

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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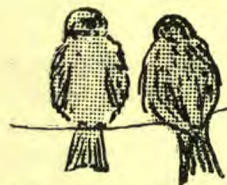


WINTER SPARROWS

English, or House, Sparrow

I

f you do not already know the English Sparrow, these cold months are an opportune time to make his acquaintance, provided you think it worth while. Although this bird is fast becoming a veritable nuisance, it has its good characteristics; and I have



learned many lessons from, and seen many things of interest in, the lives of these busy little creatures.

It seems that the English Sparrow was introduced into the United States at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1851 and 1852. As late as 1870, it was largely confined to the cities of the Atlantic States. But the bird has rapidly increased, and being able to adapt itself to varied conditions, it has spread over most of the United States and Canada, and will soon be firmly established in the West. According to the reports of the United States government, the children of a single pair in ten years might amount to 275,716,983,698 sparrows!

These sparrows drive the bluebirds and the wrens from the bird-boxes and other nesting-places, taking complete possession. But I will tell you how to outwit the sparrows, and at the same time invite the bluebirds. The sparrow finds difficulty in entering a hole unless there is a perch beside it; but the bluebird has no trouble



English Sparrow

in flying directly into a nest-hole. If your bluebird-boxes are made without perches, therefore, they will serve the purpose for which they are intended. (Never use cigar-boxes; to do so would be an imposition on the birds.)

And if you wish martins to nest in the martin-boxes, be sure to keep them closed during the winter. In the spring, when the martins come back from the South, open the boxes. Once these sturdy birds get possession, they can hold their own against the whole tribe of sparrows.

Sparrows eat many seeds of weeds in the fall. I have seen them at such times in large flocks, feeding exclusively on these seeds. One very cold day this winter, I observed some sparrows feeding in the road. One of them hopped about awkwardly on one leg, and I was at first certain it had frozen the other. By watching it for a moment I learned my mistake. The other leg was pushed up into its fluffy feathers. The little creature hopped about until the leg "in its pocket" was warm, and then brought it down again, using it while it warmed the other leg after the same fashion. All the while it kept both legs up inside the feathers as far as possible, and as a result its little body lay in close contact with the ground the greater portion of the time. Thus we see that this bird has learned to travel about on the snow and ice, and not lose its feet.

But the sparrows now, as in the days when Christ was on earth, are little valued. They had a low price then (see Matt. 10: 29-31), and nowadays some States put a price on their heads. But Jesus declared that not one of these lowly birds falls to the ground without our Father's notice. God cares for the seemingly worthless sparrows, even as he cares for us, who are often so unthankful and always so unprofitable. If we would remember this, it would give us a living trust in God, and make us kind and charitable of the mistakes of others.

Description.—Adult male: crown gray, bordered from the eye backward and on the nape with chestnut; back streaked with black and chestnut; middle of throat and breast black; sides of throat white; belly whitish. Female: head grayish-brown; back streaked with black and deep ochraceous buff; under parts dirty whitish.

Song Sparrow

Another bird you should be able to find in winter is the Song Sparrow. This is one of the commonest and most familiar of the sparrows. It is with us both winter and summer. The bird is said to live on injurious caterpillars, grasshoppers, leaf-cutworms, and rosebugs. If not disturbed, the Song Sparrow is said to raise three broods in a season.

Though not a brilliant singer, it is well entitled to its name of *Song Sparrow*; for

its song is as sweet as its good nature is unfailing. There is also a great variety in its song. Florence A. Merriam says that fifteen varieties of its song have been noted in one week, and the same individual has quite a number of tunes in his repertoire. The bird is full of life and good cheer, and its song may be heard in every month of the year, and in all kinds of weather, night or day. You will usually find the Song Sparrow near water. In early spring, I have



Song Sparrow

seen fairly large flocks of Song Sparrows along the brook that flows through our town. When frightened, this sparrow never flies upward, but downward, or straight on into some low thicket, working its tail up and down as it flies.

Description.—Upper parts brown, streaked with black; under parts white, streaked with black, with a dark central blotch on breast; length, six and one-fourth inches.

L. A. REED.

A LIBEL ON THE BIRDS

A FEW days ago I was watching the curious actions of a sparrow on the sidewalk in a rather quiet part of town. On either side of the street were lofty brick and stone buildings, with the usual multiplicity of little niches and cavities in and about the projecting cornices and ornamental architecture. These sheltered and inviting ledges had been utilized from year to year by divers smaller tribes of the feathered folk as nest-building sites, and the little bird which had attracted my attention had already laid the foundation timbers of its prospective house in a cozy niche of the cornice almost directly over my head where I was standing.

It was plainly evident that the sprightly creature was seeking sticks of proper length and strength to barricade a broad opening in the front part of the cavity it had chosen for its future home. This opening was angular in form, with the vertex at the bottom and its sides separating outward to-

ward the top, where there was a span of perhaps four or five inches.

As I stood with my elbow resting against the low paling, the confiding sparrow hopped to within a yard or two of my feet in searching for tiny twigs that had fallen from the overhanging shrubbery. It picked up a great many pieces, and as quickly dropped them. Then it would stand perfectly still for a few minutes, intently scanning the limited landscape as if in a brown study as to what move it should next make.

Finally it set vigorously to work picking up bits of material from an inch or two to six inches in length. Instead of flying away with a load, it dropped them in a little heap, nearly if not quite parallel to each other. Then poking its beak into the pile, and throwing the sticks hither and thither, it settled down to practical business by seizing a stick of medium length, and flying away with its burden dangling in the air. Of course I watched the little architect, and saw her mount straight up to the chosen ledge, and deposit the twig exactly crosswise of the gaping notch. This operation she repeated several times, always throwing the sticks about as if intent upon selecting a piece of special dimensions. No human carpenter with measuring rule in his hand could have been more expert.

In a moment the truth flashed into my mind, and I realized that I was verily the human pupil of a little bird made famous by honored mention in Holy Writ.

Why, the cunning worker had foreseen, to the ridicule of my own confessed stupidity, that in order effectually to bar the exposed side of the chamber, she must of necessity select girders of successively increasing length and size. Thus, a short stick would not span the top of the dangerous gap; while, on the other hand, a long stick could not be used at the bottom, because it would strike smack against the side walls before it could be placed in position low enough. All this clearly explained why the bird should exercise such studied care in selecting the large "timbers."

A few days afterward I visited the scene of operations again, and by using an opera-glass found that the nest was very nearly if not quite finished. The menacing gap in the ledge no longer existed; for there was a solid bulkhead in its stead composed of longitudinal sticks, tied and stiffened by interwoven bits of dry grass and such shreds of various waste material as only bird intelligence knows where to find. More interested now than ever, I took pains to climb into the attic of a three-story building, where, from a narrow gable window, I could look obliquely down into the pretty nest, now neatly lined with tiny feathers and thistledown.

It is very convenient for great men and ponderous books to tell us that the lower animals perform their actions by means of a tendency called "instinct;" and thus divest themselves of all further responsibility in the matter. Confronted with this obscure declaration, we are led, as pupils in natural history, to ask, "What is instinct?"

