

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### WINTER

THE Spring is crowned with buds and blooms;  
Warm Summer wears her sheaves;  
And Autumn has a chaplet gay,  
Of red and yellow leaves;  
But Winter hangs his jeweled crown  
Along the burdened eaves.

Spring fills her brooks with piping frogs;  
Summer has reapers' song;  
Autumn has shrilling katydids;  
But, hark! ding-dong, ding-dong!  
Old Winter shakes his music out  
The streets and lanes along.

And not the birds of warmer climes  
Spring scatters o'er the land,  
Are dear as Winter's chickadees  
And doves, a friendly band  
About my feet, that, trustful, take  
Their portion from my hand.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

### HOW THE LORD SEES

"THE Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." When Samuel, the prophet and messenger of God, went to the house of Jesse to choose a king for Israel, he was impressed with the noble bearing of the eldest sons. But one by one they were set aside by the unerring Spirit of God. Samuel was perplexed. The Lord had sent him to this house, and yet refused to accept any of the sons whom he proposed to anoint. Yet there remained one more, a lad keeping the sheep. What the rest were doing no one knows. They were doubtless "young gentlemen" according to the modern sense of the phrase. They lived on their father, rode fine horses, wore good clothes, played games, and lived to please and amuse themselves. Perhaps they carried canes, and parted their hair in the middle. They were perfumed, and combed, and cultured. Fine kings they would make, no doubt; but the Lord said, No. What had they ever done for humanity? The only thing recorded of them is their abuse of David.

But who was David? What had he done?—Well, he was useful. To be useful is one of the highest objects in life. To be ornamental is all right, if usefulness precedes it. David "was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to;" but before and far above this he was of some use. He minded the sheep. His training as a shepherd prepared him to lead and care for the people. While tending sheep, he learned music and poetry, and in every way improved his mind. He was gentle and loving as the lambs of his flock. When one was sought

to soothe the troubled spirit of Saul, David was chosen. At the sound of his harp the evil spirit fled.

David was not an effeminate, flabby youth, who could do nothing but play a banjo or guitar. He was said to be "a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in speech, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him." A lion and a bear came to destroy his flock. David did not climb a tree, or run shrieking for help; he defended his flock. He says, "I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him."

His three eldest brothers enlisted, and went

God saw in the heart of the youth all these possibilities and more, because David was bound to be of some use. He was content to work while others loitered. He was willing to watch the sheep while others frequented places of amusement. He was a boy who could help his mother, or comfort a sick child. He employed his time to the best advantage by improving his mind and developing his body. He did not run away from danger, or shirk duty. And when his engagement at the palace of Saul was over, he did not play the part of a heroic dude, but went back to the sheep till God called him to other duties. These are some of the things that made him a man after God's heart.

G. C. TENNEY.



CHICKADEES AND DOVES, A FRIENDLY BAND

to war. They wore fine uniforms, and carried furbished arms. But, like their comrades, they cowered before the gigantic Philistine who, morning and evening, defied the armies of Israel. What good were they? Face to face with real difficulty, they amounted to nothing. But when David came upon the scene, his spirit was aroused. The zeal of God inspired his heart and nerved his arm. Saul's armor was only an impediment to such a spirit. In the strength of God, whose armies were being defied, whose name was being reproached, whose honor was trailing in the dust, he went forth in his simple preparation, a sling and five smooth stones.

### THE MEASURE OF OUR ABILITY

It is natural for men to look on great armies as the embodiment of strength, and on men whom nature has richly endowed as men of ability. Even Christians go through life thus, deaf and blind to the great truth that "the Lord seeth not as man seeth." I suppose there is no one cause of discouragement equal to this spiritual blindness. They look on themselves as the world looks on them, and say, when the call comes to work for God, "O, I can't do that; I haven't the ability." Then comes into effect that great law concerning man, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he;" and constantly its force works to weaken.

In view of this evil thing, so common with his people, God has given us lesson after lesson, all designed to teach that our strength lies not in any outward show of might or power, but in his Spirit. One of these lessons is found in the life of David.

It was in those days when Saul had departed from the Lord, that a great darkness and unbelief rested on the people, and God in loving-kindness sent the Philistines up to waken them. Israel sent out the best army they could gather together to repel the invaders; but fear arose in their hearts, and day

after day they shrank from the contest.

But one morning a shepherd boy hastened into the ranks to speak with his brothers. As he stood talking with them, there came out of the army of the enemy a giant, who shouted in a loud voice, "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together." But the men of Israel were terrified before this great man, and the shepherd lad saw with astonishment that they fell back before the enemy. O, what a black chapter in the sad history of God's chosen people, that in all that army there should not be one man with faith enough to go out and conquer in the name of his God!

So the Lord must send out into the wilderness, and call an untrained shepherd boy from tending the sheep, to show the world that there was still a God in Israel! Was it because David had greater strength, or more skill in war, that God called him?—No, indeed; for Saul said to him, "Thou art *not able to go* against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth." But David, knowing wherein his strength lay, answered, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." You know the story.

And now let us ask ourselves how it shall be with us? When men say, and our trembling hearts declare, "Thou art not able to go," shall we listen to them? or shall we act on the words of Christ, when he said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. *Go ye therefore*?"

EDISON DRIVER.



#### THE SURE PATH

OF all the paths, what path is best  
However long the way may be?  
What path is sure, or east or west,  
For you or me?

Is it the one 'mid flowers begun  
And ended so, we find the best?  
Or that whereon a cloudless sun  
Shines oftenest?

No; 'tis the path whereon we find  
The hard-won battles every day;  
Where busy duties are assigned  
To show the way;

Whose skies, perhaps, are overcast;  
Whose waysides wither in a night;  
But through whose driving mists at last  
Shines out the light.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

#### WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

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

"And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Christ pointed him to the commandments, and the young man answered, "All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?"

"Then Jesus beholding him, loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me."

"But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions." He chose his riches instead of Jesus. He wanted eternal life, but he would not receive into the soul that unselfish love which

alone is life. With a sorrowful heart he turned away from Christ.

As the young man turned away, Jesus said to his disciples, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" These words astonished the disciples. They had been taught to look upon the rich as the favorites of heaven: worldly power and riches they themselves hoped to receive in the Messiah's kingdom; and now if the rich were to fail of entering the kingdom, what hope could there be for them?

"Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. And they were astonished out of measure, saying among themselves, Who then can be saved? And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible."

