

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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KINGLETS



It was the last day of March save one; the weather almost too cold for comfort outdoors, though the sun shone with all the glory of a day in spring. I had been out on a tour of observation, and had discovered a number of birds, among them several robins, a nuthatch, and a flock of juncos.

I was edging about to make my way home, when I discovered some trees by the roadside

literally alive with tiny birds, which kept the air vibrating with their thin, warbling notes. They kept up a constant flit, flit; but I made out their colors to be about as follows: under parts whitish; upper parts olive-green; orange-colored spot on crown of head, with two black stripes. From descriptions I had previously read, I recognized the birds as Golden-crowned Kinglets.

A month or six weeks later I was visiting in Battle Creek. With some friends I had been out to a near-by lake for a picnic dinner, and later in the day was looking for birds. In the course of the afternoon I noticed several small, grayish, olive-green birds, which, from descriptions, I took to be Blue-gray Gnatcatchers. As I was puzzling over the identity of these little creatures, one of them turned his head so as to expose his crown to my view. Suddenly there was a flash of ruby-red as he raised his little crest, and I knew my bird for the Ruby-crowned Kinglet.

The Ruby-crowned Kinglet is a gifted and accomplished singer.

"The May morning," says Professor Chapman, "when first I heard this Kinglet's song is among the most memorable of my early ornithological experiences. The bird was in the tree-tops in the most impassable bit of woods near my home. The longer and more eagerly I followed the unseen singer, the greater the mystery became. It seemed impossible that a bird which I supposed was at least as large as a Bluebird could escape observation in the partly leaved trees. The song was mellow and flutelike, and loud enough to be heard several hundred yards,—an intricate warble past imitation or description, and rendered so admirably that I never hear it now without feeling an impulse to applaud. The bird is so small, the song so rich and full, that one is reminded of a chorister with the voice of an adult soprano."

The Golden-crowned Kinglet, in summer, is not found in the United States except in the very northern portions. During this season he makes his home in the most northerly parts of the

United States and still farther north, in Canada. He may be seen, however, any time in winter by residents of the Middle States, though he is more common at the time of migration, in October and April.

L. A. REED.

TWO LITTLE KINGS

THE largest bird in the United States is the California vulture, or condor, which measures, from tip to tip of its wings, nine feet and a half. At the other end of the scale are the humming-birds, one kind of which, at least, has wings that are less than an inch and a half in length. Next to these insect-like midgets come the birds which have been well named in Latin "Regulus," and in English "Kinglets," that is to say, "little kings." The fitness of the title comes first from their tiny size,—the chickadee is almost a giant

males, perhaps,—and even those that have it do not always display it. The orange or yellow of the goldcrest, on the other hand, is worn by all the birds, and is never concealed. If you are a beginner in bird study, uncertain of your species, look for the black stripes on the crown. If they are not there, and the bird is really a kinglet, it must be a ruby-crown. You may know it also—from the goldcrest, I mean—by what looks like a light-colored ring round the eye. In fact, one of the ruby-crown's most noticeable peculiarities is a certain bareheaded, large-eyed appearance.

The ruby-crown is famous as a singer—a genuine music-box, we may call him. In spring, especially, he is often bubbling over with melody, a rapid, wren-like tune, with sundry quirks and turns that are all his own; on the whole, decidedly original, with plenty of what musical



RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET

GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLET

in comparison,—and next from the fact that they wear patches of bright color (crowns) on their heads.

Two species of kinglets are found at one season or another in nearly all parts of the country. They are known respectively as the golden-crown, or goldcrest, and the ruby-crown. The golden-crown has on the top of its head an orange or yellow patch (sometimes one, sometimes the other), bordered with black; the ruby-crown wears a very bright-red patch, though you may look at many specimens without finding it. Only part of the birds have it,—none but the adult

people call accent, and a strongly marked rhythm, or swing. Over and over he goes with it, as if he could never have enough, beginning with quick, separate, almost guttural notes, and winding up with a "twittity, twittity, twittity," which, once heard, is not likely to be soon forgotten.

A very pleasing vocalist he surely is, and when his extreme smallness is taken into account, he is fairly to be esteemed a musical prodigy. Every one who has written about the song, from Audubon down, has found it hard to say enough about it. Audubon goes so far as to say that it is as powerful as a canary's, and much more varied

and pleasing. That I must think an exaggeration,—natural enough, no doubt, under the circumstances, but still a stretching of the truth. However, I give but my own opinion. Let my readers hear the bird, and judge for themselves; they will enjoy him, whether or no. Every such new acquaintance that one makes is a new source of lifelong happiness.

The enormous California vulture is said to be almost dumb, having "no vocal apparatus," and "emitting only a weak, hissing sound." What a contrast between him and the ruby-crown,—a mere speck of a bird, but with a musical nature and the voice of an artist! Precious stuff, they say, comes in small packages. Even the youngest of us may have noticed that it is always the smaller birds that sing.

But if all the singers are small birds, it is not true that all small birds are singers. The golden-crowned kinglet, for example, is hardly to be classed under that head. What my readers will mostly hear from the goldcrest is no tune, but a hurried "zee, zee, zee," repeated at intervals as he flits about the branches of a tree, or, less often, through the mazes of a piece of shrubbery. His activity is wonderful, and his motions are really as good as music. All you need is eyes to see him, but you will have to "look sharp." Now he is there for an instant, snatching a morsel, or letting out a "zee, zee, zee." Now he is yonder, resting upon the air, hovering against a tuft of pine needles, his wings all in a mist, they beat so swiftly. So through the tree he goes, and from one tree to another, till presently he is gone for good.

Once in a great while you may find him feeding among the dry leaves on the ground. Then you can really watch him, and had better make the most of your opportunity; or you may catch him exploring bushes or low savins, which is a chance almost as favorable. The great thing is to become familiar with his voice. With that help, you will find him ten times as often as without it. He is mostly a bird of the woods, and prefers evergreens, though he does not confine himself to them.

If you do not know him already, it will be a bright and memorable day, though it be the dead of winter, when you first see him, and are able to call him by his regal name, *Regulus satrapa*. It is a great pity that so common and lovely a creature, one of the beauties of the world, should be unseen by so many good people. It is true, as we say so often about other things, that they do not know what they miss; but they miss a great deal, notwithstanding.—*Bradford Torrey, in S. S. Times.*

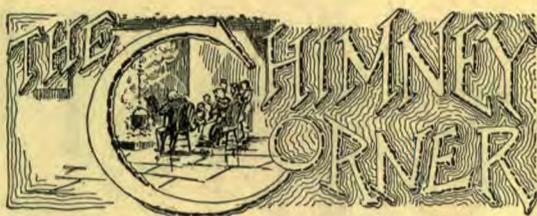
WINGED lute that we call a bluebird,
You blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing waters,
The sound of the spring's sweet rain.

