

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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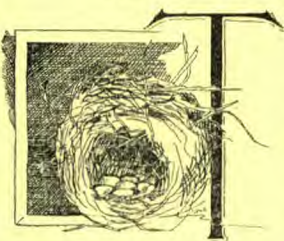
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No. 14.



HARK! 'tis the bluebird's venturous strain
High on the old fringed elm at the gate—
Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying bough,
Alert, elate,
Dodging the fitful spits of snow,
New England's poet-laureate,
Telling us spring has come again!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE WORK OF THE BIRDS



THE wanton destruction of birds shows how little these creatures and their work are appreciated. Hundreds are destroyed for trimmings for ladies' hats and bonnets;

hundreds more are killed for food; and still other hundreds are destroyed from the simple love of killing them.

In some States large sums of money are appropriated for the purpose of fighting the insects that threaten at times to destroy the ornamental trees and shrubs of our cities. With powders and oils and liquids, aggressive warfare is waged against moths, worms, and insects; and at the same time the birds, which would do this work without one cent of remuneration, are killed and captured. The relation of birds to insects is just coming to be appreciated.

"It is said that two hundred millions of dollars that should go to the farmer, the gardener, and the fruit growers of the United States is lost every year by the ravages of insects; that is to say, one tenth of our agricultural products is actually destroyed by them."

The ravages of the gypsy moth in only a very

small portion of Massachusetts cost the State one hundred thousand dollars a year. When the weather is dry, the only help is rain; and when insects threaten, the only natural help is the birds.

"Consider for a moment what the birds are doing for us any summer day, when insects are so abundant that the hum of their united voices becomes an almost inherent part of the atmosphere.

"In the air Swallows and Swifts are coursing rapidly to and fro, ever in pursuit of the insects which constitute their sole food. When they retire, the Nighthawks and Whippoor-wills will take up the chase, catching moths and other nocturnal insects which would escape the day-flying birds. The fly-catchers lie in wait, darting from an ambush at passing prey, and with a suggestive click of the bill returning to their post. The Warblers, light, active, creatures, flutter about the terminal foliage, and with almost the skill of a Hummingbird, pick insects from leaf or blossom. The Vireos patiently explore the under-sides of leaves and odd nooks and corners, to see that no skulker escapes. Woodpeckers, Nuthatches, and Creepers attend to the tree trunks and limbs, examining carefully each inch of bark for insects' eggs and larvæ, or excavating for the ants and borers they hear at work within. On the ground the hunt is continued by Thrushes, Sparrows, and other birds, which feed upon the innumerable forms of terrestrial insects. Few places in which insects exist are neglected; even some species which pass their earlier stages or entire lives in the water are preyed upon by aquatic birds."—*"Bird Life."*

All this being true, it might still be thought that the birds accomplish little in their war against the enemies of vegetation. It has been stated on good authority that the stomachs of four Chickadees contained one thousand and twenty-eight eggs. In the stomachs of four other Chickadees were found six hundred eggs and one hundred and five female moths. One female moth is said to contain, on an average, one hundred and eighty-five eggs. Supposing, then, that a Chickadee eats thirty moths a day, which is a fair estimate, for the twenty-five days when these moths crawl up trees, in the given period the bird would destroy one hundred thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty eggs of this insect.

Professor Forbes, of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History, found in the stomach of a single Robin one hundred and seventy-five larvæ of *Bibio*, a fly which, in its larval state, feeds on the roots of grass. But this does not half express the truth of the case, for birds digest their food very rapidly. The stomach of a yellow-billed Cuckoo, shot at six o'clock in the morning, contained the partially digested remains of forty-three tent-caterpillars. If it had gathered so many at so early an hour of the day, it is a question how many it would have eaten before nightfall.

Hawks and Owls destroy the small rodents that are so destructive to crops. All our Hawks and Owls, except the Sharp-skinned and Cooper's Hawk, are beneficial. The number of mice and other rodents eaten by some of these large birds seems almost incredible.

Other birds eat and destroy the seeds of many injurious weeds. Prof. F. E. L. Beal has calculated that in Iowa alone the little Tree Sparrow destroys one million seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds of seeds of noxious weeds every year. But the birds which eat the seeds of these weeds, thus destroying them, also eat blueberries, huckleberries, strawberries, and raspberries, but do not destroy their seeds, distributing

them unharmed over thousands of acres where otherwise they would not have grown.

In thinly settled portions of the country the Crow probably does more harm than good; but in thickly settled portions the matter is reversed. The English Sparrow is of positively more harm than good, and deserves sentence of death. The Sapsucker and Redhead Woodpecker, with the Crow Blackbird, may be beneficial or injurious according to circumstances.

Evidence goes to show that other common birds are of invaluable aid and benefit to mankind, and should in every way be encouraged and protected.

L. A. REED.





THE FIRE BY THE SEA

THERE were seven fishers with nets in their hands,
And they walked and taught by the seaside sands;
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow;
And we know them one and all,—
Ay! know them and love them all.

The livelong night, till the moon went out,
In the drowning waters they beat about—
Beat slow through the fog their way;
And the sails drooped down with wringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net;
And now 'twas the break of the day,—
The great, glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side!"
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide)
And they cast, and were dragging hard;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved,
"It is our risen Lord!
Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat—
Ay! first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea,—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others through the mists so dim
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their nets through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land,
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,
And with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long and long and long ago
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee:
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea—
On the wild, wet sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea,
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lovest thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lovest thou me?"

—Alice Carey.

HOW TO MEET CRITICISM

THERE are those who can not speak in favor of the very best of blessings without attaching a criticism, to cast a shadow of reproach. Let us be guarded. Let us refuse to allow the criticisms of any one to implant objections in our minds. Let us educate ourselves to praise that which is good when others criticise. Murmurers will always pick flaws, but let us not be saddened by the accusing element. Let us not look upon it as a virtue to make and suggest difficulties, which will harass and perplex. Keep the atmosphere surrounding the soul clear by dwelling upon the bright sunshine of heaven, which is always shining to make us happy. Let us bring all the pleasantness possible into our lives.

When others begin to question and criticise, let us be determined, either by silence or by turning the conversation into another channel, to cut off the words which would not be spoken in wisdom. We are to continue to wait upon the Lord, making every effort to keep the door of our lips, so that we shall not utter one word savoring of unbelief.

We are to walk by faith, practicing the very

things we have asked the Lord to give us grace to do. Thus we work out our own salvation, trying to help and save those in trouble by faithful words and kind deeds. It is God who works in us, both to will and to do of his good pleasure. The finite and the infinite are to unite in accomplishing the work that needs to be done. God has pledged himself to supply us with strength, cheerfulness, pleasantness, and joyfulness in our Saviour. Abiding in him, the word that would cast a shadow over others is left unsaid.