My dear young friends, God knows what your besetting sin is just as surely as he knew the ruler's. His word to him is a message to you. You must decide between Christ and the world. If you choose Christ, you must deny self, take up the cross, and follow him. The Saviour says to you: Withdraw your love from earthly treasure. Follow me, and you shall have treasure in heaven,—a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Christ does not ask his children to follow where he has not led the way. He was rich, but for our sake he became poor. He left the heavenly courts, and came to this earth to share the poverty of the poor and the toil of the laborer. He said of himself, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

God is testing and proving his children to see if he can trust them with eternal riches. Are you living for him? Have you placed all you have at his disposal? Are you day by day revealing the unselfishness of the Redeemer? Life is uncertain. One may count on years of worldly pleasure, but accident or disease may suddenly cut him off. Are you ready for death?

God asks you: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### GIVING AND RECEIVING

"FRED likes you very much, doesn't he, Charlie?" said Aunt Fannie to her four-year-old nephew, whose playmate had just bidden him a smiling good-by at the door.

"He'd better like me!" answered the little fellow, squaring his small, sturdy shoulders. "I gave him two doughnuts this morning!"

We all laughed at the frank avowal; but, sitting with my work, I began to wonder how much Charlie's childish philosophy differed from that of many older and wiser people.

To count self entirely out of the sum of kindnesses done to others is one of the hardest tests of human nature. And yet, as Balzac puts the question, "What heart that has sown good to reap gratitude, can think itself great?" Gratitude must be a voluntary offering, not an exacted tribute. Its perfume should be like that of the blossoming rose-garden, not of the flower crushed and dying in a too eager hand.

"I will give to him who will serve me," is the voice of selfishness. "I will minister to him who has need of me," answers the spirit of true generosity. Love must know no measure but that of necessity. The children of the Highest, like him, are kind even to the unthankful and the evil.

Yet, so benignant are the divine compensations, that the rewards which elude conscious pursuit are gained by those who never sought them. Their bread returns from the waters; their full measure is rendered into their own bosoms. Their very names "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

And for the world beyond—there is no good deed accomplished here so quietly that the left hand knew not the secret of the right, but is stored up in the infinite treasure-house. Eternity will hold many surprises, but none more marvelous than that which awaits the "poor in spirit," who shall find themselves heirs of the "kingdom of heaven."—*Young Peoples' Weekly*.

#### AFTER HOURS

It was almost five o'clock in the afternoon. The office typewriters were clicking away under the rapid fingers of the operators. Only a few minutes more, and business would cease for the day. Five o'clock sounded, and all through the building one could hear the noise of hurrying feet, as men and women hastened homeward.

Down the brass-covered stairs from another department came one of the chief officials of the company, taking two steps at a time, and hurrying into the correspondence room with a rush.

"Is there a stenographer here who will help me a few minutes?" he asked, in a low tone, as he leaned nervously over the manager's desk. "I have some letters of importance to get off to-night, and my own secretary is rushed with work."

"Yes," answered the manager; "I think Miss Davis will be willing to stay." The manager stepped quietly over to where Miss Davis was arranging her machine and table for closing, and in a minute returned. "She will be glad to stay," said he.

Miss Davis laid aside her hat and gloves, took out her notebook and waited. You would have said that she seemed to prefer to wait, as she watched the busy official run up-stairs to secure the needed facts for his letters.

The office clock ticked steadily on. Miss Davis made no sign of haste. She sat quietly near her desk, arranging a bit of work for the next day. It would have been easy to show impatience in one slight way or another, but she showed nothing of the sort.

After some fifteen minutes had passed, the official for whom Miss Davis waited, came into the room with apologies. "I'm sorry to have kept you," said he, "but I find you need wait no longer. I am obliged to you, but my secretary can take care of these matters for me."

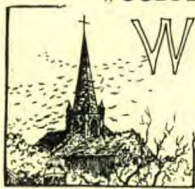
"Oh, don't mention it," said Miss Davis, brightly, and at last she, too, went out of the now silent building, a half-hour late, on her way home.

It is, of course, just a little every-day incident. But if you think that is all, you shall see that this, like so many other seemingly small sacrifices, had something fine about it.

Indirectly the manager learned next day that Miss Davis had been in an extraordinary hurry to go home on the previous evening. That day her mother had suffered a stroke of paralysis. Miss Davis left her unconscious, with other members of the family at her bedside, and went to work as usual, but all day long said never a word to the manager about her anxieties, and did what seemed her duty to the company. Hourly she expected to be called home, and hourly longed to go. She knew her mother might recover, and might not. The danger of sudden death was not such as to demand her presence continually. She could be reached quickly. But there was in Miss Davis the same fidelity to her ideal of duty, and the same self-control in not betraying her anxieties in the midst of her duties, that might under some circumstances write one down a heroine in the world's history.—*Well Spring*.



### WOODPECKERS AND SHRIKES



WHILE we are on the subject of woodpeckers, it may be well to mention one or two others, so you will not get them confused.

The Hairy Woodpecker looks much like the Downy, but is nearly a third larger, and has no black bars on the white of his tail. He is a shy bird, and you are not so apt to see him about houses as the Downy. In the nesting season the male spends his spare time drumming on the resonant dead limb of a tree; and the louder the noise he makes, the more satisfaction it seems to give him. It is his way of telling his mate that he loves her; if she likes his ability as a drummer, that settles it; they set up housekeeping. It takes them about a week to build a home. The opening into their nest is as round as if made with an auger. It is supposed that two birds, once mated, remain so through life.

The Hairy Woodpecker is a very useful bird, destroying many injurious insects. It never attacks a sound tree.

*Description.*—Male: upper parts black, spotted and striped with white; red band on back of head; under parts white. The female is similar, but has no red on neck. Length, nine to ten inches.

### The Flicker

Among the woodpecker family, I must not forget to mention the Flicker. He has a number of other names; as, Highhole, Yellowhammer, Clape, Yucker, Yellow-flicker, Golden-winged Woodpecker, and some twenty-five or thirty more, including Woodchuck, and Piquebois Jaune.

The Flicker is the most interesting of all our woodpeckers. When he utters his cries, he is bound to be heard. His most common note is a signal, or salute, not unlike *Kee-yer!* In the spring he utters his *If-if-if-if-if*, many times repeated; or, as some give it, *Cuh-cuh-cuh-cuh*, etc.