The voice of the wind, the sunshine,
The fragrance of blossoming things,—
Ah, you are a poem of April
That God endowed with wings!

—*Selected.*

"HEARING is not listening. Good listening needs more than the ears; it needs the heart and the brain and the will. Attention and intention and comprehension are essential to listening. We listen to good purpose when we listen with interest and understanding."

THE world proposes rest by removal of the burden. The Redeemer gives rest by giving us the spirit and power to bear the burden. The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but of harmony. It is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in duty.—*F. W. Robertson.*



A WISH

WHAT shall I wish for thee, friend, dear friend?
What gift shall the all-wise Father send,
With which not a trace of ill can blend,
And ne'er a thing that harms?
Shall I ask for thee heaps of silver and gold?
Ah! under those piles so bright and so cold
May lurk a demon who waits to enfold
Thee in his cruel arms.

A place in the kingdom of fair renown?
The heights of fame and a laurel crown?
Alas! if its weight should drag thee down—
Those heights by storms be riven!
Shall I wish thee a life all fair and bright,
With little of sorrow and less of blight?
The pleasures of earth oft hide from sight
Diviner joys of heaven.

I know not, dear, what is best for thee;
Mine eyes are holden; I can not see
One step of the dim futurity
That waits thy coming feet.
This only, then, will I dare to pray—
That hourly, momentarily, day by day,
Thou mayst be found in the narrow way
That leads to bliss complete.

All needful blessings that path attend;
The Guide is one who foresees the end,
And knows that the way will surely wend
Through gleaming gates of pearl.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

BECOMING A TRAP

GOD gives to some a pretty and attractive face, that they may be able to exhibit to the world a sample of his divine glory and beauty; for whatever is *truly* beautiful comes from him. But often that which should have been for their welfare becomes simply a snare to attract others to self, to stimulate vanity and encourage flattery; and thus the gift that was intrusted of God "to profit withal," becomes a snare to the soul. Ps. 69: 22. Some whom God could not trust with a beautiful face he has given the still greater gift of a beautiful character. To others has been intrusted the gift of song,—a power that is especially intended by the Giver to be used to draw men to Christ; but how often the possessor of such a gift degenerates to such an extent that he desires only the applause of men, and the thought of using his voice to inspire souls to a higher life is entirely lost sight of! In fact, some can not be led to use this gift for its original purpose unless there is a specified financial arrangement; in other words, they do not propose to "shut the doors for naught," neither to kindle a fire on God's altar for naught. Mal. 1: 10. These wonderful gifts from God, and opportunities to glorify him, are valued simply at what they will bring in money; and thus they become a snare, a trap, to the soul.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

WHAT GIRLS TALK ABOUT

"A word fitly spoken," said Solomon the Wise, "is like apples of gold in baskets of silver." Again, he declares, "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles."

Do our girls ever think about the "word fitly spoken"? What do we talk about? Let me tell: About our clothes, other people's clothes, what Lou said to Mary, what Mary said to Grace, what Will said, what Charlie said, how she looked, how he acted. On their way to school, in the cars, even in church, before service and after, at home, at the beach, wherever girls are, they start an endless chain of, "I said, he said, I said, she said, I said, I said, I said." Isn't this true? And, all the time, do we not feel in our

hearts that this chitter-chatter is unworthy of us? that it wastes our time, weakens us, wearies us? Still—oh, the absurdity!—we keep at it with a zeal that would do credit to a useful enterprise, because, we say, "the other girls do it," and we want to please them, and not seem odd. How often, in order to please them still more, we find ourselves enlarging on the bare outlines of the story, becoming sensational in our extravagance, all the time refusing to hear the voice of conscience, which tries to warn us that we are telling lies! Is it worth while to dull the edge of our conscience simply to entertain people?

Are you a Christian girl, and does your conversation consist of foolish gossip, the detailing of former illnesses, trivial anecdotes, the repetition of idle conversations, speculations upon the circumstances or the motives of other people? Then know that you are letting the powers of your soul go up in vapor. If all the hours that we girls have spent in vapid talk, were summed up to us, we should be appalled. We should realize that in the wasted time we might have read hundreds of noble volumes; that we might have set in order countless things which rise up to reprove us for our negligence; that we might have comforted the sick, covered the naked, held out sustaining hands to the falling. As Thomas à Kempis has it: "If thou wilt withdraw thyself from speaking vainly, and from gadding idly, as also from harkening after novelties and rumors, thou shalt find leisure enough and suitable for meditation on good things." For, mark you, one of the deadliest results of our love of talk is the inability to be happy alone, or to find satisfaction in inward communion with God and nature.

I do not say these things because I want girls to pose, or mouth, or set themselves up for oracles of wisdom, declining to speak of anything except matters of national importance; but because I earnestly desire them to hesitate before they fall into the pit which has held so many good women. Our lives will be happier, and our spirits will have sweeter peace, if we go about our business resolutely refusing to stoop to thrash the old straw of what we used to do or say, or what other people have done or said. Untrammelled by such pettiness, our own thought and feeling will grow more worthy; and, unconsciously, we shall stimulate others to put forth their highest rather than their lowest.—*Mina Stanwood, in the Well Spring.*

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

THE word "zodiac" comes from a Greek word meaning "a little animal." As far as is known, the idea of dividing the heavens into twelve equal parts, originated with the people of Mesopotamia, on observing that there are twelve full moons in successive parts of the year. This they made the starting-point for all their divisions of time. The year separated, naturally, into twelve parts; so they separated the day into twelve double parts, or "double hours." And their great cosmical, or solar, period of forty-three thousand two hundred years was divided into twelve *sars*, each *sar*, month, and hour being represented on their solar chart of the zodiac in the space cast by the shadow of the sun as it passed over it. As far as can be ascertained, this system was original with the Chaldeans, and therefore it is from this people that we have received the zodiac, its divisions, and its names. The reason for the choice of some of the symbols used is apparent enough, but in many cases it is merely conjectural.

The bull occupies the first position, as the principal object of veneration and worship. The next sign controlled the period covered by the Babylonian first month, Nisan,—a month of sacrifice to Anu and Bel; hence it was represented by a ram, the typical offering.

The third month commemorated the building of

the first city, and was generally typified by a pile of brick; afterward, the brothers Romulus and Remus, of Roman legend, were added to it, expressed by figures of two male children. The fourth, the crab, signified the retrograde movement of the sun, begun at that period. The fifth, the lion, the representative of fire, signified the culmination of the sun's heat. The sixth commemorated the descent of Ishtar to Hades in search of her lost husband, Tammuz.

