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REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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CRATER LAKE Its Geological History



AND God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth. . . . And

God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them. And, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. . . . And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life."

In obedience to the commandment of God, Noah built an ark, and went out to warn the people of the destruction that was coming upon the earth. But the people would not heed him, and when it had been demonstrated to the universe that neither entreaty nor threat of punishment would turn them from their evil ways, God shut Noah and his family into the ark, and shut the rest of the world out.

Then "the fountains of the great deep were broken up." The water that had been hidden in the bosom of the earth to feed the rivers that flowed from these great fountain-heads and went out to water the soil, rushed out upon the surface, and with the rain that fell from heaven, flooded the earth. Angels of God upheld the ark, else, stout as it was, it would never have withstood the terrible storm that swept the earth.

When the waters broke from the deep, great areas of the earth's crust were thrown up and doubled back upon other portions of the surface. By the power of God's word, other portions of the earth's surface were broken up and thrown in heaps, to cover the slain, to hide the treasures of gold and silver and precious stones of which the antediluvians had made idols, and to bury the luxuriant forests that had covered the earth.

Many other changes took place, for "the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished," but as only the burying of the antediluvian forests has a direct bearing upon our subject, these other changes need not be mentioned here.

Years passed, and the buried forests slowly turned into vast beds of coal; for God has such a tender love for his creatures that he turns every curse into a blessing, so far as they will permit. Sometimes these coal beds became ignited by the spontaneous explosion of gases, and then great fires raged in the interior of the earth, until the surrounding rocks became a swollen, molten mass, that finally burst through the crust of the earth, and began the formation of a volcanic mountain.

Soon after the flood, one of these mountains began to form in what is now southern Oregon. It is quite impossible to estimate geological periods in years, so we can not tell how long it was forming, but it was probably among the first volcanoes the world had seen. The coal bed that fed the fires of this volcano was a large one, and was situated near the surface of the earth.

Years passed, and the fires raged with unabated fury. Mt. Mazama, as it is now called, grew higher and higher, until it overtopped all the peaks in the Cascade Range. But the fires burned back from beneath the mountain, and the lake of molten lava found lower outlets. Then Mt. Mazama became a semi-active volcano, whose crater emitted smoke and sulphurous gas, but no lava. Under the mountain was a vast cavity, at the bottom of which still surged the molten sea.

Snow fell upon the mountain top, and glaciers began to wear away the rough rocks of its sides.

Then the time was ripe for another act in this great drama.

The fuel near Mt. Mazama was well-nigh exhausted, but the fire, following one isolated vein of coal, suddenly burst into an underground lake, and let in a flood of water upon the molten sea. Then there was a terrific explosion, accompanied by an earthquake that could have been felt for hundreds of miles around. Mt. Mazama, or that part of it that lay over the principal cavity, was lifted bodily, just as you may have seen the lid of a kettle lifted to permit the escape of steam when the water boils furiously. The steam escaped, and the débris of Mt. Mazama fell back upon the seething mass below, leaving an elliptical hole more than six miles long, five miles wide, and fully a mile deep.

The molten lava burst through the débris, and another mountain began to grow up from the bottom of this great pit. But before it reached



ALONG THE SOUTHEAST SHORE. CASTLE CREST TO THE RIGHT, AND MOUNT SCOTT TO THE LEFT.

a height equal to the perpendicular walls that surrounded it, the pressure upon the lava below was relieved, the last fire burned out, and Mt. Mazama became a dead volcano.

The snow of winter and the rain of summer fell in this great basin in the mountain, and it gradually filled with water. Along some portions of the basin's rim, where the conditions were favorable, the winter frosts and the summer thaws loosened the rocks, and they went tumbling down, grinding themselves and their fellows into powder, and forming soil upon the now sloping sides of the wall. Each year the soil in these spots became deeper; each year the water within the basin crept higher; each year the forests upon the mountain side grew denser. Then the wind, the birds, and the squirrels carried within the basin seeds of forest tree, shrub, and wild flower. Wherever they could find soil to take root, these seeds sprang up and grew, covering some portions of the crater's wall with verdure.

And now the last act of this great drama has been played, and Crater Lake is ready to delight the eye, inspire the imagination, and thrill the very soul of all who gaze upon its deep-blue waters.

Many geological histories of Crater Lake have been written by far more learned men than the writer of this one, but all that I have read disagree with God's word, and are consequently untrue. This objection can not be urged against the above, and in all probability it is a true history of the formation of Crater Lake.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

CONSECRATION

O JESUS CHRIST! most wonderful,
Most precious, and most sweet,
To thee I wholly yield myself,
Low bending at thy feet,
And ask that thou wouldst use me, Lord,
Where'er thou deemest meet.

Not any strength of mine I bring,
So weak I am and small,
But thou canst give me needed grace,
Who art my all in all,
And I have but to haste to thee
Oft as I hear thy call.

As to and fro on errands sent
About my work I go,
O blessed Jesus! fill my heart
Until it overflow
With love to those who know thee not,
Whom thou art fain to know.

I serve thee in a little place,
Obscure and out of sight,
But in the brightness of thy face
That little place is light;
For thou art heaven on earth to me,
And noonday in the night.

I would not choose, my gracious Christ,
But ever seek thy will;
Divinely good thy purpose is;
I would thy aims fulfill.
So bid me go, or bid me stay,
Abiding with me still.

O Jesus Christ! most wonderful,
Most precious, and most sweet,
To thee I wholly yield myself,
And am in thee complete.
I pray that thou wouldst use me, Lord,
As to thee seemest meet.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

It is one thing to give up one's own way, or will, or preference, and another and often wholly different thing to give up so cheerfully and pleasantly that none shall guess the inconvenience or hurt in setting aside one's own plans for another.