The following definitions of this much-abused term are, perhaps, the best to be found in the English language:—

"Instinct is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction."—*William Paley*.

"Instinct is a blind tendency to some mode of action, independent of any consideration on the part of the agent, of the end to which the action leads."—*Richard Whately*.

"Instinct is an agent which performs blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge."—*Sir William Hamilton*.

Such names as Paley, Whately, and Hamilton stand high upon the roll of honor in the literature of our language; and yet the words of these great scholars are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal when they undertake to tell us what is the real import and inwardness of that wonderful

faculty in animals which scientists have agreed to call "instinct."

"Aha!" my little sparrow would say, could she speak our language, "we perform our actions neither blindly nor ignorantly, as your famous Mr. Hamilton learnedly remarks; but God has taught us to both reason and work according to existing circumstances, from cause to effect. And although five of our little bodies were sold in the markets of Jerusalem for two farthings, not one of us ever fell to the ground without our Father's notice!"

That is about the kind of sermon our little bird would preach, to the utter discomfiture of human wisdom, which, after all, is but "foolishness with God."—*L. P. Veneen, in Birds and All Nature*.



LIKE

My sins are like an arrow-flight
That hurtles o'er the field,—
Like arrows from an ambuscade;
But God is like a shield.

My sins are like a wintry frost,
And slowly, one by one,
My joys and powers they seal in death;
But God is like a sun.

My sins are like a malady
Increasing through the years;
But like a good physician, he,
The healing God, appears.

My sins are like the ocean waves
That surge with angry shock,—
The treacherous, inconstant waves;
But God is like a rock.

My sins are like a parched land
With thirst and hunger dead;
But like the living waters, God,
And like the living bread.

My sins are like a wandering
In deserts drear and cold;
But God is like a shepherd kind,
And God is like a fold.

Like all things hurtful, harsh, and foul,
Are all my ravaging sins;
But God is like all graciousness
That helps and heals and wins.

—*Amos R. Wells*.

PRINCIPLE VERSUS IMPULSE

A FIXED purpose is of far more value than the most brilliant impulse.

Every time we violate a principle, we betray our Lord.

Our personal influence does not amount to much unless measured by principle.

Those who, like Daniel, "purpose in their hearts" to do right, will pass through fire and water rather than sacrifice principle.

Many who point the finger of scorn at a man of principle possess in their hearts a secret admiration for him, and a desire to be like him.

If we have a divine purpose in our hearts, no matter where we may be found, or under what circumstances we may be placed, that purpose will remain steadfast with us.

If we live by principle, steering straight ahead, sometimes we may suit the people, and sometimes not; but we are *always* sure of pleasing God.

Do not ask permission to carry out your principles. Leave those with whom you associate to take it for granted that you are true to principle. They will never think to question, for instance, whether you are honest or not.

If we serve God from principle, he will make even our enemies to be at peace with us.

If you are situated where you are called on to do something which you can not conscientiously perform, do not arbitrarily substitute some other course of action, but in a quiet manner withdraw

from the arrangement rather than compromise principle.

When a man is continually looking longingly back to various idols from which he has parted in order to live by principle, he is in a dangerous position. The moment he backslides, even a little, he will at once embrace the idol that is nearest and dearest to him.

When we turn our backs upon a great principle, we shall never have the same opportunity again. "How shall we escape, if we neglect [not forsake, but merely neglect] so great salvation?"

An impulse is like the artificial polish on a pair of shoes,—it will be washed off by the first rain.

The man who is led by impulse will be completely chilled by the first cutting wind that comes along.

If we are led merely by impulse, God will find it necessary to keep us continually working in a small capacity.

Jesus prayed for Peter when he acted from impulse; so we may know that he is praying for every one whose religious life is so far only one of impulses.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

"ONLY TO BE WITH YOU"

A LITTLE child came quietly to a closed door, and rapped softly for admittance.

"What do you want, my child?" came the father's voice; and the little one replied, "Only to be with you, papa. I just want to be with you."

Can any one imagine that father turning away that little child?—No, indeed! How quickly would he drop his work, fling open the door, and gather the loving little heart into his strong arms, rejoicing to give himself freely to the child whose love for him was so great.

We often fly to our Heavenly Father for comfort and strength and refuge in sorrow or temptation or danger; but do you not think he would be pleased if we would sometimes come to him, as this little, loving child came to its father, just for the sake of "being with him"? Such companionship, such nearness to him, would have a transforming effect on the life.

WASTED TIME

"ON the floor of the gold-working room in the United States mint at Philadelphia, there is a wooden lattice-work, which is taken up when the floor is swept, and the fine particles of gold-dust, amounting in value to thousands of dollars yearly, are thus saved. So every successful man has a kind of network to catch the raspings and parings of existence, those leavings of days, and wee bits of hours, which most people sweep into the waste of life."

This quotation says, "every successful man." Then how about those who waste the precious golden moments as they hurry by? If a man, to be successful from a worldly standpoint, finds it necessary to gather up the fragments of time, is it not still more essential for the Christian? We who are looking for the soon coming of the Saviour certainly have no moments to waste. But alas! few seem to appreciate time's inestimable value. Each moment is fraught with opportunities and possibilities which, once gone, are lost forever from our grasp.

Michael Faraday so prized time that he once exclaimed, "O that I could purchase at a cheap rate some of our modern gentlemen's spare hours,—nay, days! Time is all I require."

How often time is spent in self-gratification or foolish pleasure, which might be improved to the salvation of precious souls. Think of the evenings wasted in the reading of exciting literature, which pleases only for a time, and leaves its certain sting. How much more profitably such time might be spent in gathering into the mental storehouse rich gems of thought, which would broaden the intellect and strengthen the character.

KATHRINA BLOSSOM WILCOX.

PARABLES FROM NATURE



WASTED JOYS

A SUNFLOWER grew in a small back yard,
Her face turned up to the summer sun,
Whose course she marked with a loving gaze,
Till his signal fires in the west had sprung.

She took no note when a sparrow dropped
To a restless perch on her rough green cup,
And pecked at the grayish bracts that held
Her bright aureole's glory up.

She heedless seemed when a bumblebee
Plunged, body deep, in her brown plush heart,
And floundered there until, satisfied,
He winged away where the midges dart.

Her steady gaze even wavered not
For a butterfly on her golden rim,
Whose brilliant wings, all a-tremble there,
The yellow gold of their perch turned dim.

But day by day she adored the sun,
And scorned her friends of more humble mien;
Till her bright rays curled o'er her fading heart
And withered there, in the sun's fierce gleam.

And when no more she could gaze at him
So far above her, each summer day,
The sunflower found the wee sparrow gone,
And bee and butterfly flown away.