The meaning of the seventh sign is not so clear. The earlier Greek writers knew only eleven symbolic divisions of the zodiac, and hence carried the feet of the scorpion over two spaces, as they had only eleven symbols for the twelve spaces.

The balance, recognized in the eighth division in the Julian calendar, through the efforts of Sosigenes of Alexandria represented the equality of the day and night. The *libra*, or scales, has been traced back to Chaldea; and the rivalry between it and the scorpion was finally settled by placing the balance in the claws of the scorpion, so allowing the latter to have sway over both the seventh and eighth divisions. The scorpion denotes the decline of the sun's power, and the consequent darkness after the autumnal equinox.

Sagittarius, symbolized later as a centaur, represented the god Mars. Capricornus, signifying the winter solstice, is represented by the nurse of the young solar god (son of Nimrod) of Oriental legends.

The tenth month, having the sign of the fish-tailed goat, bears a close resemblance to the sign Ciptactli on the Mexican zodiac. The eleventh month was known anciently as the month of "want and rain," and therefore is typified by the god Romman, crowned with a tiara, and pouring water from a vase. The deluge is closely associated in ancient legends with this symbol.

The symbol of the fishes typifies the resurrection from death, and the resumption of agriculture after the deluge. An Assyrian monument shows a corpse guarded by a pair of fishes. The double sign of the fishes represents the supplementary year of three hundred and sixty days, added in the Babylonian calendar by adding a thirteenth month once every six years.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

THE SMITH'S TREE

It was a member of the maple family, one of the fast-growing kind, and it grew in the Smiths' little back yard. It grew and it grew, until it cast shadows on six or eight back yards belonging to neighbors of the Smiths.

These neighbors had only praise for the tree during the summer months, when it protected the backs of their houses from the sun's glare; but when the leaves began to fall and litter the tiny grass plots, spotting the brick pavements with gold, these same neighbors voted the tree a nuisance.

"If I swep' our pavement once yesterday, I swep' it six times!" said Miss Polly Hornblower, in an aggrieved tone, as she gave her broom a dash against the board fence to clean it.

"I've just been cleanin' out our hydrant dreen," said Mrs. Rathburn, putting her hand to her back. "Leaves is awful for chokin' up dreens!"

"I don't see what the Smiths ever planted that tree for, anyhow," put in Mrs. Melone, opening her gate on the opposite side of the alley. She also had a broom in her hand. "It keeps a body sweepin' and pickin' up, and pickin' up and sweepin', and the worst is you don't know what to do with the leaves when they're swep'!"

Another woman joined the group, and another; and two new voices added further complaints against the tree.

Sewing in the back upper room of the house next door to the Smiths, Kitty McKray heard all that was said, through the screen in the open window. Kitty did not like an untidy back yard

any better than her neighbors; but as she considered the situation to-day, it presented to her a humorous side, and she could not help laughing.

Looking out at the tree towering over the back wings of the houses, Kitty fancied that it might be laughing, too, as it swayed and shook in the October breeze, every now and then letting fall a leaf on the bare heads of the women in the alley.

"What's the fun, Kitty?" asked Arthur McKray, looking into the room.

"Oh, only a council of women in the alley talking about the leaf nuisance," said Kitty, still smiling. "It's the usual autumn indignation meeting. I've heard it all before, though it never struck me until now that there was any fun in it."

"Folks are a bit unreasonable," said Arthur, falling into his sister's mood. "What do the women expect the tree to do with its leaves?"

"Consume them in some mysterious way, I suppose."

"What do the folks do with the leaves?"

"Some of them burn them in the heater. Others collect them in boxes for the ash man to carry away. It does make a good deal of extra work—that tree of the Smiths."

Arthur McKray stepped to the window, and looked out at the little plot of grass with a garden strip round two sides of it, and a brick walk leading to the alley gate. The whole was plentifully sprinkled with leaves. "Your flowers didn't seem to do well, this summer," he commented.

"No; the soil is too poor. I ought to have bought more flower soil in the spring, or some fertilizer, or something. But, you know, those things cost."

"Flower soil! Why, Kitty, 'flower soil,' as it is called, is—or ought to be—made largely out of rotted leaves. I used to help gather leaves for that purpose when I worked at the florist's. Why not use the leaves you gather up in the yard for fertilizing the bit of garden?"

The young girl's face lighted. "The very thing! I can make a hole in the corner of the yard, and put the leaves in as I sweep them up. Then I'll cover them over with soil, and let them decompose at their own sweet will. I'll do it, and convert our nuisance into a blessing for next year."

With Arthur's help, Kitty carried out her design, and the next summer her flowers did much better. But in the work of utilizing the fallen leaves, it occurred to them that, instead of fretting over other difficulties and trials, of greater significance, the wiser course would be to turn them to account for their own advantage. They saw that blessings and grievances are not unmixed—that the one often contains the elements of the other, and that even trouble may serve to nourish blossoms in the soul.—*Selected.*

WASHINGTON

A HAND, a voice, a name, a mighty power,
Arose in old Virginia long ago.
That hand struck tyranny a fatal blow,
And turned the light on freedom's bursting flower;
That voice was heard in fate's decisive hour,
And turned the nations in a ceaseless flow;
That name fills history with prismic glow,
And makes the ghost of foul oppression cower;
That power—whence came it?—On his bended knees
He drew his inspiration from on high.
He conquered, and the thrill went through
all lands!
So freedom's flag floats proudly on the breeze;
The name of Washington will never die
While faith like his makes strong heroic hands.

B. F. M. SOURS.

"A SINGLE sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows."



NEW JAPAN

II

You remember that in the seventeenth century the Japanese thought they had wiped out Christianity from their land,—such a beautiful land, with its mountains, lovely flowers, and grand trees, its superb landscapes and wonderful seascapes. Wasn't it a pity they did not look from "nature up to nature's God," and worship the Creator as their Heavenly Father? But they worshiped rather the things that he had made instead of him. When you look at a beautiful picture or statue or building, do you not think of the grand mind that thought it out, and the skillful hand that copied the thought, and made it possible for others to enjoy it? So the mountains and seas, the sunshine and flowers and birds, should show us God's power and love.

Well, it was not convenient for the rest of the world to have Japan a "hermit nation;" so Commodore Perry sailed over there from the United States, and said to these people: "You must open up your country. You must let foreigners enter it, and let Japanese go abroad, and see what is being done in the big, round world. You must wake up!"