And the hard lesson of "giving up" gracefully—at least we often make it hard by our method of learning it—must be mastered by every one who would be happy himself, or would make his presence a delight to others. The root of the matter lies in unselfishness of heart—the casting out of every trace of the self-spirit, and the receiving into the heart, to control and guide all the life, of the Spirit of the Master himself.



SOMETIME

SOMETIME we shall not idle lie and still,
And let the current bear us where it will;
But with strong arm we'll grasp the unused oar,
And bravely stem the tide, though breakers roar,
In that good time,—sometime.

We'll give each breeze that gently fans our cheek,
Some word of love or sympathy to speak;
We'll send the glad hours singing on their way,
Bearing rich record of good deeds, we say,
In that blest time,—sometime.

When we have walked where pleasure's charms
beguile,
And toyed with folly for a little while,
We'll scatter blessings then where'er we tread,—
When comes that good time always just ahead,
When comes that phantom,—sometime.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION

CHRIST was crucified. The Prince of life had been taken by wicked hands and slain. In his spotless purity he has been killed as a disturber of the peace. He was lying in Joseph's new tomb. Christ descended into the grave as our sin-bearer, opening a grave for the sins of all who will accept him as their personal Saviour.

The night following the crucifixion was the darkest night the church had ever known. But the redemption price for a fallen world had been paid; the sacrifice for sin had been offered. All heaven was triumphant.

At the setting of the sun on the evening of the preparation day, trumpets sounded, signifying that the Sabbath had begun. The next day the courts of the temple were filled with worshippers. The high priest for Golgotha was there, splendidly robed in his sacerdotal garments. White-turbaned priests, full of busy activity, were preparing to perform their duties. The ceremonies of the Passover moved on with the usual routine. But the imposing dress of the high priest covered a heart that needed the molding of the Spirit of God. The ostentatious and ceremonious rites of the Jewish religion were mingled with selfishness, fraud, discontent, and unholy passions. The priests had chosen Barabbas, and Barabbas they would have as long as life should last. They had cried out against Christ, "Crucify him, crucify him." "His blood be on us, and on our children." The blood they had invoked upon themselves would indeed rest upon them. The characters they had chosen would forever be their characters. By their lives they contradicted the meaning of their ceremonies. Jesus never spurned the true penitent, but he hated hypocrisy cloaked by a garment of religion.

Some of the worshippers of the temple were not at rest as the blood of bulls and goats was offered for the sin of Israel. They were not conscious that type had met antitype, that an infinite sacrifice had been made for the sin of the world. But never before had the ritual service been witnessed with such conflicting feelings. The musical instruments and the voices of the singers were as loud and clear as usual. But a sense of strangeness pervaded everything. One after another inquired about the strange event that had taken place. Hitherto the most holy place had always been sacredly guarded from intrusion. Only once a year had it been entered, and then by the high priest. But now horror was seen on all countenances; for this apartment was open to all eyes. At the very moment when Christ had expired, the heavy veil of tapestry, made of pure linen and beautifully wrought with gold and scarlet and purple, had been rent from top to bottom. The place where Jehovah had met with the priest, to communicate his glory, the place which had been God's sacred audience-

chamber, lay open to every eye, no longer recognized by the Lord.

Many who at this time united in the services of the Passover, never took part in them again. Light was to shine into their hearts. The disciples were to communicate to them the knowledge that the Messiah had come.

According to their custom, the people brought their sick and suffering to the temple courts, inquiring, Who can tell us of Jesus of Nazareth, the Healer? Some had come from far to see and hear him who had healed the sick and raised the dead to life. With persistent earnestness they asked for him. They would not be turned away. But they were driven from the temple courts, and the people of Jerusalem could not fail to see the difference between this scene and the scenes of Christ's life.

On every side was heard the cry, "We want Christ, the Healer!" A world without a Christ was blackness and darkness, not only to the disciples, but to the sick and suffering, to the priests and rulers. The Jewish leaders and even the Roman authorities found it harder to deal with a dead Christ than with a living Christ.

The people learned that Jesus had been put to death. Inquiries were made regarding his death. The particulars of his trial were kept as private as possible, but during the time when he was in the grave, his name was on thousands of lips, and the report of his mock trial and of the cruelty of the priests and rulers was circulated everywhere.

By men of intellect the priests were called upon to explain the prophecies concerning the Messiah, and while trying to frame some falsehood in reply, the priests became like men insane. Upon many minds rested the conviction that the Scriptures had been fulfilled.

Entire justice was done in the atonement. In the place of the sinner, the spotless Son of God received the penalty, and the sinner goes free as long as he receives and holds Christ as his personal Saviour. Though guilty, he is looked upon as innocent. Christ fulfilled every requirement demanded by justice. God's character as a God of holiness, a God of goodness, compassion, and love combined, was revealed in his Son. In the cross of Christ, God gave the world a mighty pledge of his justice and love. "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"

When Christ bowed his head and died, he bore the pillars of Satan's kingdom with him to the earth. He vanquished Satan in the same nature over which in Eden Satan obtained the victory. The enemy was overcome by Christ in his human nature. The power of the Saviour's Godhead was hidden. He overcame in human nature, relying upon God for power. This is the privilege of all. In proportion to our faith will be our victory.
MRS. E. G. WHITE.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

THE business of making friends is considered by many to be so small and unprofitable that thousands pass through this world without experiencing the blessedness that comes from having secured good and substantial friends.