It never pays to repine and strive
For things above and beyond the grasp;
For thus is constantly lost, the while,
Much joy and beauty the hand might clasp.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

SNOW TREASURES

Frost Potencies

HAVE you ever thought of the power required to condense vapor and crystallize it into snow? We are told that to make snow enough for a snowball such as a boy throws, calls for as much energy as would be required to lift a ton one hundred feet. The great electric-power stations of the city have not capacity enough to produce the snow-power represented by a single drift along the highway. The snow also has power in another way. A single flake would melt on a babe's hand, but too many flakes drove Napoleon from Russia, proving more powerful than the strongest armies. In its cumulative capacity snow locks the trade of a continent; roads are blocked and trains stalled as by a mighty hand. "Who can stand before His cold?" The power behind all these frost agencies is the power with which we have to deal. What a note of warning to those who oppose God! for nothing can withstand him. But what a message of cheer to those who trust in God's power! for it never faileth.

Art in Snow

In forming snowflakes this power works skillfully and beautifully. What designs are exhibited in the little six-pointed crystals! What a marvelous geometry the student finds in flakes! When all the different figures have been drawn and counted, they number over one thousand shapes. And then, to think that every one of them that has ever fallen to earth is thus carefully and individually designed! Not content with this, the Creator's skill is extended to his arrangement of the snow, as seen in the fantastic decorations of trees, grasses, houses, mountains, and meadows. Everywhere the touch of the artist is seen. Law and order are stamped on

every snow-crystal, as upon all God's works,—salt, quartz, and all else, up to man. What a blessed revelation of our Maker! What a bulwark to faith to feel that all things are under his forming hand! Winds, nor clouds, nor storms, can thwart his power and plan in our lives. This stimulates hope and faith in God.

The Silent Flakes

How silently the snow falls! In utmost quietude God makes his snow-treasures. While the earth slumbers, often while we slumber, the air is alive with feathery flakes descending. We do not hear them, unless perchance a gust of wind furiously blows them against the pane. But we awake, and with the morn look to see in frosty skill a kind of icy spray fantastically, as if by an enchanter's hand, scattered over the glass. But it is no enchanter's work; it is God's wondrous art. We arise from our couches, pass to the window, and through a little open place in the glass, or through one made by our thawing breath, we look out of doors, and see with surprised eyes the great white veil which God has quietly and quickly and beautifully woven, let down from heaven, thread by thread, to cover nature's face. It has snowed! O, the wonderful, the mysterious snow!

Crystallizing Righteousness

God's skill is not exhausted in occasional snowstorms. His art does not all go to flakes. He who works so marvelously in the frost is able and desires to work even more wonderfully in human hearts, crystallizing righteous characters, working in us to will and to do his good pleasure, carrying forward through us his redemptive designs. If any man lack wisdom how to live, let him ask of God, who makes the snow, who is the source of skill, "who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Nature's Overcoat

A cold, snowless winter is the severest for plant- and tree-life. Snow is nature's protector. "He giveth snow like wool." This beautiful blanket covers all the flowers in their quiet winter sleep so that they will not catch cold. The wool-like snow is their winter overcoat. The snow is likewise a blessing to man. It increases our supply of moisture, fills the springs, swells the streams, helps forward the great lumber industries and the movements of machinery. Snowstorms make brisk work in chopping, logging, and sawing. Besides, what a number of odd jobs are given to men with but scanty employment at this season of the year! Think of the thousands of people called out by snowstorms to shovel walks, to clear car-tracks, to haul off the snow from busy thoroughfares in cities and towns! All this puts thousands of dollars into circulation, wonderfully helping those who otherwise would see little mercy in the cold snow.

Innumerable Mercies

Who can count the number of flakes that fall in a snow-storm? And who can count all God's mercies to us? We may be able to tell the number of our disappointments and sorrows, for we are prone to dwell upon them and recount them.

But who is so skilled in enumeration that he can count all God's benefits? They are numberless as snowflakes.

A cheerful Christian entered a counting-room, and said to a friend who was brooding over his "hard times," "What! wrapped in gloom again?"

"Yes," replied the melancholy merchant. "Why not, when there is nothing but gloom in the outlook?"

"But," replied the caller, "I can see rifts in the clouds which oppress you, and you would see them, too, were it not for your habit of looking only on the dark side of things. He who would see light must open his eyes. Suppose now, instead of dwelling on your present and prospective troubles, you spend the next half-hour in counting your mercies, past and present, and in searching for facts on which to build hope for brighter days to come. Good morning!" With these words the cheerful brother left, leaving a ray of light behind him.

"He bade me count my mercies," thought the sad-hearted man. And he began to do so, casting swift glances over all the good things in his possession, over all God's leadings in his past life; over the grounds on which faith and hope might safely build for the future,—until his heart leaped, his counting-room grew bright as with the presence of angels, his business prospects seemed no longer shrouded in utter blackness, and he began to sing a song of praise.

The Gospel like Snow

The prophet Isaiah saw this symbol in the snow: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to



"HE GIVETH HIS SNOW LIKE WOOL"

the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For [as a result of receiving and obeying God's merciful word] ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." How like these benefits in the vegetable world are the benefits of God's gospel! What rejoicing God's love begets in all who receive him! How impartial is God's love, coming with mercy and forgiveness to all men alike, pardoning every penitent.

Nature's Great Wash

How the snow cleanses the air! A snowy day is its wash-day. The wonderful rarity of the atmosphere after a snowfall is inexpressibly delightful. How we rejoice to inhale it! and how

it invigorates us. However, the snow suggests something even more to be prized. Here again we are led up to God, who dwells, eternal and immutable, in spotless purity. "Holy, holy, holy," is his name, nature, and habitation. And yet he is the blessed One forever, and desires to impart his holiness and blessedness to us. God will do more than mercifully cover our sins. He longs to make our hearts white like snow.

The White Life

A writer tells of going down with a party into a coal-mine. On the side of the gangway grew a plant which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished that there, where the coal-dust was continually flying, this little plant should be so clean. A miner who was with them took a handful of black dust, and threw it on the plant, but not a particle adhered. There was a wonderful enamel on the plant, to which no finest speck could cling. Living there amid clouds of dust, nothing stained its snowy whiteness. Is not this a picture of what our lives should be? Unholy influences breathe incessantly upon us, but it is our mission to be pure amid it all, "unspotted from the world." If God can make a little plant so wondrously that no dust can stain its whiteness, surely he can by his grace so transform our hearts and lives that sin shall not rule over us.

The Cross of Snow

The snow-line on the sides of lofty mountains is suggestive. Above certain altitudes there is perpetual snow, hence perpetual purity of air because of oft-recurring snow-falls. So, too, there are high spiritual places, lofty altitudes of spirit, near to the heart of God, where it is always pure, rendered so by constant communings with the sinless One.

You have seen the picture of a peak in the Rockies, a lofty mountain cut by two ravines in such a way as to form a perfect cross. In those ravines the snow never melts; and in summer, when the snow disappears from the rest of the mountain, far up on its side is displayed this cross of snow. When a traveler comes in sight of that divine symbol for the first time, a feeling of awe takes possession of him, and the head is bowed in respectful veneration. The snow-cross suggests the way by which moral purity is produced. It takes us back to Calvary's cross, on which the Son of man was lifted up, and we recall the triumphant language of his atoning work: "And I, if I be lifted up, . . . will draw all men unto me." Many a sinful soul, from that cross and that Saviour, has found the power to transform his character, helping him to live the white life. Let us come to Christ with utter consecration. Let us take from him holy inspiration. And let us become in character and conduct pure, "even as he is pure."—L. H. Dorchester, in *Young People's Weekly*.

