

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

VOL. XLIX.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY 24, 1901.

No. 4.



JUTIGALPA TO TEGUCIGALPA

TEN thousand cattle from Olancho were on their way to the coast when we left Jutigalpa, and yet there seemed to be plenty left.

Everywhere the guava bushes, almost trees, were hanging heavy with fruit. Outwardly the guava resembles the apple, but the greenish skin is separated from the seeds by only a thin layer of pulp. The inner part, a pink mass of soft seeds and pulp, is delicately flavored, and makes a delicious jelly, much loved by the Spanish palate, though we saw none made in Honduras, the delicacy being imported from Cuba. The guava shrubs spread out their branches, giving shade for the cattle, which eat all the fruit they can reach.

The valleys—veritable parks, these valleys!—are covered with a short grass, which has the appearance of being neatly shaven by a lawnmower. There is just enough roll in the prairie to suggest spots in Central Park, New York, or Washington Park, Chicago; but one looks in vain for graveled walks, stone pavements, or the haze of a city's smoke overhead. These are God's parks. No human hand has planted the shrubs, builded the mountains that rise on either hand, or directed the streams that dash, in ribbons of foam, down their rocky sides.

Sometimes travelers are met, always mounted on mules or horses, and always greeting us with a hearty, *Buenos dias*. Usually a *moso*, or footman, leads the caravan, the pack-mule following, with two cowhide trunks balanced high, one on either side of the pack-saddle. Then comes the *señora*, mounted on a saddle with a back-rest—the palace-car of Honduras. She is dressed in a long riding habit, and carries a large parasol, the well-trained mule following the trail without much attention from the rider. In fact, there is a perfect division of labor between the mule and its rider,—the mule keeping the trail and its footing, while the rider gives her attention to keeping her seat and avoiding overhanging branches.

The men in the party are provided with *machetes* slung in sheaths at the belt, and balanced with heavy revolvers. These strong native knives are useful in cutting away overhanging branches and vines, which might otherwise brush one from the saddle.

One hot day we met a woman carrying a monkey on her lap: both chatted pleasantly, and then passed on. At another time a mail-carrier with a week's accumulated correspondence of the third city in the republic, done up in a packet about as large as a music roll, overtook us, and kept us company for several hours. His blue hatband (blue and white are the colors of the republic) bore the words, in letters of white, "Correos de

Honduras." His cotton trousers were rolled above the calves of his dark-skinned legs. Leather sandals were fastened with thongs to his feet. He had a springing step, which he kept up all day. In the afternoon he quickened his pace, and left us, with our mules, two leagues behind.

At night we came to a village of mud huts, with thatched roofs, and were shown to the *cabildo* by the villagers. Several calves, which had settled for the night, reluctantly gave up their places for us; and we made our beds on the large cedar tables that had served the purposes of state; for the *cabildo* has a variety of uses in Honduras. It is the court, the jail, and the inn of the small towns. This particular one was becoming dilapidated. In places the mud had fallen from the walls, leaving the wild-cane frame exposed.

There was no poetry to us in the situation, for the stars did not shine in through the holes in the wall; a drizzling rain hid them, and prevented our kindling a fire. Outside, under the eaves, the living creatures had taken shelter, their bawls and grunts and barks, with sundry rubbing noises against the walls of the hut, telling of the struggles that were going on outside against the fleas. It

packs; but Honduras is not a populous country, and many a league of uninterrupted wilderness was passed, where the sign of human habitation, no matter how humble, would have been welcome indeed.

We often forget that all nations of the earth are "of one blood;" but let one travel through the wilds of a strange country till night falls; let him watch the unfamiliar stars come out in the unfamiliar heavens, and see the light of the moon streaming down through trees of strange form; let him hear the sound of the coyote call-



A THATCHED HUT. THE PACK-MULES ARE A PART OF OUR CARAVAN

was nearly morning before the trouble ceased, and we could distinguish the sound of the rain upon the roof—a noise that is not a patter, as the thatch deadens the sound of the falling drops.

Morning is always welcome to travelers in Central America; and the change from night to day comes more quickly than it does farther north. For breakfast the village afforded a few eggs and some *sel-sel*—a vegetable preparation, done up in leaves, which will defy the most ravenous appetite. We tried roasting it, but the change was not for the better.

Breakfast over, we took to our saddles. Occasionally Indians would pass, loaded with pelts, and carrying long blow-pipes. The women had the burden of their babies added to that of their

ing to his mate, and the half-human voice of the baboon filling the air with a babel of sound—and he will be prepared to welcome as streaming from the windows of those near of kin the uncertain gleams of light coming through the pole walls of a native hut. The sound of hands shaping tortillas, and of voices bidding us welcome in Hondurashian Spanish, are like music in our ears; and the dark-skinned faces of our host and hostess appear little darker than our own by the light of the *fogong*. Truly, we are all brethren.

H. A. OWEN.

For truth is ever the fitting time; who waits till circumstances completely favor his undertaking, will never accomplish anything.—Luther.

Whosoever Will

O HAPPY HEART

O HAPPY heart! thy path is bright
With cheerful glow of heavenly light;
Across the vistas far away
Come streams of glad, effulgent day.

The rest, the peaceful rest and calm
That soothe the heart like flowing psalm,
The light, the glory light divine,
O happy heart! are always thine.

The tides of care — what should they be,
O happy, trusting heart! to thee?
What should thy spirit burden down,
Thou heir to mansion, robe, and crown?

Why should an earthly care beget
A heart of anxious strife and fret?
Does not the tiny sparrow feed
On food apportioned to his need?

O happy heart! thy way is bright
With cheerful glow of heavenly light.
Look upward; this thy joy shall be:
Thy Heavenly Father cares for thee.

B. F. M. SOURS.

THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

TO BE a Christian means to possess the attributes of Christ's character, to have a heart imbued with love for God, to delight to honor God, to reach earnestly after heavenly attainments. It means to render to God grateful songs of praise from a heart swelling with gratitude, to appreciate all that has its origin in God and heaven. The Christian loves what God loves. A heart filled with Christian love is lifted far above the atmosphere of selfishness. It lives in a pure, bright, holy atmosphere. The love that God puts into the heart is a love dictated by holy impulses, sustained by a sense of duty, and cherished by a resolute will. In the soul where this love is cherished, virtue will grow like a tree in a well-cultivated garden.

To be a Christian means to possess the Christian graces, to bear fruit unto righteousness, even the fruits of the Spirit,—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." To be a Christian means to practice religion in the home. Where is it more needed? Home influence, all-powerful for good, is such only as it is carefully cherished. It can not bear the blast of rudeness or neglect without receiving a wound which can with difficulty be healed.

