

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 1.

WITH PEN AND KODAK

MYSTERIES

I wonder what could the marble shaft,
By the old church wall with its ivy gray,
Tell of a heart that lies buried there,
With its joy and grief in the far away.

I wonder what, in the wild bird's heart,
Could attune his voice to such melody,
Waking response in its depths so keen
That the soul could weep in its sympathy.

I wonder what's in the baby's mind,
As it laughs and croons in its cot alone.
And what would the unseen records tell,
Were they read, as writ, on each ruined stone?

In simplest minds there are thoughts of which
E'en the wisest sage does not even dream.
Daily we listen to nature's tongue,
But can seldom catch what one word may mean.

Thus whispers faint of the wisdom hid
In other spheres, far beyond our own,
Come to our earth, like a promise sweet
Of the great beyond, that will yet be known.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

A VISIT TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Did you ever visit the Yellowstone Park? If not, you may be interested in some thoughts that have been suggested by my trip through this Wonderland of the world.

In company with Elder W. B. White, president of the Montana Conference; Elder W. T. Knox, of Oakland, Cal.; Dr. Wollekar, of Butte, Mont.;

and profitable days in the park, receiving not only physical rest, but spiritual refreshing as well.

Yellowstone National Park lies in the north-western corner of Wyoming, and extends a few miles into Montana and Idaho. The reservation is about fifty-three miles east and west, and sixty-one miles north and south. No valley within its limits has an elevation of fewer than six thousand feet, while many of the mountain peaks within, and

hold protected and unmolested right; where the nimble squirrel rejoices, the happy chipmunks skip, and all nature smiles. The eagle finds many a craggy peak on which to build her nest, and the fox can dig his hole in safety. There are also many beautiful birds and flowers. Everything is in its natural state. All the government has done is to build good roads, and to station soldiers here and there for the protection of the animals,



MINERVA TERRACE — MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

adjacent to, the park rise from ten to fourteen thousand feet above sea-level.

Yellowstone Lake, one hundred and fifty square miles in area, is the largest body of water at that altitude, eight thousand feet, in North America. Three of the largest rivers in the United States —

and to enforce obedience to the rules of the park.

The animals seem to have lost their natural ferocity and timidity, and are remarkably tame, for the simple reason that no one is allowed to hunt or kill them. The deer and their beautiful fawns would come close to us, apparently saying, "We are not afraid; for here nothing is allowed to hurt or destroy us." I am sure we had no desire either to kill or eat them.

The bears are an interesting feature of the park. They have learned, among other things, that there is no danger to be feared; but they have not learned the command, "Thou shalt not steal," or at least they do not obey it; for one night after we had lain down to sleep, Bruin came and helped himself to the beans and prunes that we had left outside our tent, and walked away with an air of saying, "I am a vegetarian; I believe, with you, that beans and prunes are good for man and beast — especially for beast."

No pen can tell of the wonder and beauty of this most interesting place. I can not express my feelings as I looked on the lofty mountains lifting up their hoary heads into the regions of eternal snow; the dark, silent forests of evergreens; the charming valleys, with sparkling fountains and laughing brooks; the beautiful rivers, with dashing cascades and lovely waterfalls; the wonderful hot springs and gushing geysers, throwing boiling water from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet into the sunlight, and then falling back to earth like a shower of diamonds; and the deep and awful cañons, whose rock-riven sides speak of Him who can plow a passage through the solid mountains for his streams to flow on their clear, winding way to the sea. As



OLD FAITHFUL

and "our boy," Ray Beggs, of Livingston, Mont., I started, July 19, up the Yellowstone River for the park, sixty miles to the south of Livingston. Our company had a team of horses, a wagon, and a camping outfit, all furnished by the kindness of our Montana brethren. We spent ten interesting

the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Columbia — have their source in Yellowstone Park.

This is the land where the geysers gush, and the cataracts roar; where hot springs boil, and cool fountains flow, — the land where the mountain lion, the wolf, bear, buffalo, elk, and deer

I looked, for the first time, on the lower falls of the Yellowstone, I was so overcome by their magnificence and overpowering grandeur that I turned away, sat down upon the rocks, and wept. When I turned my head again, and watched the river make its awful leap of three hundred feet, and the beautiful blue water turn to white foam and sparkling crystal as it fell on the rugged rocks below, and then, recovering itself, wind away like a green ribbon at the bottom of the Grand Cañon, I shouted, "Glory!"

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, twenty-four miles long, with a depth of from six hundred to twelve hundred feet, is the most brilliantly colored landscape in the world. Words can not give an idea of the surpassing loveliness of this romantic place. It looked as if a dozen of the most beautiful sunsets had been thrown together into that deep, awful abyss, and had caught on rock, and crag, and peak, and cranny, until the sides of the cañon were one mass of glory. Clinging to the rocks, I crept to the edge, and looked down. Where shall I begin, or how, in anywise to describe this tremendous sight,—its overpowering grandeur, and at the same time its inexpressible beauty? I thought of the sea of glass mingled with fire, and exclaimed, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

We are surrounded every day by the great and marvelous; but we do not seem to be so aroused and impressed as when we stand in the presence of the uncommon, and, like Moses at the burning bush, say, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight." A visit to the National Park affords a rare opportunity to see the strange and wonderful side of nature.

During the ten days we were there, and in our circuit of over a hundred miles, we had abundant opportunity to see nearly all the great sights of the park. There is nothing more startling or impressive than the hot springs and geysers. There are three thousand hot springs, there being over four hundred in one basin alone. These vary in size and shape from those the size of a common water-pail, to giants that measure from thirty to forty feet in diameter. Morning Glory spring, as its name suggests, is a glory indeed. It is a silent pool about twenty feet across, its

funnel-shaped and delicately-colored walls giving it the appearance of a morning glory. The geysers of this region rival anything of the kind in the known world. There are over fifty that throw a column of hot water from thirty to two hundred feet into the air, at intervals of six minutes to fourteen days. There are several geyser basins. These are large tracts of land, some containing three or four square miles, which can be fitly described as a "desert land,—a waste, howling wilderness."

If you would picture to yourself a geyser, imagine yourself standing on the brink of a hot-water pool, which is constantly bubbling and boiling. All at once, with a rushing, seething, hissing sound, the water leaps into the air, thirty, fifty, seventy-five, one hundred or two hundred and fifty feet, and continues this for several minutes, and sometimes for over two hours; then suddenly it resumes its ordinary bubbling and boiling. These geysers really seem to go mad. Approach their crater, and look down into their deep, blue, hot waters; and if it is their time to play, they will leap forth with a rush and roar like a wild beast from his den. Each one seems to have an individuality of its own; and, like men, each must be studied to be appreciated. They have all been named, their names being suggested by their habits and surroundings. Here are a few: Bee Hive, Saw Mill, Surprise, Spasmodic, Grand, Giant, Riverside, Splendid, Comet, and Old Faithful. A new one has lately appeared, and must of necessity be named "Dewey."