The "confidence man," as he is represented in our large cities, is the devil's typical counterfeit of what every child of God should be in winning the confidence of others for the sake of the good that we may do them. The mechanical engineer is facilitated in his work by frequently consulting his various formulas. Even the skilled cook finds it advantageous to study her recipe book. Similarly, the man who wishes to secure friends will find it not only helpful but highly essential to follow out carefully the recipe which the Bible

furnishes for the same. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Prov. 18: 24. Just to the extent that we succeed in showing friendliness to others will our friendship be reciprocated, for "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

One of the first problems to be solved is, how to love a man without loving his sins, and, what is much more difficult, how to hate his sins without hating him, and how to stand by a friend in spite of his faults. We must learn to assist our friends in stripping off the world. Only God, who is the great Master Workman, can teach us how to avoid being too superficial in this process, or how not to go too deep, thus causing unnecessary pain.

We shall never know until we get over on the other shore how in every apparently chance acquaintance in this life, God began to set in operation a train of circumstances, in some cases years before, so that we might have an opportunity to secure another friend; and from a human standpoint there will be an eternal loss if that opportunity is allowed to pass unimproved.

Some of our sublimest and never-to-be-forgotten experiences come to us while working for our friends. Job answered his wife's sneering remark, hurled back into the faces of his visitors unanswerable arguments, and even ventured to contend with his Maker; but his personal miseries and troubles did not disappear until he prayed for his friends. "The Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends." Job 42: 10. This only illustrates a proper rule of action. When a man is hungry, he needs bread more than he needs to be prayed for. When he has heartache, he needs to have the balm of Gilead applied in the way of friendly sympathy. If you have passed through similar experiences, you can show him that God still lives, that there are true hearts still beating, and that he is mistaken when he thinks that no one cares for his soul. There are some things in this world that are worth more than silver and gold, and they are things which all can give,—kind words, a cheery smile, and a hearty hand-shake.

If we wish to secure a permanent friend, we must seek to inspire him with something that has inspired us, rather than endeavor to fascinate him by our own personality; for if we choose the latter course, all that will be necessary to lose him is for us merely to make a few mistakes, and then all his respect for and confidence in us will instantly vanish.

A man who honestly desires friends will imitate Paul's example: "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you;" and he may even pass through the same trying experience, "Though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." 2 Cor. 12: 15.

We are all laboring under a terrible load of evil heredity, of which God alone can relieve us; and one of the means whereby he accomplishes this is by bringing together persons who are differently constituted, so that by beholding the strong points in one another they may acquire the same. Perhaps all that we shall see of God here below is what we discern of Him as manifested in nature, and more particularly in our fellow beings. There is scarcely a human soul that does not have something of the divine, which by proper cultivation may be developed; but it needs the touch of the Divine Architect; and who knows but that he may choose you as the humble instrument to touch that spot, and that you may be the means in his hands of changing the whole current of the after-life of that person?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

As it requires the same power to sustain creation that it required to produce it, so it requires the same Saviour who cleanses hearts to keep hearts clean. Only through the continued indwelling of our Lord can Christians be kept holy, useful, and happy.—Clarke.



THE PLANET MARS

No ONE who has been at all observant of our evening skies during the past few months, but has noticed that beautiful, ruddy star that has been apparently moving westward among the other stars, following nearly in the pathway of the sun. That star is the planet Mars. Mars is the fourth world in order, counting from the sun, being the next beyond us. We are better acquainted with this little world than with any of the others; for although Venus comes nearer to us than does Mars, yet when she approaches that part of the heavens where we chance to be, she always keeps her dark side toward us, while Mars always shows us his full illuminated face whenever we come near to each other.

Mars is a much smaller world than ours, having only two sevenths of the surface that our world has. Its diameter is only 4,230 miles. An object weighing here one hundred pounds would there weigh only thirty-eight pounds.

As we have already said, Mars has been for some months apparently moving westward among



Map of the Planet Mars.

the stars; this movement has, however, been only apparent, and has been growing slower and slower, until on April 4 it seemed to stand still. It will seemingly remain in this position for a short time, when it will again resume its eastward journey around the sun. Study carefully the diagrams given in our last study, and see if you can not tell why this is so. Some evening we will study more fully this interesting phenomenon. Because of these changes, the ancients named the planets "wandering stars." As we leave Mars behind in our rapid race around the sun, we shall find him growing dimmer and dimmer until at last we shall lose him behind the sun. When we again see him regaining his brightness, he will be a morning star, and will be found on the other side of the sun.

Mars reflects to us two distinct colors, red and green, the former reflected from the islands and continents; the latter from the oceans, lakes, gulfs, and bays. The greater portion of our earth has, since the flood, been covered with water; but with Mars this is not so; its surface being about five-eighths land and three-fourths water, more as we understand our earth was before the curse of the flood rested upon it. We present with this a drawing showing one of the hemispheres of Mars. One peculiarity of this planet, as will be seen, is the network of lines running in different directions across the continents. What they are we do not know. They were, for some time, supposed to be canals or artificial water-ways; but this can not be true, for they are from forty to

fifty miles wide; besides, they change their position at times. Frequently a single one will spread out, and finally become double, the two lines running parallel for hundreds of miles, as will be seen on the map. Similar markings have lately been observed on Venus as well. Some have suggested that these markings may be the lines dividing the land among the different families, similarly to the dividing of the land of Palestine among the tribes of Israel. At times large portions of land become flooded with water, as Egypt is flooded by the River Nile. In 1902 the Earth and Mars will approach unusually near each other, and it is hoped that then, with our improved facilities for observation, we shall learn many new facts regarding this near neighbor of ours.

The climate of Mars seems to be, in the northern hemisphere, quite like that upon our earth, only more mild and even, the winters not being so cold and stormy as ours; but in the southern hemisphere the extremes of heat in summer and cold in winter are very marked. This is caused from the fact that the planet is fully 27,000,000 miles farther from the sun in the winter of the southern hemisphere than during the summer. During the winter time the poles of Mars are covered with a thick blanket of ice and snow, which as summer approaches gives way to green fields and sun-lit hills and dales.