Let us remember that every one has some dark spot in his experience; and let us do all we can to bring cheerfulness and hope into the lives of others. What a blessing this will be to them! In turn they will speak words of good cheer to others, to bring sunshine into their hearts. As we do this work, we shall be in a position to realize that the Lord hears our prayers, because we work in harmony with them, fulfilling all the duty we owe to God and to ourselves. We shall go about our work in a thankful, prayerful frame of mind.

By faith we may claim the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." Yes, we shall find the answer to our prayers; for God will do exceeding abundantly above our highest expectation. What precious witness we shall then bear for God! What an honor we shall be to the truth of his word!

Doleful, discouraging words will do no good. When Christ abides in the heart, we shall not even repeat the false statements we hear. We shall not retaliate nor bring railing accusation against any, because this would wound our souls deeply, and make us forget our resting-place of confidence and peace in Christ.

The enemy leads those whose hearts are not stayed upon God to admit into their minds unpleasant and disagreeable thoughts. These they ponder over, and then pass along as food for other minds. But this is food of Satan's preparation, and impoverishes the soul.

With the sweet melody of song, in his childhood, youth, and manhood, Jesus corrected passionate, unadvised words and unbelieving, accusing utterances. When he was assailed by critics, his voice was raised in song: "Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works, which thou hast done, and thy thoughts, which are to us ward: they can not be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered. . . . I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest. I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation. Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord; let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

VARIED EXPERIENCES

THE experience that God gives us to-day, be it light or dark, is worth a great deal more to us than if he repeated for us the brightest experience we ever had; for that is dead and gone, and would be only a second-hand thing. God is so wonderful an educator that he can teach us equally well in the dark or in the light. To-day from a trying experience we may learn something that will so wonderfully impress us, that sometime in the future it will be worth more to us than if he had repeated for us the brightest experience of our lives. Sometimes it seems as if God was showering blessings over us, and at other times it appears as if he was not doing much for us. But it takes all these varied experiences to make us all-round workers. Sometimes we will appear to be floating on the top wave of success, and at other times our faith will be se-

verely tested, and we seem to be lost in the depths of despair; but these experiences serve as spiritual gymnastics to develop the right kind of spiritual muscle and sinew.

No matter how things may look, or how many blunders others are making, or how badly people may use us, it is our privilege through it all to hear the voice of Christ saying, "Peace, be still." We may have to pass over a very circuitous route in order to get to the end of our journey, but the Lord has surveyed the road before us. At times it will seem as if we were going over the same old ground, but it is not necessarily so; we may really be going over it on a *higher* altitude.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE STAIRWAY THAT LED TO SUCCESS

THERE are few things in life more appalling than the facility with which young men and women of splendid capabilities resign themselves to inferior positions, when a little self-sacrifice and determination to succeed would lead them on to the heights.

Recently the writer's attention was called to a life chapter that was full of interest and inspiration, telling, as it did, of honest effort to rise, due appreciation, and subsequent success.

Alexander Martin was what is commonly known as a rough carpenter—that is, he was employed on the rough work in building; his wages were somewhat less than two dollars a day, and considering the fact that there were frequent intervals when there was no work to be done, it is not strange that he found difficulty in making both ends meet. One morning the thought occurred to him that his average earnings were less than a dollar and a half a day, while men who were working on the same building were receiving three and four dollars for a day's work, and having constant employment. Many of them were no brighter than he, he flattered himself; the difference was that they had learned the art of doing fine work.

That night, and for many nights following, Martin carried home with him a bundle of hard wood,—small blocks which had been thrown into the waste. The men wondered what he was doing with the pieces of hard wood he carried home from time to time, and they were puzzled when they learned that he had purchased a chest of tools such as only the best carpenters have use for. They noticed that his work was more accurate, but somehow the truth did not dawn upon them.

One morning the contractor asked his men if any of them knew where he could find a first-class man, capable of building the spiral staircase leading from the front hall to the second floor. The house was to be completed on a certain date, and, as the man who was to have built the staircase was sick, an expert was needed at once.

"I think I can do the work satisfactorily," said Alexander Martin, stepping forward.

The contractor looked amused. "I fear I shall need an experienced hand," said he, striving to repress a smile.

"I am confident that I can satisfy you, sir," said Martin.

"Well, get your tools and go to work, then," said the boss; "but it will not take me a day, nor an hour, to see what you can do in that line, young man."

That afternoon Martin began on the staircase; and though the contractor frequently passed that way to view the work, contrary to the expectations of the other men he was not interrupted. As the work progressed, the other carpenters stopped to admire; the inlaid work was a marvel of cunning and art, and the sight filled them with amazement.

"You are building the stairs to success, Al," said one of the men, the latter part of the week; "the boss is mightily pleased with your work."

By the end of the week the staircase was completed; and as Martin was sweeping away the

chips and sawdust, the contractor handed him his pay envelope. It contained twenty-two dollars, — more money than he had ever before received for a week's work.

"I shall want you on a similar job next Monday," said the contractor; "in fact, there will be work of this nature for you right along."

It was then that Alexander Martin began to realize that those days and evenings which he had spent at home, working out geometric designs with the blocks of hard wood, had not been wasted, — that he had indeed been building the stairs that were to lead him upward to success.— *The Well Spring*.

MISS LONGFELLOW AND THE INDIANS

THE poet's daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, has been made as much of an Indian as a pretty ceremony of compliment can make a white person. It came about thus:—

Longfellow's hero, Hiawatha, was an Ojibway, a name that was corrupted by the French into Chippewa. The Ojibways, who inhabited the Lake Superior and Upper Huron regions, and who still have reservations there, number in our own day many most intelligent persons. Some years ago two such Indians, the chiefs Caboosea and Wabanoosa, paid a visit to Cambridge, to see the poet who had made their tribe famous. They learned to their grief that the gentle Longfellow had recently died. They were, however, received at Cragie House with much kindness, and Mr. Longfellow's daughters pointed out to them objects that were closely associated with the poet's life. Each chief asked the privilege of sitting for a moment at the desk where Hiawatha was written. On leaving Cambridge, they secured from Mrs. Longfellow and her daughter a provisional promise to visit the tribe in their northern home.

The center of that home is between the island of Mackinac and the Sault Sainte Marie, or Falls of Saint Mary. The north-bound steamer takes you through the narrow, winding river of Saint Mary, past the island of Saint Joseph; and here, a few miles to the east, lie a swarm of tiny islands,—mere rocks clad in evergreen woods, covering the transparent blue water like so many emeralds set in so much sapphire. The boat from Mackinac to the "Soo" will not stop to let you off here; but you can come back by the little mail-tug, and if you can get a canoe or a sail-boat, you can pick your way among the emeralds till you come to the Indian reservation. Here it was, one day last July, that the Indians received the long-promised visit from Miss Alice Longfellow.