Away up on the eastern slope of Terrace mountain, in a rough, ragged place, occupying one hundred and seventy acres, sparkling and glittering in the morning sunlight with a pearly whiteness that almost blinds the eye, are the Mammoth Hot Springs—a world of wonder in themselves. They are fifty in number, with craters varying from six to thirty feet in diameter. The water is blue, green, deep. As it boils up, and flows over the side of the mountain, it forms terraces, which, for beauty of form and delicacy of coloring, are incomparable. As they stood out in the golden sunlight of that July morning, they appeared indeed like "angel terraces," or pearly steps, which could be fitly used to ascend to the palace of the Lord of hosts. They differ from the others in holding carbonate of lime in solution.

O the mysteries that cluster around these boiling springs and gushing geysers! How far beneath our feet are the fires that make them boil and hiss? Whence the force that throws them hundreds of feet into the air? and where the supply of water that keeps them constantly flowing? For instance, there is "Old Faithful," which for centuries, no doubt, has continued regularly, at intervals of about an hour, to throw his sparkling waters to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. Think of it—before you and I were born, before Columbus sighted this land, or Napoleon marched his conquering host through Europe; yes, before St. John saw his vision of the new earth and the jeweled city, Old Faithful, surrounded by the grand old mountains, was throwing up his pearls and diamonds as freely as when you and I stand in his presence, and are lost in admiration of his beauty.

As I turned from these scenes in the National Park, I think I had a better idea of the experience through which our earth is yet to pass when "the sea

shall boil like a pot," the mountains be moved out of their places, and when the "Lord shall make the earth empty, and turn it upside down;" also of that time when the "wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; . . . and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." Then as



LION, LIONESS, AND CUB

we go forth to view the glory of our Father's house, we shall see that this earth, which seems so great to us in our earthly pilgrimage, is but a single room in the palace of our King.

DANIEL NETTLETON.

I ASKED the roses, as they grew
Richer and lovelier in their hue,
What made their tints so rich and bright.
They answered, "Looking toward the light."
Ah, secret dear, said heart of mine,
God meant my life to be like thine,—
Radiant with heavenly beauty bright,
By simply looking toward the light.

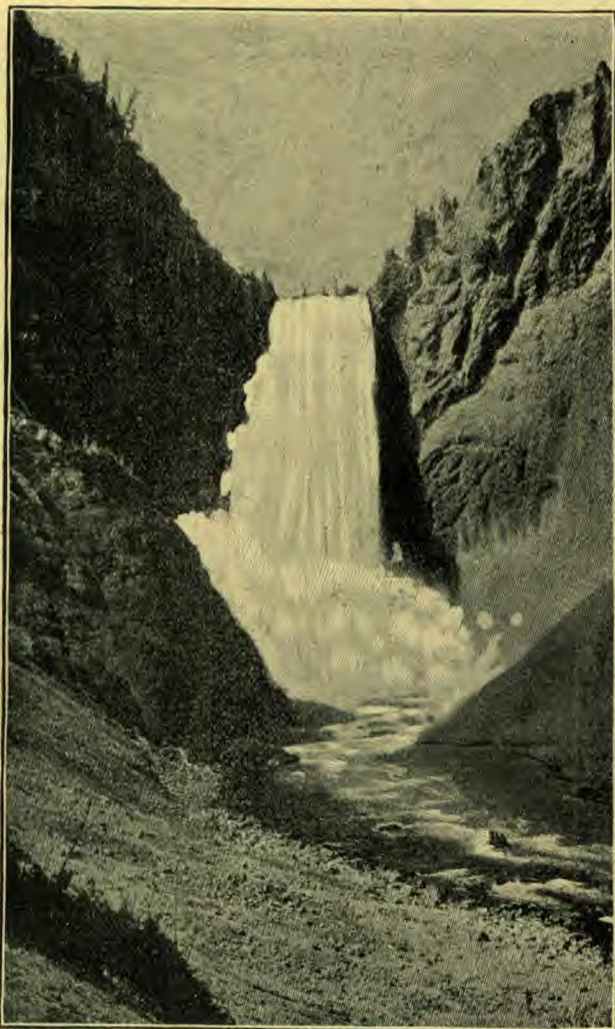
—Selected.

HOW SHALL WE REGARD UNFAVORABLE SURROUNDINGS?

THE consecrated worker will discern roses and lilies where the unconsecrated worker will see nothing but dry places. To the former the promise is verified that "the parched ground shall become a pool." It is a gift from God to be able to recognize opportunities, and it is another talent to have the capacity and ability properly to utilize them. Some persons possess one of these gifts and not the other. In that case those who have a special gift to recognize openings where good may be accomplished should do all in their power to inspire others, who possess a willingness to do, but have no gift to see when and where to do, to step into them. It is a fortunate combination when there is a happy blending of both these gifts in the same individual. These qualities are both susceptible of cultivation.

Those who are always worrying because they seem to have no opportunities are frequently the very ones who are daily ignoring great opportunities. Every day God furnishes us with all the opportunities that we have capacity to use, and that he, in his infinite wisdom, sees that it is safe to trust us with.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE



TWO CROPS

SOMEBODY'S garden gate stood wide,
A bad little seed-sower stepped inside;
From his mischievous hand, with crafty look,
A host of bad little seeds he shook.
Little cared they for rake or hoe,
All they asked for was room to grow;
And, when I looked at the garden-ground,
A crop of bad little tares I found.

Somebody watched his garden gate
At early morn and evening late;
The seed sown on his well-tilled soil
Called for care and honest toil;
So with willing heart and cheery song
He labored all the summer long;
And, after weeks of sun and rain,
He reaped a crop of golden grain.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

STOVES

THE open hearth was, of course, the primitive fireplace; then came the brazier used by the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. This was an open vessel of metal, in which charcoal was consumed. In Continental countries, the brazier is still in common use in the industries and for cooking and domestic uses.

The Romans invented the hypocaust, when the public baths, or *balneæ*, were built in Rome, after Claudius brought in the supply of water from Palestrina. The hypocaust was a chamber under the floor of the apartment or bath, to be heated with flues, which carried the heat, smoke, etc., to the floors of other apartments or baths.

