

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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TEGUCIGALPA TO THE SEA

THE markets of the capital city are crowded in the early part of the day. Heaps of oranges, plums, pineapples, alligator pears; bread in the form of light rolls, unleavened biscuit, cheese-rolls (resembling doughnuts in form), sweet cakes; candies, sugar in brown cakes (suggesting our own maple product); white Spanish butter and cheese; sweet and Irish potatoes, pumpkins, yucca, rice, beans, and the ever-present tortillas,—all these crowd the quarters. Then come stalls devoted to cloth, red, purple, yellow, and green predominating in the gaudy array. At one stand, pictures of the saints were on sale; at another, native-made shoes, sandals, and belts. Earthenware for the kitchen was the specialty of another. Baskets, rope, and straw hats may be added to the list. All this is only a beginning; for, hidden away under the things seen, are the staples, which need no advertising,—corn in sacks, hides, etc.

Each heap of goods is attended by a woman of dark skin, deep-set eyes, high cheek-bones, and black, shining hair,—not that all look alike, but these are some of the characteristics of this race. There are no more faces that are ugly than would be seen in a like gathering in the United States; neither, it must be confessed, do we see the "beauties" that are popularly credited to the common people of this country. The erect carriage of these women with water-jars on their heads, and unrestrained ankles and waists, is to be admired. Children love the market, and many of them grow up there, their sticky hands and faces attesting to the sweetness of their mothers' confections.

At the market, too, the soldiers buy their dinners. Pots of soup, beans, and meat are ranged along the outside of the market shed, and their attendants hand out these supplies, at trifling cost, in carefully measured ladlefuls, while the soldiers chat and eat.

A grand old stone bridge connects Tegucigalpa with Comayagua, a suburb of the capital, though having its own city government.

Travelers have been reminded of Jerusalem by this city among the hills. Its churches are all Catholic, and the feast-days in honor of the saints are the great days of the country. The women attend mass in the early morning; the men gamble, and in the afternoon race ponies on the plain of Comayagua. The drinking of the day continues far into the night, and the strains from guitars and accordions are accompanied with the sound of dancing feet upon the tile floors. The Hondurashian house is well adapted to the dance; for its one large room

contains only a few chairs, boxes, and light bed forms, which are easily removed.

The journey from the capital to the coast took us through Comayagua, the ancient capital, a city of ruined churches, and silent, grass-grown streets. The plain of Comayagua has in the past supported a large population; to-day it is a cactus-grown wilderness, shrinking under the rays of a burning sun.

At the crest of the mountain several villages could be seen in the haze of the valley below, and the sandy trails that connected them did not appear long; but once in the valley, with the burning sand underfoot and the scorching sun above, the shambling growth of guavas and cactus on either side seemed unbroken, the distances lengthened, and the leagues traveled that afternoon were the longest of the journey.

A cross of wood kept upright by a heap of stones, marked the place where the road left the valley, and began the ascent of the mountains

every bog was made a special object of nature's decoration,—this was the way home.

There is a railroad from Pemiento to the sea, a distance of sixty miles. On alternate days an engine of questionable repair, drawing a train of primitive coaches and freight-cars, starts for Puerto Cortez; the following day the return trip is made. The rails of this road have been woefully perverted from the parallel lines in which they were no doubt once laid. Weeds and grass grow in the road-bed, and overhead vine-laden branches sweep the tops of the cars. These things might be dangerous, but the speed of the train seldom reaches twelve miles an hour.

With all its failings the Honduras railroad is a wonderful thing for the country. After spending two years in a land that is two thousand years behind time, one discovers a keen appreciation for the conveniences of modern travel, even if those comforts are comparatively crude.

Quantities of bananas and cocoanuts are shipped to New Orleans and Mobile from the lowlands of Honduras. The trade was begun in a small way about twenty years ago by an Italian fruit-seller in New Orleans, who saved his earnings, and in company with some of his countrymen purchased a schooner; later, a steamer was



again. Some withered pine boughs lay at the foot of the cross,—a token left by pilgrims to the recent feasts at Comayagua.

Up, up, up, in a twisting course, until guavas and cactus gave way to pine and myrrh; then down again, across rivers swollen with the first winter rains, through the village of the Holy Cross and the town of St. Peter to the lowlands of the coast, where the mules waded knee-deep in ooze and tangled roots, and swarms of mosquitoes filled the air with a song in sharps, and parrots without number chatted an idiom of their own; where creeping vines ran riot, beautiful orchids grew from the knot-holes of trees, and

put in, and to-day there is a considerable fleet of schooners and steamers in the trade.

The mainland of Honduras, with its Carib, Indian, and Spanish-Indian inhabitants, is practically an untouched field for Protestant missionary effort; but though the grain is scattered, and to the human eye this corner of the world seems to escape notice, the Lord of the harvest will send reapers even there.

H. A. OWEN.

HE is a wise man that can avoid evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.—*Quarles*.



SURRENDER

Laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine!
Accept this gift to-day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine,—a thing that seemeth
small,—
And thou alone, O Lord! canst understand
How when I yield thee this, I yield thee all.

Hidden therein thy searching gaze can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight;
All that I have, or am, or fain would be;
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite;
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with
sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty it hath none;
Now from thy footstool, where it, vanquished,
lies,
The prayer ascendeth: May thy will be done!

Take it, O Father! ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in thine own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But, gaining back my will, may find it thine.

—Selected.

IDLENESS IS SIN

II

IN the life-insurance plan given us in the first chapter of second Peter, a work of addition is presented. As in our character-building we add grace to grace, the great Giver will work for us on the plan of multiplication. Grace and peace will be multiplied to us. The young man who is seeking a preparation for usefulness needs to lay the foundation himself, by acquiring, through hard, diligent labor, the means to prosecute his designs. If the young men around him have allowed their parents to carry the burden of their education, let him say, I will never do that. I will, by using my physical and mental powers combined, make of myself all that it is possible.

No man is excusable for being without financial ability. Of many a man it may be said, He is kind, amiable, generous, a good man, and a Christian, but he is not qualified to manage his own business. As far as the proper outlay of money is concerned, he is a mere child. He has not been educated by his parents to understand and practice the principles of self-support. Such a man is not fitted to become a minister or a physician. The churches everywhere are suffering through the neglect of parents to train their children to bear hard, stern responsibilities. Too often the wicked love to do nothing but use the mind takes possession of children and youth. Then the enemy takes control, and makes the mind his workshop, using in his service the ability needed in the family and in the church.

Many are destitute of the stern virtues required to build up the church. They are not capable of devising methods and plans of a healthy, solid character. They are deficient in the qualifications necessary to the prosperity of the church. It is this kind of education that needs to be changed to an education that is sound and sensible, in harmony with Bible principles.

Let your aspirations and your motives be pure. In every business transaction be rigidly honest. However you may be tempted, never deceive nor prevaricate. At times a natural impulse may tempt you to vary from the straightforward path of honesty, but do not yield to this impulse. If in any matter you make a statement as to what you will do, and afterward find that you have favored others to your own loss, do not vary one hair's breadth from principle. Carry out your

agreement. By seeking to change your plans, you would show that you could not be depended on. And if you should draw back in small transactions, you would draw back in larger ones. Under such circumstances, some are tempted to deceive, saying that they were not understood. They did mean what they said, but lost the good impulse, and then wanted to draw back from their agreement, lest it prove a loss to them.

