

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### New-Year Gifts

"WHAT dost thou bring, O bright New Year!  
What dost thou bring for me?  
Spring, with her blossoms sweet and dear,  
The song bird and the bee?"  
"Yes,—and the Autumn, brown and sere,  
Follows the Spring. But know  
I bring a smile for every tear,—  
A balm for every woe."

"What dost thou bring, O glad New Year!  
What dost thou bring for me?  
Summer, with skies so blue and clear,  
And breezes sweet and free?"  
"Yes! And though Winter, dark and drear,  
Follows with sleet and snow,  
Still I bring hope for every fear,  
For every cloud a bow."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

### New-Year Reflections

THE old man's tottering steps have brought him near the close of his journey. Around and behind him are the memorials of past associations. Above and before him are the visions of future glory and blessedness. The youth sees only the present, followed by a train of hopes and plans, associations, battles, and victories. The old man reflects upon the shortness and uncertainties of human life. He realizes that life has been to him less than it might have been. Time has been misspent, opportunities unimproved, talents unused, and plans have proved fruitless. He can not retrace his steps; indeed, he would not if he could. Once over the journey of life is enough for the weary traveler. At the end it is sweet to lay down the burdens at the Master's feet. There the aged pilgrim leaves his unfulfilled hopes, his mistakes and failures, with the plea that God knows all about it. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

It is not surprising that the youth, with life all before him, should have different dreams on New-year's night. He laughs a hearty, "Good-by, old fellow! you have lived long enough. Thanks for your favors," to the year that has brought him increased strength and enlarged opportunities. But he does not cling to the hand that is already cold, and has no more to give. For him the newcomer has far more chances. Each year that lies between him and the attainment of his earthly ideal seems long; and each is more welcome because it brings him nearer the triumph of his career. He has not yet learned that he is chasing a shadow.

This picture presents only the superficial view of life. Age does not affect its real aspects. From first to last, life is a constant struggle for victory. Life is a development, a growth; the goal is per-

fection. We speak of the ripeness of old age, but the ripeness of this life is only the germ of the life everlasting. The children of God do not grow old; life, eternal life, is always before them. The narrow valley that divides this world from that which is to come is bridged by sleep so sound that it seems but a moment. Finally, at the coming of Christ, their borders touch, and we who are alive and remain step over.

The journey of life is quickly done, the brief tale is soon told. The grand object before us is to secure eternal life, for His sake who has so loved us. Faithfulness is the secret of success, and usefulness is the standard. The briefest life is long enough to win success. The longest life does not contain an hour to spare. God designs that every year shall bring us into higher paths



and better living. There are no years that belong to Satan or the world. Each year spent for God marks a stage on the road to everlasting life. At its close we find an eminence from which we pause a moment to look back over the path we have trodden. The sight of our wandering steps may give us grief, but over all glows the golden brightness of the goodness of God. We also turn to look ahead. There are valleys and hills whose depths and steepes are yet unknown, but over the whole way is written, "I will never leave thee."

If our years bear a record of faithfulness and usefulness, we may relinquish them with joy. We may welcome each coming year with increasing gladness, because as we go on, our light increases, our joy grows deeper. The infirmities of age need bring no fear, and even death itself wear no terror; for beyond them are Home and Father.

G. C. TENNEY,

### Does It Pay?

EVERYTHING has influence, but nothing so powerful as a Christian. Every look he gives, every word he utters, every attitude he assumes, is not without its effect. He is a kind of magnetic battery, charged with moral energies, the unconscious influence of which aids to mold the character and shape the destiny of others. By virtue of his profession he stands in the world as a representative of the principles of heaven,—an ambassador for God,—and as such his daily life is either an honor or a reproach to the King whom he serves.

Margaret is a cultured, unassuming young lady of the church. Several years ago she was elected teacher of music in the city schools. A congenial home was found in a society family. Cards were the rage of the season, but this young woman always refused the invitation to play. One evening the hostess called at her room, and said, "Now, Miss E—, we want your company at the card table."

"Sit down a moment," responded the young woman, "and let me explain. I can not play—and I dare not. I have no time for it, and if I had, I could not conscientiously play cards. Moreover, if I did, my parents would be greatly pained."

Two years have since passed, and not a game has been played in that home. That is not all. The other day, while waiting for a train, a young man stepped up to this lady, and said, "Pardon me, but I would like to speak a few words to you. For two years I have noticed your life in the schoolroom. You never said a word to me on religion, but the silent influence of your life has changed me from my boisterous ways to be a Christian. I am going to prepare for the ministry."

Does it pay, young people? What pay?—To live a consistent Christian life? Ask that skeptical friend of Fenelon to whom not a

religious solicitation had been extended, yet who left his home, saying, "If I stay here much longer, I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." Of course it pays. Of Wilberforce it was said that the difference between him and his fellow Christians consisted in the exhibition he made of his religion. Not what we say, but how we live, is what tells. Actions speak louder than words—remember that! By living an exemplary life, we increase the general atmosphere of purity, "which acts upon society with irresistible force."

Dr. Johnson said of Edmund Burke, "No one could be under the same umbrella for a few moments, and not feel that he was with the greatest man in England." "No man can be truly great," said another, "without a divine influence." Do we, young people, want it? Does it pay to have it?—Of course it does. To be able to have it said that our noble living was the means of win-



ning another boy or girl to Christ, is worth more than to be president of the United States. Let us, then, in the words of the poet pray:—

"More like Jesus would I be,  
Let my Saviour dwell in me;  
Fill my soul with peace and love,  
Make me gentle as a dove;  
More like Jesus, while I go,  
Pilgrim in this world below;  
Poor in spirit would I be,—  
Let my Saviour dwell in me."

WILLIAM P. PEARCE.

### The Self-Sacrificing Member

"Isn't your sister here?" was asked of a young woman at a concert, one evening.

"No, only one of us could come," was the reply, "and I couldn't bear to miss it, and Mary said she didn't care anything about it, so I came."

"Mary is always the one who stays at home," commented one acquaintance to another, "and Mary is the one who goes without, if there can't be new clothes all round. She is the self-sacrificing member of that family. There's almost always one in every household; don't you think so?"

"Yes," was the reply, after a moment's consideration; "always in large families, and usually in small ones. Just think over the families that we both know. At the Blacks', it is Sarah to whom the younger children always go for help or comfort. If Mrs. Black doesn't feel like getting up in the morning, she knows that Sarah will see that breakfast is served on time, that the children will be started off to school in good season, and that the household machinery will be running smoothly whenever she may come down. And yet Helen is only two years younger, and there is no reason why she shouldn't do her share."

"And at the Browns'," interrupted her friend, "it is Edward who gives up his wishes and plans in order that his sisters may be happy, and they seem to do so little for him! Then there's Mrs. White, who is in danger of forgetting that she has any rights or preferences, so anxious is she that everything should go just as Mr. White wishes it."

"But at the Snows' it's just the reverse," returned the first speaker. "Mr. Snow is the unselfish one there. He always forgets himself in planning for his wife's comfort and pleasure, and he never allows her to do a thing for herself that he can do for her. But, naturally, we have thought of the most extreme cases first, and I can think of some households where the giving up seems to be quite evenly distributed; yet I do believe there are more families with a self-sacrificing member than there ought to be. It is usually the mother or eldest daughter, but not always, for Mr. Snow and Edward Brown are not the only unselfish men." Then, after a pause, she added: "I never thought of it before, but I'm afraid our family has a self-sacrificing member, and I am not the one, either; but, now that my eyes are opened, I shall insist on taking my turn at it."