WHAT THE STRIP OF GREEN TOLD

Two friends were driving along a country road; and as they went, each kept calling the other's attention to some new charm in the scene. "How prettily the brook winds over there in the meadow," said one, pointing to a zigzag line of brilliant green, in vivid contrast to the hues of the surrounding landscape.

The girl strained her eyes. "Why, I can't see any water; can you?"

Her friend laughed. "No, I don't see the brook itself. But that strip of green tells me that the water is there."

Young people are sometimes troubled by the thought that they have so little opportunity to give their testimony for Christ. And yet, even when it is impossible to put their purposes into words, there are other things that speak as plainly. There is a kindness which springs only from love, a patience and courage which grow out of faith. One who can not see the waters of the stream knows of its presence by the fresh verdure which marks its course.—*Selected*.



MISSION HYMN

(TUNE: "AMERICA")

God of the Universe!
Who knowest all the curse
That sin has wrought,
May light come from thy throne,
And power from thee alone,
To break the hearts of stone
Thy love has bought!

Look, Lord, with pitying eye
On those who're doomed to die
In heathen lands!
Send us to point the way,
Turn them from gods of clay
To him,—the Light, the Way!
Love, break their bands!

Let not our love of ease
Seek only self to please,
But seek the lost!
May others' needs be ours,
To help with all our powers,
Ere the last storm-cloud lowers!
Nor count the cost!

MRS. M. D. MCKEE.

SUGGESTIVE MISSIONARY PROGRAM

(February 2-8)

HYMN No. 1246 ("Hymns and Tunes").

Scripture Reading: Isaiah 61.

Prayer.

Hymn No. 1263 ("Hymns and Tunes").

Testimony Reading: Volume VI, pages 23-30.

Remarks on the "Watchword" (by the leader).
France and Italy (talk).

Newfoundland (paper).

Progress in Porto Rico (talk).

Hymn ("Mission Hymn," see this page).

The New Conference in Argentina (talk).

British Honduras (paper).

Map Exercise (voluntary). (Let each person point out upon the map a country mentioned in the February number of the *Missionary Magazine*, giving some message from that country.)

Unentered Fields (talk).

Closing Hymn—No. 1069 of "Hymns and Tunes."

Benediction.

Note

Material for papers and talks will be found in the February number of the *Missionary Magazine*. Much may be found on unentered fields by referring to the last four or five numbers of the *Missionary Magazine*. Guard against having an undue proportion of time taken in rendering any one part of the program. In some societies it may be advisable to omit a part of the numbers. But if the papers and talks are short, all can be given, and the interest thus increased.

GROWTH OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY AT COLLEGE PLACE

SUCCESS has attended the efforts put forth here during the week of prayer just closed. The deep movings of the Spirit of God have been felt to a marked degree. Souls have been turned to God, and are rejoicing in the freedom that they find in him.

This has indeed been a week of blessings to the people of College Place, young and old. One regular meeting was held each evening in the college chapel, at which the readings were given, the rest of the time being devoted to seeking the Lord together. Special prayer and consecration meetings were held with those who had just started, and our hearts were made glad to see new ones come in each evening, praising God

that they had found the Saviour. Nearly every girl in the college home who was not already a Christian, has stepped out and acknowledged the love of God, and many of the boys have done the same. Several who, at the beginning of the week, were the most unpromising, at its close were working with a will for their fellow students.

Light school work was continued during the entire week, Elder Loughborough occupying the chapel hour each day with his studies on the rise and progress of the message, which he has been conducting for nearly a month. To these studies, and the interest that the students have taken in them, may be attributed much of the earnestness and power manifested in the week-of-prayer meetings from the beginning. They seemed to be just what was needed to prepare hearts for the special work that was to follow.

On Sabbath, December 28, twenty-three, most of them young people and students in the college, were baptized. A number more are expecting baptism next Sabbath, who were not quite ready at this time. The social meeting in the afternoon was indeed a good one. The chapel was well filled, and within half an hour by far the greater part of those present had spoken to the praise of God. Many hearts were rejoiced to see some who had been holding out for years against the strivings of the Spirit, now praising God that his love at last has conquered.

The Young People's Society meetings, Friday evening, have grown to such proportions that they can no longer be held in Room 1, the largest recitation room in the college, which has heretofore always been used, and have been taken to the chapel. Every meeting seems to be better than the one before, and we are glad to see the older members of the church and school taking more interest in the Young People's work. That all may labor together for the rapid spread of this glorious message is our prayer.

CLAUDE CONARD.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

HEALDSBURG, CAL.—We have organized a Young People's Society here at Healdsburg, and the prospects for carrying on the work are very encouraging. At our first meeting we had an attendance of about one hundred and fifty. I have been away from Healdsburg now for two Sabbaths, so do not know exactly what lines of work are being planned. We expect, however, to carry on a systematic study of the lessons prepared for this work, and to do what we can wherever the way opens. M. E. CADY.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Our Young People's Society now has thirty-one members, whose purpose it is to become efficient workers for the Lord. We have elected a secretary, who keeps our records, and attends to all such work. We always call the roll, and every one responds with some text of Scripture. We have done a little work by taking a club of ten *Signs*, selling them every week, and giving the profits into our treasury to be sent to the Mission Board. Now the members are going to sell two hundred copies of the *Midwinter Good Health*, to earn something for the week-of-prayer offering. One young man wants fifty, and another one hundred; so I think we shall need more than two hundred. While asking them to see if they could not spend the holidays as the Lord would have them, I told them that I would make a "comfort" for one of our poor sisters, because I could not go out with them in the canvassing work, as my little boy was sick. After the meeting one of the boys came to me, and timidly asked how much cotton would be needed for that comfort, as he would like to buy that. This boy testifies to receiving much help from the Young People's meetings; and one young man has been reclaimed through the agency of our society.

MRS. LENA GRAMMAN.



THE BOY WHO CARES

The boy who cares if the world goes right,
And helps to make it so,
Is one that never shuts out the light
From any friend or foe.

The boy who cares if the world is true,
And does his best therein,
Shares noble zeal with the earnest few,
An honest goal to win.

The boy who cares if the world is kind,
And does his best thereto,
Is sure, wherever he goes, to find
Some gentle deed to do.

The boy who cares—that's the boy who makes
His deeds for honor tell;
And everything that he undertakes
Is sure to be done well.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

MY PET TOAD

ONE day a few years ago I found a little warty toad, which was not more than a year old. I took him home, and gave him a residence under the kitchen porch. He seemed to like his new home very well, as the earth was soft and always moist,—two necessary things for a toad's comfort.

My new pet spent most of his time during the day buried in the cool, moist ground. About sunset he would wake up, and come out to hunt for his supper. He would hop about, catching anything he could find in the way of bugs and worms, but



he was especially fond of glowworms, and would go as far as he could see one to get it. Flies would often roost on the side of the house, and he soon learned to hop up to the side of the house near the door, and eat flies till he could not hop, but only crawl.