Let the youth set up well-defined landmarks, by which they may be governed in emergencies. When a crisis comes that demands active, well-developed physical powers, and a clear, strong, practical mind; when difficult work is to be done, where every stroke must tell, where perplexities will arise which can be met only by wisdom from on high, then the youth who have learned how to overcome difficulties can respond, to the call for workers, "Here am I; send me." Let the hearts of young men and women be as clear as crystal. Let not their thoughts be trivial, but sanctified by virtue and holiness. If their thoughts are made pure by the sanctification of the Spirit, their lives will be elevated and ennobled.

I repeat: It should be the fixed purpose of the youth to aim high in all their plans for their life-work. They should adopt for their government in all things the standard which God's word presents. This is the Christian's positive duty, and it should be also his positive pleasure. Cultivate respect for yourself because you are Christ's purchased possession. Success in the formation of right habits, advancement in that which is noble and just, will give you an influence that all will appreciate and value. Live for something besides self. If your motives are pure and unselfish, if you are ever looking for work to do, if you are always on the alert to show kindly attentions and do courteous deeds, you are unconsciously building your own monument. This is the work God calls upon all children and youth to do. Do good, if you would be cherished in the memory of others. Live to be a blessing to all with whom you come in contact, wherever your lot may be cast. Let the children and youth awake to their opportunities. By kindness and love, by self-sacrificing deeds, let them write their names in the hearts of those with whom they associate.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

WE all know what that means. There are some days when we go to our work with enthusiasm; when things go smoothly; when we can not only accomplish our allotted task with ease, but even go beyond it, and "make a record." But then there are other times when we can scarcely get through the day. These are the days when things seem to get into a snarl. Our books are lost, our tools blunted, our fellow workmen perverse, our efforts disappointing. The vision fails, the back aches, the hand trembles, the tongue stumbles, the nerves throb, the brain falters. Everything goes wrong. What shall we do? Shall we go wrong, too? Shall we fret and scold, and let things take their course? Here is a more excellent way.

When things go wrong, slow up. Loosen the tension. Relax the energies for a little while, if possible. Improve the physical surroundings; air the room, or shut out the glare. Quit struggling. Troubles are sometimes like quicksands,—the more one flounders, the deeper he sinks. For the moment, quit striving, and take a long breath, physically as well as spiritually. Then quit worrying. Worry weakens the faculties of the mind as well as the powers of the soul. Yet some people will worry until they warp their judgment and weaken their will power. Yes, by all means, reduce the feverish temperature.

Next, put on a cheerful countenance. Take a cheerful attitude, no matter whether you feel

cheerful or not. Whistle, if you can, or sing. The inner attitude of the mind and heart will be largely influenced by the outer attitude or expression. Realize that nothing matters much, neither success nor failure, if one only has the approval of God. So, whether things go right or wrong, be cheerful. This is not hypocrisy; it is Christian consideration for the feelings of others. What right have we to inflict upon others our own vexation? Surely, when things go wrong, we owe it to ourself and to others to be cheerful.

Then call in help. Not human help, but divine. For the world's help one calls in vain when one is in trouble.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

Retire into the privacy of your own soul, and begin to pray. Perhaps the prayer may be short; it will be none the worse for that. When the soldier is in action, there is no time for long prayer, but there is all the more need for frequent, earnest prayer. This prayer of faith is sure to be heard; so, above all else, pray.

Then is the time to lay hold on the reserve forces. A man's own powers can avail something after he has laid hold upon God's omnipotence. Realize the presence of God; realize that God cares; realize that God helps; realize that God commands; and so bring into the struggle all your reserve power.

If things go wrong, then let them go wrong. When God wills it, failure is the highest kind of success.—Rev. William F. Gibbons, in *Well Spring*.



Some Kingsley Paradoxes.—It was Charles Kingsley, an English writer of reputation, who wrote the following paradoxes: "Nothing is more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back."

Determining Automobile Speeds.—Regulating the speed of automobiles by law amounts to nothing if the speed can not be exactly ascertained. However, M. Delmarre, a Frenchman, has devised a photographic method of determining the speed of any moving object. The invention consists of "an apparatus provided with a shutter, and an arrangement for obtaining upon the same plate two successive images at the interval of one second," the displacement of the image enabling one to measure the space passed over by the moving object. With such an apparatus, however, it will be necessary to "operate upon a portion of the path of the automobile which is perpendicular to the axis of the lens;" and again, the lens used must have a fixed focus. But in spite of the difficulties in the way, the instrument is said to bid fair to be of an entirely practical nature.

Excellent Editorial Outfit.—The editor of the *Christian Evangelist* names the following as a necessary outfit for the editor of a first-class religious journal: "A good education, a good memory, a good library, a good dictionary, a good knowledge of about seven languages, a good encyclopedia of names, a good church directory, a good postal guide, a good pair of scissors, a good stenographer, a good typewriter, seven wise men to decipher crooked marks, a good blue pencil, a good-sized waste-basket, a good compositor, a good copy-holder, a good proof-reader, a good pressman, a good stock of patience, and a good subscription list." An ex-

change adds to this list "good health, good eyesight, good temper, and a good character," and declares that "a religious editor needs to be the wisest, best, and sweetest of all the sons of men." It seems to us, however, that a good Bible and a good concordance should have been included in the list of editorial requisites.

Arrested the King of Belgium.—M. Charron, the French automobile expert, recently gave the king of Belgium an automobile ride in the famous Bois de Boulogne, Paris. While they were speeding along, a French police guard arrested the king for "excessive speed." M. Charron at once revealing the identity of his royal companion, the guard saluted, and said: "Not so fast, your majesty."

One Chicago Building's Mail.—Something of an idea of the enormous amount of business transacted daily within the walls of one of Chicago's huge skyscrapers may be gleaned from the following statement: "The smallest postal district in the world is under the roof of the Monadnock building at Jackson, Dearborn, and Van Buren streets, in Chicago. The building alone comprises a separate and distinct district in itself. At the same time the volume of business there is the largest of all the sub-stations, or even districts, in the city, save that of the board of trade station. In this immense seventeen-storied structure, which covers the small ground area of four hundred feet long by seventy feet wide, almost six thousand persons occupy the twelve hundred rooms. The carriers' schedule in the building provides six deliveries every day except Sunday; and in these six deliveries the carriers distribute, on an average, twenty-five thousand pieces of mail daily in the great office structure." And remember, this is but one of the many great buildings of the kind found in Chicago.