In the fourteenth century, chimneys were introduced into houses, and paved the way for the invention of fireplaces, and finally of metal stoves. The discovery of gas has given a more cleanly article of combustion than coal. With gas- and oil-stoves it is possible to cook in and heat apartments that have no chimneys. Electricity has also been brought into use as a heating agency; but, so far, it is not extensively applied, owing no doubt to its expense.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST

WHEN we look over our country, dotted with villages and cities, and listen to the shrill whistle of the iron horse, the noisy whirl of machinery, the puffing of engines, and the thousand and one other tokens of our busy, restless civilization, it is hard to realize that there was ever a time when, instead of the whistling train and the belching chimneys of our active industry, the scream of the prowling panther rang through the forests, and the curling smoke of the red man's wigwam was the only sign of human habitation. Yet this state of things existed in many parts of the United States only a comparatively short time ago.

The accompanying pictures are exact representations of the two sides of a stone found on the farm of J. V. Avery, in Conway, Livingston County, Mich., in 1898. The rude pictures seem to have been carved upon it as a record of some important public event. As Fig. 1 represents a weapon as it is being thrown to the ground, and Figs. 2 and 3, a bow with tied arrows pointing downward, while Fig. 5 is a plain representation of the calumet, or pipe of peace, with ascending smoke, it is reasonable to suppose that the whole is intended as a record of a contract of peace between two contending tribes. Fig. 4 is an emblem commonly engraved upon the calumet. The owner of this remarkable stone has also a piece of an ancient calumet, with the same figure upon its bowl. The representation of the moon in eclipse (7) and the stars,

together with the cloud (6), engraved on the opposite side of the stone, is probably intended to represent the date when this important war ceased.

Many other interesting relics have been found upon this farm. The owner one day plowed up the bleached and crumbling skull and whitened bones of some dusky inhabitant of the country, who paid the debt of nature many, many years ago.

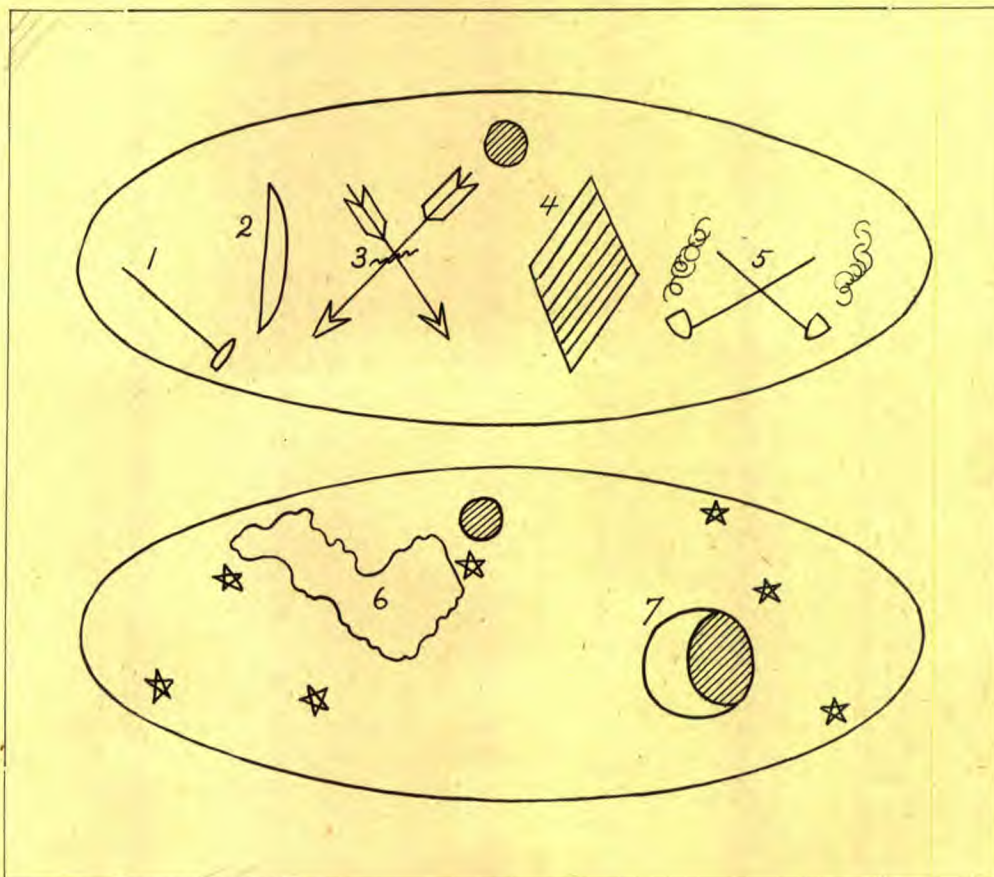
I remember gazing with a sort of awe upon the dried and withered mummy of a South American woman, which had been unearthed by relic-hunters. She was in a squatting position, and had buried herself alive—so read the paper pinned upon the glass case where she sat in state. The attendant said this was customary among a certain tribe. The dry, grizzly hair was still braided in tiny braids, and hung—or rather, was plastered—close to the cheeks, which resembled dry, baked clay.

As I looked upon this sad and almost repulsive sight, it was hard for me to realize that this poor form of clay had once been a living, breathing, perhaps beautiful woman; that she, too, had

ish fancy he thought that if he could climb the hillside, and reach the summit, he might touch the sun, and cover it with his hand. He would put his cheek close to the cool, sweet surface of the sky. He would lay hold of one of those little lanterns, and use it to light his way. One day he made the journey, and gained the hilltop. The pretty dreams and fancies of his childhood vanished. The sun had climbed very high. The summer sky was very far away. There came to him the surprise of larger vision and new thoughts. The world was never the same to him again. His thought of it had widened. The narrow glen, which had hitherto been his world, became a very little place. He had learned a lesson. God's world was larger than his.—*Selected.*

TOADSTOOLS

EVERY old stump in our far Western forests is adorned with them, tier above tier: in the damp, shady woods they are growing all the year, but in the clearings they dry up, in summer, only to start afresh with the fall rains. What colors!—the old-fashioned tints and shades our grand-



known hope and fear, joy and sorrow; and I said: "Oh, how fleeting are the joys and sorrows, the sweet and the bitter, the sunshine and the shadows, of earth!"

Think of the time when the wonderful prophecy of Isa. 26:19 shall be fulfilled: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

A PARABLE

THERE was once a child who lived in a narrow glen, hemmed in with high hills. He was not yet old enough or strong enough to climb their steep sides, and get a view of what lay beyond. To him there was no "beyond." That little glen was his world. Morning after morning he watched the sun rise over the hill. It seemed to him to rest upon the summit before it mounted. As he looked up into the blue summer sky, it appeared to him like a beautiful arch whose sides touched the hilltops. And the stars that looked down upon him by night seemed so near as to be almost within reach. In his child-

mothers used to call "mouse-color," "dove," and "laylock" are here; delicate grays; browns, tinged with gold; olive alternating with "Quaker-color;" green and slate; orange-yellow, followed by gray, bordered with olive, and a tiny rim of cream outside of all.