What a new order of things there would be if we all could have our eyes opened, and insist upon taking our share of the family burdens and sacrifices. Half of the selfish people in the world wouldn't be so if they could see themselves as they really are; but they have been so accustomed to having the best of everything given to them, that they have come to take it as a right, and believe that their unselfish friends have no preferences.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart."

—Selected.

EVEN in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.—Selected.



### The Barberry Family

THIS is a rather small family, and contains but few plants of any special importance. There are two, however, which for various reasons are of considerable interest, and these we will here describe.

All the plants belonging to the family are either shrubs or herbs with alternate or radical leaves, and for the most part with perfect flowers, all the different parts, as calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils, being present. The blossoms appear in spring or summer, and the fruit usually consists of from one to three carpels or simple pistils, though occasionally there are more. Most of the species are natives of cool climates. The scientific name of the family is *Berberidaceae*.

The Common Barberry (*Berberis vulgaris*) is of special interest because of the part it acts in the development and spread of the red and black rust affecting wheat and other grains.

The leaves, which are obovate, with sharp spines all along the margins, occur in clusters in the axils of large, usually three-forked, straight spines. Though apparently simple, botanists consider them compound leaves with one leaflet, because of the joint which is found in the petiole of each leaf.

The yellow, ill-smelling blossoms are produced in drooping racemes from the axils of the leaves. Each has six sepals, six petals, and six stamens. The stamens ordinarily recline upon the petals, but when touched at the base by a bee or other insect in search of honey secreted by the glands at the base of the petals, they straighten up quickly so as to come into contact with the pistil, and some of the pollen falls from the anthers upon the stigma. In this way the fertilization of the young ovules in the ovary is provided for, and after fertilization takes place, they rapidly develop into the mature seeds.

The flowers are followed by clusters of oblong, red, sour berries, each containing two or three seeds. The berries are edible, and sometimes used for food, though the plant is cultivated more for ornament than for the food value of the berries. There are several varieties of the common Barberry cultivated for ornament, the fruits being of various colors, and the foliage sometimes purple.

It is a rather dangerous plant to cultivate, however, as it is now known to be a prominent factor in the spread of the red and black rust of wheat, oats, and other grains, as well as various species of grasses.

The rust appears in the spring upon the leaves of the Barberry, there developing microscopic spores of a yellowish color, which are carried away by the winds. Later in the season the rust appears upon the leaves, and soon afterward upon the stems, of wheat, oats, etc., forming pale yellowish or whitish spots. After a few

days, long lines of spores of an orange-red color break through the epidermis. Still later in the season there is produced a third kind of spores, which appear in long black lines, sometimes upon the leaves, but more often upon the stems.

Ordinarily the first stage of the rust can develop only upon the Barberry leaves, so that if the farm and surrounding country are kept free from Barberries, the rust is not likely to occur. Rusts are interesting plants to study, and we will perhaps give a more detailed description of them at another time.

The other member of the Barberry family which we will mention is the May Apple or Mandrake (*Podophyllum peltatum*), a common plant of rich, moist woods, and often found in meadows.

It spreads by means of rhizomes (underground stems), which sometimes attain a length of twelve feet or more. Each year a bud develops from the growing end of the rhizome, and sends up a stem bearing the leaves and a single flower. The plant usually grows from twelve to eighteen inches high.

The leaves are large, and parted into from five to nine lobes, with each lobe drooping more or less, thus giving the leaf somewhat of a resemblance to an umbrella, both when folded and when expanded.

Some of the plants are without flowers, and such have only one leaf, while those that bloom always have two leaves, which are attached opposite each other at the apex of the stem, with the solitary flower borne upon a drooping stalk between them.

The calyx consists of six sepals of a greenish color, but these drop off during the unfolding of the flower, so that the calyx is seldom found after the flowers are fully opened. The corolla is of a creamy white color, consisting of from six to nine rather large, thick petals. The flowers



*Berberis vulgaris*



*Podophyllum peltatum*.....

open in May, which fact has given to the plant the name of May Apple.

The fruit is yellow when ripe, which is some time in August, and about the size of a plum. It has a sweetish taste, which is pleasing to some persons, and it is sometimes eaten, though it is likely to leave unpleasant after-effects except when taken only in small quantities. On account of its shape and color the fruit is in some places known as "wild lemon."

The rhizomes and leaves are poisonous, and largely used in medicine.

### Questions

What are the general characteristics of the Barberry family? Why is the common Barberry of special interest? What peculiarity is exhibited by the stamens? Describe the fruit of the common Barberry. Why is it a dangerous plant to cultivate? Where is the May Apple, or Mandrake, most likely to be found? Describe the leaves and the flower. What is the size, color, and nature of the fruit? B. E. CRAWFORD.





### The Story of Our Matabele Mission

#### The Ranks Broken

THE close of the year 1897 had in store a rare treat for our isolated workers in Matabeleland. On the last day of the old year, Elder O. A. Olsen arrived in Bulawayo, Dr. Kate Lindsay having preceded him about one week. Their visit was highly appreciated. The experiences of the two preceding years had been most trying, and the counsel and encouragement of these faithful workers was a source of real benefit. But this visit was doubly precious, for the blessings received strengthened them for the far more severe ordeal that awaited them only a few weeks in the future.

A few words from Brother Olsen's letters tell better than we can his delight in visiting this, our first mission among people who had never even heard of God:—

"The next morning after we arrived was Sabbath, and the first day of the new year. It was a lovely morning. All nature seemed to be dressed in holiday attire. The mission presents the appearance of a little village. At present the outlook is encouraging, but the wear and anxiety incident to the experiences through which our workers have just passed are plainly visible in the countenances of those who have stood so faithfully at their post of duty.

"The coming of Brother and Sister Armitage was very timely in every way. Not only did they help lighten the burdens that were resting so heavily on the workers at the farm, but the second day after their arrival, Brother Armitage began the building work. At the time of my visit, with the help of others he had put up three brick dwellings twenty-five by thirty-six feet in size, with verandas surrounding them on all sides. These are not especially for beauty, but for the purpose of protecting the

buildings, and for comfort. The bricks used for the houses were sun-dried, and had been prepared before Brother Armitage's arrival. The houses were roofed with thatch, and the floors were of earth, a very little above the level of the ground outside.

"I would that I could take every Sabbath keeper to the place, that all might see for themselves the needs of the situation. Sister Anderson related a very touching incident. One day while she was writing at the table, one of the little boys they have taken into their family left his playmates, came to the table, and asked to whom she was writing. She replied, 'To our friends in America.' He inquired if it was to the people who had sent the missionaries over there. She told him it was. Then the little fellow, who was only about four years old, and not very large, spoke up and said, 'I wish you would say to them for me that they must send more missionaries over here to teach the people about God. My mother knows nothing about the true God, and I want them to send a missionary to teach her about God and the right way to live.' Some time after this, the same boy received the information that

his mother was dead. This brought him great sorrow. Day after day he would come to Sister Anderson and talk about his mother, who died without learning about the true God, and so must be lost. This was the cause of his anxiety,—not the bare fact that his mother was dead, but that she died without knowing God, and so would not have a part in the first resurrection. Sister Anderson tried to comfort his sorrowing heart the best she could by telling him that God knew all about it, and we could trust the matter entirely with him. After a time the boy felt reconciled.

"I mention this incident to show how quickly even these children grasp the truths of the gospel. There are about thirty children connected with the mission at the present time, and all these are eager to become missionaries to their own people. Indeed, they are so already; for on several occasions I noticed them communicating to the older natives the things that they were learning.