Another favorite dainty of his was rose-slugs. He would climb the largest rosebush in the yard, if he thought there were slugs on its leaves,—climbing slowly and carefully, to avoid the thorns. The slugs that eat strawberries were also favorites of his. Sometimes he would spend several days at a time in the strawberry patch. I have met many persons who think that toads eat the berries, because they find them in the patch where there is much partly eaten fruit. But this is the work of the slugs, which the toads will gladly destroy.

My toad was also very fond of fireflies. My nephew once fed a toad on fireflies till his stomach would light up every little while, just as a firefly does.

Mr. Toad soon came to know the members of the family so well that he paid no attention to their being near him; but he was always shy of strangers. I have seen him catching flies in the kitchen on a cloudy day, paying no attention to any one unless some stranger came in, when he would make for his hiding-place under the porch as fast as he could hop. Toads never seem to get enough to eat, but will hunt all night. They seldom eat bees, but are very fond of ants.

When winter came, Mr. Toad would dig a deep hole in the ground under the house, and bury himself till spring. My nephew once buried

two toads in the bottom of a post-hole in the fall, and in the spring they were all right. Indeed, one of them dug his own way out; but the other slept till he was dug out. Toads can live a long time without food, but they must have water to keep their skin moist. I once shut some toads up in a schoolroom from Friday till Monday, and in that little while they grew so thin that one could almost see through them, and they were all broken out with sores. They also seemed to have a sort of rheumatism, and were so stiff that they could scarcely crawl, much less hop. I gathered them up, and put them all in water; and within two hours their skins were healed, and they were as plump and active as any toads in the land. I could scarcely think it possible that they were the same toads. I have seen these animals go for weeks without food, and not show any apparent loss of flesh.

My pet toad had lived with us for several years when we sold our farm, and left him to take care of himself. He had grown into a very large toad. Once every year he would run away to the nearest frog-pond, choose a mate, and raise a large family of pollywogs. In June the toads lay long strings of eggs, which soon hatch. The old toads pay no attention to their babies unless they can catch some of them to eat.

At breeding-time toads sing a peculiar song, very different from the noise they make at any other time. It is really a beautiful song, and sounds almost like the song of a canary, except that it lacks the trill. Last year I had some toads at school, and no one who heard them sing would believe that they were not birds till I unwrapped the pail where they were, and showed them to be toads.

I was always interested in seeing my toad change his skin. This he usually did the last of May. He would act very impatient for a few days before the old skin would crack down his back. Then he would rub himself against anything he could find till the skin was well off his body, when he could rub it off his legs neatly with his hands. When it was all off, he would roll it up and eat it.

Strange as it may seem, my toad liked to be petted; and though he never got much coddling, he would hop to where any of us were sitting, and look up, and blink his eyes and cluck.

A toad will drown if kept under water when awake; but when he is in his winter sleep, it will not hurt him to put him under water and keep him there. Toads are very valuable animals to a farmer, doing him only good. They are also valuable to have in a greenhouse in the fall, as they will destroy the insects that infect plants.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.



"Blink his eyes
and cluck."

BABY MAY'S STRANGE RIDE

"FRANKIE, I wish you would put Baby into the cab, and take her for a ride, while I am washing this morning."

"Can't I draw her in my little wagon, mama? I'm tired of pushing that old cab!"

"I'm afraid you might tip her over, sonnie."

"No, I won't, mama. I'll be so careful! I'll go just as slow and easy! Please, mama!"



So mama put Baby May into the little red express-wagon, and tucked pillows all about her. Very carefully Frankie drew her out of the yard, and down the meadow lane to the big oak. There he pulled the wagon into the shade, and left Baby May squealing with delight at a red squirrel scampering along the fence, while he ran on down the hill for a cluster of the loveliest blue asters.

When he came back, dear me! there was Baby May all tangled up in a raspberry bush. She had climbed out of the wagon in her eagerness to get the "pitty kitty" on the fence, and had soon come to grief.

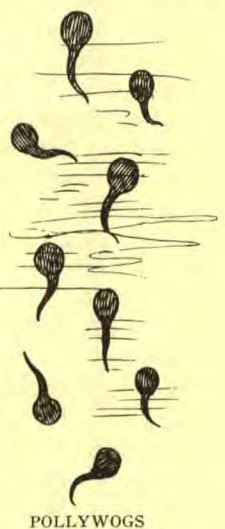
Frankie placed his small passenger in the wagon again, much to the disgust of Baby May, who screamed and kicked in a very unbecoming manner. As often as he loosed his hold on her, so often she scrambled out, until the little boy was in despair. How should he ever get her home again?

As he stood thinking, he noticed an empty nail-keg under the fence. Jim, the chore-boy, had brought it down one day with salt for the cattle. Why not put baby into that? Just the thing! She couldn't climb out of it!

It was some time, however, before Frankie succeeded in getting little sister to see what a delightful thing it would be to ride in a nail-keg, but at last she submitted to being squeezed into her new coach.

Upright in the wagon stood the keg, and from out the top peeped just the tip of baby's white sunbonnet. Frankie laughed at the funny sight as he started the express on its way, and the little passenger crowed with glee.

They were making a careful turn on the top of the hill, when the wheel settled into a rut. Frankie gave the tongue a sudden jerk, to start the coach, when, all in an instant, over tipped the keg, quite out of the wagon, and rolled away down the hill.



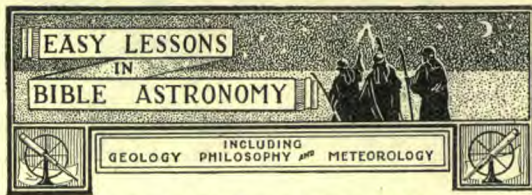
POLLYWOGS

Oh, oh! Oh dear! oh dear, dear! What would become of Baby May? The frightened little man started off in pursuit. Faster and faster rolled the keg, until baby's white sun-bonnet was only a twinkling streak shooting away to the foot of the hill. Was little sister killed? Frankie could hear no noise except the bump, bump, of the rolling coach.

On and on it sped, until, down in the hollow, long before Frankie caught up, it stopped in a mud-puddle. Then from inside the keg came such a piercing wail that Frankie's heart was cheered. Baby May was surely alive!

A moment more, and he had rescued the dilapidated passenger. Her strange ride had so surprised her that she had not remembered to cry until it was all over, and then her small lungs were exercised with energy.

It was a sorry-looking, mud-bedraggled, and tear-stained little figure that Frankie clutched bravely in his short arms as he toiled up the hill. There were scratches and bruises on Baby May's face and hands, and her pink dress had been torn on a nail. Frankie placed her tenderly in the cart again, where she sat quietly while he very, very carefully drew her home.—*S. S. Times.*



DIVISION II—PHILOSOPHY

Chapter XIX—Light

§194. THERE is no physical manifestation of the power of God that reveals to our senses so much of the infinite goodness and wisdom of the Creator as does light. With it we see not only the things around us, but by it we find ourselves connected with the most distant systems of worlds, and feel that we are indeed children of the one great family, living in our allotted portion of "Our Father's House." He who had but to speak "and it was done," but to command "and it stood fast," even yet regards us more tenderly than an earthly parent can regard and care for his child.