The motives and tastes of the Christian are entirely opposite to those of the worldling. It is impossible to be in harmony with Christ and with the world at the same time. But among the people of God, the love of the world has been increasing to an alarming extent. We feel alarmed as we see so many who profess to accept Christ going on from day to day the same as before. Too often believers act in such a way that unbelievers have no cause to think that they are living any nearer Christ than they themselves. Their conversation is flippant, their actions are unlike Christ. Many who take upon themselves baptismal vows do not live these vows even for one day. They have not come out from the world. They do not know what it means to hold communion with God. We fear that many youth have stopped short of genuine conversion. By their actions they testify that they have no part with Christ,—that they are only pretenders.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits." A genuine change of heart carries its evidence with it. The life of the one who is truly converted is separate and distinct from the life of the worldling. Instead of being absorbed in worldly pleasure, the

Christian hungers and thirsts for the bread of life and the water of salvation. He is more anxious to learn the way of the Lord, and to secure his favor, than to please himself or those who are not in harmony with God.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate. . . . Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." When Christ spoke these words, many of his hearers were convinced of his doctrine, but they needed to be aroused to greater earnestness in regard to their eternal welfare. They had come to the place where two roads met, the wrong one apparently the most attractive. They had good desires, but they were not wholly decided to serve God. They followed the Saviour "afar off." The world's Redeemer saw their peril, and sought to rouse them to a realization of their danger. He longed to see them making an entire surrender to God. It pained him to see them living in a state of indecision.

His voice was raised in earnest entreaty in their behalf. "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction," he said, "and many there be which go in thereat." This road is wide; and in it the pleasure-lovers and the proud will find abundant room. The selfish, the covetous, the hypocrite, the sons and daughters of levity, the unthankful and unholy, will find the broad road well suited to their taste.

To walk in the narrow road requires earnest, self-denying effort. It is because of the straitness of this way that so few find it. Many seek to enter, but fail because of lack of earnestness. And in the end they step into the broad road, failing to see that the narrow way has joys that would compensate for any trials.

Some who have entered the broad road hear God's voice calling to them, "Enter ye in at the strait gate," and make a decided stand, determined to proceed no farther in the broad road. Through repentance and faith in Christ they enter the strait gate. They realize that all self-indulgence must be given up, that pride must be humbled, and self crucified. They see that they must lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily begets them. They must urge their way through every obstacle, denying self, lifting the cross, resisting temptation, grasping all the help that God has placed within their reach. In deed and in truth they must accept the Saviour. They must press their way along the narrow path of self-sacrifice; for it is the path of salvation. Although the voices of pleasure-lovers invite them to carelessness and selfish enjoyment, they must turn neither to the right hand nor to the left.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

THE MORNING-GLORY THAT CLIMBED

LAST fall I bought some morning-glory seed from a suburban garden. The seed was gathered from vines that were uncommonly beautiful in the size and variety of color of the blossoms. This spring my plants came up in due season, and gave vigorous promise of being as choice as the parent vines had been. But mine is a city yard, shut in on four sides; and the summer months passed without one flower on the vines. They were riotous climbers, however. They would go up. And up they went, clear to the roof of the two-story house. Those outreaching fingers laid hold on everything they could find. When strings gave out, they turned to posts and water-spouts,—anything that led up!

The beauty of the little garden below faded before the autumn winds. One gray day I turned from its spoiled beauty to look at my ambitious vines, and lo! a vision of loveliness that made me exclaim with delight. There, tossing in the morning breeze, were hundreds of blossoms of every morning-glory hue,—white blushing into pink, and pink deepening into royal purples. All through the chill fall days the flowers did not fail.

The grayer the sky, the chillier the wind, the lovelier and more numerous the "glories,"—not morning-glories only, but all-day and all-night glories, with vigor enough to withstand sun and chill, wind and rain and drought. Every day, as I received the beautiful benediction of my victorious vines, voices whispered in my ear: *So you must climb! So must every soul climb, "till we all come . . . unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."*

It was pleasant in the garden below. There was companionship there. The wind and the rain were not so fierce down by the fences. But oh, *above!* What light, what life, what liberty of room, what grace of flower, what perfection of fruit!

Climb! Climb! CLIMB! "*Lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called.*" God has put the climb into us. Environment is the trellis. The rougher the better for laying hold of. By the things that shut us in we must get up and out. By string, by stick, by stone; by rusty nail or hidden crevice; by everything that is on the way and *in* the way! Who—*what*—shall separate us from the love of Christ? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us!—*Ada Melville Shaw.*



FIRST STEPS IN DISHONESTY AND CRIME

Nor long ago I met a young man who had just been released from serving a prison sentence for burglary. He seemed anxious to lead an honest life and to do right; and as is our custom in all such cases, I at once began to question him about his childhood and early training, with a view of ascertaining the cause of his downfall and subsequent criminal career.

When I had finished talking with him, and saw how cunningly the devil had ensnared his soul, I thought to myself, How many boys and girls, young men and young women, have I seen taking the same steps that proved so disastrous to this young man! A bit of this prisoner's early experience may serve either to warn some readers of the INSTRUCTOR or to prepare them to warn some of their associates, who may be taking the first steps in the path of dishonesty, which leads down to the highway of crime. Here is part of his story:—

"My mother and father were Christians. I was taught to read the Bible and pray when young; and each evening, as I said my prayers with my mother, I little dreamed that I should some day break that mother's heart, disgrace my father, and find myself behind prison bars, serving a sentence for burglary. How did it happen? Ah! during those years behind the bars I thought it all out. I can tell just where it began. One afternoon when I was not more than seven years old, I had been playing for several hours, and went into the house, and asked mother for something to eat. She gave me some bread and butter. I asked her if I could not have a cooky. She said, 'Yes,' and gave me one. Then I wanted *two*; and when I was denied the second one, the thought flashed through my mind that I could get it anyway. A few moments later I stole into the kitchen, climbed upon a chair, and seized a handful of cookies. I shall never forget the impression that came over me as I stepped out of the kitchen with those stolen cookies. Something told me that I ought to go to mother, and tell her what I had done; but this I refused to do; and oh, I now see what a mistake I made!

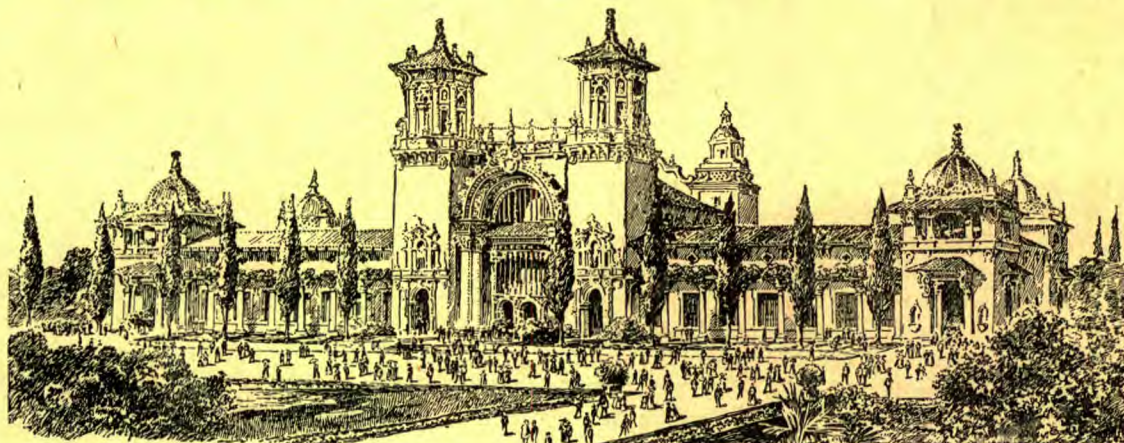
"From that day on, my mother knew but few of my mistakes and wrongs. I carefully covered

them up, and hid them from her. From time to time this stealing of cookies, cakes, and other things was repeated. I think it must have gone on for a year or two. At last I was old enough to take the garden stuff around to the neighbors in summer, and sell it. There was a certain top in the toy store that cost five cents, and this I decided to have. Instead of asking father for the money, one day I kept back five cents from the vegetable money, and with this I bought the top.