The men who talked the matter over with him were much pleased with his courtesy, kindness, and firmness. It always pays to be polite. They said: "If this man is a barbarian, we, too, would better be barbarians."

The result of all this was that parts of the Island Empire were thrown open to foreigners, and they could go to almost any other part by using a passport.

In 1859 Christian work began again. It went very slowly at first. The people had not forgotten those bloody days when the very name of Jesus would make one grow pale. At every cross-road there were great signs up, saying that any one who became a Christian must pay the penalty with his head. Many military men, called *samurai*, who wore two swords, a long one to cut down their enemies, and a short one with which to commit suicide if desirable, stalked about the streets, looking very grim and terrible, and frowning at all the "foreign barbarians." The missionaries had to stay closely at home. It was hard to get teachers, too: every one was afraid to do anything for the foreigners, for fear he might be thought to favor their hated religion. Up to 1872 only ten Japanese had dared become Christians. But there was plenty of work for the missionaries to do meanwhile. They had to make grammars and dictionaries of the language, and translate the Bible.

But the work moved so slowly that finally the missionaries were almost discouraged. Then they held a great prayer-meeting. Many Japanese met with them, and prayed, with tears rolling down their faces, that God would open the hearts of their people. Soon a church was established; and in the ten years following, over ninety other churches were organized, and nearly five thousand Japanese became Christians. Since then the work has grown steadily till now there are over forty thousand Christians in Japan.

LAURA DE LANY GARST.

THE GENTLE JAPANESE

"THE Frenchman of the East," the Japanese is called, because of his perfect manners and unflinching courtesy. *London Truth* gives this description of the training of the Tokio policemen—a training not in vogue on this side the Pacific:—

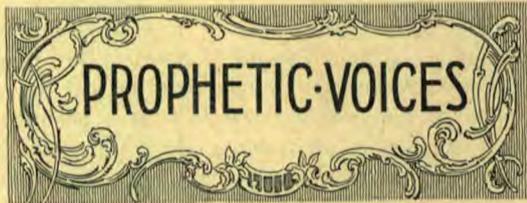
The Japanese policemen are taught to knock gently at the doors of houses before they enter. Under no circumstances are they to talk roughly.

"Rough talk intimidates the innocent, while the hardened criminal does not mind it."

In executing search warrants they must not disturb sleeping children or invalids.

They must deal kindly with dogs belonging to strangers; hospitality is due to animals as well as to men.

No amusement must ever be shown at the mistakes of foreigners. Every effort must be made to impress strangers with Japanese politeness, and all people with the kindness as well as the justice of Japanese law.—*Selected.*



THE FIFTH KINGDOM

IN our last Bible study we learned, from the great image of Daniel 2, that the time will come when the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ will supersede the kingdoms of this earth. The Saviour said, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth;" and in Isa. 45:18 we learn that the Lord "formed the earth and made it; he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited." In the present condition of sickness, death, and the oppression of God's people, we can not say that the time has come when the meek inherit very much of this earth's estate. No; we are all pilgrims and strangers, dwelling as in a strange land. And when we remember how small a portion of this earth's surface is really inhabitable at the present time, we know that the fulfillment of these promises must be in the future.

Peter tells us that before the earth is given back to the children of men, it will be thoroughly purified by the fires of the last days, which will cause it to melt with fervent heat, and that the works that are therein shall be burned up. 2 Peter 3:10. But he also says, in verse 13, "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The fulfillment of this promise, as all can readily understand, must be yet in the future. This earth is still under the control of human governments, but the time will come when the servants of the Most High will take the kingdom, and possess it forever and ever. Then shall the desert blossom as the rose; then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. Read all of Isaiah 35.

In Isa. 35:21-25 we read of the righteous that "they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat." The redeemed will have employment—not wearisome labor, but refreshing, invigorating exercise. We know that when God first placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, their work was to dress and keep the garden; in other words, they were to train and care for the plants, vines, and flowers. It was not until after they sinned, that they were compelled to earn their bread by tiresome exertion: so in the earth made new, our work will be pleasant employment.

We are also told in these same verses of the animals that will be there,—not the fierce, destructive beasts that sin has made; but mild, gentle, frolicsome pets, such as God made the animals in the beginning. "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat"—not the loathsome reptile we now have, but the serpent as it was in the beginning, the most beautiful of all the animals that

God had created. Again, in Isaiah 11:6-9, we are told that "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp; and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adders' [margin] den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Who does not want to be there? Every one of us may be there. God excludes none. It is our sins that separate between us and God. He wants to save us. He wants to give us a home in the earth made new. He wants us to possess one of those lovely mansions that our Saviour has gone to prepare for his children in the heavenly Jerusalem,—the city that will come down to earth, and become the capital of the new dominion. Rev. 21:2-4. Then "from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord." Isa. 66:23.

OTHO C. GODSMARK.



WHAT MUST I DO NOT TO BACKSLIDE?¹

II

4. *Spiritual Exercise.*—"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." In order to grow physically and prevent disease, it is necessary that our physical powers be in constant use. So it is spiritually: in order to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and to prevent the encroachments of spiritual disease, it is necessary that the soul—the spiritual faculties—shall be constantly exercised. This means that we must put forth daily effort to help others. The effort we make to assist our suffering fellow men constitutes our spiritual exercise; and when we neglect regular moral exercise, we grow weak spiritually, and often lose our spiritual appetite as well. The less we work for others, the less we shall enjoy reading the Bible, and the less we shall pray; for active work is not only productive of a good appetite, but also of deeper and better breathing, or prayer. And so the more we work for others spiritually, the more we shall enjoy reading the Bible, the more good we shall get out of its study, and the more we shall engage in earnest prayer.

5. *Spiritual Sight.*—It is when the soul is engaged in the daily study of the Bible, walking in the Spirit, and putting forth earnest effort to help others, that the spiritual sight is clearest, and the moral discernment best, thus enabling us to discern the devices of the enemy and to detect the snares of evil. "Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices."

Failure to work, pray, and study God's word, produces a condition of spiritual blindness, in which we are easily and quickly led into the enemy's snare. The soul that would avoid the snare of backsliding must, by conscientious attention to its spiritual habits, maintain clear spiritual vision,—good moral eyesight. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. 2:14, 15.

6. *Spiritual Healing.*—The soul that has be-

¹Read again the first part of this article in last week's INSTRUCTOR, and thus the whole will be fresh in the mind.

gun to backslide, sometimes thinks that the Lord's ears are dull, that he can not hear; but this is a mistake. "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it can not save; neither his ear heavy, that it can not hear." It is our spiritual hearing that has grown dull as the result of our inattention to the habits that govern the health and growth of the soul. The still, small voice, once so easily heard, the backslider is unable to recognize, and so he passes heedlessly on to destruction. If we would avoid this disaster, we must look to it that the ears of the soul are ever open, and that we do not allow spiritual deafness to settle down upon us. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," should ever be the attitude of the Christian.

