

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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JOY BEYOND

We think of the warmth of the springtime
When winter's cold snow flutters white;
We wait for the coolness of twilight
When summer's hot sunshine glows bright.

When pain and distresses exhaust us,
To visions of health how we cling!
When weary, we eagerly ponder
The rest that the evening will bring.

No night is too dark to make promise
Of the morning that's certain to dawn;
No furious tempest can hinder
The sunshine from following on.

The longer the outlook seems hopeless,
The sooner some change we may see;
The darker the present with trials,
The brighter the future may be.

Thus ever will darkness be followed
By something more cheerful and bright,
Till time's shadowed river has rippled
To seas of eternity's light.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

LOST IN OREGON CAVE

II

At The Meadows I found an old five-gallon oil-can, which I pressed into service as a camp-stove. On this I boiled water, and set some oatmeal cooking for my supper. Knowing that they would burn until my return, I filled the old can with pine knots, and started back after my wheel. It took longer to carry the unloaded wheel up the mountain than it had to transfer the heavy pack. It was nearly dark when I reached The Meadows again, and I saw that during my absence a herd of cattle had taken possession, upsetting the stove, knocking my kettle of oatmeal bottom up in the soil, and eating my salt. Fortunately, the kettle had a tight-fitting cover, and the oatmeal was fairly well cooked before the accident; so the loss of the salt was the only real damage.

It was late next morning when I started out, and I found that there were a confusing number of trails leading from The Meadows; but after a while I struck the right one, marked with a sign-board. I had to go down a steep hill for some distance, and the trail led through a patch of buck-brush so thick it would have been hard work to force a passage empty-handed. Of course with my heavily loaded wheel it was far more difficult. Had I been going up instead of down, it would have been well-nigh impossible. Once out of the brush, the trail led down the side of a deep cañon. After crossing the stream at the bottom, I came to the steepest part of the trail. It was so steep that it was hard to keep a foothold, and I simply had to *lift* the wheel up step by step. Fortunately, however, it was only a short distance to the top; and beyond that the trail was good until I reached the entrance to

the cave. As it was Friday afternoon, I did not enter the cave that day, but pitched my camp, and began to prepare for the Sabbath.

I spent a somewhat dreary Sabbath in that cold, damp cañon. The sunshine seldom reaches the bottom of the cañon; for it runs from east to west, and its sides are covered with dense timber.

After the Sabbath I went into the lower cave, but found it disappointing. There were few of the peculiar limestone formations so common in the upper cave, and no chambers of any size. The passages are all extremely rough, and in the main passage there is always a strong cold breeze blowing outward. It is very cold and damp, and not of sufficient interest to repay one for the discomfort experienced in an extensive exploration. I took no picture in the lower

lactites of limestone hung like great icicles suspended from the ceiling. Other formations along the wall had the appearance of banks of soiled, drifted snow, with icicles along the bottom, a drop of water suspended at the tip of each.

It is the constant dripping of water that causes the formation of these stalactites. A drop of water charged with lime trickles through some crack or crevice in the rocks, and clings for a moment to the lowest point it can reach. Before it drops, it deposits on that point a few particles of the lime it holds in solution. Another drop follows, and still another, each contributing its mite to the formation of the stalactite. As the years pass, this grows larger and larger until, unless broken off by some specimen hunter, it falls from its own weight, or reaches the stalagmite slowly rising from the ground to meet it.



THE MEADOWS

cave, as I had been told that the upper one was far more interesting.

Bright and early on Sunday morning I started into the upper cave, taking my camera and tripod with me. It was not so cold nor so damp as in the lower cave, but some of the passages were very narrow, and so low that I was often compelled to go on hands and knees. I found it difficult to handle the camera and tripod, and at the same time protect my candle from the water that dripped from the stalactites above, and the wind that blew in the main passage. So I left the camera and tripod, and went on to explore the cave, and pick out the spots I wished to photograph.

I found a few fairly large chambers, though none were of sufficient size to justify the reports I had heard. In fact, none were large enough to give a respectable echo. In many places, sta-

In the latter case the two unite, and as the water continues to trickle down, form a pillar that usually spreads out at the top and bottom like an old-fashioned hour-glass. I saw a number of these pillars, but only two or three were large enough to be conspicuous. Often these pillars continue to grow sideways until they meet, when they unite, and form a wall that finally loses all resemblance to the original formation, and takes on many fantastic shapes.

I had crawled through wet and muddy passages, bumped my head on the sharp edges of broken stalactites, and covered my clothing with lime and clay and candle drippings, until I was tired of it all. My contempt for all caverns in general, and for the Oregon Cave in particular, increased at every step until I reached a large chamber near the end of the cave. It was the largest I had seen, and I afterward learned that

it is the largest in the cave. I climbed over and around the great boulders that covered the floor to the end of the chamber, and there found a ladder that seemed to lead nowhere in particular. I discovered, however, that it led to one of the most beautiful chambers in the cave. There are two ladders above the first one, with much hard climbing between them; but when the explorer reaches the upper chamber, called Floral Hall, he feels amply repaid for his work.

It is so difficult to reach this chamber that few persons undertake the climb, and as a result not many of the formations have been marred by curio seekers. In the passages leading to Floral Hall are several large, dome-shaped stalagmites, that yield a musical, bell-like tone when lightly tapped with a stick or stone. The pitch of this tone varies with the height at which the hollow domes are struck, so that one can almost beat a tune upon them. Floral Hall is a rather small chamber; but it makes up for lack of size by the variety and rare beauty of its formations.

As I turned to retrace my steps, I thought that if I could only step from that chamber into the open air, and thus save another trip through those tortuous passages, the cave would leave a



PRIDE, WORLDLINESS, AND LOVE OF DRESS

LUCIFER fell when he became exalted because of his brightness. Pride was at the root of the first sin in the universe, and it has proved to be the means of producing the downfall of more than one soul. Christians should not be proud of the fact that they have to wear clothes, and seek to attract attention to their dress. It was not until sin entered the world that our first parents were compelled to wear clothing. The necessity for wearing clothes is, in itself, a constant reminder that we are a race of sinners; so, instead of seeking to dress to attract the attention of human eyes, and display his vanity to the world, the Christian should seek to adorn himself with the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and clothe himself with the garments of

parents and interested friends that they are "all right," little realizing their real danger.