"I remained eight days at the mission, including two Sabbaths. During this time four meetings were held with the natives, and a portion of each day was spent with the workers, seeking the Lord, studying his word, and counseling over his work. We enjoyed much of the Lord's blessing in these gatherings."

The early days of 1898, which had dawned so auspiciously, were soon to be darkened by a sorrow heretofore unknown in the history of our mission. Death invaded the ranks, and one by one our workers were laid away, until six graves marked the resting-places of those of whom Jesus instructed John to write, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Dr. Carmichael first succumbed to the fever on February 28. On March 7 Brother Tripp and Brother Sparrows's little daughter were laid to rest. Less than a month later, George Tripp, the only child of Brother Tripp, died, and on April 27 the native teacher. Mrs. Armitage was taken



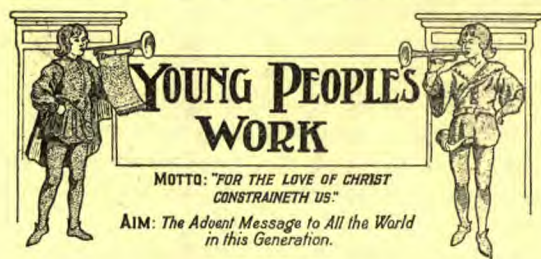
MATABELE MISSION VILLAGE IN 1899

ill, and died on May 1 in Kimberly, while on her way to the Cape, whither her husband was taking her in the hope of saving her life. Only the coming of the Master to gather his jewels from every corner of the earth, even from dark Matabeleland, will reveal how abundantly the seed sown by these faithful hands, even in death itself, has resulted in a glorious harvest of souls from the Dark Continent.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

#### Missionary Lives

"We all should be missionaries wherever we go. Not all missions are to foreign lands. Everywhere we go, people should get a little gospel of love from us, if not in words, certainly in deeds and in influence. There is a legend of Jesus which says that as he walked away from his grave, on the morning of his resurrection, sweet flowers grew in the path behind him. The legend is true in a spiritual sense—wherever his footsteps have pressed the earth, all these nineteen centuries, flowers have sprung up,—flowers of love, of kindness, of gentleness, of thoughtfulness."



MOTTO: "FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST  
CONSTRAINETH US."

AIM: The Advent Message to All the World  
in this Generation.

#### The Weekly Study

Paul the Chief of Apostolic Missionaries

(December 28 to January 3)

THE outlines suggested for these studies may appear very similar, but the subject-matter itself has every variety. The lives of men of olden time show us who live in these stirring days that God honors devotion to every-day duties. The most inspiring of missionary biographies is that of the apostle Paul, written by Inspiration.

We can take but the opening of the story in this study. Notice how especially Paul's life is set forth as having lessons for us in these days of missionary enterprise. Here is an outline, which may be helpful:—

*An Example for Us.*—1 Tim. 1:12-16; Acts 9:15, 16.

*Early Training.*—Phil. 3:4, 5; Acts 21:37; 22:3; 5:34; 18:3.

*Eventful Times.*—The preaching of Jesus, the crucifixion (though Paul could not have been present), Pentecost, and the witnessing of the apostles, as recorded in the first five chapters of Acts, must have commanded the attention of the thoughtful.

*Conversion.*—Acts 6:8-12; 7:54-58; 8:1-4; 9:1-22; 26:9-19.

Much good must come from the study, even though the leader or leaders may feel that they can present it but simply. The more simply it is

given, the better. Make the studies personal to our own needs and work. Talk it over for personal profit,—how the chief of sinners found the very chiefest of Saviours. Notice also that the message in Paul's day was based on fulfilling prophecy just as in our day. Witnesses were needed then. So are they needed now, to tell the definite message that the end is at hand.

The conversion of Paul is, of course, the central theme of this study. Notice that the Lord knew that in the house of Judas, in Straight Street, Damascus, a sinner was praying for forgiveness. Paul had often "said" prayers; now he was *praying*.

It would be appropriate to have some one give a short Bible reading on conversion. An experience meeting might well follow the reading.

It was the custom among the Jews to teach every boy a trade. So Paul had been taught tent-making. Not a thing that our young people learn how to do at home will come amiss in the mission fields. Making tents of rough goats' hair was



not a pleasant occupation, though a useful one.

Here is a statement concerning Stephen's trial: "His face was calm, and shone with an angelic light. The infuriated priests and the excited mob had no terrors for him. The scene about him faded from his vision; the gates of heaven were ajar, and Stephen, looking in, saw the glory of the courts of God, and Christ, as if just risen from his throne, standing ready to sustain his servant."—*"Sketches from the Life of Paul,"* Mrs. E. G. White. W. A. S.



#### His Gifts

A ROSE is but a rose, I know,  
And withers in a day; but O,  
The wealth of love it took to grow!

The lark is but a bird, and dies  
While bravely singing to the skies,  
But He who made its wings, how wise!

The rainbow is a thing of air,  
Soon vanishing; but O, how rare  
His promises who drew it there!

—Selected.

#### Questions Often Asked

##### Listening to Sermons and Lectures

"I AM not able to think about what the preacher is saying. My mind wanders, and sometimes I get scarcely an idea from a whole sermon. Of course when the speaker is witty, I get along much better. What would you do in such a case?"

"JENNIE R."

One young woman cured herself of "mind-wandering" by taking a note-book and pencil to church, and forcing herself to write out an intelligent outline of what she heard. The very necessity of writing an outline of what the speaker said, kept her attention on the sermon. By and by she did not need the note-book in meeting, but compelled herself to write an outline after reaching home. She has practised this system two or three years now, and can often repeat word for word what a speaker says.

##### Reading and Memory

"How can one learn to remember what he reads? Often I read two or three pages of history; and, if I am not particularly interested, or if something else is worrying me, I can hardly tell what I have been reading about."

"HEALDSBURG."

In answer to this question, so often heard in different forms, I can not do better than give you Henry Ward Beecher's little story of Dr. Macaulay. Mr. Beecher says:—

"Dr. Macaulay, who used to preach in New York, told me that when he was a boy at college, he began to read enthusiastically, but that at the foot of every page he read he stopped, and obliged himself to give an account of what he had read on that page. At first he had to read it three or four times before he got his mind firmly fixed. But he rigorously compelled himself to conform to the process, until now he says after he has read a book through once, he can almost recite it from beginning to end."

"It is a great deal of work to write out an analysis, or skeleton, of a book after you have read it; but this is the way the Pitts, the Disraelis, the Websters, the Lincolns, and the Clays are made."—Marden.

##### Are Novels Harmful?

"Do you think a good piece of moral fiction once in a while can injure any one?"

"A FRIEND."

No doubt there have been times when such

writing was helpful. However, ninety-five out of every hundred persons who read fiction do so simply for the mental intoxication it affords. Their eye is ever out for some "Delicious Love," "A Knight of the Twentieth Century," or some such draught of bookish wine. Such reading is destructive to the best ends of life. It not only consumes time that should be put to better use, but it weakens the brain.

Of course novels are attractive. They play on the emotions and feelings as skillfully as a musician touches the keys of his instrument. With their sinuous fingers they toy with our very heart-strings. It is just here that their evil lies. They have the power of fascinating, and, in varying degrees, of making devotees of men and women. To the degree that they take such hold upon us, to just that degree the practical side of life loses its grasp and interest.