"I got in the habit of keeping back five cents very often; so one day when one of my companions suggested that we buy a box of cigarettes, of course I had the money. It was stolen money,—money that I did not have to account for to my parents,—money in every way suited to buying cigarettes. I bought the cigarettes, and smoked them. Then I bought more; and the more I bought, the more money I had to steal. This experience went on until I became a young man, although I had the esteem of my associates, the confidence of my parents, and the respect of my employers. At last I was led into gambling. I lost heavily; and in order to sustain these losses, I began regularly to take money from my employer. In the meantime I had begun to drink; and one night when half drunk and wholly fascinated with a game of chance, I bet—and lost

complained to the police that a very queer thing was happening. The water was trickling through the cellar wall from the closed house. She thought something must be the matter; and she had heard, besides, sounds of something falling, every now and then, next door. The police came around, and found water oozing into the cellars on both sides, but could not get into the house that was closed, because they had no keys. So they telegraphed to the owner, and asked him to come home, and find out what was the matter.

He came home. And then he found out what a little leak can do. All the rear rooms on the two lower floors were in ruins. The ceiling of the dining-room (which was just below the third-story bathroom) had fallen, covering all the fine hardwood floor, laid new that spring, with soaked plaster, and broken laths, and water. The handsome tapestries on the wall were soaked and dripping, and had fallen down in places. The carved furniture, with its beautiful covering, had been ruined by the plaster dropping upon it, and the water in which it stood. The rooms below were no better—ceilings fallen, floors ruined, and streams of water trickling down the walls. The water in the cellar was a foot deep. Everywhere was rain and damage; and above, in the bathroom, the water was still trickling, in a little



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY ELECTRICITY THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION CO.

—a thousand dollars of my employer's money. There was nothing left for me but to flee the country. I was caught, tried, and found guilty. Now I have served my sentence; and if there is a way to make a dishonest man honest, I want to know it."

Dear reader, the last part of this experience is sad to contemplate; but the first part—the "little foxes" that ruined this vine of honor, virtue, and manhood—seemed very small when they first appeared in this boy's experience. Let us carefully examine ourselves, to see if there are any little foxes nibbling away at the vines of our character, which, if not suppressed, will one day prove the ruin of our usefulness, and of all our hopes in this life and in the life to come.

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A LITTLE LEAK

THIS is the story of a leak that was only a little one. But there is no knowing where a "little" thing stops, when it comes to results, as you will see.

It was in a small pipe in the third-floor bathroom of a big house in New York. The pipe brought the water into the stationary wash-bowl, and was nickel-plated, so that it looked very nice indeed. Nobody suspected that it leaked; for the crack was such a tiny one that only a drop oozed through now and then. So the family that owned the big house went away to the seashore, and locked up the house, and left the pipe to itself, not dreaming what mischief it was up to.

The leak opened a little bit more the week after they left, so that the drops came faster. Another week, and it was just a trifle larger still. Two weeks more, and an old colored woman who was taking care of the house next door, went and

stream, from the opening in the pipe, now about an inch long.

Fifteen hundred dollars' worth of damage, it was reckoned, came from that "little" leak. A ruinous thing like that has no little or big about it; it is just ruinous, and that is all. Yet sometimes we forget this, especially when it is not a house or property that is in question, but our very own souls instead. And we excuse a "little" profanity, or a "little" bad temper, or a "little" untruth, or a "little" evil thinking or doing, and feel, as long as our sins are small and hidden, we are safe. So we need the obvious lesson of the little leak—isn't it so?—the ruin it made, the damage it did, the day of discovery that came at last, as it *always* comes.—*Selected.*

AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

BUFFALO has been called "The Electric City," and it is only fitting that this wonderful force should be a prominent feature of the coming exhibition.

The electrical power furnished, as is all the running power of the Pan-American Exposition, by Niagara Falls, offers a greater opportunity for esthetic experiments than has ever before been

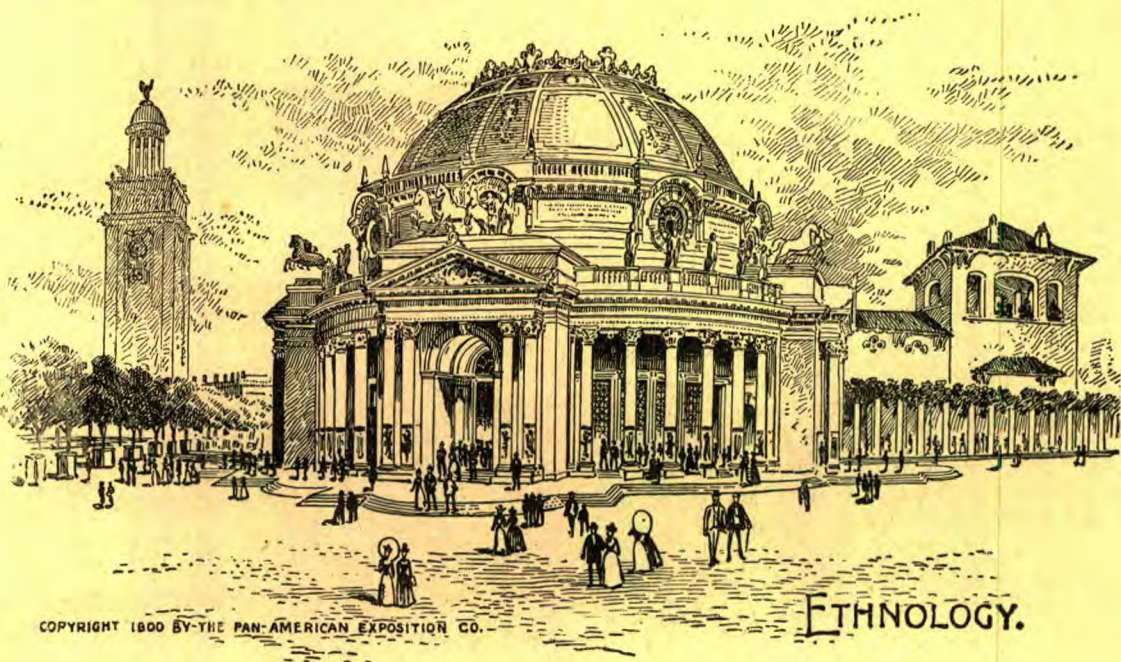


possible anywhere. The lighting for night effects is being studied by a well-known electrical expert. A wonderful canal, with innumerable grottoes and caverns, in which are the most charming electrical effects, will wind its way throughout the grounds.

