

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Swedish Editorial Room Fr

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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BIRDS IN WINTER Some Common Snow Birds

BIRDS are not so common in winter as in the warmer days of spring and summer. This is due not so much to cold weather as to scarcity of food. In the fall, as the usual forage fails, one after another, the birds migrate to the

South. Many birds, however, remain with us all through the winter months. If you will go out during the warmer hours of the day, when there is no strong wind blowing, you will find a number of these winter-dwellers feeding in favorable, sheltered places.

If you have not been a close observer of birds, you may be surprised to learn that August is one of the poorest months in which to study them. During this month they leave their accustomed haunts, and retire to secluded places to renew their worn-out plumage. They are inactive and silent, and it is difficult indeed to find them. Later in the month they have grown their new uniforms, and are ready for their long journey southward.

Winter is the best time of year to begin the study of birds. The varieties at that season are not so numerous; and if the beginner makes the acquaintance of all that are to be found during the cold months, he will have a much easier task to identify those that arrive in the spring.

In the Middle States during the winter you should find now and then the following birds:—

Barred Owl	Long-eared Owl
Blue Jay	Great Horned Owl
Crow	Purple Finch
Meadow-lark	Song-sparrow
Bob-white	White-breasted Nuthatch
Ruffed Grouse	Chickadee
Hairy Woodpecker	Sharp-shinned Hawk
Flicker	Screech-owl
Downy Woodpecker	
Finch	

These birds are all permanent residents; and occasionally the Waxwing, Bluebird, and Robin pass the winter in the North. Besides these we sometimes have visits from the following:—

Saw-whet Owl	Tree-sparrow
Horned Lark	Junco
Snowflake	Northern Shrike
Redpoll	Winter Wren
American Crossbill	Golden-crowned Kinglet
White-throated Sparrow	Brown Creeper

In this paper are given pictures of the Junco,

Snowflake, and Chickadee. In following numbers we will describe other of our winter birds, and tell you something about them.

Always remember that in order to study nature, you will have to go to nature; she will never come to you. Though the days may be cold, choose some time when there is bright sunshine; and you will be almost certain to find some of these interesting little creatures. If you live near the edge of town, or, better yet, in the country, you may attract many birds to your door-yard by protecting them from danger when they do come, avoiding frightening them, and above all, by giving them food. A piece of fat meat nailed to a tree will attract Chickadees, Blue Jays, Nuthatches, and Woodpeckers. If you throw out crumbs of bread or grain, they



may be blown away or snowed under; but if you will nail up a box with open front, placing it with the back to the prevailing wind, you will have a place where many birds will delight to come for food, if you are faithful in providing it. Some birds prefer to feed on the ground. It is therefore well to have a small cleared place where you can strew waste food, at the same time being careful not to frighten or disturb them. I have heard of one lady who cared so much to have the birds about, that she baked bread especially for them, using one third wheat and two thirds corn-meal, as such bread will not freeze so hard as bread made from wheat flour alone. She had many birds around her home. She also fed them hemp-seed, sunflower-seed, nuts, and finely crushed corn.

God cares for the birds. We should always remember what the Saviour said about them. Having the birds about us will be the best reminder that our souls are in his sight worth infinitely more than many of these creatures, not one of whom falls to the ground without his notice. L. A. REED.

A SHREWD MOTHER PLOVER

DOWN on the beach among the sand-dunes at Cape Lookout there is a certain small stretch of land where the sun shines warm, and the wind never strikes except when it whisks in little eddies around the dunes, and blows the dry sand rattling among the broken sea-shells. Here a pair of Wilson's plovers, one summer, had their home, and, despite the vigil of many enemies, successfully guarded their nest in the sand, until two of the three spotted eggs it contained hatched out little down-covered balls of peeping bird life. These odd baby birds did not remain long in the nest; and their slender legs were soon carrying them rapidly about after their parents.

One day some men came to the part of the beach where the plover family lived. The little ones were much frightened, so they sat very close to the sand, and the men did not see them. Father and Mother Plover were quite uneasy, however. They flew near the men and cried, and tried to get the intruders to follow them away. The mother-bird even pretended to be lame. When the men saw this, one of them said: "Look at that bird; she has a nest of young ones near here, or she would not act so. I have seen partridges on the mainland act in the same manner when I was near their young."

Then they began to search among the shells. This alarmed the parents so much that they determined to try their last and best trick. The little mother ran up close to the men, fell on

her side, and fluttered and cried as if she were dying. The father-bird, with two other plovers, who had a nest farther up the shore, ran to her, and rubbed her with their bills, as if they were very anxious and sad concerning her illness.

"Look there," said the man who had spoken before; "that bird really must be hurt. I have seen many kinds of birds pretend to be injured, but have never seen two play different parts in the same trick." So they started to catch her.

But Mrs. Plover seemed to get better, and ran



THE JUNCO

on for fifteen or twenty yards, and then appeared to fall ill again. The other plovers gathered about as before, and put their bills under her, as if to raise and help the sick one. The men went hurrying on; but the lady bird again recovered enough to run for a little distance. The young plovers saw the group pass off among the dunes, the four birds in front and the men following after. Twenty minutes later the shrewd old birds were back with their children; and the men, entirely outwitted, were far down the beach toward their boat.

Pretense of injury or lameness is a common habit with many species of birds to attract a supposed enemy from the vicinity of their nests. — *St. Nicholas.*

A WEED PICTURE

To one who cares little for natural objects, a bit of bottom-land in autumn has few attractions; but to the botanist of experience, or to a student of nature, from late July till the first frost comes, such a place is a continual delight.

Perhaps you have seen this very picture. If so, have you studied its details?

A half-acre of swamp, which in the spring presented a dainty background of yellowish-green willows, and a foreground of green pasture, dotted with dandelions and blue violets, has now transformed itself into a Persian effect of gorgeous color. Blue, pink, brown, green, red, purple, white, lavender, yellow, orange-brown, and these through tintings and shadings that a modern Titian would never produce, even should he wear his brush to a stub.

Among the showier members of this very mixed growing effect, brightest in color are the purple ironweed and the helianthus. But joe-pye-weed tosses up his woolly pink head, and flauntingly asks, "With that big yellow-and black butterfly on my crown, am I not more showy than they?" He has to be gently reminded that all his brothers are not wearing butterflies, which fact leads to a negative decision; still he is a beauty.

Then the corners festooned with clematis, hop, bindweed, and even dodder, give to the raw edges a finish that can not be excelled. Little dots of cardinal, here and there, show a belated cardinal flower; and bittersweet just ready to open hangs over the elder bushes, which form one edge of this picture.

The paler asters in eight or ten shadings, with the exception of the New England variety, begin to fill in the neutral patches, and goldenrod is waving yellow plumes here and there. It is a beautiful color, but looks rather pale compared with the later sunflowers. Boneset and yarrow and spurge each have a place, and great bunches of bedstraw fill up the crannies, till not a square inch of earth is visible.

Some of the plants which help complete the perfect whole, but which are less numerous and showy, are the tall dead stalks of angelica, parsnips in seed, milkweed, ragweed, mallow, nettles, vervain, blackberry, and wild rose with scarlet bolls.

