

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH!

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TEGUCIGALPA

THE caravan came to a sudden halt at the bank of a river. We alighted, and were led down to the water's edge, where a long canoe awaited us. Saddles and packs were quickly stripped from the animals, and placed in the middle of the dugout,

of various tints, according to the quality of the clay in different sections of country, but the walls, when finished, are a uniform white. Sometimes the huts are more like playhouses for children than dwellings. Tiny doors made of a single cedar plank eighteen inches wide are common; and if there are windows, they are more tiny still, being as small as six by twelve inches, letting light into a room eight by ten feet square. But windows of any size are the exception, not the rule.

Every village we passed was situated by a stream of water, which serves as a public bath, also as a washing-place for the women. Little care is taken to obtain pure water for drinking and cooking purposes. The donkey water-carriers are driven into the streams either above or below a crowd of women, who are doing their

bushes at the right; and after leaving them a little way behind, you will begin to hear the fuss of a small stream as it jumps from one pool to another. There your guide will leave. You will forget, in the soothing of those waters, that there are fleas and jiggers in Honduras.

Near Tegucigalpa the paths that wind around the mountains are hewn from the soft rock, and though worn and washed for centuries, are still passable by the sure-footed mules. A cart is a useless encumbrance in this country, except in the larger towns.

The fertile flats along the course of a stream to which we descended later in the day were planted to corn. The time was late in September. The fields were well laid out, and the young corn was kept free from weeds. Men were at work in the fields with bill-hooked tools, which were



Boatmen, with long poles in hand, took their places at each end of the canoe.

we finding seats on the packs. Half-naked boatmen, with long poles in hand, took their places at each end of the canoe, and we slid out into the current. The drivers urged the animals down the bank, and they followed us across, swimming with only their heads above water. At the landing-place, considerably down stream, they climbed to the grass-covered level, and stood grazing and dripping, their shiny coats reflecting the sunlight.

An hour's rest in the shade of the boatmen's hut, regaled with sugar-cane and muddy river-water, and entertained with the strains of a cheap accordion, and then at the call, "Listu!" we mounted, and rode until twilight.

The nights in the uplands of the country are cool, blankets being necessary to comfort. A heavy dew falls, and in the morning a fire is not objectionable. The tile roofs of the houses are

week's washing. This explained to us why the drinking-water had sometimes tasted soapy. Children attend the donkeys, and fill the leather or earthen water-bottles, using large gourds, or calabashes, as dippers.

In spite of warnings from the natives, we bathed in the streams after the heat of the day. These baths were a great treat. The soft rock formations had been scooped out in places by the action of the water, so that we found primitive bath-tubs of all descriptions. If you want a bath never to be forgotten, ride on the back of a mule to the valley of El Souce in Olancho, and inquire for the casa of Don Antonio Francisco. He or his good wife will take you by a path that leads from his door past the corral of split rails, and down a gentle slope of pasture. You will probably find women washing at a spring under some guava

unlike any agricultural implements used in the United States. We saw men plowing with oxen; the plow was of wood, with an iron point, and the plowman controlled it with a single handle.

Stone fences bordered the highway and separated the fields. At times we were reminded of New England, and then again a turn of the road would bring a cluster of native houses, a banana plantation, or a caravan of mules with rawhide pack-saddles—sights that would dispel our New England illusion abruptly. Once we crossed a stream on an iron bridge constructed by a North American firm; next time we forded it, and noticed that stepping-stones were provided for foot-passengers.

Caravans of mules and donkeys returning light from market, women with wooden trays on their heads, children carrying home unsold dainties

from their parents' stalls in the market, ox-teams with yokes lashed to their low-bent heads, and slow-moving carts, with clumsy wooden wheels,—all told us that we were entering the capital city.

At once we were there, a turn in the road bringing the city in sight. A Catholic school for boys was just ahead; and beyond, above the tops of the houses, rose the white walls of the churches and the government buildings. The streets were paved with cobblestone, and in the principal part of the town were narrow cement sidewalks, which made it much easier to get about than in Juticalpa. Also greater crowds were here, more business, and an appearance of prosperity not found in the other cities visited.

President Serra seems to be much interested in the education of his people, and visits almost daily the school of mechanical arts that has been established near his palace. The native boys are quick to learn, and are turning out some very neat wood and metal work. Tramps who can not give an account of themselves are set to work upon the public roads, which are also an object of the president's special care. Three miles of well-paved road are completed on the way to the Pacific coast town of Arna Pola, the seaport of the capital.

H. A. OWEN.



GOD'S THOUGHTS

God has a thought for the maple;
Lo, there is the thought—the tree.
What is God's thought for the granite?
Look at the granite, and see.

What God thinks of the grass
Is told by the cool, green sod;
The rose, unfolding its petals,
Discloses a thought of God.

His thought for the butterfly
Is writ on the insect's wings;
The word he speaks to the skylark
You hear when it soars and sings.

We think we are more than the flower,
More than the tree or sod;
But ah! do we live our lives
As true to the thought of God?

—D. M. Henderson.

IDLENESS IS SIN

MINISTERS and physicians should understand their own building, the body. They should learn how to use and develop their capabilities. They should see the need of learning how to use every part of the human machinery, how to give solidity to the muscles by employing them in taxing, useful labor. Young men who do not think deeply enough to take in the situation, who do not reason from cause to effect, will never succeed as physicians. The love of ease, and I may say, of physical laziness, unfits a man to be either a physician or a minister. Those who are preparing to enter the medical work or the ministry should train brain, bone, and muscle to do hard work; then they can do hard thinking.

For healthy young men, stern, severe exercise is strengthening to the whole system. And it is an essential preparation for the difficult work of the physician. Without such exercise the mind can not be kept in working order. It becomes inactive, unable to put forth the sharp, quick action that will give scope to its powers. Unless he changes, the youth with such a mind will never become what God designed he should be. He has established so many resting-places that his mind has become like a stagnant pool. The atmosphere

surrounding him is charged with moral miasma.

Study the Lord's plan in regard to Adam. He was created pure, holy, and healthy; and he was given something to do. He was placed in the garden of Eden "to dress it and to keep it." He was not to be idle. He must work.

God has ordained that the beings he has created shall work. Upon this their happiness depends. Healthy young men and women have no need of cricket, ball-playing, or any kind of amusement just for the gratification of self, to pass away the time. There are useful things to be done by every one of God's created intelligences. Some one needs from you something that will help him. No one in the Lord's great domain of creation was made to be a drone. Our happiness increases, and our powers develop, as we engage in useful employment.