The electrical tower is to be treated as focusing point for flash-lights and for reflections of every color from the illuminated fountains beneath; all these lights will, in turn, be reflected to the spectators in the great central courts, and mirrored up from the bright lagoon. The general lines of the building, as well as its picturesque features, such as towers and domes, will all be outlined by incandescent lamps, while the most unique effect of all will be the huge lighted globe of jeweled glass three hundred and fifty feet in the air, on top of the electrical tower, on which North and South America will be visibly outlined.

The Ethnology Building will be one of the most beautiful in external construction of any on the grounds. The massive eagles, eight in number, each weighing more than three tons, which are to ornament its massive dome, are regarded as the handsomest pieces of staff in the city. They were modeled by John Fredericks, and each required about two tons of clay.

"WHEN you come into a house, bring sunshine with you."



COPYRIGHT 1900 BY THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION CO.

ETHNOLOGY.



THE WAITING GARDEN

THINK not to walk this earthly way,
From youth's sweet dawn to closing day,
Through flowery paths, and never see
The garden of Gethsemane.

Though bright the morning overhead,
And fair the road your feet are led,
Though life seems like an opening rose
Whose every leaf new charms disclose,—

Yet, as you gaily pass along,
Pray God to make your spirit strong
For that sure day when you will be
Alone in dark Gethsemane.

Your goal is yonder gleaming height;
Press on!—in climbing lies delight;
Exult in all the hope of youth;
It is your right, but mark this truth:

Though mind and body glow with strength,
Yet comes that certain day at length,
That hour in sad Gethsemane,
No mortal may escape or flee.

The grandest heights we oft attain
By treading avenues of pain;
And ere our Father's face we see,
We die with Christ on Calvary.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOW WATCH JEWELS ARE MADE

ONE day not long ago the writer had the pleasure of visiting one of Switzerland's largest watch-jewel factories.

These "jewels" are made from rubies obtained, for the most part, from India, being sorted out from those stones fit to be polished as precious stones. They are dark-red and pinkish in color, the former being two or three times as valuable as the latter. A double handful of the cheapest rubies is worth from three to five hundred dollars, when the stones are in the rough; but when ready for shipment, they are worth three thousand dollars a pound. The stones are first sawed into tiny square slabs by an expert, who rejects all worthless pieces. The saw is a copper disc, armed with diamond dust. Diamond dust is valued at from twenty to thirty dollars a carat, the price having increased enormously since the Transvaal war.

The next operation is to polish the sides of those stones that have been cut, and grind them flat and even. This is performed quickly on the side of a whirling disc, moistened with a dark, creamy liquid containing diamond dust. After being polished, the stones are rinsed in water, and then sent to the machines that shape the jewels.

The operation of piercing a hole in a small jewel is one of extreme delicacy. The drill is diamond-pointed. It remains still, while the stone, imbedded in wax or shellac, revolves with great rapidity; the drill is thrust mechanically against it, piercing it slowly. Great care is necessary, that the drill pierce the stone at right angles to its surface. One worker at the time of my visit had to melt and remelt his wax several times, and try it with instruments of precision, before it was just right. The employer explained that the reason for this was that the man was somewhat excited because we were watching him so closely; usually he fixed a stone at one "heat."

After this the stone is subjected to a turning process, whereby all the rough corners are knocked off, and it takes the form of a watch-jewel—flat on the back, with concave face, in the center of which an oil cavity is scooped out. It is then polished on the face and axis by being fixed to a rapidly revolving lathe, and ground smooth with very fine diamond dust.

When they have gone through these processes, the jewels shine with a luster that is almost

wholly absent in the rough stones. They are then critically examined by experts, armed with lenses; and if the least inaccuracy is detected in a jewel, it is sent back to the maker for repair. If irreparable, it immediately loses its value, and is consigned to the "waste-box," where it is utilized for various trinkets.

We saw two forms of rough diamond, also sapphires, which are used to make phonograph styles, compass points, etc. This factory makes many of the styles used by the Edison Phonograph Company.

As we saw a ruby in the rough increase tenfold in value under the skillful touch of the mechanic, we thought of the Master, who polishes the human soul, a living ruby in the rough, until the rough corners of unlovely habits are worn off. The diamond dust of the sword of the Spirit—the word of God—cuts its way into the hard and stony heart, and smooths the character until it comes forth from the process not only polished externally, but, like the ruby, the same all the way through,—sincere, faultless, ready for a place in the spiritual temple,—as ready to make peace in the church of Christ as the ruby is to diminish friction in the delicate axis of the watch.

P. A. DE FOREST.

DICTIONARIES

IN its proper sense a dictionary is a book containing the words of a language, with explanations of their meaning, arranged alphabetically, or in some other order. To be in reality a dictionary, a book must contain a large number of words. If the collection is a small one, the book should be called a "vocabulary." A mere alphabetical arrangement of the words of a book, with references to the places where they occur, is termed an "index." When the index is amplified, and the phrases are given in which the words occur, it is called a "concordance."

Dictionaries were originally books of reference explaining the words of a language; but as time passed, and sciences, trades, professions, and arts multiplied, separate dictionaries for each came into use. Thus we now have dictionaries of biography and history, general and special; of geographies of the whole world, and of special countries, or even small towns and villages; of castles, monasteries, and other buildings; of philosophy, mathematics, natural history, zoology, botany; of birds, trees, plants, flowers; of chemistry, geology, and mineralogy; of architecture, painting, music; of medicine, surgery, anatomy, pathology, physiology; of diplomacy; of law—canon, civil, statutory, and criminal; of political and social science; of agriculture, rural economy, and gardening; of commerce, navigation, horsemanship, and the manual arts; and scores of others, together with dictionaries of the arts and sciences, and including within themselves every branch of knowledge, under the name of "encyclopedias."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

WORTH MORE THAN GOLD

"HE was so good to his mother!"

This was a high tribute, and I listened for the rest.

"I never heard him speak a cross or impatient word to her. Everything she wanted him to do he was ready to do, without question. You know she was not very strong, and he seemed always ready to do all he could to save her from becoming tired or anxious. Most boys like to drive fast when on the road with a spirited horse: but when they were out together, if the road was rough, and his mother would say, 'Not quite so fast, Willie, please,' he would at once bring the horse to a slower pace. Always just so good and true to her."

And why not? Is there any reason why every boy and girl should not be kind, patient, and true to father and mother? Who in the world ever

has done or ever can do for us what they have? And yet it must be said that many are not thus thoughtful of their parents. So often that the heart wearies of listening, we hear from the lips of young men and women harsh and unfeeling words, which must sting and linger long in the memory of the parents to whom they are addressed. Often these words spring thoughtlessly up, not from the heart, but from the quick impulse of impatience. Still, they hurt just as much as if they had their inspiration in deeper fountains.

Can you think of any higher tribute than that which the mother of our lad Willie bestowed upon her boy when she said: "I have no unkind words to remember from him. He always trusted his mother. Now, when he is gone, this is very pleasant for me to think about."

A young friend of mine once said to me: "I tell mother everything. She's my chum."

