

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

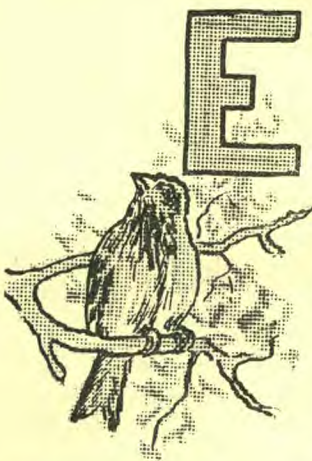
BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY 6, 1902.

No. 6.



SOME INTERESTING SPARROWS

Chipping Sparrow



EVERY bird has its good qualities. Some have nothing but good characteristics, while others have some not so desirable. Bradford Torrey says that if he could have his way, the Chipping Sparrow should be known as the "door-step sparrow." It is a very tame bird when kindly treated,

and many pleasing anecdotes are related showing this characteristic. Here is one, told by Robert B. Lawrence, and quoted in "Birds of Village and Field," which I can not refrain from giving you.

"For years at our place in Flushing, L. I., my father has fed some half-dozen of these Chipping Sparrows, and the young birds have taken bread or seed from his hand when it was held near the ground, but the old birds would never allow any such familiarity. One of the adult birds, however, seemed more inclined to do so than his companions; and at last, in the summer of 1879, mustered courage enough to follow the example of the young birds, and finding no ill effects, jumped onto my father's finger, and, sitting there, ate his breakfast. The ice once broken, 'Dick,' as we christened him, seemed to lose all fear; and from that time always ate his breakfast from my father's hand. . . . This continued all the summer; but when the fall came, with the first cold blasts Dick took his departure for the summer regions of the South. The next April, however, he returned, and without any hesitation came one morning at my father's call, and in his old, accustomed way ate his breakfast from my father's hand. Dick and his mate built their nest in the vines which clambered over our piazza, and spent the summer with us. . . . This year he has gone further, as he has several times, while sitting on my father's hand, ceased eating, and poured forth his song of thanks. . . . It has long been known that birds would return to the same locality year after year, but that a wild bird should remember a person's voice, and come back after his long wandering as tame and confiding as when he went away, is, I think, very remarkable."

The Chipping Sparrow is one of the first birds to return to us in the spring, and several seasons about the first of April, I have heard his chirping trill, monotonous, high, and wiry, at times somewhat like an insect, but a sure reminder to us

that he has just arrived from the South. At such times he was always hidden in the trees, and it was with difficulty that I could get sight of him.

The Chipping Sparrow destroys the seeds of some injurious weeds, such as the foxtail and crab-grass of our lawns, sometimes adding to his diet pigweed, chickweed, and knotweed. Among insects, he is not backward about eating cabbage-worms, tent-caterpillars, cankerworms, and other pests. He winters in the Gulf States and Mexico, getting back home again between the first and the tenth of April.

Description.—Top of head, reddish-brown; under parts, plain gray; back, brown, streaked with black; bill, black. Length about five and one-fourth inches.

Vesper Sparrow

The Vesper Sparrow is quite a singer. His notes remind one somewhat of those of the Song



Sparrow; but the song is, on the whole, sweeter and more plaintive. When singing, he usually selects an elevated perch, and works at nothing else.

You will often find him on the ground; and if you do not chase after him too closely, he will run ahead of you for some distance. If you overtake him, he will fly, swinging off on bounding wing, showing the white feathers on either side of his tail. These two white feathers are very good marks by which to identify him.

The bird is called Vesper Sparrow on account of his vesper, or evening, song. Florence A. Merriam tells of an interesting experience in connection with the "vespers" of this bird. They were first greeted by the voice of one of these sparrows. "He was perched on a stake in the meadow beside the lane; and as we stopped to listen, he poured out his beautiful vesper hymn. It had scarcely ceased when it was taken up by another of the rich-voiced choristers, and soon was being sung by glad, sweet voices scattered far through the meadows. In the stillness of the hour, with the level fields reaching to the golden horizon, the peaceful evening-song seemed full of new beauty; and we

listened in silence to its calm, melodious notes till the sunset afterglow faded from the sky, and the twilight shadows gathered around us."

Description.—Brownish-gray, streaked; patch on wings, reddish-brown; outer tail-feathers showing white in flight. Length, about six inches.

L. A. REED.

A BIRD INCIDENT

A COMMON bird with us is the pheasant, and one of the most interesting incidents of my life was in connection with a family of pheasants.

Crossing a woodland one summer evening, making the dead leaves rustle beneath my feet, I looked down, I hardly know why, but it must have been in order to save the little innocents. For the brown leaves seemed to me to be alive, very much alive, indeed.

I stopped, dropped to a sitting posture, and reached forth my hand; and to my surprise they never tried to get away, but cuddled up in a little frightened flock right at my feet. I gathered them all into my dress, twelve of them, cunning little midgets, not larger than the end of a man's thumb, and awaited developments.

The parent birds were near, and soon the mother began crying with a pitiful call. I couldn't imitate it in any way, but it expressed tenderness, concern, and fear. Soon an angry, frightened bird whirled over my head, again and again, each time nearer, until she almost knocked off my hat; she passed, and getting just in front of me, made feint of a broken wing, and lay apparently helpless a little ahead. I never saw anything more expressive of anxiety than the actions of this bird. I could not bear to tease her, so, setting the birdlings on the ground, I withdrew to a position where I could see the united family, and watched the mother-love as it went out to the helpless brood. The words of the Master, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how



often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" never before came to me with such force. Truly the maternal instinct, next to love of the divine, is the most sacred thing in the world.—*Mary Noland, in Birds and All Nature.*



AFTERWARD

WHAT if thy house on earth be poor and small,
Or if thou hast no house on earth at all?
Thou hast a Mansion waiting in the sky;
That Mansion fair thy wants will satisfy.

What if thy garments here be coarse and few,
And let the rain and frost, unhindered, through?
Thou hast a Garment white in yonder sky;
That Bridal Robe thy need will satisfy.

What if thy table scant be spread below,
And thou dost eat in bitterness and woe?
There waits for thee a bounteous Feast on high;
That Bridal Feast thy soul will satisfy.

What if thy years in sorrow here be spent,
Thy spirit 'neath afflictions sore be bent?
There waits a Song of triumph in the sky,
That glad New Song thy heart will satisfy.

What if thy friends be false, and thee betray,
Companionless and lone thine earthly way?
Thine Elder Brother still to thee is nigh;
That Friend thine every want will satisfy.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT

"I WENT by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelth; and thy want as an armed man." Prov. 24: 30-34.

These are the words of Solomon, the wise man. As he passed by the field of a certain slothful man, he noticed that it was all covered with thorns and weeds, and the stone wall surrounding it was broken down, allowing free access to man or beast.

Everything this man had planted, if, indeed, he had been sufficiently industrious to attend to the plowing of the soil and the sowing of the seed, was being choked with the thorns and nettles, and the soil was being robbed of its strength. His vineyard and fruit-trees were in the same neglected condition.

On the other hand, his neighbors' fields were covered with ripening grain, their vineyards bore rich clusters of grapes, and their fruit-trees were bowed beneath the weight of luscious fruit.