Action gives power. Entire harmony pervades the universe of God. All the heavenly beings are in constant activity, and the Lord Jesus, in his life-work, has given an example for every one. He went about "doing good." God has established the law of obedient action. Silent but ceaseless, the objects of his creation do their appointed work. The ocean is in constant motion. The springing grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, does its errand, clothing the field with beauty. The leaves are stirred to motion, and yet no hand is seen to touch them. The sun, moon, and stars are useful and glorious in fulfilling their mission.

At all times the machinery of the body continues its work. Day by day the heart throbs, doing its regular, appointed task, unceasingly forcing its crimson current to all parts of the body. Action, action, pervades the whole living machinery. And man, his mind and body created in God's own similitude, must be active in order to fill his appointed place. He is not to be idle. Idleness is sin.

There is true dignity in labor. Among the believers in Christ there was not one apostle who was exalted as was Paul by the revelation of the Saviour in his conversion. And Paul labored with his hands as a tent-maker. In the midst of his zeal in persecuting the Christians, Paul had been arrested by a voice and a great light from heaven. During his ministerial labors he had several visions, of which he spoke little. He saw and heard many things not lawful for a man to utter. That which was given him as a special revelation from God was not at all times dwelt upon when he spoke to the people. But the impression was ever with him, enabling him to give a correct representation of the Christian life and character. The impression made upon his mind by the revelation of Christ never lost its force. It influenced his estimation and delineation of Christian character.

The history of the apostle Paul is a constant testimony that manual labor can not be degrading, that it is not inconsistent with true elevation of character. Paul worked day and night to avoid being a burden to his brethren, and at times he supported his fellow workers, he himself suffering from hunger in order to relieve the necessities of others. His toil-worn hands, as he presented them before the people, bore testimony that he was not chargeable to any man for his support. They detracted nothing, he deemed, from the force of his pathetic appeals, sensible, intelligent, and eloquent beyond those of any other man who had acted a part in the Christian ministry.

In Acts 20:17-35 we see outlined the character of a Christian minister who faithfully performed his duty. He was an all-round minister. We do not think it is obligatory on all ministers to do in all respects as Paul did. Yet we say to all that Paul was a Christian gentleman of the highest type. His example shows that mechanical toil does not necessarily lessen the influence of any one, that working with the hands in any honorable employment should not make a man coarse and rough and discourteous.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

IF WE UNDERSTOOD

COULD we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer, than we think we should:
We should love each other better,
If we only understood.

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not, amid the evil,
All the golden grains of good:
O we'd love each other better,
If we only understood!

—Selected.

READERS AND READING

IN these days, when the greatest literary efforts of the world's renowned writers can be procured for a few pennies, what to read often becomes a difficult problem. Just as the physical man of the future depends largely upon what the boy eats to-day, so the intellectual attainments that the bright, ambitious young man is to reach to-morrow depend to a great degree upon the food he gives his mind to-day. And just as there can never be constructed an ideal universal diet list, that will be equally beneficial to all, so no stereotyped list of books and magazines, that will be equally valuable to all minds, can be compiled; but as there are certain general principles underlying the diet question, which are of universal application, so there are some fundamental principles that should be equally suggestive as to the class of literature we should patronize.

A proper diet for the physical man furnishes him with normal strength, rather than stimulation; so any reading that simply stirs up the emotions and impressions for the time being is sure to leave the mind weakened for the practical duties of life. I have seen a boy read a fascinating book, describing various imaginary Indian encounters and adventures on the Western borders; and as he read, he would become thrilled with ambition—not to care more tenderly for his little brother, but to go West, there to do still more wonderful things than those he was reading about. Who has not seen a girl so possessed with the desire to imitate some heroine of a story-book, that she looked upon peeling potatoes and ironing clothes as duties that were absolutely tame, and too insignificant for her to engage in?

Such books, no matter what their title, nor how well recommended they are, will simply act as stimulants to the mind, just as liquor does to the nerves, and will as surely leave corrupting influences behind them.

Good reading should be of such a character as to either impart valuable information or else create within us a noble purpose, that will inspire us to achieve greater attainments for God and for humanity.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE WORLD'S ANNUAL BOOK CROP

IT has not so far been ascertained just how many books are published annually throughout the world. Mr. Ronald Smith has, however, succeeded in giving us the average annual production of books in thirteen countries: the United States, the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Egypt, the Netherlands, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland. From his report it appears that "the total number of books issued by these thirteen countries in a year averages 77,250. Germany has the honor of publishing the most books per annum, her average being 23,908; France produces 13,268 volumes a year; Italy, 9,567; the United Kingdom of Great Britain, 7,249; the United States, 5,315; the Netherlands, 2,863; Belgium, 2,272; Denmark, 1,198; Switzerland, 1,000; Canada, 735; Norway, 589; Egypt,

164. It seems that "the figures for Sweden are given as 9,122, but as 8,346 of these are 'pamphlets,' it seems hardly fair to place Sweden by its full figures. It comes next to Switzerland, probably." It is interesting to note that out of the total of 77,250 volumes produced by the thirteen countries, 11,631 — nearly one seventh — are educational and classical books; 7,948 are novels; 7,306 are on the arts and sciences; 7,199 treat of political and social economy; 5,969, theology and sermons; 4,628, history and biography; 4,535, medicine and surgery; 4,420, essays and *belles-lettres*; 4,009, law and jurisprudence; 2,689, poetry and drama; 2,460, voyages, travels, and geography; 181, sport; and 13,275 were miscellaneous books and pamphlets. Finally, Mr. Percy L. Parker, who has carefully dissected and rearranged Mr. Ronald Smith's figures, states that "Germany publishes the most books in no fewer than seven out of the twelve classes into which the books are divided. In only one class of books does England get a first place, and that class is — novels. France manages to get two first places, for history (which one would expect Germany to have), and for poetry and the drama. France also ties with the United States in publishing an equal number of books on sport. Italy is the only other country which secures a first place, and that is for its famous books on political economy." Only about one fifteenth of the world's yearly output of books is produced by the United States. AUGUSTIN S. BOURDEAU.

THE KIND TRAVELER

In the railway station of a little town in northern Indiana were gathered, not long ago, a number of persons who were to take the evening train. Among the others was Mrs. Vance, a lame lady, going with her young nephew to a distant city.

Almost as soon as the glass slide of the ticket-office was shoved away, Mrs. Vance stepped up, poured out the contents of her little purse, and counted out the amount necessary to pay for two round-trip tickets. A tall gentleman who stood near, awaiting his turn, could not help seeing that the lame woman had but a few pennies left, and he asked, kindly, "Are you going to give it all?"

"No, not quite," replied Mrs. Vance, smiling back in quick recognition of the sympathy conveyed in his tones.

Just then the ticket-agent, having counted the money, handed one piece back to Mrs. Vance, saying, "This will pass for only twenty cents; it is a Canadian quarter."