The combinations are endless, and the texture is as soft as velvet. Here is a beauty,—gray next to the stump, a narrow rim of cream, a wider one of light-brown, then a rich, dark-brown, plush-like border outside. See this one,—it measures just an inch across, and has twenty-three distinct rows of color. They look like the delicately tinted wings of moths. There are few brilliant colors, though one sometimes sees bright-green toadstools, and last summer I found some most gorgeous ones on an old fir stump that had rotted in great ridges. In the grooves, which were vertical, were the toadstools, one above another, scores of them, ranging in size from tiny bits the size of a silver five-cent-piece to giants as large as half a dinner-plate. They were of a bright orange-yellow, bordered with a still brighter orange-red, with rich, cream-colored linings. But in spite of their beauty, I liked the modest-colored ones better.

AUNT BETTY.

PRECIOUS PROMISES

IF WE KNEW

If we knew the heavy burdens borne by pilgrims passing by,
Would we lend a hand to help them, Christlike pity in our eye?
Would we pause amid our pleasure, just to speak a kindly word
That would make the cross grow lighter to the heart with sorrow stirred?
"Bear ye one another's burdens." Would we hear these accents still?
Bend to soothe the weary traveler, and the royal law fulfill?

If we knew how fires of passion change the life and sear the soul,
How the floodgates break in pieces when the angry billows roll,
Would we sail along serenely close beside the sheltering shore,
Heeding not the wrecks that signal, ere they sink to rise no more?
Would we scorn the one who stumbles, with the Pharisee's disdain—
Proudly draw our mantle closer, lest our virtue catch the stain?

If we knew!—we can not fathom life's strange pain and mystery;
Here we see but dark and dimly: let us then walk reverently.
With a smile of love and pity let us stretch a friendly hand,
Even though each other's motives we may fail to understand.
"Mizpah" be our watchword ever, till all strife and discord cease;
Some day we shall meet with gladness, when we reach His plains of peace.

—H. Isabel Graham.

TEMPTED IN ALL POINTS

CHRIST offered himself as a willing sacrifice in our behalf. He stooped from his high place in heaven to rescue human beings from the slavery of sin. The Son of God gave up his honor and glory, and tasted the bitterness of death, that men might become partakers of the divine nature. He died that all might have an opportunity to choose God as their leader.

"When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, . . . to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." The star of hope arose upon our world, and its brightness increased as our Saviour increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

In the wilderness Christ endured temptations that no human being can comprehend. Here he was brought face to face with Satan, the fallen angel, who tempted him with all his subtle power. The enemy began by disputing Christ's divinity. If you are the Son of God, he said, give me evidence that you are. Here you are in the wilderness, hungry, starving for food. You do not look like a sovereign. Give me evidence that you are what you claim to be. Command that these stones be made bread.

But the One whom Satan was trying to overcome was the Lord of heaven, and all the tempter's efforts were without avail. Though Jesus was physically weak from his long fast, he would not yield one inch to the wily foe. His will was anchored in the will of his Father. "It is written," came from his pale and quivering lips, as Satan told him to turn the stones into bread, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Satan then took Christ to the pinnacle of the temple, and challenged him to cast himself down, saying: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels

charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Thus Satan tried to lead Christ to commit the sin of presumption. He reminded him that God had promised to protect him by angel ministration. But no temptation could induce the Saviour to accept the challenge. "It is written again," he said, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Christ's time to show his divine power had not yet come. He was fully aware of the glory he had with the Father before the world was. But then he willingly submitted to the divine will, and he was unchanged now. This was his time of trial and temptation; he must endure the test, however cruel it might be. But he knew that by suffering and sorrow and a cruel death he was to bruise the serpent's head. The giving of his life was to be the price of the world's redemption.

Satan next took Christ to the top of a high mountain, and there presented before him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, saying: "All this power will I give thee, . . . for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine." Then it was that divinity flashed through humanity, and the fallen angels saw Christ glorified as he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

The victory was gained. Christ had redeemed Adam's disgraceful failure and fall, and had placed man on vantage-ground.

"Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him." The angels had been watching the contest, but they could do nothing to relieve the Saviour until the last temptation had been resisted. The commander of heaven, Christ was accustomed to receive the attendance and adoration of angels; and at any time during his life on this earth he could have called to his Father for the help of angels. But no bribe, no temptation, could induce him to deviate from the path of God's appointment. Great cunning was shown by the tactics that Satan followed. He assailed Christ on the point of appetite. He appealed to his trust in God. He presented to him earth's most captivating scenes. But Christ failed not. He saw a world perishing in sin, and steadfastly and firmly he moved forward in the path of resistance. He had a world to rescue. He had come to seek and save that which was lost.

Christ passed over the ground where Adam fell, and overcame in our behalf. He endured every test that man will ever be called upon to endure. He met all the temptations that man will have to meet. He traveled over the path in which he calls us to walk. Every step Christ took was taken in dependence upon God, and upon not a single point did the enemy overcome him.

When God gave Jesus to our world, he gave all heaven. This gift has secured for us our adoption into God's family. The Father's promise is Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus. Never will he falsify. Never will he alter the thing that has gone out of his mouth. The clouds of uncertainty and unbelief rolled back as the Saviour cried out upon the cross, "It is finished." And to-day he who overcame the world, stands in the heavenly courts as our Advocate. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities; for he was "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

TO-DAY,
Unsullied, comes to thee—new born;
To-morrow is not thine:
The sun may cease to shine
For thee ere earth shall greet its morn.

Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light,
And hope and peace. /Thy duty heed
To-day.

—Selected.

SHUT UP WITH A BIBLE

WHEN Nicholas I became emperor of Russia, his first task was to put down a formidable sedition among the aristocracy of his realm. Many nobles, detected in guilt, and many who were simply suspected, were thrown into prison. One, who was innocent, was by nature a man of fiery temper; his wrongful arrest infuriated him, and he raved like a wild animal. Day after day, brooding over his treatment, he would stamp shrieking through his cell, and curse the emperor and curse God. Why did he not prevent this injustice?

No quiet came to him save in the intervals of exhaustion that followed his fits of rage. A visit from a venerable clergyman on the ninth day of his confinement, produced no softening effect. The good man's prayer was heard with sullen contempt. The divine words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," sounded like mockery to the embittered prisoner. The aged minister went away, leaving a Bible in the cell, which he begged the prisoner to read.

As soon as his visitor was gone, the angry nobleman threw the Bible into a corner. What to him was the word of a God who let tyrants abuse him?