The Flicker is not so much a carpenter as the other woodpeckers, and nearly half his food is



made up of ants, which he digs out of decaying logs, stumps, and fence-posts. When, in the spring, he makes love to the lady Flicker of his choice, you should watch him; his antics are most ludicrous and amusing.

*Description.*—Adult: back brownish, marked with black bars; throat pinkish; under parts lighter, spotted with black; red band on back of neck; rump white; black stripes on side of throat (the female does not have this stripe); black crescent on breast; under sides of wings and tail yellow. Length, twelve inches.

### The Shrike

Another bird you may meet with in winter is the Northern Shrike, or Butcher-bird. In summer he lives and nests within the arctic circle, but in October moves down into the United States, though rarely farther south than Virginia, Kansas, and California.

There is a Southern Shrike also, and the two birds are very much alike. This other bird is called the Loggerhead Shrike. The Northern Shrike may be known from the Southern, or Loggerhead, by its larger size, lack of black on the forehead, and gray rather than black in front of the eye. The time of year will help you to some extent in determining which bird you see, because you will meet with the Northern Shrike only from October 20 until about the first of April, and in the neighborhood of St. Louis it is rare at any time of the winter. The Loggerhead comes from the south about the middle of March, and nests as far north as Virginia, and west of the Alleghanies, northward to the Great Lakes, through central New York to Vermont and Maine.

When the Northern Shrike visits us in the winter, it does good work in making away with mice and English sparrows.

*Description.*—Upper parts gray; wings, tail, and line back of the eye, black; under parts white, barred with black; forehead whitish, without black line. Length, ten and one-fourth inches.

The Loggerhead Shrike is a very quiet bird. I have often, when driving in the country of central Illinois, seen six or eight of these birds in company along the fence, or on some wayside tree. They are always to be found in the open country, where they have an opportunity to see all that is going on; for they are always on the watch for any small creatures that will serve as food, such as crickets, grasshoppers, meadow-mice, small snakes, besides cutworms, cankerworms, and the like. On this account the Loggerhead Shrike is a very useful bird. Sometimes when food is scarce, he will eat small birds, but this is not usual. I think you will watch them many months before you will discover a Shrike harming other birds. The Agricultural Department of the government, after making a careful study of this bird and its habits, tells us that it should be protected, as its food all over the country consists mainly of grasshoppers.

The Shrike impales its victims on thorns or any other sharp projection. It doubtless does this to assist it in tearing the thing into pieces to be eaten. A Shrike was observed to catch a meadow-mouse, and carry it up into a tree, where, after it had killed it, it tried to wedge it into a crotch, so that it could eat. Finally it found the sharp end of a snag, on which it fastened its prey.

Olive Thorne Miller says she has seen a Shrike throw a dead meadow-mouse over a fence wire that had sagged to the ground, in order to get bits off to eat. She also says that a lady in New Hampshire had a Shrike in captivity. The bird could not eat a piece of meat until he had a place to fasten it. He hopped about, looking for something, until she guessed what the little creature wanted. She brought it a kitchen fork, which had two tines, and the moment the bird

saw it, he ran to her, hopped up on her hand, jerked the meat onto the tines, and immediately began to eat.

Let us never forget, as we see these manifestations of wisdom and intelligence on the part of the lower creatures, that their knowledge, or lack of knowledge, as the case may be, is the direct will and gift of God. Job 39: 13-18. And he who gives the Shrike its bright intelligence for its work, will do far more for us; for "he teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven." And "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Therefore, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if



THE FLICKER

thou hadst not received it?" So, "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom. . . . But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things do I delight, saith the Lord." L. A. REED.

### A BARRED OWL'S NEST

ONE March night at dusk, as a wood-chopper was quitting work in a clearing just out from a Massachusetts village, two great owls approached him, chasing each other from tree to tree with noisy hootings. Hearing of this, and knowing that it was nesting-time, I determined to find their home.

For miles around it was a wild country, with groves of tall pines here and there, and tangled swamps. In woods of this sort there are many old nests, built originally by crows, squirrels, or hawks, any one of which the owls may appropriate; for owls are the very laziest of house-keepers.

But which of all these is the right one? Sometimes the secret is betrayed by the owner's gliding off when the intruder approaches, or when the tree is struck with a club. Another very good sign is when fluffy down from the body of the bird clings to the nest or to twigs near it.

I spent many days in the search that spring but all were fruitless, although I scoured the woods for miles.

The next spring, as people often heard the owls hooting, I tried to find the nest again, as before, without success.

At length one warm day I started out with a boy friend, beginning where the wood-chopper saw the owls.

Within ten minutes, although it was still early afternoon and the sun was bright, I heard a long-drawn-out cry—the hooting of the barred owl. We started for the pine grove whence the sound seemed to come; but before reaching it, the boy called my attention to a good-sized hole in an oak stub a dozen feet from the ground. I told him it was hardly large enough or high enough for the big owl, but a little screech-owl might use it.

Reaching the base of the stub, I gave it a care-less kick. Instantly a great whirring, thundering sound proceeded from within. At the entrance appeared a most comical, monkey-like face, and out scrambled a great brown bird that went flapping off in wild affright. It was the barred owl!

After a struggle with the slippery trunk I reached the hole, looked in, and saw three round, white eggs, the size of those of the domestic hen. They were laid on the rotten chips at the bottom, with a little lining of owl down, and were very dirty, streaked with blood from the talons of the carnivorous mother.

I found this to be the permanent home of these owls. They remained in these woods the year round without migrating, and each spring the mother laid her three eggs in the same hollow. —Selected.



A SOCIETY of twenty-seven members has been organized at Springdale, Arkansas. They are undertaking four lines of work,—selling papers, distributing free literature, helping the poor and needy, and caring for the sick.

#### FROM MONTAVILLA, OREGON

REALIZING that the Lord has a great work for us as young people to do, and in order that we might more effectively work for him, we have organized a Young People's Society here. As yet our numbers are few; but we know that it is not in numbers that strength lies so much as in the consecration and devotion of the individual members. Our courage is good, our confidence is in God, and we are determined to press forward in the Master's service.

We hope soon to send a report of something actually accomplished by our Society.

CHAS. NELSON.