"Let me have it," said the stranger; "it will pass for twenty-five cents in South Bend, where I live."

She was old, gray, shy, and plainly dressed, and in all her experience of more than sixty years, had seldom met with such quiet, matter-of-fact courtesy, and she felt very grateful, even though it was but a small thing.

A few moments more, and the train came rushing in; the lame woman was lifted to the platform, and went limping into the car. No one offered her a seat until she reached the kind traveler, who at once said, "Take this seat; I can find another."

When she and her nephew reached their destination, their friend got off, too, and on passing him, the woman said, in spite of many listeners, "I hope, sir, you will always meet with uniform courtesy."

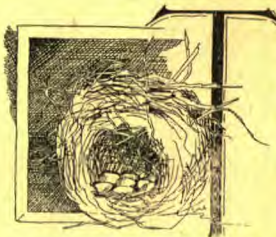
"Thank you," he replied, and she passed out with the feeling that something beautiful had happened, that she would never forget.

So little did it cost to brighten a human life — so little to flood a day with sunshine, that will be golden till the aged eyes are closed forever.

MRS. S. ROXANA WINCE.



THE CHICKADEE



THE Chickadee, one of the most interesting birds of winter, is very common everywhere in the Northern and Middle States, and is not confined to any special locality, being equally at home in the door-yard and in the depths of the woods. He has another name, Black-capped Titmouse, given him because of the black cap on his head. The name of Chickadee was bestowed on account of his familiar song. Chickadees are never silent, but are uttering their "chick-a-dee-dee," "phee-bee," or "tsee-deet" all day long. Some persons think the note "phee-bee" is the bird's love call.

Chickadees are very tame. Dr. C. C. Abbott says he has often had them within arm's length of his person. When thus near, they looked at him, he says, with a curious twist of the head, and expression of satisfaction, as much as to say, "I'm glad I'm not such a looking thing as that."

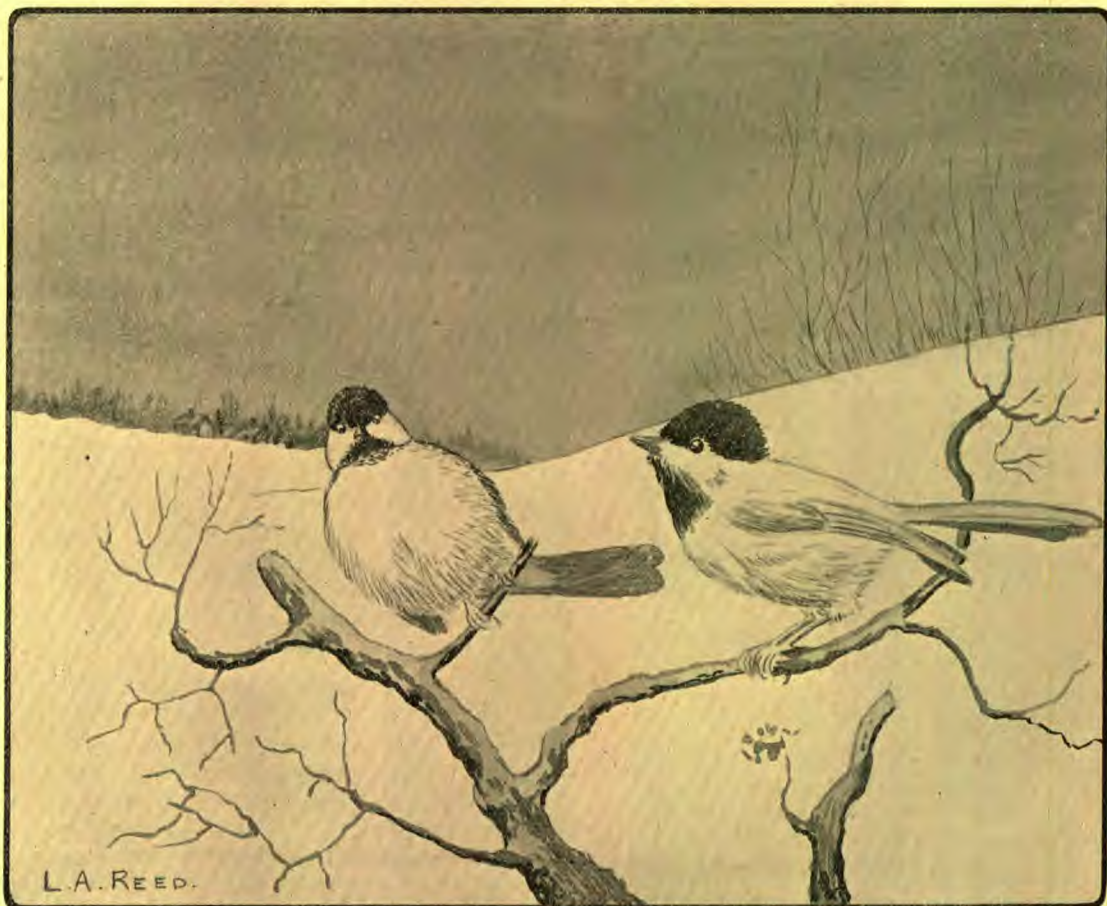
Thoreau speaks as follows of their familiarity: "As I stood looking, I heard a smart 'tche-day-day-day' close to my ear, and looking up, saw four or five Chickadees, which had come to scrape acquaintance, hopping amid the alders

of confidence which seemed to initiate me into the ranks of woodland dwellers."

A remarkable instance of the maternal devotion of a Chickadee is given by Dr. Brewer: "A Black-cap was seen to fly into a rotten stump near the woodside in Brookline. The stump was so much decayed that its top was readily broken off, and the nest exposed. The mother refused to leave until forcibly taken off by the hand, and twice returned to the nest when thus removed; and it was only by holding her in the hand that an opportunity was given to ascertain that there were seven young birds in her nest. She made no complaints, uttered no outcries, but resolutely and devotedly thrust herself between her nestlings and the seeming danger. When released, she immediately flew back to them, covered them under her sheltering wings, and looked up in the faces of her tormentors with a quiet and resolute courage that could not be surpassed."

The Chickadee has an interesting way of answering when his call is skillfully imitated. Professor Chapman gives an excellent description of this habit: —

"I never hear his voice in the woods without answering him. Soon he comes to me, mildly inquisitive at first, looking about for the friend or foe whose call has attracted him. In an unconcerned way he hops from limb to limb, whistling softly the while, picking an insect's egg from beneath a leaf here, or larva from a crevice in the bark there, all the time performing acrobatic feats of which an accomplished gymnast might be proud. Finally his curiosity becomes aroused, he ceases feeding, and gives his entire attention to the discovery of the bird who so regularly replies to him. Hopping down to a limb within three



THE CHICKADEE

within three or four feet of me. I had heard them farther off at first, and they had followed me along the hedge. They 'day-dayed' and lisped their faint notes alternately, and then, as if to make me think they had some other errand than to peer at me, they pecked the dead twigs, — the little top-heavy, black-crowned, volatile fellows."