Dime novels are bad for boys, silly love stories for girls. They are unreal, impractical, and they destroy a relish for the every-day duties of every-day life. The same is true of all fiction which one reads in that eager, devouring haste which neither thinks, reasons, nor weighs, but sweeps on from flood to flood of feeling as fast as the eye can run. Such reading soon supplants a love for substantial books; and what is more, it trains the mind in habits that are destructive to memory and to original thought.

EDISON DRIVER.

#### Wings and Feathers

For nearly fifty years the ostrich has been brought under domestication, and the tame bird is a very different creature from its wild brother. Now, instead of disappearing over the limitless horizon, it is quietly walking up and down the veldt in Africa in multiplied thousands, domesticated as the common poultry of the farmyard, and furnishing to British and Boer capitalists an ostrich-feather product valued at nearly ten million dollars every year. Within the last twenty years the southern part of the United States has proved a suitable habitat for the domesticated African ostrich, and now California leads among all the southern States in furnishing American ostrich feathers to the commonwealth. Large ostrich farms are established at various places in California and Arizona. While at their initiation the objects of their founders were merely to attract sight-seers, yet in consequence of the natural increase of the ostriches, a resultant trade in ostrich-feathers has sprung up, which plainly foretells a great industry, which will occupy the attention of financiers, and give employment to thousands of the residents on the Pacific Slope.

An ostrich has to be maintained four years before it arrives at adult age, and yields the beautiful feathers so much sought after. Until that age the annual yield is not very valuable. The expense of keeping ostriches is trifling; they eat much that is rejected by cattle. In California the pressed grapes from wineries, the refuse from olive-oil factories, second-class oranges, and common beets are fed to them. On this miscellaneous mixture does the ostrich thrive. It has been discovered, however, by the practical ostrich farmer, that the better the quality of material furnished them, the more successful are they in laying fertile eggs, which, in due course of time, become valued members of the ostrich population. A full-grown male ostrich will yield about forty dollars' worth of feathers annually; and the average life of these birds is sixty years.

About as much value in labor as the crude product is added before the prepared feathers are ready for the use of the consumer. Girls are employed at the California ostrich farms to make up these feathers into articles of trade. The hen ostrich does not yield such large and beautiful feathers as the male, but all ostrich-feathers serve some purpose in the manufactured product, and are therefore of value. The ostrich tip of to-day consists of several pieces of feathers, those under-

neath being the inferior. At one institution for the edification of visitors to Southern California a vast amount of manufactured ostrich-feather merchandise is on view; this is sold to the procession of tourists who annually haunt the Pacific watering-places, and enables them to carry away a suitable souvenir of the Golden State. All this is useful in advertising to the American public the existence of the American ostrich, and heralding the immense supply of ostrich feathers that will at some future day be reaped from the backs of numberless flocks of ostriches.

Of all occupations, except, perhaps, the care of cattle upon the plains of Texas, the raising of ostriches, so far as easy employment is concerned, takes the lead. A little of the common food named furnished night and morning, with plenty of water, is sufficient for their economical maintenance; and two acres of barren ground will furnish a park for fifty ostriches. The fences built and incubators furnished, nothing remains to do but to await the arrival of young birds. These appear in multitudes in July and February, each nest containing from seven to fifteen. The young ostriches require some special care; in California they are protected from the chilly nights by being placed in boxes heated by lamps; the everlasting California sunshine gives them most satisfactory environment in the daytime. In California these creatures grow with marvelous rapidity, attaining a height of seven feet within as many months. A disease known as yellow-liver, which frequently takes off thousands of the young birds in Africa, has so far been unknown in the American ostrich farms. Beautiful as the full-grown birds are, the ostrich chicks, with their curious tiger-striped necks, excite more admiration. These little creatures are quite handy, and if kept upon green food, generally arrive safely at years of maturity.

While a great industry will at some future time be established in the land resulting from the feather supply of an immense ostrich population, the present receipts from the visitors to view these strange creatures is no small item; indeed, one farm in California receives upward of fifteen thousand dollars a year by the exhibition. As the ostriches multiply, this revenue will unquestionably decrease; in South Africa it would be thought absurd to pay to see ostriches when one can not ride many miles on the railway without observing them. One farm alone in South Africa contains about ten thousand birds. And yet these miniature ostrich farms of California form, to the natural historian and the thoughtful observer, a very interesting exhibit.

E. H. RYDAL

#### Homeward Bound

I'm bound for the heavenly city,  
The city of ancient renown,  
Where angels bright,  
In robes of white,  
Wear each a golden crown.

I'm bound for the city of Zion,  
The city of peace and joy,  
Where faces glow,  
Where tears ne'er flow,  
And naught comes to annoy.

I'm bound for the city of God,  
The city of love and light,  
Where we shall sing  
Praise to our King—  
That beautiful city bright.

I'm bound for the capital city,  
The city of Christ our Lord;  
Where pearly gates  
Our entrance wait,  
And his love will peace afford.

I'm bound for the heavenly mansions  
That Jesus has gone to prepare.  
O haste the time  
That joy is mine,  
And I his glory share!

WINNIFRED LUCILE HOLMDEN.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## New-Year Resolutions

On the thirty-first day of December was nearly gone, and the winter sky was not more cloudy than the face of little Mabel Anson, as she and her mother sat sewing by the sitting-room window. Her mother glanced at her now and then, to see if there were not some signs of better nature, but did not speak for some time. At last she said:—

"Have you no happy thoughts with which to meet the New Year, little daughter?"

"That's just what I am thinking about, mama. You know I have made such beautiful resolutions every New Year for a long time, and then I have gone and broken every one of them right away."

"Try, try, again," said mama, smiling.

"No; I don't think I shall ever make any more; I'm too discouraged;" and rising, she put away her work, and went to the door to meet papa.

After supper he had to know the cause of the unwontedly sober looks.

"It's about New-year resolutions, papa. You know I always break them," said Mabel.

"Such as what, for instance, Puss?" asked papa.

"Oh, you know; like getting up promptly, putting on lost buttons, and always looking pleasant, and such things as that."

"I see," said papa, gravely. "How many times have you made and broken these excellent resolutions?"

"Why, I've resolved the same things for three years, and I have forgotten every one of them in less than a week; and I'm not going to try any more," she said.

"Well, I think I'd try one time more," said papa, persuasively; but she only shook her head as she said "Good night," and went up-stairs. And when she fell asleep, she hadn't formed one resolution for the morrow.

But it seemed to her she had not been sleeping long when she heard a curious clatter and jangle, and, looking down toward the foot of her bed, she saw a strange row of visitors.

First in the row stood the Rising Bell, and to her surprise it said, in a ringing tone, "Friends, this little girl is discouraged over making New-year resolutions. That is a sad state of affairs; for no one can improve without a firm resolve to do so: and we all know that she has plenty of room for improvement." The Rising Bell

paused impressively, and then continued: "I would propose, therefore, that on behalf of Mabel Anson, we ourselves make suitable resolutions for the New Year."

"Agreed! agreed!" cried all the others, and the Rising Bell resumed:—

"Then, if I may do so without seeming officious, I will make the first resolution, in view of the fact that I shall be the first to be put to the test;" and again all the others said, "Agreed."

"Then I would like to submit to your judgment this form of resolution:—

"Resolved, That I will every morning waken, and cause to rise, Mabel Anson, at that hour when her mother shall see fit to ring me."

"Good! good!" said all the other members of the row, who seemed to be in a most agreeable humor.

"And we," said the Comb and Brush, "will see to it that her hair is neat and tidy when she goes down to breakfast."