§195. In our study of sound and of heat, we found them to be but different manifestations of vibration. This is true also of light. This manifestation seems to come next in the order of rapidity; for the vibrations that manifest themselves to our senses as heat merge into the field of light, the red ray of light being produced by the same number of vibrations a second that are found in a moderate degree of heat.

When a ray of light is analyzed by being passed through a prism, we find it to be composed of seven separate and distinct colors; namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. The number of vibrations a second that produce these different colors varies greatly, the red, or lowest form of light, being composed of the lowest number, while the violet, or highest form of light, is produced by the greatest number of vibrations a second that the eye of man is capable of recognizing. From this we see that white light, being made up of these seven distinct colors, is composite in the same sense that a chord in music is composite, in that it is made up of two or more separate sounds, the number of whose vibrations is such as to harmonize exactly.

§196. In the study of sound we found that while different tones would travel a given distance in the same length of time, yet they had not all the same vitality. Some of these—the higher tones—were either lost in the journey or were changed to some other form; so also with light; for while the higher forms of light, such as the blue, indigo, and violet rays, will travel a given distance in as short a time as will the red, orange, and yellow, yet they are not possessed of the same amount of vigor, or vitality, many of them

becoming lost or changed to some lower form on the way. As a simple illustration of this, notice the distant headlight of a locomotive, a bicycle lamp, a lantern, or any other light in the distance, especially if it be a damp, foggy night, or when there is much dust in the air, and observe what a reddish-yellow light it gives. Notice that the blue, indigo, and violet rays are so lacking that the light seems to be really red or yellow; but look at the same light when near at hand, and we shall find that it is practically white: only the distance made the difference. Why is this so?—Simply this: the more rapid vibrations that go to form the blue, indigo, and violet rays have not so much power of penetrating the dust, damp, and dew as have the more vigorous red, orange, and yellow rays; consequently the light reaching us from a distance is robbed of those colors that give it its whiteness when combined with the others. If these principles be true, then we are on the highway to the settling of some, at least, of the seeming contradictions between accepted science and the word of God,—we may better say, between accepted science and the real facts.

§197. Now let us see if we can not understand why the rising and setting sun has so often a different color than when in the zenith. When directly overhead, the rays of sunlight come to us through a comparatively thin stratum of atmosphere, and so meet with but a small amount of resistance. But when on the horizon, the rays of light are compelled to pass through a much more dense stratum of air, that lying nearer the earth's surface being laden with dust and moisture, all of which forms a resistance to the light-rays; consequently those colors possessed of the least vigor become lost, or changed on the way, so that there remains a preponderance of the red, orange, or yellow rays, these being the most vigorous. We never think of seeing the sun blue, indigo, or violet in color, but always in some of the colors produced by a lower number of vibrations a second than are required to produce the white ray. This of itself shows that there is a slowing down of the color-vibrations as the light-ray passes through a medium that offers considerable resistance to its progress. If the amount of resistance be very considerable, we may see the sun as yellow; that is, many of the rays above the yellow have been cut off, or changed, so that the yellow predominates, and we say it looks yellow; and if the resistance be still greater, so that the yellow rays are changed, or so much slowed down in velocity that they become orange or red, then we say the sun is orange or red in color, as the case may be.

This all seems so very simple that it may be asked, Are we justified in spending so much time discussing a matter so evident?—I believe we are; for if right so far, we are prepared to carry our investigations further. On a cold, frosty night, even the reflected light of the moon seems nearly white. The rays reach us in almost their entirety. They are but little distorted. They are nearly pure-white rays, having almost their full amount of blue, indigo, and violet rays. This is merely because of the purity of the atmosphere.

§198. In the illustration of the brass band, it will be remembered that when one is standing only a few yards from the musicians, he may be pleased with the general harmony of the various instruments; but when a long distance away, he can not hear the higher-toned instruments, but only the low, heavy tones of the bass horns and drums. It is so with the rays of light. In an ordinary atmosphere we get the perfect white ray, but when the light meets with much resistance, the higher-toned rays are lost or changed, and only the lower rays of the spectrum predominate.

§199. Light, like sound and heat, may be reflected; but like sound and heat, is changed by being so reflected. As the pitch of a tone is lowered by being reflected, so the tone of the light-ray is lowered by being reflected. We speak of the pale light of the moon. Why pale?—Because

the light, in being reflected, has met with a resistance and loss. Its vibrations have been slowed down, and in being thus changed, the light is relatively paler, or weaker. The clouds also reflect to our vision always the lower colors.

Questions

Through what means do we learn of the other worlds? Has light, therefore, a place in gospel study? Name in their order the colors of which light is composed. Which possess the greatest vitality? Give illustrations. Explain why the sun often appears red at sunset. Does it ever appear violet or indigo? Why? In this respect how does light compare with the music of a band or an orchestra? Why do we speak of the "pale" light of the moon? Does the moon ever appear white? When and why?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS

(February 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them."

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 16: 19-31.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons."

19. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

20. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

22. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried:

23. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

25. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

26. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you can not; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

27. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house:

28. For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.

29. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

30. And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

31. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

Synopsis

This parable was spoken directly to the Pharisees. They had heard Christ teaching his disciples about the true riches; and being covetous men, they had "derided" the Saviour. Literally, they had "turned up their noses" at him. Christ then spoke to them words to this effect: Before men, you justify yourselves; but God knoweth your hearts, and although men highly esteem you, yet in God's sight, you are an abomination.

These covetous Pharisees were the rich man of the parable. Afflicted beggars lay at their gate, but were given no notice. A priest or a Levite would pass one by while some good Samaritan would bind up his wounds (the Samaritans were looked upon as dogs). But the poor

were not always to suffer. The time would come when those who had received good things in this life, and had not shared with others, would find a wide gulf between themselves and heaven.

Questions

1. How did a certain rich man live?
2. Who was laid at his gate?
3. In what condition was Lazarus?
4. How was he cared for?
5. In accordance with Jewish belief, what finally became of him?
6. In the same way what became of the rich man?
7. In hell whom does he see afar off?
8. Crying out, how does he address Abraham?
9. For what does he beg?
10. What does Abraham answer?
11. Why does he say that Lazarus can not come?
12. To whom does the rich man then desire Lazarus to be sent?
13. How does Abraham show that this is unnecessary?
14. What does the rich man think would move his father's house to repentance?
15. What does Abraham say as to this?
16. A little later in Christ's ministry, one Lazarus was raised from the dead. Did this move the Jews to repentance as the rich man said it would?
17. In fact, what did they consult to do with Lazarus after he was raised by Jesus? John 12:10.

Note

Many Jews believed that after a man died, he would live in one of two places until the resurrection,—hell or Abraham's bosom. If he were wicked, he lived in hell; if he were good, he lived with Abraham. Here it would be decided whether one was to enter heaven. But Christ desired to show the Pharisees that it is in *this* life that men decide their destiny, and not after death. He therefore used their common belief, false as it was, to convey the truth that God does not value a man for his wealth, and that it is impossible for one to be saved *after* death if he has not accepted Christ *before*.

