

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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THE CATBIRD

THE Catbird is very wary, but can easily be tamed if given constantly kind treatment. Mr. Nehrling tells of a pair of Catbirds that would allow even the children to look at their nest and young without becoming in the least frightened. They knew there was no danger. But once let a stranger approach, and they screamed so loudly, and



evinced such noisy distress, that the chickens in the barn-yard cackled, and the old hens hurried to get their broods to a place of safety.

It is said that the old birds begin preparing for the second family a few days after the first has left the nest; but while the female is thus engaged, the male takes care of the first brood. When the second brood are ready to claim the father's attention, the first can easily care for themselves.

The catbird has a peculiar mewing call, resembling in some respects the sound made by a cat; it is also swift and silent in its movements. For these reasons it has received its name. It is also a very gifted singer. Indeed, the mocking-bird, the brown thrasher, and the Catbird rank as the greatest triolet of singers in North America. Like the mocking-bird, the Catbird's power of mimicry is very great. On several occasions I have heard it sing until it seemed as if its little throat would burst with the power of the melody, during which time it interwove into its song, notes from almost every bird that frequented the neighborhood, even those of the whip-poor-will.

It has been complained that the Catbird destroys our fruit, but most such complaints come from parts of the country where there is little wild fruit, which the Catbird prefers to the cultivated product. It will be an easy matter to gain the aid of these birds in destroying insects. By planting wild berry-bearing bushes and trees along the hedges and fences, you will save your fruit from both birds and insects. Of the stomachs of five Catbirds examined, each was found to contain thirty grasshoppers. Fully one third of the bird's daily food consists of insects. Experiments have shown that he prefers red mulberries to cherries and strawberries, and the stomach examinations show that he eats twice as much wild fruit as cultivated. It has been suggested that where he does damage to cherries and strawberries, such crops can be protected by planting the prolific Russian mulberry, which also affords good food for domestic fowls.

The usefulness of a Catbird as a destroyer of innumerable noxious insects can not be estimated too highly. Its service in this particular is of

inestimable importance compared with the small allowance of fruit it steals. From early morning until sunset it watches over the fruit trees, and kills the insects that would destroy them or their fruit. If it takes its share, especially of cherries, remember that for one cherry it kills thousands of insects. You may rest assured that where there are no small birds, there will be little fruit.

"The Catbird," writes Olive Thorne Miller, "is one of the most intelligent birds in North America. He is inclined to be very friendly to man; and where he is well treated, and his confidence won, he likes to nest near our homes, showing himself delightfully familiar, coming around the doorstep, answering one's calls and talk, and singing by the hour for our entertainment.

"The Catbird is generous and helpful to others of his kind in trouble of any sort, feeding or caring for deserted or orphaned young ones of any species, and always ready to aid distracted

BETTY, THE QUAIL

I WILL next tell you of my mother's pet quail. Betty was captured when she was only four or five days old. She was a timid, shy little beauty, with a brown coat of fuzzy down, striped and marked with chocolate. She was so scared that her little heart beat as if it would burst, and she would not eat until forced to do so by hunger, and then only when alone. She soon got over this fear, however, and became very affectionate. She liked to cuddle down in one's lap, and to ruff her head over one's face. She would nestle up close, and murmur the most pleasant little song of content, especially if one would hold her in his hands, and blow his warm breath on her.

Her food was corn-meal, bits of bread, wheat, and any small seeds; and she soon learned to eat grains of corn. She grew rapidly, developing wing-feathers so that she could fly when only a baby. As she grew older, she would follow my mother about wherever she went, and we all had



THE CATBIRD

parents in the defense of their home and little ones.

"He is of a lively and restless temperament. He is always tossing upward or spreading his tail, jerking his little body about, now crouching like a cat ready to spring, then straightening himself up very tall; one moment puffing his feathers out until he looks like a ball, and the next holding them closely against his body. He is very playful, full of droll pranks and quaint performances. I know of no bird better worth cherishing than the Catbird."

The crown and tail of the Catbird are black; under tail-coverts, chestnut; rest of plumage, slaty gray. The picture of course is much smaller than the natural size, as the bird is close to nine inches in length from tip of tail to point of beak.

L. A. REED.

FAITH and obedience are bound up in the same bundle. He that obeys God, trusts God; and he that trusts God, obeys God.—C. H. Spurgeon.

to be careful not to step on her. She had no idea of fear except when strangers were near.

The next spring she was wooed and won by a handsome Bob White from the neighboring woods. She was very happy, and extremely proud of her husband; but as she steadily refused to leave her home, she caused him a great deal of worry. He had been taught that men were to be avoided like hawks, and here his wife was trying to persuade him to risk his life by living with them. For several days she would try to coax him, flying back and forth from him to different members of the family, coaxing, and talking, and trying to convince him that humans were not so steeled to all emotions of pity and gentleness as he had supposed. He kept venturing nearer and nearer, till finally he would sit on the garden post and whistle.

Now Betty was ready to set up housekeeping, and to the disgust of her mate, made her nest in a large Shaker bonnet that chanced to have fallen on the floor under the bed in a spare bed-

room. Bob finally mustered up sufficient courage to sit in the window and keep watch over his wife while she was on the nest, but was always plainly relieved when she joined him outdoors. Finally her nest was discovered, and transferred to an old, home-made shoe belonging to my grandfather, and set on the porch. Betty rather grudgingly consented to the change, but Bob was delighted.

Finally the nest contained fourteen eggs, and Mrs. Quail began to sit. Her mate spent most of his time sitting on the railing of the porch protecting her. He would warn her of the approach of strangers, and if a cat or the dog came near, he would bravely dash into the animal's face, and flutter and scratch and peck, till he would be glad to retreat. You know a cat is always a coward, never attacking anything face to face.

One bright morning, Betty acted so happy that mother thought something had happened; and sure enough, there was a shoe full of baby quails—eleven in all. They were spry, active little fellows, and could literally *run*, with the shell yet sticking to their backs. They were as wild as any quails, instinct teaching them that man was an enemy. They were kept in a basket for three days, at the end of which time they were quite tame. They would be picking crumbs about the door, or wallowing in the dust, when Papa or Mama Quail would see a stranger, and would utter a peculiar *clia! clia!* and—quick as a wink—there were no baby quails to be seen. It is almost a mystery how little quails can hide where it looks as if there was nothing to hide under. No matter how long it might be, they would never move till they were called. Betty had the sweetest little love-call when the danger was over; and when she uttered it, small brown heads would cautiously peep out on all sides, and then all would run to their mother. At night they all sat in a row on the railing of the porch.

Papa Quail never wholly liked the idea of his family's living at the house; and as his babies grew up, he gradually coaxed them away, till finally they were usually to be found in the orchard. Betty was not wholly happy in the change, but went with her family. Alas! they learned, as do most birds, that, after all, the friendship of man is a delusion. A stranger came along with his gun, and Betty and her happy family became an easy prey. Only two or three escaped, and only once or twice, when driven to it by the cold, snow, and hunger of winter, did they venture near their old home.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

OCTOBER

Idly blows the autumn wind,
Summer days are over;
Scarlet-leaved the sumach glows
Above the withered clover.

Through the faded yellow grass
In the meadow sleeping,
All the slender brier-vines
Like threads of fire are creeping.

Slowly in the frosty air
Maple leaves are flushing,
Slower still the little brook
Its happy song is hushing.

Linger on, O golden days!
Loiter in your glory!
Heart of youth and heart of age
Marvel at your story.

Joy, too full for human speech,
Grief, for words too tender,
Vague regret that is not pain,
Peace that crowns the splendor.