But when the terrible loneliness of succeeding days had nearly crazed him, he caught up the volume, and opened it, and his first glance fell on the middle of the fiftieth psalm: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." The text surprised and touched him, but his pride resented the feeling, and he dropped the book.

The next day, desperation drove him again to the only companion of his solitude, and from that time he read the Bible constantly. Then he began to study it, and commit whole chapters to memory. The story of the Saviour's life and death totally changed him. He saw himself a fellow sufferer with the Christ who was unjustly accused and slain.

Revengeful rage gave way, and the spirit of a martyr took its place. Like the persecuted Christians shut up in the Roman catacombs, he forgave his enemies. An unworldly joy took up the time he had once spent in harsh thoughts and words. The shadows of wrong and death vanished in the new light that shone upon him from beyond.

The company of a book—the one Book in all the world that could have done it—had given the proud noble another heart.

Madame Dubois, once a beloved prison missionary in New York, from whose writings this story is taken, was in Russia when the condemned man's aunt and sister, with whom she was visiting, received a letter, which was believed to be his last. It was the outpouring of an exalted soul superior to fate.

He had undergone his trial; and, unable to prove his innocence, had been sentenced to death. On the day set for his execution, while the ladies of his mansion walked in tears through the crape-hung parlors, suddenly the sight of their doomed kinsman himself astonished them at the door!

It was an unhopd-for deliverance at the last moment. When the jailer's key unlocked the prisoner's cell, instead of the messenger of death, the czar of Russia stood before him. A conspirator's intercepted letter had placed the innocence of the suspected nobleman beyond question, and the czar made what amends he could by bestowing on him a splendid castle and a general's commission.

Seventy-five years have passed since then, and with them the life of the almost-martyred Russian; but the fruits of his devout fidelity and kindness among his fellow men, the hospital he built for the sick and friendless, and the very Bible he was shut up with in his own distress, still bear witness to a consecration that was worth all personal cost, and infinitely more.—*The Youth's Companion.*



WHAT MAMA TOLD SUE

I USED to be afraid at night,
And cover up my head,
When mama had put out the light,
And left me there in bed.

But then that was before I'd heard
What I know now is true;
My mama told me every word,
And I believe it, too.

She said our Father in the sky
Sends angels pure and white
To watch beside me while I lie
In my dark room at night.

They are so beautiful and dear,
And strong as they can be!
What is it that should make me fear,
When such friends care for me?

And now when I hear any sound
Like those that scare me so,
I smile, and think the angels 'round
Are passing to and fro.

I do not tremble fearfully,
But wide as anything,
I strain my eyes to try to see
The shining of a wing.

What would God think, I'd like to know,
If those he sent should say,
"Your Sue's afraid of us, and so
We had to come away"?

VIOLA E. SMITH.

CARRIED IN HIS BOSOM

WHAT a safe, warm, happy shelter the dear little lamb in our picture has found, has it not? Gathered close to the heart of the kind shepherd, carried tenderly in his loving arms, what can it want or fear? So long as it is in his bosom, nothing can harm it. If the storm should beat, it is safely sheltered; if the wolf should come, it is hidden where he can not get it, and the shepherd is strong to protect it. It will neither hunger nor thirst; for food and drink are sure to be provided for it. All it has to do is to rest, and be happy, and love the good shepherd, who cares for it so tenderly.

Look well at the picture, and then we will see what the Lord Jesus wants us to learn from it. For he uses the way in which the shepherd cares for his sheep, and carries the lambs in his bosom, to show how he cares for his own "little flock."

He calls himself "the Good Shepherd," and he is called the "Chief Shepherd," also the "Great Shepherd of the sheep." But who are his flock? We will let his own word answer this question for us: "We are . . . the sheep of his pasture." And again: "Ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord."

So all that he says about his flock—his sheep—is for us, and this is what his word says: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

Did you *know* that you are being carried in the Lord's bosom? Think what a difference it would make to the little lamb in the shepherd's arms if it did not *know* where it was. Suppose it should think that it was in the clutches of the hungry, cruel wolf, or about to be devoured by the roaring lion! How frightened it would be, and how it would struggle to get free. The good shepherd's arms would be no resting-place to it then.

Or suppose it should know that the shepherd was holding it, and yet should not *know the shepherd*,—his kind, loving heart,—how gently he would care for it himself, and give his own life rather than let any hurt come to it. Even then it

might be anxious and troubled, and wonder what was going to happen to it. It would not lie down peacefully, and rest in his bosom.

Even so, although it is true that you—God's little ones, the Good Shepherd's lambs—are carried in his bosom, because his own word says so, if you do not *know* it, and know *him*, you are missing the sweet rest and peace and joy that he wants you to have.

You can not get away out of his bosom, for he "fills heaven and earth," and "in him we live, and move, and have our being." So the only way that

. . . The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. . . I lay down my life for the sheep."

Do you not already love your tender Shepherd, and will you not *rest* in his arms, and nestle close to his loving heart, and trust him always for all things? Are you not glad that you are so close to him?

He is your dwelling-place, all round about you, wherever you are. His breath is breathed every moment into your nostrils, so that you "may have life." His gentle voice is speaking in your ear sweet words of love and instruction and comfort,



SAFELY SHELTERED

we can get out of his bosom is by getting out of existence, by ceasing to be.

His arm is much too strong to let you go; for he upholds the heavens and the earth and all that are in them. Nothing can escape, or get away, out of his strong arm, which gathers the lambs, and carries them in his bosom.

Neither can any one snatch you away from him; for he says that no one shall pluck his sheep out of his hand, because his Father, who gave them to him, is greater than all, and has given him all power in heaven and in earth.

And this will make you so happy as you learn more and more to know the Good Shepherd, and all that he has done and is doing for his sheep. He says: "I am come that they might have life.

through all the things that he has made. All the food that nourishes and gives you life comes from his own being; for he is "the fountain of life."

Learn all you can of the Good Shepherd; for the better you know him,—his power, his love, his tenderness, his watchfulness,—the more sweetly you will rest "in his bosom."

EDITH E. ADAMS.

WHAT IS LEFT

SOMETIMES we forget how much we owe, of the blessings we enjoy every day, to Him who taught men to love others better than themselves, and to minister to all who were sick and in trouble. The following little story will impress

on our minds some of the blessings that Christianity brings to the world:—

"Norah had been given a model village for a birthday gift. There was a big square, painted with streets and grass plots, and on this were set up tiny houses, people, and trees, of pasteboard. It was a most fascinating plaything; and Norah never tired of setting up her village, and sending the pasteboard people to school, or church, or along the streets. She was sending all the little ones to school one day, when her father, who had come in, and was looking at the little village, asked, with an interested face: 'What kind of town is that, Norah?' And then, as she looked up inquiringly, 'I mean is it a Christian or a heathen town? a town where people know and love God, or one where they do not?'