7. *Spiritual Associates.*—Having done all in our power to acquire the habits of soul that are conducive to spiritual health, let us make sure that we surround ourselves with those moral influences that will favor our spiritual growth. However conscientious you may be in your Bible study, prayer, etc., if you associate habitually with those who are not spiritually minded, it is only a question of time when Satan will number you among the backsliders. It is written that the children of God "spake often one to another." We are exhorted to "come out from among them, and be separate." Although we are in the world, we should not be of the world. Worldly associations will, sooner or later, neutralize all the good the soul can gain from every source.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPIRITUAL HEALTH AND GROWTH

1. We should live a life of prayer. In addition to having regular and stated intervals for prayer, our souls should ever be in an attitude of prayer, constantly seeking the will of God in place of the will of self. Acts 10:2.

2. We should study the Bible daily, making sure that its principles and truths find their way to our hearts, and become a part of the character, not simply retained as a theory in the mind. Acts 17:11.

3. We should endeavor to live momentarily in the Spirit, having our souls watered by his refreshing influence, and cheered by his heavenly presence. Instead of grieving the Spirit, our attitude should be that of constantly receiving the Spirit. Eph. 4:30; John 20:22.

4. We should never allow a day to pass without making some definite effort to help others. This active work brings a moral strength not secured in any other way. Energetic personal effort is one of the best things to prevent backsliding. Eccl. 9:10.

5. We should ever keep our eyes fixed on Jesus. The eye of faith, kept on Christ, will not grow dim. The moral discernment of the one who constantly beholds Jesus, will be clear and sharp and penetrating. Heb. 12:2.

6. We should conscientiously cultivate obedience to the voice of conscience, yielding instant and unquestioning obedience to the first warning of the still, small voice within. Avoid spiritual deafness and hardness of heart, which result from yielding to temptations and compromising truth. 1 Sam. 15:22.

7. While we are to work for the worldly minded and unconverted, we are to associate with the spiritually minded, those of like precious faith. This is a point on which Satan makes special effort to entrap Christian young men and young women. John 17:15, 16.

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

THERE is no other keeping like God's. If we commit to him the keeping of our thoughts, he will guard them for us. It was a prayer of Fenelon's: "Take me, O Lord, for I can not give myself to thee. And when thou hast me, oh, keep me, for I can not keep my own life." We must let God keep us, or we can not be kept.—*M. C. Hazard, in the Well Spring.*

CHILDREN'S PAGE

PUSSY - WILLOWS

A SOFT, gray sky, with a hint of blue,
A wistful wind a-blowing,
And hemlocks, whitened here and there
With flakes of last night's snowing;
The yellow grasses bow and bend—
Poor withered things! left over
From summer's happy revelings
With honey-bees and clover.

It is the hopeless time of year,
When all the world is weary
Of waiting through the winter months,
So long and cold and dreary;
But nature, smiling to herself,
A secret safe is keeping;
She knows her children are not dead,
But only softly sleeping.

She knows the thrilling flood of life
Within the forest welling,
And sees the branches blushing red
With longing to be telling;
She feels the mayflowers lift their heads
From off their mossy pillows;
And now the smallest tree has told,
For here are pussy-willows!

You dear, wee, furry, silvery things!
We touch you with caressing,
And pluck your sprays with eager hands
And many a whispered blessing.
A robin chirrup on the hill,
A bluebird in the hollow;
For these are pussy-willow days,
And spring is sure to follow!

— E. K. Stevens.

THE WILLOW TREE

THE willow is the earliest of the smaller trees, except the hazel, to tell us that spring is coming. It begins to get ready in the autumn. Then the buds swell, and often burst, so that you can see the tufts of white silk peeping out, as if the flowers were in such a hurry they could not wait till spring. All the long winter they are growing.

Willows are of all sizes; some are tall trees, thirty or forty feet high, and some are very small. They are not confined to temperate climates. Those who have studied these graceful trees for many years are still puzzled by them. They plant them in gardens, all the kinds they can find, so that they may watch and compare them more closely.

One kind is always found by the water-side, bending over the still, slow stream. It is called the "white willow," because its leaves are covered on both sides with soft, white silk. They are two or three inches long, narrow and pointed. This and another species called the "crack willow" are the only ones that are large trees. The leaves of the latter are like those of the white willow in shape; but on the upper side they are bright-green, with no silky covering. It is called the crack willow because its branches crack and break at the joints so easily. Give them just a little blow, and they snap at once. This is the common willow which grows most frequently in our gardens or by the roadside. The trees are generally very crooked. Their trunks split and bend; and sometimes, when near a stream, they stretch over it, as if they wished to make a bridge across. Some people think this spoils their beauty; but who would want all trees alike?

The rapid growth of the willow tree is referred to in the Bible. "They shall spring up . . . as willows by the water-courses," is said of the children of God's people.

There is another willow called the "osier." It has long, slender arms, which are used for making baskets. If you try to break off one of these arms that look so very fragile, you may tug

away in vain, it is so tough. You can bend these slender shoots as much as you like, and still they will not snap; and for this reason they are just the thing for weaving into light baskets.

The quick and vigorous growth of the willow renders it easy to provide material for basket-making, an industry which has been in vogue since the earliest times. It is very easy work, and is a valuable resource to the blind, and is practiced in all institutions for them. The little boat called a "coracle," in which the ancient Briton paddled down some of his rivers, and

often rolled under, and they are lined with a thick coat of gray down. So you see that even all the trees of one family are not dressed alike.

The bark of the willow tree, and also the leaves, are used in tanning and for medicine.

If you see a hole in the trunk of a willow, through which you can put your finger, you may know it is the home of the goat-moth. When full grown, this moth is three inches long, and is very ugly to look at. His back is the color of raw beef, and the under part of his body is yellow. He has a disagreeable odor, like that



*You dear, wee, furry,
silvery things!
We touch you with
caressing,
And pluck your sprays
with eager hands
And many a whis-
pered blessing.
A robin chirrup on the
hill,
A bluebird in the hol-
low;
For these are pussy-
willow days,
And spring is sure to
follow!*

which he could carry on his shoulders, was of of a goat, from which he is named. He has very basket-work. These boats had to be covered with skins to make them waterproof. Shields were also made of willow wands, and were much lighter and easier to carry than any other kind.