The second experience is somewhat different from the one already mentioned. This sister was an earnest worker for God. Providence had blessed her with rare opportunities to qualify herself for usefulness. These she seemed to be improving with a spirit of humility and earnestness. At a certain point in her experience she was thrown in contact with a number of youth who were not the most consecrated, and were somewhat given to display, dress, etc. For a while she held out, but soon her personal appearance indicated that she was beginning to succumb to the temptations that the enemy kept daily before her.

It is not necessary to relate the details. Week by week the change went on, until at the end of a year this sister did not look much like the plainly dressed, humble worker she used to be. Pride, fashion, and frivolity combined to wrest this once earnest soul from the service of God, and to launch her on the troublous sea of worldliness. It really seemed as if the enemy of her soul was about to succeed, when, by a peculiar train of circumstances, this worker was suddenly snatched from the influence of these associates, and transplanted into an atmosphere more spiritual, and a soil more favorable for moral growth. Her energies were enlisted in a work which called forth constant missionary effort, and where she daily beheld the terrible consequences of the love of dress upon the souls of scores of sin-stricken girls.

She became thoroughly aroused, and began to see whither she was drifting. She sought the Lord earnestly, and with one great effort threw aside the fetters that fashion had forged about her. The curling of the hair, the display in dress, the gold cuff-buttons, the fashionable hat and shoes, which had made their appearance one by one, almost unconsciously to her, were all flung aside at once; and, with an awful sense of the danger of pride, display, and dress, she sought that unbroken communion with the Father which it had once been her blessed privilege to enjoy.

If the young women who read the INSTRUCTOR could have a talk with this sister, she would solemnly warn them against these "little foxes" of pride and dress and fashion, which are sure to spoil the vine of Christian experience if they once gain access to it. Whether we eat, drink, dress, — whatever we do, — let us be sure that *all* is done to the glory of God. Our bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost; and instead of distorting them according to the whims of fashion, we should be careful to adorn them with the virtues and graces of a Christian character.

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

OH, TO BE SOMETHING, SOMETHING!

Oh, to be something, something,
For the sake of God and man!
It matters little how humble
In the eternal plan.
But oh, to be helpful, useful,
That God may sometimes see
That I am not all ungrateful
For his love to mine and me.

I would not stay by the Master
While his work remains undone.
I would go from his feet to labor,
And rest with the victory won.
Thus, by each earnest effort
For him and his I'd prove,
Though in weak, unworthy fashion,
My loyalty of love.

Oh, to be something, something!
To feel, when the way grows dim
Of earthly life and longing,
That I did my best for him.
The world may not know about it:
It will be enough for me
If the Master knows that something
I tried for his sake to be.

—Selected.



THE LOWER ENTRANCE TO OREGON CAVE

better impression on my mind than would otherwise be the case. When I descended the last ladder from Floral Hall, and found myself once more in the Ghost Chamber, I looked at my watch, and saw that the day was half gone. Concluding that I had seen enough of Oregon Cave, I started back, intending to get my camera, take a few flash-light pictures, and then bid the cave a permanent good-by. But I was not to be let off so easily.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

(Concluded next week.)

HOLD ON, BOYS

HOLD on to virtue: it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character: it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to the truth: it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your good name at all times: it is much more valuable to you than gold.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon.

Hold on to God. He is the best treasure of earth and heaven.—Selected.

Jesus' righteousness. The desire to gratify pride by wearing fine clothes is at the bottom of the downfall of many a youth, as the city missionary well knows. I have in mind two cases that I think will serve to emphasize the danger of yielding to the desire for fine clothing and a love of display.

The first is that of a young woman, who had been rescued from the enemy's snare in this wicked city. After the Lord had changed her heart, we learned that the cause of all her sad experience, and the evil into which the enemy had led her, was simply the desire to wear fine clothes. Her parents were poor, and could not dress her as she thought a young lady should be dressed; so she decided to go out into the world, and, whatever the cost, to wear seal-skin cloaks and satin dresses. This she succeeded in doing, but at a cost which it would seem no sane person would wish to pay.

Again and again I have been made sad to learn that the desire for dress, and that only, had been the cause of sending some bright young woman into a life that was in itself worse than death. Let every young woman who reads these lines beware lest she be entrapped by the snare of pride, and taken in the coils of vanity. Satan is at work at the very time when many will contemptuously toss their heads, and assure anxious



OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A SONG OF LABOR

Rest! What have I to do with rest?—
I, who am like a cart sore pressed,
Which, groaning 'neath its load of sheaves,
The road along the valley leaves,
And toils toward the mountain crest!

Rest! What have I to do with rest,
Who am like the honey-bees, which test
The nectar in the summer flowers,
Seeking a store for winter hours,
And hiveward, homeward, bear the best?

Rest! What have I to do with rest,
Who am like a bird that builds her nest,
And fills it up with fledglings weak,
Of untaught wing and tuneless beak,
And warms the nestlings in her breast?

Rest! What have I to do with rest,—
A mother by small hands caressed,—
A temple-builder 'neath the mask
Of homely toil and common task,—
By hope upheld or fear oppressed?

Rest! Yes, another day I'll rest!
When I have done my little best,
And down the sky the shadows creep,
He'll give me, "his beloved," sleep,
With still hands folded on my breast.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

ORIGIN AND RELIGION OF THE HAWAIIANS

THAT the Hawaiians are a branch of the Polynesian race, which anciently settled all the groups of islands in the central and eastern Pacific, is shown by their close physical and moral resemblance, also from the fact that they speak dialects of the same language, have similar religious rites, traditions, customs, system of tabus, etc.

It is thought that the Hawaiian Islands were inhabited as early as 500 A. D. The people who first settled here must have arrived very anciently, as human bones have been discovered under ancient coral- and lava-beds. The New Zealand natives (Maoris), who closely resemble the Hawaiians, have a tradition that their ancestors came, originally, from Hawaiki (Savaii, or Hawaii).

According to an ancient tradition, the Hawaiian Islands were discovered by a famous chief and fisherman named Hawaii-loa, who, after making several voyages, came with a large company of retainers, and settled in the islands. Wakea and his wife Papa were, according to Hawaiian genealogies, progenitors of the race. After the arrival of Hawaii-loa and his company, many generations, perhaps twenty-five or thirty, passed, during which time tradition is silent in regard to voyages either to or from the islands. During that time, however, many great works were constructed, among which may be mentioned the *heiaus* (temples), also the great fishponds along the coast of Molokai and in many other places.