Next to them stood the Button-box, and in a clinking, rattling voice, Mabel heard from its depths: "With the help of our good friend, Needle-and-Thread, we are resolved that there shall be no buttons missing from her garments, and especially from her shoes, during the coming year."

This resolution was so loudly applauded that Mabel would have hidden her face under the

covers, if she had not been anxious to hear the next resolution, which came from a row of little Ornaments that stood generally on the mantel, but were now gathered with the curious company at the foot of the bed.

"Whereas," said they, "it is Mabel's duty to dust the parlor, we are resolved that she shall move us and dust under and behind us."

"And I," said the Rug beside her bed, "resolve that she shall shake me, out-of-doors, and sweep under me, daily."

There were also a Plate and Cup and Saucer in the row who said: "We are delegates from the china-closet, and in behalf of the rest of the china, we resolve that we will no more retire to our shelves, after the little girl has wiped us, with tears on our faces, as we have so often done in the past."

Then the Mirror spoke up in its bright way: "I think I have suffered more than any of you; for no matter what angry, sulky, or scowling visage Mabel was pleased to present before me, I was obliged to reflect it. Now I am resolved that, for the coming year, I will reflect for her only a pleasant face."

And the Clock, who was last of them all, said, "I resolve to send her smiling to bed, on the stroke of nine."

Just then the Rising Bell began to speak again, and his tones grew louder and louder, until Mabel sat up, and rubbed her eyes as she looked at the foot of the bed. There was no one there, and at last she realized that she had been dreaming, and the bell was calling, "Get up! Get up!"

"And I will get up," said she, laughing, "and you will all just see if I won't make you keep your resolutions, even if I can't keep my own."

AUNT BETTY.



"HAVE YOU NO HAPPY THOUGHTS?"

## A Water-Baby

THE Caddis Worm had never seen his mother. Where she was, or what she looked like, he didn't know. Not that he ever asked any questions. Little folks who live in ponds and streams learn to keep out of the way, and say nothing. It wouldn't be safe for them to talk too much, or they might be eaten up by some hungry creature fond of children. It frightened the Caddis Worm even to see a fish go swimming by, because he knew that fishes swallowed babies like himself.

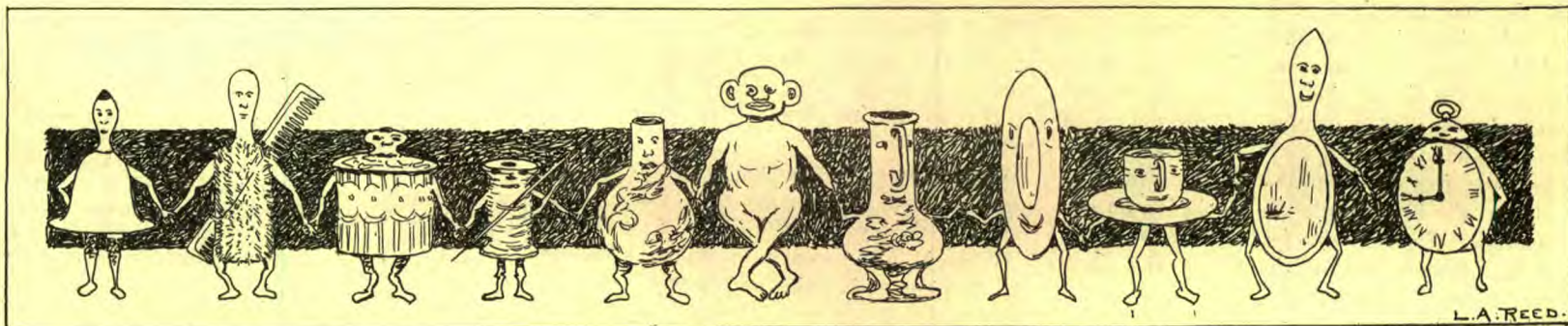
He and a great many brothers and sisters were hatched at the same time from eggs that had been left on the floating leaf of a water-plant. They knew, without being told, that they must make little houses for themselves to live in.

One little brother was a slow-poke, though, and, while he was wasting his time, along came a pollywog, and down went the little brother right into the pollywog's stomach. Another little brother was making fun of one of the sisters, when along came a minnow, and down went that little brother.



"MABEL SAT UP"

It is hard to tell what might have become of the Caddis Worm if he had not been wiser than the little brothers. He built his house before he ate





breakfast. This house, or case, was long, and round as the Caddis Worm's body. It was made of tiny stones and grains of sand fastened together with sticky silk, which the strange baby knew how to spin, though no one had taught him.

Inside the house he was safe and happy. He could crawl about the bottom of the pond or go swimming, house and all. When he was hungry, he fed on water-plants. His head was tough and horny, and the wisest fish would never dream that inside that long, round house was anything good to eat.

So the Caddis Worm lived for many months, changing his clothes when they were so tight he wasn't comfortable, and couldn't breathe easily through his sides. Nobody knew just how many new suits he had while he was in the curious house, but surely he was contented, and enjoyed his life.

It isn't probable that he ever tried to find his mother, and, if he had, it would have done him no good, for she was not in the pond. When the mother was a baby, she had lived in the pond, just as her children did; but that was long before, and, when the Caddis Worm lived in his little house, his mother was a caddis fly in the deep shade of the woods near the pond. She had four wings, that could be folded closely together, and long feelers, called antennæ, just above her mouth.

Boys who well knew the Caddis Worms almost never saw their mother, because she used to hide in the daytime, and fly at night. They might not have known who she was if they had seen her.

There came a time when the Caddis Worm felt that he must take a nap. He wanted to go to sleep without being disturbed, so he closed his back door and his front door with curtains of silk netting, which he spun just as he had spun the silk with which he had glued his house together. Then he changed his clothes, and slept, nobody knows how long.

When he awoke, he felt as if he couldn't breathe. For the first time in his life he needed air. He worked his way through the silk curtain at his front door, and got to the top of the water as quickly as he could. Then he jerked off his old coat, leaving it in the water, while he spread the wings that had been hidden beneath it,—wings he didn't know he had until he tried to use them,—and flew upward through the air, no longer a water-baby, but a caddis fly.—*Selected.*

### A Smile

A FAMILY of children who had been taught to be kind to all animals were unconsciously annoying a small turtle the other day by stopping it with sticks in whichever direction it tried to run, and confining it in such close quarters that at length it pretended to be dead, and in dismay Katharine ran for her mother.

"We didn't strike it," she said. "We didn't do anything to dead it; it deaded itself."

"But you must have been treating it unkindly," said the gentle mother. "See how closely the poor thing hides its head and tail and feet inside its little house. See here, now," and lifting the little creature by its shell with her thumb and finger, she touched it gently with the fingers of her other hand.

Soon one foot came out, then another, then the head, and the bright little eyes looked from one to another. Soon all the feet and the slim tail were in full view, and still holding it, the warm fingers touched each tiny foot and stroked the head and neck.

The turtle so evidently enjoyed the caress that the little girl cried, in delight: "O Mama Phelps, see him smile! I never will tease any little creature again. I didn't know they 'preciated being good to." — *Annie A. Preston.*

### Grandma's Picket-Guard

GRANDMA WILKINS was very sick. The doctor said she must be kept quiet, and everybody went about on tiptoe and spoke in low tones. Winfred looked very sad. He crept softly into the darkened room, and laid some flowers on grandma's pillow; but she was too sick to look at them. Soon after he heard his mother say to Kate, the cook:—

"We must keep the door-bell from ringing, if possible."

"I can do something for grandma," thought the little boy.