Trips around the Earth.—It is said that if a man were to walk day and night, without resting, it would take him four hundred and twenty-eight days to travel once around the earth; it would take an express-train forty days; sound, at a medium temperature, would require only thirty-two and one-half hours for the trip; a cannon-ball, twenty-one and three-fourths hours; light, a little over one tenth of a second; and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little less than one tenth of a second. According to the statement of the Russian Minister of Railroads, as soon as the new Trans-Siberian Railway is completed (connecting Moscow with Vladivostock, a

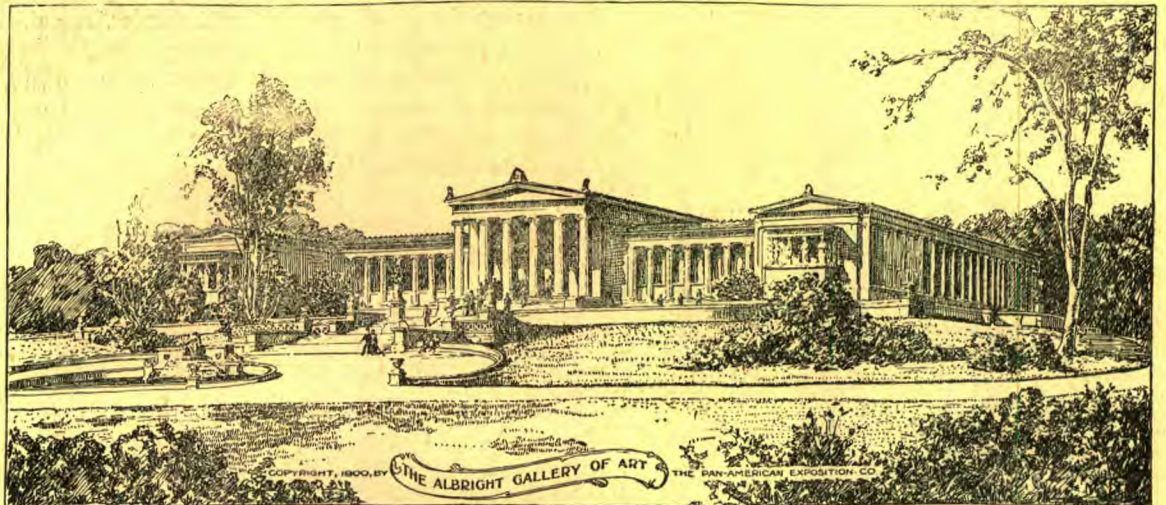
distance of four thousand seven hundred miles), travelers will be able to journey around the world in thirty-three days, as follows: From New York to Bremen, Germany, by steamer, seven days; Bremen to St. Petersburg, one and one-half days; St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, ten and one-half days; Vladivostock to San Francisco, by steamer, nine and one-half days; San Francisco to Chicago, three and one-half days; Chicago to New York, one day.

To Sweep the Straits of Dover.—In the event of a war between France and Great Britain, the English Channel might be found too narrow a defense for either country; for it appears that "the French government has just mounted a huge Creusot gun at Calais, as a set-off to the

FINE ARTS AND MUSIC AT THE EXPOSITION

ON the artistic side the Pan-American Exposition promises to be a notable success. The statuary will not be confined to the fine arts exhibit within the walls of the Albright Gallery, interesting though that will be, but will be used in the adornment of the Court of Fountains, the Triumphal Bridge, the Esplanade, the Plaza, the Electric Tower, entrances to buildings, and in many other ways.

In a Pan-American Exposition it is appropriate, of course, that the purpose of the exhibit of the fine arts should be to show what has been achieved in this field of human effort upon the American continent. The exhibit will therefore be confined to the works of painters and sculptors



enormous harbor works that are in progress for the British Admiralty, at Dover. It is said that the new gun has a range of twenty miles; and as the Straits of Dover at this point are only eighteen miles in width, the gun will, if it proves satisfactory, be able to drop its projectiles upon British soil. The English government has mounted some exceptionally powerful ordnance at Dover within the last few months. Several guns that have been placed upon the forts there have a range varying from fifteen to eighteen miles, so that Dover practically sweeps the Channel at this point. Great activity is at present being displayed all along the southern coast. Modern ordnance is rapidly supplanting the obsolete muzzle-loading weapons, while several new batteries are being constructed." This does not look as if England and France were carrying out the instructions of the Peace Conference.

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.

of this continent, and collections owned by residents of Pan-America.

The Albright Gallery, which is to be the art palace of the Exposition, will afterward become the permanent home of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

One of the chief architectural features at the Pan-American Exposition will be the Temple of Music. Music-lovers will naturally wend their way to this building very soon after arrival upon the grounds, and will always find some entertainment in progress, which will appeal to their love of musical art. It is octagonal in form, with pavilions at the corners. The interior of the temple will be particularly fine in its sculptural and color decorations. A dome whose crown is one hundred and thirty-six feet above grade, and whose interior is brilliant with golden tints and other rich hues, gives an imposing finish to the structure. The great auditorium will seat over twelve hundred persons, and with the balconies, over two thousand persons can be accommodated. The interior decorations will represent different musical subjects.

WHAT IS LIFE?

WHAT do I think of life? you ask.
Then I would answer this:
Life is a sea all full of pearls;
Life is a wild abyss.

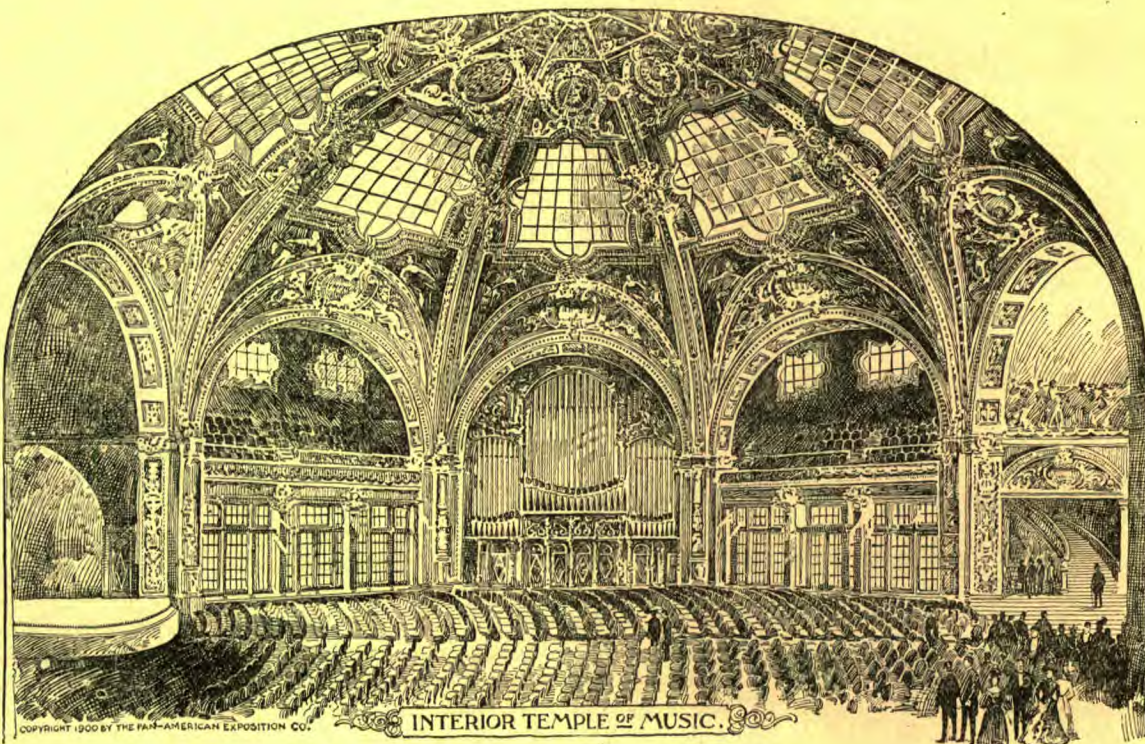
Life is a sea all full of pearls,
Calm as the blue above,
To mariners who anchor cast
Deep in the sea of love.