#### SEATTLE, WASHINGTON,

Has a newly organized Young People's Society of eight members. From a letter from one of these, Miss Anna Myberg, we glean the following:—

"Though our numbers, so far, are few, the weekly meetings are well attended; for both young and old come, and all seem interested. We hold our meetings on Friday evening, as there is no other time when all can come together. So far we have not taken up the studies in the INSTRUCTOR, for all did not have the paper, but we expect to take a special club for this purpose before long.

"We have the usual opening exercises, followed by a short talk by the leader, and a twenty-

minute reading from the Testimonies, different persons being asked to read each evening. In the social meeting all are invited to take part; and the result is a bright, interesting testimony meeting.

"As most of us work in the treatment rooms or the health restaurant, our time is well filled; still we know that God can use our lives to his glory as we go about our daily work if we will but let him. We ask your prayers, that we may each be a shining light for the Master."

#### TALENTS — LESSON IV Influence — A Testimony Study (March 9-15)

We would suggest that this lesson be presented by five members of the Society, each taking, for special study and presentation, one of the five divisions under which the subject has been arranged. The subject is large, and the references should not be confined to those given here. If the smaller companies do not have all the volumes referred to, they can find much more than is given in any single volume.

The lesson is based upon "Christ's Object Lessons." The matter given under subject of Influence (pages 339-342) should be carefully read to begin the study.

1. Every one, no matter what his position in life, exerts a powerful influence, either for good or for evil, upon all with whom he comes in contact. See Volume III, page 363, last paragraph.

2. This influence is unconscious, and usually much greater than we imagine. See page 542, first paragraph.

3. One's influence never stops with those whom he knows personally, but passes on through them to others. Its limits can never be measured. See Volume IV, page 59.

4. Every act of our lives is significant. "Our words, our acts, our deportment, even the expression of the countenance, has an influence." See Volume III, page 363, second paragraph.

5. God holds us personally responsible for our influence. See Volume III, page 363, first clause of last paragraph; Volume II, page 132, last paragraph.

E. T. R.

#### ANOKA, MINNESOTA

THE students of the Conference School at Anoka have organized a Young People's Society of thirty-six members. Our avowed purpose is to become efficient workers for the Lord. We have a leader, an assistant, a secretary, a treasurer, and three department officers. The interest is really good, and encourages us to press forward. Our meeting held February 5 was one of special encouragement to all. Several interesting experiences were related, and many expressed a renewed determination to consecrate time and talent to the service of the Master.

We have done some work, although our studies and domestic duties limit us as to time. Nineteen Bible readings and cottage meetings have been held, two missionary visits made, 1,379 pages of tracts and 226 papers distributed, and two of the young men have spent some time sawing wood. As a result of the work, several families are interested in the truth, and we believe that some will accept it. We have all we can do besides our school work.

CARRIE MACK.

#### FROM ALMA, NEBRASKA

THE young people's work at Alma is moving forward. We organized with six active members, and have now almost double that number, besides several associate members. The interest deepens as we move onward. Our meetings have proved a great help to the church.

The superintendent of our Sabbath-school testifies that had it not been for the strength received from the young people's meetings, she

would not stand where she does to-day. Others bear a similar testimony.

We hold our meetings on Sunday afternoons. The last report of work consisted of twelve missionary letters written, and sixty-three papers and 1,707 pages of books and tracts distributed. The report previously to this was sixteen papers and 5,018 pages of books and tracts given away.

There seems to be a good outside interest, and we have been promised help soon. We are of good courage, and hope to see souls saved in the kingdom as the result of our efforts.

EMMA L. RUNCK.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

"OUR Young People's Society at Chitwood, Oregon, is increasing in numbers and interest. The present membership is fifteen, and the attendance from the outside is good. We are glad to say that some from the outside are taking an active part, and making a careful study of the lessons. We use the outline lessons in the INSTRUCTOR as the basis of our study, and hold our meetings on Sunday evening. We hope the interest will continue during the summer."

"The meetings of our Williamsport (Pa.) Society have been well attended, and the interest is a deep spiritual one. The Spirit has been moving on the hearts of all. The meetings this winter have been held in our church on Sabbath afternoon. Some of the little children have loved to come. Two weeks ago one little boy only six years old was sitting on the front seat by himself. After the lesson a testimony meeting is usually held, all who wish taking part. There is no urging, but an invitation is given to all. This dear little fellow stood up with his hand over his eyes, and said, between sobs, "I want to be a good boy, and won't you pray for me?" After sitting down it was some time before he ceased sobbing. Some hearts that had seemed hard were touched. We praise the dear Lord for the influence of his Spirit on many hearts. I think I make no mistake when I say that whatever success we have had is largely due to the burden the parents have for the salvation of their children. Oh, that every parent could realize the precious possibilities in the home work!"

#### THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK AT ENID

It was the privilege of the writer to attend the meeting of the young people at Enid, Sabbath forenoon, January 25. It is truly inspiring to see our young people taking such an active part in preparing for a stronger effort in giving the message, and at the same time doing what they can where they are.

A large number of the older members join with the young people, but do not attempt to do more than aid them in their work. At roll-call every one responded with a selection of scripture, and I was glad to hear so many bearing especially on the Lord's coming, and our part in giving the message. May the Lord inspire our youth in many places to take an active part in this work.—Oklahoma Gleaner.

#### A GOOD WORD

ELDER I. J. HANKINS, president of the Indiana Conference, thus encourages the young people's work in that State, through the State paper:—

"We are glad to know that our young people in Indiana are organizing for study and for work. Good reports are coming in from the newly organized societies. Let the good work go on, and let the meetings be conducted by and for the youth and children; but let the church and Sabbath-school officers advise and counsel the youth, encouraging them in every good work."

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## PUSSY'S LETTER

Pussy thought she'd write a letter  
To her friend, the Irish setter.

Little Ruth made all things ready,  
Held the little soft paw steady.

It was very nicely written  
For a simple Maltese kitten.

But — Ruth, do you mind my telling? —  
Pussy isn't good at spelling!

— Fullerton L. Waldo.

## MY PET SKUNKS

YES, pet skunks — and they were beauties, too! One day we found the den, and killed their mother and father and four brothers and sisters. Three were so beautiful that we took them to the house, and gave them to my old spotted cat to bring up with her own kittens. At first she objected strongly; but as I insisted, she finally decided to adopt the little strangers, and cared for them as for her own babies, except that she never caressed nor played with them. They were very beautiful little fellows, with three white stripes on their back. The tail was long and bushy, and had a broad white stripe down the middle. Otherwise they were as black as a coal.