What was the reason for this difference? Solomon says he considered it well. He looked upon it, and received instruction. His good judgment could assign no other cause for this sad condition of things than that this man was not industrious. He loved to fold his hands in idleness, to live a life of ease, and to spend the precious hours of day in needless sleep.

In all the affairs of life this principle is true, —that we can accomplish nothing worth doing without diligence and perseverance. Success does not come of itself.

To each one of us the Lord has given talents which he expects us to improve to the best of our ability. Our minds may be likened to a fertile piece of ground, in which something is sure to grow. If properly cultivated, they will, like a well-kept garden, bring forth flowers and fruit; but if left to themselves, they will be filled with thorns and thistles and weeds.

A sound mind is the best natural gift that has been given to man, and we owe a duty to ourselves, to our fellow men, and to our Creator, so to cultivate it that we shall be able to do the best work that it is possible for human beings to do. It is the trained and disciplined intellect that rules the world in literature, the sciences, and the arts. It is this which opens up to us the treasures of the universe, and gives us power over nature. It is mental training which largely forms the distinction between savage and civilized peoples. It is the proper development of the mental faculties that raises men and women from the humblest walks of life to the highest positions of influence and responsibility.

But we should remember that mental training does not consist alone in storing up a large number of facts in the mind. We must learn how to think, how to form correct judgment, and to put into practical use the knowledge which we have gained. We must learn to have control over our appetites and passions, and to bring every act of our lives into subjection to the will.

It has been truthfully said that thought is to the brain what gastric juice is to the stomach,—a solvent to reduce that which is received to a condition in which all that is wholesome and nutritious may be appropriated. Without proper thought and reflection, our learning, however much we may have, will be of little use to us.

In all our striving after knowledge, we should bear in mind that there is an education to be received which the colleges and universities can not give. There is a higher training to be obtained from communion with the Great Teacher, not only through the thoughtful and prayerful study of the Book of books, but through reading the thoughts of the Infinite One in his created works.

The object of education is not only to prepare for the duties of this life, but to form characters for eternity. This life is short at best. In childhood the days go slowly by. A year seems long, and a lifetime almost an endless age. As we grow older, time goes more rapidly, until in old age life seems but a fitting shadow.

While our days are passing so swiftly by, we should ask ourselves the question, Is the education that I am receiving such as will fit me for eternity?

Every day we are adding to our education, either consciously or unconsciously. Every thought, every feeling, leaves its impress upon the mind, and we owe a duty to ourselves and to others so to direct our thoughts and feelings that they shall educate us in the right direction. We must cultivate our moral nature, and grow in all that is manly or womanly in life, until we shall have come to the full stature of men and women in Christ, and the Master shall be able to say of us, "Well done."

B. E. CRAWFORD.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?

It is a wonderful testimonial to the greatness of human life that we are able to ask the question. Who are we, that we should have the deciding of his fate? Yet for one life, and for all that that one life counts, which is much, the responsibility is ours. We can not evade the responsibility; we can not plan our lives as if he had never lived; we must reckon with his life and our relations to him. What shall we do with Jesus?

It does not greatly help us to say that we think well of him; the question is not of thinking, but of committal. It is possible for us to substitute some thought about him for vital faith in him. It is possible to make a sacrament, a creed, a form of worship, an unthinking assent to the conventional demands which are supposed to represent his cause, a substitute for a confidence in him that transforms our lives. Let us not ask, simply, "What think ye of Christ?" but also, "What shall I do with Jesus?"

It is a solemn thought that some who lived nearest to him rejected him. His star and birth made Bethlehem glorious with the light of heaven, but Bethlehem settled back into the dark, and knew not, or, if it knew, forgot, that he was born there. He showed the world that a good thing could come out of Nazareth, and therein glorified the rich possibilities of that and many another obscure village; but Nazareth dragged him to the summit of its hill, and would have cast him over, and did cast him out. Capernaum was saved from oblivion by his dwelling there; but Capernaum, thus exalted to heaven, cast itself down to immortal shame by its unbelief in him. Jerusalem, the home of his royal ancestors, he invested with a more than regal glory; but Jerusalem, which received him with palms, sent him out tottering under the cross.

We can not escape responsibility commensurate with our privilege. Sodom would have repented if it had known what we know; but Sodom is judged by its light, and we can not place ourselves in the ignorance of Sodom. We must accept the light of to-day, and be judged accordingly. One man attempted to waive the responsibility of judging Christ; and the world has singled out his name from the four magistrates before whom Christ appeared in his trial, and preserved it to everlasting infamy.

There is no Herod to whom we can send him; there is no one on whom we can load responsibility while we wash our hands; we must choose. Every one of us is a court of last resort. What shall I do with Jesus? Let me answer the question honestly, for no one can answer it for me.—*Wm. E. Barton.*

THE MARRED PICTURE

THERE is a story of a woman whose little child had died, leaving emptiness and great loneliness in the home. The mother had skill in art, and to fill her hands, also in order to preserve the image of the child's lovely features, she devoted herself for many days to touching up with her brush a photograph she had. As she wrought upon the picture, the dear face seemed to live again, every charm of expression coming out under her skilled fingers. When the work was finished, she carefully laid the photograph away.

After some days she brought it out again, and was grieved to see blotches here and there on the face. She could not understand it; but she set to work once more with loving patience, and restored the marred beauty. In a few days, however, the blotches had reappeared. Then she understood that in the fabric of the paper on which the picture had been taken, there were certain elements which, when chemically acted upon by the paints, had produced the blotches.

So in even the best human nature, however deeply imbued and thoroughly cleansed by divine grace, there still lurk elements of the old sinful life; and evermore these evil qualities work up to the surface, and mar and spot the loveliest character. We should never cease to pray for cleansing and sanctifying, that God may search us and try us, casting out anything that is evil, until the last trace of corruption is gone.—*Well Spring.*

THE Bible rings with one long demand for obedience. The keyword of the book of Deuteronomy is, "Observe and do." The burden of our Lord's farewell discourse is, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." We must not question nor reply nor excuse ourselves. We must not pick and choose our way. We must not think that obedience in one direction will compensate for disobedience in some other particular. God gives one command at a time; if we obey this, he will flood our souls with blessing, and lead us forward into new paths and pastures. But if we refuse, we shall remain stagnant and water-logged, make no progress in Christian experience, and lack both power and joy.—*F. B. Meyer.*



INTERCESSION

LORD, when before thy mercy-seat I bow
To pray thee for the friends thy love has given,
I ask that love to save them here and now,
Not only at the last and in thy heaven.

Keep thou their feet, not only when their way
Draws near that sea which waits before us all.
Walk thou beside them, Christ of God, this day.
Take thou their hands, and hold them, lest they fall.

Not only in the darkness of the grave
I pray thy light across their eyes may dawn;
Through all life's darkness let it shine, and save
Beyond the shadow leading up and on.

Not only in the terror of that day
When death and hell before thy face shall stand,—
Have mercy on them now, great Judge, I pray;
Keep them among the sheep at thy right hand.

Not only in that morning let them rise
Washed clear of stain at last, redeemed and free.