Silvery seeds that whirl and sail,
Fires that flame and quiver;
Sunshine on the quiet fields,
Sunshine on the river.

—Selected.



LIFE'S SETTING

WHERE drooping branches darkle
The rivulet's clear sparkle,
We will linger for a moment in the shade,
To scan the story olden,
Where green has turned to golden,
And the loveliest of visions is displayed.

We wander down the valley
Where hosts of beauty rally
Like gay battalions soon to muster out,
Uniformed in red and yellow
And colors soft and mellow—
The summer seems to die with victor's shout.

Adown the paths of ages
We read, from pens of sages,
How old years died, and new ones came instead;
How, at each autumn's story,
The mountains dressed in glory,
And all the woodlands put on gowns of red.

And so the years, in dying,
Yield not to mournful sighing,
But, glad, exult in faithful duty done;
So may we, at life's setting,
Yield not to gloom's regretting,
But heavenward smile, like eve at set of sun.

B. F. M. SOURS.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOSEPH

I

ONE would not risk a great deal were he to claim that the story of Joseph presents the most beautiful representation of character to be found in all history, except, of course, the one Life which forms the only perfect model. Perhaps one cause of its great beauty is that it is given more fully than those of Daniel and Enoch, men in whose lives even the Bible record reveals no flaw. But the real source of beauty in Joseph's life is the many points at which his experience comes into touch with the life and character of Jesus. No one who lived before him so strikingly illustrated and foreshadowed in character and circumstance the coming Redeemer as did Joseph.

His name means "the increaser." It was given to him to express his mother's gratitude at having become the mother of a son. But it was prophetic. Through Joseph the house of Israel was preserved from extinction, and from his deliverance dates the rapid multiplication of the seed of Jacob. Immediately he was born, his father demanded his liberty. He was in servitude to Laban, who represented the prince of this world. The bonds which bound him to the service of another master than God were soon broken; and on his journey to his own country, Jacob passed to the true service of God. So the birth of Jesus was the signal for freedom for every oppressed soul. To this day, when Christ is born in the heart, liberty from the thrall of Satan is the first grand result.

As a boy, Joseph was disliked and mocked as one who had regard for virtue and truth. His brothers were rough, uncultivated, and unconverted youth, with ruffianish and wicked tendencies quite well developed. They had been brought up in a divided house containing four mothers, whose sons they were. Surely this is enough to account for their disregard for the rights of others, and their indifference to anything good. Joseph was much younger than his older brothers. His innocence and his purity of character excited the ridicule and animosity of the brothers. So purity is always hated by evil, which can not bear its approach. When Joseph in his simplicity told his brothers of his dreams, their bitter jealousy and enmity were awakened. So when Jesus told the people whom he came to bless and save of his heavenly origin and of his great work, they pronounced him a blasphemer,

and sought to kill him. Joseph was among his brothers just what Jesus was among the Jews.

The great flocks of Jacob and his sons required such broad pasturage that they were led far away from home. Jacob sent his beloved son to his older sons with a load of comfort and blessing. The lad did not find them where he had expected; but instead of abandoning the search, and going back to his father, as most boys would have done, he followed them carefully. With what joy did the weary boy at last come in sight of their camp! How light was his heart as he thought of the happiness his coming would bring to the brothers he loved and wished to serve!

On their part, as soon as they saw him in the distance, they began to mock him: "Behold this dreamer cometh." They conspired to kill him. Like the men in the parable, they said: "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." Again, like Jesus, Joseph "came unto his own, and his own received him not." Like Jesus, he was consigned to the darkness of the pit and the hopelessness of the grave. He was sold for silver into the enemy's hands.

But like Jesus, that which seemed to be the triumph of his enemies, proved to be the door to the greatest usefulness. It was his only way to success. To save others he must lose himself. Had he chosen to be like his brothers, reckless, wicked, and unsubdued, who can tell how much misery and loss would have resulted? Joseph's bondage was God's way to save Jacob and his family from utter ruin.

G. C. T.

BREATHING AND PRAYING

If we do not get our breath, it matters very little what else we get. Food, warmth, sleep, are of no avail if we can not breathe. The entering into the presence of God and communing with him is the renewal of our spiritual atmosphere.

Set before your mind the case of the diver who has to go down to work in the depths under the sea. The water is the breath of the fish, but it is death to him. The condition of his life is that the air of this upper world be pumped down to him. Then he goes down without fear, careful beforehand to see that all is right with the atmosphere above him, and careful, however deep he goes, or however busy he is, to keep the communication open with that upper world to which he belongs. He is not always thinking about his breathing, but he can not do without it for a moment, and he knows better than to suffer any trifling with the apparatus that secures his safety.

So are we in this world; the atmosphere is too dense for our new life. And yet our duty lies down here. Well, fear not, go down; only, first of all be sure about the communication with that higher life to which we belong. If that be broken off or neglected, we die. Take not thy Holy Spirit from me! is a cry for every life, and this hiding of ourselves with God in prayer is the adjusting of the apparatus with that source whence comes the breath of life to us.

Nothing can take the place of this quiet walking with God. It were a mad folly to try to live without sleep or food; but what of the man who tries to live without breath? That is what you are doing if you suffer prayer to dry up into a mere set of phrases, which are repeated without any thought or heart.

Prayer is more than a kneeling and asking something from God—much more. What we need is to get into the presence of God. We want the hallowing touch of God's own hand and the light of his countenance. Tarrying in his presence, we must have the breath of God breathed into us again, renewing the life which he created at the first. This is the first, the great need of the life of holiness.—*Christian Advocate.*



OCTOBER

THE month of carnival of all the year,
 When nature lets the wild earth go its way,
 And spend whole seasons on a single day.
 The springtime holds her white and purple dear;
 October, lavish, flaunts them far and near;
 The summer charily her reds doth lay
 Like jewels on her costliest array;
 October, scornful, burns them on a bier.
 The winter hoards his pearls of frost in sign
 Of kingdom: whiter pearls than winter knew,
 Or empress wore in Egypt's ancient line,
 October, feasting, 'neath her dome of blue,
 Drinks at a single draft, slow filtered through
 Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine!

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

TOM'S MISERABLE LUCK

"I DON'T know how 'tis our Tom always has such miserable luck. I'm sure no boy tries harder for a chance to work, and no boy's capabler than he is, but things always seem to go against him, somehow."

Indeed, there seemed to be some ground for Mrs. Gill's complaint. Tom certainly did have a great many falls in his wrestle with the world. He was bright and active, not vicious and not lazy. He found plenty of opportunities to work, but the opportunities did not last.

"Tom hasn't got influence," his mother would sigh, in explanation. "It takes influence to push a boy on, and how's a poor boy to get any influence?"

When Tom was discharged from the Electrical Works, he assumed that his place was wanted for the son of some stockholder. The manager's explanation was different.

As winter approached, the need at home was more urgent than ever, for the mother herself had fallen down the cellar stairs, and was woe-fully lame in consequence.

"I ought to have remembered that broken step," she said, dolefully. "Tom was goin' to fix it when it first got broke, but he kept puttin' it off somehow."

Under pressure of necessity, Tom announced himself as an odd jobber. He was handy and apt at many things; he could put an electric bell in order, rig up an electric gas-lighting attachment, put a new washer on a leaky spigot, contrive a kitchen shelf, mend a broken bracket, replace a shattered window-pane. All these things he undertook to do now.

Mrs. Byrd gave him his first trial. She was not rich, she did not even keep a servant, but her word of commendation went far with the many rich people among her friends. Being interested in Tom's mother, she gave the boy two or three small jobs to do, and he did them well.