They were very playful, and would roll over and over each other by the hour. In one way they were different from kittens in their play, — they never crouched, and waited to spring on each other. They never seemed to care to play with the kittens, and the kittens never showed any disposition to play with them. They showed no strategy in their play, and, in fact, they have none. There is no animal that is more easily trapped; for if there is a bait of anything they like, they never think of a trap, and no amount of experience seems to teach them. They have little fear; for no wild animal will molest them, and nothing but Indians will eat them.

Skunks are very cleanly animals, and make much better mousers than any cats we ever had. The pets I raised came to an untimely end before they were quite grown, but my mother once had two that she kept for several years. They never made themselves obnoxious, and always kept out of the way of strange dogs. Skunks will start out on a hunt about dark, and stay till daylight. They will snoop into every hole and nook they can find, and will catch any sort of worm or bug, as well as mice and birds. They can climb trees, but seldom do so. I have seen them climb to a bird's nest, and have known them to climb to escape a dog. They eat anything that a cat will eat, but do not care for bread if they can get anything else. They like to slay, and will often kill in one night more than they could eat in a month. For the most part they are a benefit to man, though he must take care to keep them out of his chicken-coop.

These skunks of mine were very great pets, and liked to get on one's shoulder, rub their back over one's face, and curl their long, bushy tail about one's neck, though they never purr. They loved to lie behind the stove in the house, and sleep till about the middle of the afternoon, when they were ready for a romp. As pretty a sight as I have ever seen was a number of young, wild skunks rolling and tumbling about on the green grass. These animals are very easily tamed if taken when but a few days old, and there is almost no danger of their making themselves offensive. They will lie down and take a whipping as meekly as a kitten. The only drawback to them is that they never get over their appetite for chicken.

The home of these animals is usually in a hole in the ground, or in some crevice in the rocks. In this latitude they have a warm nest of grass and hair. Two old skunks and seven or eight kittens often live in the same home all winter. They get so fat at times that they can scarcely waddle. This fat makes an oil that is regarded by some as an excellent remedy for croup, and often sells for a high price.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

## "FOLLOW DIRECTIONS"

ROLLA'S examination grades were never up to the average. Generally his test work barely passed him, though it was no uncommon occurrence for him to fail entirely. His class grades were usually fairly good, hence neither teachers nor parents could account for the poor quality of his work in the general review. Roland himself could not explain why his brain was always so befogged when he tried to commit his "know-how" to paper, but was inclined to charge all the slips and blunders to his treacherous memory.

On the first day of the year Roland was invited to spend the afternoon at the home of one of his young friends. When he came downstairs, ready to go, he stopped in the library, where his big brother, Ben, was at work, and asked: "Do I look all right?"

"Y-e-s," said Ben, slowly, eying him from head to foot. "All but your shoes. Blacked them with stove-polish, didn't you?" he added, with a laugh.

"No, I didn't," retorted Roland, looking down at the dauby boots he was purposely trying to keep out of sight. "I used Kate's polish, — because she said it was so much better than the blacking in the

thing over again, and then proceeded to carry out the instructions by brushing and polishing until he could almost see his face in the shoes.

While he rubbed and polished, his thoughts turned backward, over the many failures that he had encountered in the past year, — failures that had not been repaired, like the shining of his shoes. Pausing suddenly in his work, he looked up, exclaiming: "I have found the key to my failures! I have never followed directions right. I'm almost sure I haven't."

Presently there was a call from below. "Hurry up, Roland; it's time to go."

"Coming!" answered the polisher, with a final flourish, and the next moment he was racing down the stairs, two steps at a leap.

"Hello! that looks more like the proper thing," said Ben, glancing critically at the boy's shining shoes. "'Follow Directions' has given you quite a new understanding surely."

"And upperstanding, too, perhaps," said Roland, significantly.

"What do you mean?" asked Ben, with a



"They never seemed to care to play with the Kittens and the Kittens never showed any tendency to play with them."

box. I believe she just wanted to play a trick on me, for my shoes are horrid."

"Perhaps you did not use it right," suggested Ben.

"Better go back, and read the directions on the bottle," said Kate, quietly. "It worked all right for me."

Roland ran back to his room; and after shaking the polish bottle as if it were accountable for his humiliation, turned it round and round until his eyes rested on the words, in big letters: "Follow Directions." Then he read what was said about brushing until dry — and polishing until the shoes should shine like a mirror.

Kate was right, and the fault was not in the polish but in his own blunder of not reading directions, and afterward following them. To be sure he had made no mistake, he read the whole

puzzled look. "Found a new brain polisher?"

"Maybe so," returned Roland, "but I'm not sure. I've been thinking that 'Follow Directions,' if rubbed in and thoroughly polished, might help me over the hard places in my examination tests. Don't you think there is a chance for me yet?"

"Why — yes — certainly," admitted Ben. "The experiment is worth trying at any rate."

"I mean to put it to test before I sleep to-night," answered Roland. "I hope I'll not be disappointed," he added, running off to overtake the other boys.

That night Roland gathered up his books, and began his search for the "Follow Directions,"

which, though not in such large letters as on the polish-bottle, were plain enough to convince him that he had missed the vital part out of his studies when he failed thoroughly to understand the principles involved in the dull rules and notes, for the lack of which he had smirched his examination papers as hopelessly as he had blotted his shoes.

Having found out that his bad work was the result of not "following directions," he applied himself diligently thereafter to the musty rules and explanatory notes, the consequence being that there were no more humiliating failures. It required months of hard study, however, to go back over all the "directions" that he had either skipped entirely, or simply glanced at with an eye to getting through to-morrow's lessons.

"It's hard work studying backward," he said to Ben one morning, after tripping over some of the hard rules he had been rehearsing.

"It's just like beginning at the roof to build a house," answered Ben. "With all the heavy timbers above to support, what a time the masons would have laying the foundation!"

"And what a poor foundation it would be," said Roland.

"Yes," agreed Ben. "It is better to 'follow directions' as they are given than to go backward with the weight of a score of lessons pressing upon them. However, it is better to have a foundation, even if it has to be built in the hardest way." — *Belle V. Chisholm.*



#### SYMPHONIES

WHERE the winding river flows,  
Murmuring, sighing,  
Past the reeds and rushes growing  
On the shore,  
Thrushes sing; and autumn's winds,  
Whispering, crying,  
Join your voice,— come, let us listen  
Evermore!