Some of the finishing touches to this composite picture are the huge green dragon-flies, the brilliantly colored butterflies and moths, and the catbirds and bird kindred which live in the heart of all this magnificence, but manage to keep well on the wing, especially when the sun shines bright, and the air is soft and cool.— *Selected.*

"We shall never be sorry afterward for thinking twice before we speak; for counting the cost before entering upon any new course; for sleeping over stings and injuries before saying or doing anything in answer; or for carefully considering any business scheme presented to us before putting money or name into it. It will save us much regret, loss, and sorrow always to remember to do nothing rashly."



ADORATION

THE world was tired and lonely,
Its joys were dull and weary,
Till Jesus came.
He filled our lives with brightness,
He filled our hearts with gladness;
Then praise his name!

His violets are lovely,
His woods are full of mosses,
His world is bright.
Our hearts are full of singing,
With joy our lives are ringing,
Since that glad night.
Then we should love him all our days,
And little lips should sing his praise.

B. F. M. SOURS.

THE FAIR FLOWERS OF PROMISE

As we look at a beautiful garden, with its opening buds, let us remember that this is an expression of our Father's love. As we note the varied tints of the flowers and inhale their delicate fragrance, let us think of the words, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." God has given us the flowers to teach us lessons of trust. "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" If the great Master Artist makes perfect and lovely that which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will he not care much more for the beings purchased by the blood of his only begotten Son?

We are pilgrims and strangers on this earth, looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. The path in which we travel is narrow, and calls for self-denial and self-sacrifice. We meet with trial and conflict. But God has not left us to travel without help. Our pathway to the heavenly Canaan is bordered with the fair flowers of promise. They blossom all along the way, sending forth their rich fragrance, like the flowers in the gardens of this earth.

To blot the promises of God from the word would be like blotting the sun from the sky. There would then be nothing to gladden our experience. God has placed the promises in his word to lead us to have faith in him. In these promises he draws back the veil from eternity, giving us a glimpse of the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which awaits the overcomer. Let us, then, rest in God. Let us praise him for giving us such a glorious revelation of his purposes.

All along our pathway, God places the flowers of promise to brighten our journey. But many refuse to gather these flowers, choosing instead the thorns and thistles. At every step they weep and mourn, when they might rejoice in the Lord because he has made the road to heaven so pleasant.

As we look at the promises of God, we find comfort and hope and joy; for they speak to us the words of the Infinite One. Properly to appreciate these precious promises, we should study them carefully, examining them in detail. How much joy we might bring into life, how much goodness into the character, if we would but make these promises our own! As we journey in the upward way, let us talk of the blessings strewn along the path. As we think of the mansions Christ is preparing for us, we forget the petty annoyances which we meet day by day. We seem to breathe the atmosphere of the heavenly country to which we are journeying, and we are soothed and comforted.

Do not think to find happiness in selfish amusement. The flowers thus gathered soon wither and die. True happiness is found only in the Master's service. In him who is the Light of the world we shall find comfort and hope. Our happiness comes not from what is around us, but from what is within us; not from what we have, but from what we are.

It is our privilege to sing the songs of Zion now, to turn our eyes to the light, to bring hope into our own hearts and into the hearts of others. God wants us to gather his promises, that we may be strengthened and refreshed. Let us take our eyes from the curse, and fix them on the grace so abundantly provided for us. God is dishonored when we fret and worry. Thus we show that we are not trusting in him, but in ourselves.

This life will have much brightness for us if we will gather the flowers and leave the briars alone. Comfort, encouragement, and support have been provided for every circumstance and condition of life. No temptation comes to us that Christ has not withstood, no trial that he has not borne. He knows each one of us by name. When a burden is placed on us, he stands by, to lift the heaviest weight. He has given us precious promises to lighten every burden. He assures us that his grace is sufficient. To-day we have his help. To-morrow we may be placed in new circumstances of trial, but the promise stands fast, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Let us rejoice in the love of God. Let us praise him who has made us such royal promises. Let these promises keep our hearts in perfect peace. Let us honor God by weaving more of Jesus and heaven into our lives. Jesus lives. His hand is guiding us. This present life is not the summer but the winter of the Christian, nevertheless he may constantly enjoy the sunbeams of Christ's righteousness. He may have in his heart the peace "which passeth all understanding," even the peace which Christ gives.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

THE 'SPRING THAT WAS' COVERED

I WANTED water in a certain pasture on my farm up in the New Hampshire mountains, and was talking about the probability of finding it by digging a well, when an old neighbor, who had lived in the community for sixty years, said: "You don't need to dig any well in that pasture, for you have one of the finest springs there I ever saw."

"I think you must be mistaken," I replied, "for I have searched pretty thoroughly, and can find no trace of water anywhere."

"I am sure I am not mistaken," said the old man, sturdily. "I used to mow that pasture when it was a meadow, many years ago; and if you will go over there below that tall spruce tree, within forty feet of it you will find a beautiful spring. I have had a drink out of it many and many a time, when I mowed around it."

I felt sure that the old man was honest in his faith that there was a spring there, and so we went again to make the search. This time, with the old man's story to guide us, we could trace where the spring had once been. There was still a little hollow there, and the skeleton of a trench that had carried away the water, but the spring itself had disappeared; it had all filled in as the years passed, and the soil had become solid above it, and the turf was as heavy over where the spring had once sent forth its sweet waters, as it was anywhere else in the pasture.

As I looked on the dry and hard covering over the one-time spring, it occurred to me that that was what has happened to some young Christians. Christ awakened in their hearts the fountain of the Water of Life, but through lack of use of their spiritual abilities, the fountain ceased to flow; and as they grew idle and indifferent in religious work, worldliness came in upon them

as the turf encroached on the hillside spring, until its edges met above the water, and the little stream was smothered underneath the soil of earthliness and self-indulgence.

Of course if this spring had been developed and constantly used, it could never have become thus covered up. If there had been more water, it would have pushed itself out, and gone splashing and singing down the hillside, carrying with it any impertinent soil that got in its way. I have another spring on that same farm, which comes gurgling out between two great ledges of granite, and pushes itself, with a stream full-born, over the edge of the hill. He would be a bold man who would undertake to stop that stream or cover it up. It comes because it must come. The reservoir behind is so strong and full that it bursts forth into the air with a triumphant song on its lips.

Shall we not learn the secret of the two springs? If your religious life is small and timid, there are two ways you can treat it. One is, not to use it; keep it in the background as much as possible; never say anything about it; never give any of it away to anybody else, for fear you may not have enough left for home consumption. Continue to do this for a while, and any one searching for your spiritual life will be in the same quandary that I was when searching for the spring in the hill pasture. He will not be able to find it. The turf of worldliness will have covered it over hard and dry.

There is another way, however, that you may treat a timid religious experience. You may make much of it, looking out for little trenches for it to flow in, so as to be refreshing in appearance and make the world more beautiful; you may offer a cupful of its cool, refreshing water to weary and hungry hearts among your acquaintances; you may be careful to dig away from it all worldliness that threatens to pollute or smother its waters; you may, in many ways known to those who are in close touch with Christ, the Fountain Head of the Christian life, increase its flow; and if you do that, your spring of deep, abiding religious life will refuse to be covered up, but in the purity and sweetness of its waters every weary traveler who drinks at the fountain of your faith will thank God and take courage.—*Young People's Weekly*.

DON'T WAIT TO BE TOLD

If you would advance rapidly in your position, or get on faster in the world, don't acquire a habit of waiting to be told what to do. Anticipate the wants of your employer. Use your common sense and ingenuity in trying to solve the problems that come up from day to day. Nobody ever advances who constantly waits for directions. It is the man who decides promptly and with precision, without being told what is to be done, and then does it, who gets on in the world.