"You might try him," she said to her friends, "but don't promise any steady work till we see how he holds out. For he has had an unbroken run of what his mother calls 'miserable luck.' Perhaps his luck has changed now."

So Tom was given a good many jobs. Presently winter was close at hand, and furnace fires must be started.

"Build mine at once," Mrs. Byrd said to Tom. "I will tell you exactly how I wish it managed." And she concluded: "I take you on trial for two weeks. It depends on yourself whether the trial shall last longer than that."

Then she was reminded that some boy had broken a pane of glass in the cellar window facing north.

"Put a whole pane of glass in there," she said, "before the first freeze. It won't do to have that water-pipe frozen."

"I'll put it in to-morrow morning," said Tom. "Very well, I'll trust you for that," was the reply.

The mild weather lasted nearly a fortnight after this, and furnace fires were kept as low as possible. Tom had several of them to attend to, but not quite so many as at first. Already his miserable luck had caught up with him again. Several of his new employers had dispensed with him. Mr. Crane told him bluntly that, since he had "skipped" a day, he need not come back to finish weather-stripping the windows. When he went to lay Mrs. Wilson's vestibule oilcloth, he found it already in place. It was discouraging, but still Tom did not give up.

The disappointment at Judge Grey's came near making him do that, however. He was called there to put an electric bell in order, and to put new wires to the gas-lighting attachment. He soon had the bell working perfectly, but when he went back, three days later, with the wire for the other job, he found that a regular electrician had been called in, in his stead, and that the work was already done. Why? Certainly no electrician in the city could do that job better than Tom could do it; and just because he had put off doing it for a couple of days!

The cold weather came suddenly. People woke in the night shivering for more blankets, and the next morning all ponds were covered with ice. Then the wind rose, and came in an arctic gale straight from the north. It blew so all day and all night; and before the second morning dawned, the cold was bitter.

That second morning Tom was a full half-hour late in getting to Mrs. Byrd's. She was in the kitchen to receive him, and he noticed something unusual in her manner.

"I ain't just on the minute this morning," he said, with a pleasant laugh. "Bed felt so good, I lay a little too long."

"Just a little," said Mrs. Byrd, smoothly. "Now that you mention it, I think you have been a little late every morning; a half-hour or so."

Tom gave her an apprehensive look. "Well, you see them warm mornings I thought it wouldn't make any difference. You see —"

"But isn't a bargain a bargain?" she asked, calmly. "You know you agreed to be here every morning at half-past six, and don't you think I had a right to expect you at that time? I may be wrong, but it seems to me it was none of your business what the weather was."

"Oh, well, if you look at it that way —"

"And another thing," she interrupted him, in the same even tone. "Yesterday morning you left the furnace with only a very little coal in it, saying you would come back after breakfast. I am afraid your mother was worse, or you certainly would have come, especially as it was such a cold day."

"N-no, ma'am, mother wasn't any worse, but — I'll tell you. One of our neighbors came in and wanted me to put up her stove, — just a thank-you job, — and I thought just for once maybe it wouldn't be any hardship for you to put on a shovelful or two, till —"

"No hardship at all I assure you, for I didn't do it. I was out most of the day and all the evening. Didn't you find the fire rather low when you came in the evening?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I coaxed it up as well as I could, and I thought it would be —"

"I imagined so, for the house seemed cold to me when I came in. Don't you think it is a little below normal this morning, even?"

She led him into the dining-room; it was as cold as a sawmill. "Perhaps it would be as well to go down now and see what can be done to improve matters," she said, as she opened the cellar door, and followed close behind him down the stairs.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

At the foot of the stairway Tom stopped, pale,

speechless, overwhelmed. The cellar was flooded with water, and a small cataract was still pouring into it. The water-pipe had burst.

Mrs. Byrd, close beside him, uttered a cry of fresh dismay. Bad as the situation had been fifteen minutes earlier, it was worse now. Her voice roused Tom from his stupor, and he splashed away through the water to the cut-off, turned it, and so stopped the rush. Then he waded to the furnace; it was fireless, and had been so since the night before. There, staring him out of countenance, was the vacant space into which he had promised to put a pane two weeks ago.

"I — I thought a few more days wouldn't matter — and I wasn't expecting the freeze yet, and anyhow I put a board against it last night. It must have blown in," he muttered, trying to excuse himself.

"And you are the one that never went back on a bargain!"

Some of Mrs. Byrd's friends had never seen her angry, but she had her full share of human nature, and now she was fairly ablaze with wrath and scorn. Her tone and the look she gave Tom made him burn with shame. There could be no possible doubt about her opinion of him, and for the first time in his life he felt that it was the opinion he deserved.

"Never went back on a bargain!" she repeated. "You never did anything else. I knew your record, but I thought you might have learned a lesson at last, so I gave you one more chance; and this is the use you made of it! You have cheated every friend I recommended you to. Even patient Judge Grey could not put up with your dilly-dallying. You are an out-and-out swindler from first to last!"

"No, ma'am, I ain't! Excuse me, but I ain't!" He came and looked straight into her angry eyes. There was a new sort of dignity in his respectful tone and in his pale face. "I was, but I ain't now."

"Go! I have no patience for any more experiments. Go!"

He went meekly up the stairs. She followed him slowly, with the uncomfortable feeling every sensible person has after a fit of anger; she had said more than she had meant to say, although no more than the occasion called for. Besides, there had been a ring of sincerity in his voice and a look in his eyes that added to her discomfort.

When she reached the kitchen, Tom was at the door, ready to go out. He faced her, and in a businesslike tone said the most unexpected thing possible: "What plumber shall I go for? That pipe must be fixed right away."

"What have you to do with that? Don't you understand? You are discharged."

"No, ma'am, I ain't. Excuse me, but really I ain't. You see it's just this way. I've got to keep on working for you, and for all the rest of the folks that's dropped me, so as to make up for the way I've been doing. I ain't asking pay from you or from them; only to make it up to you. I can see now that I'm in debt, and I want to pay up, that's all. And I want to prove that my luck's changed."

She wavered an instant, then laughed in spite of herself. "I really believe your luck has changed! It used to be that you wouldn't stay in a situation, and now you won't stay out of one! Well, run off and get Brown, the plumber, here as soon as you can. Then come back, and build that furnace fire. The house is as cold as a barn, and I want my breakfast."

He went and came. And all winter he kept coming and going, not only to that house, but to one after another of the houses that had dispensed with him. His employers wondered if the reform would last; but long before spring all were convinced that his luck had changed indeed. Before another winter came, he was back in the Electrical Works, and there he has stayed ever since.

—Selected.



"STEPPING IN YOUR TRACKS"

SOMEBODY'S always following,—
Following in my track;
If I lead him out of the pathway,
Have I skill to bring him back?
Watching where I was watchful,
Sleeping where I have slept;
Somebody's always following,
Stepping where I have stept.

If my feet faint and falter
Climbing up Difficult Hill,
I shall leave devious footmarks
That will serve my brother ill.
And down Humility's Valley,
Slipping where I have slipt,
Somebody's always following,
Stepping where I have stept.

Faithful be I or faithless,
Feeble or slow to see,
Always a somebody, weaker,
Is following after me,—
Falling where I have fallen,
Creeping where I have crept,
Somebody's always following,
Stepping where I have stept.

Loving the world and its pleasures,—
Or turning away from sin;
Pressing toward the kingdom,
Seeking to enter in,—
O, in the day that is coming,
He will refuse or accept
Me, and the somebody following,—
Stepping where I have stept.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS

THE following encouraging letter has been received from the Young People's company at Topeka, Kan.: "Our meetings are held regularly every Sunday evening, the study from the Bible and 'Steps to Christ' printed in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR being taken up. The average attendance is from twelve to fifteen. One of the members, a young man who lives in the country, is holding Bible readings each week in a schoolhouse, and another is giving some readings with families."

THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF

(October 20-26)

THE true law of life —

Love to God. Luke 10: 27, first part.

Love to neighbors. *Id.*, last part; John 15: 17.

Christ our example of unselfish love. John 13: 34; Phil. 2: 6-8.

His love in the heart will lead to the doing of the same works that he did. John 14: 12.

These works are definite (Matt. 25: 34-36; Luke 4: 18) —

Feeding the hungry.

Refreshing those who thirst.

Clothing the naked.

Visiting the sick and unfortunate.

Preaching the gospel.

To love his neighbor as himself, the Christian must —

Bestow, as he has received, "freely." Matt. 10: 8.

Be willing to give up even life itself. John 15: 12, 13; Acts 20: 24.

Jesus the real object of our ministry or our neglect. Matt. 25: 40.

SUGGESTIONS

In preparing this study, be sure to read Professor Prescott's article on the same topic in the REVIEW of October 15. Many additional thoughts

will thus be suggested, and the time devoted to the study at the regular meeting will be profitably filled.

In carrying out in a practical way the thought of Thy Neighbor as Thyself,— in working as you have opportunity for the poor and the sick and the heavy-hearted in your own neighborhood,— always try to put yourself in the place of the one who is to receive either bodily or spiritual aid. There are so many ways of hurting those who are already over-sensitive because of their poverty or their misfortunes. Study the life of the Master, and pray that his very spirit of gentleness may be upon you as you go out to work in his name. Remember, too, that in giving Jesus to us, the Father gave the most precious gift in heaven. And Christ, too, gave always of his best. But how often we, his professed children, excuse ourselves from following his example with the thought that we need our best ourselves,— that our second-best will do for him as he appeals to us in the form of some humble "neighbor." Often, indeed,— how often to our shame be it acknowledged,— we give only what we do not want or can not use,— what we ourselves would feel insulted to receive. How must such gifts appear in the light of his sacrifice, by which are freely given to us "all things"!

NOTES FOR STUDY IN CONNECTION WITH THE TOPIC

1. "Blessings, both temporal and spiritual, will accompany those who impart to the needy that which they receive from the Master."

2. "Never should we pass by one suffering soul without seeking to impart to him of the comfort wherewith we are comforted of God."— *Desire of Ages*, page 504.

3. "The fallen, the erring, and the sinful, Christ's love embraces; and every deed of kindness done to uplift a fallen soul, every act of mercy, is accepted as done to him."— *Id.*, page 638.

4. "It should be written upon the conscience as with a pen of iron upon a rock, that he who disregards mercy, compassion, and righteousness; he who neglects the poor, who ignores the needs of suffering humanity, who is not kind and courteous, is so conducting himself that God can not co-operate with him in the development of character. . . . But all the attributes of Christ await the reception of those who will do the very work that God has appointed them to do, working in Christ's lines."— *Testimonies for the Church*, page 262.

5. "As the members of the church . . . learn to love God supremely, they will learn to love their neighbor as themselves. The power of the Lord is magnified when the human heart is tender, sensitive to another's woe, and pitiful for his suffering. Angels of God are ready to co-operate with human instrumentalities in ministering to souls. When the Holy Spirit works upon our hearts and minds, we shall not shun duty and responsibility, and pass by on the other side, leaving the wounded, helpless soul to its misery."— *Id.*, page 303.

6. "God has placed among us the poor, the unfortunate, the sick, and the suffering. They are Christ's legacy to his church, and they are to be cared for as he would care for them. . . . In placing among us the poor and the suffering, the Lord is testing us to reveal to us what is in our hearts. We can not with safety swerve from principle, we can not violate justice, we can not neglect mercy. When we see a brother falling into decay, we are not to pass him by on the other side, but are to make decided and immediate efforts to fulfill the word of God by helping him."— *Id.*, pages 261, 262.

7. "In full reliance upon God, Jesus took the small store of loaves; and although there was but a small portion for his own family of disciples, he did not invite them to eat, but began to distribute to them, bidding them serve the people. The

food multiplied in his hands; and the hands of his disciples, reaching out to Christ, himself the Bread of life, were never empty. The little store was sufficient for all."— *Desire of Ages*, page 369.

HER RELIGION

IN the early part of June a little tribe of gypsies camped on the border of one of the boulevards leading from Boston into the country. For years, long before the country road was broadened and made a great electric thoroughfare, this same band had returned to the same spot with the regularity of birds in spring. The queen of the tribe is a woman of singular stateliness and beauty.

This spring she fell ill. Her fine, dark face took on the waxen hue of an incurable malady, and her eyes, expressive and queenly, were dulled with suffering. She finally sent for a lady who for years had bought baskets of her, and had done her many kindnesses.

"I think you had better see a doctor," said the lady. "You need advice and care."

The gypsy objected, but at last gave consent.

The physician examined his new patient gravely. She was smitten with a mortal disease, and must surely die.

"I will take her to my house," said the lady, for she was very fond of this stately gypsy queen.

"No," the woman replied, with a wan smile. "Thank you, but I can't do it. I have lived all my life out-of-doors, and shall die happier in my tent than even with you, dear lady."

From day to day the lady visited the dying gypsy, and the talk naturally drifted upon sacred topics.

"I don't know your religion," said the gypsy, "but my religion is very simple. My mother died a Romany, just the same; but I will die a Burton."

"A Burton? What do you mean?" exclaimed the lady, horrified at this new religion, of which she had never heard.

"Why, you see, when I was a little girl, we lived near Philadelphia. Nobody looked out for us, or cared much for me, but a woman who was a city missionary. Her name was Miss Burton. Every Sunday she came out to visit me. She taught me to read the New Testament." The gypsy took from under her pillow a frayed, worn little volume.

"I was taught by her to read this print," she said, "and I can't read any other. This is the only book I can really read, and I read it every day. Miss Burton took me to Sunday-school, and gave me a penny to put in the contribution-box, and brought me back. She told me about Jesus, and how to love others more than myself, and that if I followed the teaching of Jesus, I should one day live with him in heaven."

"One Sunday Miss Burton did not come. I was about ten years old. She had died of over-work. I think she died a good deal for me. And wherever heaven is, I know Miss Burton will be there, and I have tried to live so that some day I may go and meet the best friend I ever had. This has been my prayer every day. Is this religion of mine the same as yours?"

The lady who told the story said that she broke down then, and in reply to the naive question she could only say: "Yes, dear, my religion is the same that Miss Burton taught you. I wish I had taught and lived it so well. When the time comes, I have no doubt that you will not only meet your teacher, but the Great Teacher who taught her."

We hear much about holding a mirror up to nature. It is a favorite quotation. To reflect the beauty of the world in a beautiful life is a fine art; but it is nobler to reflect Christ to lives that know him not. That is the noblest thing a person can do.— *Youth's Companion*.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

JUST A LITTLE LETTER

What a rush, and what a hurry,
Every hour and everywhere!
Locomotives puff and scurry,
Horses gallop here and there.

There are men in gray who scatter,
Messengers who go and come,—
All night long a clash and clatter,
All day long a buzz and hum.

What a busy, brisk proceeding,
What a running to and fro!
But—a little letter's speeding
Safe from Maine to Mexico.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

WHY THEY LOVED

"I LOVE little Lucy," sang Dickybird, as he swung in his cage; "she never forgets to give me fresh seed and water every day, and she keeps my cage neat and clean. When the days are fine, she always hangs me among the vines on the porch, where I sing for her my sweetest songs."