After generations of seclusion from the rest of the world, intercourse with other islands in the South Pacific seems to have been renewed. Indeed, there seems to have been a general movement throughout the islands during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. After a time this intercourse is supposed to have ceased, as for about five hundred years before the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook, in 1778, we find no mention of any voyages in the ancient legends or songs.

One writer says: "The ancient Hawaiians were not savages, in the proper sense of the term, but barbarians of a promising type. When we consider that they occupied the most isolated position in the world, and that they were destitute of metals and of beasts of burden, as well as

of the cereal grains, cotton, flax, and wool, we must admit that they made a creditable degree of progress toward civilization. The name of Captain George Vancouver is still cherished as that of a wise and generous benefactor to these islands. During his survey of the northwest coast of America in 1792-1794, he made three visits to the islands. He uniformly refused to sell firearms or ammunition to the chiefs, but gave them useful plants and seeds, and presented Kamehameha with the first cattle and sheep ever landed in the islands."

The religious system of the ancient Hawaiians was similar to that of the other Polynesians. They believed all the powers of nature to be living, spiritual beings. Accordingly, volcanoes, thunder, meteors, whirlwinds, and sharks were feared, being regarded as either the work or the actual embodiment of malicious spirits. Sickness and disease were evidences of the displeasure of their deities. They also believed in the deified spirits of the dead, and that certain deities haunted special localities, while others acted as presiding deities over family and household affairs.

Even before the introduction of Christianity, the Hawaiians had many beliefs and customs corresponding with, or similar to, those set forth in the Bible. They believed in four great gods. Three of these were good gods; while Ku was feared as a dark and malignant being, who took pleasure in causing pain and suffering. Kane was believed to be the oldest and most powerful of the gods. From prayers addressed to him, we learn that he was regarded as the father of men and founder of the world. His was the abode to which great chiefs went at death. This abode, as well as that of the other three great gods, was in or above the clouds, where it had existed from the beginning. When Captain Cook arrived on the islands, the people believed him to be the god Lono, whom they were expecting to appear in fulfillment of an ancient prophecy; they also regarded the crew as supernatural beings.

Alexander says: "Between three and four o'clock P. M. [in 1778], Captain Cook went ashore with three armed boats and twelve marines. The moment he leaped ashore, the natives all fell flat upon their faces, and remained so until he had made signs to them to rise. They then brought a great many pigs, which they offered to him with plantain, while a long prayer was recited by a priest. Messengers were sent to Oahu and Maui to inform the chiefs there of the arrival of these wonderful beings. The messengers said: "The men are white; their skin is loose and folding; their heads are angular; fire and smoke issue from their mouths; they have openings in the sides of their bodies into which they thrust their hands, and draw out iron, beads, nails, and other treasures, and their speech is unintelligible!"

The ice having stopped further exploration in the north, Cook returned to winter in the sunny isles which he had discovered. Here he was received with great veneration. An aged priest went on board, threw a piece of red kapa over his shoulders, and made an offering of a pig, reciting, in the meantime, a long prayer.

That afternoon Captain Cook went ashore. The people prostrated themselves at his approach. He was conducted to the temple of Lono, stationed in front of the sacred images, and the ceremonies which had taken place on the boat were repeated, after which he was anointed with the chewed kernel of cocoanut. The object of these ceremonies was to install him as the incarnation of the god Lono.

Whenever he went on shore, he was accompanied by one of the priests carrying a wand. This priest ordered all the people to prostrate themselves. Jarvis says of Cook: "He moved among them an earthly deity, observed, feared, and worshiped."

LENA E. HOWE.

Honolulu, H. I.

EVERY LIFE A SUCCESS

THE Lord has great things in store for the youth; and no matter what may be the situation or surroundings of a young man or woman, God desires and expects something of real value to be accomplished. Even poverty in the extreme does not hedge up the road to a successful life. Many of those who are recognized as the greatest and noblest men have at some period in their lives shared with the poor in their suffering and distress. During the time of hardships they may have longed for an easier path, yet in after-life the value of trials and difficulties was seen and appreciated. In order to become strong, one must fight something, he must overcome something.

Among those who have learned this from experience stands the great German Reformer. "Luther was never ashamed of those days in which, oppressed by hunger, he used in sadness to beg the bread necessary for his studies and his livelihood. Far from that, he used to reflect with gratitude on the extreme poverty of his youth. He looked upon it as one of the means that God had employed to make him what he afterward became, and he accordingly thanked him for it. The poor children who were obliged to follow the same kind of life, touched his heart.

Likewise the reformers Huss, Zwingle, and Melancthon, who were chosen of God to carry forward his work, and to help dispel the moral darkness that hung over Europe, were men from the lower class of society. Paul found the same condition in his day. He said: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." It was well known that the disciples of Christ were unlearned and ignorant men. In early life they had no opportunity for an education; but when the Great Teacher began his work, their opportunity arrived, and for three and one-half years they improved it, sitting at the feet of Jesus. When they finally went forth with the gospel of Christ, the world "marveled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." The enemies of truth were determined to silence their voices, but before they were hushed, the tidings of a risen Saviour had been proclaimed "to every creature which is under heaven."

That Life which, of all that have been lived on the earth, was pre-eminently successful, whose results span eternity, was begun in the lowly manger. Jesus never attained worldly fame, wealth, or position: instead, he was despised, rejected, and so poor that he himself testified, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." All this poverty he took upon himself that we might become rich. He "endured" because of the "joy that was set before him;" and his joy is realized when *we endure* "as seeing him who is invisible."

"God does not bid the youth to be less aspiring. The elements of character that make a man successful and honored among men,—the irrepressible desire for some greater good, the indomitable will, the strenuous exertion, the untiring perseverance,—are not to be crushed out. By the grace of God they are to be directed to objects as much higher than mere selfish and temporal interests as the heavens are higher than the earth. And the education begun in this life will be continued in the life to come." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Even in this life we may catch glimpses of his presence, and may taste the joy of communion with Heaven; but the fullness of its joy and blessing will be reached in the hereafter. Eternity alone can reveal the glorious destiny to which man, restored to God's image, may attain."

ROY F. COTTRELL.



WHICH WAY?

ROUND-ABOUT is a tiresome way,
And a long and hard way, too.
Avoid that path, or you'll go astray,
As so many travelers do;
For a thousand paths of fear and doubt
Make a labyrinth of Round-about.