Quotations

1. "Lazarus represents the suffering poor who believe in Christ. When the trumpet sounds, and all that are in the graves hear Christ's voice and come forth, they will receive their reward; for their faith in God was not a mere theory, but a reality."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, page 262.
2. "In this parable Christ was meeting the people on their own ground. The doctrine of a conscious state of existence between death and the resurrection was held by many of those who were listening to Christ's words. The Saviour knew of their ideas, and he framed his parable so as to inculcate important truths through these preconceived opinions. He held up before his hearers a mirror wherein they might see themselves in their true relation to God. He used the prevailing opinion to convey the idea he wished to make prominent to all,—that no man is valued for his possessions; for all he has belongs to him only as lent by the Lord. A misuse of these gifts will place him below the poorest and most afflicted man who loves God and trusts in him."—*Id.*, page 263.
3. "When the rich man solicited additional evidence for his brothers, he was plainly told that should this evidence be given, they would not be persuaded. His request cast a reflection on God. It was as if the rich man had said, If you had more thoroughly warned me, I should not now be here. Abraham in his answer to this request is represented as saying, Your brothers

have been sufficiently warned. Light has been given to them, but they would not see; truth has been presented to them, but they would not hear."—*Id.*, pages 264, 265.



THE TWO DEMONIACS AT GADARA INTRODUCTORY

Preceding Events.—The healing of the two demoniacs in the country of the Gadarenes was the next important event in the Saviour's life immediately following the stilling of the tempest.

Main Reference.—Mark 5:1-20.

Other References.—Matt. 8:28-34; Luke 8:26-39.

Bible Story of the Miracle.—"And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes, which is over against Galilee. And when he was come forth out of the boat upon the land, straightway there met him two possessed with demons, coming forth out of the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man could pass by that way. And one of them for a long time had worn no clothes, and abode not in any house, but had his dwelling in the tombs, and no man could any more bind him, no, not with a chain; because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been rent asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces, and no man had strength to tame him. And always, night and day, in the tombs and in the mountains, he was crying out, and cutting himself with stones.

"And when he saw Jesus from afar, he cried out, and ran, and fell down before him, and worshiped him; and crying out with a loud voice, he saith, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time? I adjure thee by God, torment me not. For he said unto him, Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of the man. For oftentimes it had seized him, and he was kept under guard, and bound with chains and fetters; and breaking the bands asunder, he was driven of the demon into the deserts. And Jesus asked him, What is thy name? And he saith unto him, My name is Legion; for we are many: for many demons were entered into him. And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country, and entreated him that he would not command them to depart into the abyss. Now there was afar off from them on the mountain-side a herd of many swine feeding. And the demons besought him saying, If thou cast us out, send us away into the herd of swine, that we may enter into them. And he gave them leave. And he said unto them, Go. And the unclean spirits came out from the man, and entered into the swine. And behold the whole herd rushed down the steep into the sea, and perished in the waters. And when they that fed them saw what had come to pass, they fled, and went away, and told everything in the city and in the country, and what was befallen to them that were possessed with demons. And behold all the city came out to meet Jesus, and to see what it was that had come to pass; and they came to Jesus, and found the man, from whom the demons were gone out, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus; even him that had the legion: and they were afraid.

"And they that saw it told them how he that was possessed with demons was made whole, and concerning the swine. And when they saw him, all the people of the country of the Gadarenes round about besought him to depart from their borders; for they were holden with great fear;

and he entered into a boat, and returned. But as he was entering into the boat, the man from whom the demons were gone out, prayed him that he might be with him. And he suffered him not, but sent him away, saying unto him, Go, return to thy house unto thy friends, and declare how great things God the Lord hath done for thee, and how he had mercy on thee. And he went his way, and began to publish throughout the whole city and in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all men did marvel." (The foregoing is an interwoven story of the miracle, gathered from Matt. 8:28-34; Mark 5:1-20; and Luke 8:26-39.)

Place.—Northeast coast of the sea of Galilee, not a great way from Capernaum. Given by Matthew as the country of the Gergesenes; by Mark and Luke as Gadara.

Circumstances.—This miracle was performed the morning after stilling the tempest on the sea of Galilee, and immediately upon reaching the shore. Gadara was not near at hand, but lay some distance back from the coast. At present there are certain ruins of a town near the shore, which are thought to be those of Gadara. It was in the early morning that these two men of the tombs met Jesus and his party as they landed. Immediately associated with the working of this miracle, is the episode of the devils entering into the herd of swine, and driving them into the sea. The loss of the swine so greatly alarmed their keepers and the inhabitants of the city near by, that they earnestly besought Jesus to depart out of their coast; this he did.

Great Lesson.—Very often the Lord, in delivering us from the power of evil habits and the spirit of devils, finds it necessary to destroy some of those things through which the devils work,—to deprive us of some indulgence of the flesh. We can not hope to rid ourselves of Satan and at the same time retain those things in our experience through which he always works—and through which God can never work. Our unwillingness to part with physical and moral uncleanness will mean to us what it meant to the Gadarenes,—the loss of the presence of God.

W. S. SADLER.

(To be continued.)

SHORTHAND BY MAIL.

YOUR spare time can be well improved by studying shorthand, and this can be done at small expense to you by taking a mail course at your home. We are using "The Rogers Compendium of the Graham System of Shorthand," a method arranged especially for home study, and giving an epitome of a system of shorthand acknowledged to be the best, the briefest, and the most complete. The only presentation of Standard Phonography in which all shorthand outlines are written as first learned, thus greatly abbreviating the work on the part of the student. A complete course in thirty lessons, illustrated by facsimile notes, with key. The correction of all students' papers given special attention by experts. Reasonable tuition rates. If interested, write for full particulars. Practicing stenographers wishing to prepare for rapid reporting work should secure the last twenty lessons.

FIRESIDE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,
Battle Creek, Mich.

GRAND TRUNK R'Y SYSTEM.

Taking Effect June 2, 1901.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

WEST-BOUND.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago.....	12.15 P. M.
No. 7, Limited Express, to Chicago.....	7.10 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.50 P. M.
No. 8, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	7.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 3, 5, and 7, daily.	

EAST-BOUND.

No. 10, Mail and Express, East and Detroit.....	8.45 P. M.
No. 8, Limited Express, East and Detroit.....	4.14 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.22 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit.....	2.10 A. M.
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit.....	7.00 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed (starts from Nichols yard).....	7.15 A. M.
Nos. 10 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6, 8, and 2, daily.	

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
BATTLE CREEK.



FORGET NOT HIS BENEFITS

SURPRISING falls the instantaneous calm,
The sudden silence in my chamber small;
I, starting, lift my head in half alarm:
The clock has stopped,—that's all!

And so the blessings Heaven daily grants
Are, in their very commonness, forgot:
We little heed what answereth our wants,
Until it answers not.

A strangeness falleth on familiar ways,
As if some pulse were gone beyond recall,—
Something unthought of, linked with all our
days,—

Some clock has stopped,—that's all!
—George H. Coomer.