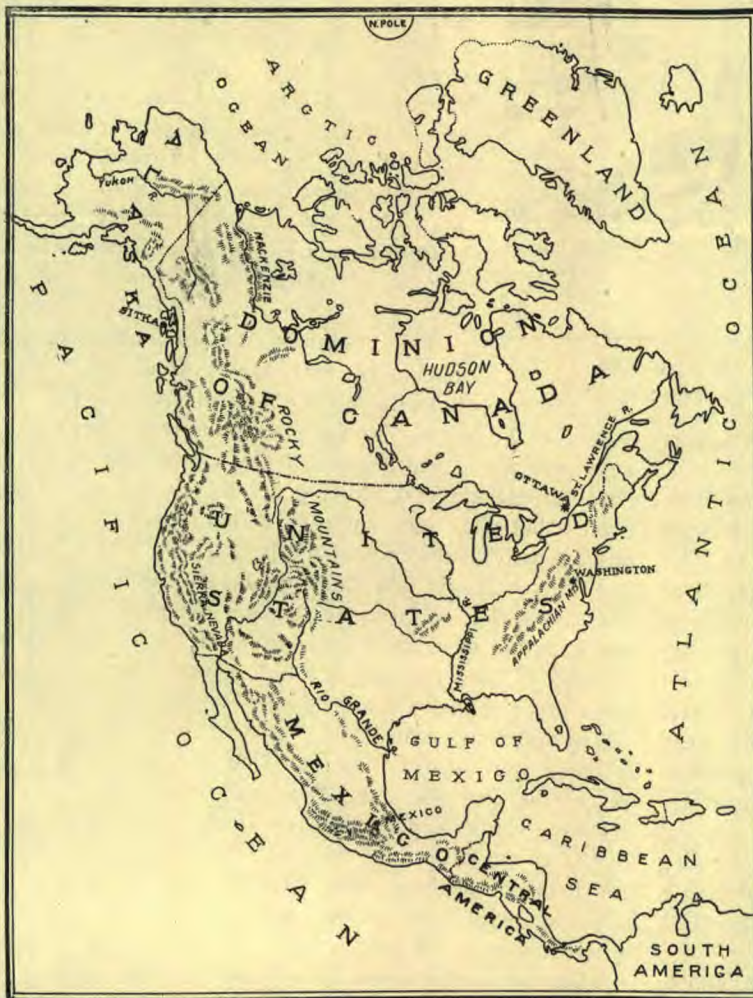
So he sat on the front step, and soon a woman with a book in her hand came to the door.

"Grandma is very sick," said Winfred. "Nobody must ring the bell."

The lady smiled, but went away. Soon a man with a satchel came.

"Grandma is sick, and mama doesn't want anything at all," said the boy.

All day long people came. It seemed to Winfred that almost everybody had something to sell; but he kept guard, and the bell was silent. Kate called him to lunch, but Winfred would not go.



FOR MAP STUDY, SEE PAGE 7

"Just bring me a sandwich or something, and I'll eat it here," he said.

At last the doctor came again. When he came back, he smiled down upon Winfred, and said: "Well, little picket-guard, your grandma is going to get well, and you have helped to bring about that happy result. You will make a good soldier."

Then his mother came out and took him in her arms and kissed him.

"I am quite proud of my brave, unselfish little son," she said. "Now come and have some dinner, and then you may go and see grandma."

When Winfred went in on tiptoe, his grandma thanked him with a kiss, and he was a very happy little boy that night.—*Selected.*



### First Lessons in Geography

#### Lesson XVIII

"ALL things are full of labor; man can not utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing."

Even the sea is full of labor. As the cold winds from the poles blow toward the equator, they naturally cause the water to move in the same direction. Then, too, water is much heavier just before it gets cold enough to freeze. This causes it to begin to flow toward the equator, just as the heavy milk in a separator flows to the outside while the lighter cream flows to the top and middle. This cold water forms into broad streams, or currents, which flow slowly toward the equator, for the same reason that the trade-winds blow southwest. As the heavy cold water gets farther south, it gradually sinks to the bottom of the ocean. This heavy cold water crowding toward the equator causes the warm water to rise and flow back toward the poles. The influence of the counter trade-winds, and of their continually getting ahead of the slower moving earth as they get nearer the poles, causes the warm ocean currents to flow northeast or southeast. Wherever ocean currents strike continents or large islands, their direction is often changed, though they always flow as nearly in the directions given as they can.

Ocean currents flowing near the land have a great effect on climate. Wherever a warm current strikes a cold current, it produces a great deal of fog. This is the reason there is always so much fog along the northeast coast of North America.

Ocean currents are from fifty miles to two or three hundred miles wide, and are very deep, though they probably do not reach to the bottom of the ocean.

By the winds and the ocean currents, God has arranged the earth so that it will not get colder and colder at the poles and hotter at the equator. So we see that God loves men, and has provided the way for them to enjoy as much of his blessing as is for their good. Even the cold, which came as a result of sin, is now a blessing; for it kills many injurious insects, destroys the germs of disease, and invigorates man.

REVIEW.—What causes ocean currents? In what direction do the cold currents flow? What becomes of the cold currents? In what direction do warm currents flow? How wide are ocean currents?

#### Lesson XIX

As has been stated in a previous lesson, by far the greater part of the water has been on the surface of the earth since the flood. The sun's rays carry vast quantities of moisture into the air. As we have learned, the earth is much colder in some places than in others, and this causes the winds to blow. Cold air does not hold so much moisture as warm air; and as the vapor begins to cool, clouds form. These are carried about by the currents of air. It is at God's command that clouds arise; for he says, "Sing praise upon the harp unto our God: who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth."

When a cool wind strikes a cloud, the water is condensed, and falls to the ground in the form of Rain. If a wind that is very cold strikes a warm cloud suddenly, the vapor is frozen, and Snow is formed. If it cools more slowly, and yet goes below the freezing-point, we have Hail. Sometimes a rain freezes about the time it reaches the earth, and we call it a Sleet.

If a cloud is so low that it touches the ground, it forms a Fog. In some places where a cold ocean current meets a warmer one, there are fogs all the time.

Warm air holds much more water than cold air,



and for this reason a cool wind causes clouds nearer the ground in the summer than in the winter. In winter the clouds almost always float very high.

Rain and snow, sleet and hail, are caused by the unequal temperature of the earth, which has resulted from the tipping of its axis at the time of the flood. While they are the result of sin, God has so overruled as to make them blessings to mankind.

When the sun shines on a cloud while the rain is falling, a rainbow is usually formed. This bow is God's emblem to us that he will never destroy the earth any more by a flood of waters.

When rain or snow falls on the earth, much of it soaks into the ground. That which falls on the high ground soaks through the soil until it reaches some low place, where it runs out as a spring. Springs are never on the tops of high hills or mountains. God "sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills." The water from a number of these springs gathers into little rivulets, or brooks, and these, running together, form creeks. By and by the creeks run into each other, and form rivers. A number of rivers generally unite, and form a large river. A river of this kind, with all its branches, is called a River System. Since the flood, there have been a number of large river systems to carry off the water from the rains and snow that fall on the surface of the earth, as well as that which has its source in the springs.

**REVIEW.**—Where does the rain come from? Who commands the moisture to be drawn up into the clouds? What causes dew or frost?—When the moisture in the air cools on the surface of the earth, it forms dew, and if this dew freezes, it forms frost. What causes rain? snow? sleet? hail? What causes springs? Where do we find them? Describe a river system, and tell how it is formed.