"I love little Lucy," purred old Tab from the rug by the fire. "Every morning and every evening she gives me a dish of nice, warm milk. She is kind to my kittens, too, and handles them gently. When I catch a fat mouse, I take it to Lucy, and she pets and praises me so that I feel very proud."

"Cluck, cluck! I love little Lucy," said Dozens, as she bustled about the yard, followed by her pretty brood. "She brings us our pan of corn-meal three times a day, and keeps fresh water in the yard for us to drink. Then she never frightens me by running after my chickens. I will lay my nicest eggs for Lucy."

"Bow-wow-wow! I love Harry," said Towser, "He keeps plenty of fresh, clean straw in my kennel, and never teases me when I am eating my dinner. When he goes for a walk, he takes me with him, and I will never let anything hurt him if I can help it."

"Moo, moo!" said the gentle, big-eyed cows to one another in the pasture. "Moo, moo! we love Harry. In the winter he puts us in a warm stable, and in the hot summer he does not hurry us. When the flies and mosquitoes torment us, he throws a sheet over us while he milks, then we do not overturn the milk-pail by trying to keep the flies off."

"If some one carelessly leaves the garden gate open, and we go in (for we do not know any better), he drives us out quietly, and does not send his dog after us."

"We love Harry," neighed Whitefoot and Fleet. "If our load is heavy, he does not hurry nor whip

us. He does not fasten our heads up in unnatural and painful positions. When he feeds us, he is careful to measure our oats, so that we may have enough, and yet not so much as to make us ill.

"He never shouts angrily at us, and we are glad to travel our very best for Harry."

AUNT BETTY.

THE REWARD

LAURA and Bessie Mason were spending a week at Grandma Strong's. Grandma was a sprightly old lady, and although so aged, she did her own work; and almost the last thing Mama Mason said, when her daughters left her, was, "Now, girls, I hope you won't be a care to your grandma; I'm sure if you try you can help her in many ways."

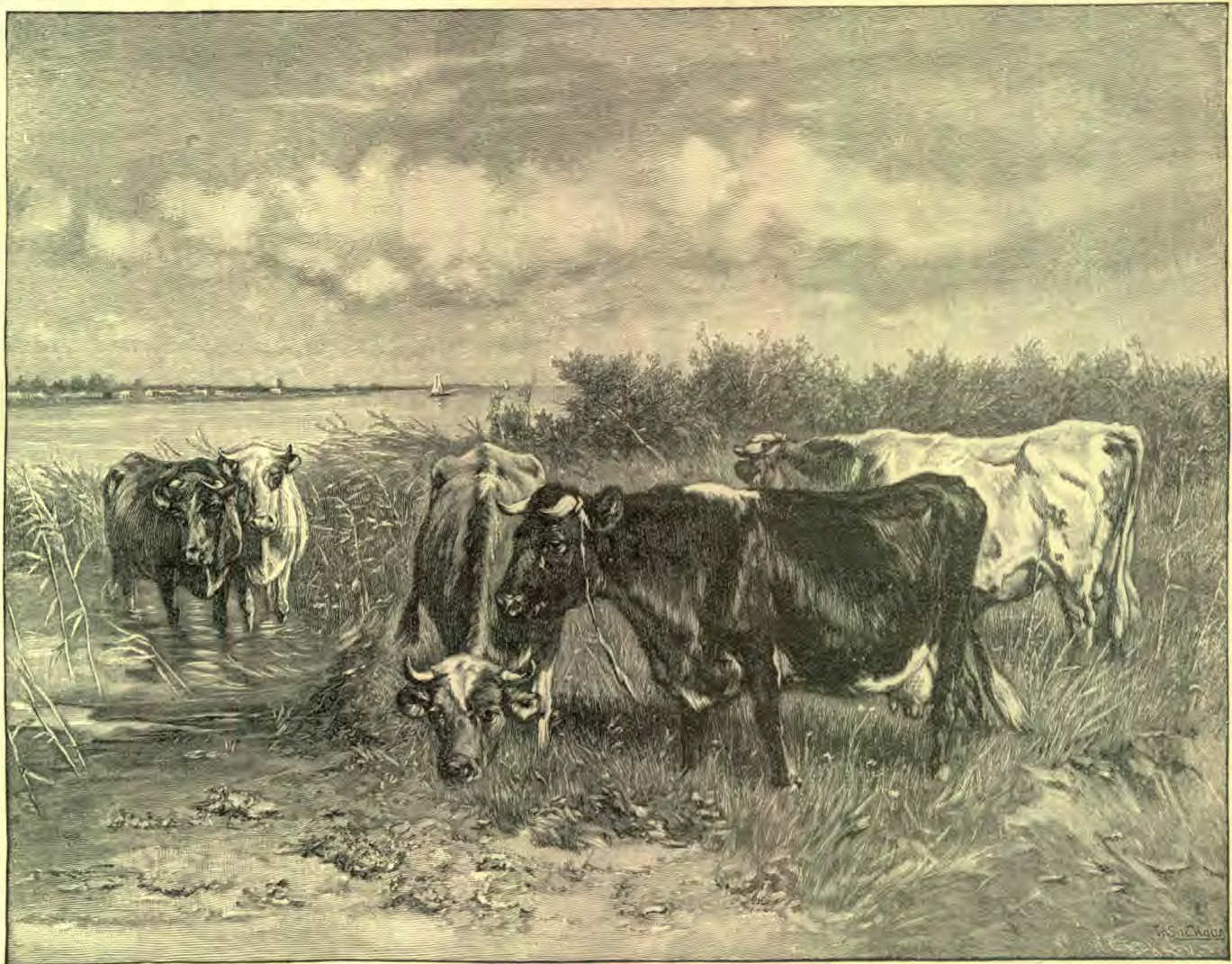
The morning after their arrival, when they had finished a breakfast of golden corn-cakes with delicious syrup from grandma's own maple grove, Bessie said, "Do let us help you do up the breakfast work, grandma; we'd just love to."

I must confess that Laura didn't sweep under the stove at all. She slighted other places, too. She let the big rocking-chair stay where it was, and merely swept around it; she never looked behind the door for bits of lint collected there; not a corner was swept, nor did she stir grandma's footstool.

Grandma Strong said not a word, however. She went on washing her pretty pink-and-white china, and hummed her favorite hymn, "A Charge to Keep I Have."

The next morning it was Bessie's turn. First of all she dusted the chairs, and set them in a row out in the entry. Then she took a newspaper, and covered the stand of plants. "Mama says plants breathe through their leaves, and it isn't good for them to get dusty," she remarked.

She put a newspaper over the little table on which lay grandma's work-basket and "Saints' Rest." She removed from the room the garments hanging there. Then she began to sweep, taking short, quick strokes. Not a spot was left un-



IN A PLEASANT PASTURE

Grandma smiled. "I like to wash my china myself," she said, "but I'll tell you, my dears, if you really want to help me, I'd like to have you sweep up the kitchen and dining-room every morning. You can take turns at doing it."

"Well, let me do it this morning, then," said Laura. "Bessie is so poky particular about everything that it takes her forever and a day! And I'm in a hurry to run out and play!"

Laura went vigorously to work,—too vigorously, perhaps, for she tossed the broom so high that the dust rose in clouds, and set grandma sneezing, and she made the yellow cat seek refuge under the stove. He wasn't troubled there; for

touched. All the corners, behind the lounge, under the stove. Last of all she lifted up grandma's footstool.

"Why-ee!" she exclaimed in surprise, stooping and picking up a tiny round yellow—something. "Here's money! a real gold dollar!"