Professor Chapman relates that on two occasions Chickadees have flown down and perched upon his hand. "During the few seconds they remained there," he says, "I became rigid with the emotion of this novel experience. It was a mark

feet of my head, he regards me with a puzzled intentness; his little black eyes twinkle with intelligence, he changes his call, and questions me with a series of 'chick-a-dees,' liquid gurgles, and odd chuckling notes, which it is beyond my power to answer; and finally, becoming discouraged, he refuses to renew our whistled conversation, and retreats to the woods."

The Chickadee is one of the most useful of our winter visitors, as he helps greatly to prevent the ravages of several very injurious insects. He lives on grubs and on the eggs of moths hidden under the bark of trees, and is especially fond of

the eggs of the cankerworm moth. One of the members of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, Mr. Forbush, calculated that one Chickadee in one day would destroy five thousand five hundred and fifty eggs, and in the twenty-five days in which the cankerworm moths run or crawl up the trees, nearly one hundred and forty thousand eggs. He attracted a number of the birds to an infested orchard; and while other orchards in the neighborhood were seriously infested the next season, this particular orchard escaped with only a few worms.

Because of their practical value to man, no less than for their cheery companionship, the Chickadees should receive our loving and loyal protection.

L. A. REED.



THE SNOW

I AM the little white wonder, Snow!
Far have I fallen, yet softly I light:
Out of the North comes a sower to sow—
Out of the North comes a husbandman white.

What will you call me, the seed that he flings?
Bloom of a garden whose blossoms have wings?
Down of strange thickets past boreal bars?
Crystalline dust from the floor of the stars?

There—let me lie on your palm for a space,
Brief, for I fail in the wind of your breath;
Mark you my symmetry—exquisite grace—
Quick! For the leap of your pulse is my death!

Moccasined footfall of Indian maid,
Softer than this is my step in the glade;
Tremble of plumes in the crown of the larch,
Lighter than this is the sound of my march:

Chambers of cloud with the pale moonrise filled,
Whiter than these are the tents that I build;
O'er the bare woodlands my tapestries throw—
Yet am I only the Snow—the Snow!

I am the mighty white marvel, Snow!
Shepherd of mountains, my fleece-covered
flocks.
Close to the sun doth their pasturage go,
Hard by the stars is their fold in the rocks!

What will you call me, my front to the morn?
Hoar is my breath where the glaciers are born.
Sphinx-like my marble-cold silence I keep,
What will you call me—the Angel of Sleep?

Do I keep silence? The night is o'er-cast;
Now on my hurricane horses I ride!
Hark! to the swirl of my wings on the blast,
Hark! to the sea, when I trouble the tide!

See the proud thrones where in splendor I sit,
The world at my feet and the glory of it!
Sunrise and sunset flame over my crest,
See, their red roses I wear on my breast!

Mighty the strength of my wind-troweled walls;
Mighty my voice when the avalanche falls!
Lord of the lands of the berg, and the floe!
Yet am I only the Snow—the Snow!

—Emma Herrick Weed.

IMPRESSIONS OF LAKE TAHOE

SITTING under the shade of some small pine trees, with a lovely carpet of green at my feet, I glance around to see what I shall jot down first of the scene before me.

I know that behind me a grassy glade extends for a short distance, ending abruptly at the foot of the great mountains. A few feet of gravelly beach are in front, and reaching far beyond that, an expanse of water fifteen miles across. The deep green of the heavily wooded slopes rising from the water's edge, disappears into the high mountains capped with snow; and these, in turn, are lost in the clear, blue canopy of heaven. Not ten feet to the right a brook is trying to rival

the birds in their singing. Those changing silver lights upon its surface are caused by the incessant moving of the aspen leaves in the sunlight above. At a short distance on right and left, rocky cliffs extend out into the clear waters of the lake; and around one of these points a fisherman is trolling for trout. Such is my view from Zephyr Cove.

But I wish to tell something of our journey here. Behold us, then, in Carson City, Nev., a party of five, seated in a spring wagon behind two good horses, ready to start at six A. M. On the front seat are the men. Under this seat are our lunch-box, bread-box, etc. Mother and I have our rocking-chairs (oh, how delightfully comfortable and lazy we feel!); and under these are snugly stowed the few cooking-utensils we shall use, with some apples and potatoes. In the back of the wagon are a small trunk, horse feed, and camp-stools. On top of these are two rolls of quilts, covered with the folded wagon-sheet, which we expect to use for an impromptu tent.

Crossing a few miles of sand, we come to the mouth of the cañon. It is very narrow here,—just room for the small, rushing stream, telephone line, wagon-road, and that flume we saw depositing lumber and wood near Carson City. The scene is wildly picturesque. These sandy mountains were once heavily wooded, but their timber has gone to help build up the mines of Virginia City. Only occasionally do we see some old, probably decayed, tree in an inaccessible spot. Higher up, forests of young timber are springing up, so that in time new mills may be needed. Sometimes the road is above the flume; then again, under it. At one of the latter places, we climbed up for a closer view. About three feet wide, and perhaps eighteen inches deep, it carried the water past with great rapidity, and this, in turn, every few moments would bring lumber.

We walked along on the board at the side of the flume till we came to a small house, evidently used by the watchman. Presently the overseer came along. He has been in this work twenty-four years. Above and below him are five other men, who watch over the eight or nine miles of the flume now in use.

I wondered how it would seem to ride down with the lumber, and was informed that the men come down this part of the flume daily on lumber. When the flume was in good repair, one man came the entire distance of fifteen miles in a little V-shaped boat, with another boat, the same shape, for his blankets. It was a perilous ride.

Some of our party had been over this mountain before, and had been telling of the "fearful climb;" but now one remarked, "Why, this is a fine mountain road, not too steep." He was told to wait. Shortly afterward the way appeared entirely shut off. We could see the flume coming straight down the mountain just in front of us. "Surely we don't go up there?"—but we do, back and forth over the flume, at each crossing seeing more of its rushing foam below and less above. That man must have had to be flat, to go under these bridges in his rapid descent.

On each bridge, and much oftener, we stop to allow the horses to breathe, and to wonder at the continually increasing distance below. How that little stream of water rushes by! Where it appeared so swift a while ago, it now looks almost calm. We gaze in amazement as the wood swirls past, going so fast that it even carries the water with it, leaving the flume dry behind,—and what a wall of water it pushes ahead! "Oh! look! see the wood jump out!" Bennie exclaims; and sure enough, there is a jam below. The wood has piled up, stopping the coming water and wood, which fly out over the side.