#### MAP STUDY ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT

Where is North America? What four countries in North America? What four large rivers? In what direction does each flow? What five large lakes in North America? What river flows from these lakes to the ocean? What ocean north of North America? What ocean east of North America? What ocean west of North America? What large gulf south of North America? What large bay in the northern part of North America? What mountains in the eastern part of North America? What mountains in the western part of North America? What is the capital of British America? What is the capital of the United States? What is the capital of Mexico? What do we mean by the capital of a country? (The teacher should answer this question.) When we enter the new earth, what city will be its capital?—The new Jerusalem, which is now in heaven.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.



## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### I—Message to Pharaoh; Plague of Blood

(January 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "This Moses whom they refused, saying, Who made thee a ruler and a judge? the same did God send to be a ruler and a deliverer by the hand of the angel which appeared to him in the bush." Acts 7:35.

Aaron went out to meet Moses in the wilderness, and together the brothers returned to Goshen, where they told the elders the glad tidings of deliverance.

In their bondage, the Israelites had to some extent lost the knowledge of God's law. The Sabbath especially had been disregarded, and the oppression of the taskmasters made its observance almost impossible. But this message revived hope in their hearts, and the fact that Pharaoh complained because Moses and Aaron made the people rest from their labors shows that they had begun to make some effort to restore it.

Moses and Aaron now went in to Pharaoh (chapter 5), and delivered the message the Lord had sent. But Pharaoh said, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." He accused Moses and Aaron of already having caused the people to rest from their burdens, and issued orders that very day making their

lot more difficult to bear. This discouraged the people; and although they had been confident that the Lord was going to deliver them, they began to lose their courage, and upbraided Moses and Aaron.

Moses went before God, and pleaded earnestly for his people. The same assuring promise was given that had sustained Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. See chapter 6:1-8.

Then the Lord told Moses that he and Aaron should go in before Pharaoh, and speak as he directed, but that Pharaoh would not hearken unto them until he had multiplied his signs and wonders before him. These very signs and wonders were to let the Egyptians know that he was the Lord, and that he would deliver his people.

Moses was eighty years old at this time, and Aaron his brother was three years older. When they went in before Pharaoh, he demanded a miracle in proof of their authority to ask for the release of the Israelites. The Lord had told them what to do in case Pharaoh made this request. So Aaron cast down his rod, and it became a serpent. The wise men and sorcerers of the kingdom did the same, but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods. The serpent was the symbol of royal and divine power on the diadem of every Pharaoh, and the destruction of their rods by Aaron's was a sign of victory over the king and gods of Egypt. Pharaoh's heart was hardened so that he did not see in the miracle any power superior to that of his magicians and sorcerers.

Rain seldom falls in the land of Egypt, and nearly all the water that the Egyptians had came from the Nile, which at certain seasons of the year overflows its banks, and waters all the surrounding country. Instead of looking to the "Fountain of living waters," from whom comes all the water in the world, the Egyptians worshiped the Nile, the channel through which it came to them. Even the fish in the river were revered as objects of worship. Pharaoh was accustomed to go to the river-bank every morning to worship, so the Lord told Moses and Aaron to meet him there, and again make their request. They were to tell him that if he refused to harken to the voice of the Lord, not only the water in the river, but the supply which was in their houses, with what had been reserved in cisterns, should also be turned into blood. Aaron stretched forth his rod upon the waters of Egypt, and all the water in the land became blood, and the fishes that were in the river died. This was a strong evidence to Pharaoh that his gods were not able to deliver him out of the power of the God of Israel. Although the Lord was giving him an opportunity to repent, Pharaoh hardened his heart, and would not heed the voice of God. And Pharaoh turned and went into the house. We sometimes feel that Pharaoh and his servants were greater sinners than men are to-day, because they would not heed the direct call of God. But there is just as much danger of our hearts being hardened if we fail to heed the voice that prompts us to do right.

All the Egyptians digged round about the river for water to drink, for they could not drink of the water of the river. For seven days this plague continued.

#### Questions

1. To whom did Moses and Aaron first carry the good news of deliverance? How did the people receive it?
2. What reform did they attempt? Give some reasons for their nonobservance of the Sabbath.
3. When Moses and Aaron went in to Pharaoh, what question did he ask? Of what did he accuse Moses and Aaron?
4. What did he mean when he said they made the people rest from their burdens?
5. As a result of this interview, how did Pharaoh treat the Hebrews? When they complained, what did he reply? Why did he think they were idle?
6. How did the children of Israel feel toward Moses and Aaron?
7. What did Moses do? What response did the Lord make to Moses? What assuring promise did he give to his servants? How old were Moses and Aaron at this time?
8. What evidence did Moses and Aaron give Pharaoh to show that their mission was of the Lord?
9. What did Pharaoh's wise men do? What effect did all this have on the king?
10. Where did the Lord then tell Moses and Aaron to go? When Pharaoh again refused, what were they to do?
11. What was the first plague? How long did it last? What did the Lord design to teach the Egyptians from this plague? How did it affect Pharaoh?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### I—The Greatness of Jehovah

(January 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 104:1-12.

MEMORY VERSES: Ps. 104:1, 2.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul.  
O Jehovah my God, thou art very great;  
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;  
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;  
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;  
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;  
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;  
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;  
Who maketh winds his messengers;  
Flames of fire his ministers;  
Who laid the foundations of the earth,  
That it should not be moved forever.  
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;  
The waters stood above the mountains.  
At thy rebuke they fled;  
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.  
(The mountains rose, the valleys sank down)  
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.  
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;  
That they turn not again to cover the earth.  
He sendeth forth springs into the valleys:  
They run among the mountains;  
They give drink to every beast of the field;  
The wild asses quench their thirst.  
By them the birds of the heavens have their habitation;  
They sing among the branches.

#### Questions

1. With what exhortation does this psalm open?
2. What reference is made to the greatness of our God?
3. With what has Jehovah clothed himself?
4. What serves as a robe for him?
5. How were Adam and Eve clothed in the garden of Eden? ("The sinless pair wore no artificial garments; they were clothed with a covering of light and glory, such as the angels wear. So long as they lived in obedience to God, this robe of light continued to enshroud them."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 45.)
6. Like what has he made the heavens? See also Isa. 40:22.
7. What assuring promise is made to God's people in Isa. 51:11, 12?
8. On what manifested power of God is this promise based?
9. What use does Jehovah make of the clouds?
10. Mention instances where the clouds serve as his chariots. Acts 1:9; Matt. 24:31.
11. What composes these clouds? Matt. 25:31; 2 Thess. 1:7, 8; Ps. 68:17.
12. How are the angels described in verse 4?
13. What is the work of these angels?
14. Who laid the foundations of the earth mentioned in verse 5? Heb. 1:10.
15. To what time do verses 6 and 7 refer? See Gen. 1:9. At what other time were the mountains covered with water?
16. In each case what caused the waters to recede?
17. How is the course of the waters described?
18. What holds them in bounds?
19. How does the Lord cause them to flow forth?
20. What need of the animal kingdom is thus supplied?

**NOTE.**—The lessons this quarter will cover only a few verses of Scripture each week. Will it not be possible to commit these, so that at the close of the quarter you will be able to repeat the four psalms? Two verses each day will accomplish this. Make it a part of your study to memorize the Lesson Scripture.

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### The Year's Reckoning Day

It is natural, as we note the passing of the few remaining days of the closing year, to pause a little, and reflect on what it has brought to us, and the way we have used or misused its gifts. One by one they rise before us—an unnumbered procession! Let us look at them honestly, and at our relation to them.