O keep them holy in thy holy eyes
This day, triumphant over sin, in thee!
—Mabel Earle, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

TALKS TO OUR BOYS

III

THE idea has gone abroad (I don't know where it originated) that in order to be a man, one must be gruff and hard-hearted. Some people seem to think such a manner shows manly strength,—that it is excusable on the same ground that one overlooks the rough, prickly covering that protects the toothsome nut. Boys generally hold the opinion that a kind heart and a sympathetic nature are sure indications of weakness. Many a boy who, yielding to the promptings of that "better nature" which is really God's nature, does little kindnesses on the sly, would feel that he had lowered himself in the eyes of his companions if they were to find out what he had done. That whole idea is a humbug. Let us learn a lesson from the oak tree, which is proverbially known as the strongest tree of the forest. Examine its wood, and see how much closer-grained and finer it is than the weak wood of the basswood or the willow. Instead of the finer qualities of the human heart making a man weak, they only make him strong. Strength comes from the development of the finer sensibilities of the heart.

A kind heart is one of the surest indications of manliness. One thing we all admire in Abraham Lincoln, and that which places him first in the list in our estimation of great men, is his kind heart; then there is that other Man, of all who have lived on the earth the most lovely, who by his very gentleness was made great.

Cultivate gentleness, therefore: it is a priceless trait of character. It may sometimes cause you to be laughed at by unthinking persons; but what of that? A man can conquer scorn. Resolve never, for the sake of creating a laugh, to say anything that may cause pain or mortification to another. You may gain a reputation for being witty and bright by so doing; but you will just as surely lower yourself in the estimation of all right-thinking people. We may enjoy doing these things at the time; but when we are by ourselves, that voice from which we can never get away will say: "You have been a scamp; I am ashamed of you."

And if you cultivate true gentleness toward your fellow men, it will naturally follow that you will be kind to the lower animals. It takes so little effort to be kind, and thoughtful consideration of our dumb friends means so much. They have hardships enough without man's adding to

them. Remember that life to them is sweet; and make it a rule not only never needlessly to kill or cause them pain, but to do all you can for their comfort.

Many boys and even grown-up men are afraid to express a love for the beautiful. How often we hear the expression about flowers, "Of what use are they?" Yet God has made all things beautiful, and he desires that we shall enjoy them. A lady who was something of an artist once said to me that she had seldom seen men who appreciated art, outside of those who themselves follow it as a profession. I said: "No; they appreciate it well enough, but are ashamed to say so."

Cultivate courtesy,—not set forms taken from a book, but that truer politeness that comes from a tender heart; that chivalry that is always kind and obliging to others, not for form's sake, but from sympathy. That man is of most use in the world, though his name may not be known outside his own county, who comes into closest touch with the most people, and can talk with them heart to heart, and leave them the better for the association. It takes a positive character to do this, but by perseverance one who really desires thus to win love and confidence can win them. Thus we are brought back to the same old starting-place,—"grit" and "stick-to-it-iveness;" and it is here that true grit is shown—not in some brawl or fight for our so-called "rights." It takes real bravery to have a purpose and to stick to it day after day, always keeping our eyes on the future,—on what we may become instead of what we can enjoy to-day. Glue is neither beautiful, fragrant, nor palatable; yet we would find it hard to do without it, for it sticks. Remember that it is not distinguished ability that accomplishes great things one half so much as "keeping everlastingly at it."

FLOYD BRAILAR.

"NUMBER ONE"

"HE is a Number One boy," said grandmother, proudly. "A great boy for his books. Indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of ten."

"It is certainly," returned Uncle John; "but what a pity it is that he is blind!"

"Blind!" exclaimed grandmother. And the Number One boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John, what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why the Number One boy himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy-chair in the room all the forenoon, never seeing you, nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then, when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb up-stairs to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

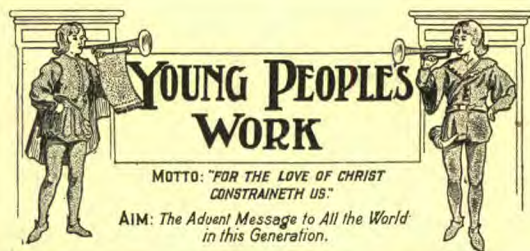
"Oh, he is so busy reading!" apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. "If Number One is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish, indeed, to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up- and down-stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands," said Number One.

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books; but, if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing Number One, better run out and play with other boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."—*Church Progress*.

"THE way to high things is through low things."



FAITHFULNESS IN SERVICE

IN his infinite mercy and love God has given us light from his word, and Christ says to us, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Let the light God has given you shine forth to those in darkness. As you do this, heavenly angels will be beside you, helping you win souls for Christ. The Master is saying to us: "Come to me. Right counsel and sound judgment belong to me. I have understanding and strength for you."

Dear young friends, remember that it is not necessary to be an ordained minister in order to serve the Lord. There are many ways of working for Christ. Human hands may never have been laid on you in ordination, but God can give you fitness for his service. He can work through you to the saving of souls. If, having learned in the school of Christ, you are meek and lowly in heart, he will give you words to speak for him. Ask, and receive the Holy Spirit. But remember that the Spirit is given only to those who are consecrated, who deny self, lifting the cross and following their Lord.

Do all in your power to gain perfection; but do not think that because you make mistakes, you are excluded from God's service. The Lord knows our frame; he remembers that we are dust. As you use faithfully the talents God has given you, you will gain knowledge that will make you dissatisfied with self. You will see the need of sifting away harmful habits, lest by a wrong example you injure others.

Work diligently, giving to others the truth so precious to you. Then when there are vacancies to be filled, you will hear the words, "Come up higher." You may be reluctant to respond; but move forward in faith, bringing into God's work a fresh, honest zeal.

The secret of winning souls can be learned only from the great Teacher. As the dew and the still showers fall gently on the withering plant, so our words are to fall gently and lovingly on the souls we are seeking to win. We are not to wait till opportunities come to us; we are to seek for them, keeping the heart uplifted in prayer that God may help us to speak the right word at the right time. When an opportunity presents itself, let no excuse lead you to neglect it; for its improvement may mean the salvation of a soul from death.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

TALENTS—LESSON I

(February 9-15)

PLACE the general heads on the blackboard, and fill in the outline as the study proceeds.

Read carefully the parable of the talents, as found in Matt. 25:13-30.

Find and read two other passages of scripture that teach the same lessons.

From these parables we learn,—

1. That God has given each of his servants a particular work to do.
2. That this work is according to their individual ability.
3. That the work will be required at the hands of those to whom it is given.
4. That the faithful ones are rewarded.
5. That the reward is in proportion to the faithfulness with which the work is done, and not the amount of the result. Effort is God's standard. Result is man's.

In studying the parable of the talents, no one can help being impressed with the personal responsibility which our Lord has laid upon each

of us. It is the object of these studies to find out the best way to enlarge and improve our talents, that we may do our work in the best possible way.

NOTE.—In filling out the lesson outline, it will be well to insert after each of the five heads the single text which is the foundation for it.

Selected Thoughts on the Topic

1. "To his servants Christ commits 'his goods,'—something to be put to use for him. He gives 'to every man his work.' Each has his place in the eternal plan of heaven. Each is to work in co-operation with Christ for the salvation of souls. Not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than is the special place designated on earth where we are to work for God."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pages 326, 327.

2. "All men do not receive the same gifts, but to every servant of the Master some gift of the Spirit is promised."—*Id.*, 327.