Where the autumn sunset glows,  
Glimmering, fading,  
See, a rosy cloud is floating  
In the blue!  
Woodlands veiled in purple mists,  
Brilliance shading,—  
Sight, enthralled, might linger ever  
On the view!

Where the mossy footpath goes,  
Wandering, straying,  
Down the aisles, so dim and dusky,  
Of the wood,  
Shadows, touched by sunny gleams,  
Shimmering, playing,—  
Sing, O listening heart! forever,  
"God is good!"

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

#### OVERLAND IN WINTER

THOSE whose childhood was spent on the Western frontier, where they were largely deprived of modern conveniences in their homes, and were so far away from railroads that to see a train of cars was considered a rare treat, can best appreciate what the ingenuity of man has done toward lessening the inconveniences of traveling long distances. Many are living to-day who can remember when the only means of reaching the Pacific Coast overland was by mule-team or the ox-cart. The wagon trail to California used to be marked with the skeletons of animals, and the nameless graves of pioneers who had perished from privation or disease, or perhaps at the cruel hand of robbers or the no less merciless hand of the red man.

A few short years have passed; and now one may enter a Pullman coach supplied with all mod-

ern conveniences, work to advantage during the day, pass the night in comfortable sleep, and in sixty-nine hours after leaving Chicago, step into the depot at San Francisco.

When the season has not been too dry, a summer journey presents many advantages over a winter trip, particularly if the traveler has sufficient time at his disposal to take some of the attractive side trips that are permitted without extra expense if the proper arrangements are made beforehand.

Nothing, however, can compare with the magnificence of mountain scenery in winter time, especially if the sun shines bright by day, and there is a full moon at night. It seems a pity that some of these soul-inspiring sights could not be in the immediate vicinity of so densely populated a city as Chicago, where the thousands of children whose souls are starving for a glimpse of God as revealed in his works, could feast their eyes upon such wonderful revelations of him as some of this mountain scenery presents.

I shall never forget one scene in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Clouds were hovering over the highest peaks, and all the mountain shrubbery was weighted down with snow. The sun shining through the rare air of this altitude upon this pure-white snow, made a picture of such dazzling splendor that one's thoughts instinctively turned to the scenes of that better world, which even inspired pens have been unable to describe, and compared with which all the grandest scenes of this earth are but a shadow. How strange that any are willing to miss all the splendor of that beautiful beyond for a few empty pleasures here in this sin-cursed world!

The snow-fall is so great in the Sierra Nevada Mountains that the Union Pacific Railroad Company has found it necessary to enclose its track for forty-one miles in a continuous snowshed. This shuts away from the traveler's view much beautiful scenery; but if it were not for this precaution, undoubtedly the trains would be frequently blockaded.

The warm, moisture-laden winds from the Pacific Ocean striking these mountains are cooled, and the moisture is precipitated either as rain or snow. This immense snow-fall thaws nearly all summer. Man has taken advantage of this fact, and, by irrigation, has spread these mountain streams over millions of acres of what used to be arid land, but which now blossoms as the rose. Salt Lake Valley is a good illustration of this. Here scarcely a drop of rain ever falls, yet I think I never saw more luxuriant vegetation. A beautiful, clear mountain stream flows on each side of all the principal streets of Salt Lake City, furnishing abundant moisture for the graceful trees that are likewise on each side of all the best residence streets and many of the business streets. When the Mormons took possession of this valley, it was, with small exceptions, a portion of the Great American Desert.

The western slope of the Sierras, in the days of hydraulic mining, was a great gold-mining district. The resulting debris was washed into the rivers, particularly the Sacramento, gradually filling it up so that it began to overflow the agricultural districts below. This caused the farmers of this country to secure a law prohibiting this form of mining where it would tend to fill up those rivers that afterward ran through farming districts.

On a recent trip, six inches of snow had fallen in the heart of the Sierra Nevadas during the previous day and night, but in less than two hours of downward journey the ground was covered with green grass, and here and there could be seen a wild flower. Ripe oranges hung on the trees, and palms were growing in the gardens. The air was as mild as in northern Illinois in the middle of May. When the trip is taken in the warm season, one misses this sudden change from winter to summer. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

#### MRS. DURAND'S BACKROBE

My wife's brother, seven years old, was surely in France with his mother (said Mr. Leroy Durand), for we had received a cablegram on their arrival; but his voice seemed to be screaming on the shore of Lake Pazhegouki, in the St. Maurice Wilderness of Quebec. That scream first reached our ears as we paddled around a bluff, and lost hearing of the cascades. My wife, kneeling in the bow of our small canoe, stopped her paddle midway in the act of dipping it, and turned her eyes about to me. They are always big, as you know, but they were twice as big then. That was the first time I had seen her look scared, and we had hunted together, east and west, north and south, for five years past. When we left New York two weeks earlier, the voice of her little brother in a delirium of pain seemed still sounding in her ears, she told me, although he was so far convalescent as to have sailed on the "Etruria" a fortnight before we left for Quebec.

"Did you hear anything?" she asked me now.

"It was some tree creaking." I was trying to reassure her.

"Nonsense! There's no wind."

In fact, the lake was so calm that the up-side-down shores were as distinct as the right-side-up ones, except where trout wallowed in the mirror, or a darting kingfisher touched it with spreading circles. White clouds were as fleecy in the lake as in the blue above us, and a perfect silence seemed to hold all the void between the counterparts, while our canoe ran on with a lessening gurgle as we listened for more than twenty seconds. Then the childlike, the almost infantile, screams came again, seeming to reach from the far opposite shore by force of some poignant emotional quality of agonized weakness. They ended with a short note like a wail, choked off by faintness or despair.

My wife knows the woods, and now she said, "It must be a young bear—a yearling—in a trap."

"Exactly. Chief Josef."

She took to paddling without a reply. She herself had given Chief Josef the order for a backrobe.

On we went at a faster stroke than she usually sets, straight for the bluff of the screams. For intervals of about a minute they lingered in our ears, and then spread through the blue.

"Come right along up, and set him free," said my wife, as she landed.

"And what will his teeth and claws be doing while I'm springing the trap open?" I asked, when I had made the canoe secure.

"Then come and put him out of his pain."

"Certainly, my dear, I'll go. But you'll stay here in the canoe. It won't do you any good to see that bear."