Another shrub, or little tree that is well known is called the "goat willow," and it grows in hedges everywhere. It has purplish-brown branches, and from it you probably gather your first pussy willows. It flowers with the snow-drops, even while it is still winter, in cold February or March. The leaves of the goat willow are broad and thick and crumpled. Their edges are

strong jaws, and constantly gnaws away at the heart of the tree, eating the wood. When he is three years old,—a very great age for a caterpillar,—he weaves himself a chamber of wood, chips, and silk, and goes to rest. After a few months' sleep he wakes up a large moth, but he is so shy that he flies about only at night.

Sometimes in the winter you may find under the willow bark hundreds of wee, shining insects, blue and green, called "willow bugs."

It is said that a piece of willow may be cut off anywhere, and put in the ground, either end

up, and it will take root, and grow into a tree. If a gardener ties his plants to roots cut off the willow, these often sprout and take root themselves, as if they could not be satisfied with helping others to grow.—*Selected.*

LEAST FIRST

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy caring for the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head, and pointed to mother, who had just lifted baby from his crib. "Do you think," she said, "mother is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."—*Selected.*

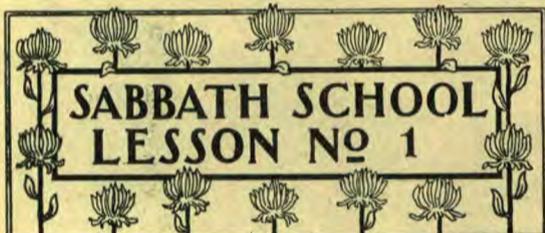
KING CONSCIENCE

KING CONSCIENCE built a city strong,
And walled it round about,
And on its ramparts placed a throng
Of soldiers, stanch and stout;
And never may a foe invade
To make this noble king afraid.

For kings have reigned, and kings have died,
And nations come and go;
But still King Conscience, true and tried,
Is young and strong; and so
His loyal city has not known
Another king upon its throne.

Old Kings Deceit, and Brag, and Fear
Are boastful kings and small;
They build new castles every year,
And every year they fall;
But Conscience City shall endure,
Because it has foundations sure.

—*Frank Walcott Hutt.*



PREPARATION OF CHRIST FOR THE PRIESTHOOD

(April 6, 1901)

MEMORY VERSE.—Heb. 2:17.

QUESTIONS

1. Before Jesus came into this world to live, by what name was he known in heaven? What great work had been performed by him? Heb. 1:10.
2. How low a place did he take when he came to dwell with men? Heb. 2:9; 2 Cor. 5:21; note 1.
3. What is he now pleased to call people here on earth? Heb. 2:11, 12; note 2.
4. By taking sinful flesh and blood, what would Jesus be able to do to Satan? And what for the children of men? Vs. 14, 15.
5. In how many things did he become like the sinful people of the earth? Why? Vs. 17, 18; note 3.
6. To be a perfect priest for men, what was it necessary for Jesus to learn? Heb. 5:8-10.
7. How terrible were his sufferings in overcoming sin? Heb. 12:3, 4; note 4.
8. At what particular time did he thus suffer? Luke 22:44.
9. Why was he willing to endure such agony? Note 5.
10. In how many things did Jesus suffer temptation? In what way? Heb. 4:15; note 6.
11. When he had taken, in every possible way, the place of sinful men, how must he be treated? Isa. 53:5.
12. As Jesus saw what he could accomplish for the world, how did he feel concerning the

trials and sufferings? Ps. 40:7, 8; Heb. 12:2; note 5.

NOTES

1. The place which Jesus had in heaven, and the wonderful glory and power which he there enjoyed, we shall never be able to understand until we go to live with him. He was the great Commander of all the angelic hosts, who bowed before him in worship and praise, and it was to him that all the inhabitants of other worlds brought their offerings of prayer and song. It was Jesus who had made the worlds, and who held all things in their places, both in heaven and in earth. But though he was so great, so glorious, and so much loved, he could not be satisfied while he saw his people here on earth *lost*. So there came a day when his place in heaven was empty, and he appeared on earth as a little babe. We can not understand how it could be so, but it is true that Jesus took upon himself sinful flesh (Rom. 8:3); that is, flesh full of sin. The Bible says that he was "*made to be sin for us.*" Just as children of to-day are born with their parents' sinful tendencies, so it was with Jesus.

2. There are wonderful lessons for us in the story of the coming of Jesus to the world. And one of these is that he is willing, glad, yes, even *anxious* to call us "brethren." He is "not ashamed" to call sinful persons his brethren, whether they be great or small, rich or poor, young or old, learned or ignorant, good or bad. He is the great Brother of all who need help. And he *loves* his brethren. If Jesus loves one more than another, it is he who is farthest from God, who has sunk lowest in sin. Do you sometimes feel that you are the most sinful person on earth? If that should be true, you need not be discouraged; for you are therefore the one whom Jesus loves. In a special sense you are his brother, and he will lift you up.

3. Jesus was made like us in "all things." He took all our weaknesses, all our sorrows, all our temptations, so that he might know just how to help us in all our experiences. And because he has known every part of life, we have confidence in his ability. When he speaks to us, we may know that he is not talking a theory which he has not proved. Because he took all, he knows how to help all.

4. The work of Jesus on earth was to fit him for his work for us in the sanctuary in heaven. As our friend in heaven, he must know all that we have to pass through on earth. He saw that some could not get to heaven without terrible battles with Satan. He saw those who would have to pass through the time of trouble, and in order to be able to guide and keep them in that awful time, he suffered all that they will need to suffer. While Jesus was in Gethsemane and on the cross, it seemed to him that he was forsaken of his Father, and all was darkness and gloom; so those who live on the earth while the plagues are falling, will have the feeling that God has left them to perish. But Jesus has been over the path before them, and he will deliver them.

5. Jesus was willing to endure all the afflictions and temptations which came to him, because he saw that the experience was fitting him to help others. He was learning how to be a priest for us. He found joy in traveling the thorny path; for he saw that by so doing he would be able to travel it again in company with those who would live after him. He traveled the road once alone; now he travels it together with us.

6. The temptations that came to Jesus were just such temptations as come to all his people in all time and in all the world. So it makes no difference where we live, when we live, nor who we are, whether young or old; we may know that Jesus has conquered these same temptations that we have to meet, and is willing and able to help us gain the victory over them. Sometimes our earthly friends are not patient with our faults and failures: they have never passed through

just our experience, and therefore they do not understand our need. But Jesus, our High Priest, having felt all our weaknesses while he lived on earth, sympathizes with us, and tenderly helps us in all our trials. He says to all, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 17; "Thoughts on the Revelation," Pages 657-662

(March 31 to April 6)

NOTICE the one who presents this view to the prophet, and the object of presenting it. John had just beheld the seven angels pour out the seven last plagues upon the wicked; and now one of these very angels comes and talks with him. The angel gives him a view of the character of the mystery of iniquity, upon whom the plagues had fallen so heavily. After beholding the true character of the harlot mother, John could better appreciate the mercy and justice of God in pouring out the plagues.