A habit of doing nothing without orders or directions is paralyzing to one's faculties and death to individuality and originality. Don't labor under the delusion that to imitate the actions and methods of those above you is all that your position requires. Original work commands attention, and will be of great service in helping you to advance in your position, or in directing work of your own. The valuable employee is the one who anticipates the needs of his position, and attends to them before he is told.

Keep your eyes wide open for the things which need to be done, and do them before you are asked to. You may think that actions which are not prompted by the presence of your employer will never be heard of by him. Put aside this delusion. There are innumerable ways in which an employee's habits of work are brought to the attention of his employer; and, in the near future, the right person will be sure of reward.—*Success*.



A VISIT TO THE TRANSVAAL CAPITAL

ON the eleventh of December, 1898, I left Johannesburg by an early morning train, in company with two friends, to visit Pretoria. December is well into the summer in South Africa, but the spring rains had been late, so the fields and hills over which we passed were just putting on their most glorious green.

The first twelve miles of our journey lay along the main line of railway leading to the Cape and Natal. The traveler passes many of the richest and best-known mines, whose great smoke-stacks rise high into the blue, some near the road, others away to the east and west as far as the eye can see. Near by the great piles of cyanid-treated ore, now left as finely powdered sand, glisten in the sun like huge banks of snow.

A few halts at some of the mining suburbs, then at the village of Germiston, and we are at Elandsfontein, the junction. Here a population of a few thousand has collected, living within easy reach of the mines, which extend in all directions except southward, along the lines of railway. At the junction our train takes on a few more passengers, and puffs away up-grade toward Pretoria. In Africa, railway trains are never in a hurry; so we proceed at the leisurely rate of fifteen miles an hour, stops excluded. The common difficulties of making observations and obtaining good landscape views along the way, on account of rapidly moving trains, are almost wholly obviated here.

We are traveling northward, and the first thing noticeable is what is said to be a lime-kiln on our left near the railroad. Not far from it is a villa, almost hidden by beautiful ornamental gardens, the property of a Johannesburg gentleman of wealth. Now and then a farmhouse may be seen in the distance, but every mile brings us farther into the hills, so that all but nearer views are cut off.

The recent December showers have given a good start to the grass and early flowers of the veld. The Boers usually burn over their lands once a year, and now they are covered with the freshness of new-grown meadows, rich in their natural beauty. Riding for about two hours, with hills growing in size and roughness, a few stops at sidings to "pick up" or "set down" a passenger, and our attention is drawn to a prominent eminence away on our right several miles ahead. On its top there is an appearance of excavations, or at any rate evidence of some disturbance, shown by the patch of reddish-gray (characteristic of Transvaal soil) near its crest. Soon we become aware that we are approaching within range of one of Pretoria's far-famed forts. Soon another reddish-capped hill, farther away in the same direction, comes into view; then another, on our left. Still our train climbs higher and higher, until, passing a rugged, rock-strewn kopje, we quickly emerge, with Pretoria lying away below, in a rounded valley shut in by high hills. The first impression is that the place is indeed "beautiful for situation."

The station is soon reached, and passing through it we notice street-cars drawn by horses, waiting at the other side. Several hotel buses are also in waiting, and in one of these we decide to ride up-town. It is about a mile and a half over level and well-kept streets to the central part

of the capital. Making a turn down one of the principal streets, our bus stops in front of the Royal Hotel. There is nothing imposing about this one-story building, which, like all other up-country hotels in Africa, has its sleeping-apartments at the rear, surrounding an open square.

We had purposely selected Sunday for this visit, that we might attend service at President Kruger's Dopper church, and possibly hear him preach, as he often did there. While waiting a short time for the hour of service, several carriages passed our hotel, among whose occupants were pointed out members of the Executive Council and of the Government Raad, or Congress. Eagerly expectant, we watched for the imposing turn-out of the president, of which we had heard so much. In this we were disappointed, afterward learning that he had obviated the necessity of driving to worship by building a residence opposite the church.

At 10:30 A. M. our Dutch friend, Mr. De Beer, reminding us that the time of service was near, led the way toward the lower part of town. Crossing two blocks to Government Square, we walk down a long street, where we observe that while the houses are unpretentious, the gardens are often beautiful and extensive. A walk of three quarters of a mile brings us to the lower end of the street, where it merges into a country road. Here, on the left, is a plain brick church, with no spire. Directly opposite is a house, well



THE BOER CABINET (1898)

REITZ, WOLMERANS, BURGER, FISCHER,
JOUBERT, KRUGER, CRONJE

shut in by trees and shrubs, built of brick, plastered over and painted white,—a one-story structure in no way imposing,—the president's residence.

Entering the church, which stands only a little back from the street, we are seated by one of the pleasant wardens. I notice that there are two entrances, one at the front, where we entered from the street, the other opposite the pulpit on the right. The seats are plain, uncushioned benches, the furniture altogether being plain, finished in a modest brown. While interested in the service soon to begin, of course we anxiously wait the arrival of the president. As the minister takes his place for the opening service, a small party enters by the side door,—an elderly lady of medium build and short stature, dressed in black, a younger woman by her side, and two gentlemen; but the well-known form of President Kruger is missing. The elder lady was Mrs. Kruger, the others being members of the family. The service was one of devout simplicity, and was conducted entirely in Dutch. At its close Mrs. Kruger was seen greeting many of the congregation, then walking quietly over to her home. We learned that Mr. Kruger was confined at home by illness. Knowing this would be our only opportunity of visiting Pretoria, we determined to make an effort to see him.

Going across to the house, Mr. De Beer spoke

to the single sentry at the gate, saying at my request that I desired very much to see the president before returning to America. The sentry, a nephew of Mr. Kruger, went inside, and soon returned, explaining that the president was suffering from a disease of the eyes, making it necessary to bandage them to exclude all light, so it was impossible for him to see anybody. I had brought a small book in Dutch, which I had intended to present him, and this I now sent in, with my card. The attendant returned, expressing the president's sincere thanks, regrets that he was unable to receive our party on that day, and an invitation to come at another time.

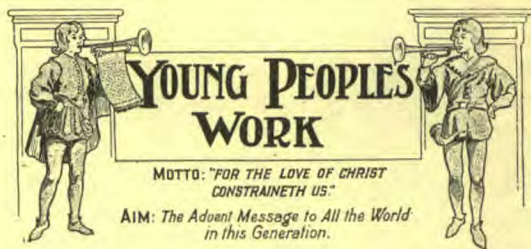
We now had time to visit several interesting parts of the capital. Of course the government buildings were all closed, so we could see them only from the outside, with the exception of the Palace of Justice, then being erected. This is acknowledged to be one of the finest structures in South Africa. For an hour we walked along clean, well-kept streets, the dwellings on either side being surrounded by gardens among the most beautiful to be found anywhere.

After dinner we visited the public park, and the botanical gardens, which are famed for their luxuriance and beauty. The whole town bore an air of quiet and good order. Little did we think that within a few months the peoples of this country would be engaged in deadly strife.

JOEL C. ROGERS.