Now we can see why the watchmen are needed; a while ago we thought they had such a "nice, easy job." They work hard enough, trying to get at the first wood with their hooks, but more comes, and piles out continually. We are sorry

there was a jam; but if it had to be, we are glad it happened now.

Behind us comes the stage, and we think it will probably pass us soon. The heat is intense. The men walk, and I drive; every little while Mr. Chapman blocks the wheels, for the horses can pull only a short distance at a time.

About a year ago a man took a contract to haul a large boiler and engine for a new steamer to be put on the lake. He had twenty-two horses and one long wagon; it took him five days to reach the summit, a distance of six miles. Shall we ever reach it? The stage does not pass us. Finally we reach the top, men and horses tired out. The view of the distant valleys is fine. Here are a number of cabins, and men at work throwing lumber and wood into the flume, which goes on up, but in a dilapidated condition.

The stage passes—it is making up for lost time. We follow it down, now and then catching glimpses of the blue waters of the lake. There are still many signs of the woodman's work; however, the timber is larger and thicker. The cañon widens till a pretty little valley opens out upon the lake. We find a good camp and pasture near a small town, noisy with sawmills, railroad trains, etc., and are soon comfortable, with rustic table, bench, and camp-fire. The smoke really improves the food, we conclude; at least there is no complaint of "poor appetite."

The following day we take long walks over the mountains. Just above the camp is Shakespeare Rock, so called because of the fancied resemblance of its surface to the profile of Shakespeare. The mountain is very high and abrupt, its apex being formed of this immense wall of rock. Near this rock is a cavern, the entrance to which is about ten feet high and twenty wide, the cave itself being about seventy-five feet long, twenty feet wide, and fifty feet high. Ropes must be used, and caution is needed, in descending the smooth surface of the rock to the cavern. A number of years ago a young lady and gentleman, members of a gay party, started to run, hand in hand, down the incline. They were unable to stop on the verge of the precipice; and the girl went over, losing her life; the young man managed to cling to something till rescued.

The unusual clearness of the water of the lake is always remarked upon. Small objects on the bottom can be seen at a great depth. Before we knew of this, we were standing at the end of a small wharf, and noticed bottles, paper, leaves, and rock at what appeared to be a depth of two or three feet: a seventeen-foot pole would not reach the bottom. In the early morning the water is clearest. It is very cold, and of such a peculiar density that the bodies of those drowned are seldom recovered, almost never rising. Sudden storms on this lake often equal in severity those on the ocean. Persons go out in small boats on a clear day, not understanding this treacherous mountain water; a sudden squall arises, the boat is capsized, and its occupants are seldom rescued.

In summer, daily trips are made around the lake by boat. We enjoyed one of these trips very much, passing a number of picturesque little villages, some in Nevada, some in California. At the upper end of the lake are two or three smaller lakes. Many campers enjoy the fishing and hunting in the lakes and streams. The grand old forests, majestic mountains, high rocks, rippling streams, and sylvan dells combine to make camp life charming and desirable.

The first part of the homeward trip took us over the mountain and down a long grade, over which the noted driver, Hank Monk, drove stage. It was going up this grade that Greeley desired the driver to go faster, declaring that he was booked to speak in Placerville that night. On the descent, however, the stage went altogether too fast, and Mr. Greeley expostulated with the driver on the breakneck speed maintained, saying that he would speak in Placerville some other time.

IVIE A. H. CUSHMAN.



SNOWFLAKES

THE fleecy little snowflakes
We see up in the air,
Come gently, gently, drifting down,
So soft and light and fair.

Then one by one they gather
Upon the ground so bare,
Until the fields, once cold and brown,
Are covered everywhere.

So may our deeds of kindness,
And gentle words of love
Unto our fellow men on earth,
Recorded be above.

THEODORA M. BUTTERWORTH.

AN OLD RHYME

THREE little things you often see
Are *articles*—*a*, *an*, and *the*.

A *noun's* the name of anything;
As, *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun;
As, *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of nouns the *pronouns* stand—
Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.

Verbs tell of something being done—
To read, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the *adverbs* tell;
As, *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

Conjunctions join the words together;
As, *men and* women, *wind or* weather.

The *preposition* stands before
A noun or pronoun,—*through* a door.

The *interjection* shows surprise;
As, *oh!* *how pretty!* *ah!* *how wise!*

The whole are called nine *parts of speech*,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

—Selected.

HOW A KIND THOUGHT SAVED A CITY

THE "Royal Crown Reader" tells a beautiful story concerning the German city of Hamburg:—"Hamburg was besieged. A merchant named Wolff returned slowly to his home one morning. With the other merchants of the city, he had been helping defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless; for on the morrow, want of food would force them to open the gates.

"But he had a large orchard of cherry trees, covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew that the enemy were suffering from want of fruit and good water. What would they not give for the fruit that hung on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

"Without a moment's delay he put his plan into

practice; for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and filled their arms with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand.

"When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little, white-robed children marching out, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow to destroy every one in the city, and he was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

"But when he saw the little ones close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and could hardly keep back the tears. As his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp. Then the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

"When the children returned, the general sent with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day he signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

"For many years afterward, as the day came round on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called 'The Feast of the Cherries.'

JESSIE'S LESSON

It was one of those cold winter days when Jack Frost almost bites off the noses and ears of little boys and girls, and some older people too. Jessie ran home from school as fast as her little legs could carry her, and into the room where her mother sat by the fire, busily sewing.

"O mama! may I go coasting with Mary and Clare? We want to go over on the Porter hill. Do, mama!"

"Will my little girl come home by five o'clock? It will then be almost dark."

"Yes, sure, mama!" cried the child, clapping her hands.

Mrs. Carey kissed Jessie's rosy cheeks, and helped her prepare for the hour's amusement with her sled.

Jessie joined Mary and Clare at the gate, and together they trudged along through the snow to the hill. The time passed quickly,—as it always does when one is interested in what he is doing,—and it was not long until the hands of the big town clock swung around to a quarter of five.

"Now let's hurry!" exclaimed Jessie, quite out of breath from a long tramp up the hill; "we can have one more ride. Mama told me to be home at five."

Clare scowled. "Oh, dear! our mama didn't say when we had to be home. I wish yours hadn't."

And the three were off down the hill,—Mary and Clare on one sled, and Jessie on her little new coaster. That last ride seemed so short! The girls wished the hill were many times its length.

As they neared the top of the hill again, Mary exclaimed, as she glanced up at the big clock: "We can go down once more, for we have five minutes yet, and you can tell your mama, Jessie, that the clock struck just as we were on our way down, and we couldn't stop then."