Were it true that the amount of heat and light of a planet is dependent upon, and regulated solely by, its distance from the sun, then we would have to suppose that Mars was a much colder and darker world than the one on which we live; for according to this hypothesis, it would receive some less than one-half the light and heat that we receive; but since it has been proved that Mars has a much more dense atmosphere than we, we can readily understand why we find it to have even more light and heat than we enjoy.

Their seasons are nearly twice as long as ours. Swinging at the rate of 54,000 miles an hour, it accomplishes its yearly journey in 687 days of our time. Its day is known to be exactly 24 hours, 37 minutes, and 22.67 seconds long. The exactness of this data is calculated from observations that reach as far back as the days of Dr. Robert Hooke, 1666.

Another interesting feature of Mars is its moons. Until as recently as 1877 it was supposed to have no satellites; but in that year Professor Hall of the Naval Observatory discovered two, one being about six miles in diameter and the other about seven miles. The outer moon, which he named Deimos, is about 14,600 miles from Mars, and makes its monthly journey around its primary in thirty hours and eighteen minutes. The inner moon, which he named Phobo, is only 5,800 miles from the planet, and revolves about it in seven hours and thirty-nine minutes. Now think what a strange sight that must be: the planet itself revolves from west to east in a little more than twenty-four hours, which would cause the sun to rise in the east and set in the west, the same as with us; but this little moon travels so much faster than the planet revolves that he actually rises in the west and sets in the east, and does it so quickly that he passes through all the phases of new, full, quarter, old, and back to new moon again all in one single evening.

To give you some idea as to how carefully Professor Hall must have searched, even with his mammoth telescope, before finding these two moons, we will say that it would be the same as asking an astronomer in Chicago to turn his telescope upon the Tabernacle in Battle Creek, and determine whether some lady had not lost her gold watch upon the pavement that surrounds that building.

The landscape of Mars is supposed to be beautifully undulating, with hills and valleys, brooks and flowers, no ragged rocks having ever been torn from its bosom, as was the case with our

earth at the time of the flood. Its heavy clouds refresh and gladden its hills and vales with dew and rain; while its snow-capped poles tell of its invigorating winters that come and go with its ever-varying seasons. Dew and sunshine, cloud and rain, all speak of the bow of God's covenant promise of peace to them. We see, in the bow that has since the deluge spanned our heavens, the promise of God's care and love to us; and while sin has never entered their beautiful world, while it has never felt the terrible curse that thrice has rested so heavily upon us, yet they certainly must look forward to that glad time when the accuser of their brethren shall have been destroyed; when sin with all its sad results shall have been forever wiped away, and Christ proclaimed forever King of kings and Lord of lords. They, with us, will some day join in that song of redemption that John records in Rev. 5: 13, where he says, "Every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them,"—showing that the worlds themselves, as well as their inhabitants, are represented as joining in this anthem,—“heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.”

The storm-clouds that we see hanging over these unfallen worlds tell us too plainly that if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; if one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it. 1 Cor. 12: 26. It is no wonder Paul says, "The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope, because the creature [the created worlds] itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Rom. 8: 20-22. God grant that the time may soon come when his whole universe shall be forever free from the curse and mildew of sin and iniquity.

OTHO C. GODSMARK.

OUR WONDERFUL BODIES

HOW WE LIVE

DAVID thought much upon the wonderful and beautiful things in creation. At one time he was meditating upon the marvelous workmanship of the human body, and exclaimed, "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

The body is the citadel of life. Some have tried to explain what life is, but they can not do it. In life is manifest the working out of the thoughts and power of God; but who can understand his thoughts, and who can measure his power? "In whose hand is the life of every living thing." Job 12: 10, margin. Wherever there is life, there is thought, there is intelligent activity. The thought of God is there. Even the plants show his thoughts. They do not themselves think, but the One who clothes the grass of the field thinks in them.

We will take a drop of water from this little pool, put it under a microscope, and see what is in it. We find a little creature which is called an ameba. It is merely a little sac of jelly. It has no hands, no feet, no eyes, no head, no mouth; yet it eats and drinks and moves about in its sphere with apparently much the same intelligence that we manifest in our lives. It is guided by the intelligence of God, in which it lives and has its being the same as we do. The difference between us and this little animal is that it has only one cell in its body, while we have many. Think of your body as a swarm of amebas floating in a fluid, the lymph, and held together by the skin and fibrous tissues; and you will have a true idea of its mechanism.

How wonderful to think of each little cell of the body as having a separate existence, living a little life of its own, eating, drinking, excreting the wastes of its body, and performing the various functions of life in a way that only an intelligent existence can. The life we live is not the life of one, but of millions of creatures, all working together to make up the one acting, thinking being. The life of the body is the sum of the life of its cells. If many of the cells are in a dead or dying condition, the vitality of the whole body is low; but if every cell is healthy and active, the whole body is full of health and vigor.

We will imagine the body to be a pool of water through which a little brook flows. Growing in the pool is a network of water vines, and among the water vines are swarms of little fishes swimming about. The water is the blood and lymph; the water vines are the fibrous tissues; and the fishes are the living cells of the body. The inflowing stream is the food and drink we take in; and the outflow is the waste substances that are carried away through the skin, kidneys, and other organs. What would happen if above this little pool there was a dumping place for garbage, filth, and slime?—The little creatures in the pool would get sick and die.