"It might," she said, with self-reproach. "But, anyway, I'll never let a trap be set on my account again. Come!"

"But the old she-bear may be up there, and you didn't bring your gun."

"Go up at once!" said my wife, who had never imagined that a man with a magazine rifle could get into serious trouble with bears.

So up I went; and my wife got back into the canoe and pushed off a few yards, to be ready, as I told her, in case I might "find bears too plenty on the hill."

But there was only the one, a young bear, as my wife had guessed—not a cub, not an infant, but a child,—one of about seventeen or eighteen months. I wish I could quite forget that picture of despondency.

He was caught by the right forepaw; he had dragged the trap till the clog caught between two small trees; then he had pulled the trap back and forth and round and round till the earth was worn bare of grass, and the twigs and the little bushes within his reach were stripped of bark.

His mouth was down, biting gingerly at the twisted leg, and muttering most piteously, as if that way of getting free were too unendurable. Then, as the crescendo of wailing screams began once more, his head was raised toward the sky, as if the creature were veritably appealing to the Eternal Judge between man and beast.

At that instant I fired, and he sank down in death with a sense of relief, I do believe. He did not struggle in the least, so much had his strength been exhausted by the long ordeal. His trapped leg I found to be broken and twisted as a towel is twisted in wringing it; the edges of the bone had torn the muscles and tendons to a fibrous pulp.

I went back to the canoe, and told my wife, "The bear *was* a yearling," and had no questions from her.

On the way to camp we passed the Montagnais wigwams, and I stopped to tell Chief Josef of shooting his bear.

"Dass good t'ing," said Josef. "I glad you keel heem. He's not hol' 'nough for mek good robe for de lady sleigh, but he's good maybe two dollar. Me, I hain' had no lucky wis bear since de lady is tol' me for trap some good skin. Tudder day, what you t'ink? I'll find in one udder trap great big paw what de *sacre* bear he's twist off, or bite off, maybe—anyhow, he's get away. Here's dat paw, lady," and he took the hideous relic from behind one of his wigwam poles, and offered it to my wife.

She turned away, hit hard, and so pale that I put my arm around her, to help her down to the canoe. Without a word we started—there seemed nothing to say. But when we had paddled a mile, she stopped the stroke, and turned her head over her shoulder with, "Leroy, did you understand about trapping *before*?"

"I didn't realize what it meant to the animals."

"I'm glad you didn't—or I shouldn't like to think I'd married you," she said, in a conclusive tone.

Since that day she has never worn fur.—*E. W. Thompson, in Youth's Companion.*



### THE GOOD SAMARITAN

(March 15)

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt love . . . thy neighbor as thyself."

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 10: 25-37.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 376-389.

#### Synopsis

All through Christ's ministry the Pharisees continually tracked his footsteps, in order to catch some word by which they might condemn him. At this time a lawyer came forward to entrap the Saviour with a question. The Pharisees had set him on, but Christ would not enter into controversy. With great skill he gets the lawyer to answer his own question, and then convicts him of sin with the searching words, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live." But the lawyer is unwilling to confess that he does not keep the law, and tries to excuse himself by professing not to know who his neighbor is. Again Christ refuses to be drawn into an argument. He answers the lawyer's question by relating an incident, the memory of which is fresh in the minds of his hearers.

#### Questions

1. To tempt Jesus, what question did a certain lawyer ask? NOTE.—The lawyers and scribes were those who explained the law.

2. How did Jesus reply to this question?
3. What two commandments did the lawyer quote in answer to his own question?
4. What did the Saviour then say to him? What effect did this have upon the lawyer? See Synopsis.
5. To justify himself, what second question did the lawyer ask? NOTE.—The lawyer was trying to get Christ into an argument, and the Pharisees were standing by ready to condemn him.
6. What incident did the Saviour then relate to show who one's neighbor is?
7. Where did this cruel occurrence take place?
8. How badly was the poor traveler treated?
9. Who came along and saw him? What did the priest do? What ought he to have done?
10. Who followed the priest's example? Why did these men act this way? Read Quotation 4.
11. Finally what kind-hearted man came along?
12. How did this Samaritan feel as he saw the wounded and helpless man? NOTE.—The priest had his heart hardened against one of his own people, but the Samaritan had his heart open toward one of another people.
13. With his own hands, what did he do for the stranger?
14. What commandment did he thus fulfill?
15. To what place did he take the wounded man? What did the Samaritan do for him there?
16. Before leaving the inn, how did he still further show his kindness? Whom does this Samaritan represent? Read Quotation 5.
17. After giving all the particulars of the incident, what question did Jesus ask the lawyer?
18. What answer did he make? Why would he not call the Samaritan by name? Read Quotation 3.
19. What did Jesus then tell the lawyer to do?

#### Quotations from the Lesson Help

1. "Among the Jews the question, 'Who is my neighbor?' caused endless dispute. They had no doubt as to the heathen and the Samaritans. These were strangers and enemies. But where should the distinction be made among the people of their own nation, and among the different classes of society? Whom should the priest, the rabbi, the elder, regard as neighbor? . . . Were they to regard the 'unclean' as neighbors? This question Christ answered in the parable of the good Samaritan. He showed that our neighbor does not mean merely one of the church or faith to which we belong. It has no reference to race, color, or class distinction. Our neighbor is every person who needs our help. Our neighbor is every soul who is wounded and bruised by the adversary. Our neighbor is every one who is the property of God."—*Christ's Object Lessons,* page 376.

2. "The great difference between the Jews and the Samaritans was a difference in religious belief, a question as to what constitutes true worship. The Pharisees would say nothing good of the Samaritans, but poured their bitterest curses upon them. So strong was the antipathy between the Jews and the Samaritans that to the Samaritan woman it seemed a strange thing for Christ to ask her for a drink. 'How is it,' she said, 'that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?' 'For,' adds the evangelist, 'the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.' And when the Jews were so filled with murderous hatred against Christ that they rose up in the temple to stone him, they could find no better words by which to express their hatred than, 'Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?' Yet the priest and Levite neglected the very work the Lord had enjoined on them, leaving a hated and despised Samaritan to minister to one of their own countrymen."—*Id.,* pages 380, 381.

3. "The lawyer found in the lesson nothing that he could criticize. His prejudice in regard to Christ was removed. But he had not over-

come his national dislike sufficiently to give credit to the Samaritan by name. When Christ asked, 'Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?' he answered, 'He that showed mercy on him.'"—*Id.,* page 382.