Life is a wild abyss to those
Who, though the day is bright,
Wander at will till hope is lost,
Lost in the storm and night.

What do you choose in life, my friend?
Woe may be yours, or bliss.
Life is a sea all full of pearls;
Life is a wild abyss.

B. F. M. SOURS.

THINGS are pretty, graceful, rich, elegant, handsome, but, until they speak to the imagination, not yet beautiful.—Emerson.





THE WINTER PALACE

A WINTER palace was built last night,
And glows like flame in the morn's clear light.

The lane of Lombardy poplars tall
Has been transformed to a splendid hall,
Where the sunbeams play
In a wondrous way
On a million mirrors ranged in line,
And each reflecting the sparkle and shine
From pillar of crystal and cornice of spar;
Flashing backward and forward, both near and far,
From ceiling and wall
Adown the long hall,
Till the eyes go blind with the sheen of it all.

The room for dining is gorgeous, too,
And guests are fed the season through;
It lies where sparrows, in saucy glee,
Pluck scarlet hips from the bare rose-tree,
Or the sweet seeds sown
In the hard, brown cone
Under the pine-trees, tall and straight,
With boughs bent down 'neath a dazzling weight.

It joins the bedrooms, where, rosy and sweet,
All the fair flower-children of winter sleep
In jewel-decked bed,
With frosty lace spread,
And cover of down tucked in snug at the head.

The winter palace's great room of state,
The apple orchard was of late;
But crystal columns from roof to floor,
And carpet sprinkled with jewels o'er,
And the ivory white,
And the sun-gold bright,
All adorn this truly royal home
For proud King Winter's glittering throne.
With scepter of diamonds, and slippers of pearls,
And a gemmed crown snatched from the North
Wind's curls,
He rules for a time,
'Mid sparkle and shine,
And then departs to some frostier clime.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

BOOKS WORTH READING

THE popular mind resembles a current of electricity, which invariably goes in the direction of the least resistance. The enthusiastic mass of humanity that shouted "Halleluia!" as Jesus made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, was largely represented in the howling mob that shrieked, the following day, the horrible cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" In a similar manner there is something that possesses humanity to worship an object, idea, or person to-day, and spurn the same to-morrow. This accounts, in part, for the marvelous popularity that certain books have recently attained. One book written within the last few years is supposed to have had a sale of six million copies; and yet no one has any idea that it will be even thought of in five years from now. When a book acquires such a notoriety, the idea often suggests itself to us that we are not "up with the times" if we do not forthwith purchase the same, read it, and thus become able to pass an opinion on it. This is a great mistake. The books that have left a lasting impression upon the race, and those of a similar character that are being written to-day, are the books we should literally digest, rather than chase after those that will endure only for a season.

It is taken for granted that the reader has already chosen the Bible as his dearest literary companion; but one need not infer that because the Bible is the book of all books, God has not, in his wise purpose, allowed other books to be printed from which we may secure much that is helpful, elevating, and inspiring.

Those who are interested in animals and animal life will read with absorbing interest and

profit Mr. Thompson's recent work, "Wild Animals I Have Known." Those who are not interested in animals, unless their minds have become entirely calloused, will have such an awakening upon this subject by reading this excellent book that they will never regret the investment. Solomon advised a certain class of persons to go to the ant, and learn of its ways, and be wise; but Mr. Thompson has considered the ways of many other animals, and as the result has certainly received wisdom far above that of most living men.

Reasonable mature minds that already possess some elementary knowledge of natural phenomena will read with profit and pleasure three recently published volumes by Professor Elisha Gray, entitled, "Nature's Miracles." The author, one of the leading scientists of the day, has in these volumes pointed out in a reasonably simple and proper style, the fundamental principles underlying the phenomena in earth, water, sound, heat, light, explosives, and electricity.

One of the books recently issued by our own publishing houses, entitled, "Christ's Object Lessons," should be read if for no other reason than to secure the chapter on the talents. The young man or woman who carefully peruses this chapter can not but be better prepared for the active duties of daily life.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE LARGEST TURTLES

THE boy who lives in the Eastern States would perhaps say that the largest he had ever seen was the snapping-turtle, three feet long, and the boy from Louisiana might reply that in the Red River there is a much larger kind, known as the "alligator terrapin," sometimes nearly five feet in length, and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. This seems pretty large, and it is large beside the little pond-turtles that are so familiar to us from their habit of crawling out on sticks and stones to bask in the sun; but the sea-turtles are very much larger, the green turtle—the kind that is used for making the famous turtle soup—frequently reaching a weight of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds; while its big-headed relative, well named the "loggerhead," sometimes turns the scales at three hundred and fifty pounds, and now and then some giant is taken of nearly twice that weight. The largest of all sea-turtles now living is the trunk- or leather-turtle, which weighs from three hundred to one thousand pounds, and measures as much as six or seven feet in length, and seven or eight feet across the outstretched fore-flippers. The name of "leather-turtle" is given to this species because the "shell," which bears five keels, or ridges, is not made of solid bone, but is a mosaic work of many irregular pieces embedded in a tough, leathery skin. Every summer a few of these big fellows are caught on our coast, between Norfolk and Newport, having come northward in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The flesh is said to be poisonous; so this great turtle is not so valuable as the others, which are used for food, or as the hawkbill, another sea-turtle found in tropical waters, whose shell furnishes the tortoise-shell used for making the fine combs worn by our great-grandmothers, and nowadays made into pretty ornaments by skilled Japanese workmen.

The most valuable turtle for its size is probably the diamond-back terrapin of the marshes along our Eastern coast to the south of New York; for this is considered such a delicacy that it brings from one to three dollars apiece, and it is an extra large terrapin whose shell is over eight inches long.

The largest of living land-turtles, or tortoises, come—or came, for they are almost eaten out of existence—from the Galapagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador. The shells of these turtles are three, four, even five feet long, and their owners

are as many hundred pounds in weight. One of these tortoises is so strong that it can readily walk off with a full-grown man on its back; and they were once so numerous that whaling-vessels were accustomed to visit the island for the purpose of laying in a supply of them for food. It has been estimated that in this way no fewer than ten million tortoises were taken. Very similar tortoises are found on the island of Aldabra, and were once found on Mauritius and Bourbon; but on those two islands they were long ago all eaten up.