This illustrates what happens in our bodies, if through their inlets there flows a stream fouled with improper food and drink, or poisoned with drugs, as whisky, tobacco, tea and coffee, decaying food, dead animals, and the like. Would you wonder if under such conditions the fluids of the body—the blood and lymph—should get so impure that the delicate cells living in them would sicken and die, like the fishes in the pool?

The cells are made to live in pure surroundings; they can not thrive in the presence of filth. For this reason perfect health demands that not only the body itself shall be surrounded with a pure atmosphere, but that each cell—each little living unit of which it is composed—shall be bathed in a pure medium.

We can help to maintain this condition by guarding the inlets of the body, that nothing may enter to contaminate its living fluids, and that the food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe may be of such quality that it can be converted into pure blood; by taking care also that the outlets of the body do not become choked up, preventing the poisons formed in it from being carried away. If to this we add plenty of exercise to keep the blood flowing briskly, carrying the purifying oxygen and life-supporting food to all parts of the body, health is the natural result.

God lives in the body that is the temple of the Holy Ghost. God is at work there, directing moment by moment all its activities. It is the Lord that keeps our hearts beating and gives us power to think and act. Realizing this, the body becomes sacred to us, and we will do all we can to co-operate with our Maker in keeping it pure and clean, a fit habitation for his Spirit. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

ARTHUR W. GEORGE, M. D.

SHUT IN

LORD, if I can not work for thee
Out in the mad world's hurrying,
Yet shut apart where none can see,
I may look up to thee and sing,
My King.

And if these faint lips fail to sing
The wonder of thy sweet reward,
Yet even their broken whispering
With thy great choir shall strike accord,
My Lord.

— Selected.

"To tumble into 'grumble' ditch is easy, but it is not so easy to get out. One way out is by doing good to others. As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."



SEEING THE SPRINKLED BLOOD

"FATHER, I can not sleep: the prophet's words
Ring in my ears, and fill my heart with fear;
For am I not the first-born, and the one
On whom the destroying angel's shaft would
fall,
Were not the token on the lintel found?
Thrice have I named the patriarchs, and once
The creatures great and small the angels
brought,
And guided in the ark; but all in vain.
I can not sleep. O father! art thou sure
The blood is sprinkled as God gave command?"

"Peace, peace, my child; just as the evening
fell,
The fairest lamb of all the flock was slain,
And roasted then with purifying fire.
With bitter herbs, and bread devoid of leaven,
In haste we ate the Lord's appointed feast.
Nor were the means of saving thee forgot;
Scarce was the yearling slain, ere I gave word
For sprinkling of the blood upon the door;
Sleep, then, my first-born; God's avenging One
Will see the signal, and pass over thee."

Thus on that dark night which God had chosen
For passing throughout all fair Egypt's land,
To smite on every side the loved first-born,
Sparing not e'en the firstlings of the flock,
A Hebrew father soothed his restless child;
Restless himself, as now with girded loins,
Sandals upon his feet, and staff in hand,
He waited for the solemn midnight hour
When God's almighty arm should break the
chain

That bound his people to proud Pharaoh's
throne.

The bread unbaked was in the kneading-trough,
The scattered flocks were gathered in the fold,
And all betokened plans for hasty flight.
There was a thrilling silence in the air;
A quiet joy burned in the rabbi's breast,
Joy that was not unmingled with regret
At leaving thus his birthplace, though it was
A house of bondage, for the promised land.

The night wore on,
And yet again the pleading voice was heard:
"Father, sleep will not come: before my eyes
I see the angel pass, and at our door
Pause sadly, as if he wept to enter,
Yet dared not hasten unavenging by.
O father! if the blood has been removed,
Or if the herdboy heeded not thy voice,
Then never shall my weary eyes behold
The land of Canaan with its waving fields."

"Rest, little one! faithful our Jared is.
Not only on the side-posts of the door
Should be the stain, but on the one above;
So if some hungry dog should from its place
One token lick, the others would remain.
Sleep, my sweet child, for thou hast need of
rest;

The journey will be rough for little feet."
The anxious voice was silent; in that home
Obedience reigned supreme, though not as yet
The law had sounded forth from Sinai's top;
With patience dutiful she sought to woo
Soft slumber to her long-unclosed eyes;
Sleep came at last, but with it dreams of fright,
Wherein she tossed, and moaned, and oft cried
out.

The midnight hour drew nigh; unbroken still
The darkness' solemn hush; the child awoke
With a loud cry, "Father! I thought I heard
The cock's shrill crow to greet approaching
morn.

My heart is beating with a sickening dread
Of danger near. O! take me to the door,
And let me see the red blood sprinkled there!"

Lighting a torch, the father gently took
His first-born in his arms; and bore her
forth—

Started, and paled, to see no paschal sign,
No warning that their door should be passed
by!

With trembling hand he snatched the hyssop
then,
Himself applied the blood in eager haste.

A long sigh of relief escaped the child;
Almost before he placed her on the couch,
Sweet sleep had fallen on her heavy lids,
Nor when the "great cry" rose, did she awake.

That agonizing wail of man and beast
Reached not her ears, with drowsy slumber
sealed;

And at the dawn they bore her, sleeping still,
Away from Egypt's darkness and despair.

* * * * *

Christ, our blest Passover, is slain for us;
The "blood of sprinkling" for our sins is shed;
Have we the atoning sacrifice applied,
Made sure our entrance to the promised land?
—L. W. Herrick.