3. "To every man God has given 'according to his several ability.' The talents are not apportioned capriciously. He who has ability to use five talents receives five. He who can improve but two, receives two. He who can wisely use only one, receives one. None need lament that they have not received larger gifts; for he who has apportioned to every man, is equally honored by the improvement of each trust, whether it be great or small. The one to whom five talents have been committed is to render the improvement of five; he who has but one, the improvement of one. God expects returns 'according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.' 2 Cor. 8:12."—*Id.*, 328.

4. "The talents, however few, are to be put to use. The question that most concerns us is not, How much have I received? but, What am I doing with that which I have? The development of all our powers is the first duty we owe to God and to our fellow men. No one who is not growing daily in capability and usefulness is fulfilling the purpose of life. In making a profession of faith in Christ, we pledge ourselves to become all that it is possible for us to be as workers for the Master, and we should cultivate every faculty to the highest degree of perfection, that we may do the greatest amount of good of which we are capable."—*Id.*, 329, 330.

FROM PAWTUCKET, R. I.

I KNOW you will be glad to hear how our Young People's Society is getting along. I am glad to report that it has grown from six to fourteen members since it started, a year ago. As the direct result of its work, one girl seventeen years old has begun to keep the Lord's Sabbath, and another, who is greatly interested, is attending the meetings.

We learn a portion of the Bible every week, and all are working hard. Last quarter one hundred and thirty-five copies of the *Signs of the Times* were distributed, besides sixty *Sentinels* and a number of copies of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, *Little Friend*, tracts, etc. We are going to have a regular club of the *INSTRUCTOR* now. Ten missionary letters were written, and eleven missionary visits made. The members also raised money for the mission offering, and to buy clothing for one who was in need.

MARY A. WADSWORTH.

CHITWOOD YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

ABOUT three months ago the young people of this church organized into a working company. We have regular meetings on Sunday evenings, using the outline lessons in the *INSTRUCTOR*.

Our company is in a mountain district in western Oregon; and considering that this is a thinly settled country, the attendance has been good from the outside. Last Sunday evening we

elected officers for the next three months, afterward conducting a Bible study on the second coming of Christ.

Our membership is about fifteen. Our courage is good, and we believe a good work will be done here. When we first undertook this work, the outlook was not promising, but it is growing brighter.

Let other little companies report, as well as the larger ones; and by our speaking "often one to another," we shall all be encouraged in the work of carrying the "advent message to all the world in this generation." FRANK L. CHITWOOD.

CHILDISH THINGS

It is interesting to note to what an extent the heathen nations and weak religious systems cling to ideas that are distinctively characteristic of childhood.

The average street-boy is a modern Esau; his active but disorganized brain responds to no systematic plan or principle; but if twenty-five-cent military caps are put on the heads of several hundred of these boys, and rude wooden guns are placed in their hands, then, like the dry bones in Ezekiel's valley, each falls readily into line; and an organized army is the result, ready to keep perfect step with almost any leader.

One evidence of growth and maturity of the mind is its ability to rally around certain principles instead of requiring a visible representation of them. But as we note the vast number of votaries of badges, class-pins, buttons, and "colors," we are forced to the conclusion that either great rallying truths are becoming scarce in this world, or else there is a growing tendency on the part of the rising generation to cling to childish methods. This tendency is by no means confined to ordinary worldly societies; but is invading the ranks of those who are supposed to be particularly delivered, not only from childish things, but also from worldly ways.

Sometimes a graduating class composed of professed missionaries, will actually consume more time in the weeks prior to commencement day, in trying to determine what shall constitute their class-pin, color, or badge, as the case may be, than they actually expend in earnest prayer and study, or a consideration of their future field, and how they may enter it most successfully. Frequently a corps of Christian young people who have organized themselves for active service, are content to employ more time discussing, and occasionally even in wrangling over, the problem of what shall constitute a constitution and set of by-laws, or over the adoption of some distinctive button, than they spend in studying and absorbing gospel methods sufficiently ever to accomplish anything.

The workers in the early church needed no set of by-laws to regulate their conduct, and no outward sign in order to impress others with the fact "that they had been with Jesus;" and just to the degree that we receive our inspiration to work from similar association, just to that extent shall we attach less and less importance to these outward things.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.—One morning a company of our young people went to a poor house, or shanty, where the father had a broken arm, and the mother was dead. There were four children, the eldest nine years old. We took some food, cleaned the house, sawed wood, and washed the children. We all came away feeling more thankful than ever for all the blessings we enjoyed. I was glad the young people could do such work. Another morning I took five little girls, and we went to a poor portion of the city, and distributed about eighty papers. We all enjoyed it, and the people seemed glad of the visits. We hope to do much of this work in our Young People's Society.

MRS. JESSIE L. ADAMS.



THE TWO DEMONIACS AT GADARA

(Continued.)

STUDY OF THE MIRACLE

Immediately There Met Him a Man out of the Tombs.—Perhaps the reason that but one of the gospel records mentions the two demoniacs, is that either before or after the healing, only one of them acquired any special prominence. This beautiful morning shortly after sunrise, as the disciples of Christ landed, they saw the two men issuing from the tombs; but instead of recognizing in this occurrence an opportunity for the working of a great miracle by their Master, they became frightened. A lesson is to be found here for every Christian worker. We are often in danger of fleeing from the openings of divine Providence, regarding them as dangers, rather than recognizing their possibilities for good. The disciples seemed to forget that he who could still the sea could quiet the tempest of sin.

It was probably the need of these two men that called Christ, through storm and tempest, across the lake. What a remarkable illustration of the value that he places upon the souls held captive by sin! The evening before the working of this remarkable miracle, Christ had shown himself to be Lord of nature, the great Pacifier of its tumults. On this beautiful morning, he is to show himself Master of man, and the Pacifier of storms of vice and passion that rage within.

Man with an Unclean Spirit.—The healing of these demoniacs, perhaps as no other similar miracle performed by the Saviour brings up for consideration the question of demoniacal possession. Undoubtedly the Jews had come to attribute many cases of physical disease to the possession of demons; but notwithstanding this error on their part, it can not be presumed that all cases of demoniacal possession were circumstances of mere physical derangement. No doubt many persons whom to-day we call epileptic, lunatic, and melancholic, would at that time have been considered possessed with a devil.

Cutting Himself with Stones.—These deluded and possessed men had cut themselves with stones. How often we find degraded men and women day after day inflicting further injury on themselves by the use of drugs and in other ways, in the vain hope of thus relieving their condition. The demoniacs, it would seem, still possessed sufficient reasoning power to seek to drive the demon out of themselves.

The tombs, or ancient burial-places, were often large excavations supported by columns, sometimes being hewn out of a rock, and were seldom visited. Thus they proved a suitable place for the abode of men who sought to avoid the association of their fellows.

He Ran and Worshiped Him.—These poor men, notwithstanding their terrible condition of mind and body, could see something in Jesus that even his disciples failed to recognize. They ran to him, and worshiped him. They may have been insane; but their insanity was not such as to render them unable to recognize Christ. They besought Christ that he torment them not. It is a foolish notion, entertained by many a sin-burdened soul, that Christ comes to torment; that the life of the Christian is one of discouragement and despair; and yet Satan has gained such control over the human mind that he is able to lead many men and women thus to look upon the Saviour of the world. W. S. SADLER.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

—A WARM DAY IN WINTER—

The Southland has turned her fair visage this way,
And blown her warm breath for our pleasure to-day;
The air is all misty and moisty and sweet,—
Too cool to burn faces, too warm to nip feet.