Jessie stood still, and looked at the ground. Should she obey mama, or have the one coveted ride?

"Oh, hurry!" called the girls, who had gone ahead.

Quickly they reached their starting-place, and the two sisters seated themselves for another ride. Jessie hesitated, then took her position. "Ding-dong-ding-dong-ding," rang the big bell; but at the very first sound,—as if it had hands, and with them had reached all the way down from the belfry and set the sleds in motion,—the girls started, and by the last stroke were gaining speed every second.

Now about half-way down the hill was a cross-road, and occasionally teams passed along. As the girls neared this crossing, they heard the sound of sleigh-bells, but did not stop to think what it might mean. Mary and Clare were in the lead. Just as they came to the crossing, the sleigh drove in sight; but it was too late now; neither sleigh nor children had seen the other soon enough to stop. On went the sisters, crossing just a few feet ahead of the horses; but poor little Jessie came just in time to be thrown directly under the sleigh.

By this time, Clare and Mary, in their fright, had tumbled over into a snowbank, and were picking themselves up. "Look, see Jessie!" exclaimed Clare. "Oh! oh! what is the matter?"

"Those dreadful horses——"

The man had stopped his team, and was running back to where Jessie lay in a little heap. Forgetting their sled, the sisters hastened to the scene. They reached Jessie first, and bending over her, called her by name, but there was no reply. Just then the man came up. "Oh! we—you killed her," sobbed out Mary.

"No, little one," he answered, as he gently lifted Jessie, and felt of her pulse, "she is not badly hurt, only very much frightened. You had better run home, for it is too late for you to be here. Wait—where does this little girl live?"

The sisters gave him the directions he desired, and then hastened homeward. They had a mournful tale to tell their mother that night. "We forgot our sled, mama, and maybe somebody else will get it. But we won't forget so easy next time, and coax anybody to do what her mama has told her not to."

As mother and daughter were talking that night in regard to the happening of the afternoon, Jessie said: "I wasn't hurt much, mama, but I was dreadfully scared. It was all because I didn't mind you—wasn't it? Next time I'll come home before the clock strikes."

LAURA L. FISK.

COMPARISONS

We have forty-five States, as doubtless my young friends well know; and three Territories—Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, with populations ranging from one hundred and twenty-two thousand to three hundred and ninety-eight thousand—are knocking for admission to the Union.

If all the people in the United States should move to Texas, and settle there as thickly as people are in Massachusetts, there would still be room for more. The States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Massachusetts, with an area equal to that of California, contain more people than do all the States lying wholly west of the

Mississippi River. Twenty-seven of the States have over one million inhabitants each, while the balance range from less than a million to forty-two thousand. New York heads the list, with seven million two hundred and seventy thousand, while Nevada has only forty-two thousand three hundred inhabitants. Thus we see that the Eastern States are more densely populated than the Western.

JAMES C. ANDERSON.

SURE SIGNS

SOLOMON said, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

When I see a little boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it is a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy or a girl looking out for "number one," and disliking to share good things with others, I think it is a sign that the child will grow up a selfish person.

When I see a child obedient, I think it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.

When I see a boy fond of the Bible, and knowing it well, I think it is a sign that he will be a good and happy man.—*The Little Worker.*



THE FRUIT OF ONE FALSEHOOD

It was cold, rainy, and a little after midnight, when a poor outcast and forsaken girl was brought in from the street. She was pale and haggard; and one not accustomed to meeting these unfortunate wrecks of drink and vice, would have taken her to be forty years old, although she gave her age as twenty-one. It was very clear that she had been out on the sin-burdened street for some time, and in response to the question how it all began, she gave this answer:—

"I lied to my mother. When but a little girl, I began to deceive her, and to tell falsehoods about where I had been, with whom, and so on. The first falsehood I told necessitated the telling of another to cover it up. And so it went on and on, until ere long my mother knew little of my plans, my thoughts, or my ways. That first falsehood was the seed, which, I have since learned, had in it all the sorrow, vice, sin, and suffering that have been my portion."

We did all we could for this poor soul, but it proved of little value. We soon learned that she would repay our kindness by telling us falsehoods, just as she used to lie to her mother. Deception seemed to be the art of her life. She would tell a lie when it would seem that the truth would better serve her purpose. Just think of it! Only twenty-one years old, and an outcast! Every step in the downward path of sin and vice and misery had been sown for before it was reaped. As with the first sin of our parents in Eden, with all its harvest of misery and woe, so it is sometimes but one "little fox," which is early and constantly nibbling at the vine of truth and virtue, that is responsible for the great downfall by and by.

Let every youth who would sow for usefulness in this life, and build a character to stand throughout eternity, forever settle in his heart to tell the truth, no matter what the consequence may be. If we are innocent, the truth can only help us. If we are in the wrong, telling the truth will be our greatest help in getting right.

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

BEWARE of the "little foxes."



SOMEBODY

SOMEBODY did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.
Was that somebody you?

—Selected.

FEBRUARY FIELD STUDY

(February 3-9)

Introduction.—The articles for special study in the *Missionary Magazine* for February are: "The Ethnology of Malasia," "A Visit to Russia," "Canvassing in India," "The India of Our Work."

The Battaks.—This people occupy the larger part of Sumatra. They regard themselves as the first settlers of this island, and cling tenaciously to the customs of their ancestors. They are of a light-brown color, and of medium stature, with long black hair and prominent features. Naturally, they are filthy in dress and dwelling, and eat any kind of food that presents itself, though they live chiefly on rice. The men are lazy, and engage in hunting; while the women grow rice, collect pepper for trade, and weave and dye cloth. They also make white earthenware, iron implements, and ornaments of gold, copper, iron, and shells. The houses are of wood, roofed with palm-leaf ribs; and the villages are defended with earthen walls and bamboo palisades. A man may have many wives, paying a dowry of ten buffaloes for a chief's daughter, and five for one of lower rank. Cannibalism formerly prevailed, the victims being only murderers, prisoners of war, and other criminals. Women were never eaten. The people show a peaceful disposition, but are intrepid in war if occasion demands.

The Language of the Battaks is a Malay dialect, and is written on bark or bamboo staves from the bottom upward, the lines being arranged horizontally, and read from left to right. The literature consists chiefly of books on witchcraft, stories, riddles, incantations, etc., etc., mostly written in prose, but occasionally varied with verse. A fair acquaintance with reading and writing is general among the people. The language is divided into three dialects, and portions of the Bible were translated into two of these thirty years ago. As early as 1867, the books of Genesis and Exodus, the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles were printed. In 1875 the Gospels of Luke and John were translated into a second dialect, and in 1878 an edition of four thousand of the entire New Testament came from the press in this same dialect, followed in 1885 by a translation of the Psalms. Up to March 31, 1880, over thirty-two thousand portions of the Scriptures were disposed of in the two dialects of this language.