They made great preparations for her coming, and did all that lay in their power for her amusement and entertainment. But the real honor came when, with a great deal of seemingly mystic ceremony, carried on in the guttural but not unmusical Ojibway tongue, the chief men declared Miss Alice Longfellow an honorary member of the Ojibway tribe, with every privilege which such membership can give.

Probably nothing of the sort has ever happened before. White girls have been stolen or captured, and brought up as squaws, and a few white boys have been adopted to become enemies to their own race; but never before has the Indian granted so high an honor as Miss Longfellow's. It was an honor given by human hearts to the child of the poet who recognized that hearts are human the world over.— *Selected*.

THE worst that anybody's malice can do for us is to make us malicious; and the great thing to fear, in any encounter, is that we may be the authors of hatred rather than the victims of it. Emerson said of Lincoln that he had a heart as large as the world, but there was not room in it for the memory of a wrong.— *S. S. Times*.



NEW JAPAN

III

OLD Japan is supposed to have died many years ago. But it was never decently buried, for it crops out every now and again. New Japan, as you know, has telegraphs, railroads, armies, navies, commerce,—everything except the root of Christianity, which makes people love God, and their neighbors just the same as themselves.

You remember the story Jesus told about the man who had an evil spirit? You know it was cast out, and the man swept and ornamented the room where the bad spirit had been; but he *left it empty*, and by and by that wicked spirit came back, and brought seven others with him, and the man was worse than he had been before. So Japan is driving out idolatry and superstition quite fast, but she is sweeping the dirty old house with "morality;" that is, the people say, as many say here in our own land, "If we don't do anything wrong, that is sufficient. We don't need the Saviour." And they ornament the swept places with Western learning, and think they are all right. But don't you know the evil spirits of "modern skepticism," "materialism," and "agnosticism" are entering the country as fast as they can? But we believe Japan will be warned, and that she will not act so unwisely that her last condition will be worse than her first.

Perhaps you have an idea, as so many have, that Japan is warm everywhere. That is a great mistake. It is bitter cold in the north. There is probably as much variety of climate in the whole empire from north to south as from Canada to Florida. The western coasts are swept by Siberian winds, in the north. The eastern coast is warmed by the "black stream."

I lived seven years in that cold northwestern region. The snow would drift to the eaves of the low houses. The winds blew cold. We were in a Japanese house. The outside wall was mostly of slides; then a wall three feet wide, and slides again.

You know the Japanese use no stoves,—just a box filled with ashes, and a handful of burning charcoal, sufficient to warm their hands over. Of course their houses, with these paper walls, are very cold. Flannel is not much used yet for clothing. The winter garments are made of much the same material as the summer ones, and wadded with cotton. Poor people wear these bulky garments night and day, with not a change the winter through. After a little while these heavy clothes have an exceedingly disagreeable odor.

A poisonous gas rises from burning charcoal. In some countries, people commit suicide by going to sleep in a tightly closed room where there is a pan of burning charcoal. Fortunately for the Japanese, their paper-walled houses, with a good many torn places, admit a great deal of fresh air; and so the people are to some extent protected from the poison of the charcoal fumes. But in that cold northern land it is very sad to see the old, the feeble, and the very young, come out of

their homes in the spring, after being "shut-ins" during the severe weather. They look pallid and death-like. We could not live in such cold houses; so we had to put a stove-pipe through the paper screens, and have stoves in our homes.

LAURA DE LANY GARST.

CHILD LIFE IN EGYPT

FROM his earliest days, a child born among the poorer classes in Egypt is left unwashed and undressed. His ignorant parents suppose that in this way he will escape the "evil eye." They even paint his cheeks and forehead with soot or clay with the same object.

Poor, deluded parents! Instead of saving their child from evil, they bring it upon him by this neglect and dirt; for nothing is more common than to meet with little ones who have lost the sight of one eye, even if they are not entirely blind.

The home into which the little *fellah*, as the peasant boy is called, is born, is little more than a hovel of mud. It is without windows, and contains neither bed nor furniture. He has to be content with a cradle of mud — outside the house



A YOUNG JAPANESE WOMAN

during the summer, and inside it in winter.

A flat stone in front of the door serves as a kitchen, where the scanty meal of the family is cooked. When ready, this is eaten with the thumb and two fingers of the left hand, knives and forks being unknown.

Now and then we may meet with a home that has whitewashed walls and windows; but these are rare. Every house has its dovecote — a kind of mud dome with earthen pots for the birds.

Every village, too, has its tree, a large mulberry or fig, round which the children play in the evening. But the life of the little *fellah* would be cheerless indeed, did not the soft Egyptian air surround him, and the bright Egyptian sun look down on him.

At an early age the peasant child finds a play-fellow in the uncouth buffalo, riding to and from the stream, or playing with the calf on the banks of the river.

Then he goes to an Arab school, where he

learns to read and recite the Koran, and to write a little.

His schooldays, however, soon come to an end; for he must begin early to work for his living. So, almost as soon as he can walk, he is sent into the cotton-fields, or has to watch the dams and dykes which keep back the waters of the rising Nile.

When the water subsides, he helps sow the seed, or work the machine which is used for raising water. Sometimes he serves as a seller of goods, or it may be as a donkey boy in the streets of Cairo.

This boy is seldom the owner of the animal he drives. As a rule, several donkey boys belong to one man, who pays the boy a mere trifle. For this he will run as much as twenty miles a day, jostled by camels, horses, and foot-passengers, in the heat, noise, and dust of Cairo.

Some people say the donkey boy is impudent, greedy, thievish, lying, and so on. I have not found him so. He has worked for me for days under a burning sun, living on a crust of rye-bread, and has never once complained of extra work or fatigue.

Over his handful of dates, his bunch of onions, or his savory soup of lentils, he is happy, dreaming that some day he may be an owner of donkeys himself. Then he will have a pipe-bearer, a house with a courtyard, a fountain, and an orange grove.

The Egyptian child is fond of stories and legends; his home is a land of marvels, of gigantic pyramids, and the weird sphinx, of ancient tombs, and widespread ruins of mighty cities.

Through his land flows the wondrous Nile, to whose annual rise and fall his race owes its very existence; while beyond the narrow valley lies the mysterious desert, with its waste of sand and its fertile oases.

Yes, Egypt is a land of wonders, mosques, palaces, and hovels,—a land whose people were among the most renowned of ancient times, but who are now poor, ignorant, and degraded.—*Selected.*



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT "THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES"

1. "WHY is it not well to eat between meals?"