THE END OF A PAIR OF SHOES

THE termite, or white ant, is one of the pests of Rhodesia. It probably causes the settler more annoyance than wild animals or sickness. Rev. A. Lebœuf, a missionary worker, says that this little scourge respects no perishable article, and is indefatigable in its work of destruction. It is no uncommon experience to have one's clothing disappear in the night. Added to the many trials of a missionary life, it may happen that on awakening in the morning you are astonished to see in the dim light a cone-shaped object rising from the brick floor a short distance from your bed, with two holes on the top, like the crater of a miniature volcano. Upon closer examination you discover that the holes have just the size and shape of the inside of your boots, which you incautiously left on the brick floor the night before. They have given form and proportion to an ant heap.—*Sunday Magazine*.



YOUR LIFE-WORK — WHAT SHALL IT BE?

"If I only knew what I ought to be, I would begin and prepare for it." I know that that question troubles young people, for it has troubled me. But I also know that, like all the other troubles of life, it has its solution, and can be settled by every one.

But, young man, young woman, there is a question that must come first. You read: "The Lord is my shepherd." Do you believe it? Can you read that sentence, and say, "Those are my words as truly as they were David's words"? Can you? There are very few people who do read them so; but that is the first thing. It is of little use to launch into any enterprise, or undertake to prepare for a life-work, till you can say, from the depth of your heart, "The Lord is my shepherd." It is all uncertainty till you can say that.

Perhaps you answer: "I can say that now! He has promised to guide me in the truth, to keep my feet from ways of sin, and give me a

home in his kingdom. Yes, I can say that, and I do believe it now!"

That's good; but it isn't enough. The true shepherd not only keeps his sheep from the great dangers; but he looks after all the interests of their lives. He keeps them from every wrong path, and from every way that is not for their highest good. Just so the Good Shepherd has promised to lead us in every good way, and our life-work is to be one of those good ways.

Says one: "Why doesn't he, then? Here's Uncle Dan, and there is brother Walter, and they don't know where to take hold, and I don't. Why doesn't he lead?"

O, how I wish every young man and woman who reads these words would ask that question, and ask it so often that it would demand an answer in the hearts of all the people,— "Why doesn't he guide?"

But, my young friend, he does guide! He is guiding just as fast as you will follow,—but no faster. If you have not followed up to the point where you are prepared to go to college, or to begin a great life-work, do you think he will lead you to select it, only to fail therein?—You know he will not. He is not the author of failures. He never works that way. When you fail, it is because you run ahead of the Lord, and get lost. Do one thing at a time; do that well; and when you have graduated from that duty, you will be ready for the next. God will see to that part of it. He will recognize the merit soon enough. Listen: "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." *He* is eager. *He* is seeking by his strength speedily to advance the young man and woman who *will* to be led.

If you *will*, begin right now. Who is that acquaintance you've been passing on the street without a smile? Where is that pleasant word you might be saying, but neglect? Where is the little service you might render, but never think to perform? Where are the dimes and nickels you spend foolishly? O, what are you doing with all these little opportunities? Isn't it just possible that you haven't graduated from the home school yet—from the duties that lie all around you?

Don't you know David was a good leader of a few sheep for a long time before he became a great leader of men? God helped him kill the lion and the bear as much as he helped him slay the giant enemy of Israel? And don't you know how, in all those years he fled from Saul, he was being led by the Lord to prepare him for his great work as king? Suppose he had taken the matter into his own hands, and said, "Why, see here! I'm wasting lots of time. I'll just kill Saul at once, and enter my life-work." If he had done that, do you think there would be a great King David in history?—Of course not.

Look at Christ. Thirty years an obscure carpenter's son!—but just as faithful in that lowly life as when he stood before the multitudes, the one of all men sought out and marveled over. But when the thirty years were over, and the time came for him to do another work, what happened?—God called him to John, the Spirit led him into the wilderness, and he returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee. He knew what his work was when the time came: there was no question about it. And so it will be with the young person who is content to follow Jesus where he is, among the small things of his daily life. Christ will lead. There will be no guess-work. What he does will seem and will *be* the right work, and he will be eager for it.

Let us seek God for power to live the Christ life right where we are; to be kind and helpful to the folks at home; in the faith of Jesus to forget ourselves, and remember others; study to know more of God, and to understand his truth,—to do with our might what our hands find to do; for this is our life-work now, and there is no other!

EDISON DRIVER.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY

(Study for January 26 to February 1)

PLACE the lesson outline upon the blackboard, leaving room to fill in the references as they are given.

1. What is the Bible standard of courtesy?—The golden rule. (Give all the references where this is found.)

2. What does the Bible tell us about bearing the burdens (cares, trials, perplexities) of others? Two references.

3. Should one person expect another to bear the burdens which rightfully belong to him? Gal. 6: 5. Find another text.

4. Whom are we to honor?

First: The Lord. Three texts.

Second: Parents. Three texts.

Third: The aged. Lev. 19: 32.

Fourth: Elders. 1 Tim. 5: 17.

Fifth: Masters. 1 Tim. 6: 1.

Sixth: Those to whom honor is due. Rom. 13: 7.

Seventh: Every one that worketh good. Rom. 2: 10.

Eighth: Widows. 1 Tim. 5: 3.

5. How does Peter sum up the requisites for right living? 1 Peter 3: 8.

Selected Thoughts on the Topic

"It is the little attentions, the numerous small incidents and simple courtesies of life, that make up the sum of life's happiness; and it is the neglect of kindly, encouraging, affectionate words, and the little courtesies of life, which helps compose the sum of life's wretchedness. It will be found at last that the denial of self for the good and happiness of those around us, constitutes a large share of the life record in heaven. And the fact will also be revealed that the care of self, irrespective of the good and happiness of others, is not beneath the notice of our Heavenly Father."—*"Testimonies," Vol. II, page 133.*

"It is little things which test the character. It is the unpretending acts of daily self-denial, with cheerfulness and gentleness, that God smiles upon. We should not live for ourselves, but for others. We should be a blessing by our forgetfulness of self and our thoughtfulness of others. We should cherish love, forbearance, and fortitude."—*Id., page 647.*

"Be careful of your words; cultivate refinement of manners, courtesy, gentleness, and you will be rewarded for so doing."—*Id., page 84.*

"His mind has been exercised for some time that it was his duty to carry the message. He has the ability, and, as far as his knowledge of the truth is concerned, he is capable; but he lacks culture. He has not learned to control himself. It requires great wisdom to deal with minds, and he is not qualified for this work. He understands the theory, but has not educated himself in forbearance, patience, gentleness, kindness, and true courteousness."—*Id., page 220.*

"The minister of Christ should possess sobriety, meekness, love, long-suffering, forbearance, pity, and courtesy."—*Id., page 568.*

GIVING

WHAT do we give to each other

Who meet on life's troubled way?—
A tear, or a smile, or a helping hand,
A brave "God-speed" to the Fatherland,
Or merely a brief "Good-day"?

What do we give to each other?

Do we tender mere stones for bread?
Or living grain from God's garnered store?
Who borroweth hence may return for more
Till each hungry soul is fed.

But as we give to each other,

Pray God that his love may flow
Through our pitying hearts to the hearts that ache,
For loveless hands may no comfort take
To the secret haunts of woe.

—Selected



CHILDREN'S PAGE

BUSY BEES

THE daisies and the honey-bees
Long from the fields have flown;
Yet in my kitchen have I found
A beehive all my own.

One with discretion tried the broth,
Testing if it were done;
Then added salt, or cream, or rice.
Be Careful was this one.

And one a dish of apples pared
(Swift round and round they spin);
I knew Be Thrifty was her name,
The parings were so thin.