The snow disappears where the leaves rustled brown;
A gray cloud dips softly and scatters more down;
While snow-water pools by the wayside appear,
And icicles, fading, drop tear after tear.

The sparrows are chirping loud under the sill,
The snowbirds all twitter with happy good will;
We dream that the robin is near with his song,
And fancy he's bringing the springtime along.

Winds blow that seem laden with promises kind
Of May-bloom beyond, days of frost far behind;
While at their soft touch a numb violet starts,
And sap slightly stirs in a thousand green hearts.

Each moment the children enjoy the mild day,
Forgetting the sting of the frost in their play,
And then, like the flowers, tucked snugly in bed,
They dream of the springtime that seems just ahead.

But, lo! ere a hint of the dawning of day,
A blast from the north drives the southwind away;
A moan in the gables, a drift at the door,
And swift in a blizzard comes winter once more.
MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

FUNNY BROWN BABIES

THE Japanese baby is a funny, brown creature, with snapping black eyes, and a full crop of stiff, black hair. That is, he would have a full crop if his mother did not shave his head, sometimes as bare as a croquet-ball, but oftener into all sorts of fancy patterns. A favorite fashion is to leave two little tufts at the sides, and a larger one about the size of a saucer on the top of his head.

He is seldom carried in his mother's arms, as an English baby is; but as soon as he is two or three months old, he begins his travels in the world "picka-back," on the shoulders of an elder brother or sister.

Japanese children, as well as the grown people, all wear a loose garment called a "kimono," open in front, with wide sleeves, very much like a dressing-gown, which, as it has no buttons, is tied on by means of a long sash wound several times around the waist.

The kimono is so loose that the baby can be tucked inside, and tied on with the sash; and thus he is carried around, peeping curiously with his bright black eyes over his sister's shoulder at the great new world. Asleep, his poor little shaven head bobs helplessly around, and the glare of the sun beats on his upturned face.

His little body is entirely covered with the kimono; and the children, when they are carrying their small brothers and sisters, look as if they were two-headed. But they play tag and ball and prisoner's base, and fly kites, just the same, whether they carry the baby or not.

And he seems to enjoy it, too, for he hardly ever cries; but when the game is especially lively,

he will laugh and crow as if he understood it all. As soon as he is able to walk, he takes his turn in bringing up the baby next younger than himself. So you see that being a child in Japan is much like an everlasting game of leap-frog, for while the baby at first can ride on the backs of the elder children, as soon as he lands on his own feet, he must take his turn as baby-tender, and lend his shoulders to the one next in line.—*Selected.*

HOW ROY MADE MAMA HAPPY

I WONDER how many would like to hear a real, true story. Of course you all would; so I will tell you one about a little boy I know.

One rainy morning not many weeks ago, as the little boy's mother was sweeping, a team was heard on the driveway, and pretty soon a man came in with two bushels of peaches—"from grandma," he said.

That meant that the morning must be spent in canning the fruit; so as soon as mama was through sweeping, she began peeling peaches.

Pretty soon Roy—for that was the little boy's name—said, "Now, mama, my work is all finished. May I help you peel the peaches?"

Of course mama was very glad of help. She

sent the peaches this morning, and we must not let these spoil. They must be attended to."

"Now! this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"But I want to go to Mrs. Austin's. Can't papa can the peaches this evening?"

"Yes, he could; but I wouldn't want to go visiting, and leave them for papa to do after he has worked hard all day."

"Couldn't you do them after you came home? I could stay up and help you."

"No; I think you would better go to bed at your regular time. Mama can not go to Mrs. Austin's to-day."

"Mama, I want to go to-day!" The little boy's foot came down decidedly. Mama was surprised; for it was an unusual thing for her little boy to tease. He generally said, "All right, mama." This time he didn't. Mama thought for a minute, and then said, "Well, you may go. Tell Mrs. Austin that mama wanted to come, but could not. Good by, dear. I hope you will have a pleasant time."

Then mama went to work. She wondered if her little boy would be lonely; for it was quite a long way to Mrs. Austin's, and this was the first time he had ever gone without her. They always played together, read together, and visited together.

Pretty soon she heard foot-steps, and looking up, saw Roy. He was taking off his coat.

"Why, Roy, aren't you going to Mrs. Austin's?"

"No, mama; I can't leave you all alone. What shall I do this afternoon? Shall I help you?"

"You may do just as you like, Roy. You worked so long this morning I think you ought to play now. I am sorry our little visit was spoiled; but if you will bring your play-things out here, mama will play with you the best she can while she works."

"It almost seems like I ought not to play and let you work. Tell me just what to do."

"You must settle the question for yourself, Roy. If you can not decide, I think Jesus will help you, if you ask him."

Then Roy went upstairs. Not many minutes had passed before mama heard some one come softly down the stairs, and tiptoe around in the dining-room. Knowing who it was, she began to guess what Roy had brought down to play with. Was it his cars, his top, his ball, his blocks?—No. So she gave up guessing, and waited to see.

All at once some one said, "Mama!" She looked around, and what do you think she saw?—Why, there stood Roy, with his apron on, and a pan and a knife in his hand.

Seeing the surprised look on mama's face, he began to dance around, saying, "I've come to help you, mama; I've come to help you."

Then he sat down and went to work, and such a happy afternoon as he and mama had. They sang, they said the commandments, they repeated psalms; then Roy played he was the teacher, and heard mama's Sabbath-school lesson.

After that mama asked him if he did ask Jesus if he should help her.



JAPANESE CHILDREN

cut the fruit in halves, and Roy would peel it quickly and carefully; he was pleased to be called "mama's little helper."

They worked steadily, and by eleven o'clock the last peach was peeled, and Roy ran out to play.

Papa did not come home to dinner that day; so mama and Roy ate alone. After the work was done up, mama asked him if he would like to go to see Mrs. Austin, who was an invalid.

Indeed he would; for he and Mrs. Austin were great friends. So they put on their rainy-day suits and started. How it did rain! But Roy enjoyed that, and said, "O mama! isn't this fun?" Just as he spoke, a team turned in at the gate, and they had to go back to the house. Papa had sent home two bushels of peaches! Mama knew that that meant no visiting for her that afternoon.

As she took off her rubbers, the little boy, with a look of surprise on his face, said, "Why, mama! what are you going to do?"

"I am going to can peaches."

"But you are too tired, mama; besides papa wants you to be outdoors all you can."

"Yes, but papa did not know that grandma

He said, "Yes, mama, I did. And when I got up from my knees, I just *had* to come and help you. I am so glad I did. And, mama, I am sorry that I was so naughty about going to Mrs. Austin's."

Do you not think that Roy gained a victory? — I do. If he had cried and whined all the afternoon, how miserable he would have been. Instead of being a bother, he was a real help. Best of all, he made mama happy, and was happy himself. M. C. W.

PETER'S STRANGE DINNER

HAVE you read about Peter's queer dinner? Never such an one had he seen before. It was served, not in a comfortable dining-room, but on a house-top; and not on a table at all, but in a great sheet, caught up at the corners, and let down from the skies. It seemed to be a "meat dinner," made up of such things as toads and crickets, snails and eels, creeping things and leaping things, calves and cats and dogs and chickens, wild beasts of the forest, and birds of all sorts. Peter's dinner was not cooked, but "all alive," and hopping, flying, growling, snarling, and acting, I suppose, as such creatures naturally would act when tumbled up together.