All God's creatures and created works exhibit more or less regularity in their movements. One characteristic symptoms of all life in its rhythmic tendency. God is a God of order; and man, who is made in God's image, gets along best when his habits are regular. The objections to eating between meals, briefly summed up, are as follows:—

1. Eating immediately before or soon after a meal interferes with the process of digestion, more or less retarding it, and thus increasing the liability to sour stomach and its unpleasant consequences.

2. Partaking of food midway between meals necessitates on the part of the stomach extra labor, which is almost equivalent to digesting a full meal. The entire process of digestion must be gone through, and thus the stomach is so weary as to be quite unfit to receive and digest food at the regular meal time.

3. Eating between meals seriously interferes with the regularity of digestion, and must also exert damaging influence upon the regularity of other functions.

4. The process of digesting food calls for an extra supply of blood to the digestive organs. Man has an intellectual and moral existence to

maintain, and in this he differs from the animals, which can eat at all times of the day with impunity, having only an animal existence to maintain, and being able to devote all the blood necessary, with all their nervous energy, to the work of digesting and assimilating food. Especially should young men and women who are endeavoring to store their minds with useful knowledge, and devote certain portions of each day to earnest study, refrain from the pernicious practice of eating between meals, thus calling the blood away from the brain to digest the few morsels which are taken simply to gratify the appetite, and which will afford very little nourishment in comparison with the great amount of energy lost in their digestion.

2. "Is it wrong to have photographs taken?"

This is a question that can not be answered by "Yes" or "No." It is certainly wrong to spend the amount of money some persons do for photographs. On the other hand, it would not seem inconsistent for parents to have photographs of their children, or children of their parents. We all appreciate a photograph of some friend who perhaps has gone to a foreign missionary field. We likewise appreciate having a photograph of some one who may have especially helped or befriended us. This question will have to be decided in each individual case. Will the Lord be glorified by the expenditure? or is it simply to gratify pride? Does it have a legitimate purpose? After carefully considering these things, and praying over the matter, every one must be guided by his best judgment and the voice of conscience.

3. "WOULD you always tell your parents about your trials and troubles?"

This is a question which really deserves more attention than it can receive here. Presupposing that the relation between child and parents is anything like normal, I should say, "Yes, by all means tell your troubles and trials to your parents." The chain of confidence between parent and child is one of the most sacred, and no young person can afford to break it. The cost will be too great. In a city like Chicago, the Christian worker meets scores of stranded social and moral wrecks every week, the beginning of whose downfall was failure to tell father and mother some of the little ups and downs of every-day life. Wherever it is possible, make a confidant of your parents. Especially ought this to be true if one or both of them are Christians. The boys and girls who presume to keep their parents in ignorance of the vital details of life do so at the risk of paying a costly price in later years. By all means confide your troubles and trials to father and mother. They are best able to understand you, and most interested in you, and their counsel will be worth more than that of a score of your young and inexperienced friends.

4. "WHAT is really meant by the term 'health reform'?"

Transgression of physical law has brought upon the human race many diseases. There are few perfectly healthy persons in the world today, especially among the civilized nations. The majority are sick in some way. Health reform is the work of enlightening and helping these suffering men and women back into the divine order. Health and disease are matters that affect the entire body; therefore health reform must include: (1) food reform; (2) dress reform; (3) reform in treating disease; and (4) reforms in any or all lines where the conventional practice is injurious to health, and out of harmony with natural law.

One great object of health reform is to prepare a people to meet the coming King, and be translated without seeing death.

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



A Pure Linen Test.—In order to determine whether your handkerchief is made of pure linen, draw it over your moistened finger. If it is linen, it will show the moisture at once; if cotton, hardly a trace of dampness will be seen.

Frederick the Great's Permission.—It is related that two officers of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, once asked his permission to fight a duel. This was granted; but "when they met on the dueling ground next morning, they found there a gallows erected, and a corporal's guard stationed; and, inquiring the meaning, were told that his majesty had ordered that whoever survived the duel should be immediately hung." The duel did not take place.

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

A Word to Would-be Writers.—One of the most clever and successful writers in New York City has left on record the following words of caution to those who imagine the field of literature an easy one to till: "Theoretically, it seems so easy, by means of pencil and paper, available to any one, to write undying words, and to tell stories that shall move the world, and which shall cause the name of the writer to go thundering down the ages, and be numbered among the immortal band. The road seems royal; and with visions of Benjamin Franklin entering Philadelphia with a loaf under each arm, many literary aspirants have entered New York, from time to time, with manuscripts carefully written on one side of the paper, and folded (not rolled), neatly bestowed in their pockets, presently to find, only too quickly, that the most cherished illusions will fade, and that the world is, after all, very cold and unfeeling. . . . When all is said, it finally remains true that the same energy that is signified by, and required for, literary success on the part of the aspirant, applied in other directions, will yield fruit, some sixty and some a hundredfold better." Of course there are a few distinguished writers who are able to command almost any price for their literary wares. As an illustration, for only the serial rights of his latest story, Mr. Rudyard Kipling received the encouraging sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. His royalties upon this same story in book form, after it has run through one of the great magazines, will be additional profit. On the other hand there are hundreds, perhaps it would not be too much to say there are thousands, of literary workers who are poorly paid, scantily clothed, illy housed, and often only half-fed.

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.



LITTLE FEET AND LITTLE HANDS

LITTLE feet may find the pathway
Leading upward unto God;
Little hands may help to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad.

—Selected.

WORKING AND SHIRKING

THE twins, Rob and Roy, were cleaning the back yard, and Grandfather Downs was watching them from the porch.

"Now, Rob," said Roy, "that box needs to be put over here, in this corner. I'll mark the place to put it, with a stick, while you bring it over."

Rob tugged and pulled at the box, while Roy looked on, offering suggestions and criticisms freely. At last the box was settled to his satisfaction, and the cleaning went merrily on.

"You go on raking, Rob," said Roy, after a few minutes. "I'm going to lay off the yard in strips for us." So Roy spent fifteen minutes in laying off the yard, while Rob raked steadily on.

"O Rob! mama said these bricks must be piled over by the back gate. Let us play you're the Israelites, and I'm the Egyptian taskmaster. I'll get my toy whip, and drive you while you carry them. You must take big loads, just like the Israelites in the pictures."

"Boys," called Grandfather from the porch, "come and rest here in the shade a little while;" and the two boys scampered up the steps, and sat down beside him. Grandfather laid a hand on each young head, and looked lovingly at them, as Jacob must have looked on Ephraim and Manasseh.