The Russians a Religious People.—The Russians, especially the lower classes, have the reputation of being a very religious people; and so far as external forms and ceremonies are concerned, this is true. The church and its ordinances they reverence. As much can not be said of their re-

gard for the priests. They attach the greatest importance to the sacraments, observe frequent and rigorous fasts, and punctiliously fulfill all ceremonious observances. Every room in their houses contains a picture of some saint; every child has his "good angel;" and no devout Russian fails to invoke the blessing of the church and his patron saint upon every undertaking. But for him the ceremonial part of the religion suffices, and he has unbounded faith in the efficacy of the rites he practices. If he gives up the faith in which he is born and reared, he is treated as a criminal, and suffers fearful penalties.

The Multiplicity of Churches.—No Russian village is without its church. Often a small and miserable settlement is overshadowed by an edifice large enough to contain twice its population. At the corners of the streets, in the crossways, the passages, and the bazaars, including even the Jewish quarters, are chapels with gilt domes, or images before which are burning the so-called "sacred fires." So numerous are the services, so frequent the observance of fasts and holy days, that the bells with which every church is furnished are perpetually ringing. Fortunately these bells are usually fine-toned. However plain the exterior of the churches, the interior is gorgeous with silver and gold, brilliantly reflecting the pictures of saints and the countless candles used during the service. There are no seats; the worshiper stands with bowed head, making the sign of the cross, while the gilded splendor awakens in the breast of the uncultured peasant a response that to him becomes a part of his devotion. The service, not being in the modern Russian language, is only partially understood by the common people.

All India Our Field.—India is a vast and varied country. It stretches from the burning sands of Cape Comorin, within eight degrees of the equator, up through nearly two thousand miles to the forever frozen peaks of the Himalayas on the north, and from Afghanistan in the west, through one thousand eight hundred miles to Indo-China on the east,—a country as large as all of the United States east of a line drawn through Bismarck, N. D., and Galveston, Tex. Its population is almost four times as large as that of our own country, and ethnologically as varied as Europe; for the people are as distinct from one another as are the Spaniards and the Germans, the Scandinavians and the Italians, the Turks and the English. Indeed, it has more distinct and different languages than are found in all of Europe. Through the missionary effort of years the faith of India in its ancient system of heathen religion is shaken, and nothing has taken its place. The time is ripe to carry to its multitudes the last message of mercy and warning before the coming of our Lord. Soon, very soon, this must be done. Those who are seeking their place in the great harvest field should consider India's claims upon them. Study it with the fact in mind that to its every soul the third angel's message will go. Who will bear a part in this great work? Upon many the Master will not only lay the burden to "go," but to give, that his work in this and every other land may not be restricted.

Not once in a lifetime may we act the part of the good Samaritan to a bleeding traveler by the wayside; but every hour we may serve our companions by truth, courtesy, consideration, cheerfulness, courage, and good words; and sometimes, where there is a will, we may find a way to relieve distress, and rescue those who are ready to perish. Here is the true cure for our own heartaches and depressions—to find our happiness in another's, to put our shoulders to the common burdens, to lose our life, and more truly find it in the larger life of mankind.—*Charles G. Ames.*

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON NO 6

It may have been only a cheerful word,
A grasp of the hand in meeting;
But a hope revived at the message heard,
Or courage came from the greeting.
How blest to think of a soul waxed strong,
Of a burden lighter growing,
Because you happened to come along
When life made its dreariest showing!

—R. D. Sanders.

AARON'S ROD THAT BUDDED

(February 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Num. 16: 41-50; 17: 1-10.

MEMORY VERSE.—Num. 17: 5.

1. Almost immediately after the death of Korah and his followers, what did the Israelites do? What did they say? Num. 16: 41; note 1.

2. What was seen as they were gathered together? V. 42.

3. What did the Lord say to Moses? What did Moses and Aaron do? Vs. 44, 45; note 2.

4. In love for his people, what did Moses at once command Aaron to do? Why? V. 46.

5. How did Aaron respond? V. 47.

6. What is said of Aaron as he thus worked for the people? What was the result? V. 48; note 3.

7. How many perished before the plague was stayed? V. 49.

8. What did the Lord then tell Moses to do? What was to be written upon the rods? Num. 17: 1, 2.

9. What name was to be written upon Levi's rod? V. 3.

10. Where were the rods to be placed? V. 4.

11. What did the Lord say would happen to the rod that he would choose? What was the object of this miracle? V. 5.

12. When Moses told the people of the Lord's plan, what did they do? V. 6.

13. When the rods had been laid in the tabernacle, how did the Lord fulfill his word? Vs. 7, 8.

14. After this what was done with the rods? V. 9.

15. What special command was made concerning Aaron's rod? Why? V. 10.

NOTES

1. The Lord had done all he could do to show the people that Korah and his company were wrong and only wrong. He had not left it to Moses to work out; but by his own miraculous power he had finally caused the earth to open and swallow them up. It was shown that Moses was right, and that Korah had been deceiving the people. But instead of spending the following night in prayer to God for forgiveness, many of the Israelites passed the time in trying to find some way to carry out the wicked plans that they had received from Korah. That was their last night of probation. By fighting against the light, it passed away, and darkness came upon them. The Spirit of the Lord left them forever. They had come to a place where they called the work of the Lord the work of the devil; they were lost forever. They had taken the last step in their course of sin, and there was no more forgiveness. They had committed the sin against the Holy Spirit.

2. Moses could not give them up. Had he not pleaded with God, the host of Israel would have been destroyed then and there. But God hears prayer; and when his faithful servant begged him not to destroy them all, his petition was granted. Moses was faithful to his people; he was a true shepherd. From his life we may gather many precious lessons concerning our relations to God and to our brethren.

3. Aaron stood between the living and the dead; that is, between the people who lived and those who had died. He placed himself in the track of the plague, hindering it from seizing any more of the people. From the censer that he held in his hand, the smoke of the incense ascended toward heaven, carrying to the throne of God the prayers of Moses, who remained in the tabernacle pleading that Israel might be spared. The example of Moses and Aaron is to be followed by all who labor for souls. By their prayers, they are to keep the wrath of God from falling upon those out of Christ. It is a wonderful thought.

