohammed was a false prophet who arose in the seventh century. The rise of his religion is commonly dated from 622 A. D., when the prophet fled from Mecca. This date is called the Hegira, by Mohammedans, who reckon from that date as the Jews reckon from creation, and Christians from the birth of Christ. For a little over five hundred years the Mohammedans were ruled by caliphs, but did not form an organized government. Mohammedanism spread very rapidly over Western Asia and Northern Africa, and penetrated into Europe.

years and fifteen days. This period ended the eleventh of August, 1840, on which day was sounded the death-knell of Turkish supremacy.

The Seventh Trumpet.—The seventh trumpet, or third woe, is not mentioned in this chapter; but it came "quickly," four years after the close of the sixth trumpet. It began sounding in 1844, and will continue to sound until Satan and all the wicked are forever destroyed, and woe and sorrow are eternally banished from the universe of God.

"RELIGION is either all or nothing; it can not be a mere incident of life. Either it is worthy of our supreme efforts, or it is not worthy of our attention at all. The very nature of Christianity forces us to the conclusion that it deserves our best talents, or else it deserves to be repudiated altogether."



CHARACTER OF GOD

(January 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Ex. 32:30 to 34:8.

MEMORY VERSES.—Ex. 34:6, 7.

1. After Moses had destroyed the golden calf, what did he say to Israel concerning their sin? Ex. 32:30.
2. When he appeared before God, what prayer did he offer? Vs. 31, 32; note 1.
3. What was the Lord's answer? V. 33; note 2.
4. What command did the Lord then give to his servant? Ex. 33:1.
5. What promises did he make? V. 2.
6. What did the Lord say he would not do? Why? V. 3; note 3.
7. At a later time, what did Moses say to the Lord about the command to lead the people to Canaan? V. 12.
8. What requests did he make in his prayer? V. 13.
9. What blessed promise did God then give to Moses? V. 14; note 4.
10. What was Moses' reply? Vs. 15, 16; note 5.
11. What further promise did he then receive from the Lord? V. 17.
12. Strengthened by these promises, what did Moses now pray? V. 18; note 6.
13. What reply did he receive? V. 19.
14. Because no man can see God and live (v. 20), in what way was Moses' prayer to be answered? Vs. 21-23; note 7.
15. On the morrow, when Moses again appeared before God, how did the Lord reveal himself? What did he do? Ex. 34:5.
16. As the Lord passed by, what wonderful words did he speak? Vs. 6, 7; note 8.
17. How did Moses acknowledge God's goodness? V. 8.

NOTES

1. When Moses came down from the mountain, and found the people wickedly worshipping the golden calf, he at once went to work to set things in order. To some people it might seem that he was severe and almost cruel. But his feelings were only against the sin, and not against the sinning people. He hated sin, but he loved his people. We read that his "anger waxed hot," but it was *righteous* anger,—anger against evil, anger for the Lord's sake. And just as soon as the sin had been put away, he showed how truly and deeply he loved those who had done wrong, by praying the Lord to blot his name out of the book of life rather than destroy the people. Moses had learned to love as God loves. And let us remember that those who love us best are the ones who will deal most faithfully with our sins.

2. God loves; his name is love; but still he is just. He can not wrong one of his children in order to save another. Every one must answer for himself, "*Whosoever hath sinned*" is the one who must suffer loss. No one will be lost because of another's sin. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." But we may thank the dear Lord that though we have all sinned, there is a plan by which our names may be placed in the book of life, and forever kept there. In Jesus we may find forgiveness, and power to have all sin cleansed away. In him we may *overcome* sin, and to all such he says: "I will not blot out his name out of the book of life."

3. To all but Moses the Lord's refusal to go with his people caused discouragement. But not so with Moses. It only caused him to pray all the more earnestly. Sometimes the Lord may seem to say to us that he will no longer go with us because we are rebellious. If so, let us only search out the sin, and pray on until the darkness passes away. God will never forsake us, so long as we have any desire to do right.

4. Though the Lord had said he would not go with his people, he now tells Moses that he will. "My presence shall go with thee." Moses had seen that the reason why God would not go with them was because he could not. Their sins hindered the Lord; he can not walk with sin. And that was what the Lord meant. But when Moses and his people turned from their wrongs, and humbled themselves, then the Lord was willing and able to be their guard and guide—their all. Are our sins hindering the Lord's blessing?

5. Moses felt, as we all should feel, that it is a shame for God's people to live without the presence of God. It is better not to go than to go without God. Moses asked: "Wherein shall it be known here that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? Is it not in that thou goest with us?" Oh, dear young friends, let us make sure that God is with us. He wants to be, and, if sin is put away, he will be, and we shall have "rest,"—rest from sin.