"When I was a boy," said Grandfather, in the "story-telling voice" that the boys loved to hear, "I lived on a farm in a new country. We lacked many of the conveniences which you have now. The nearest town was twenty-five miles away. There were no sawmills nor lumber-yards near us, and our houses were built of logs, roofed and floored with boards split from cedar. Everything was homemade."

"When a settler built a new house, it was a great day. All the men in the neighborhood were invited to the 'raising;' and their wives, sisters, and daughters came to help with the cooking, and take part in the merrymaking in the evening."

"In our neighborhood there was a man named Silas Jenkins; and he was always the last man chosen in making out a crew for a 'raising.' He was strong, genial, and good-natured, and there seemed no good reason for so slighting him—at least not until you had seen him at the work. Then you would soon find out why he was never invited unless the crew was very short. When the men all had the great log in their arms, or on their shoulders, holding their breath to lift, Silas, though he *appeared* to lift, always had breath to shout, 'Heave her up! H-e-a-v-e her up!'"

Grandfather's story came to a sudden end, as his stories generally did. Rob looked inquiringly up at him, but Roy hung his head.

"Come, Rob," said he, "I'll carry bricks for a while now, and *you* can be taskmaster."

And after the bricks were moved, Grandfather smiled to see that Roy's rake was as busy as Rob's.

AUNT BETTY.

THE CAT THAT OTHERS FED

A True Story

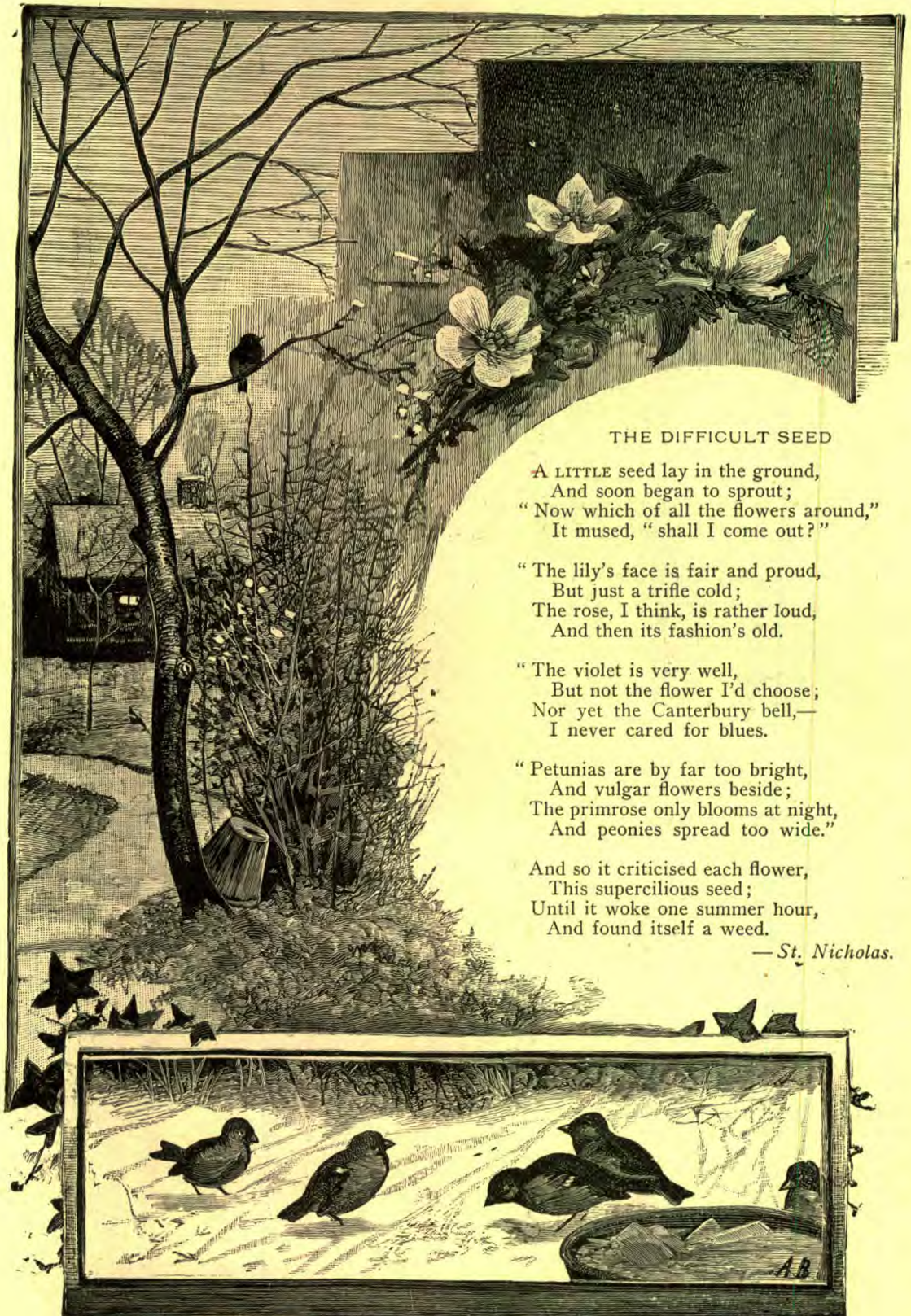
IN a certain town in California there lives a very lazy cat. There are three other cats in the family to which he belongs, and they are all very

smart. Perhaps that is the reason Tom is so lazy—he thinks the other cats catch birds and gophers enough for four. While Graybeard, Dinah, and Snowball are off hunting, Tom lies asleep in the sun; but when they come back with a nice fat gopher or a tender blue jay, Tom is very wide-awake at once, and claims his share of the feast with as much assurance as if he always did his share of the work.

The other cats no doubt feel the unfairness of

trious cats, have found that Tom is too lazy to catch them, no matter how near they come; so, instead of being afraid of him, as they are of the other cats, they seem to despise him because he is not worth being afraid of, and their treatment of him is very amusing.

Whenever they spy him near the orchard, where they come to get the fruit, they will fly to him and flutter around him, screaming and pecking at him until they have driven him off.



THE DIFFICULT SEED

A LITTLE seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then its fashion's old.

"The violet is very well,
But not the flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the Canterbury bell,—
I never cared for blues.

"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers beside;
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide."

And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed;
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.

—St. Nicholas.

this, but either because they are too good-natured to deny him this privilege, or because Tom is so much bigger than any of them that they are a little afraid of him, they never seem to dispute his claims.

But although Tom succeeds in his schemes for living without working, his laziness is punished in a very queer and unexpected way. The blue jays, which are often caught by the indus-

"Ho, you lazy thing!" they seem to be saying, "do you call yourself a cat? You are of no more account than a rabbit. Why don't you catch us?" and poor Tom has not even spirit enough to face them and frighten them away, but runs to find some one of the other cats; for well he knows that the jays will not dare come anywhere near them.