"'Oh, a Christian town!' Norah answered, quickly. 'See the church?'

"'Suppose we make it a heathen town,' her father suggested. 'What must we take out?'

"'The church,' answered Norah, setting it one side.

"'Is that all?'

"'I suppose so.'

"'No, indeed,' her father said. 'The public school must go. There are no public schools in heathen lands.'

"Norah set the school aside. 'Then the children ought not to have books in their hands,' she said.

"'Certainly not the girls,' her father said. 'Nor ought they to be in the streets with the boys. Take them out.'

"Norah looked very grave as she set the happy-faced little girls aside.

"'Take the public library, too,' her father directed.

"'Anything else?' she asked, sadly.

"'Isn't that a hospital over there on Elmwood Avenue?'

"'But, papa, don't they have hospitals?'

"'Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old.'

"'Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home,' said Norah very soberly.

"'Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of town.'

"'Why, papa!' Norah exclaimed, 'there is not a good thing left! I wouldn't live in such a town for anything! Does knowing about Jesus make all that difference?'

Yes, knowing about Jesus makes all the difference between the most heathen and the most enlightened land. And knowing Jesus,—each for himself,—his beauty, his goodness, his mercy,—will do more than that—it will make little bits of heaven right in the darkest place on earth.

CYCLONE PRANKS

OF all the manifestations of power I ever witnessed, from an earthquake down, a cyclone is the most appalling. The midnight blackness of the funnel, the lightning darting from it in inconceivable fierceness, the strange crackling sound from its bosom, the suddenness of its irresistible attack, its incredibly swift motion, its wild leaping and bounding, like a gigantic beast of prey, the awful roar which follows,—all this but feebly characterizes that strange ravener of the plains.

The cyclone plays odd pranks. I have seen two horses lifted in air, and carefully deposited, unharmed, in a field about an eighth of a mile away. I have seen chickens and geese picked clean of feathers, and yet feebly alive.

One house, I remember, had a hole ten feet in diameter cut out of its roof, as if by a circular saw. I have seen the black, whirling cloud lift a building, and shake it to pieces, as one shakes a pepper-box. One of the worst cyclones I ever knew threw a heavy iron safe about as a child might toss a wooden alphabet-block in play.—*C. T. Brady.*



JANUARY FIELD STUDY

(January 6-12)

Introduction.—The *Missionary Magazine* articles for special study this month are: "The Ethnology of Malaysia," "Among the Russians," "Buenos Ayres and Our Churches in Argentine." The life of Henry Lyman, the martyr of Sumatra, is so full of inspiration to the young persons who are seeking to know what their life-work should be, that we devote the entire space to a brief sketch of it, rather than to other notes on the lesson. The death of this man and his colleague is incidentally mentioned in the study. Such lives breathe forth a heaven-born enthusiasm that we who are giving the last message of mercy shall do well to seek.

Boyhood and Youth.—This young man was born in Northampton, Mass., Nov. 23, 1809, and consecrated from birth to the work of the ministry. His boyhood and youth were far from promising in a religious aspect. At Amherst College, which he entered in 1825, he led for a while a wild life. The Spirit of God, however, arrested him in his sophomore year, and in a college revival he was powerfully converted. April 25, 1827, is the date he sets down as that of the great change.

Call to Missionary Work.—All the force and energy of his strong character were now turned in the right direction, and he not only promptly accepted the ministry as his vocation, but soon began to think of the foreign missionary field. It is very interesting to trace in his letters and private journals the development of his call to this work. Hints of it began to appear in less than a year after his conversion. In a year and a half he writes to his sister: "My feelings have this term taken a stronger turn toward this subject than ever before. It makes my soul bleed to hear the cry from Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. Millions bow to Juggernaut, millions to Mohammed, millions to the pope, and millions more to idols of their own making. Few are willing to go. But by the leave and assistance of divine Providence, I will go." This was written Nov. 2, 1828, and in five years from that time he was in Java. He was exceedingly deliberate and painstaking in making up his mind on this momentous matter. He examined himself, his motives, his qualifications and capabilities, with great care, and sought the best advice. He investigated mission work, read missionary biographies, and attended all kinds of missionary meetings. Under date of Dec. 14, 1828, he wrote: "Can I leave my country and engage in this work? I want to do it. No, I do not. I want to do just what God would have me do, whether to go there or to stay here." In February, having read much about the Sandwich Islands Mission, his heart was drawn out toward it; but he said: "I do not know that I would prefer going there to labor. It is too nearly a paradise for a missionary to go there now. I would rather begin from the beginning than build on another man's foundation." To his sister, August 14, he wrote: "If there are any parts of the Bible which rejoice my heart, they are those which speak of the heathen receiving the gospel. If there is any pleasure in prayer, it is in praying for benighted pagans. If anything for which my heart is

drawn out to God, it is for the missionary." His feelings strengthened in this direction every day until a final decision was reached, after spending a week, during December, 1829, in fasting, prayer, and studying every phase of this momentous question. He then wrote: "The greatest trial that I could be called upon to endure would be to settle over a New England congregation. If my own board will not send me, my last resource will be to work my passage out, and then labor for the heathen in some dark corner." With such a feeling and such a spirit there could be no question of his call. He announced his decision to his parents, who did not oppose; and during the remainder of his seminary course he gave himself yet more thoroughly to the fullest preparation.

Departure.—He was appointed to the East India Archipelago, for exploration and missionary work, in February, 1833. In May of that year he was married; and one month later, with his classmate, Samuel Munson, as colleague, the party set sail from Boston for Batavia. It took the ship one hundred days to reach her destination. The missionaries were soon comfortably settled, and began the study of the language, and to do such other work as they could carry on. Every letter breathed forth a spirit of thankfulness for the privilege of working for those who were without God and without hope.

Beginning Their Work.—As the Dutch government was not particularly favorable to missionary exploration, being jealous of any interference by outsiders with the native population, the missionaries did not obtain permission to begin their work of exploration until April, 1834, when they set out for Sumatra. It was no small trial for these brethren to leave their families at Batavia, and plunge still deeper into the depths of heathenism, fully conscious of the risks to be run and of the doubt as to a return. But with the strong courage that he had hitherto manifested, Henry Lyman did not falter nor lose heart, but rather rejoiced that the long task of preparation was fully at an end, and stern, rugged work confronted him. He wrote to his sister at this time: "Truly now I can say that in all I have experienced of missionary life I have ever found a something within so consoling, so comforting, and such a firm support, yea, repaying with such manifold increase, that were I at liberty to choose between what I have passed through and a comfortable situation at home, I should prefer the former." And to a cousin he wrote: "The separation from home, and recently from my wife, was bitter, but I would go through the same again if it could be attended with the same consolation from on high. I was never more happy. God fulfills his promise: he gives a hundred-fold."