Straight-ahead is the way to take,
If you wish to reach your goal;
Climb you must, and your back will ache,
And to strength you'll pay a toll;
But you can not miss your aim, 'tis said,
If you keep along with Straight-ahead.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

SPIRITUAL INDIGESTION

SOME people are continually studying themselves; their vivid imagination pictures before them just how their food is being digested; they are almost momentarily conscious of each heart-beat. This is not an ideal condition to live in. God intends that we shall accept right principles, and then have faith to believe that he will care for us physically. The maintaining of such an attitude as has just been outlined is a sure way to encourage dyspepsia.

Others treat their souls in the same way, and thus are sowing for spiritual indigestion. They continually worry whether or not they are getting enough food out of the Bible to nourish them; they do not *feel* that they are receiving any benefit from their Bible study. They forget that when we begin to *feel* our physical food, it is an evidence that something is abnormal. When they are seeking to feel their spiritual food, they are simply praying for spiritual indigestion.

The only way to get immediate effect from physical food is to take stimulants. In a similar manner, one may read a whole chapter in the book of Acts, and perhaps get no immediate sense of stimulation from it, while if he reads some cheap take-off on the gospel, or some religious novel, it will seem to bud and blossom out into fervent enthusiasm at once; but, like the effect produced by stimulants, it is short-lived. Food that we do not feel is being digested, and transformed into energy; and when an emergency arises, and we are brought face to face with a soul that needs spiritual energy, we shall be surprised to find that we have stored-up energy that can be readily utilized to an extent we little dreamed.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

NOAH'S GREAT GRANDFATHER

Do you all know, dear youth and children, who Noah's great-grandfather was? Perhaps you could not call to mind just now who he was, but let us see. Noah's father was Lamech, and Lamech's father was Methuselah, the oldest man that ever lived. Methuselah's father was Enoch, who was translated without seeing death. That makes Enoch Noah's great-grandfather, does it not? Enoch was a holy man, a type of all who, when the Lord comes, will be alive, to be translated as Enoch was.

Enoch was a prophet, a preacher of righteousness. A fragment of one of Enoch's sermons is found in Jude 14: "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches, which ungodly sinners have spoken against him."

You see that the special topic of Enoch's preaching was Christ's second coming. People

sometimes say that Mr. Wm. Miller, or some one living in the last century, was the first one to preach the second coming of the Lord, but that is a mistake. Of course, Enoch knew about the flood that was to come upon the earth in Noah's time; he knew about the first coming of our Lord to suffer and die for us; but his mind seemed to leap away over these important events, and dwell upon the second coming of Christ. He speaks of the Lord's coming "to execute judgment." That was not at his first coming; for when he was here the first time, Jesus said: "And if any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not: for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." John 12:47. But he will judge the world at his second coming. Acts 17:31; 2 Tim. 4:1. Enoch spoke of our Lord's coming "with ten thousands of his saints," or angels. When he came the first time, he came in humility; he was born in a manger, and was known as the son of a carpenter. It is when he comes the second time, that he comes in power and glory with his mighty angels. Matt. 25:31; 2 Thess. 1:7, 8.

"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death." Heb. 11:5. It seems that Enoch's mind dwelt so intently upon the second coming of the Lord, and the translation of the living righteous at that time,—that his faith so took hold of the power of God to translate righteous men and take them to heaven without their seeing death,—that the Lord granted him the privilege of knowing this translating power by experience. Enoch walked with God, and kept his mind on the Lord's coming till his faith in that event enabled him to know in advance its power and glory.

So we see very plainly that the glorious subject of Christ's second coming is by no means a modern idea, inasmuch as it was preached by Enoch before the flood. If it was right to preach it then, and inform the people about it, how much more necessary is it now, when Jesus is about to come again.

F. D. STARR.

THE BALANCE

THE bookkeeper sat on his long-legged stool, with the light pulled close over his books. The clock struck ten, and with a gesture of despair he pushed back the stool and stood up, leaning over the ledger, and digging his elbows into its pages, while he groped nervously with his fingers at the roots of his disordered hair.

It was the trial balance again, and only "out" one dollar even. It must be in the footings somewhere! He had been over them three separate times already, yet it could hardly be anywhere else. It is true that there was a doubtful item there of thirty-eight cents; but it was no use bothering with that, because, if added, he would have one dollar and thirty-eight cents, and if subtracted, he would have sixty-two cents, and that was not likely. Well, he would try the footings again.

Eleven o'clock, and his weary brain ached. A voice kept saying: "Thirty-eight cents! thirty-eight cents!" Suddenly the bookkeeper stopped, thought a moment, and said to himself, "I'll just have a look at that thirty-eight cents, anyway." He looked. A glance convinced him that he had an error of thirty-eight cents, and that it must be added to the other. It made the error worse, but the real difference was now apparent. Rapidly he ran over the pages, and stopped in a moment at an item of sixty-nine cents.

"Let me see, that would be half of one dollar and thirty-eight cents. I'll have a look at that item."

Sure enough, there was the item posted to the wrong side of the ledger. Back it went to its place, and with a sigh of relief the weary young man shoved the books into the safe, turned out the light, and went home.

Friend, do you fear that the admission of an

error will make the balance greater against you? If you would get right with God, find out where you stand. Do not determinedly follow up one thing when God wants you to settle another. You will never have anything but a forced balance, never have lasting peace, until you take the items one by one, and with Christ's help make them right.—*Selected.*

THE WINTER HOME OF THE MUSKRAT

ALTHOUGH most boys have seen muskrats, and know that they burrow in the banks of streams and ponds, perhaps all do not know that there are some muskrats which build more pretentious winter homes for themselves. These furry aristocrats select as a site for their house a shallow spot in some swamp or quiet stream, and on a moonlight night in the fall of the year they may be seen at work on their new dwelling. Some gather sticks, and others dried grass and bunches of fallen leaves. With this building material in their mouths, they swim out to the spot they have chosen, and begin to build a mound, leaving a hollow space in the middle. When the house is finished, it looks very much like a pile of leaves such as the gardeners rake up on the lawns in the autumn; but in reality it is very firm, for besides the strength given by the sticks, which are laid between layers of leaves, the whole mass is soon frozen stiff, often remaining so all winter.

But within the thick walls is a snug little chamber, where the muskrats sleep in the daytime, sometimes on a flat stone or log over which the house has been built, and sometimes on a sort of shelf made on purpose. The doorways are under the water, and the owners have to dive if they wish to go in or out. When the river or swamp is frozen over, they sometimes have to swim for a long distance under the ice, and the bubbles of air which they breathe out as they shoot along may often be seen from above.