Tortoises grow very slowly, but they seem to keep on growing as long as they live, so the size of a tortoise tells us something of its age. One taken to Sydney in 1853 weighed fifty-three pounds, while at the time of its death, in 1896, it had increased to three hundred and sixty-eight pounds; so that the animal was probably from fifty to sixty years old. But fossils from northern India show that in ages gone by, tortoises grew even larger and stronger than this, and it has been imagined that legends of these giant turtles may possibly have given rise to the Hindu belief that the world rested on the back of an elephant, which in turn stood on the back of a great turtle,—but what the turtle stood on they didn't know.

The king of all turtles, however, alive or dead, —*Archelon* is his name,—swam in the seas that once rolled over the State of Kansas. The head alone of this monster was larger than a big snapping-turtle,—that is to say, it was three feet long, and correspondingly broad,—while as nearly as we can estimate, the entire animal was twelve or fourteen feet long. Associated with this turtle were hosts of great marine reptiles and powerful fishes with teeth like spikes; and when these creatures were all hunting for a dinner, there must have been troublous times for the little fishes in those old Kansas seas! —*F. A. Lucas, in St. Nicholas.*

AFTERWARD

MANY the spots where thistles grow,
But about them stretches the smooth, green sward;
There are paths between them, and afterward
The wayfarer over the narrow track,
Upon his yesterday looking back,
May see but the wild-flowers, row on row.

Many the sorrows of earthly days,
But the blessings outnumber them o'er and o'er.
Out of each grief there's a waiting door;
And God, the tender leader and guide,
Ever walks by the mourner's side
In the path that leads to the open ways.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

SKATING

THIS art, or amusement, can not be traced back with certainty to its origin; but it is believed to have originated in Scandinavia and Germany, in which countries it is still a common means of travel. Only one style of skating is there employed,—the "running," or "fen,"—going straight ahead at great speed over the ice.

In Holland, Denmark, and North America, hundreds of persons engaged in winter traffic travel to and fro over the ice in this way. One would imagine that in Russia, with its cold and prolonged winters, skating would be a national amusement; but it is just the contrary, because it is seldom that any smooth ice is found, the current of the rivers being too rapid.

The first skating club was formed in London in 1830, and still remains the leading skating society of England. It controls a pond in Regent's Park, and permits only "figure" skating. Its membership is limited to one hundred and seventy. "Rinks" of frozen water under sheds became common in this country soon after the close of the Rebellion, and the "roller" skate was introduced in New York City in 1869.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A STRING OF PEARLS

Just seven pearls upon a string,
Pearls from a mountainside, I bring.

The string that holds them, that is mine;
The gems all dropped from lips divine.

Blessed the poor, and they that mourn;
Blessed the meek, who wrong have borne;

Who thirst and hunger, God will bless
If hungering after righteousness.

The merciful and pure in heart
In blessedness have royal part.

Thrice blessed they who make strife cease,
And all their lives are making peace.

If they do please you, boys and girls,
Then wear each day this string of pearls.

Each one is a beatitude,
And He deserves your gratitude

Who dropped them on a mountainside,
And for you on a mountain died.

—Selected.

THE MARVEL OF THE LILIES

WHAT is purer than the lily, or the delicate snow-crystals, "the pure, white lilies of the sky," as they have been called? The lily is always the emblem of purity—spotless innocence. The whiteness of the snow is used by God to show the perfection of purity. But this exquisite purity and spotlessness are but another revelation of him who made the lily, and who sends the snow. Jesus says, "I am the Lily of the valleys."

Only "the pure in heart" can see God; his perfect purity is such that evil can not dwell with him. Yet he invites us into his presence to abide with him; and when we draw near, the power of his pure life cleanses away all our sin, and keeps us "unspotted from the world."

Consider, says Jesus, how the lilies grow; how, springing from the cold, dark earth, or from the mud of the river-bed, the plants unfold in loveliness and fragrance. Who would dream of the possibilities of beauty in the rough brown bulb of the lily? But when the life of God, hidden therein, unfolds at his call in the rain and the sunshine, men marvel at the vision of grace and loveliness. Even so will the life of God unfold in every soul that will yield itself to the ministry of his grace, which, free as the rain and the sunshine, comes with its benediction to all. It is the word of God that creates the flowers, and the same word will produce in you the graces of his Spirit. He has surrounded you with beauty, to teach you that you are to make life joyous and beautiful with the love of Christ,—like the flowers, to gladden other lives by the ministry of love.

EDITH E. ADAMS.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

"SEE my field-lilies, grandmama! Aren't they lovely?"

"Yes, indeed, Marjorie dear; and your face seems to me like them, a part of the summer morning."

"Such a chase as I have had for them, over the hill and through the wood and down to the meadow on the other side! I could not find any at first, but just as I was growing discouraged, I caught sight of one little scarlet cup swinging in the breeze, above the tallest grass-heads. A humming-bird saw it at the same moment, and I waited a little, to give him time for a dainty sip or two. How pretty he was, with his feathers shining in the sun! I remember what Uncle

Joe told us about the South American birds, which the people there call 'winged flowers,' and I could not tell which was prettier, my nodding spotted lily, or the little green-and-gold-coated fellow that darted away as I came near. Then all at once I saw a whole bed of lilies, so I brought home all I could carry."

Grandmother touched the flowers with a caressing motion; then she folded her hands gently in her lap.

"I love the field-lilies better than any other flowers in the world, Marjorie," she said, softly. "Can you guess why?"

The young girl looked thoughtfully down at

there: the lame, the deaf, and the blind have been brought out of many an afflicted home, and among them moves he whose gracious presence carries everywhere comfort and healing. And, at last, I see him seated quietly on the green grass among his disciples, and hear from his lips the words of that wonderful sermon, which will never grow old so long as there are human ears to hear, or hearts to understand. And I can see how the eyes of the people follow his finger, as, pointing to some bright flowers growing near, he tells them that 'Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these;' and then: 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day



the bright petals, which seemed to embody the very soul of summer-time. A sudden light came into her eyes.

"Is it—is it because of Him who said, 'Consider the lilies'?"

"That is it, dear. When I look at a lily, it is not the flower I see, but a picture of that far-off country, whose hills and valleys have been made forever sacred by the footsteps of One who 'spake as never man spake.' I can fancy the beautiful sea of Galilee shining in the sunshine, and on its western border, a green hill, whose sloping sides are covered with a throng of people. The poor, the distressed, the weary-hearted are

is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith! Oh, what must such words have meant to the tired, toiling, discouraged ones who heard! It must have been to many their first half-understood idea of a love that did not seek mere worldly rewards,—a faith untroubled by vain anxieties for the future.

"But the one great lesson of trust which Christ meant the lilies to teach, holds many small ones, Marjorie. 'If God so clothe'—there is so much in that little word 'so'! How does God clothe them, my dear?"

"So—so beautifully, grandmama!"

"Yes, and in that way he teaches that the love of beauty is everywhere and always a holy love. I do not think that there is one really beautiful thing in all the world that is not infinitely more lovely in the sight of God than to any human eye."