Sometimes when Tom takes refuge in the

house, the jays will actually follow him in through the open door, and keep up their teasing and tormenting, while he hides under tables or chairs until some one comes in to drive them away, when he walks off with dignity.—*Youth's Companion*.



APRIL FIELD STUDY

(April 7-13)

Introduction.—The articles for special study in the April Magazine are: "The Gospel in the Malay Archipelago," "The Religions of India," "In the Zenanas."

William Milne.—The history of this man, though brief, is full of good deeds for the people he loved, and to whom he gave his life, and is indeed worthy of imitation. He was one of the pioneer missionaries to Java, laboring there in the early part of the nineteenth century. Converted at the age of sixteen, at twenty he decided to become a foreign missionary, although five years after this were spent in securing a support for his mother and sisters. His early opportunities for education were meager. When he was twenty-seven years old, he sailed for China, but found that, with the exception of Canton, this country was closed to the foreign missionary. Leaving his wife with friends, he spent six months in Canton engaged in the study of the language, and the next eight months in a tour through Java and other points in the Indian Archipelago, distributing among Chinese residents copies of the New Testament, and a few tracts, which had been translated into the Chinese. At the end of this time he rejoined his wife, giving further time to the study of the language, while he held meetings in his home for foreign residents and sailors. As preaching was still prohibited in China, it was decided that he should labor for the Chinese in Malacca. He immediately went to Penang, opened a missionary day-school, and later an Anglo-Chinese college, and began publishing a monthly and a quarterly paper in the Chinese.

Besides looking after this work in all its details, we are told that from this time—1815—until the close of his life, his main work was the preparation of religious literature in the Chinese language. He aided in the work of translating the Bible into Chinese, the books of Deuteronomy and onward to Job being translated by himself. He prepared a commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians, and wrote several religious books and tracts, all acceptable to the Chinese. He had great skill and readiness in the use of the language, and, in addition to all his literary labors, performed much evangelistic work. His first convert became the first ordained Chinese evangelist, and was in the service of the London Missionary Society for many years.

At the age of thirty-seven Dr. Milne died, having spent only ten years in missionary labor. His wife having been laid to rest three years before, four little children were left. An interesting fact in the history of these children is that seventeen years after the death of his father one of the sons returned to China as a missionary.

Brahmanism and Hinduism.—These terms, though sometimes used interchangeably, are not synonymous. Brahmanism may be defined; Hinduism can not. Brahmanism is, properly, an

early stage in the development of the faith of the Hindus. It dates back to the migration of the Aryans into India. Its sacred books are the Vedas, written probably between 1500 and 1000 B. C., with numerous commentaries and supplements. It is said that the longest life would not suffice for the perusal of these works. Brahmanism originally included a belief in the Supreme Being. The descent to polytheism was by easy stages, when, instead of glorifying the Creator, they worshiped and served the creature. More than three hundred and thirty million divinities grace the Hindu pantheon, chiefly forces and phenomena of nature.

The result of this religion is a race of men whose lowest appetites and loftiest aspirations, whose grossest impurities and most heroic virtues, are alike consecrated by the presence of the gods. The distinguishing feature of this religion is caste; and the ultimate aim is not salvation from sin and death, but eventually deliverance from life itself, by being merged into Brahm, as a drop of water is swallowed up in the sea.

This, then, is the foundation of Hinduism. But Hinduism has adopted whatever was pleasing in Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and even Christianity, until to define Hinduism is impossible. To illustrate the gathering-in, or growing, process of this religion, it has been compared to an old building, which through a long period has been patched, and repaired, and enlarged by additions, until every original aspect has disappeared; and the result is an entire hamlet rather than a single structure. Again, it has been compared to a great banyan tree, covering and including all the superstitions and philosophies that have been known to the Indo-Aryan race.

Condition of Women.—The condition of women in India is an old story, and yet the situation remains largely as it was fifty years ago. While their condition has been somewhat ameliorated by the work of the missionaries, yet the large majority are still in a bondage which only the gospel message can break. The story of Hannah, as written in the book of Samuel, is true of every Hindu wife who has not been blessed with a son. Daughters are seldom prayed for, nor is their advent welcomed. Though other reasons of a secular nature are sometimes given, it is doubtless the religious one—that a son is able to perform successfully the funeral rites of his parents and ancestors—that has the greatest influence. When a son is born, there is great rejoicing in the family, and friends come with their congratulations; but on the birth of a daughter there are no sounds indicative of gladness in the house, and if friends call to see the father, it is to offer consolation.

The only religious training and education of the girl, until that gradually introduced by the missionary, has been with the one object in view—that of securing a husband. But when this is attained, it is very rarely that the saddest part of her life does not begin. She is the property of her husband; all her duties are related to him. If he is removed out of her life, she is a stray and ownerless animal.

Through the English, the *suttee* (the burning of the widow upon the funeral pyre of her husband) has been abolished; but, instead, the time of her suffering has only been lengthened, until many prefer death to a life of continued misery. Besides all the physical suffering that is entailed upon her, the Indian woman who loves her husband is taught that owing to some sin in a previous birth, she is now called to suffer all the pains incident to her position as a widow. All the relief that has come has been the result of the entrance of the gospel. Much remains to be done. The hopeless condition of our sisters in India should appeal to every young woman who knows the love of God. The transformations that have been made are marvelous. We may share in this glorious work.



To say as much as possible in the fewest words that will tell the story well—that is one of the things to think about when writing for this department. As the letters come in, it will be necessary, in order to keep the department within bounds, and still to make it as interesting as possible, to give the terse, boiled-down, bright letters first choice. And the others will have to be shortened. Now there is no one who likes to have some one else "condense" what he has written. Therefore, see to this yourselves, boys and girls; and it will be pleasanter for us all.

What Bird Is This?

ROARING BRANCH, PA.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I am very much interested in the Bird Lore department of our paper, as well as all the rest of it. I am pleased that we are going to have a Boys' and Girls' column. I live in the north-central part of Pennsylvania, among the mountains. There are plenty of the charming little Chickadees here, uttering their cheerful call all the year round. While working in the woods, my father has had them come and sit on his finger, and eat crumbs from his hand.