One kneaded dough with gentle hand;
She folded, rolled, and beat;
Then pricked and pinched and
pinked the edge;
For this one was Be Neat.

And one but washed the cups
and spoons,
Yet smiling came and went,
Nor coveted her sisters' tasks;
For this was Be Content.

And not a daisy ever bloomed
With brighter face than
these;
No hive could better workers
boast
Than my four Busy Bees.
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

THE MUSIC OF THE LIFE

THE story is told of some
monks of old who loved and
worshiped God, and spent all
their time in working for the
poor and the sick around them.
This they did, not as a hard-
ship, but as a delight, saying,—

“How good is God, who hath
such love for us,
He lets us tend his suffering
children thus!”

But they had one trouble.
Perhaps it was because of the
damp air of the marsh where
they lived, that not one
monk in all the house could
sing. When they met together
to worship God in their little
chapel, they grieved that none
of them could make the sound
of his praise to be heard in
sweet and holy song.

They heard of a young monk
with a very beautiful voice,
not so far away but that they
could invite him to come and
sing the Magnificat for them
on Christmas eve. The Mag-
nificat, you most likely know,
is the hymn of praise begin-
ning, “My soul doth magnify the Lord.”

How the good monks looked forward to that
Christmas eve, when for once they would be able
to offer acceptable praise to the Lord. The day
came, and the young monk thrilled their hearts,
and held them breathless, while his sweet song
seemed to mount up to heaven, and mingle with
those of the angel choir.

The abbot who was the head of the monastery
went to bed that night happy and satisfied that
for once, at least, God was pleased with their
worship. But hardly had he fallen asleep when
he was awakened by a bright light that filled the
room, from a glorious angel, who asked him,
“Why was Magnificat not sung to-night?” The
astonished man told the angel of the young monk

who had sung it so sweetly that they had all
rejoiced to think how it would be heard on high.
Then the angel told him that the young man's
mind had been filled with thoughts of himself
and his fine voice, and that he had sung for his
own glory, and not for the praise of God. So
his song had fallen to earth, instead of mount-
ing up to heaven. He said that each evening
God and the angels had listened with pleasure
to the praises of the monks, and that they had
greatly missed that part of the service that even-
ing, when the Magnificat should have been sung;
for no sound of it had been heard on high. It
is not the trained voice and the beautiful singing
that please the Lord, though these have their

HOW MUCH IT COST

ONE, two, three! Kenneth nestled uneasily.
Four, five, six! He bored his tousled head deep
into the pillows, and tried not to hear the seven.

Lazy little Kenneth! The next time the clock
spoke, it said “eight,” imperatively, and sent him
into his shoes and stockings in a panic.

Kenneth hurried bravely; but buttons didn't
behave, and where could the other shoe be?
Where was the hair-brush? If he'd only got up
at seven!

After all, he didn't dare to stop to eat but
three bread-bites and a cookie. Then he snatched
his lunch-pail from the pantry shelf, and was
off. Mama was up in the
berry garden, picking currants.
It wouldn't do to run up after
his good-by kiss; there wasn't
a minute to spare.

He was late to school, any-
way, just by an unlucky minute
or two; and on his way to his
seat he could hear Miss Peri-
winkle's pencil-point, hard and
rasping, tracing his poor little
black mark.

Well, it was a sorry morn-
ing, and a sorry boy in it. Ken-
neth was too hungry and too
crestfallen to study, so his
spelling-lesson came to grief.
He had to stay in at recess to
study it.

When noon did come, how
he ran for his dinner-pail! It
looked so shiny and comfort-
ing; and he snuffed little,
spicy, consoling smells round
the edges of the cover. Didn't
he know just what was in
there?

“My mother puts up the
splendidest dinners in this
town!” he cried. “The splen-
didest in—this—town!”

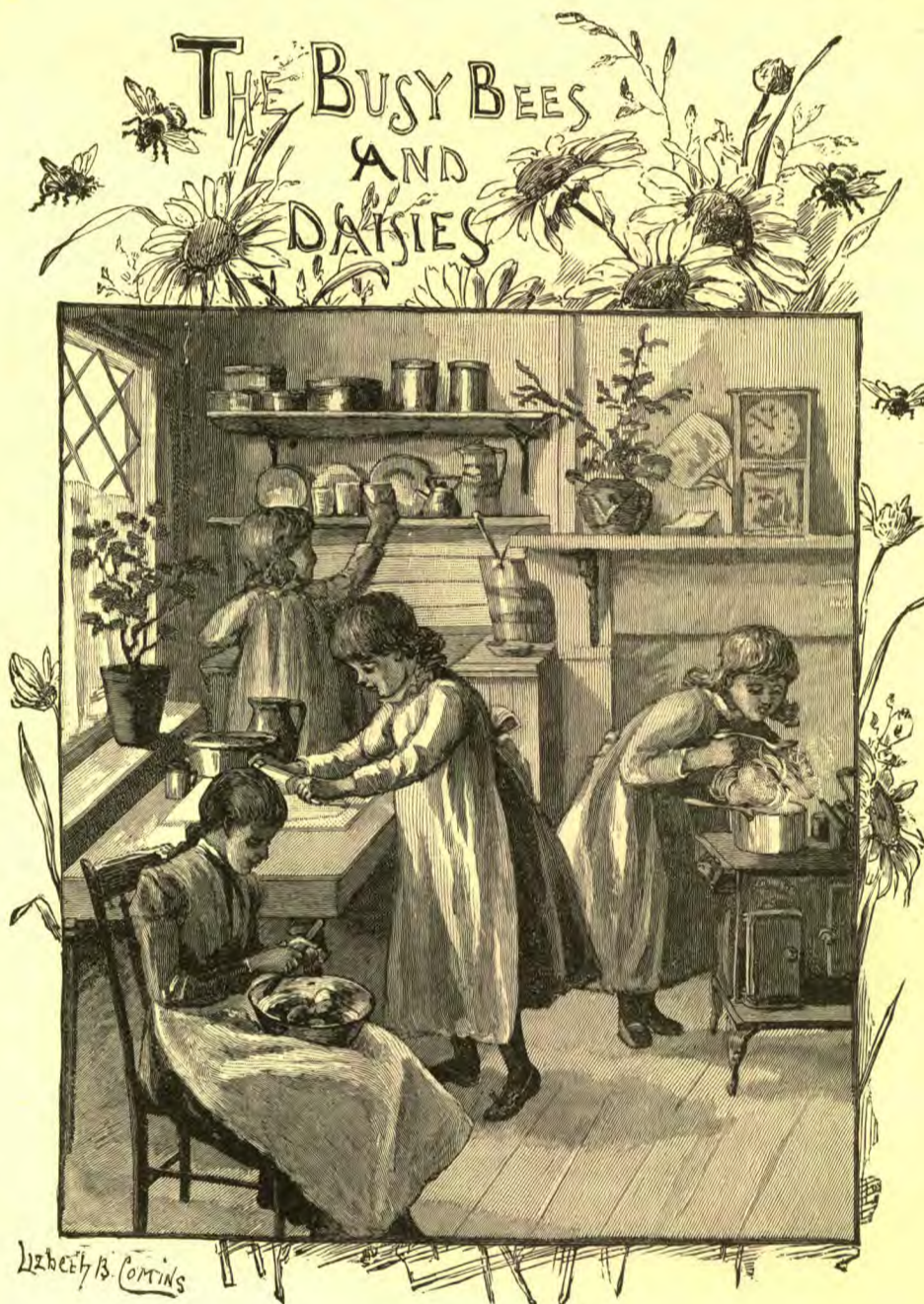
Some of the boys objected;
but Kenneth, tugging at the
pail-cover, was insistent.
“You wait an' see! Any o'
you fellows got —”

The cover snapped off. The
boys peered into—an empty
pail,—empty as poor Kenneth's
little hungry stomach. It
wasn't his lunch-pail at all.
Why hadn't he noticed there
wasn't any small red-worsted
bow on the handle? This was
mama's milk-pail, and he got it
in his hurry. Oh, dear!