I knew this was so. He and his mother were comrades. If he wrote a letter, he brought it to her to read. If he received one, she enjoyed the best portions with him.

No young man can ask for a higher tribute than that which his own mother bestows upon him in return for whole-hearted devotion to her. Society can do much for him. The world of business has many successes in waiting for him if he earns them. He will feel his heart swell within him as these, one after another, come to him. But they will never bring the joy to him that his mother's words carry.—*Selected.*

SUNRISE

Now in the Day's blue porch
Look, and behold
Dawn's newly kindled torch,—
A flame of gold!

O'er the sea and land
It shines as fair
As when at first His hand
Lighted it there.

—*Selected.*

A LONG LIFETIME OF WORK

AN Englishwoman who lives near Bedford, one of the rural centers of the pillow-lace industry, has been ninety-five years at her trade. She was born in the year 1800, and has worked at lace-making since she was four years old. In her young days it was a paying trade, the women often earning more at the pillow than their husbands earned at the plow. Mrs. Berrington's parents were not so poor as some of their neighbors; but her father, being a prudent and thrifty man, insisted on putting the child early to work, deeming it best that she should have something to fall back upon if any mishap should overtake him. So at the age of four she was set to work at the pillow, and for ninety-five years has worked regularly at her craft.

Those who have not seen this variety of lace can have no idea of the hundreds of thousands of turns, crosses, and twists that must be given the thread in making a few yards of the pattern. Even now old Nancy, as she is familiarly called, can follow an intricate pattern with ease, and without the aid of spectacles.

Many people call to see an old lady in her hundredth year at work at lace-making, and samples of her lace have traveled far. In her younger days such lace as she makes brought fifty cents a yard; now she sells it for twelve.

Mrs. Berrington's labors have not affected her health. When she was ninety-eight years old, she walked home from Bedford, a distance of three miles, because the carrier, on whose cart the country people depend in going to and fro, "dawdled about" too long for her.

Even now she is firm of foot, and thinks nothing of climbing over the fence that encloses her garden, in order to pick flowers for a visitor. Her eyesight is good, and she has hardly a gray hair in her head.—*Youth's Companion.*



AWFUL

THERE is a little maiden
Who has an awful time;
She has to hurry awfully
To get to school at nine.

She has an awful teacher,
Her tasks are awful hard;
Her playmates all are awful rough
When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty,
That often shows her claws;
A dog who jumps upon her dress
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister
With an awful little nose,
With awful cunning dimples,
And awful little toes.

She has two little brothers,
And they are awful boys;
With their awful drums and trumpets
They make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, Common Sense,
And this small maid defend;
Or else, I fear, her awful life
Will have an awful end.

— Toronto Globe.

TWO ABUSED WORDS

LAST evening I was strolling through Dictionary Hall, noting the faultless arrangement of the inmates, who were named Words. And I could not help thinking aloud as I saw what a great number of them there were: "Surely no one need be at a loss for suitable Words for any and every occasion! How different is our case from that of the tribe of Indians who have but three hundred words at their command!"

I happened to be in Corridor A at the time, and was just about to call Admire to help me in expressing my feelings, when I heard a deep groan, which came from a room far down the corridor. Hastening forward (for I feared some poor Word was hurt, or perhaps killed, as not infrequently happens), I came to a door standing ajar, just as the inmate of the room uttered another groan. Receiving no answer to a hurried knock, I entered, and found a strange-looking Word standing with his back toward me. "Sir," said I, "who are you? and what is your trouble?"

He turned toward me a dejected countenance, which seemed familiar, yet I was unable to name him.

"I do not wonder," he replied, "that you ask who I am. Sometimes I scarcely know who I am myself. My name is Awfully. You would hardly believe it, would you? I look like one of those little pink-and-white wax figures in a clothier's store, don't I? Well, I've had to wear 'awfully tight' shoes, 'awfully pretty' gowns, and 'awfully sweet' bonnets. I've chewed 'awfully nice' gum; I've eaten 'awfully tender' pie-crust. The babies I've seen were 'awfully cute,' and the jokes I've heard were 'awfully funny.' Sometimes I wish I'd never been born. Look at this portrait; you would not think it was I, would you?"

I looked, and there was a noble-looking Word, in the prime of life. His stature was majestic; his garb simple; and in his dark, serious eyes, lifted toward a flame-streaked thunder-cloud, was a look of awe.

"I was looking at it when you came in," he went on, "and I groaned to think how changed I am. Every Word has his portrait painted, and hung in his room when first he comes to live in Dictionary Hall. Some of us have changed little,

or not at all; but many of us, through abuse, become so unlike our former selves as to be scarcely recognizable. I have living in Corridor P a cousin who has suffered as severely as myself; you may know her; her name is Perfectly."

"I have a slight acquaintance with her," I answered; "but as I have seldom required her services, we have not often met."

Awfully gave me a grateful look. "I see," said he, "that you are one who calls Words out only on legitimate service. So used, we remain young and strong for generations. But if you

for no Word ever carried the key of any room but his own.

"Madam," said I, "I have just come from the room of Awfully, and it is at his request I came to call on you."

"You are very welcome," she answered. "We Words are much called away from home, but it is seldom we have visitors." And with that she led me into her room, and requested me to be seated.

My sorrow must have been expressed in my face; for she immediately said: "I see you are



A NEW DAY

FROM out the great eternity
A new day dawns o'er land and sea;
Its like again will never be,
Nor e'er hath been of old.

What opportunities it brings!
What rarest blessings on its wings!
Oh, grasp its gift of precious things
Before its hours are told!

For, like a ripple on the deep,
Or flight of birds as on they sweep,
Or well-aimed arrow's flying leap,
So swift it passes by;

And though thou shouldst with bitter pain,
And tears that fall like summer rain,
Entreat it to return again,
In vain would be thy cry.

Then fill it up with victories won,
With lessons learned and duties done;
And thou shalt know, at set of sun,
The peace to victors given.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

would see a wreck, go and call on Perfectly."

So, bidding him "Good night," for I saw he was wearied by a hard day's work, I left his room, and took the elevator to the third floor. Turning into Corridor P, I was soon at Perfectly's door. Finding it locked, I decided she must have retired, and was on the point of leaving when I was jostled by a befrilled and befrizzled Word, who seemed half asleep.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said she. "I am so tired I can scarcely see which way I am going;" and she put out her hand, and unlocked the door of Perfectly's room. I was astonished! Could this be Perfectly? That she must be was evident;

disappointed in me, and I do not wonder. I am almost worn out. See how frayed my garments have become! I have tried to repair them, but the best I could do was to baste on some tawdry flounces. My cheeks are so faded I've taken to painting; and my hair has become so thin and gray that I wear a wig. I am far from being the Word I was when I first came to live in the Hall." Then she showed me the portrait of a beautiful Word, with calm eyes, hair smoothly brushed back from a broad forehead; and dress of snowy white, falling in ample folds from throat to hem.

"I've taken 'perfectly grand' rides on merry-go-rounds, heard 'perfectly awful' singing, and

tasted 'perfectly dreadful' candy. To-night I was just about to retire when I was hurriedly called by one young lady who saw a 'perfectly horrid' spider, and another who had found a 'perfectly lovely' new way to do her hair."