First and Last Work.—The missionaries reached Padang after a nineteen-days' voyage, and proceeded to examine the Batta group. They were prevented, because of wars, from carrying this exploration as far as they desired, but strongly recommended their board to establish a mission among the Nyas people at once. They arrived on the west coast of Sumatra, June 17, and on the 23d set out for the interior with a few coolies and other native servants, expecting to be gone one month. All went well for a few days; but on June 28 they came suddenly upon a log fort occupied by a number of armed men. They were almost instantly surrounded by two hundred of these in a state of great excitement, and were slain before their peaceful errand was understood, or there was sufficient opportunity for explanation. When the sad news reached her in far New England, Mrs. Lyman, the mother of the missionary, said: "I bless God, who gave me such a son to go to the heathen; and I never felt

so strongly as I do at this moment the desire that some other of my children may become missionaries also, and may go and teach the truths of the Bible to those savage men who have slain Henry." In no part of Sumatra has the gospel worked more marvelous changes than among these very people.—*Condensed from "Gospel in all Lands."*



TEMPERANCE

(January 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—LEV. 10:1-11; NUM. 11:1-35.

MEMORY VERSE.—1 COR. 3:17.

QUESTIONS

1. What grievous sin did the sons of Aaron commit while engaged in their priestly work? Lev. 10:1; note 1.
2. What punishment was visited upon them? V. 2; note 2.
3. What command did the Lord then give to Aaron? Vs. 8, 9.
4. Why were they to practice strict temperance? Vs. 10, 11; note 3.
5. During the long journey through the wilderness, how did the Lord provide food for his people? Ex. 16:4.
6. What was this food called? V. 31.
7. What was the nature of this manna? Num. 11:7; Ex. 16:31.
8. How was it prepared for use? Num. 11:8.
9. In another place, what is said of this food? Ps. 78:25.
10. How did the children of Israel regard the good food so graciously given? Num. 11:6; 21:5; note 4.
11. Instead of appreciating God's goodness, what did they lust after? Num. 11:4.
12. Of what were they thinking while thus complaining? V. 5; note 5.
13. What did the Lord tell Moses to say unto the murmuring people? V. 18.
14. How fully were their lusts to be satisfied? Vs. 19, 20.
15. What did Moses say to the Lord concerning this promise? Vs. 21, 22.
16. What answer did the Lord give? V. 23.
17. In what way was the Lord's word fulfilled? V. 31.
18. How abundantly did the people supply themselves? V. 32; note 6.
19. What came upon the people as a result of their lusting? V. 33; note 7.

NOTES

1. Without doubt Nadab and Abihu would never have done the wrong they did, had they been free from intoxication. Had they been sober, they would have been afraid to disobey the Lord's plain command. But God held them responsible just the same, and punished them as he would if they had been wholly free from the effect of wine. They knew it was wrong to use strong drink, and in taking it, they were simply placing themselves where they *could not* do right. So when the time came that they blindly did the last great wrong, the Lord simply went back to the time when they did know better, and held them accountable for the whole. The same plan holds good now.

2. Sometimes the punishment for sin is inflicted at once. Nadab and Abihu were immediately put to death, as were also Ananias and Sapphira. But usually the execution of the penalty is put off until the day of the Lord. "The wages of sin is

death." Death will surely come to all who persist in wrong-doing. "But because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Let us daily remember the truth of Eccl. 11:9, 10.

3. No one who uses strong drink can serve God acceptably; for in taking strong drink he is taking that which destroys the powers of both mind and body. The liquor drinker can not know God, and can not understand his goodness. His senses are so blunted that he can not tell the difference between truth and error, between right and wrong. His brain becomes paralyzed. He becomes, through his wrong habits, lower than the dumb brutes. Only one way, therefore, is right; and that is never to taste strong drink of any kind. No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God, neither will any one who continues to use strong drink to the slightest extent. A drink now and then means to fail at last of entering in through the gates of the city of God. Touch not, taste not, handle not.

4. The Israelites found fault with the best food ever given to men. And because they cherished a complaining, fault-finding spirit, the blessing of the Lord could not even go with the manna. They ate it, but it became so distasteful to them that they loathed it. And, really, it appears that they did not feel well after eating it, and they felt that their strength was wasting away. But what was the trouble?—It was because they did not believe and trust in God. The very best food on earth will not prove good to one of the Lord's children who is unbelieving and complaining; while with others, poor food will be blessed of God and be made nourishing. The lesson for us is that we should eat by faith, ever cherishing a thankful, contented spirit.

5. They were almost constantly looking back to Egypt, and lusting for things that God had not seen fit to give them. They had come up out of Egypt, but the spirit of Egypt was still in their hearts and lives. They were looking backward, something that people should never allow themselves to do, unless it be to call to mind the goodness of our Father. God wants us always to live in the NOW. Yesterday is not ours, neither is to-morrow. The mind should never be allowed to look back to the things of the world, lest discontent and discouragement arise, and crush out our hopes. Let us love God *now*, speak of God *now*, and constantly *live* in God *now and ever*.

6. The people gathered the quails in enormous quantities. The spirit of gluttony and greed was to be seen everywhere among them. When one takes himself out of God's hands, by murmuring and complaining, he will, if opportunity comes, do very foolish things.

7. The plague came, not alone because they were gluttonous, but because they had separated themselves from God, their protector. God could not shield them while sinning as they were, and Satan sought to destroy them. The door had been opened, and he began his work. The fault-finders were destroyed by the leader they had really chosen. God desires us to walk so close to him that sin shall find no place in our lives; and thus the destroyer, Satan, will never be able to harm us.

WHAT is it that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?
And but to faith and not to sight
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the martyr's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Truth shares the future promise: Love's
Self-suffering is a triumph won;
And each good thought and action moves
The dark world nearer to the Sun.

—Whittier.

THE PARABLE OF THE BENCH

ON the campus of a certain university, upon a bluff where there is a wonderful outlook across to the sunset hills, is a stone bench upon the back of which is carved this legend:—

TO THOSE WHO SHALL SIT HERE
REJOICING,
TO THOSE WHO SHALL SIT HERE
MOURNING,
GREETING AND SYMPATHY:
SO HAVE WE DONE IN OUR TIME.

That is all, except down in one corner, the date of the class which sent the cheerful word of welcome down through the years.