Now Peter was hungry. It was dinner-time. Here was something to eat, and a mysterious Voice called upon him to arise and help himself. But, as hungry as he was, Peter could not make up his mind even to take a taste. How could he? Many of the squirming things in that sheet the Jews despised, and were positively forbidden by their laws to touch. In fact, law or no law, it did not increase Peter's appetite to look at them. Again the Voice invited him to arise and eat. Peter objected, and said that he had always been a law-abiding Israelite, and had never eaten anything that was common or unclean. But the Voice again bade him "Eat," and said, "What God hath cleansed that call not thou *common*." And then up went the great sheet into the sky, and Peter's strange dinner was gone.

I will tell you more about that dinner by and by, but first let us visit the very place where Peter saw it. It was in Joppa, one of the oldest cities in the world, on the Mediterranean Sea, about thirty-nine miles northwest from Jerusalem. We can not sail right up to the town, as the Romans could two thousand years ago. Since then the little harbor has been nearly filled up with sand brought all the way from the River Nile in Egypt by the hidden currents of the Mediterranean Sea. So our steamer tosses outside a dark half-circle of rocks, that shut in the harbor from the sea, and shut out our ship from Joppa.

But boats are coming out for us from the town. They dart between the rocks, and out into the open sea, filled with a hundred shouting Arabs. The men climb over our vessel's sides. They snatch our satchels from our hands, and go to fighting for them, until we have to take a hand in the battle ourselves. To our surprise, we ourselves are snatched up and held over the water, until suddenly we are dropped, and down we go. Strong arms of the boatmen receive us, and off we start for Joppa,—yes, the very town from which Jonah once set out on a sea voyage to Spain, to run away from the Lord. Now we are close to its single-storied white stone houses coming down to the water's edge. They have flat roofs, and, as they are built on a steep hillside, these roofs serve as a terrace for the people who live in the next row of houses above to walk on. The boat runs aground. A boatman takes hold of us, lifts us high and dry, jumps into the water, and wades with us to land, and we are in Joppa.

Here are long bazaars and narrow streets, shaded overhead with cloth or matting, with little shops on either side. There are shoemakers,

cutting out yellow morocco slippers, or red leather boots. Here are tailors marking out graceful patterns for gold embroidery. In another part are the silks of Aleppo and Damascus, with veils from Constantinople, and English cottons from Manchester. The shopkeepers are gravely smoking and reclining at ease among their gay wares. We see few ladies here. Men and boys mostly do the shopping in this country. Neither do we see coaches nor cabs, nor horse-cars, nor trains, nor anything else on wheels; but there are little donkeys with big, lazy men upon them, which like to rub up against you and knock you over. There are also great hump-backed camels, and mules, and horses, to ride upon.

Now let us go outside the city gates. It is a market day in April. Here we find a crowd of busy townfolk, country people, and foreign pilgrims, mixed up with camels and horses and braying donkeys. You thought Joppa was very beautiful from the sea, and so it was. But it is not altogether pleasant close at hand. This crowd is boisterous, quarrelsome, ragged, and filthy. Many are blind, or have sore eyes, and all are so ragged and dirty that we think of Dorcas. Do you not remember Dorcas? She was a Joppa lady, and made coats and garments for the poor; and when she died, they were very sad. Peter was at Lydda near Joppa. They sent for him, and Dorcas was brought back to life. One can not help wishing, as he sees these beggars, that she might rise again from the dead; for a dozen Dorcases, yes, whole societies of them, seem to be needed by many of the ragged Joppa people this very minute.

But let us go into the Joppa gardens, where they raise the finest oranges in Syria. In March and April these gardens are enchanting. The air is loaded with the perfume of oranges, lemons, apples, apricots, plum, and china-trees. Here the wealthier people sit down on mats under the palm-trees, sip coffee, smoke, sing, talk, or sleep until evening, when they go back to their homes in the city. Instead of fences and stone walls between these gardens there are tall hedges of prickly giant cactus plants, higher than a man, or two or three men, and covered with flowers and beautiful vines and creepers.

Originally, Joppa was a Phenician colony. When the Israelites took Canaan, Joppa was given to the tribe of Dan. Joshua 19:46. Under Solomon, about a thousand years before Christ, it became the port of Jerusalem, where ships were loaded, and to which they came with the precious things of all nations, to sell to the people who lived in the City of the Great King. When Solomon wanted to build his Temple, Hiram, the king of Tyre, sent his own men far up on the sides of Mount Lebanon, in the north, to chop down the great cedar-trees, and drag them to the rivers, and float them to the seaside. There they were made into rafts, and men in boats pulled them along the coast down to this very town, where hundreds of men dragged them out of the water, and carried them over the hills to Jerusalem, to build the splendid temple.

Joppa is in what is now called "Asiatic Turkey," in the "Province of Syria," and is also known as *Jaffa*, or *Yâfa*. During the crusades, it was a landing-place of the so-called "Christian armies," who went to butcher the Turks under the pretense of worshiping God in Jerusalem.

Here by the seaside they show you the place where they suppose stood the house of Simon the tanner,—the place in which Peter was stopping when he saw that dinner let down so strangely to him from the sky. And about that dinner,—what do you suppose it meant? Those were the days when one nation called all other nations barbarians. Until Christ came, men knew little and thought little of God as the Father of all men, and of all men as brethren to each other. Christ came to put away these divisions, to teach

men to be brotherly to one another, and to love the one Father who is over all. The Jews were remarkably strict in these matters. They would not even eat food cooked in a dish that had been used by a Gentile. Many animals which the Gentiles ate, the Jews were forbidden to touch, so as to keep them quite separate from other people. Peter, although he had begun to serve Christ, had not yet come to understand the full meaning of Christ's gospel to dying men. Up to this time he had preached to Jews only. Now God wished to show him that the gospel was intended for all the world, and not for one little nation only. So he sent this vision to Peter one day when he was hungrily waiting for his dinner upon the house-top of Simon the tanner, by the seaside in Joppa. In the great sheet were the very animals Jews were not to eat, but which Gentiles did eat.

But that great sheet was not let down to show Peter what he himself must *eat*, for he was not required to eat unhealthy food, but to show him that wherever there was an opportunity to preach Christ, it was right to go there and preach. And while Peter was thinking over his dream, and wondering what it meant, there came a messenger from a Roman officer in Caesarea, calling for Peter, to tell him and his family of the way of life.

If Peter had not seen the vision of the strange dinner, he would not have gone; but now he was ready to go. The Roman officer heard the glad news of salvation, believed, and was baptized. From that day Christianity began to be carried to all the nations of the earth; and men like Paul preached that there was neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, but that all were one in Christ Jesus.

There are doubtless many places in the world more beautiful than Joppa, and many that are larger and grander; but Joppa is one of the most interesting of them all, because here was spread Peter's dinner,—a feast of deeper meaning than all the banquets ever given by the mightiest kings of earth.—*John K. Hastings.*



PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS

(February 15)

MEMORY VERSE: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 21: 23-32.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 272-283.