HOW TOGGLES THOUGHT IT OUT

A True Incident

TOGGLES'S Sabbath-school teacher had told him something he did not understand very well. As nearly as he could remember, she had said that some man had said that the whole world was like two great heaps, one of the happy things and the other of the unhappy things; and every time we took something from the unhappy heap, and put it on the happy heap, we made the whole world pleasanter and better. Then she had told them a story about how the man who said that had made the world happier by giving a penny to a little girl who had lost hers, and was crying about it. Toggles thought it very unlikely that he should ever do a thing like that, because, even if he should meet such a little girl, the chances were he wouldn't have any penny, and so he didn't know just what the teacher meant. If he had been at home with his own Sabbath-school teacher, he might have asked; but being at Grandpa's on a visit, and having a new teacher, he kept very quiet, and put the whole matter carefully away into the back of his head, to keep until he had time to think it over.

The time came the next afternoon when he was out by the barn, digging in the load of new, fresh sand that Grandpa had had dumped there on purpose for him. He made two great piles, as nearly of a size as he could, and the one by his left foot he called the happy pile, and the one by his right hand the unhappy pile; and then he would take a big trowel full of sand from the right-hand pile, and let it sift down on the left-foot pile, and rejoice to see the unhappy heap grow smaller, and the happy heap grow bigger. And all the time he was thinking how to tell it to Mabel, who was Toggles's little sister, and who hadn't been to Sabbath-school because she had torn a great hole in one of her new shoes, and the shoemaker had not fixed it yet.

It was while he was very busy there, that mama called him to come into the house. Grandpa had come back with the wagon, and was all ready to take him to the big factory where they made real milk, such as Toggles had to drink on the farm, into the thick, sticky milk that Toggles's mama bought in cans at the grocery store. It was something Toggles was very much interested in; and he had asked so many questions about it that Grandpa had promised to take him to see it done.

They were just ready to start, and Grandpa had just said "Get up!" to Dobbin, when Mabel came running to the door.

"I want to go too!" she called.

"O! no!" said mama, "you have not any shoes to put on."

"I want to go!" repeated Mabel. "I want to see them make the thick, sticky milk."

"No," said mama, "you may go some other time."

And then Mabel began to cry, for she was littler than Toggles, and all of a sudden Toggles thought of his two heaps.

"I can go some other time," he said. "Mabel can wear my shoes."

And, sitting down on the steps, he began to unbutton them as fast as ever he could.

Grandpa and mama did not say anything while

Mabel, with a radiant smile shining through the tears, was pulling on the shoes Toggles had just taken off; but they looked at each other, and there were tears in mama's eyes.

"Good-by," called Mabel, as Grandpa gathered up the reins. "I wish you were going, too."

"O, never mind!" answered Toggles, "I can go some other time."

And then, hurrying back to his piles, he fell to digging so hard that, long before Grandpa and Mabel returned, the unhappy heap was gone, and only the great round happy heap remained.—
Frederic Hall, in the Sunday School Times.



THE FLICKER

ANOTHER noisy bird is the flicker, or yellow-winged woodpecker. This bird has at least thirty-six different names. He is frequently called yellow-hammer, yellow flicker, high-holder, and clape. He is a large bird. The sides of his head, throat, and breast are lilac-brown, with black



THE FLICKER

patches on the cheeks and a large black half-moon on the breast. His back is brown, barred with black; belly ashy with black spots; rump white; scarlet crescent on nape; wings lined with golden; tail black above, golden beneath, feathers pointed.

The only other bird that might be mistaken for him from the descriptions is the meadow lark. The white spot on the rump of the flicker, its call notes, and the woodpecker-use of its bill, will easily distinguish it from the lark.

The flicker is with us all through the winter,

but in the spring the numbers increase, and the woods ring with their cries and drummings. I have seen a flicker light on a hole in a fence post, and if he could find a good drumhead made by a loose piece of bark, or better a piece of tin tacked to the wood, he instantly gave it most vigorous hammering with his strong sharp bill. The first time I observed this, I supposed it only an accident, that the bird was striking in an attempt to pierce the wood for the purpose of extracting insects, but I soon learned my mistake. There is no question about it, the flicker often drums for the mere love of the noise.

Last summer one came frequently to the rear of our home, lighted on the tin roof, and battered away with as much enjoyment as a small boy at a drum. When eating, it is true, he uses his long bill, and long sticky tongue. But his most common food is ants, and these he finds in rotten wood and upon the ground. As a usual thing he makes no noise while feeding.

As to his love for creating a racket, I quote the words of another:—

"Our 'yellow-hammer' has a genius for noise. I saw two of these flickers clinging to the trunk of a shell-bark tree; which, by the way, is a tree after the woodpecker's own heart. One was perhaps fifteen feet above the other, and before each was a strip of loose bark, a sort of natural drum-

head. First, the lower one beat his music out, rather softly. Then, as he ceased, and held his head back to listen, the other answered him; and so the dialogue went on."

"They belong to the tribe of Jubal. Hearing [one day] somebody drumming on tin, I peeped over the wall, and saw one of these pigeon woodpeckers hammering an old tin pan lying in the middle of the pasture. Rather small sport, I thought, for so large a bird. But that was a matter of opinion merely, and evidently the per-

former himself had no such scruples. . . . True, the pan was battered and rusty, but it was resonant, for all that, and day after day he pleased himself with beating the *reveille* upon it. One morning I found him sitting in a tree, screaming lustily in response to another bird in an adjacent field. After a while, waxing ardent, he dropped to the ground, and stationing himself before his drum, proceeded to answer each cry of his rival with a vigorous rubadub, varying the program with an occasional halloo. How long this would have lasted there is no telling, but he caught sight of me, skulking behind a tree-trunk, and flew back to his lofty perch, where he was still shouting when I came away."—*Birds in the Bush*.