THE TOUCH THAT TELLS

A LADY in the Bureau of Engraving at Washington told me that when she was appointed to her post, she was miserably anxious lest she should permit any spurious bank-note to pass undetected; most painfully did she scrutinize numbers, signs, and signatures, until she was nearly worn out with solicitude. At length a senior officer comforted her by saying: "Do not worry. Be careful; and when you have done that, be tranquil; for the first time you touch bad paper, you will feel a shiver as if you had received a cold shower-bath." It is much the same in the moral life: the soul also has a sensibility by which we detect the spurious, the unclean, and the dangerous. Ever be watchful and cautious; life has no place for presumption. Scrutinize signs and signatures, but remember at last that you must know the sinister man, the spotted book, the equivocal entertainment, much as that official knows the counterfeit paper—by a subtle touch which defies comprehension. A man's brain is not the wisest part of him. He has instincts and perceptions far more profound and infallible than his blundering logic or prudential utilitarianism.—W. L. Watkinson.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Truth heard and neglected dulls the heart's hearing."

MONDAY:

"The grace of to-day is for to-day; to-morrow's portion will be given in its time."

MONDAY:

"Teach me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in anything
 To do it as for thee."

WEDNESDAY:

In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions, else whatsoever is done or said will be measured by a wrong rule.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

THURSDAY:

"Give me the heart that fain would hide,
 Would fain another's fault efface.
 How can it please our human pride
 To prove humanity but base?
 No, let it reach a higher mode,
 A nobler estimate of man:
 Be earnest in the search of good,
 And speak of all the best we can."

FRIDAY:

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles.*

SABBATH:

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." 1 Peter 1: 8.

If we would always remember how much God for Christ's sake has forgiven us, we should allow the forgiving spirit a much larger place in our lives.

THE opening article in our new series on Birds is given this week, with an entertaining description of that familiar little all-the-year-round inhabitant of our woods and fields—the Chickadee. Even though we know him fairly well, this article awakens a desire to cultivate a closer acquaintance with this cheery, friendly, brave little bird. An original drawing accompanying this as well as all the other articles in the series, will aid materially in fixing the marks of identification in mind. There is no better time in all the year to begin a course of bird-study than the

present, and no better introduction to such a study than these articles by Dr. Reed. While there are not so many subjects at this season as in spring and early summer, there are still sufficient; and by the time one has become familiar with these, he will be prepared to enjoy an acquaintance with others.

The articles in this series will be printed in alternate issues of the INSTRUCTOR, the next, on The Slate-colored Junco, appearing in the paper dated February 14. Let your subscription for yourself or your friend begin with *this number*.

"A GOOD TIME"

It was a cold, raw day, with the peculiarly penetrating quality in the air that a certain merry-hearted old gentleman loves to describe, after Whittier, as a "chill-no-coat." The first light snowfall was rapidly changing into a far removal from its original beauty in the muddy streets; even on the less frequented walks it was already an unlovely mass, whose one purpose seemed to be to hinder the hurrying feet of pedestrians.

"Regular Michigan weather!" grumbled one of these to himself, as he left the car, and started on the walk of a block and a half that lay between him and comfort. "What a day!" and he tramped on, absorbed in the intricacies of a perplexing business problem that he had not left in his down-town office.

But there is something in his path—something he can not for the moment ignore; so, perforce, he pauses an instant, a half-angry protest rising to his lips that children are allowed to use the sidewalk as a play-ground, when people (meaning himself) are in a hurry to get home. Only an instant—but in that brief space a child's bright face smiles up into his, and a child's voice, eager joy vibrating in every tone, exclaims, "A good time!"

Another moment the busy man lingers—long enough to take comprehensive and pitying note of the crippled form, the small, pinched face, the scanty, grotesque garb, the rude apology for a toy—and half-unconsciously his hand goes to his pocket. But no! This is no candidate for pity, no suppliant for charity. Rather, the child is a rich little giver; and out of his abundance, as freely as the very sun in heaven, and as unquestioningly, he has poured out on this chance comer a portion of the wealth of unsullied, unapproachable, overflowing happiness that is childhood's right divine.

THE NEW DIVISION FOR YOUTH

WE wish to call the special attention of Sabbath-school officers to the formation of this new division. We call it a new division, because it will be composed of considerable new material from what has been known as the junior division, and because it will have a new name.

It is very important that Sabbath-school officers should understand the plan upon which this new division is to be organized; hence we will state, as clearly as we can, the different features of the plan, for the guidance of our schools.

1. The division will consist of all who have been in the intermediate division, who are over twelve years of age, and also of all who have been in the junior division, but do not take up the senior lessons.

2. The lessons for this new division will be published in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. The lessons will be on the Old Testament during the first quarter of 1901, and beginning with the second quarter, the subject of the sanctuary will be studied by both the senior and youth's divisions.

3. Those under twelve years of age that have been in the intermediate division will be transferred to the primary division, and study the lesson in the *Little Friend*.

4. The age limit of twelve years mentioned as the dividing line between the youth's and primary divisions, is not to be regarded as inflexible

and compulsory. It is recommended as being more nearly correct than a lower one. If there is any variation from it, the age limit should be raised rather than lowered, so that the difference in size of students in the youth's division may not be too great, and thus the larger ones be inclined to pass out of the division too soon, and take up the study of the senior lessons before they are prepared to do so.

5. In large schools, or schools where there are a large number of young people who prefer to study the senior lessons, published in the *Lesson Quarterly*, rather than study the lessons for youth, published in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, a young people's division may be formed. It will not be advisable to do this unless the number studying the senior lessons makes too large a division to handle in the review, or too large for the room where the review is conducted. The organization of a young people's division is left for each school to decide for itself.

6. We have not suggested the age limit between the youth's and senior divisions, because we thought it best for each school to decide that matter for itself. Conditions will vary in different schools; hence we think it advisable to leave them to determine this question as they think best. We believe this general rule, however, should be followed: Have the students remain in the youth's division as long as they are contented, and as long as the officers and teachers think it is profitable and best for them to do so.

M. H. BROWN.

NOTICE!

No more papers of January 3 can be furnished, as the edition is exhausted.

"THE BEST"

THIS is what one of the INSTRUCTOR readers says of the paper: "I wish to say that in my opinion the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is the best publication for young people that ever entered the home of a family. I should be glad to have it reach every home where English is spoken or read. I know of nothing that would make a better New Year's present than a year's subscription to this paper." To show that he means what he says, he incloses one dollar, with which to send the paper to a friend. A year's subscription to the INSTRUCTOR will make an acceptable and attractive present at any time, and one where the evidence of the giver's thoughtfulness is renewed fifty-two times during the year.

FEBRUARY, 1901

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1856), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you *now*, and mailed to the Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

Name,.....
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Inclosed find \$.....(money-order, express order, registered letter, or bank draft), for which please send....copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR....months to above address.

P. S.—If you object to clipping this out of your paper, or wish to forward other subscriptions, please write names and full addresses on a separate sheet, stating amount inclosed for that purpose.