Mother of Harlots.—A family is here brought to view. The father, the devil, is not mentioned; but the family resemblance is so strong that a glance at the children reveals the father. In no family is any one child an *exact* representation of the mother. Each child has its own individuality, yet the resemblance is such that one recognizes the parent by the looks and actions of the child; so in Babylon's daughters—no one is exactly like the mother, but every daughter holds some family trait or custom, by which the family tie is shown. In one we find infant baptism; in another, saint-worship; and in yet another, the immortality of the soul. But the regard for Sunday, the strongest family trait, is seen in *all* the members of the family.

Woman Drunken with Blood.—One loves and craves drink, in order that he may take sufficient to make him drunken. If the taste of liquor is distasteful to an individual, he will never become a drunkard. The woman loves the taste of the blood of the martyrs; she revels in it, and becomes drunken. No wonder the prophet marveled. It is truly a marvel that any church called Christian could ever take delight in shedding the blood of the followers of Christ.

The Woman the City.—The woman is that great city, which the prophet saw under the seventh plague divided into three parts, corresponding to the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet of Rev. 16:13. While paganism, Catholicism, and apostate Protestantism stand seemingly separate, they are all bound into one family. All have "one mind" in regard to the worship of Sunday, and all unite in enforcing Sunday laws.

The Ten Horns Have One Mind.—The ten horns correspond to the ten horns of the fourth beast of Daniel 7, also with the clay and iron and ten toes of the image of Daniel 2. They represent the different nations on the earth at the time of the end. They will all be united upon some point; for as the prophet saw them, he said, "These have one mind." It is a new thing in the world's history for different leading nations while they are preparing for war, and fighting among themselves, to be so united upon

one point that they can be said to be of "one mind." In "Great Controversy," Vol. IV, page 635, we find the following words: "When the protection of human laws shall be withdrawn from those who honor the law of God, there will be in different lands a simultaneous movement for their destruction. As the time appointed in the decree draws near, the people will conspire to root out the hated sect. It will be determined to strike in one night a decisive blow, which shall utterly silence the voice of dissent and reproof." The nations all over the earth will have "one mind" on the subject of disposing of Sabbath-keepers. There will be a simultaneous movement in different lands.



In writing to the Letter Box, try to tell something that would interest you if some other boy or girl had written it. And in describing something that other people do not often see, be very careful to tell about it so plainly that they will be able to see it just as it appears to you:—

SOUTH MONTEREY, MICH.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: The other morning papa and I were looking outdoors, and we saw a mourning-dove; but when my brother stepped to the door, it flew away. These doves stay around the barn, and feed on a stack of chaff near by. I am nine years old, and am in the third grade at school.
BERTIE FRANK.

LEBECK, MO.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am eleven years old, and have a sister who is eighteen. I have also two brothers who live in another county. One of them, with his family, is coming to live with us. He has a little boy four years old. I shall be so glad to see him, and will let him ride my horse Dike. Papa says he will try to let me take the INSTRUCTOR, for it is good reading, and I want to be a good girl.
EUNICE FLOYD.

KENNEDY, N. Y.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: The other day I was in a repair shop, and saw a man "gum" a saw. First he took the saw-teeth out of the frame, and then held them against an emery-wheel, which cut the steel. When the saw was held against the turning wheel, there was a row of bright sparks of fire. In this shop there were also a turning-lathe, a planing-machine, and a machine for making shingles. I was very much interested in them all.
FLOYD E. BOWEN.

LE ROY, ILL.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have taken the INSTRUCTOR four years, and enjoy it very much. There is no Seventh-day Adventist church nearer than Bloomington, a distance of eighteen miles, so I do not attend church service very often. We live in the country, and the schoolhouse is just across the road. I took the central examination a year ago, ranking first in a class of five; but I have not been to school since, for the very next day my mother ran a nail into her finger, resulting in blood-poisoning. So I had to take care of her, and help her. I am fifteen years old.
CLIO V. BRANAMAN.

SAN FERNANDO, CHILE, Jan. 17, 1901.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am very glad of having the opportunity to write you, and tell you that I have gathered many precious truths from your pages. I am sixteen years old, and in our Sabbath-school I belong to the youth's division. I love the Lord because he first loved me, and I am determined, his grace assisting, to go forward. My mother and my youngest sister are also in the truth, and rejoice in it. We need your prayers that we may be kept every day. The work here is going forward, though there is much opposition.

Hoping to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR when the Master comes, I am,
Your sister,
DOROTHY GILTENS.

APRIL, 1901

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1820), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you now, and mailed to the Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

Name,
Post-office,
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State,

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

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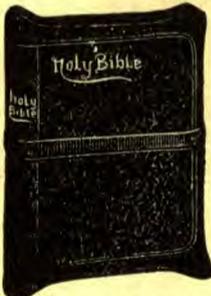
ST. MATTHEW, 13.

42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.
43 When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.
44 Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished.
45 Then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits more evil than himself, and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first.
50 For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.
CHAPTER 13.
3 The parable of the sower and the seed; 16 the exposition. 24 The parable of the tares, 31 of the mustard seed, 33 of the leaven, 44 of the hidden treasure, 45 of the pearl, 47 of the dragnet. 53 Christ is contented of his own countrymen.
THE same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.
2 And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

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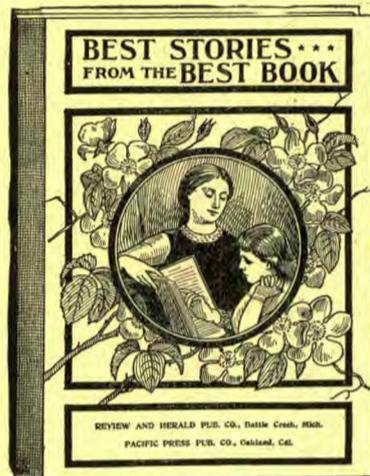
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No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago..... 3.50 P. M.
No. 5, International Express..... 2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend..... 8.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.
Nos. 1, 3, and 6, daily.

EAST-BOUND.

No. 8, Mail and Express, East and Detroit..... 3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada..... 8.32 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit..... 2.10 A. M.
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit..... 6.50 A. M.
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Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.
Nos. 4, 6 and 2, daily.