6. As Moses saw that God answered his prayers, his faith grew stronger and stronger, and finally he came to ask for that for which no one had ever before dared to ask. He asked to see God! At first he himself would not have dared to make such a request. But now his love and faith made him long to look upon the One who is so good, so kind. And the Lord was not displeased. He wants us all to see him. Now, it may be with us as it was with that man of God. As we trust God and find answers to prayer, our faith will grow, too. And in a little while our faith will lead us into the very presence of God in heaven. We shall soon see him as he is.

7. Just as Moses was hidden in a cleft of a rock, in order that he might see God, so we may be hidden in the Rock, Christ. In Jesus we shall be able to see God's goodness and beauty here on earth, and by and by we shall see his face throughout all eternity.

8. The Lord "proclaimed," or made known, his name. God's name is his nature, his character. His name simply tells what he is. He is "merciful;" that is, it is natural for God to be merciful. He doesn't have to try to be merciful, but he is merciful because he can not be anything else. He is just what he is. He loves to be merciful to sinners; he loves to treat them better than they deserve. He is gracious. He is long-suffering; he is abundant in goodness and truth. He keeps mercy for thousands. Can you tell why any one should ever doubt God's love and tenderness? He is not angry with sinners, he is not angry with you. His great heart longs to do you good. He knows your weaknesses and sins, and for that very reason he loves you.

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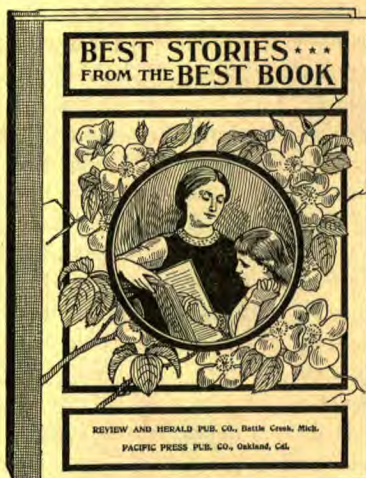
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Seattle, Wash. W. H. COFFIN.

I have the prospectus of your new book. I am the church-school teacher. Have worked a little over an hour, and have taken eight orders.
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I am well pleased with the make-up of the book, and will do what I can to push the sale of it. I prize it very highly as a help for the canvassers.
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Am well pleased with "Best Stories," and find that it meets with a ready sale.
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Have examined prospectus of "Best Stories," and think it will be a good seller,—better than "Gospel Primer." As you may say, it takes one from the cradle to the grave. It fills a long-felt want.
Corydon, Ky. S. Sisson.

Mrs. Akin, of this city, put in five and one-half hours last week on "Best Stories" and secured fourteen orders. The book is a fine seller.
Jamestown, N. Y. W. S. CLEVELAND.

I think it will be a fine seller.
Des Moines, Iowa. W. L. MANFULL.

The prospectuses came yesterday, and we all think them little beauties. I see no reason why thousands of these little educators can not be sold in the next few weeks.
Charlotte, N. C. C. D. WOLF.

I have just received the prospectus to "Best Stories from the Best Book" and I can sound its loudest praise everywhere. My little girl said she could sell "that." Well I think most anyone could sell that.
Waukomis, O. T. R. H. THOMPSON.

I have taken sixty orders for "Best Stories" in five days. My brother, fourteen years old, has taken thirty-two orders.
Mendon, Mich. OLIVE B. HAGLE.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Here is a page in our book of life,
As fair as a flower, as white as snow;
And all our days, of peace or of strife,
Blotting or gilding it—down they go!
How will it look when the months have flown,
This fair new page that is all our own?"

MONDAY:

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is only when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—*Mac Donald.*

TUESDAY:

But if your longing be for love indeed,
I'll teach you how to win it—a sure way—
Love and be lovely! that is all you need,
And what you wish for will be yours some day.
—*Susan Coolidge.*

WEDNESDAY:

The carrying of certain loads gives us strength. But there are other loads which we can help our fellow pilgrims carry, and the object of that service is to teach us sympathy.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

THURSDAY:

"In this world of beauty naught goes wholly wrong;
Every sigh of sorrow ends somewhere in song.
Once to feel earth's gladness it is worth the strive;
Oh, the joy in God's world just to be alive!"

FRIDAY:

The world is what we make it. Forward, then! Forward in the power of faith, forward in the power of truth, forward in the power of friendship, forward in the power of freedom, forward in the power of hope, forward in the power of God!—*Henry Vincent.*

SABBATH:

"Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1:9.

HIS WISH FOR US

AGAIN the time for "Happy New Year" greetings has come. On the first day of the first year of the new century, thousands of smiling lips will repeat the wish, "Happy New Year!" and other thousands will sound the cheerful echo, "Happy New Year!"