"Yes," said Grandma Strong, composedly, though her black eyes twinkled as she looked at Laura. "Yes, Bessie, I put it there yesterday morning for some little girl, who, in sweeping clean, should find it!"—*Selected.*

IN India one boy in five attends some school, but only every fiftieth girl.



DIVISION I—GEOLOGY

Chapter VI—The Flood

§57. Not a portion of our land that does not speak distinctly of the terrible deluge that once overspread the earth. Hills and valleys, mountains, rivers, lakes, and plains,—all present to us the landscape as it was left by the surging of the billows that once overspread this world. The little hills we climb on our way to school were all washed there by the waters of the flood. The great, barren rocks that protrude from the earth's surface in our mountainous districts were heaved up and laid bare at this same time. Not in the Bible alone, but in the writings and folk-lore of nearly every tribe and nation on the face of the whole earth, have we unmistakable evidence of their belief in, and understanding of, the flood.

§58. In the flood, and in the flood alone, we find the reasonable answer to nearly every geological problem that we, as Bible believers, have to meet. Therefore let us study our earth as it now is, as compared with what we have already learned of its condition before the flood.

At the present time, fully three fourths of the outer surface of our earth is covered with water; the land is, in many places, crowded together, broken, and piled up in ridges and mountain chains, exposing to view the internal rock foundations of this globe, giving undeniable proof that when the vast ocean beds sunk to their present level, these ridges were crowded up as a result. "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and shot out lightnings, and discomfited them. *Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered* at thy rebuke, O Lord." Ps. 18: 13-15.

§59. In Gen. 7: 11 we are told also that at that time "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." Now, what does it mean by "then the channels of waters were seen"? and "the fountains of the great deep were broken up"? Where was this water before the flood? In speaking of the creation of this earth, God says (Ps. 24: 2): "For he hath founded it *upon the seas*, and established it *upon the floods*." And again, in Ps. 33: 7, speaking of the same event, he says, "He gathered the waters of the sea together as an heap; he layeth up the depth in storehouses." Now if these waters that were "under the earth" (Ex. 20: 4), and upon which it is "founded," were "broken up," so that "the world that then was, being *overflowed* with water, perished" (2 Peter 3: 6), we can understand something about the source of the water that now rolls its briny billows over portions of the earth. Much of the water that was once on the *inside* of our earth now rests on its *outer* surface; and the foundations, that served as bones to the body, now protrude, forming rocky ledges and mountains, many of these rocks also lying scattered over its surface.

When the "fountains of the great deep were broken up," immense quantities of water, stored within the bowels of the earth, gushed forth, covering the whole face of nature, and carried with it vast numbers of the lower forms of animal life, which, in the commotion of the storm, not being provided with powers of locomotion suf-

ficient to swim and keep near the surface, were buried in the lower strata of mud and debris, forming a distinct layer, or strata, of remains by themselves. At this time also the salt within our globe was spread out over the earth, and settling to the bottom of that shoreless sea, sank into pits and layers, from which our salt wells of to-day obtain their endless supply.

§60. But what caused these briny floods, stored beneath the earth's crust, to gush out and overflow the land, there to remain in such quantities as we see to-day? God always works by means. Let it be our happy task to search out the means in this interesting case. When the record says that "the windows ["flood-gates," margin] of heaven were opened, and the rain was upon the earth," it certainly refers to the bringing to this earth of an immense volume of water that did not previously exist here. The Lord declared (Gen. 6: 17): "And, behold, I, even I, do *bring* a flood of waters *upon the earth*."

What effect, we ask, would the bringing to this earth of such a flood of waters have upon the surface of the earth itself? We have already learned (§43, 46) that prior to the flood, the atmosphere was so light that it did not admit of the mist that went up and watered the whole face of the ground reaching any considerable height, or of being condensed in the form of clouds and rain; therefore the atmospheric pressure upon the crust of this globe must have been far less than it now is, and must therefore have been greatly increased by the absorption and retention of such immense quantities of water as now float constantly over our heads. The atmosphere itself must also have been greatly increased in volume, as we shall learn when we reach that subject in our study.

§61. The present atmospheric pressure upon every square inch of our earth's surface is known to be a trifle less than fifteen pounds; or, to be exact, 14,706 pounds at sea-level. On an ordinary village lot four rods wide by twelve rods deep, this pressure is 14,682 tons. On a one-acre lot the present atmospheric pressure amounts to 48,940 tons. At your leisure figure the exact pressure upon the lot, farm, or township where you live, and realize how small a portion this really represents of the whole surface of the earth.

§62. This great ocean of air, in which we live much as the fishes live in their sea of water, contains and transports from place to place millions of tons of water every day. To illustrate: An ordinary shower will precipitate one inch of water. This can be easily proved by catching the rain in a deep basin or can having perpendicular sides. The amount of water caught in such a vessel will be the rainfall as measured in inches and tenths of inches. One cubic foot of rain-water weighs exactly one thousand ounces. Observe the amount of rain precipitation at the next rainfall, and then determine the amount in pounds that fell upon your home lot or school yard.

The amount of water that will fall upon such a village lot as that described, the precipitation being one inch, will weigh 37 tons and 270 pounds; or on a whole acre, 123 tons and 1,566 pounds. This by no means relieves the air of all its load of moisture, merely a part of it.

§63. When the Lord brought this additional weight, in the form of clouds and rain upon our atmosphere, it evidently caused an actual sinking in of vast sections of our earth's crust,—these parts that now form the beds of our oceans, which would of necessity cause the pent-up waters from within to gush out with tremendous force through the cracks thus formed, fulfilling the statements that "the fountains of the great deep were broken up," "whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished." Again we quote from that best of all geologies, next to the Bible,—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 99,—as follows: "Water appeared to come from the

clouds in mighty cataracts. Rivers broke away from their boundaries, and overflowed the valleys. Jets of water burst from the earth with indescribable force, throwing massive rocks hundreds of feet in the air, and these, in falling, buried themselves deep in the ground."

§64. The query now arises: Whence brought the Lord this vast flood of waters to our earth? Whence came this extra moisture-laden atmosphere that now wraps us in like a blanket, and is sufficiently heavy and dense to admit of immense quantities of water being suspended, in vapor-like clouds, several miles above the more dense strata where we move about and enjoy life? Many thinking minds have advocated the idea that both the water and the extra amount of atmosphere were brought bodily from our satellite, the moon, leaving that body, as we so well know it to be, without either moisture or atmosphere, where once there was evidently an abundance of both.

We do not personally advocate this theory; yet we can not cast it, with a sneer, aside; for it does present a plausible solution of the problem, and is subject to the least objection of any theory with which we are acquainted. Besides this, there are a number of hard facts connected with our moon's present and past conditions that are extremely difficult to understand upon any other hypothesis, as we shall learn when we come to study our moon as a separate subject.

QUESTIONS

Point out all the evidences of the flood you can. Where were the waters of the great deep stored before the flood? Give Bible proofs. Where now are these waters found? Prove that before the flood the atmosphere was much more rare than now. What is our present atmospheric pressure at sea-level? How much water falls during an ordinary rain? Describe the manner in which the water seemed to come from the clouds. How was the earth's crust affected by this extra pressure?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

2005 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.



HEALING THE PARALYTIC

Behold, Men Brought in a Bed a Man.—We can not heal disease, either physical or spiritual, but we can help the afflicted one to come into harmony with Christ, who dwells within the man, and whose presence is a healing power. As Christian workers and medical missionaries, we can help him over the transgressions, doubts, and despair, which may intervene between the sufferer and the fount of healing. Like the four helpers of the paralytic, we may tear away the roof that separates from Christ, and otherwise assist the sufferer in coming into the presence of the Healer.