"But, grandmama, there are so many people who seem never to have anything beautiful to enjoy all their lives long. I thought of that last winter, when I went through those narrow, dirty streets with Cousin Mary, to visit the mission school where she is a teacher."

"That is true, Marjorie. But there is something to remember about that. There are two sorts of beauty, just as there are two ways of seeing—the outside and the inside way. Can't you see where the comfort may come?"

"You mean there is such a thing as heart-beauty, grandmama?"

"Yes; and there may be enough of that to shine through the plainest face, and to touch the commonest things in the poorest and barest lives with an abiding glory. When I was a little girl, I remember that my mother sometimes took me with her to visit a poor, bedridden old woman in the county poorhouse. The little room where she lay on a cot was the emptiest and most forlorn possible, but it seemed to me a delightful place because of the lovely spirit which filled it, and the peaceful beauty of the old, wrinkled face, which seemed to light up all the room. Young as I was, I liked better to stay there than in the prettiest parlor I had ever seen. But there is more in our little world, Marjorie. Do you remember that when you were using your new microscope the other day, you wondered to see how rough and coarse the smoothest silk and velvet and finest lace looked under the glass? But when you tried a leaf or a grass-blade, you saw many new beauties, which your eye could not discern before. One little tuft of blue blossoms, which you gathered from a weed by the roadside, with petals so small that you could scarcely distinguish them at all, became a great bunch of such wonderful, perfect bloom as would have made you half wild with pleasure if you could have seen them in the garden or a conservatory. God does his work so——?"

"So perfectly!" cried Marjorie, quickly.

"Right again! When you were a little thing, Marjorie, your papa was often away from home for weeks together; and whenever mama sat down to write a letter to him, you would beg to write, too. Then mama would lift you on her lap, and put the pencil in your little hand, and guide it over the paper. Sometimes you would hold your fingers so stiff that the pencil would make only straggling marks, which nobody could read, in spite of all her care. Then she would say, 'Gently, gently, darling! Let your hand move with mine.' By and by you would come and show me your little letter, with the writing almost as clear and smooth as upon mama's own page."

"So it is, when we give up our own stubborn wills, and ask God to use us in his way. Then we are—what an honor!—'workers together with him.' His thought flows into our thought, and a part of the infinite strength and skill comes into our feeble hands, and our work grows to look like his."

"My sermon is done now—a long one for a little text. Run and put your lilies in water, my dear, before they droop in the warm sunshine. Then you shall come back and sing to me."—*Selected.*

THE MOMENTS

Just a little moment,
Passing on its way!
Tell me what the little moments say:
"While I'm passing, use me,
Surely don't abuse me."
Swift the little moments fly away.

—*Selected.*



FIRST STEPS IN BACKSLIDING I

For some time I had noticed a once conscientious worker gradually growing careless. I thought much about the case, and prayed for wisdom to know how to offer help. On several occasions I had talked with this worker, and at these times the Lord seemed to come near; to all appearances, difficulties would be cleared up, darkness banished, and doubts removed. But I could not but notice that these times of reviving were very short-lived. The clouds of depression that were settling down over this soul became more and more dense. Living faith was gradually replaced by stubborn unbelief. How sad to behold this soul, once so true to principle, so obedient to duty, as voluntarily to ostracize itself from all earthly relations, first slowly, now swiftly, drifting on toward the maelstrom of unbelief and sin! It seemed that all our efforts to stay the tide of evil were of no avail. Some said: "Never mind; let him go; there is no use trying to save him." But I could not feel clear to "let him go;" and one afternoon, although I had planned to leave the city, I decided to remain, and by God's help, make one more effort to find out the cause of this soul's backsliding, and, if possible, help the discouraged one to lay hold anew of the saving principles of the glorious gospel. To all general questions as to the cause of his moral depression, he would almost invariably answer, "I don't know." And by and by this answer almost became, "I don't care."

Praying with him, studying the Bible with him, trying to encourage him, had failed to arouse his dying spiritual powers; and so, on this occasion, I thought best to confine my efforts wholly to endeavoring to ascertain, if possible, the first causes of all this trouble. In this way I hoped to gain some knowledge that would at least help in saving another soul from drifting into this fearful slough of despond. Several hours were therefore spent in a careful and thorough examination of the habits and experiences of the recent past; and the following are some of the "little foxes" that we discovered had been gradually severing the connection between the True Vine and this branch:—

1. *A Spirit of Carelessness.*—Like the approach of night, a spirit of carelessness and inattention to small duties had stolen upon this soul, which the enemy had undoubtedly marked for destruction. The slighting of small duties, neglect of daily devotion, etc., proved to be the eventide that preceded the awful night of spiritual darkness and despair that was fast settling down over this brother. Failure to be punctual, and a disposition to leave undone a portion of each day's task, were prominent among the group of duties over which the spirit of carelessness had begun to exert its blighting influence.

2. *Stopped Reading the Bible.*—He had been in the habit of reading his Bible twice daily, and as often between times as opportunity would permit. It is just as necessary to feed the soul daily with the bread of life as to supply the body with nourishment and water. If we abstain from physical food, we ought not to be surprised when we observe a falling away of the physical man. And so, when we deprive the soul of that nourishment which it daily needs, it is not to be wondered at that we rapidly emaciate spiritually, until, like the children of Israel, our condition is one of "leanness of soul." It would appear that the omission of this daily Bible study was in reality the result of the spirit of carelessness that preceded it. The day when it was first omit-

ted was a very busy one, and at no time did it appear that the study of the Bible had been purposely and wilfully neglected. There was loss of spiritual appetite, and this was largely the result of failure to take spiritual exercise. For our appetite for spiritual food is largely dependent upon our putting forth constant efforts to help others, just as our appetite for physical food is in a measure dependent upon physical exercise.

3. *Began Reading Novels.*—As the daily study of the Bible was given up, and the loss of appetite for spiritual food was experienced, there arose a craving for fiction; and so our brother found himself hunting around for novels and other worldly literature, till, at the time of the talk referred to, novel-reading had almost entirely supplanted the reading of God's word. Mind you, this had all come about gradually, almost unconsciously, and entirely unintentionally.

W. S. SADLER.

1026 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

(Concluded next week)



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 13; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"

Pages 520-581

(February 10-16)

The Beast.—The ten horns connect this beast with the fourth beast of the seventh chapter of Daniel. The feet like a bear reveal the fact that the cruel nature of Media and Persia, as described in Isa. 13: 17, 18, was inherited by this power. The mouth like a lion shows that the proud, boastful spirit of ancient Babylon, as symbolized in the seventh chapter of Daniel, was transmitted to this power. The same spirit that could say, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?" will say, in the last days, "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."

Identification of the Beast.—"The dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority." We found in the study of the twelfth chapter that the dragon symbolized pagan Rome. The "beast" must represent a power to which pagan Rome gave his power, seat, and great authority. In the year 330 A. D., Constantine, the emperor of pagan Rome, removed the seat of government from the proud city of the Cæsars to Constantinople, and within the walls of Rome a power arose which wielded a scepter more powerful than was ever held by the proudest of the Cæsars. The pope of Rome rules the consciences as well as the bodies of men.