They generally go out at night; and landing at some opening near the shore, canter off to a cornfield, to glean the ears left here and there by the farmers. Sometimes they will visit an old barn, and carry off apples, turnips, or almost any other vegetables which may be stored there. They are also very fond of fresh-water mussels, and gnawed mussel-shells will generally be found along streams inhabited by muskrats.

It is always easy to know the tracks of a muskrat from those of any other animal. In the first place, the hind feet, which are slightly webbed, are very much larger than the front ones, and are set on the leg at an angle. The trail shows these peculiarities plainly. In the second place, there is always a line running between the marks of the paws. This is made by the sharp-edged tail, which the animal trails along the ground as he runs.—*Selected.*

TWO WATCHES

It is expected that an enormous watch will be exhibited at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903. It will have a polished metal case. It will lie on its back, and be so large that people will be able to walk among the moving wheels. It will be nearly seventy-five feet in diameter, and more than forty feet high, with neat little stairways running all about it. The balance-wheel will weigh a ton, and the "hairspring" will be as thick as a man's wrist. The mainspring will be three hundred feet in length, and made of ten sprung-steel bands two inches thick, bound together. Guides will point out and name every part. The watch will be wound by steam regularly at a certain hour during the day.

It is interesting in this connection to read that there is in Berlin a watch which measures one fourth of an inch in diameter, its face being about the size of the head of a large-sized tack or nail. It weighs less than two grains Troy, and keeps perfect time.—*Selected.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE POPPY-LAND LIMITED EXPRESS

The first train leaves at six P. M.
For the land where the poppy blows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace-car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain.
The passenger winks, and nods, and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train!

At eight P. M. the next train starts
For the Poppy Land afar.
The summons clear falls on the ear:
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to Poppy Land?
I hope it is not too dear.
The fare is this,—a hug and a kiss,
And 'tis paid to the engineer.

And I ask of Him who the children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight."

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray;
"For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord!
O'er the gentle engineer."

—Edgar Wade Abbot.

A LITTLE WORKER

I'm only a little worker,
Yet the kingdom needs my hands,
And day by day they gladly
Will do my Lord's commands;
And day by day he'll give me,
My happy childhood through,
Some task of patience or of love
Which only I can do.

—Selected.

A SNOW STORY

"PIT-PAT, pit-pat," whispered the big flakes against the window, where Laurence Dean stood looking out, not too cheerfully, at the falling snow. He was just getting over the whooping-cough, and was anxiously waiting for a fine day and dry walks, so he could play outdoors again. Yesterday had been so pleasant that he thought winter was quite gone; now here was the snow again. But Laurence was a brave boy; and though he felt and looked disappointed, he did not cry.

"Mama," said he, after a few minutes, "it sounds like talk,—that little 'pit-pat' sound the snow makes. What is it trying to say?"

"As soon as I put my bread in the oven, I'll come and listen. There, that is done. Yes, I hear the snow whispering. Perhaps it is trying to tell you its own story. Listen, and I will repeat it for you:—

"I am only a visitor here, little boy; and I am glad you treat me politely, and do not cry and pout when you see me coming. My true home is in the far, far north. There I live all the year, and see many wonderful things. Ice covers all the ocean. Great masses break off, and float away to the south, often striking together with a noise like thunder. The north star is overhead, and the Great Dipper circles above me. In the spring the sun is low in the sky; day by day it rises higher, and for many weeks in summer it never sets. But it is always so low, and its rays are so slant, that it never gets warm enough to thaw me off. As summer wanes, the sun drops lower and lower in the sky, until, one day, it sets at midnight: every day it rises a little later and sets a little earlier, until by and by it does not rise at all. Then there are weeks of darkness; only the frosty-looking stars

twinkle, and the beautiful northern lights quiver across the sky. At last there is a faint light in the south; every day it increases a little, until the sun shows its face again above the horizon, and it is spring once more.

"There are no plants in my far northern home; no trees, no flowers, no singing birds. But there are fierce, white bears, and seal, and walrus with great tusks. People? Oh, yes; there are people, too,—people who love their northern homes as well as you love yours. And I am very useful to them; for where there is no wood nor stone nor brick to be had, what would

"Do you know what would happen if I did not come? Let me tell you. I have a lively cousin, often called Jack Frost, who is always on the lookout for some one or something to bite. In the fall he nips gently, almost in play; but in the winter he bites very hard indeed. So, before the coldest weather comes, the kind Father, who clothes even the grass of the field, sends a soft, thick snow-blanket, that the bitter cold may not so hurt the tender plants that many of them would die.

"Last night I was not snow, but vapor; and it was so warm I thought I was going to be a



THE SNOW-STORM

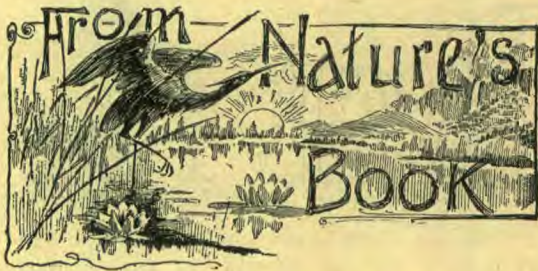
they do for houses if they could not build them of snow blocks?

"There is another place where I am always at home, and that is on the tops of high mountains. There it is always cold, even in summer; and where the mountains are in hot countries, I can look down on, first, the mosses, grass, shrubs, and plants that like cold climates; then on trees, grains, and fruits; and at the foot of the mountain, great forests, burning sands, or sunny seas. In the cooler countries I creep down the mountainsides into the valleys, in fall and winter; but with the return of spring, I go back to the mountain-top, where, all summer, I feed the rivers that water the valleys below.

raindrop. Then I was glad, for I thought I should like to help wake the early flowers; but this morning a cold breeze from my old home in the north struck me, and I had to come to you as snow."

"And that is the end of the story for this time," said mama; "for here come Fred and Neal from school, and they are going to build a big snow-man right before the window, so you can have a share in the fun." AUNT BETTY.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Samuel Johnson.



"CHAMELEON" LIZARDS

IN the winter of 1893-4 there arose in the cities of the Northern States a sudden fashion for wearing or keeping the little glittering Southern lizards of the species known to naturalists as *Anolis principalis*, but commonly called, in the South, and not without some propriety, chameleons. These little creatures do not belong to the same genus as the real chameleon, which is a native of Asia or Africa, and is sometimes found naturalized in southern Europe.