Could Not Bring Him because of the Multitude.—This is but another instance of the idle Christian standing in the way of the earnest seeker after Christ. It was the multitude that stood idly by, beholding the wonders of the Saviour, that kept this earnest seeker away from the Master's side. When we stand near the Saviour, let us remember that we are there not for the purpose of keeping others away from him, but that when we see the repentant sinner even a great way off, we should esteem it not only our duty but also our privilege to bring him quickly into the Saviour's presence. Let him reach Christ by our help, and not in spite of our presence.

They Went upon the Housetop, and Let Him Down.—It required four willing men to get the

NOTE.—These lessons, comprising a brief study of Geology, Philosophy, Meteorology, and Astronomy have been prepared in response to the many calls that have come for a simple treatise on these subjects, that shall be free from the many infidel theories and deductions that are unscriptural and untrue. They have been written with special reference to the fireside, and the home- and church-school. The author would be pleased to receive, by correspondence, any criticisms or suggestions that will help to make them better adapted to this field of usefulness.

sick man into the presence of the Healer,—one at each corner of his cot. So, in leading souls to Christ, we find that very often more than one person is needed to accomplish the work. There must be co-operation among Christians in leading men out of physical and spiritual darkness and ignorance into his marvelous light. There must be co-operation between the many societies and agencies within the church if we would meet with the greatest success in the work of saving souls and promulgating truth.

Extraordinary and unusual methods are sometimes justified by the urgency of getting a soul into the presence of the Master, and so the friends of the paralytic were undoubtedly justified in tearing up the roof in their efforts to bring the sick one to the Master's notice. And to-day Christian workers may often recognize the necessity for employing unconventional and unusual methods in their efforts to enlighten sinners, reclaim the lost, and uplift the fallen. Is not the emergency of a soul perishing enough to arouse the moral ingenuity of Christian workers, and so stir their activities as to lead them to accomplish by extraordinary methods that which they are unable to perform through the usual channels of Christian endeavor?

Thy Sins Are Forgiven.—Before healing the man of his paralysis, Jesus forgave his sins, thus illustrating how, in his healing, he always worked by first removing the cause. It was sin, directly or indirectly, that was responsible for the man's physical condition. "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee," are the first comforting words the Master speaks to the paralytic who has been so strangely lowered into his presence through a hole in the roof, and this is the message of divine love to every soul suffering from the effects of moral paralysis,—dead in trespasses and sins. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," the Master says.

There is a great lesson in perseverance in connection with the working of this miracle. The paralytic and his friends were willing to tear up the house and sacrifice anything to reach the feet of Jesus. Living faith is real. You can see it. It produces visible results.

W. S. SADLER.

(Concluded next week.)



THE WORD OF GOD

(October 26)

MEMORY VERSE.—John 6: 63.

REFERENCES.—Matt. 13: 18-23; Mark 4: 13-20; Luke 8: 11-15; "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 43-61.

1. Who is the *Sower*?
2. What is the *Seed*?
3. The four kinds of ground represent what?
4. What kind of heart is the *wayside*?
5. Who are the *fowls of the air*?
6. Why is it that the wayside heart does not understand? Matt. 13: 15.
7. Then if we shut our eyes and ears to God's word, who comes into the heart?
8. Is it an evidence that the heart is a wayside one, if it does not understand the word of God? See note.
9. From what Christ said to his disciples in Mark 4: 13, how necessary is it that we understand the parable of the sower?
10. The stony places represent what kind of heart?

11. What effect does this soil have upon the growth of the word?

12. Why did not the seed take root in stony ground? Why does not the word take root in a stony heart?

13. What happened to the seeds that sprang up with no root?

14. What becomes of men in whose hearts the word has no root?

15. What are the *thorns*?

16. What effect do *they* have upon the growth of the word?

17. A young man once asked Jesus what he should do to have eternal life. What thorn was in his heart? Matt. 19: 22, 23.

18. The good ground represents what kind of heart?

19. What will be the result of hearing and understanding the word of God?

20. With what command did Christ begin to interpret the parable? Matt. 13: 18. Have you heard?

NOTE

No, it is not; but it is dangerous to be in that ignorant condition long. Christ says, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The disciples did not understand the parable of the sower at first, but they did just as we should do, they came and asked the Saviour about it. On the other hand, the Pharisees perceived the meaning of the parable, but to them its lesson was unwelcome. Therefore they pretended not to understand it. Of them Isaiah prophesied, "Hear ye indeed; but understand not." Therefore the devil came and caught away even that which they had heard.

SELECTED PARAGRAPHS FROM "CHRIST'S OBJECT LESSONS"

The seed sown by the wayside represents the word of God as it falls upon the heart of an inattentive hearer. Like the hard-beaten path, trodden down by the feet of men and beasts, is the heart that becomes a highway for the world's traffic, its pleasures and sins. Absorbed in selfish aims and sinful indulgences, the soul is "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." The spiritual faculties are paralyzed. Men hear the word, but understand it not. They do not discern that it applies to themselves. They do not realize their need or their danger. They do not perceive the love of Christ, and they pass by the message of his grace as something that does not concern them.

As the birds are ready to catch up the seed from the wayside, so Satan is ready to catch away the seeds of divine truth from the soul. He fears that the word of God may awaken the careless, and take effect upon the hardened heart. Satan and his angels are in the assemblies where the gospel is preached. While angels of heaven endeavor to impress hearts with the word of God, the enemy is on the alert to make the word of no effect.

Satan has many helpers. Many who profess to be Christians are aiding the tempter to catch away the seeds of truth from other hearts. Many who listen to the preaching of the word of God make it the subject of criticism at home. They sit in judgment on the sermon as they would on the words of a lecturer or a political speaker. The message that should be regarded as the word of the Lord to them is dwelt upon with trifling or sarcastic comment. The minister's character, motives, and actions, and the conduct of fellow members of the church are freely discussed. Severe judgment is pronounced, gossip or slander repeated, and this in the hearing of the unconverted. Thus are destroyed respect for God's messengers, and reverence for their message. And many are taught to regard lightly God's word itself.

The seed sown upon stony ground finds little depth of soil. The plant springs up quickly, but the root can not penetrate the rock to find nutri-

ment to sustain its growth, and it soon perishes. Many who made a profession of religion are stony-ground hearers. Like the rock underlying the layer of earth, the selfishness of the natural heart underlies the soil of their good desires and aspirations. The love of self is not subdued. They have not seen the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the heart has not been humbled under a sense of its guilt.

The roots of the plant strike down deep into the soil, and hidden from sight nourish the life of the plant. So with the Christian; it is by the invisible union of the soul with Christ, through faith, that the spiritual life is nourished. But the stony-ground hearers depend upon self instead of Christ. They trust in their good works and good impulses, and are strong in their own righteousness. They are not strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Such a one "hath not root in himself;" for he is not connected with Christ.

The hot summer sun, that strengthens and ripens the hardy grain, destroys that which has no depth of root. So he who "hath not root in himself," "dureth for a while;" but "when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended."

Cares, riches, pleasures, all are used by Satan in playing the game of life for the human soul. The warning is given, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." He who reads the hearts of men as an open book says, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and cares of this life." And the apostle Paul by the Holy Spirit writes, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

The "honest and good heart" of which the parable speaks, is not a heart without sin; for the gospel is to be preached to the lost. Christ said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He has an honest heart who yields to the conviction of the Holy Spirit. He confesses his guilt, and feels his need of the mercy and love of God. He has a sincere desire to know the truth, that he may obey it. The good heart is a believing heart, one that has faith in the word of God.