Of course the boys—being boys—laughed at
him loudly; and of course Kenneth's face red-
dened angrily. But he made a big, brave effort,
and joined in the laugh. There was a great
lump in his throat, and it was hard work squeez-
ing the laugh through. It got caught, and broke
into two pieces. Still, it was a laugh. He put
his hands in his pockets, and walked off, trying
to whistle.

“My mother puts up the splen—” called
one of the boys after him; but he didn't get any
further.

Benny Brown's grimy little hand was clapped
over his mouth. “No, you don't,” Benny said,
stoutly. “Ken's a brick. I guess you wouldn't
'a' laughed yourself. You'd 'a' been hoppin'.”



place; but it is in the heart that the melody and
music must be made, that reaches the ear of the
Most High, and gives him pleasure. He delights
to hear the voice of the humblest of his children,
if their songs or their petitions come from an
honest and sincere heart.

The angel said:—

“The sweetest of earth's music came from you,
The music of a noble life and true.”

This made the good monks very happy. They
did not sorrow any more that they had no voices,
nor get any one else to sing their praises for
them; but they sang and made melody in their
hearts to the Lord, and the Magnificat was never
again missed from their service.

EDITH E. ADAMS.

"That's so. So would I," agreed Emil Smith. "Good for Ken!"

"Let's make it up to him. Come on," cried Benny, excitedly.

When Kenneth went back to his desk, there was a generous dinner spread out on it, waiting for him. Every boy had shared his choicest bits. So you see Kenneth wasn't hungry when he got home to mama at night, except for his missing kiss. But he was ever so much wiser.

"You see, mama," he confided to her aside, "it don't pay to be a lazybones. It's dreadful 'xpensive."—*Selected.*

A TRUE STORY

It was the day of the contest, and all was excitement. The two highest grades in the school were to engage in a sort of "spelling bee," only it was on the Revolutionary War. Our class had been reviewing for several days, and our hopes of winning were high.

The ranks thinned rapidly on both sides. Pupils and teachers gathered about the few who remained standing, as they dwindled to seven, five, four, three, till at last only one on each side remained. Then came the question, "When did Cornwallis surrender?" It was very warm, and I was really getting frightened. "In 1781," I barely jerked out; but the day and the month had fled.

Our side had lost; and I, for the first time in my school life, had made a flat failure. The tears would come; and the nine blocks that lay between the schoolhouse and home seemed a long way.

Mama was away, so at last I sought the Bible for consolation. I turned to my favorite passages, and read: "Do nothing through strife or vainglory;" then, "Be patient in tribulation;" and, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." I closed the book, satisfied, and kneeling down, prayed that I might win the prize of the heavenly world.

Hoping that some other disappointed little girl may be encouraged by my experience, I tell it here.

RUBY MERRELL.

WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?

"I AM just as cross as I can be," said Fanny, shortly, throwing her books down on the table before her.

"Why, I didn't suppose you could be cross, my dear," said Miss Allen, gently, lifting her eyes from the exercises she was correcting. "I have always considered you such a sensible little body."

"You would be cross, too, if anybody had treated you as Janet has treated me," argued Fanny. "Now wouldn't you?" she asked, after repeating her grievance.

"I don't know whether I would or not," replied the teacher. "Perhaps I should if it would do anybody any good. Do you feel any better because of your anger and the display of temper you have made?"

"No, I don't," answered Fanny, truthfully. "But Janet was so mean, and really meant to hurt my feelings."

"Did your crossness make her feel any better, do you suppose?" asked Miss Allen.

"I didn't want to add to her comfort," pouted Fanny.

"That is evading my question," said Miss Allen. "Be candid now, and tell me if you think your conduct did her any good."

"No, I do not think it did," Fanny admitted.

"Did it do anybody any good?" insisted the teacher.

"No," came the answer, hesitatingly.

"Then is there any sense in being cross, my dear?" asked Miss Allen. "It has done you no good, neither has it added to Janet's good-feel-

ing, and you are quite sure no other person has been made happier or better by it. If I were in your place, I wouldn't allow myself to be cross or ill-natured again. It does not pay."—*Selected.*

A WORD TO THE CHILDREN

It is natural for children to think there will be time by and by for getting ready for the work of life. They expect to live a long time; yet many children die.

Childhood is the sweetest and best part of life, as well as the most important for building character. If you put in poor material, like slack habits, disobedience, or untruthfulness, it will be there to give you trouble as long as you live, unless God himself shall help you cast it out.

O, make the foundation right! Then can you build a beautiful and useful life.

Let early life be fragrant
With little deeds of love;
For life is built of little things,
The record kept above.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

WANTED

IN one hundred thousand households in America, a willing, sunshiny daughter, who will not fret when asked to wash the dishes, nor sigh when requested to take care of the baby,—a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth her mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket,—a girl who thinks her own brother quite as fine as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem, and a more honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address, Mother, at home.—*Boys and Girls.*



DIVISION II—PHILOSOPHY Chapter XVIII—Heat

§187. THAT heat is one of the manifestations of vibration, needs no discussion; but the subject of heat has, for several reasons, never received the careful study that the other forms of vibration have. The importance of this field of physics has not been fully realized, nor the bearing it has upon the whole display of God's love and care for man.

§188. In the field of sound we have a definite scope of vibration; as, for instance, we know that when we lessen the number of vibrations a second to a point below thirty-two, they cease to be recognized as tone, but merely as separate strokes, or shocks; likewise when we increase the number of vibrations to thirty-six thousand or more a second, the human ear ceases to respond at all to the sensation. The same is true of light. When the vibrations reach about 400,000,000,000 a second, we get the lowest form of light, or the red ray; and when we increase the vibrations to about 800,000,000,000 a second, we get the violet ray,—the highest manifestation that the eye recognizes. Above this point it ceases to be light.

§189. With heat this is not so. How low the vibrations go, we do not know. Cold and heat, each being but the opposite of the other, become only relative terms. It is estimated that interstellar space has a temperature of some—240° F. What the number of vibrations can be a second at this extremely low temperature, we do not know; and it is only as we are able to compare its higher manifestations with light, that we can judge the nature of heat. We consider an object as being hot even before the vibrations have become sufficiently rapid to produce the

red ray. The close relation existing between chemical affinity and heat, is such that definite experiments along this line are exceedingly difficult to make.

§190. Heat, like sound, is usually conducted better by solids than by gases. Water is a poor conductor, while dry air is one of the poorest. To illustrate this with water, one may freeze a small piece of lead within a bit of ice. Place this in the bottom of a test-tube, fill with water, and apply heat at the upper end of the tube by inclining it over an alcohol flame. The lead will keep the ice at the bottom of the tube, and it will still remain frozen for some time after the water begins to boil at the top. This experiment shows how poorly water conducts heat, yet dry air is a far worse conductor, and ether is supposed to be equally poor.