The true chameleon's body is raised high on his strong legs, and he differs from all other lizards in having his toes divided into opposable groups, like a parrot's foot. His neck and tail are thick, and he clings to the branches of trees with his tail. Our Southern *Anolis* is much smaller, and in every way different except in its ability to change its color.

It is this accomplishment that makes people call it a "chameleon." It will mimic natural colors very completely, changing in a short time from a dark and rich bronze to a glittering emerald. On a palmetto leaf, watching for insects, it is almost invisible.

In any of the great Southern parks or cemeteries these lizards are a beautiful sight. In their appearance and movements they are not at all repulsive. In the cemeteries they take refuge in the crevices of old tombs, coming out in the heat of the day, lively and eager, to feast upon the insects that abound at that hour.

The chameleons consume so many noxious insects that they are very useful; and many people were deeply concerned when, during the prevalence of the foolish fashion for these creatures in the North, boys and men swarmed into the cemeteries and parks at Tampa, Mobile, and other Gulf cities, and pounced down upon the poor little lizards, carrying them off in great numbers.

The *Anolis* has one characteristic which makes him rather easy to catch. When he sees an enemy approaching, he darts into a hiding-place; but he never seems to think it necessary to pull his tail in after him, and is readily caught by that appendage. As he is harmless, his pursuers do not hesitate to catch and hold him in their hands.

Shipped to the North, the lizards captured in the raid to which I have referred were exposed for sale in jewelers' and other dealers' windows, anchored to pins thrust into boards, with little gilt or gold chains fastened about their necks. Many women and girls actually wore them in their hair, or fastened to their gowns. Others bought them to keep among flowering plants.

But it presently became apparent that though some of the captive lizards lived in health and apparent happiness in conservatories and other well-warmed places where they had enough to eat, most of them languished and died.

It was difficult to find food for them. It is a mistake to suppose that these lizards, like the "horned toads" of California, will go a long time without food. After three or four days without their natural sustenance, the Tampa and Mobile lizards began to eat off each others' tails, and some of them died of starvation. Many others were killed by cold.

So the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals began, very properly, to interfere. The exposure and sale of lizards was completely stopped in several cities of the North. The traffic was suddenly at an end; and the harmless little creatures were no longer disturbed in the South-

ern cemeteries — except by their old enemies, the cats, which are so fond of them that they will even leave fish to catch and eat a lizard.

But there are many "chameleons" of this species who live on happily in Northern conservatories, or, for that matter, all over private houses where plants, but no cats, are kept.

One of these favorably situated lizards, with which I am well acquainted, will do as an example of his kind. He is a beautiful little creature; his body is about three inches long, and his tail about three and a half. His belly is white, and his back, generally speaking, is of a pale emerald-green.

Most of his life he spends in the window among the plants, but occasionally he disappears in some unknown nook for hours.

He catches what insects he can find, and is fed others. He particularly likes chocolate creams, and appears to thrive on them. He comes running when whistled to, crawls readily upon the palm of the hand of any one who will caress him; and when he reaches this position, holds up his head to have the under side of his chin scratched — an indulgence of which he is exceedingly fond.

He is, indeed, always eager to be stroked and petted in any way, and nestles very lovingly against his mistress's cheek. He is quite frankly affectionate and perfectly harmless. He shows no "temper" nor viciousness under any circumstances. Placed on the dining-table at meals, he will go from plate to plate, moving about them merely, without disturbing them, waiting patiently to be given crumbs.

If a finger is thrust into his somewhat ample mouth, he will hold playfully to it, and may even be lifted and carried about in this way; but there is nothing like a bite in the gentle grip which he takes.

The owner of this little lizard declares that he has more virtues and fewer failings — since he seems to be entirely without failings — than any other pet she ever possessed.

In coloring, these lizards are certainly among the most wonderful of creatures. Their varying tints are undoubtedly produced in the same way in which those of the true chameleon are supposed to be produced; namely, by means of the overlapping of little scales, or layers, of skin, in which there are pigments of different colors, and which the lizard is able to move in such a way that the scales, or layers, are presented varyingly to the light.

When the little tame lizard of my acquaintance basks on a large green leaf in the sunlight, he often has a most exquisite emerald hue; but if a cloud passes before the sun, his bright color will fade almost entirely away. This seems to show that the chameleon's bright colors are in a great measure the result of reflections from his iridescent little scales.

These points on his surface tend to reflect, in turn, the colors which are reflected upon him from objects upon which he lies, such as foliage, the brown bark of trees, a white wall, etc. It is not known that the chameleon himself has any conscious power to change his own color to that of the object on which he lies. Nevertheless, it is plain that these lizards, like the genuine chameleons, have a great deal of strong and variable color in their skins, independent of reflection. Several of them together upon the same surface, which is of a uniform and neutral color, will sometimes show as many tints as there are lizards.

Our Southern lizards will stand the Northern indoor climate if properly taken care of, whereas the genuine chameleon of Africa or Asia soon languishes and dies, even under protection, in a cold climate. — *Youth's Companion*.

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



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Review of Revelation 8-14

(March 10-16)

Temple of God Opened. — The eighteenth verse of Revelation 11 brings to view the judgment, which is followed by the opening of the temple of God, revealing the ark. When the work in the earthly sanctuary was completed, and the Saviour cried, "It is finished," the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom, revealing the most holy place to the gaze of all. It was thus in the typical service; and when the work in the great antitypical temple in heaven is completed, and the Saviour says, "It is done," then, as John saw in vision, the temple of God will be opened, and the ark will be seen. When that glorious veil is parted, the glory of God will flood the whole place; and no man will be able to enter the temple until the seven plagues are poured out. The most holy place was opened to the eye of faith in 1844, when our great High Priest entered within the second veil, the judgment was set, and the books were opened.

The Moon under Her Feet (Rev. 12:1). — At the first advent of Christ the world seemed almost enveloped in darkness, — even at Jerusalem the office of high priest was sold to the highest bidder, — but notwithstanding the apparent moral darkness, there were still in the earth God-fearing men and women, who were longing and praying for the Saviour's advent. They were widely scattered; many of their names are no doubt unknown except upon the books of heaven, but some are given in earthly records for our encouragement. The wise men of the East, Zacharias and Elizabeth in the hill country, Simeon in Jerusalem, and Anna within the precincts of the temple, — all these were pleading for the promised Saviour. When the Lord looked upon his true church, he ignored all the hypocrisy and deceit practiced by his professed people; and looking upon the faithful, praying ones, he compares the church to a woman clothed with the sun, — woman in her purity, as he made her in the beginning, when she was clothed with light and glory. True consecration to God is precious in his sight.