REGARD not God's work within thee as an anchor to hold thy bark firmly to the shore, but as a sail which shall carry it to its port.—*Branne.*

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No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago.....	9.23 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.50 P. M.
No. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	7.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 7, daily.	

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No. 10, Mail and Express, East and Detroit.....	3.45 P. M.
No. 8, Limited Express, East and Detroit.....	4.50 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.23 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit.....	2.19 A. M.
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit.....	7.00 A. M.
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W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"There is always a crack in the barest life through which the stars shine, if we choose to look for it."

MONDAY:

By patient and loving endurance of annoyances are we preparing ourselves gradually for the discipline of trials.—*Dean Goulburn.*

TUESDAY:

"No one, I say, is conquered till he yields;
 And yield he need not while, like mist from glass,
 God wipes the stain of life's old battle-fields
 From every morning that he brings to pass."

WEDNESDAY:

The refiner does not try base metals; his furnace is for gold and silver. Meaner metals can not stand his tests. So adversity is at times a mark of distinction.—*Well Spring.*

THURSDAY:

"The persistent habit of making the best of circumstances, the practice of noticing pleasant things, recognizing small services, and appreciating even fruitless efforts, will fringe a week-day dress with brightness."

FRIDAY:

"It is possible to put under foot the old self. We may not become at a bound dead to self, but if we are praying and striving, we shall have the satisfaction—perhaps not in a week, perhaps not in a month or a year, but in God's good time—of knowing that some of our former foes, which used to start up in rebellion upon the slightest provocation, have been forever routed."

SABBATH:

"But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

HAVE you seen the October number of the *Life Boat*? If you have, you have been interested and helped by reading it. If you have not, we would like to recommend that you secure a copy, and look it over. This number is an especially strong one, and should be in every Seventh-day Adventist home; not only so, but thousands of copies should be sent out to those who have no homes, or are shut away by their own act from home associations and privileges.

Our papers all have a place in the great work which we as a people represent. The *Life Boat* occupies a field distinctively its own, and has proved many times over that it is an instrument of blessing in the Lord's hands to many who are groping in darkness. If into every home where the *INSTRUCTOR* goes this week, a copy of this little magazine might come, be read, and then sent out to carry its message of salvation to

some poor heart, who can tell what the result might be? Let us place ourselves in sympathy with this work that is being done for the uplifting of the sorrowful, the suffering, the sin-sick, and give to it our loyal support.

Single copies of this number will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents. Yearly subscription price, only twenty-five cents. Address the *Life Boat*, 1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

A HAPPY CITY

A REMARKABLE statement is made concerning a certain city where Philip preached—remarkable because it tells so much in so few words. It was after the death of Stephen, and the resultant scattering abroad of the believers in Jerusalem, that Philip "went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them."

In many cities since that day has the meek and lowly Man of Nazareth been lifted up by his faithful messengers; but in how many, alas! even as in his own Jerusalem, has he been openly rejected. Not so in Samaria. Crowds flocked to hear Philip as he told of Jesus,—his lowly birth, his life of love, and his shameful death,—and of the martyrdom of his faithful servant Stephen; and "with one accord" the people "gave heed unto those things which Philip spake."

Note the result, told in eight short words: "And there was great joy in that city." A simple sentence, yet how full of meaning! Of course there was joy in that city. There is always joy where Jesus is enthroned, always joy in hearts where he rules,—a joy so deep, so perfect, so abiding, that no man nor influence nor power can take it away.

We are not told that to every one in this city of Samaria this "great joy" came; but it is certain that it came to every one who felt his need of it, and would receive it. Just so in our day. No matter where we are,—whether in city or country, at work or at rest, happy or troubled,—the joy that comes by giving heed to God's messages, and making his will first in our lives, will be ours if we fulfill the conditions. And when this is done by us, as by the dwellers in that ancient town, those who are reading the "living epistle" of our lives will see therein a joy and peace that will attract and win them to give heed to the same truth.

A FIXED HEART

WHEN we read or hear of a thing being "fixed," immediately we think of it as firm, immovable, not disturbed by the ordinary displays of the forces of nature. "Fixed as the everlasting hills," we say when we wish to attribute the quality of steadfastness.

This word "fixed" is the one used by David to express the degree of his trust in God. "My heart is fixed," he exclaims, and then repeats the words, with exalted determination, "My heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise." And this "fixed" heart, dear young Christians, of which David sang as he fled before those who sought his life, is the kind of heart the Lord loves, and can use to his glory.

How much we admire one who, having decided upon a course of action, goes steadily and unflinchingly forward, unmoved by distractions of any sort to abandon his purpose. His heart is fixed; his success is assured. But the uncertain man, halting forever between two opinions, driven first this way, then that, faltering, unstable in all his ways—is not Failure written irrevocably at the end of every path he enters?

It is not more true that a halting, wavering, up-one-day-and-down-the-other course will fail of the highest success in the worldly than in the Christian experience. The storms of life will buffet it, encouragement will cause it to lean one way, a temptation or failure will throw it off the track. But the heart that is "fixed"—what flat-

tering words or adverse opinion, what alluring temptation or fiery trial, can move it?—None at all; for it is fixed on a Rock,—the Rock of Ages.

O dear young friends!—we who have so few days in which to work,—shall we allow our usefulness to be marred by a halting, irresolute, wavering course? Shall we not rather, realizing the honor and gravity of the work committed to our charge, make, each for ourselves, to be unchanged by any circumstances or combination of circumstances, the decision that, no matter what comes or does not come, "we will serve the Lord,"—will obey his truth, and will do all in our power to give it to others?

Only those of established purpose, of fixed heart, will endure in the days before us. Do not postpone the decision; make it now, and accept and rejoice in the peace that it brings.

A PERSONAL LETTER

To the many readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* we wish to say that we appreciate the lively interest that is being taken in the Science Lessons, as indicated by the many letters that are coming to us from all parts of the United States, asking various questions relating to *real science*, also expressing interest in, and appreciation of, the work we are trying to do in making simple some of the great truths that Satan would hide from the minds of God's people.

We are pleased to receive these encouraging letters, also glad to answer, so far as we are able, the many questions they contain; but there is another work to which we wish to call attention, and in which we wish an equally live interest might be created. That is the work of the gospel here in the South. Louisville is an important city of two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is a city of learning and refinement. We have at last secured possession of a substantial brick church-building, centrally situated in a desirable part of the city. Our little company of believers here have sacrificed to their fullest extent to provide money to buy the material, so that, by doing the work ourselves, we might have a proper place of worship, where we might invite the people to attend a course of meetings. By so doing we have secured the use of this building for a limited time. But we believe the Lord would be pleased to have us own this desirable place of worship. Nothing would give the message in this part of Kentucky, where we have no church-building of any kind, a better standing, or be a greater encouragement to our people all over the State, than to feel that we owned a place of our own in which to preach the truth.

Now if our readers, who are becoming so much interested in the work we are doing along the line of science, will take a like interest in the work we are doing with our hammer and saw, and will come forward with their mites to advance the work in the South, by helping us to purchase this building, we are sure it will be money invested in the bank of heaven, whose interest always compounds. Be free to write and ask questions; but would it not be also a pleasure, before writing, to place the matter before your brethren and neighbors, asking them to contribute, be it in ever so small a way, to the establishing of the work here in the needy South?

We need six hundred dollars as a partial payment right away, in order to secure this desirable building. We do not ask one person to give all this amount; but can not each of the readers collect together something at once for this work? Send it directly to us, and you may be sure of a prompt reply in return. A little from each company or individual would easily afford us the entire amount needed, and place us where we could feel that we had something substantial to start the message here in Kentucky.

O. C. GODSMARK.

2005 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.