23. And when he was come into the temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto him as he was teaching, and said, By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority?

24. And Jesus answered and said unto them, I also will ask you one thing, which if ye tell me, I in like wise will tell you by what authority I do these things.

25. The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven, or of men? And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, From heaven; he will say unto us, Why did ye not then believe him?

26. But if we shall say, Of men; we fear the people; for all hold John as a prophet.

27. And they answered Jesus, and said, We can not tell. And he said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.

28. But what think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.

29. He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented, and went.

30. And he came to the second, and said like-

wise. And he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not.

31. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.

32. For John came unto you in the way of righteousness, and ye believed him not; but the publicans and the harlots believed him: and ye, when ye had seen it, repented not afterward, that ye might believe him.

Synopsis

It was Tuesday morning of the last week of Christ's life upon earth. The Saviour was teaching in the temple. The day before he had driven out the money-changers, and them that bought and sold; now, as he was feeding the people the word of life, the chief priests and elders came up with great pomp and show, and said, "By what authority doest thou these things?" that is, who gave you the right to cast out the money-changers, upset our arrangements, and come in here and teach? "The baptism of John," said Jesus, "whence was it? from heaven, or of men?" The elders would not say; they lied,— "We can not tell." But Jesus told, and thereby gave the reason why they *could* not enter the kingdom of heaven.

Questions

1. In what place was the Saviour teaching at this time?
2. Who came to him questioning his authority?
3. How did he reply?
4. What question did Christ then put to them?
5. What is the true answer? Why would they not give it?
6. Why would they not say "of men"?
7. What *did* they finally say?
8. What answer did Christ then give them? (These chief priests told a lie,—they refused to tell the truth when they knew what it was. Notice now how the Saviour's parable so completely absorbs their attention that they not only give a true answer to his question, but they also condemn themselves in so doing.)
9. What did a certain man ask one of his sons to do?
10. What did the son say? What did he afterward *do*?
11. Who else was given the same opportunity?
12. How did he treat it?
13. Which one of these sons did the will of his father?
14. What answer did the *chief priests* make to this question?
15. Who therefore would go into the kingdom of God before them?
16. Why could the chief priests and elders not go?
17. Just a few minutes before, what had these men done in order to prevent Christ from saying these very words?

Questions from the Lesson Help

1. Christ does not say to any man, What say ye more than others? but, "What do ye more than others?" Full of meaning are his words, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Words are of no value unless they are accompanied with appropriate deeds. This is the lesson taught in the parable of the two sons.
2. "We can not tell." This answer was a falsehood. But the priests saw the position they were in, and falsified in order to screen themselves. . . . Remembering how John had repeated the prophecies concerning the Messiah, remembering the scene at the baptism of Jesus, the priests and rulers dared not say that John's baptism was from heaven. If they acknowledged John to be a prophet, as they believed him to be, how could

they deny his testimony that Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God? And they could not say that John's baptism was of men, because of the people, who believed John to be a prophet. So they said, "We can not tell."

3. In the company before Christ there were scribes and Pharisees, priests and rulers, and after giving the parable of the two sons, Christ addressed to his hearers the question, "Whether of them twain did the will of his father?" Forgetting themselves, the Pharisees answered, "The first." This they said without realizing that they were pronouncing sentence against themselves. Then there fell from Christ's lips the denunciation, "Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you. For John came unto you in the way of righteousness, and ye believed him not; but the publicans and the harlots believed him: and ye, when ye had seen it, repented not afterward, that ye might believe him."



IRMA, WIS.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: We live five miles from any post-office, in a log house. Up under the eaves is an auger hole, bored into a log, and a pair of wrens made a nest in it. Soon afterward another pair wanted to build in the same place, so mama made a little bird-house, and papa nailed it up. It was not half an hour before the happy birds were making a nest in it.

BION-WHITEHOUSE (aged 7 years).

ST. CLAIR, NEV.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: I read the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. Three or four years ago, a swarm of bees got into the attic of our house. They increased so fast that last summer ten swarms came out. They became quite a nuisance, even getting into the bedrooms. Last fall papa and Brother F. took one hundred pounds of honey from between two walls. They left the boards down, and at the coming of cold weather, the bees all perished.

MADGE CUSHMAN (aged 11 years).

PADANG, SUMATRA.

DEAR EDITOR: I am sending you the handwriting of a little Chinese schoolboy. He is twelve years old, and supports a family of six persons by selling Chinese cakes, which he puts on a round tray, and carries on his head. If he is sick, his mother has to pawn her gold hairpins to get money, and she comes to our house and begs us to give him water-treatments. He is in the third grade in English, and always gets his lessons. We are surrounded with cocoanut trees, and from our back veranda we have a beautiful view of the mountains. The girls all speak Dutch here, and I am learning to speak it a little, too.

MIRIAM MUNSON (age 13 years).

BALDWIN, MICH.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: I thought perhaps you would like to hear about a pet I once had. One day in spring, when we were driving in the country, we heard a fluttering in the bushes near the road, and saw a mourning-dove. As it did not seem to fly, papa got out of the buggy to see if it was hurt. We found that it had only one wing. It looked as if the other wing had been shot off, and the wound had healed, leaving no feathers. When it was frightened, it would try to fly, and so bruise its side. At first we kept it in a large wooden cage; but in the summer we nearly always put it in a chicken park in the daytime. One day we were all gone away from home; and when we returned in the evening, the

dove was gone. We never knew what became of our pet.

ETHEL VOORHEES.

DACCA, BENGAL, INDIA,

Dec. 14, 1901.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I like the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much, especially the articles on natural history, in which I am greatly interested. I am a member of the Agassiz Association, which is devoted to natural science.

There is no church building in Calcutta. The services are held in a large room, which was formerly the billiard-room of the Anglo-Indian Club. The meeting on Sabbath morning is divided into small classes, both of children and grown people. The smaller children receive *Our Little Friend*, and the older ones the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, at the door when the meeting is over. We study our lessons from them, and read them Sabbath afternoons.

On Sabbath evening, testimony and prayer-meetings are held. Dr. Ingersoll gives a health lecture on the evening of the first Sabbath of the month. Lectures are given on Sunday evenings. Bible study is given Friday evenings. When we lived in Calcutta, I went to Sabbath class without missing any. Once a quarter the church-members take the Lord's Supper. We also have Dorcas meetings once a week. There are families scattered here and there who are Seventh-day Adventists. These all help in spreading the truth everywhere.

Canvassers go all over India, the Straits Settlements, etc., selling our publications, and getting subscribers for *The Oriental Watchman*. The health foods are also sold by them. The children at the Karmatar orphanage are taught to wash clothes, cook, and do other household work, besides farming and the ordinary school lessons.

We have a missionary society to write letters and give away the *Oriental Watchman*. Tracts are given away also. I am nine years old. I do not go to school. My mother teaches me. I give away tracts and papers. I have also sold things for our tract society.

Your little friend,

JOHN S. BELCHAMBERS.

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. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	7.30 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 3, 5, and 7, daily.	

EAST-BOUND.

No. 10, Mail and Express, East and Detroit.....	3.45 P. M.
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No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.22 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit.....	2.10 A. M.
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Nos. 10 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
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W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
BATTLE CREEK.



PUBLISHED BY THE
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY
 BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$.75
SIX MONTHS	.40
THREE MONTHS	.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25

CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$.55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

Entered at the post office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter.