This pure, earnest, praying company were standing upon the moon, or Jewish economy, — the Mosaic dispensation, as it is often called. As the moon reflects the rays of the sun, so this service reflected the bright rays of the Sun of Righteousness. "It was the gospel in figures." The Jews were not standing upon this foundation; they rejected the teachings of Moses, even while they prided themselves upon following him. Jesus said to them: "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me: for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?" John 5:46, 47. The Jews had removed the firm foundation of belief in the Mosaic economy for a sandy foundation of forms and traditions. The true Christian church then stood, and will always stand, upon the foundation given to Adam, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They saw the light that flashed from the Levitical laws and sacrificial offerings. The moon still remains under the feet of the Christian church, emitting a mild, gentle light to all who will gaze upon it. The sacrificial service of the Old Testament is the foundation upon which the cross of

Christ, and the glorious structure of the Christian church, as brought out in the New Testament, are built. It is a wonderful foundation, and will bear close scrutiny; the stones are living stones, and emit beautiful rays of light, which richly repay the labor of digging deep for the treasure.



CROSSING THE JORDAN

(March 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURES.—Joshua 2:1, 23, 24; 3:5-8, 13-17; 4:1-9, 14-18.

MEMORY VERSES.—Joshua 4:6, 7.

QUESTIONS

1. When Joshua was told by the Lord that he should lead the children of Israel into Canaan, what did he do? Joshua 2:1; note 1.
2. What report did the men bring back? Vs. 23, 24.
3. When the Israelites had reached the River Jordan (Joshua 3:1), what did Joshua command them? Why? Joshua 3:5; note 2.
4. When the morrow had come, what order was given to the priests? How did they obey? V. 6.
5. What did the Lord then say to Joshua concerning himself? Verse 7.
6. What instruction was to be given to the priests who carried the ark? V. 8.
7. As the priests would obey these words, what did the Lord say would take place? V. 13; note 3.
8. What was the condition of the Jordan at this time? V. 15, last part.
9. How did the Lord fulfill his promise when the people followed his command? Vs. 14-16; note 4.
10. What was the position of the priests with the ark while the people were passing over? V. 17.
11. When the people had all crossed over, what word came to Joshua from the Lord? What was Joshua to command them? Joshua 4:1-3.
12. How did Joshua obey? Vs. 4, 5.
13. Why was this to be done? Vs. 6, 7; note 5.
14. Besides building an altar in Gilgal (v. 20), what did Joshua set up in the river? V. 9.
15. As he had promised, what did the Lord do for Joshua that day? V. 14.
16. When all was done as the Lord commanded, what did God say to Joshua? Vs. 15, 16.
17. When the priests had obeyed, what took place? Vs. 17, 18.

NOTES

1. Moses had sent out twelve spies to view the land, and make a report. If their report had been what it ought to have been, it would not only have encouraged the people, but would have been a real help in conquering the country. But the one thing that the Lord wanted the spies to find out was that the people in Canaan were weak and afraid. Caleb and Joshua did find this out (Num. 14:9), and told the people to fear not; but they were not believed because of the false report of the other ten. Now that the time had again come, Joshua, too, sent spies; but he sent only two. These two, like Caleb and Joshua, learned what God wished, and brought back the word: "Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands all the land; for even all the inhabitants of the country do faint because of us." And the people believed their words. The people of Canaan were just as faint forty years before, but Israel would not believe it, and so would not go up. Now, when they believed, the

work of entering the land was easy. So it is with us. God *has prepared* the way for us, and our enemies may be overcome if we will but believe.

2. The people were commanded to sanctify themselves; that is, to put away all sin, because it is only for a pure people that the Lord can perform his greatest "wonders." If young people nowadays would give up *everything* for Christ, and live pure lives, God would do wonderful things for them, and they would find the Christian life a life of joy and peace. Will you not have it so, dear student?

3. The ark represented the presence of God. God wanted his people to know that it was *he* who cut off the waters of the river. But the priests, his ministers, were to stay with the ark until Israel had all crossed over; in other words, they were to work with God for the sake of the people. The plan is the same now. The Lord is the one who does the work; it is he who keeps the floods of sin from destroying his people; but his servants are the ones through whom he shows his power. God asks great things of his ministers, and the people have a right to expect great things. The minister should always be one who stands so close to Jesus that simply by his presence he will help the people to find salvation, just as the priests in the river kept its waters from drowning their brethren and sisters.

4. At the time when Israel passed over, the Jordan River was a vast, roaring, rushing tide. To the human eye it looked as if it could never be crossed in any way. And the people could not have crossed it if God had not been with them. But all things are possible with God, and are also possible with those who serve him, and walk with him. All that the Lord asks is that we do *just as he says*. We are not to wait to see *how*, but to go ahead without seeing anything more than God's word, and trusting in that. If we believe God, he will do the work; and we can show, by what we do, that we believe him. God did not tell the Israelites how the Jordan was to be opened, but he told them to walk right into the water. When their feet were dipped into the stream, the Lord did his part. Our part is to believe: God's part is to do the work. We are to believe, knowing that God must save us; but we are also to act, to work as if it all depends on us.

5. God wants his people to remember his wonderful works. Ps. III:4. As we see how good the Lord has been to those who have lived before, we shall know just how good he is to us. It gives courage and strength to remember and talk of the Lord's goodness.

FAULTS

FAULTS are like young spiders,—little and insignificant at first, but, if let alone, they grow; spin webs that accumulate dust, and darken the windows of the soul, through which character shines out; and deform the whole man. Better destroy the little spiders before they are old enough to spin; better correct the faults while they are small, lest they not only deform the character, but so bedim the moral vision that the soul can not discern between truth and error, right and wrong, a noble and an ignoble life.—*Religious Telescope*.

He who isn't contented with what he has, would not be contented with what he would like to have.—*Auerbach*.

Baby's First Wardrobe

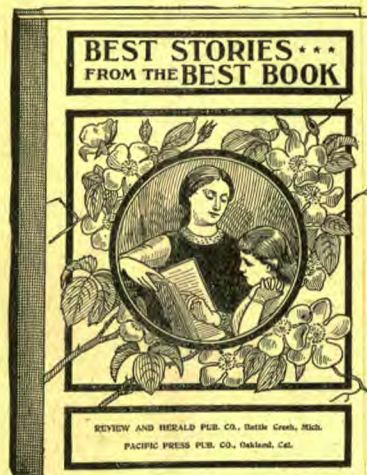
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No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.50 P. M.
No. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	8.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	

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:

"Thou camest not to thy place by accident: it is the very place God meant for thee."