A RIVER THAT DISAPPEARS

AN interesting stream, whose waters, in the summer season, entirely vanish midway in its course, is reported by one of the members of the United States Geographical Survey. The river is known as the Dry Fork, a small stream in northwestern Utah, tributary to Ashley Creek. About fourteen miles from its source in the Uinta Mountains this stream reaches a large basin, or sink, whose walls are from seventy-five to one hundred feet high, except on the up-stream side. The pool is apparently bottomless, and the water in it revolves with a slow, circular motion, caused either by the incoming waters or by suction from below, or both. The only visible outlet to this pool is a narrow rock channel, from which a little water flows, but is soon lost to sight a few hundred yards below. A measurement of the main stream just above the pool showed a volume of ninety-six cubic feet of water passing each second, but this entire flow disappears in the basin, and the stream bed for miles below is perfectly dry.

About seven miles below this interesting pool were found several springs, one of them in a large hole twenty-five feet in diameter and twenty feet deep. At times these springs are empty, and again filled with water. It is thought that the water which disappears in the upper pool flows underground in the gravels which form the bed of the stream, and in times of heavy rainfall appears again in part in the large springs below.

A PLEA FOR OUR VOICELESS PETS

WHEN business embarrassments made it necessary for W. B. Hunt, of E—, Ill., to sell his herd of Jerseys, his wife, who had tenderly cared for them, and fed them from her own hands, and whose call they had answered from pleasant plains and valleys, with tearful eyes saw them pass from her care into the hands of strangers; and out of her noble heart she made a touching plea for them. She said:—

"There are many things connected with our little Jerseys that will make the parting hard to bear for my husband and myself. The people of this country very well know that each Jersey in the herd has been reared by me. Each one has its special name, and comes at my call. They have been my constant care for years, and have been like children to me in affection and dependence, and I have given them almost a mother's love; and now that the parting has come, I desire to plead not for myself, but for them, that the hands into which they pass may be kind and gentle, and that caresses, and not cruelty, be meted out to them.

"When I stand in the empty stalls of Panola farm, the greatest grief my heart will know will be that the dumb creatures that I loved so well will be beyond my power of aid. Hungry and

unsheltered, they may be standing in blinding storms and drifting snow, and I powerless to protect and help them. And so I plead, whoever you may be, that if one of Panola's Jerseys passes into your possession, remember that a woman's care guarded it, a woman's heart ached at its loss, and a woman's pen was lifted up in a dark hour to beg for it the pity she did not ask for herself."

There is a beautiful lesson in these words,—a lesson of love and tenderness and sweet compassion; and if the dumb creatures in whose behalf that tender plea was made could speak, their voices would chime in sweetest cadence in one woman's heart.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: so shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man." In view of these words, how important it is that our young people be taught to be kind and merciful to the animals as well as to human beings. And how sad to see so many boys and girls take apparent pleasure in acts of cruelty to their dumb pets. We hope that the INSTRUCTOR family will love their dumb friends, and thus be enabled to reach a higher standard of excellency, and set a worthy example of the noble truths which they profess.

IRENE SEELEY.

POLA AND THE BISCUITS

DURING her residence in Samoa, Mrs. Isobel Strong, the stepdaughter and amanuensis of Robert Louis Stevenson, adopted a native boy, named Pola. He was a delightful child, and well deserved the name she gives him, "A Little Savage Gentleman." And yet he did tell one lie, but it was under circumstances which made it easy to forgive him.

Mrs. Strong had given the boy two large ship-biscuits one morning, but instead of eating them, he asked leave to carry them home; for he served his adopted mother by day, and his own mother by night.

"Eat them," she said, "and I will give you more."

"Before leaving that night," she records, "he came to remind me of this. I was swinging in a hammock, reading, when Pola came to kiss my hand and bid me good night.

"'Love,' I said, 'Talofa.'

"'Soifua,' Pola replied, 'may you sleep; and then added, 'Be not angry; but the ship-biscuits —'

"'Are you hungry?' I asked. 'Didn't you have your dinner?'

"'Oh, yes, plenty pea-soupo' (a general name for anything in tins), 'but you said, in your high-chief kindness, that if I ate the two biscuits, you would give me more to take home.'

"'And you ate them?'

"He hesitated a perceptible moment, and then said, 'Yes, I ate them.' He looked so glowing and sweet, leaning forward to beg a favor, that I suddenly pulled him to me by his bare brown shoulders for a kiss. He fell against the hammock, and two large, round ship-biscuits slipped from under his lava-lava.

"'O Pola!' I cried, reproachfully. It cut me to the heart that he should lie to me."

Indeed, it was a tragic moment; for the child, too, although he repressed his tears, was evidently suffering. But Mrs. Strong's tact was equal to the occasion. She uttered no further reproach, but simply promised the two biscuits if he would explain why he had lied for them.

"'Teuila' [his name for Mrs. Strong], he cried, anxiously, 'I love you! I would not pain your heart for all the world. But they are starving in the village. My father, the chief, divides the food, so that each child and old person and all shall share alike; and to-day there was only green baked bananas, two each, and to-night

when I return, there will be again a division of one for each member of the village. It seems hard that I should come here and eat and eat, and my brother and my two little sisters and the good Tuman [his mother] should have only one banana. So I thought I would say to you, 'Behold, I have eaten the two biscuits,' and then you would give me two more, and that would be enough for one each to my two sisters and Tuman and my brother.'"

It was all true. There was famine in the village, but the Samoans were too proud to mention it; and only through little Pola's disclosure was it discovered and relieved.—*Companion*.



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

AN American firm has contracted to supply 200 passenger and freight cars to Norway.

THE armored cruisers of the United States navy are to be equipped for wireless telegraphy.

THE U. S. Navy Department will build a railroad from Cavite, Luzon, to Olongapo.

A PERMANENT U. S. naval training station will be established on the Great Lakes, probably at Chicago.

THE Belgian government offers a prize of 1,000 francs (\$200) for "the best picture illustrating the evils of intemperance."

It is reported that "deaths in the Boer concentrated camps in October numbered 3,158, and in November, 2,807, of whom 2,271 were children."

ANDREW CARNEGIE gave \$100,000 to the city of San Juan, Porto Rico, the 24th inst., for a library. The city is to appropriate \$6,000 and the island \$2,400, for maintenance of the same. The library will be erected in the Plaza Colon, and will contain 25,000 books in English and Spanish.

THE Panama Canal Company offers to sell its property and franchise to the United States for \$40,000,000. The transcontinental railway companies, of course, favor the purchase of the Panama Canal by this government, and are doing all they can at Washington to delay action on the Nicaragua route.

UNITED STATES Consul Monaghan, at Chemnitz, Germany, reports that, "according to census just completed, there are in Germany 442 cities with a population between 10,000 and 100,000 each. In 1816 the German Empire had 24,833,000 inhabitants; in 1855, 36,114,000; and in 1900, 56,345,000. In the year 1816 Prussia had 13,100,000 inhabitants; in 1855, 21,320,000; and in 1900, 34,463,000. The enormous increase in the large cities of Germany is said to be due to the retrograde movement in agriculture, which has driven people from the country."

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