The Deadly Wound.—In the year 1798 the pope was taken prisoner, and the papacy received a deadly wound; but the wound was to be healed. When it is perfectly healed, all the world will "wonder after the beast," and "all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb." The attention of the whole world is called to the work of this beast. "If any man have an ear, let him hear."

The Two-Horned Beast.—In 1798, as the papacy in the Old World was going into captivity, on the opposite shore of the broad Atlantic a new-born nation was beginning to reach up after power and recognition. The United States of America was lamblake; its two prominent char-

acteristics—"civil and religious liberty"—attracted the attention of the oppressed of all nations. Protestant principles became popular. In time the nations formerly ruled by the papal power began to copy the principles held by the United States. Civil and religious principles are now no longer confined to America's shores, but heathen as well as papal countries have adopted them. The United States set the example, and the world has followed in her steps. Some countries have followed more closely than others; but all have been more or less molded by the course of the United States of America.

The Image to the Beast.—From underneath the two lamblike horns came forth the hoarse notes of the dragon's voice. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." As this power spoke as a dragon, the heart that beat beneath that mild exterior must have been controlled by the dragon. Its character was like a dragon. The dragon of Revelation 13 was primarily Satan, and in a secondary sense represented pagan Rome. Pagan Rome not only threw the Christians into the arena to be devoured by wild beasts for the amusement of the populace, but it stood "up against the Prince of princes." The beast had taken this same power, and seat, and great authority. It occupied the seat of the dragon; and from that seat, fiat after fiat had gone forth in an attempt to crush the last trace of civil and religious liberty from the earth. The two-horned beast "spake as a dragon;" then as a nation he will utter laws, the object of which will be to crush civil and religious liberty from the earth. The world has followed the United States in advocating Protestant principles; in like manner it will follow the same nation in attempting to blot out those principles from the earth. The United States can never be the beast, nor the papal power, for it has always been a Protestant nation; but as a Protestant nation, it will do the work done by the beast; it will be a likeness of the beast—an image. By its *example* it will say "to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast."

Spiritualism.—From the United States goes forth a miracle-working power, which reaches the king on the throne as well as the beggar in his hovel. It gathers all for the battle of the great day. "Through the two great errors, the immortality of the soul and Sunday sacredness, Satan will bring the people under his deceptions. While the former lays the foundation for Spiritualism, the latter creates a bond of sympathy with Rome. The Protestants of the United States will be foremost in stretching their hands across the gulf to grasp the hand of Spiritualism; they will reach over the abyss to clasp hands with the Roman power; and under the influence of this threefold union, this country will follow in the steps of Rome in trampling on the rights of conscience."—"Great Controversy," page 588.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST

V	5
i	1
c	100
a	0
r	0
i	1
u	5
s	0
F	0
i	1
l	50
i	1
i	1
D	500
e	0
i	1

Vicarius Filii Dei.....666



MOSES AND AARON SIN

(February 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Num. 20: 1-12, 23-29.

MEMORY VERSES.—Ps. 106: 32, 33.

1. As the people of Israel journeyed through the wilderness, to what place did they come? What took place there? Num. 20: 1.
2. While in this place, what did the people lack? What did they do? V. 2; note 1.
3. What wish did they express? V. 3.
4. What fault-finding questions did they ask? How did they complain of the place in which they were camped? Vs. 4, 5; note 2.
5. What did Moses and Aaron do? What appeared? V. 6; note 3.
6. What were Moses and Aaron told to do? What would be the result? Vs. 7, 8.
7. When the people had been called together, what did Moses say to them? Vs. 9, 10; note 4.
8. What did Moses then do with the rod? What took place? V. 11; note 5.
9. What did the Lord at once say to his servants? V. 12; note 6.
10. When they had reached Mount Hor, what did the Lord say concerning Aaron and his failure to obey? Vs. 23, 24.
11. What was Moses to do with Aaron and Eleazar his son? Why was this change to be made? Vs. 25, 26.
12. How was this instruction carried out? Vs. 27, 28.
13. In what way was the death of Aaron celebrated? V. 29.

NOTES

1. One of the great sins of Israel was that of murmuring whenever they were brought into trial. They saw only the discouraging side of things, and found fault. They did not keep the Lord in mind; and when they forgot him and his wonderful work for them, they thought everything was working against them. If they had believed God, and walked by faith at all times, they would have seen nothing but blessings all the time, and thus would have been happy and glad. The trials and troubles which they experienced were only blessings in disguise, and if they had taken them patiently, would have helped them to get ready for the land of promise. All this is true now; for it is true that "all things work together for good to them that love God." To the children of God, nothing can work out bad results, and so we are to be glad for everything that comes.

2. It is plain that the people had forgotten God; for they told Moses and Aaron that *they* were the ones to blame for the troubles that had come. "Why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness?" But while they found fault with Moses and Aaron, they were really finding fault with God. It was not Moses but God who led them into the wilderness. It is never best to find fault with our ministers, our teachers, or our parents, no matter what our circumstances may be. Let us remember that the Lord is dealing with us, and that those who are over us as leaders are only his servants. To find fault with the Lord's servants is to find fault with the Lord.

3. It was the habit of Moses and Aaron to take all their troubles to the Lord, and God always helped them. He will do the same for us.

4. For the first time in all his long experience, Moses became impatient. What he said was true, but even the truth is not to be spoken in a fretful, faultfinding way. In showing a hasty

temper, Moses set before the people a wrong example, which gave them opportunity to say that he was not a good man, and that they were right in saying that he was the one who caused their trouble. His sin led them to think themselves right, and to refuse to accept the reproof that God had given through him. The result of Moses and Aaron's sin was very bad, and God could not pass it over lightly.

5. The Lord told Moses to *speak* to the rock; but instead of doing as he had been told, Moses *struck* the rock with his rod. This was not obeying God. "By his rash act, Moses took away the force of the lesson that God purposed to teach. The rock, being a symbol of Christ, had been *once smitten*, as Christ was to be *once offered*. The second time it was needful only to speak to the rock, as we have only to ask for blessings in the name of Jesus."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 418. And besides this they let pride come in. They said, "Must *we* fetch you water out of this rock?" This was saying that they of themselves had power to work a miracle. They put themselves in God's place. How quickly sin multiplies if we give it a chance!

6. Sin always spoils God's plans for us. The Lord had designed that Moses and Aaron should lead Israel into the promised land; but when they allowed themselves to fall into wrong, God could not do what he had planned. He did the best he could—he forgave their sin; but they had to die, though they were just ready to enter the land. One sin is sufficient to mar God's work in us. Let us pray daily that our Father will keep us from sin, that the Lord may make of us *all* that he designs we shall be.

REASONABLENESS

REASONABLENESS may seem like a very commonplace virtue, but it is one of the most comfortable ones to live with that can anywhere be found. Not brilliancy, energy, nor much that is called piety, is half so valuable for companionship three hundred and sixty-five days in the year as is "sweet reasonableness." The unbiased judgment, the undistorted vision, the friendship that has no petty jealousies or self-conceits that must be watched and propitiated, the loyal heart that never has to be approached with incantations to dispel its moods—what a mine of wealth these are!