MONDAY:

"We are what we have thought:
Of thought our lives are wrought."

TUESDAY:

Success is to be measured not so much by the position one has reached in life as by the obstacles he has overcome while trying to succeed.—Booker T. Washington.

WEDNESDAY:

God made you for an end. Find out what that end is; find out your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—Spurgeon.

THURSDAY:

"Oh, let us not wait to be just, or pitiful, or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness, or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling life's journey with us. Oh, be swift to love! make haste to be kind!"

FRIDAY:

If you think Christianity a feeble, soft thing, ill adapted to call out the manlier features of character, read here, "Quit you like men." Remember, too, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." He who conquers passion in its might is every inch a man. Say what you will, the Christian conqueror is the only one who deserves the name.—F. W. Robertson.

SABBATH:

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

THE Sixth Annual Report of the Chicago Medical Mission and Allied Charities is a neatly illustrated booklet of sixty-five pages, giving a full description of the buildings, methods, and work of the Medical Missionary Society in Chicago. A classified report of expenditures for the six months ending Nov. 1, 1900, with a statistical report, and a statement of the financial needs of the enterprise, is given. Price, five cents. Address *The Life Boat*, 1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LOVE THAT FULFILLS THE LAW

"LOVE," we are told, "is the fulfilling of the law;" and only by love can God's perfect law of love be kept. But there are two kinds of love—self-love, manifested in a desire for praise, admiration, fine clothes, worldly success, money, a hundred things that minister to personal gratification; and the love of God—not *our* love for God, but the all-embracing, all-comprehending love of God—for all his creatures.

In the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians are given sixteen characteristics of the love that "is the fulfilling of the law." This love—

Suffers long.

Is kind.

Envies not.

Vaunts not itself.

Is not puffed up.

Does not behave itself unseemly.

Seeks not her own.

Is not easily provoked.

Thinks no evil.

Rejoices not in iniquity.

Rejoices in the truth.

Bears all things.

Believes all things.

Hopes all things.

Endures all things.

NEVER FAILS.

This is the love that is "the fulfilling of the law;" this is the love of God! And when this love is, as it may be, "shed abroad in our hearts," it will bring forth in our lives the good fruits of joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance, as naturally and as surely as the life that is in the plant causes it to bear in season the beautiful flower and the perfect fruit.

THAT ASTRONOMY SERIES

which was interrupted last summer by the severe illness of the author, will be taken up again in an early number of the INSTRUCTOR. Many were disappointed when the articles were stopped, and have asked if there were to be no more of them. As Brother Godsmark has now entered upon active work again, he is meeting many who would like to have the articles continued, and has kindly consented to write and illustrate a regular series of astronomical studies for the INSTRUCTOR. These valuable articles will be so written as to interest the general reader as well as those who are making a special study of the subject.

Remember that for only twenty-five cents the INSTRUCTOR will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for four months. Regular yearly subscription price, seventy-five cents. Address the publishers.

THE APPLES OF GOLD LIBRARY

THE first number of the *Apples of Gold Library* for 1901 is a personal talk by W. S. Sadler, entitled, "Some One Cares for Your Soul," and is addressed to all who have for any reason fallen into discouragement. It contains the simplicity of the gospel, and can not fail to help those who read it thoughtfully. If you have a discouraged friend, one who is in darkness, and who feels that he is bearing a heavy burden alone, this number of the *Library* will help him.

"Food: Its Mental and Moral Value," a paper read by Mrs. Mina Mann before a W. C. T. U. convention in California, is another helpful and very practical number of this excellent little *Library*. All who prepare food for their families should read it, with all others who, whether they eat or drink, would do all to the glory of God.

The price of the *Apples of Gold Library* is ten cents a year. The two numbers mentioned

contain eight pages each, of the size to slip into an envelope, and are sold at the rate of fifty cents a hundred. Address the Pacific Press Pub. Co., Oakland, Cal.; or the Review and Herald Pub. Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



Feeding the Birds on Thanksgiving Day.—In a Western city lives a certain generous-hearted man who is such a lover of birds that last Thanksgiving day he gave to the city ten bushels of wheat, "that the feathered folks, large and small, might eat their fill with rejoicing." Such generosity should be emulated and encouraged.

A Curious Paper.—We have learned of a curious paper published in Paris, France. It is entitled *The Mendicants' Journal*, and appears biweekly. This freak in journalism "does not concern itself with religion, the drama, affairs of state, or the world of books, but is practically published in the interest of professional beggars." What next?

Improved Wireless Telegraphy.—Signor Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, has succeeded in so improving his system that no outside influences will interfere with the messages sent. Heretofore it was not always possible to prevent other instruments within range from receiving the messages, though not intended for them. He is also now able to send and receive messages to and from points thirty miles away, with metallic cylinders only three feet high, very high poles having been required for the purpose heretofore.

How Wotton Answered the Priest.—It is related that Sir Henry Wotton was once invited by a Catholic priest to hear the vesper music at church. He accepted the invitation, and went. Upon seeing him in a corner, the priest sent to him a choir-boy with a note containing this question: "Where was your religion to be found before Luther?" Under the question Sir Henry immediately wrote: "My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written word of God."

Closed Cabs and Germs.—It is declared by the London *Lancet* that "closed cabs are undoubted sources of infection; microbes infest the cushions and the mats on the floor, and the air might easily contain pathogenic organisms left by a previous fare [occupant]. . . . The closed cab, be it hansom or four-wheeler, is frequently 'smelly' and 'stuffy,' for the simple reason that nature's powerful cleansing agents, light and air, are excluded from purifying the interior." The *Lancet* strongly advocates the use of an open carriage with a "fly" attachment.

To Use Automobiles during Strikes.—At a recent meeting of the executive board of the International Street Railway Men's Association, held in Detroit, Mich., it was recommended that automobiles be used hereafter during street-car strikes; and that funds be raised at once, by assessment, to buy automobiles for the purpose of operating them in cities where the street-car companies treat the men unfairly, or where transportation facilities are meager. In such cases the automobiles would be operated by the men who formerly operated the street-cars. The idea was heartily approved by the board. Such a plan, once carried out, will doubtless lead to very interesting complications.

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.