4. "The priest and the Levite had been for worship to the temple whose service was appointed by God himself. To participate in that service was a great and exalted privilege, and the priest and Levite felt that having been thus honored, it was beneath them to minister to an unknown sufferer by the wayside. Many to-day are making a similar mistake. They feel that they are doing a great work, and they can not stop to notice the wants of the needy and distressed."—*Id.,* pages 382, 383.

5. "The Samaritan had fulfilled the command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' thus showing that he was more righteous than those by whom he was denounced. *Risking his own life,* he had treated the wounded man as his brother. *This Samaritan represents Christ.* Our Saviour manifested for us a love that the love of man can never equal. When we were bruised and dying, he had pity upon us. He did not pass us by on the other side, and leave us helpless and hopeless to perish."—*Id.,* page 382.

#### PEACEFUL REST

THE mind needs remedying and setting right many times a day. It resembles a compass placed on a rickety table; the least stir of the table makes the needle swing round, and point untrue. Let it settle, then, till it points aright. Be perfectly silent for a few moments, thinking of Jesus; there is *an almost divine force in silence.* Drop the thing that worries, that excites, that interests, that thwarts you; let it fall like a sediment to the bottom, until the soul is no longer turbid; and say, secretly, "Grant, I beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful servant pardon and peace; that I may be cleansed from all my sins, and serve thee with a quiet mind."—*Bishop Huntington.*

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### THE SANITARIUM FIRE

As the burning of the Sanitarium and Hospital has been fully written up in our papers, it is f'ought best not to repeat the facts in the INSTRUCTOR. We have, however, secured permission to print, by courtesy of B. C. Peterson, two pictures, one showing the center of the main building as it appeared about five o'clock on the morning of the fire (which will be given next week), and the accompanying view of the ruins, from the southwest corner of the Sanitarium. Other views will be given from time to time.

As was expressed again and again during



VIEW OF RUINS FROM SOUTHWEST CORNER

the morning of the fire, the *principles* which, under the blessing of Heaven, made the institution what it was, *can not be burned*. Correct health principles; the advancement in rational methods of treating disease; the skill and experience of physicians and nurses; and, above all, the unselfishness, loyalty, and self-sacrifice of the employees,—all these are of far more value than any facilities; for without these any equipment, however splendid, would be useless in the specific work for which the Sanitarium was founded, for which it has always stood, and for which it *still stands*.

As soon as the workers of the institution could

be gathered together after the fire, a short meeting was held, in which only words of courage and hope and trust in God were expressed. At this, and at later meetings, the employees have offered to give their services to the institution, receiving only board and room, until such time as the new building is finished. This will mean a gift from the helpers of about four hundred dollars a day to the new building.

During the days following the fire, one standing in the crowded hallway of the old College Dormitory, where the patients and guests were temporarily cared for, could not but be impressed with the spirit of cheerfulness, courage, and "making the best of it" pervading the very atmosphere. Patients who had lost everything, even their clothing, and others (like Ira D. Sankey and Colonel Hadley, who lost valuable book manuscripts) whose losses are of a nature to be beyond money value, seem to forget their personal loss in gratitude for their escape with life. And, indeed, those who are familiar with the buildings, the rapidity with which the fire spread, and the loss of life under similar circumstances in other places, can not but feel the sense of wonder and gratitude expressed by the words: "This is the Lord's doing: and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Shortly after the fire, an "Extra" containing a brief report was being sold on the streets of a large Western city. An old friend of the institution, seeing the headlines, asked to look at the paper; and it was handed to her with the remark: "*I am sorry. I was there nine months, and they*

*did me good.*" That sentiment is echoed by thousands upon thousands of men and women in all parts of the world. Hundreds of telegrams and other messages expressing sympathy and offering financial aid, have been received from former patients who were benefited while at the Sanitarium, and who have become its friends.

While we deplore the loss of these buildings to which many, through long association had become personally attached, let us not fail to learn the lesson God would teach us by their removal. Would he not have us learn that buildings are nothing in his sight, but that he honors the principles which these buildings represented—that

the things which are seen, in which men so often put their trust and confidence, are at the best only temporal, but that the things which are not seen are eternal? And if again he allows us to hold in trust another great Sanitarium, shall it not be with humble, thankful hearts, in which there shall be no trace of faultfinding or criticism, but only gratitude for the opportunities of education it affords to us as young people, and a determination to carry its life-saving message to the world?

Those wishing to secure copies of this photograph can do so by sending twenty-five cents to B. C. Peterson, Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich.



### WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

FOUR INCHES A YEAR.—According to Russian engineers there has been, during the last ten years, a steady rise of the Sea of Aral, amounting to four inches annually. The present sea-level is now four feet above that of 1874.

BANANAS IN THE UNITED STATES.—One of the largest import items in the United States is bananas. Last year one company alone distributed in the United States and Canada no fewer than 17,500,000 bunches of this fruit—a conservative estimate showing an average consumption of twenty bananas for every inhabitant of the United States, "and a few million over."

PERMANENT CENSUS OFFICE.—A bill providing for the creation of a permanent Census Bureau has passed the House. The bill provides that the permanent organization shall take the place of the temporary arrangement the first of July next, and that the present members shall be eligible to other office or to a place in the permanent organization.

A YEAR OF PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS.—During the year 1901, public-spirited men and women bestowed, as gifts or bequests, the enormous sum of \$107,360,000 for purposes of education, philanthropy, etc. This is the largest amount ever given in the same length of time for similar purposes, and does not include ordinary denominational contributions for education and benevolence, or any State appropriations. Of the eight persons who have given most of this vast sum, Andrew Carnegie leads, with \$31,000,000, and Mrs. Leland Stanford comes next, with her endowment of the Leland Stanford University amounting to \$30,400,000.

REFORMS IN CHINA.—For the first time in the history of China, the emperor received at a formal reception the ministers of other nations as representatives of rulers of his own rank. This took place shortly after the Chinese court re-entered Peking, and was followed by a reception and banquet given by the empress to the wives and children of the ambassadors. She was very gracious, expressed her deep regret at the attack upon the legations, and paid special attention to the children. In a recent edict the empress directs all officials to discourage the custom of footbinding among her subjects, and to abolish the prohibition of intermarriage between the Manchus and the Chinese.