§191. Inasmuch as heat will traverse a vacuum, we might consider it as traveling in the ether, and as being hindered or accelerated in its journey by the introduction of various gases, fluids, and solids in its pathway. Any artificial heat that human ingenuity has been able to produce seems, however, to be largely devoid of the power of progression that is so universally seen in what we call "solar" heat. Why is this so? How can a "solar" heat ray, as such, reach us after having spent nearly eight minutes in its journey of ninety-three million miles from the sun, surrounded by a temperature of at least—200° F.? There can be but one of two answers given,—either solar heat differs materially from any known form of artificial heat, or else what we term "solar heat" does not originate, as heat, in the sun at all. This, however, will receive further consideration later on.

§192. When we realize that sound, heat, light, and electricity are but different manifestations of one and the same force, we readily discern how one of these manifestations may present itself to our senses in an entirely different form from some other manifestation of the same force. There is some truth in what is stated by Steele in his work on "Physics," where he says: "While the pupil, for convenience, uses the terms 'heat,' 'light,' and 'chemical rays,' he should bear in mind the truth that these rays differ not in quality, but only in pitch."

§193. Heat-force drives the molecules of a body into longer vibrations, and so increases its size. This expansive force of heat, acting on a given body, is enormous. A rise in temperature of 45° C., which may occur during a summer day, will lengthen a rod of wrought iron, ten inches long, $\frac{1}{160}$ of an inch, and if its ends are fastened, it will exert a strain of fifty tons. On cooling, it contracts with the same force. The long, heavy spans of our iron bridges, that settle but one fourth of an inch under the strain of a loaded train of cars, rise and fall two or three inches between the heat of a summer day and the cool temperature of the following evening. It is for this reason that railroads must be laid with open joints, else the expansion and contraction of the steel rails between the extremes of natural temperature would destroy the road. Between 4° F. and 100° F., the expansion of one mile (5,280 feet) is five feet and seven inches.

Questions

In what form does vibration manifest itself when carried above the field of sound? What are the relations existing between heat and cold? What is the temperature of interstellar space? In what respect does solar heat differ from artificial heat? What effect does heat have upon the size of a body?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

2005 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.

"God, give us grace,
Each in his place,
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor."

**SABBATH SCHOOL
LESSON NO 5**

PARABLE OF THE FOOLISH RICH MAN

(February 1)

MEMORY VERSE: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 12: 13-21.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 252-259.

13. And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.

14. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?

15. And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

16. And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

17. And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

18. And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

19. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

20. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

21. So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

Synopsis

An innumerable company of people were gathered before Christ, and he had been teaching them concerning the Holy Spirit. With severity he had rebuked the Pharisees, and sought to turn his disciples from their doctrines. But one of the company, seeing what an influence Jesus had, thought to get him to use this over his brother with whom he had quarreled about the property. This covetous man would have the Saviour turn from his work of saving men to provide things for this life only. The Saviour said that he had not come to do such work, and as a warning against covetousness spoke the parable of the Foolish Rich Man.

Questions

1. As Jesus was teaching, what selfish request was made by one of the company?
2. What trouble had evidently come up between this man and his brother?
3. How did Jesus answer him?
4. What warning did he then give the people?
5. Why is covetousness a thing to be shunned?
6. How did Christ further warn against sin?
7. What had made a certain man rich?
8. As his fruits increased, what did he think within himself?
9. What did he decide to do with them?
10. For whom were his goods to be laid up?
11. How long did he think they would last?
12. In what way did he plan to spend this time?
13. But what did God suddenly require of him?
14. What did he call this covetous man?
15. What startling question did he ask him?
16. To whom is the sad fate of this man a warning?

17. Is it so that one who lays up treasure for himself is not rich toward God?

Notes

1. The foolish rich man looked upon those things which he had laid up as *my* fruits, *my* goods. He did not pay his tithe, and thus acknowledge that all things come from God, and therefore belong to him.

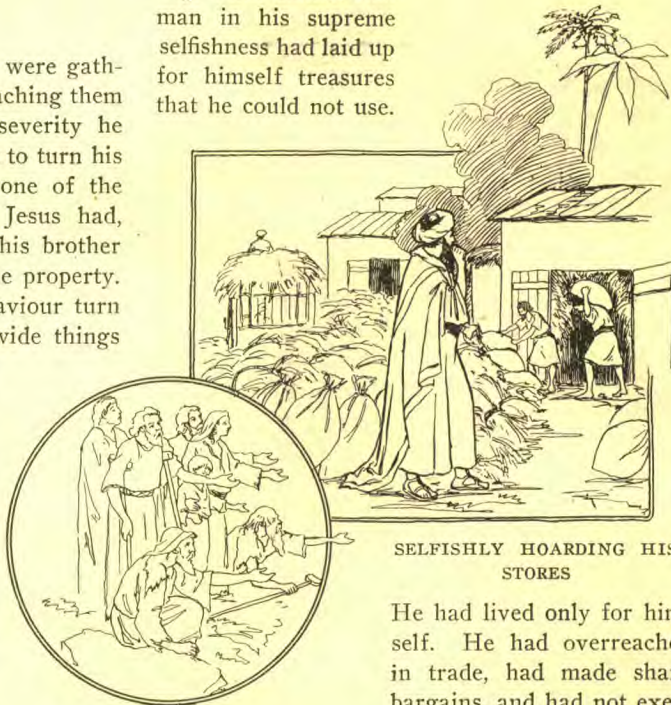
2. Hence God sternly calls him to account with the question, "Then *whose* shall those things be?" The rich man could not answer (Ps. 39:6); but one thing was certain, they would not be *his*.

Quotations

1. Through Moses God had given directions concerning the transmission of property. The eldest son received a double portion of the father's estate, while the younger brothers were to share alike. This man thinks that his brother has defrauded him of his inheritance. His own efforts have failed to secure what he regards as his due; but if Christ will interpose, the end will surely be gained. He has heard Christ's stirring appeals, and his solemn denunciations of the scribes and Pharisees. If words of such command could be spoken to this brother, he would not dare to refuse the aggrieved man his portion.—"Christ's Object Lessons," page 253.

2. Jesus could have told this man just what was right. He knew the right in the case; but the brothers were in a quarrel because both were covetous. Christ virtually said, It is not my work to settle controversies of this kind. He came for another purpose,—to preach the gospel, and thus to arouse men to a sense of eternal realities.—*Id.*, page 254.

3. This foolish rich man in his supreme selfishness had laid up for himself treasures that he could not use.



SELFISHLY HOARDING HIS STORES

THE NEEDY

He had lived only for himself. He had overreached in trade, had made sharp bargains, and had not exercised mercy or the love of God. He had robbed the fatherless and widow, and defrauded his fellow men, to add to his increasing stock of worldly possessions. He might have laid up his treasure in heaven, in bags that wax not old; but through his covetousness he lost both worlds.—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. III, page 402.

4. I have given you, says God, nine tenths; I ask one tenth of all the increase. That one tenth the rich man withheld from God. If he had not done this, he would not have accumulated so great treasures that there would be lack of room to bestow them. Had he bestowed his goods upon his needy brethren, there would have been no need of tearing down and building greater barns.—*Id.*, page 546.