While walking along in the woods one day, I heard a clinky, metallic sound, which at first I thought came from a hatchet, but which proved to be made by a bird. I could not see the hidden woodsman until within ten or twelve feet of him, when I was startled by his sudden flight. I concluded that the sound produced by the bird was a chirp, but as it was made only when the bird was alighted, it may have been caused by his pecking at the wood. It was with some difficulty that I obtained a sight of this bird. In size it was slightly larger than the pretty snowbird—longer, and of more slender and delicate build. Its plumage was brilliant, being of blue above, shaded to white beneath. When flying, it showed one white tail-feather and two blue ones. I shall be glad if any of the INSTRUCTOR readers can tell me the name of my winter visitor, and how the sound I heard is produced by the bird.

M. J. ROCKWELL.

We are glad to know that the bird studies in the INSTRUCTOR are awakening so deep an interest in this subject among our readers, and that many, like the writer of this pleasant letter, are observing the birds for themselves. Perhaps some of our older bird students will be able to identify this bird for our young correspondent.

Our Picnic

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: One bright day last summer I received an invitation to attend a picnic at West Seattle, just across the bay. At eight o'clock some of us were at the landing, but as usually happens, some were late. We therefore had the pleasure of seeing the old Seattle Ferry, looking like a huge washtub, sail off without us. While waiting for its return, we saw some squaws very gaily dressed, and others hardly dressed at all, spearing food out of a garbage barrel.

At last the steamer returned, and this time we went aboard and had a pleasant ride across the bay. We walked quite a ways before we found a place suitable for the lunch to be spread. Here we left our baskets, and ran off to find some shells. After hunting for some time we began to think of the good things in our baskets, and soon went back to where the older ones of our party had our lunch spread on the grass. Oh, how we did enjoy it! But we were careful not to eat too much, because we were in such a hurry to go in wading. Of course we had to wait a while after eating, but the time came at last when we all put on our bathing suits, and bravely waded in. Then the fun began. We splashed and played in the water, and each had a turn in getting ducked. The day was not half long enough. But there was no help for it; the sun was getting low, so we had to scramble to see who would get dressed first. We were just in time to catch the last boat. And thus ended a very pleasant day.

ADDIE GUTHRIE (9 years old).

It is pleasant to know that our Heavenly Father loves to have his children have happy times together. And he wants them to be happy in such innocent ways that his own good Spirit can go with them to bless and protect them all the time. If this is not so, there is something lacking that nothing else can supply. Your letter is beautifully written, Addie.



OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST

(April 13)

MEMORY VERSES.—Heb. 4:14, 15.

QUESTIONS

1. Who is our great High Priest? Heb. 4:14.
2. What does the Lord tell us to do concerning our High Priest? Heb. 3:1; note 1.
3. By whom was Jesus called to be High Priest? Heb. 5:10.
4. In what way was he appointed? Heb. 7:21; note 2.
5. At what time did the priesthood of Jesus begin? Note 3.
6. After what order, or kind, was Jesus made priest? Heb. 6:20; note 4.
7. Why was he not appointed High Priest after the order of Aaron? Heb. 7:17, 19; note 5.
8. What was the work of a high priest? What therefore must be the work of Jesus? Heb. 8:3.
9. What is the offering of our High Priest? Heb. 9:14; note 6.
10. How long will he continue to serve? Heb. 7:24; note 7.
11. Because his priesthood is not to be changed, what is Jesus able to do? V. 25; note 8.
12. What does God ask us to remember if we are tempted and overcome? 1 John 2:1.

NOTES

1. There is nothing which we should study more earnestly than the work of Jesus, our High Priest. The Lord asks us to "consider." He would have us not only read about Jesus, but meditate, and think, and study. If we do not do as we are bidden, it will be impossible for us to overcome; for we shall be so ignorant of the work of Jesus that we will not know how to pray aright, and thus will not receive answers to our prayers. Let us begin now, if we have not already done so, to form the habit of thinking about Jesus, our High Priest, when we are about our play and our work, when we go out and come in, when we rise up and sit down. The thought that Jesus is praying for us in heaven, will be a power to keep us in the pure and good way.

2. Jesus was made priest by his Father; and as we learned last week, he was glad to take up the work of saving his lost, sinful people. But God was just as glad as his Son; for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." It was God who swore that his Son should be priest forever, and he will never repent. The Lord saw the end from the beginning, and he has been and is glad every day that Jesus has been made high priest. The Father and his Son will never be discouraged about the work, though sometimes it appears to us that our hearts are too bad to be saved. And if God will never repent nor change his mind about us, we have every reason to be of good courage.

3. Jesus began his work as high priest after his work on earth was all finished. On the cross he said, "It is finished." He had done all that God had given him to do to fit himself for his work in heaven. After his resurrection, he ascended to his Father; and from that day until now

he has been seated at the Lord's right hand, praying and working for man.

4. Jesus was made priest "after the order of Melchisedec." The history of Melchisedec is given in Gen. 14:18-20. Melchisedec was a very good man, and therefore a very great man, a priest, one who was acquainted with God. In the Bible he is spoken of as the "King of righteousness." Heb. 7:2. He was also called "King of peace." He was a priest who understood God's forgiveness, how God makes men righteous, and he taught others the way of righteousness and peace. This is the work, also, of Jesus. Jesus is our righteousness and peace. He is our priest-king, the true King of righteousness and peace, and is therefore called a priest "after the order of Melchisedec."

5. Jesus could not possibly have been a priest after the order of Aaron; for the sons of Aaron, the Levites, did their work on earth, while Jesus does his in heaven. They offered sacrifices which could not take away sin, while our High Priest offers that which actually takes away sin.

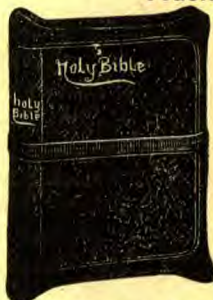
6. The offering of Jesus is himself. Heb. 7:27 (last part). On the cross he gave up his life. He shed his blood as an offering for the world. He did it once for all. And now he pleads the merit of that blood for all who put their trust in him. Whenever one of his children comes to him in prayer, Jesus stretches forth his hands, and asks his Father to remember the blood shed on Calvary.

7. When Jesus was on earth, preparing for his work in heaven, he was a prophet. It was of Jesus that Moses spoke when he said to the Israelites, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet . . . like unto me." Deut. 18:15. When Jesus died on the cross, his work as prophet ended, and soon he began his priestly work. He will continue to work as priest, and to plead for sinners, until the last sinner who desires to be saved is saved; then he will lay aside his priestly garments, and put on the robes of the King. His work as priest will close when probation closes.

8. It is truly wonderful that Jesus is able to save to the uttermost. And the reason is that he never ceases to be priest. He might be both willing and able to save; but if his life were too short, he would still be unable to save his people. But he lives forever. His years do not fail. He, our great High Priest, is the same yesterday, today, and forever. "He ever liveth to make intercession." O, let us trust him! May our prayer be that he will take us to-day, and wash away all our sins in the fountain of his own precious blood.