The first gift that the year 1902 laid at our feet was time—a God-given gift, and one of the best bestowed upon men; “for it is with time that all other good things are bought.” As we think of the days and weeks and months that have made up this year so nearly closed, do we find any part of them wasted in vain thoughts, idle words, frivolous conversation, or unprofitable reading? Have we squandered precious hours doing the kind of “work” that Satan often finds for idle hands,—the work that consumes time, strength, and money, and yet adds nothing to the health or comfort or real happiness of the world? The question is for each to answer.

The year brought privileges, too, among the first of which stands our duty to God,—faithfulness in reading his word, faithfulness in secret prayer, faithfulness in attending the services of his house. Have we neglected any of these privileges? Have we allowed other things—such trifling things!—to occupy the hour set apart for study and communion with God, or our attendance at the regularly appointed gatherings of his people?

Other gifts, spiritual and material, have come to us through the days of the year now passing. To our cries for pardon and peace, how often has God spoken graciously; he has delivered us in the time of trouble, and in the dark hour of temptation has made a way of escape. Have we passed these blessings on to others, who need them as much as we? or held them close to our hearts—and so lost them? And the money, more or less, that he has allowed us to handle—have we hoarded it miserly, or wasted it foolishly, or have we bestowed it unselfishly, yet wisely, as those who must render an account for their Lord's goods? For we are stewards; and “it is required in stewards,” you remember, “that a man be found faithful.” Have we been found faithful?

Opportunities for service—when we come to this gift of the old year, it is difficult to enumerate. Do they not rise up and pass in review before us—their number as the days of the year, multiplied by the hours of the days, and almost again by the moments of the hours? Those in need and in trouble have looked to us for help and comfort. Have we failed them? Our boy and girl friends have perhaps watched us more closely than we knew as an example of daily Christian living. How has our influence told in

our associations with our most intimate friends? Perhaps in our home there are aged relatives who, when they and we were younger, did not spare themselves in our behalf, and now in these later years they have looked to us for loving service and for cheerful companionship. Have we ever found this duty irksome, and neglected those who, were conditions reversed, would never neglect us? And the brothers and sisters—have they found us unselfish, sweet, sympathetic, always ready to help them over the hard places? Of course father and mother have looked to us this year, not only to be the sunshine of their home, and the joy and pride of their hearts, but to begin to relieve their burdens, and to be trusted to do so well the work that is given us that they need have no further care concerning it. Have we ever disappointed these, our best and truest earthly friends?

Time; the privileges of secret prayer, reading God's word, and attendance on the services of his house; faithful stewardship; opportunities for service,—if we honestly review these gifts and our use of them, we ourselves being judges, how many must turn away self-condemned!

But, next year, we say,—and we have said it often before,—next year shall be different. We feel strong and of good courage to make it so, as we look out on the fair vista of the days to come. Yes, they shall be different! But when they come, we find them much like other days,—the same temptations, the same defeats, the same high resolves broken, our feet slipping, and we ourselves, like the apostle of old, daily neglecting the things we would do, and doing the things we hate.

Must it always be so?—Always, so long as we leave God out of our lives, and to just that degree. But there is a better way—and that way is Christ, the new and living Way. With the life hidden with Christ, the new year, with all its varied experiences, is safe. But when the life is so hidden, there will be a change in us. The old must die. We shall be new creatures, a new creation, created in Christ Jesus unto good works. That is the secret—the blessed secret that all may share. Not resolutions, though the list be long, nor striving, though we strive to the uttermost, will make our lives reach the high standard of perfection required in God's word,—not these things, but yielding the will to God, opening the heart to his presence, and consecrating the life to his service. And when this is done, and from the time that it is done, the life to follow will be a new life indeed.

Notice the new things that God has provided for all who will receive them:—

“A new heart also will I give you,” he promises, “and a new spirit will I put within you.” Then when the heart is new, and perfect toward God, the life will conform to his law. “I will put my Spirit within you,” he declares, “and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.”

And this blessing of a new heart is not for one stated time. Each day brings its need of heavenly strength and grace and blessing; so for our encouragement we are told that the Lord's mercies are “new every morning,” and the prophet adds, as if in wonder at the thought of God's constant care for his children, “Great is thy faithfulness.”

For those who take the new things that God freely offers, there will be victory during the coming year,—victory, growth in the Christian life, and the peace that passeth knowledge. Nor is this all; for in the glad day of deliverance, so long looked forward to by God's people, so earnestly desired, and so soon to come, his children

will be given a new name; their lips will shout the praises of their Saviour and Redeemer in the inspired words of the new song of which John tells us; and they will enter into their inheritance of the new earth, the heavenly Canaan, with its glorious capital City, the new Jerusalem. May all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR be among that happy number!

THE houses of the country people in China are generally built of large, heavy mud bricks, dried in the sun. There are three rooms—a bedroom on each side, and a central lobby where they keep all their agricultural tools and stores of provisions. In this larger room they cook their meals in a large copper or iron pot. The fire is kept going underneath with dry stalks, which are burned in bundles. The chimney passes through the bedroom wall, and under the brick bed, the heat thus warming the bed before the smoke passes out through another chimney at the side of the house. This brick bed is about four feet high, and occupies half the room. Six or eight persons can sleep on it. A roll of matting covers the top, and on this is spread the bedding for the night. Very often the chimney is choked up, and the smoke fills the house so that you can not see across the room. The roofs of the houses are flat. In summer the family sleep there, and in winter they pile their firewood there out of the way.

### Enough!

DURING the last three weeks the contributions for the India Mission Fund have been coming in until at the present we have almost enough on hand to pay for the two clubs we are sending to India till the first of January, 1904. As has been stated, one of these clubs, the larger one of twenty-five copies, goes to Miss Abbott's school at Mazagon, Bombay, and the other of three copies to a girls' school conducted by a native Christian woman, Soonderbai H. Powar, at Poona. The total amount needed is \$25.68, of which \$5.49 was on hand when the call was first made this fall. With the amount then in the treasury, gifts already credited, and contributions received since the last notice was given, we now have on hand:—

Brought over from last year.....	\$5 49
Already credited this year.....	9 73
Sabbath-school at Sherburn.....	1 50
Ann Arbor Sabbath-school.....	1 00
Small class in Pomona Sabbath-school.....	75
Eldorado Sabbath-school.....	1 01
Hattie M. Adams.....	25
Y. P. S. of Reden, Manitoba.....	2 00
Members of Iola church.....	90
Red Bluff Sabbath-school.....	75
Young people of Maple Plain Sabbath-school.....	1 78

Total.....\$25 16

As only \$25.68 is required to continue these clubs to the dates mentioned, you will readily see that only fifty-two cents is needed to make up the needed amount. This is certain to come in soon. We are very much pleased at the hearty and willing response these calls have met, and we trust that the prayers of the givers may follow the INSTRUCTOR, especially as it goes to India, that it may be the means of leading some in that land to a knowledge of the Saviour's love.

Further contributions, should any be received before this notice reaches the senders, will be duly acknowledged, and held in reserve for the next call.

### A Gentle Hint

ALL over the country on New-year's day Good resolutions are given away. There are more than enough for every one. You can have a good measure, a peck or a ton. Take a dozen, my laddie and lass, But handle them gently, they're brittle as glass. If you care for them daily, it will not be long Before they'll be growing quite hardy and strong; And when they are older, they'll take care of you, For then they'll be habits, and good habits, too.

—Anna M. Pratt.