Perfectly sighed deeply; I was sorry for her, but what could I do? Not daring to hold out a ray of hope, I left her with a sad "Good night." The Corridors were deserted; Dictionary Hall was at rest for the night. But this morning I lay the cases of these two unfortunates before you: can any of my readers do anything to relieve Awfully and Perfectly?
AUNT BETTY.



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 12; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"
Pages 509-519

(January 27 to February 2)

Introduction.—The twelfth chapter of Revelation represents the church under the symbol of a woman standing at the threshold of the new era. The Jewish economy was passing away. The time was near when the Saviour was to pronounce the mournful words: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." The Jewish economy is fitly represented by the moon, which shines only with a borrowed light. There was light, and it came from the Sun of Righteousness. "The whole Jewish economy is a compacted prophecy of the gospel. It is the gospel in figures. It is the gospel veiled."

The Child.—There were a few faithful souls who, like Anna, were looking for redemption in Jerusalem. They knew that the time for the Messiah's advent had fully come. They longed for the Saviour, and recognized him in the Child that was caught up to God and his throne. Only one person has ever shared the throne of the Father, and that is Christ. Rev. 3:21. The Child is further identified by ruling all nations with a rod of iron. This honor belongs to the only begotten Son of God. Ps. 2:7-9.

Who Sought to Destroy the Child Jesus.—In the second chapter of Matthew we are told that the Roman ruler sought to destroy the Saviour soon after his birth. "For a truth against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together." Acts 4:27. "The dragon is said to be Satan; he it was that moved upon Herod to put the Saviour to death. But the chief agent of Satan in making war upon Christ and his people during the first centuries of the Christian era was the Roman Empire, in which paganism was the prevailing religion. Thus while the dragon, primarily, represents Satan, it is, in a secondary sense, a symbol of pagan Rome."—*"Great Controversy," Vol. IV, page 438.*

War in Heaven.—When surrounded by temptations, some are inclined to think that if they were differently situated, were surrounded by good persons, they would not be so sorely tempted. Let such remember that Satan began his work in the courts of heaven; and that a large number of the angels of heaven, who dwelt in the light of the glory of God, listened to his temptations, and were cast out of heaven with him. Our

safety does not depend upon our surroundings, but upon our giving a decided NO to all the temptations the enemy may present.

The First Fall of Satan.—"Satan was once an honored angel in heaven, next to Christ. His countenance, like those of the other angels, was mild and expressive of happiness. His forehead was high and broad, showing great intelligence. His form was perfect; his bearing noble and majestic. But when God said to his Son, 'Let us make man in our image,' Satan was jealous of Jesus. He wished to be consulted concerning the formation of man, and because he was not, he was filled with envy, jealousy, and hatred. . . . Some of the angels sympathized with Satan in his rebellion, and others strongly contended for the honor and wisdom of God in giving authority to his Son. There was contention among the angels. Satan and his sympathizers were striving to reform the government of God. They wished to look into his unsearchable wisdom, and ascertain his purpose in exalting Jesus, and endowing him with such unlimited power and command. They rebelled against the authority of the Son. All the heavenly host were summoned to appear before the Father to have each case decided. It was there determined that Satan should be expelled from heaven, with all the angels that had joined him in the rebellion. Then there was war in heaven. Angels were engaged in the battle; Satan wished to conquer the Son of God, and those who were submissive to his will. But the good and true angels prevailed, and Satan, with his followers, was driven from heaven."—*"Early Writings" (last part), pages 17, 18.*

Second Fall of Satan.—Although cast out of heaven, Satan could still meet in council at the gate of heaven with the sons of God, representatives of other worlds. He had usurped Adam's position, and stood as the prince of the world. He represented the earth (Job 1:7), but he had only accusations against the servants of God. John 1:9-11. When Christ died upon the cross, voices were heard in heaven saying, "Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night." "Satan saw that his disguise was torn away. His administration was laid open before the unfallen angels and before the heavenly universe. He had revealed himself as a murderer. By shedding the blood of the Son of God, he uprooted himself from the sympathies of the heavenly beings. Henceforth his work was restricted. Whatever attitude he might assume, he could no longer await the angels as they came from the heavenly courts, and before them accuse Christ's brethren of being clothed with the garments of blackness, and the defilement of sin. The last link of sympathy between Satan and the heavenly world was broken."—*"Desire of Ages," page 761.* Satan was no longer allowed to represent the earth in the councils of God. There was now a representative from among the sons of men, the sinless second Adam, the Man Christ Jesus. Instead of bringing accusations against humanity, he pleads his blood in their behalf.

The Remnant.—Persecution will continue as long as God can be glorified. Some lives may be sacrificed for the truth before probation closes; but after probation ceases, no lives will be sacrificed. Satan will then attempt to slay the wicked; but "angels of God shield the saints," and Satan will be powerless to harm them. God will deliver his people out of his hands, and Satan will be cast down the third time, confined to this earth in its desolate condition, and finally brought to ashes upon the face of the earth.



The Australian Commonwealth.—The new year will see Australia a confederated commonwealth. Melbourne will be the capital of the six colonies thus united. The area of Australia is about equal to that of this country.

Let Him Alone.—The editor of *Our Dumb Animals* gives the following wholesome advice to his readers: "If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. He will soon meet some one who will fight him. A man may fight duels all his life, if he is disposed to quarrel. And the same is true of nations."

Children and Colors.—Matrons of infant asylums, according to the *Nursery*, "say that a young infant will be cross all day if dressed in a gray frock, but contented and happy if dressed in a bright-red frock. Children from two to four are much less affected by the color of their dress. It is commonly observed in kindergartens that the younger children prefer the red playthings, while the older children prefer the blue." Is it not possible that there is a scientific reason for this?

Chinese the Discoverers of America.—Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington, said recently that he regarded it as "an established fact that the Chinese are the discoverers of America. He asserted that all his information on the subject led him to feel certain that the ancestors of his own people landed in America in centuries past, built temples, and left such traces of their handicraft as to render absolutely beyond denial the assumption that they were on the western hemisphere hundreds of years before Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci." It will be remembered that Minister Wu is a well-educated man, having been graduated from an English university, and from one other.

The American Hall of Fame.—Not long ago Miss Helen Gould gave one hundred thousand dollars to the University of New York for the establishment of "an adjunct to the University, to be known as the Hall of Fame, in which should be inscribed on marble tablets the names of the most distinguished Americans." A committee of one hundred persons, composed of noted public men, college presidents, authors, and editors, was selected to choose, by ballot, the famous Americans. The instructions to the committee were that no living man should be chosen; no personage of the past who had not been dead at least ten years; and only native-born Americans were to be eligible. Any person receiving fifty-one votes under the foregoing rules was to be declared elected. Ninety-seven ballots were cast. George Washington received one vote from each elector—ninety-seven in all. Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Webster each received ninety-six votes. The list of personages chosen, beginning with the one who received the highest number of votes, and ending with the lowest, is as follows: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, U. S. Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Washington Irving, Johnathan Edwards, David G. Farragut, Samuel F. B. Morse, Henry Clay, George Peabody, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, Eli Whitney, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William Ellery Channing, John James Audubon, William Morris Hunt, Gilbert Stuart, and Asa Gray. Five other names, which may be added to these by special action,

are: William Cullen Bryant, John C. Calhoun, and Andrew Jackson, who received forty-nine votes each; and John Quincy Adams and James Madison, who received forty-eight votes each. It seems that "the original intention was to inscribe fifty names on the tablets when the building of the Hall of Fame is finished. Accordingly, another ballot will be taken, in all probability, to complete the list; and after that, five names will be added every five years, until one hundred and fifty tablets have been filled." Many persons are dissatisfied because the names of the heroes they particularly worship were not included in these lists.