It was a beautiful thought, surely. Was it not also, however unconsciously, a parable? Experiences, glad and sorrowful, crowd our life; what are we doing with them? It is not enough to win from them strength or happiness or wisdom for ourselves; there yet remains one lesson that they should teach us—sympathy for others to whom like experiences shall come. We suffer from misinterpretation; are we, with this suffering fresh in our memory, to pass careless judgment upon others? Once a great joy irradiated our life; it scarcely seemed as if anything could deepen it, but a friend, rejoicing with us, blessed even that. Shall we remember, when the sunlight falls upon another, and we stand in the shadows, to hasten to offer him the gift of perfect sympathy?

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." God commanded the Israelites to remember. Is our duty less?—*Well Spring.*

Obedience is the best success. Christ did not tell us to win the world to him, but to preach the gospel to every creature.

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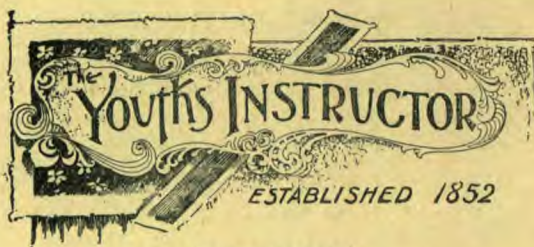
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SUNDAY:

If you would please men, please God.—*John Wesley.*

MONDAY:

Hurry not only spoils work, but it spoils life also.—*Lubbock.*

TUESDAY:

The work of the world is done mostly by ordinary ability, while geniuses are waiting for splendid opportunities.—*The Presbyterian.*

WEDNESDAY:

The times that make us weakest, and that force our weakness most upon us, and make us know how weak we are,—those are our coronation days.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THURSDAY:

Better is it to have a small portion of good sense, with humility and a slender understanding, than great treasures of science with vain self-complacency.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

FRIDAY:

We listen best when we listen with our whole mind. When we are hearing aught worth heeding, we should shut out from our interest everything but those words. Concentrated hearing counts.—*Well Spring.*

SABBATH:

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." Rev. 3:5.

NOTICE your address label, and if it indicates that your subscription is about to expire, see to the matter of renewing as soon as possible. The INSTRUCTOR will be better than ever during 1901, and you should not miss a number.

A FAMILIAR CALENDAR

THE 1901 edition of the Columbia desk calendar is being distributed by the American Bicycle Co., Columbia Sales Department, Hartford, Conn. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of five two-cent stamps. This unique and useful compilation has been issued annually for the last sixteen years, and it has come to be regarded as an indispensable article in many business offices and homes.

JANUARY 17, 1901

Is the date with which a timely series of articles will be begun in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, under the general head, "The Little Foxes That Spoil the Vines." These articles are every one of the most practical and helpful nature; they do not deal with generalities or theories, but with *actual experience*. Each one is the record of some case in which a "little fox" got in its insidious work—and of the result in a life. Some tell of victory; others of the sad result of a failure to drive these "little" enemies out of the heart.

There are hundreds of young persons in our churches who are fast becoming cold and indifferent, and who will eventually be lost to God's work unless something is done to help them. For such, as well as for those who are enjoying a bright experience, these articles were written. And they should be placed in the hands of thousands of young persons everywhere. Have you not some young friend who would be helped by reading such a series? If so, why not see that the numbers of the INSTRUCTOR containing these articles are sent to him? It is not necessary to send a full year's subscription. For only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS the paper will be sent for *one third of a year*, or seventeen weeks, covering the time in which these articles are to appear, and six extra numbers. Remember the date—Jan. 17, 1901.

"SHUTTING THE EYE ON THAT SIDE"

A PRETTY story is told by the editor of the *Young People's Weekly* concerning a little boy whose treasured library had fallen into the delighted hands of a baby brother for an unmolested fifteen minutes. And while there were, as Tommy bravely declared, "lots of pictures left," the occasion seemed, to one of Tommy's friends, sufficient to demand at least a crumb of comfort. So, after the rather unwise manner of many comforters, she said, "See the book in your hand! One side of the picture there is gone."

"Yes, but I shut the eye on that side," was the brave reply.

Dear little philosopher—how much happier people would be if, when things happen to vex and try them, they would, like him, "shut the eye on that side"! There are so many pleasant things to look at, it would be impossible to see them all, even if one never saw a disagreeable thing in his life. Then when something unpleasant happens, or some plan you have set your heart on carrying out is spoiled, will you not "shut the eye on that side," and keep a brave outlook on the side of the pleasant and beautiful?

OPEN THE DOOR

How very simple are the conditions for our becoming acquainted with the Saviour—just to hear his voice, and open the door! Is it because they are so easy, that we so often neglect them? We do not have to make a great effort to engage his attention; it is not necessary to plot and plan to win his favor, as is often the case with the so-called great ones of earth; we do not have to do anything to bring him to the door of our hearts. He comes himself—and that is not all: he *stays*. He calls to us, and in the gentlest, most tender voice "counsels" us

what to do—he calls, and knocks. He will not force his way, unbidden, into the heart,—he has left us perfectly free to choose who shall be the guests in that secret place,—but he wants to come, because he knows that he can bring us happiness. And so he still stands, calling, knocking. There is no more touching picture of his love in all the Bible. It is that of a friend, who waits to enter.

Suppose that outside the door of our homes, some one who had suffered much for our happiness stood knocking for admittance, and we turned coldly away? Would he not be hurt by our indifference, our lack of appreciation of his sacrifice and love? Would we not rather gladly hasten to the door, open it wide, and urge the dear one in? Why, then, are we less hospitable to this Friend? Shall he who in his earthly life often had no place to lay his head, find no place now to enter?

It is the most intimate relation of friendship that he desires to share with us,—to come in, and sup with us. How often we think of the privilege of the two disciples, who walked to the little village of Emmaus, talking, as they went, of "all the things which had happened." And as they journeyed, they were joined by the risen Saviour, who, when they came to the "village, whither they went," went into the house, and "sat at meat" with them. He longs to do, in a spiritual sense, the same thing with us. Shall we not welcome this heavenly Guest, heed his counsel, and at last be among those who are counted worthy to sit with him in his throne?

In laying hold on the promises, we should be careful not to mutilate them. There are enthusiastic persons who gather promises out of the Bible for personal use, much as little children gather flowers from the woods to transplant them in their own gardens: they seize upon whatever delights the eye, and appropriate it without stopping to notice whether it has any roots. As a rule, the "I wills" of God are but the fair flowers of the promises that he would have us transplant into our own lives. The assurance that we are to have a particular blessing is worthless if detached from the conditions upon which the blessing is to be sent, or, as we often need to be reminded, from the accompanying direction as to where it may be found. It matters little whether we accept the promises in the Bible as we are—as we are often—exhorted to do, if we do not accept them as they are.—*Sunday School Times.*

JANUARY, 1901

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