5. Men may have boundless wealth; yet if they are not rich toward God, if they have no interest to secure the heavenly treasure and divine wis-

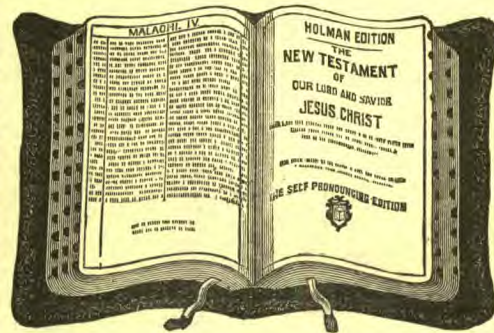
dom, they are counted fools by their Creator, and we leave them just where God leaves them.—*Id.*, page 154.

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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

Life is not measured by the time we live.—
Crabbe.

MONDAY:

There is no use in calling ill temper "a high spirit," because it isn't. A really high spirit controls its low tendencies, among which petulance and anger must certainly be classed.—
Well Spring.

TUESDAY:

It is not the boy who is surrounded with great laboratories and elaborate apparatus, but some Michael Faraday who, in the attic of an apothecary shop, experiments with a can of water and an old syringe, who becomes eminent.—
Success.

WEDNESDAY:

"It is in the little things of life, done well, that honor lies. Be not deceived by the glitter of great deeds; it is a firmament sown with stars as countless as the sands of the ocean that constitutes night's charm; and in a life jeweled with Christlike deeds, sown as the stars, is the Christian's charm."

THURSDAY:

Only in service does a man find his life and save it. The idler joins the procession of the perishing. He is the degenerate, the parasite among men,—kindred to the fruitless mistletoe of the forest, the eyeless fish of the cave.—
January Success.

FRIDAY:

"I can forgive, but I can not forget," is only another way of saying, "I will not forgive." Forgiveness ought to be like a canceled note, — torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against the man.—
Beecher.

SABBATH:

"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." Ps. 27: 14.

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A GOOD DEFINITION

A LITTLE waif, when asked to give her reason for declaring that a new teacher in a College Settlement was "a perfect lady," replied, "I know she's a perfect lady, because she makes me feel polite all the time." Wise little child! There is many a teacher who can make his charges *act* polite; but the number is too few of those who make all who know them "*feel* polite all the time." True courtesy can come only from a heart where gentle thoughts dwell, and must always win those with whom it comes in contact, and unconsciously lift them up to its own high plane of thought and action.

WHAT SHE SAW

PEOPLE are very apt to see what they look for in this world—or to note only its absence. An incident in illustration is told of an Arab woman, who had lived as a nurse in an English family for a number of years. On her return to her native land, she was met by interested friends, and asked to describe the strange sights and scenes she had beheld during her absence.

It was a beautiful country, she told them; like a garden; the people were rich, and lived in fine houses; but it lacked one thing.

"What is that?" asked the Arabs, eagerly.

"There is not a single date-tree in the whole country!"

"Are you sure?"

"Positive; I looked for *nothing else*, and looked in vain."

Before we smile at the disappointment conveyed by her words, let us ask ourselves if we never do the same thing that this homesick woman did,—look with longing eyes for the one thing that is not ours to have, and so miss the unnumbered beauties and blessings that encompass our daily path.

GROWING CHRISTIANS

GOD has every reason to look for and expect growth in those who take his name, and profess to become his children. Notice how this idea of growth is dwelt upon and emphasized in the Sacred Word. Peter, writing to those young in Christian experience, admonishes: "Wherefore, . . . as newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye *may grow* thereby;" and, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord." "Be no more children," writes Paul to the Ephesians; and the word he uses means "little babies." He encourages them to put away the indecision, the waywardness, of childhood, and to "grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ."

The well-developed physical life, the life that fulfills its high purpose, is not a circle,—not a treading round and round of the same experiences year after year; neither is it a limited stretch of road, to be traveled, then retraced and traveled again, and so again, and yet again. No; it is a continuous journey, an upward climb, with new experiences, fresh views, broader outlook, and greater strength, as difficulties are conquered, and new heights gained.

So with the Christian. He must not be content to repeat again and again his experience of yesterday, last week, a year ago: such a course is fatal to his growth in spiritual things. Neither should he be always retracing his steps up to a certain point, then going back to the beginning, and traveling the same ground again. Rather, he should set out as one who has a definite object to attain, and should move straight forward toward it. If he falls in the way, he will rise again, and press forward, adding to his character the Christian graces, and keeping ever before him the ideal of one whose highest ambition is to "grow up into him . . . which is the head, even Christ." Thus will his Christian growth be vigorous and sturdy; and thus, too, will he come to be indeed one of "the sons of God."



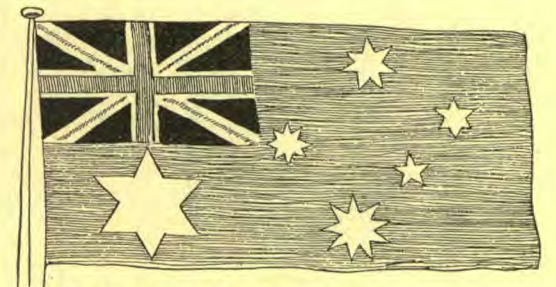
WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

RECENT CHANGES IN THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET.—Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, has been appointed to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Postmaster-General Smith. Hon. Lyman C. Gage, who has held the office of Secretary of the Treasury since the beginning of the first McKinley administration, has also resigned; and President Roosevelt has appointed as his successor Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa. Mr. Shaw is a prominent lawyer and banker, and has been for four years governor of his State.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—The scientific world is inclined to regard seriously Signor Marconi's assertion that he has received signals at his station near St. John's, Newfoundland, sent from Cornwall, England, seventeen hundred miles distant; and conservative investigators attach the highest importance to his work. The first experiments have not been repeated, owing to the fact that the Anglo-American Cable Company, which holds a monopoly of the telegraph privileges in Newfoundland, has served an injunction on the inventor, forbidding him either to send or to receive signals of any kind,—an act which he considers a high testimony to his success.

THE NEW PRINCE OF WALES.—The Duke of Cornwall and York received his title of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester on the occasion of his father's sixtieth birthday. The new prince is the seventeenth person to bear the title. "Of his predecessors, five died before coming to the throne; four came to the throne, but were deposed and put to death; one came to the throne and reigned long, but was insane; five had unbroken reigns; and the remaining one is now reigning." His father, King Edward, not long ago signed the proclamation which officially fixes his new title: "Edward VII, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." By this somewhat lengthy title the king will hereafter be formally designated,—a title in which, as a contemporary remarks, "a good deal of history is wrapped up."

A NEW FLAG FOR FEDERATED AUSTRALIA.—Although the new government of Australia has been in existence for over a year, the question of an appropriate flag for the commonwealth has only lately been decided. A prize of seven hundred and fifty dollars had been offered for the best design, and the interest in the subject may be judged from the fact that more than twenty-five



NEW FLAG OF AUSTRALIA.

thousand designs for the flag and seal were submitted to the committee in charge. Out of this vast number there were five which were almost identical; these were selected by the committee, and the money was divided among the successful contestants.

The accompanying picture shows the new flag, which *Young People's Weekly* describes as follows: "It is practically the Victorian ensign, with the addition of a large six-point star. The banner may consist of a blue or a red ground, on which the Union Jack occupies the place of honor in the top left-hand corner. Immediately below is the star of Australia, each point representing one of the States of the Union. Future States will be provided for with additional points on the big star."