AUGUSTIN J. S. BOURDEAU.



KORAH, DATHAN, AND ABIRAM

(February 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Num. 16: 1-33.

MEMORY VERSES.—Ps. 106: 16-18.

1. During the march through the wilderness, who became envious of Moses and Aaron? Num. 16: 1, 3; note 1.
2. How many leading men did they get to join them in their evil course? V. 2.
3. Of what did they accuse Moses and Aaron? V. 3; note 2.
4. How was Moses affected by their words? V. 4.
5. In what way did Moses answer their accusation? V. 5; note 3.
6. What did he tell them to do on the morrow? Vs. 6, 7.
7. With what words did he reprove them? Vs. 8-11.
8. When Moses called for Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, what message did they return to him? Vs. 12-14; note 4.
9. How did Moses regard their words? V. 15.
10. What request did Moses again make? Vs. 16, 17.
11. How fully were his suggestions carried out? V. 18; note 5.
12. How many were still influenced to continue with Korah in his rebellion? What occurred as they were gathered together? V. 19.
13. What command did the Lord now give to Moses and Aaron? Why? Vs. 20, 21.
14. What plea did Moses and Aaron make in behalf of the people? V. 22.
15. What did the Lord then tell Moses to do? Vs. 23, 24.
16. What command from the Lord did Moses now give to the congregation? With what result? Vs. 25-27; note 6.
17. When the separation had been made, what statements did Moses make? Vs. 28-30.
18. In what striking manner did the Lord punish those who had rebelled? Vs. 31-33.

NOTES

1. Korah was a Levite, a cousin of Moses and Aaron; Dathan and Abiram were leading men of the family of Reuben, the eldest son of Jacob.
2. Korah did not at first openly rebel, but whispered his discontent among the people. Little by little, however, the evil spread, and one by one the people joined in the rebellion. Finally, because of the large number who sympathized with him, Korah really thought that he must be doing the Lord's work, and that God was with him. He therefore grew courageous in the wrong, and boldly charged faithful Moses with selfishness and sin. It does not take jealousy long to deceive people into the worst of wrongs, and to lead them to call evil good, and good evil. Ko-

rah's own selfishness appeared to him as righteousness, while the faithfulness of Moses was regarded as all wrong. Jealousy is one of the worst forms of selfishness; for it not only wrongs others, but soon destroys the one who cherishes it.

3. Moses did as every child of God should do when falsely accused; he trusted to the Lord to show who was in the right. If Moses had attempted to prove his innocence, he would only have failed; for the people would have looked upon his efforts as evidence of a guilty conscience. It is always best to follow the Lord's word, which says: "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

4. Moses hoped to help Dathan and Abiram, and sent for them to come that he might reason with them, and lead them to see their wrong. But they not only refused to go to him, but took occasion to stir up the people still more against him. They pointed back to Egypt, where they had known only bondage and trouble, and called it a "land that floweth with milk and honey." This shows how terribly deceptive sin is. It not only causes men to lose sight of heaven and the world to come,—the land that truly flows with milk and honey,—but it leads them to look back to Egypt,—the world—and see in it the very opposite of what it really is. Never let jealousy enter your heart.

5. Sin always blinds. Korah and those assembled with him were not priests, and therefore had no right to offer incense before the Lord; yet those two hundred and fifty men were so terribly blind that they dared to enter the court with their censers, and by so doing really invited the Lord to destroy them. Nadab and Abihu had been destroyed for daring to use common fire; and what must become of those who had no right to use the censer at all?

6. The Lord gave all due warning, and admonished them to separate themselves from the wicked and rebellious leaders. Those, therefore, who were with Korah when death came were those who had *deliberately chosen* the wrong. In the last days the Lord calls to all to come out of the world and be saved. If they do not obey, they are simply *choosing to be lost*. Are you obeying God's call? Are you out of Babylon? or are you going down to death and destruction in company with the wicked?

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

ALTHOUGH there is nothing so bad for conscience as trifling, there is nothing so good for conscience as trifles. Its certain discipline and development are related to the smallest things. Conscience, like gravitation, takes hold of atoms. Nothing is morally indifferent. Conscience must reign in manners as well as morals, in amusements as well as work. He only who is "faithful in that which is least," is dependable in all the world.—*Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.*

GRAND TRUNK R'Y. SYSTEM.

Taking Effect Dec. 16, 1900.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago.....	12.15 P. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago.....	8.30 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.50 P. M.
No. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	8.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	

EAST-BOUND.

No. 8, Mail and Express, East and Detroit.....	3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.22 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit.....	2.10 A. M.
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit.....	6.50 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed (starts from Nichols yard).....	7.15 A. M.
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.	

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
BATTLE CREEK.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW SUBSCRIPTION BOOK FOR THE CHILDREN

Easy Steps in the Bible Story

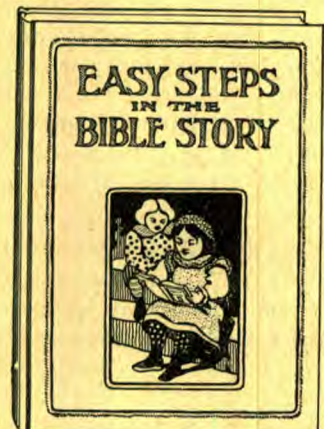
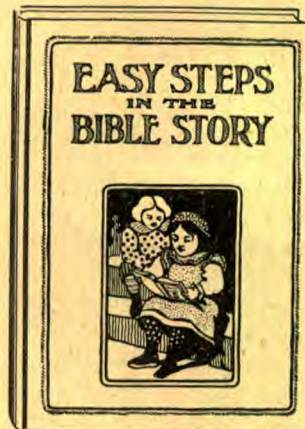
By ADELAIDE BEE COOPER

Introduction by ELDER STEPHEN N. HASKELL.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY CHURCH.

Profits go to General Conference Association.



The beautiful stories of the early Bible times never lose their charm. In *Easy Steps in the Bible Story* the author takes up the early Bible narratives in their natural order, drawing a lesson from each and showing their relation and bearing to present truth. This book will be read with interest and profit by all. This book contains 160 pages, table of contents, and list of illustrations. Our artist has prepared 150 beautiful pen drawings, illustrating the text of the book. It also contains many full-page illustrations. Beautiful cover design. Two styles of binding.

PRICE, IN CLOTH, 50 CENTS.

PRICE, IN PAPER, 25 CENTS.

The price brings the book within the reach of all. Ready for delivery. Order at once.