The friend who can bring us poetical fancies and beautiful thoughts is prized, the one who has capacity for planning enterprises and managing affairs is admired and followed, but the one upon whose reasonableness we can always depend is a stay and blessing. In trouble, misfortune, or perplexity, there is no human companionship so helpful.—*Selected.*

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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,
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Where a man can live, there can he also live well."

MONDAY:

Duty comes to us as something hard, and we shrink from it. No one is a large man if he does not feel that his duty is larger than himself.—*Mc Kenzie*.

TUESDAY:

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.—*Earl of Chesterfield*.

WEDNESDAY:

Beautiful souls often get put into plain bodies; but they can not be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness of the humility which gives it grace.—*Louisa M. Alcott*.

THURSDAY:

"We should preach God's glory day by day, not by words only, often not by words at all, but by our conduct. If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what he can make you like. Nothing is so infectious as example."

FRIDAY:

"What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike are best?
God holds them in his hand, I know,
And I will leave to him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger or delay,
As still I toward the haven sail
That lies, I know, not far away."

SABBATH:

"Know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." James 5:20.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE TROUBLES

FIRST, what not to do with them: Let us not unload them on our friends, thus adding our own griefs and sorrows and perplexities to the burdens they already carry. To many this is the most natural thing in the world. "A trouble shared is a trouble divided," they say; and they are too generous with their troubles, not stopping to think of the weight of anxiety they are adding to those whom they really love.

The longing for human sympathy and comfort

is very strong; and so, often "before we think," the thing that has vexed us and spoiled our peace of mind is repeated, to carry on its evil work in another heart. Is the sympathy received, do you think, sufficient compensation for the fact that another heart has an added care or pain? How often, when the complaining word has been uttered, the speaker would be more than glad to call it back! but it is too late. The time to think about the words that are spoken or written is beforehand.

Sometimes, indeed, trouble is lightened by sharing it; the friend may, by a wise word, set matters straight, or by love and tact bring about an adjustment that shall make it more bearable; but more often the sorrowing one takes up the full burden again, and has left, besides, a grief in his friend's heart. For it is true that a trouble shared is a trouble divided; but each piece is alive and growing, just as certain insects may be divided again and again, and each separate piece become a fully developed specimen of its kind.

"But I must tell some one," you say.

Of course you must—it is a need implanted deep in your nature. And the One who planted it there can help you, and he alone can. He longs to bear your troubles; to take your burden, and give in its place perfect rest, and a peace that passes knowledge.

If only we could understand how real and tangible this peace is, and how much he desires to give it to his children,—how truly he longs to bear our griefs and carry our sorrows,—we should go to him oftener, and leave with him *all* that hurts and perplexes. We should remember, too, that it is not for us to lift again the burden that is laid at his feet, but to leave it there, taking in its place the joy he wishes to give. Then should we bring messages of help and good cheer to those we love, instead of adding our burdens to theirs.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he *careth* for you."

READ CAREFULLY!

OCCASIONALLY notice is received that INSTRUCTOR clubs do not reach their destination in time for the pupils to prepare their lessons. The papers are printed two weeks in advance of the date on the first page, and should reach every Sabbath-school in good time. If in giving out the INSTRUCTORS, the *date of the lesson* is considered, instead of the date of the paper, there will be no trouble. For instance, the INSTRUCTOR dated January 24 was mailed on the 18th, and should have been handed out to the pupils on the 26th. Thus they would have been prepared to recite the lesson for Sabbath, February 2. This present paper, dated February 7, contains the lesson to be recited on February 16. It will be mailed on February 1, and should be handed out to the pupils on Sabbath, February 9. This will give plenty of time for the preparation of the lesson to be recited the following Sabbath.

HAD NEVER BROKEN HIS WORD

In illustration of his statement that there are few instances where a member of his race has betrayed a specific trust, Booker T. Washington relates the following incident in the *Outlook* of Nov. 3, 1900. It would be well if the example of this old colored gentleman in fidelity to a trust and faithfulness in keeping a promise were more generally followed:—

"Not long ago," says Mr. Washington, "I met, in a little town in Ohio, an ex-slave from Virginia. I found that he had made a contract with his master, two or three years previously to the Emancipation Proclamation, to the effect that the slave was to be permitted to buy himself, by paying so much a year for his body; and while he was paying for himself, he was to be permitted to labor where and for whom he

pleased. Finding that he could secure better wages in Ohio, he went there. When freedom came, he was still in debt to his master some three hundred dollars. Notwithstanding that the Emancipation Proclamation freed him from any obligation to his master, this black man walked the greater portion of the distance back to where his old master lived in Virginia, and placed the last dollar, with interest, in his hands. In talking to me about this, the man told me that he knew that he did not have to pay the debt, but that he had given his word to his master, and his word he had never broken. He felt that he could not enjoy his freedom till he had fulfilled his promise."

EXHIBITS BY YOUNG PEOPLE WANTED

THE following notice of an exhibit of children's work, to be held in New York City in February, has been sent to the INSTRUCTOR for insertion. Thinking that among the thousands of INSTRUCTOR readers there might be some who would be interested in this exhibit, we accordingly give the notice a place:—

"The Executive Committee of the National Exposition of Children's Work issued a statement yesterday that the exposition, under the auspices of the Child Workers' Protective Association, will be opened with fitting ceremonies on Monday, February 18, in the Mechanics' Library Building, East Sixteenth Street.

"Exhibits will include specimens of children's handiwork, mechanical and artistic, contributed from all parts of the United States, Cuba, etc., by boys and girls, from the youngest up to sixteen years. Every description of clever work executed by children at home or at school, as tasks or pastime, is being sent in by individuals, classes, and institutions. Three large boxes of exhibits from children have been received from Havana and other points in Cuba. Arrangements are in progress for representative exhibits from Mexico and Canada. The Indian schools of the United States will also be represented.

"The largest Western exhibit, so far, comes from Colorado. The largest Southern exhibit is from Tennessee. The largest Eastern exhibits now are from New York and New Jersey. The committee desires to be brought into touch by correspondence with children everywhere. Copies of the rules, with application blanks and all particulars, will be promptly furnished to those who write for them. All communications should be addressed to the secretary of the National Exposition of Children's Work, No. 137 East Fifteenth St., New York City."

AN exceptionally handsome Art Catalogue of printers' specimens has come to our table from the Marsh & Grant Company, printers, engravers, and binders, Chicago. The book contains specimens of the work done by the house, and is a very creditable piece of printing.



"NATURE'S MIRACLES," by Professor Elisha Gray. Three volumes of two hundred and fifty pages each, attractively bound in cloth. Price, 60 cents a volume. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York City, Publishers.

In these little books the author, a master of the subject of which he writes, sets forth in an easy, pleasing style, the principles underlying the constant working of nature. Vol. I treats of "Earth, Air, Water;" Vol. II of "Energy, Sound, Heat, Light, Explosives;" and Vol. III of "Electricity and Magnetism." To the person who reads these books understandingly, they will be a liberal education.