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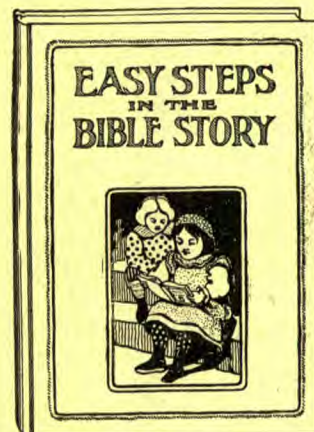
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OAKLAND, CAL., Jan. 17, 1901.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

Merit, no matter under what skin found, is, in the long run, recognized and rewarded.—*Booker T. Washington.*

MONDAY:

"Lost! lost! a treasure rare,
Beautiful beyond compare;
It ran away, no word was said,
While I was yawning in my bed.
To bring it back no one has power,—
This treasure was a morning hour."

TUESDAY:

Our deeds have an inescapable reflex influence; what we do helps to make us what we are.—*P. S. Moxom, D. D.*

WEDNESDAY:

If there's a cross for thee, thou wilt come to it in the right time. Then take it up, and carry it as a good man should. But don't go out of thy way to find a cross,—that's as bad as going out of it to escape one.—*Amelia E. Barr.*

THURSDAY:

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—*Addison.*

FRIDAY:

Be noble—that is more than wealth:
Do right—that's more than place:
Then in the spirit there is health,
And gladness in the face;
Then thou art with thyself at one,
And, no man hating, fearest none.
—*George Macdonald.*

SABBATH:

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. 4: 16.

A NEATLY bound copy of Volume III of the *Life Boat* for 1900-1901 has been received at the INSTRUCTOR office. The volume contains the monthly issues of the *Life Boat* from March, 1900, to February, 1901, inclusive, and would be an excellent book to place in prisons, reading-rooms, and public institutions. Copies will be sent, postpaid, at a reasonable price to all who desire to use them for this work. Address all inquiries to the *Life Boat*, 1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Did you ever watch a passenger-train speeding through the country at night? Far away from the glare of the electric lights, which make of night but a dimmer day in the cities, uphill and

down, through valley and field and wood it rolls swiftly and safely on its way. In the dark?—No, but *through* the dark. For far before it shine the brilliant rays of the headlight, showing the track plainly to the skilled engineer. Since it can not have a lighted path, it lights its own way.

In a certain sense the Christian is like that—he must often go through very dark and dangerous places; but the blessed part of it is that he need never "grope in the dark without a light;" for the word of God is a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path; he has put on "the armor of light," and is led by him who is the Light of the world. In confidence and trust, therefore, he can walk into the darkness; for the light goes with him, and the way is made plain and bright before him.

THE ACCEPTABLE GIFT

"SPEAK unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering," said the Lord to his servant Moses, in giving directions for the building of his tabernacle; "of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart shall ye take mine offering." Willing-heartedness was essential to the acceptable gift. The grudging giver was not asked for an offering; for that holy cause nothing could be received that was not offered in love—and love always gives freely, rejoicing in the privilege.

Thousands of years have passed since that day when, in the wilderness of Sinai, the people of Israel were asked to bring gifts for the Lord's house; but the requisites for acceptable giving have not changed. Now, as then, whether the offering be of money, time, talents, or, greater than all these, the heart, it is the willingness with which it is brought that alone makes it acceptable and precious.

We have learned for ourselves—probably there is not one who will read these lines who has not discovered it for himself—that it is not the intrinsic value of the gifts we receive, but the loving thought and planning that have gone into them, that make them of value to us. And since this is so with us, how much more must it be true with Him to whom not only belong this world and the fullness thereof, but who is the Creator and Ruler of uncounted worlds? It is the loyal and spontaneous love that delights to manifest itself in giving of its choicest and best to him that he recognizes and can bless. "For God loveth a cheerful giver."

AMERICAN POETRY

If one were asked to name the American poets, or to guess at their number, it is quite probable that he would come far short of the facts. For there are represented in the collection of American poets owned by the Brown University more than five thousand volumes—the largest collection of its kind in the world. The library is known as the Harris Library, and was bequeathed to the university in 1884 by Senator Anthony.

"As an illustration of the value of some individual books in this library, it may be said that Mr. Harris paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for an edition of the poems of Anne Bradstreet, the earliest poet of New England, who came over in 1630. Among other valuable first editions in the collection are Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' copies of which have sold for seventy-five dollars, and Whittier's 'Moll Pitcher,' which has brought one hundred dollars. The library is very complete in song-books, college and fraternity song-books, masonic song-books, temperance song-books, and song-books of negro minstrels, slavery, and the Rebellion.

"Albert Gorton Greene, the original collector of this library, graduated from Brown in 1820, was a judge of the municipal court, and became an enthusiastic bibliophile. When he died in

1868, his collection of Americana, consisting of one thousand volumes, came into the possession of Caleb Fiske Harris, who had a great love for books, and bought in every quarter of the globe with little consideration of price. He died in 1881. Senator Anthony purchased that part of his library relating to American poetry, and added to it his own fine collection. From him the library passed to the university.

"This collection, rich as it was, has been made more valuable by the addition of books procured at the sale of the private library of Thomas J. McKee, of New York,—such books as were not to be found in the Harris list."

It is said that while Mr. Harris was making this collection, he received the following from William Cullen Bryant: "Your work has amazed me by showing what multitudes of persons on our side of the Atlantic have wasted their time in writing verses in our language." To which an exchange adds: "It is now possible to estimate American poetry literally by the mile, with the conviction that much of it is better for measuring than for reading purposes."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE INSTRUCTOR

THE following extract from a letter accompanying an addition to the club of INSTRUCTORS taken by the Sabbath-school in Keene, Tex., speaks for itself:—

"We find that the INSTRUCTOR adds very much to the interest of the Sabbath-school in the Youths' Department, and are constantly trying to get all the pupils to obtain copies. I thank the Lord that we have such an excellent paper to put into the hands of our young people—a paper so free from the sentimentalism so prevalent to-day. The Nature Studies by Dr. Reed are interesting and most enjoyable. I read them eagerly as soon as they are published."

THE October number of the *Home Florist*, published quarterly at Springfield, Ohio, is devoted to an article by Jessie M. Good on "The Work of Civic Improvement." In other words, she tells of the rise and growth of the movement to beautify village and country homes, which has developed in several sections of the country, and by photographs shows some of the results achieved. The essay voices the need of a reform that is only too apparent in nearly every village and town in the United States, and should be read by every lover of natural beauty. The price of single numbers of the *Home Florist* is fifteen cents; fifty cents a year.



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