Another marked characteristic of the bird is his manner of courtship. Several pay attentions to the same female at the same time, each trying to outdo the other in his kind attentions. "The apparent shyness of the suitors, as they sidle up to her and as quickly retreat, the sly glances given as one peeps from behind a limb, watching the other, playing bo-peep, seems very human. . . . The defeated suitor takes his rejection quite philosophically, and retreats in a dignified manner." In courting, the male "spreads his tail, he puffs out his breast, he throws back his head, and then bends his body to the right and to the left, uttering all the while a curious musical hic-cough." One or the other, in time, is sure to win the lady with so much flattering attention.

As has been said, ants are the chief article of food. Three thousand ants have several times been found in the stomach of the flicker. In case of the grasshopper plague, he is very useful in killing off the pests, but at ordinary times he feeds upon ants. He has been accused of stealing corn, but he really eats but very little.

L. A. REED.

THE SYRIAN SYCAMORE

THE sycamore of Palestine is quite unlike the American tree of the same name. It is easily climbed, and sometimes a passing traveler will see a score of boys and girls in a single tree. Its great branches stretch out a long distance on every side, and in those that overhang the road, the youngsters and even men often seat themselves to watch any procession that may be moving by, as Zaccheus did in the days of the Saviour.

The tree is usually planted by the roadside, and in open spaces where several paths meet. It is really a fig-tree instead of a sycamore. It bears several crops of figs in a single season; and these, instead of being found on the twigs, grow on short stems along the trunk and large branches. The figs of the sycamore at Beirut are small and greenish-yellow; at Gaza and Askelon they are purple and much larger. They are considerably used as food among the poor, and only the poor gather them, though large quantities are sold. The prophet Amos was "a gatherer of sycamore fruit."

Stick a branch of this sycamore tree in the ground, and give it plenty of water, and it will soon grow into a tree. The roots are as many and as wide-spreading as the branches, and they run very deep into the earth. Once firmly rooted, no power on earth can pluck up a Syrian sycamore. A cyclone might tear one to pieces, but the roots would be there still. Faith that is rooted and grounded like the sycamore tree can never be plucked up nor overturned; it can remove mountains, it can overcome all obstacles, soften all dispositions, conquer the world.

The tree grows in the sandy plains and warm vales. It can not endure the cold of the mountainsides, nor the chill of a heavy frost. The wood is too soft to be of value.

MRS. S. ROXANA WINCE.

FROM a false point of view the truth itself always looks false.—*James Lane Allen*.



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 20; "Thoughts on the Revelation," pages 687-701

(April 28 to May 4)

Judgment of the Wicked.—When probation closes, the destiny of every person is forever fixed; the line is drawn between the righteous and the wicked. All are to be punished according to their works; and in order to determine the amount of punishment to be given each individual, the cases will have to be taken up one by one. During the one thousand years, Christ and the righteous will sit in judgment on the wicked, and determine the degrees of punishment. 1 Cor. 6:2, 3. The saints will be permitted to assist in this work, not because their testimony is needed, but that they may view the work from God's standpoint. When they see from the record books of heaven how every lost soul has resisted the sweet wooings of the Spirit of God, and turned his back on the light God has shed on his pathway, they will see the justice of God, and esteem it an honor to take part in the execution of the judgment. Ps. 149:6-9.

The First and Second Resurrections.—All those who are blessed and holy will come up in the first resurrection at the beginning of the one thousand years. The rest of the dead, or all the wicked will not live again until the thousand years are finished. Then they will come forth, a vast multitude that no man can number. There will be no change in their appearance; they will bear the same marks of evil passions that they bore while living. The show of their countenances will still witness against them. Isa 3:9.

Satan.—The twentieth chapter of Revelation closes the history of the arch-deceiver. When Christ comes in the clouds of heaven, Satan will be bound,—confined to this earth, being no longer permitted to visit and tempt other worlds,—and for one thousand years he will be compelled to remain on this desolate earth, to view and meditate on the ruin he has wrought. Since creation, he has been so active in his work of ruin that he has had little time to meditate. During the one thousand years he can meditate upon his course and the future that awaits him. At the end of the one thousand years he will be cast into the lake of fire, and burned up, to become ashes upon the earth.

The Great Final Battle.—At the end of the thousand years Christ will come to the earth, his feet will touch the Mount of Olives, and it will part asunder. Zech. 14:4, 5. A place will thus be prepared for the heavenly Jerusalem, which is to descend out of heaven. Christ will call the wicked dead, and they will spring into life all over the earth, in number like the sand of the sea. Now Satan is loosed; he has work to do, and immediately begins to deceive the wicked by telling them that they can take the city. As they come up from all parts of the earth and surround the city, lo! the angry heavens pour a torrent of fire and brimstone upon them, the fire from the interior of the earth darts up to meet the fire from above, and all becomes one great lake of fire. But the city of God rides as safely upon the billows of fire as the ark rode upon the waters of the flood. Isa. 33:14-17.

All Stand before God.—All who have ever lived, now stand *alive* before God. The righteous are safe within the city of God, the wicked are without. Now it is that the wicked see "Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God," and they thrust out. Luke 13:28. When the host of the wicked gather about the city, and see the redeemed with the Saviour, they will realize what they have lost in rejecting the Saviour's love.

The Book of Life.—Again this book is brought forth. But why should it be mentioned here, when the names of the wicked are not written in it? It would seem that God, before the final punishment is poured out upon the wicked, opens the book of life, that all the universe may witness to the fact that *not one* upon whom the fire falls is written in the Lamb's book of life. All the universe witnesses that everything has been done to save them that a merciful God could do. Then the fire comes down and devours them.



THE SANCTUARY AND ITS COVERINGS

(May 4)

MEMORY VERSE.—Ps. 77:13.