For particulars address your tract society, or—

REVIEW AND HERALD PUB. CO.,

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.,

Or PACIFIC PRESS PUB. CO., Oakland, Cal.



PUBLISHED BY THE
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
BATTLE CREEK MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

A. T. JONES W. C. SISLEY

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - - - - -	\$.75
SIX MONTHS - - - - -	.40
THREE MONTHS - - - - -	.20
To Foreign Countries - - - - -	1.25

CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each - - -	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " " - - -	.50
100 or more " " " " - - -	.45

The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

Entered at the post office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter.

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

The way to make folks trusty is to begin to trust.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

MONDAY:

"Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities; seize common occasions, and make them great."

TUESDAY:

"Strength, as to skylark's wing,
Comes from resistance long;
Comes from the songs we sing;
Comes from the suffered wrong.
The more we beat the tides,
The more we breast the winds,
Strength through our pulses glides,
Strength all our spirit binds."

WEDNESDAY:

"Promptness, politeness, perseverance,—the young person who minds these three p's will soon learn a fourth—prosperity."

THURSDAY:

Never so fathomless a sea,
But through its depths there reacheth me
His still supporting hand;
Never so drear can desert be,
But there His love grows green for me
Amid the scorching sand.

—*From the Swedish.*

FRIDAY:

Make this world as true and as good as you can. And the best way for you to help on this end is to be yourself true and good. Live a real life, but cultivate the ideal, and remember that the highest ideal you dream out is far below the possible reality that God purposes for you.—*Bishop Vincent.*

SABBATH:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment." Mark 12:30.

BROTHER W. S. SADLER will be glad to write to any of our young people who may be interested in the articles on "The Little Foxes That Spoil the Vines," answering questions that may arise, and giving all the counsel and instruction in his power. His address is 1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

NOTICE!

SOMETHING over a year ago a sister in Chicago wrote to the Editor of this paper, saying that her little boy had by his own efforts earned and saved twenty-five dollars, which he was anxious should

be devoted to caring for some little child in India. At that time it did not seem possible to place the money in a way that would be satisfactory; but if this little boy still wishes to care for some poor child in that needy land, it can be arranged. It is a matter of regret that his name and address have been mislaid, and this notice is inserted in the hope that it may reach him, or some one familiar with the circumstances. Should it do so, please communicate with the Editor.

ARE YOU INTERESTED

IN birds? If you are, you will be prepared to enjoy a series of articles on birds and their habits prepared for the INSTRUCTOR by Dr. L. A. Reed, with whose Nature Studies you are familiar; and if your interest has yet to be aroused in these fascinating little feathered friends of man, these articles will awaken it. The first three articles are on the Chickadee, the Slate-colored Junco, and the Blue Jay. Specially prepared drawings of the birds mentioned will add to the value of the series.

This is only one of the "good things" that the INSTRUCTOR will give to its readers during 1901. If you do not have the paper, let your subscription begin with the issue of January 31, in which the first of these bird articles will appear. If you can not afford to subscribe for a year, send forty cents for a six-months' subscription, or twenty-five cents for four months.

THOUGHTS FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF ISRAEL

IN writing to the church at Corinth, Paul reminds them of the experiences of the children of Israel in their journey from Egypt to the promised land, and warns them against falling into the same sins. "Now all these things," he concludes, "happened unto them for ensamples, and were written for our admonition."

And since "these things" are written for our admonition and help, is it not important that we study them, and be admonished thereby?

In the experience of Israel before Mount Sinai there are many lessons that are especially applicable to us at this very time. The people had heard the laws of God, and, confident in their own strength, had affirmed their willingness and determination to keep them. They did not realize how weak they were—that they were promising to do what, in their own strength, would be an impossible thing. And so, at the first temptation they failed—as those who trust in their own strength will always fail: they yielded to sin, and broke their covenant with God. Only in the strength of Him who, as our Elder Brother, lived in the world, and perfectly kept God's perfect law, could they, and can we, keep that law.

Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights; and when the people saw that he did not come down, they began to be impatient to go forward on their journey. They were so anxious to reach the "land flowing with milk and honey" that they did not wish to wait for God to lead them there. In fact, they rejected him entirely, and spoke of Moses as "the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt." And as for Moses, they declared, we know not what has become of him. "Up, make us gods," they demanded of Aaron, "which shall go before us."

It is always a dangerous thing to look to any person instead of to God—to make flesh our arm instead of trusting in the stretched-out arm

of our mighty Deliverer for strength and salvation. This is a temptation that Satan has brought to men ever since sin first entered the world. He brought it to the Israelites at Mount Sinai, and led them to give to Moses all the credit for their deliverance from Egypt; then when he was out of their sight for a few days, they rejected him, also, and trusted wholly in themselves. The same temptation comes to the children of God to-day. They are led to build all their hope on some person, giving to him the love and confidence that belong alone to God; and when the one on whose counsel and strength they lean for support is taken away, or himself, being only weak human flesh, is led into sin, their confidence is destroyed, and they fall into discouragement and doubt.

We are to love and honor those who bear responsibilities in the Lord's work, and who live near to him; but never should we give them the place in our thoughts that belongs alone to God.

Israel sinned. We are familiar with the sad story of their worship of the golden calf, and of the punishment that came upon those who did not repent, and take a decided stand "on the Lord's side."

When the camp was cleansed, Moses prayed earnestly that the people might be forgiven; and his prayer at this time is one of the most beautiful recorded in the Bible—beautiful because it shows how unselfishly and tenderly Moses loved this rebellious and stubborn people, who not only rejected their heavenly Leader, but made Moses' heart ache many times by their unkindness to him.

Yet—how he loved them! "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin," he said, "and have made them gods of gold. Yet now," he prayed, "if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." Not only was Moses willing to lay down his earthly life for the people; he would even give up his hope of eternal life, that their grievous sin might be pardoned. But the penalty of God's broken law could not be paid by the life of any man, nor by one man for another, no matter how great his love and unselfishness: only the life of Him who gave men life at the first, could save them from the results of sin.

Sometimes young people think that because their parents fear the Lord, and pray earnestly that they may be saved,—because they would even be willing to give their lives that their children might be kept from harm and danger in this world, and receive pardon for their sins,—therefore they need not trouble greatly about knowing for themselves that they are accepted of God. "Oh, my folks are all right; I guess I'll trust to them," they say, sometimes in words and oftener by their actions. Such should think of the solemn meaning of the answer God gave to Moses' prayer: "Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book." Before God's broken law each must stand alone: those who repent will be forgiven; the names of all who continue in sin will be blotted from the book of life.

But "God is faithful;" he has freely offered forgiveness, mercy, and the white robe of Christ's righteousness to all who will accept them. Happy indeed are they who make their peace with him!

FOREST DESTRUCTION

THERE is a strong movement in the Northwestern States for Congress to make a national park at the head-waters of the Mississippi, in order to save from destruction very nearly the last virgin forest of pine existing in America. The movement finds voice in the February number of the *Delineator* in a description given of the work undertaken by the women's clubs of Minnesota. Their forestry work will have interest for the States of Wisconsin and Michigan; in fact, the country at large.