But how many will pause to think, when listening to these words from lips they love, of the faithful Friend who wishes for each one of them a "Happy New Year"? When God made man,

he gave him everything that could in any possible way contribute to his happiness; nothing that the Lord could do to show his love for his children was left undone. But, after a little, sin entered: and since then unhappiness has had a large place in the world.

Still the purpose of Infinite Love was not thwarted. A Way was prepared to lead the sinning, sorrowful children of men back to what they had lost,—back to a home where there should be no sin, with all the grief and heartache that result from it,—a home where all will forever enjoy the purest and truest happiness. Would he have done this,—would he have taken our nature, lived as we must live in the world, be tempted as we are tempted, and endure such suffering and agony as we can never fully understand,—if he had not desired our happiness? And having done all this for us, do we not know, this New-year's day, as we kneel to thank him for his love and care, and to ask him to be with us through all the days of the new, untried year, that he would have those days happy days for us?

It is a solemn thing to think of the year that is gone,—its wasted hours, fruitless plans, unimproved opportunities,—and of the experiences that may await us in the days to come. We can not tell what lessons our Father may have for us to learn in 1901; but since we know that his purposes toward us are only good, that he does not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men, and that often in sorrow the sweetest lessons are learned, we can trust him fully, and take up the duties of the new year cheerfully.

"My presence shall go with thee,"—this is his word to every one of us to-day,—and I will give thee rest." May we, dear young friends, make this promise ours in its fullest and deepest sense: then, indeed, will the coming year be a happy one.

INTO THE LIGHT

A FEW years ago there was received into the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, a little boy who had lost both sight and hearing as the result of an illness when he was two years old. And as he could not hear, of course he could not speak; thus he was shut completely away from the bright, beautiful world, and from all expression of his thoughts—if, indeed, the poor little brain had any thoughts in that black and terrible time before Tommy Stringer came under the care of the institution already mentioned.

"It was a tremendous task that the devoted hearts there attempted," says the *Well Spring*. "The pitiable body of flesh which came to them offered small hope. The boy was found to be as passionate as a little animal, tearing his clothes and screaming unrestrainedly. His mind was absolutely unreached—if he had a mind, and of that there were many who felt grave doubt. The only means that the child had of expressing himself was by a monotonous, fretful moan, which was not a cry, and which manifested neither pleasure nor pain. Though five years old, he could not walk upright, but crawled on hands and feet, and that backward; for sad experience had evidently taught him that his head was in danger when he moved forward.

"Such was the child that the faith-filled teachers essayed to train into an intelligent boy. What could they do? How could they begin? With eye-gate and ear-gate barred, through what other sense could the child receive impressions, and thus education?

"There are certain simple manual signs for letters, which are used generally by the deaf. These are formed on one hand, and, in the case of a few deaf and blind persons, are impressed into the palm. And thus a beginning was made with Tom. Day after day, and many times daily, there were formed into his hands the five letters, 'b-r-e-a-d.' Daily the uncomprehending boy received his bread with these curious motions of

another's fingers in his palm, and then the twisting of his own fingers into the form of the same letters. Week after week, month after month, the process continued. And one day, after three quarters of a year had passed, the chubby little hand, of its own accord, hesitatingly spelled out the letters 'b-r-e-a-d.' With that piece of bread the teacher knew that she had given the idea of speech to her charge. The victory had been won. At last it had been demonstrated that the child had an intelligent mind."

As we read of this teacher's effort to bring into this darkened child-mind a word that should be as a key to unlock the treasures of knowledge and enlightenment and happiness to him, it is impossible not to draw a lesson from her patient and persevering effort. In many ways how like this little unfortunate child are we—how blind to the beauties of God's service, how deaf to his pleading voice, how dumb when it comes to expressing gratitude for his mercies! And how patiently and gently and faithfully he tries to teach us: over and over we are fed by his bounty, and guided by his loving hand—and still we do not, will not, understand. Still he does not give us up, nor become discouraged; great is his faithfulness. And just as the heart of that faithful, earnest teacher rejoiced over the first faint sign of awakened intelligence in the child under her care, so, and much more, does the Great Teacher rejoice when we, his children, begin to understand the lessons he would teach us—to understand, and to co-operate with him!

When Tommy Stringer had learned the meaning of one word, others were easily taught him, and he soon acquired a vocabulary sufficiently large to express his wants. The beginning thus made was carefully followed up; and now, at the age of fourteen, he is as well instructed as other boys of his age. He is, besides, gentle, lovable, and obedient—not at all like the savage little being who entered the school. In this change of disposition, no less than in the remarkable change that has taken place in his mind, he shows the result of the influence of those who have put forth such loving effort in his behalf.

And so, too, those who learn of the Great Teacher will, by daily contact and association, become like him, acquiring the matchless graces of his character.

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