QUESTIONS

1. WHY did the Lord desire a sanctuary on earth? Ex. 25:8.
2. The sanctuary was God's dwelling place, his earthly home. When we study the sanctuary, whose way will we learn? Ps. 77:13; note 1.
3. Of what kind of material was the wall of the sanctuary built? Ex. 26:15, 29; note 2.
4. How large was each board? Ex. 26:16.
5. How many boards were placed on each side? Ex. 26:18, 20.
6. How many were there in the west end (called "side")? Ex. 26:22, 23, 25.
7. How large, therefore, was the building? Note 3.
8. How many kinds of curtains or coverings did the sanctuary have? What were they? Ex. 26:1, 7, 14.
9. Which was the first, or outside, covering? Ex. 26:14 (last part); note 4.
10. What was the next one in order? Ex. 26:14 (first part); note 5.
11. What was the third covering? Ex. 26:7; note 6.
12. What was the last, or inside, curtain? Ex. 26:1; note 7.

NOTES

1. The sanctuary built by Moses was not a very large building, but it was one which was truly wonderful. First, it was wonderful because God came from heaven, and made it his dwelling-place; but, second, it was more wonderful still for the reason that every part of it had a lesson in it for us to study. The Lord was very particular that it should be built according to the pattern, for he wanted it, when all done, to be to his people a picture of all the good and beautiful things which we may find in Jesus. That building was a type, or figure, of Jesus, who once dwelt on earth; and it was a type of our hearts, the sanctuaries in which the Lord now desires to dwell. So let us study it earnestly and carefully.
2. There was nothing poor or cheap used in making the sanctuary for the Lord. Shittim wood was a kind of wood that would last for hundreds of years. And the gold, the pure gold, which covered it, would never perish. When the Lord chose these materials, he designed to

teach us that only the best is acceptable to him. He wants in our heart-temples that which is lasting, that which will not tarnish when brought in contact with the trials and temptations of life. He wants the gold of faith, which will reflect his glory in this world and in the world to come.

3. We are not told just what the color of the badgers' skins was, but so far as we can learn, they were not beautiful or attractive. They were probably black or gray. The beautiful part of God's dwelling-place was the inside. There all was light and glory. The light of God filled the building, and was reflected by the gold which covered the furniture and walls. In beautifying the temples of our lives the same plan is to be followed. We are to follow the pattern — Jesus. It is said of him that he was "as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." Isa. 53:2. And to us the Lord says, "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning, . . . but let it be the hidden man of the heart, . . . even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Let us be sure that God dwells inside the soul-temple, and that all is beautiful there. May we daily pray, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

5. "Rams' skins dyed red." Red is a figure of sin. The Lord says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "All have sinned." In every one sin has found a place. It has gone into every part of us, just as the dye went into every part of the ram's skin. But God has promised to come and abide in us. He first cleanses the heart that he may have a fit place to dwell, and then he changes the whole person. Day by day sin goes out, and God's righteousness comes in.

6. The curtains of goats' hair may represent the offering of Jesus. On the day of atonement two goats were taken (Lev. 16:5), one of which was slain, the blood being taken to cleanse away all the sin of God's people. This goat was a type of Jesus, whose blood will finally cleanse away the sins of God's people, which are now in the heavenly sanctuary.

7. The last, or inside, set of curtains were made of fine linen, and were very beautiful indeed. Woven into them were the golden figures of angels. These curtains were pictures of something else. In heaven, in the true sanctuary, angels of light and power are ever at work in helping to put away the sins of men. On earth they were seen only as golden figures; but in heaven their real presence makes the place glorious and full of life and love. The curtains of fine white linen may be a type of the righteousness of Jesus, which the angels help God's children to obtain. In Rev. 19:8 we are told that the fine linen is the righteousness of saints; that is, the righteousness of Jesus, which they have taken into their lives.

A DISCIPLE'S PRAYER

At sunrise pray: "Now, Lord, thy day begins; Receive my thanks; grant strength; wash out my sins;

My feet must stumble if I walk alone;
Lonely my heart till beating by thine own;
My will is weakness till it rest in thine;
Cut off, I wither, thirsting for the Vine;
My deeds are dry leaves on a sapless tree;
My life is lifeless till it live in thee!"

At sunset this: "Now, Lord, thy daylight fades;
Guide thou my craft amid the gathering shades;
I thank thee that thou steerest my frail bark,
O faithful Pilot! o'er these waters dark;
The waves have bared their threatening fangs of white,
But 'Peace, be still!' thou speakest. Now comes night;

I drop mine anchor in the silent sea;
Through the long watches I am safe with thee!"
— *Christian Endeavor World.*

THE GRACE OF TENDERNESS

TENDERNESS does not mean weakness, softness, effeminateness. It is consistent with strength, manliness, truth, and bravery. It does not show itself alone in the touch, but in unselfishness, thoughtfulness, considerateness, forbearance, patience, long-suffering. But however it shows itself, it is as the bloom on the peach, as spring showers on the earth, as the music of the angels stealing down on the plains of Bethlehem. You may not have much of this world's wealth to distribute, but you may give something better, and spend a useful and beneficent life if you will practice this lesson of shedding round you the grace of human tenderness, in word and act, and by the spirit of your life.— *Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you, in a book, or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts — the eternal Thought speaking in your thought.
— *George Macdonald.*



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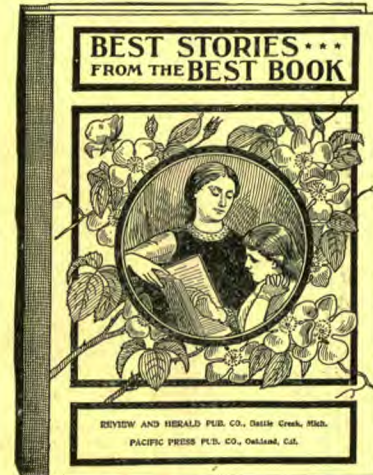
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