It is one thing to have an opinion — and another thing to be opinionated.

OUR "Bible Astronomy" article came too late this week for publication in this number. We hope to keep the series unbroken hereafter.

THE days of youth are "sowing days," — and sowing days are always followed by a harvest. Remember, in choosing your seed, that the sower not only reaps *what* he sows, but *more* than he sows.

LET us pray not alone for daily food, but for daily thoughts. What one thinks, that, sooner or later, he is. Pray, therefore, that the thoughts that come to you in your unguarded moments may be Heaven-sent: so shall they guard the citadel of the soul.

"WHERE will you spend eternity?" The question is not an impertinent one, but rather of dreadful solemnity. No one can answer it for you, nor can you answer it for another. It must be decided and answered by each for himself. How will *you* answer it?

It is related of Leonardo da Vinci that when he had finished his great painting, "The Last Supper," a friend, coming in to examine it, so admired the painted goblet on the table that he had eyes for nothing else. "How wonderful it is!" he exclaimed; "it stands out like solid silver." Whereupon the artist seized his brush, and in a stroke painted the goblet out, with the words, "Nothing shall draw men's eyes away from my Lord." That is the spirit that should actuate all Christian service. Not what we may do or say, not our success nor wisdom, not our plans nor methods; but only Christ is to be held up before the world. And if he is so exalted by the lives of his children, — so held up in his matchless love for the world, — he will draw all men to himself.

THE new Correspondence-Study Department opened in connection with the Missionary College at Berrien Springs has issued a Hand-Book of general information of interest to all who are thinking of taking up work in this department. In it are set forth the purpose of the department, to whom it is adapted, its advantages, the general plan on which the work is carried forward, how to enter, methods of instruction, etc. The system of marking, credits, books, expenses, etc., are also carefully explained; and the subjects offered are plainly set forth.

We hope that many of our young people who do not have the privilege of attending one of our schools will avail themselves of the privileges offered by this school, and thus prepare for something better.

A copy of the Hand-Book will be sent free to all who desire it. Address Correspondence-Study Department, Berrien Springs, Mich.

A NEAT little giftbook comes to our table from South Lancaster, Mass. It is entitled "Gems of Thought," and is a collection of choice quotations gathered from a wide range of the best literature. Neatly printed, and with attractive embossed cover. Sent prepaid, in a neat box, for twenty-five cents each; six for one dollar. Address Henry B. Damon, South Lancaster, Mass.

THE February number of the *Life Boat* will be especially devoted to answering the question, "What Can Be Done to Save the Children of Our Large Cities?" These places are nurseries for vice and crime, and some one must do something to counteract their downward tendency.

In this number the leading articles are: "What Must Be Done for the Street Waif," by Dr. Kellogg; J. P. Atkinson, director of the Boys' Club movement in Chicago, describes that work in an instructive way; Dr. Paulson outlines definitely some of the precautions that must be taken if children are to be saved from a drunkard's career.

The number is profusely illustrated. Twenty-five cents expended in a year's subscription to the *Life Boat* is an investment that no one is likely to regret.

Address the *Life Boat*, 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

OUR PREMIUM BIBLE

Still continues to please. "I received the Bible January 2," writes a friend from New York, "and am well pleased with it. I think it is well worth the time I spent earning it." Another, in Portland, Ore., says: "Please accept my heartiest thanks for the beautiful premium Bible. I am perfectly delighted with it."



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

A GERMAN MEASURE.—In a recent edict Emperor William required the Poles in Germany to use the German language in their schools, their church services, and on the streets. Naturally the subject people resent this curtailing of their rights, realizing that their language is about the last thing left them. Much sympathy is expressed for them.

A FRENCH SCHOOL IN CHICAGO.—A French millionaire, M. Lebaudy, has recently given one million dollars to found a French industrial college in connection with the University of Chicago. Every year two hundred graduates from French colleges will come to this new school to complete their education by a practical study of American business methods.

THE UNITED STATES REPRESENTATION AT THE CORONATION.—Whitelaw Reid, General James H. Wilson, and Captain Charles E. Clark have been appointed to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward next June. Mr. Reid has served as ambassador to France, and also acted as special ambassador at the time of the jubilee of Queen Victoria. General Wilson served in the Civil War; and Captain Clark won distinction by bringing the "Oregon" around Cape Horn in time to be of service in the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the late war with Spain.

PRINCE HENRY'S VISIT.—Since the announcement that the Emperor of Germany would send his brother, Prince Henry, of Prussia, to be present at the christening of the new imperial yacht, now building on Staten Island, preparations have gone forward to give him a royal reception. Through the German ambassador, and also through our representative at Berlin, the president has received an invitation for his daughter, Miss Alice, to christen the yacht; and this invitation, with the visit of Prince Henry, are interpreted as indicating a friendly feeling on the part of Germany toward this country.

CUBA'S FIRST PRESIDENT.—Thomas Estrada Palma, who was elected to the presidency of Cuba on December 31, has lived for seventeen years in Central Valley, N. Y. As the son of a rich Cuban planter, he was educated for the bar; but became involved in one of Cuba's wars, was captured, and sent to Spain in 1876. After his liberation he came to this country. In 1885 he founded a school for Spanish-American boys and girls, he and his wife keeping the school open till the beginning of the late war. During all these years he has lived in a simple way; but he has kept in close touch with the needs of his country, and his selection as its first president is looked upon as a fortunate one.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN HAVANA.—A gigantic contract for sewerage and paving the entire city of Havana has recently been let to an American firm. The consideration is to be ten million six hundred and forty-nine thousand dollars; and the contractors have deposited a bond for five hundred thousand dollars. The terms of the contract provide that the work shall be finished within four years, and that it is to be begun within thirty days after the contractors receive notice to begin. If such notification is not received within sixty days from the date of depositing the bond, the city is to pay three per cent on it. There is some delay, owing to the fact that the city has not devised means to raise the necessary money to carry on the work.

A NEW STATE.—The suggestion that Oklahoma and Indian Territories be united under the name of "Jefferson," is meeting with some favor. The *Atlanta Constitution* thinks that the name of this statesman, next to that of Washington, "deserves to be thus visibly, audibly, and permanently associated with the Union," and says: "The approaching celebration of the centenary of the Louisiana purchase by Jefferson, makes opportune the creation of a new State bearing his historic name; and as the territories occupied by Oklahoma and the Indian five tribes are a part of that purchase, and now have quite sufficient population and resources to make Statehood for them desirable and practicable, Congress might very properly grant the necessary enabling legislation to that end."

STRAWBERRY LEAVES AND SILVER BALLS.—The *Round World* thus rather humorously describes the new coronets which are a-making for the coming coronation: "The differences of rank, as indicated by the headgear, are a matter of strawberry leaves and silver balls. The ducal privileges are indicated by eight strawberry leaves on the coronet; a marquis is designated by six strawberry leaves; an earl has the same number of leaves to his credit, and besides may boast of eight silver balls in his highly ornamented cap. The leaves ran out before the viscount was reached, but he was given eighteen silver knobs on the rim of his crown. This act of generosity evidently broke the treasury; for of strawberry leaves and silver knobs the baron got none. His is a simple crown, but its brilliant red color outshines the more bedecked coronets."