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
BATTLE CREEK.



IN HIS PRESENCE

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel how weak! We rise how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this
wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer;
And joy, and strength, and courage are with thee?
—Selected.

PROPERLY NUMBERING OUR DAYS

“So TEACH us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” Ps. 90:12. Whether we are day by day securing a wealth of wisdom depends largely upon whether we have learned the wonderful incentive that takes possession of the soul that has acquired the secret of numbering his days. When a man regards each day as if it were the last, he will always be applying his heart to wisdom. He will soon be far ahead of the ordinary procession of mankind, and will be regarded by the majority as possessing some special gift, when in reality he may possess less ability than many whom he is leaving so far behind. He simply has learned to number his days, and the stimulus resulting from this knowledge leads him to *apply* his heart unto wisdom.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE BATHING-GHATS IN CALCUTTA

At various points in Calcutta, along the bank of the Hughli River, wealthy Indians have erected great pillared memorial porches, with steps leading down to the river, for the benefit of bathers. Every morning the Hindus crowd these bathing-ghats for a dip in the sacred waters, the Hughli being but a mouth of the Ganges. Rich and poor, men and women, wash in the muddy waters. With their faces to the sun, many may be seen saying prayers.

As I was one day crossing the bridge which spans the river between Calcutta and Howrah, the railway terminus, I saw an unusual crowd about one ghat. A dozen small tables were placed in the stream to serve as platforms for the readers, who read all together from some Hindu service book. The crowd responded, all the time dipping branches of the sacred *tulsi* plant into the water, and flinging the drops over themselves and their neighbors. It was some festival. On this occasion the crowd was composed of educated and intelligent men. The darkest superstitions may thrive along with any amount of merely intellectual enlightenment.

W. A. SPICER.

A CHILD'S DEFINITION OF CHARITY

It was at a special children's meeting, where many visitors were present. The topic was “Gifts to God;” and as soon as the meeting was thrown open, a little fellow rose promptly to take part. His shrill, childish voice rang through the large room, every word distinctly audible:—

“If you have anything you don't want,” he said, “don't throw it away, but give it to the poor.”

There was a little rustle of amusement among the visitors; the face of the young girl who was teaching the children grew red with embarrassment.

One gentleman in the audience turned to

another: “Pretty good definition of some people's religion,” he remarked.

It was only a childish blunder, of course; the boy's thought was neither irreverent nor selfish, only the wise one that the Master himself taught,—that of taking up the fragments. But, is it a definition of some people's religion? is it, ever, of our own religion?

There are so few hours in a day, and so many things that we want to crowd into them! Is God the first and greatest need? or do we leave for him only tired, hurried moments between our eager plans? Ambitions, money, pleasures, friends,—how they brim our lives with gladness! Among them all is the Master having his place and share? or—how pitiful the question looks, written out in black and white!—are we giving to this dearest, tenderest Friend only the fragments that we don't want?—Selected.

A NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER

A FRENCHMAN by the name of Brigalant, has invented a new substance, which he calls “fibro-leum,” and which, he declares, will replace leather to a considerable extent. It is made by chemical treatment of leather-waste, which hitherto has been used only for the extraction of the grease that it contains. Describing the process of making it, a recent issue of the *Revue Scientifique* states that “the clippings of leather, cut into very small bits, are stored in great vats, where they are macerated in an alkaline solution, which, by dissolving the substance that cements the fibers together, leaves them independent. . . . The resulting pulp, which is very soft to the touch, is treated in machines similar to those used in paper-making, and the result is a very light but strong sheet not more than one millimeter [one two hundred and fiftieth of an inch] in thickness. These may be made to adhere, forming sheets varying in thickness from one to ten centimeters [two-fifths inch to four inches]. After treatment in the hydraulic press, these sheets look like leather and have its strength.” M. Brigalant is at present making daily from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty gross of soles for shoes, and expects soon to turn out one thousand gross a day. Although the substance absorbs water more readily than leather, it is so strong, flexible, and cheap that it will be used extensively.

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.

THEY MAKE NO SIGN

A LIFE-SAVER at a bathing-beach was set to talking by a reporter last summer, and the experience he related was at variance with common opinions in several points. “It is generally supposed,” he said, “that persons struggling in the water call for assistance, but such is not the case. For some reason, which can hardly be explained, they never signal help. They simply throw up their hand,—not both, mind you,—and under they go. I have noticed this particularly at the Washington beach. In not a single instance has there been a call for help. I have pulled from the water persons who were struggling for life, yet who never uttered a single outcry. I have been with fairly good swimmers who became exhausted, and who, without a word of warning, threw back the head as if about to float, or swim on the back, and went under. As they sank, one arm came up.”

This is true to life, and it is true of a wider life than that of the seashore. The men who are going down on the ocean of life are making no noise about it. They may wear a smile on their faces—when they are not alone. Indistinguishable among the comfortable, well-dressed throng, they may be passed on the street with no knowledge of their danger. Indeed, in your very office, or even in your home, may be one who is going down, and is making no sign.

The physician does not come until he is called;

but the Great Physician and his disciples must go before they are called, or they will be too late. Their eyes must be skilled to see symptoms hidden from the sufferer himself. They must be able to make out a diagnosis without a question or the feeling of a pulse.

It is possible to get on through the world very comfortably. It is easy to believe that there is very little sin that needs combating, and very little sorrow that needs comforting. The worst sin and the heaviest sorrow always hide themselves. If you do not see them, it is not because they do not exist; it is because you do not know how to look.

And how can you get seeing eyes? By way of the sympathizing heart. Not by way of pride, but of humility. Know yourself, your own proneness to sin, if you would know others. Obtain for yourself the unflinching Help, if you would know how to help others. Live deep lives, and you will be able to rescue those who are down in the depths of woe and wickedness.—Caleb Cobweb, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

Despite our clothes, despite our airs and graces, we most appear to be exactly what we are.—Henry Seton Merriman.

MONDAY:

The love of Christ is a radiating love. The more we love him, the more we shall love others.—Frances Ridley Havergal.

TUESDAY:

“If we want our words to have weight with others, we must prove by our daily lives that we are earnest and sincere in what we say.”

WEDNESDAY:

If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies.
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.
—Selected.

THURSDAY:

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him, he gives him for mankind.—Phillips Brooks.

FRIDAY:

“Lord, hold my hand as thou hast said,
Not one, but both my hands instead,
Lest with the other I should cling
For help to any earthly thing.
How sweet the thought that comforts me,—
'Tis not my fickle hold on thee,
But thine eternal, loving grasp,
Which holds me with a father's clasp.”

SABBATH:

“The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.”

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