

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Buzz, a Pet Humming Bird

ONE day in early spring, several years ago, I was seated in the parlor of our academy home, when a student entered with a humming-bird, a ruby-throat, in his hand. The little fellow had come into the chapel through an open window, but in trying to escape had flown against the glass. He fell to the floor, stunned; but now his bright eyes showed that he was not seriously hurt. I gladly received him, and took him to my room. Here he dashed about quite frantically for a time. I arranged perches in the two windows of the room, and on these he rested from his vain efforts to escape through the glass.

When I was a boy, I used to wonder if humming-birds ever rested; they always fly so swiftly from flower to flower, taking their food without lighting. But now I could observe the habits of my pet both while at rest and in flight. Whenever I entered the room, he would leave his perch, and continue on the wing as long as I was moving about. When I became quiet, he would sit upon the perch very contentedly.

It would be cruel to keep him long without food, I thought. But what could I feed him? It is a popular notion that humming-birds live entirely upon the honey they gather from flowers. I named my pet Buzz, after one of his kind that I had recently read about in a popular magazine; and as this bird had taken kindly to a sirup made of sugar and water, I prepared some of the same, filled a fountain-pen filler, then mounted a chair, and presented the sweet liquid to Buzz. He was very shy at first, and I had to hold the tube at arm's length; but he finally got a taste, and ever after seemed to enjoy the feast very much.

Little by little he became more tame, until he would fly down to the tube when he saw it in my hand. Then, very gently, I brought a finger

of my other hand close to his feet as he fed from the tube. At first he resented this, and flew away to his perch, but soon returned. At last he was induced to alight upon my finger, where he remained until the tube was emptied. After this he would perch on my finger whenever it was presented, remaining only while sipping the sirup from the tube. He also learned to make his wants known; for when hungry, he would leave his perch, and fly close about me until he was fed.

The pet I had read about had died in a most unaccountable manner after a captivity of two or three weeks. But really, was it any wonder? How could the activity of such wonderful wings be maintained on a "starvation diet" of sugar and water? Then, too, I learned that humming-

quality to maintain health and strength. But I insisted on his adopting the reform, and he soon received the new food with relish. It constituted his sole diet during the remainder of his stay with me.

Whenever I entered the room, I was greeted with the whirr of Buzz's wings. Too rapid in their motion for the eye to follow, it seemed like folly to think of counting the number of strokes they made in a second. But one day a bright thought came to me. The motion of his wings was rapid enough to produce a distinct musical tone. I took the pitch with my voice, and ran down-stairs to the organ. The tone proved to be "A" in the second octave below middle "C." A simple computation based on the scale of vibration for musical tones (found in every text-book on physics), gave the interesting result,—Buzz's wings vibrated one hundred and ten times in a second! Truly wonderful; yet this is slow indeed when compared with the motion of some insects' wings, whose vibrations each second number up into the thousands.

I was becoming quite attached to my little roommate, and apparently he was fond of me. We had many callers, who were much interested to see him sip his food from the pen-filler while sitting on my finger. He had been with me now for two weeks or more. The spring days were becoming very pleasant; yet I was loth to part with my pet. One afternoon I went out botanizing, leaving the windows carefully closed; but I thought it safe to leave open the transom over the door into the hall; for I had never seen Buzz fly about the room except from one window to the other. Returning, I missed the hum of the tiny wings. How deserted and lonesome the room seemed without him! Yet I could not blame him, and my re-



BZZ TAKES HIS LUNCHEON

birds live almost entirely upon insects that take refuge from other birds in the deep corollas of certain flowers, the long, slender bill and tongue of the ruby-throat being well adapted to this work. But I dared not trust Buzz to seek his own food, lest he should not return; so I secured some well-cooked oatmeal from the kitchen, thinned it to a gruel, and sweetened it well. When Buzz first tasted this new "health food," he promptly left it, and returned to his perch in evident disgust. Like many boys and girls, he had been eating food that pleased his palate, regardless of its

gret was mingled with a pleasant satisfaction that he was free again,—free to enjoy the bright sunshine and the pleasant fields, free to follow the instincts implanted by a loving Creator.

F. W. FIELD.

Some Winter Birds

THERE are three birds that at any time, if it is not very stormy, will help to make many a winter's day merry. These are the two nuthatches and the chickadee. They are often found to-

gether, and are as much features of the season as withered leaves or snow and ice. Everybody knows the chickadee. Emerson, in a poem, has been its best biographer. But the lively nuthatches have been too much neglected. Perhaps it is because they do not sing; yet they are not mute, and their querulous cries fit well with many a wild winter day. But what we can see is as much to be considered as what we hear, and so I wish to say a word about sights that at this season so largely take the place of sound.

These three birds are always busy, and this is significant. If never idle, it behooves us to know what is the meaning of their ceaseless activity. Watching them closely, we find they are searching for food. Like ourselves, they must eat to live, but the trunk of a tree does not appear to be a promising field for food. This is because our eyes are not so sharp as theirs, and we get a valuable hint from this simple fact. If we looked at all objects more closely than we are apt to do, we would see more. In winter nature does not display herself for our ready recognition. Only in the glory of summer days is she on dress-parade. With few exceptions, nature's bright uniforms have been laid aside in midwinter. A plainer dress befits the winter season, and it is one so plain at times that sharp eyes are needed to distinguish the figures from the background.

Over the gray trunks of trees, gray birds creep; or, if they tarry a moment at one spot, the wrinkles and black knots on the bark blend with the black-and-white markings of the birds, and so the general resemblance in color of tree and bird is preserved.

Why, as the nuthatches and chickadees are gray and black and white, are not all birds colored in this inconspicuous way? The question opens up a long series of problems, and the way to solve them is to spend days in the woods. I can give only a hint here. If there were no other birds in the woods, then it would not matter much what their color was. They might be bright-red and find food just the same. But there are other birds about, and hunting-birds at that. Hawks have sharp eyes, but not often sharp enough to see a nuthatch, unless very near. If the bird was bright-red, it would have a sorry time of it dodging the little falcons that are ever darting about.

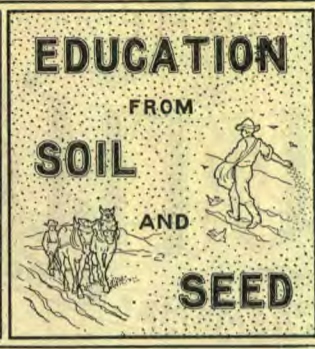
"But the cardinal grosbeak is red, and yet is here all winter, too," as some one reminded me recently.

"True," I replied; "but it does not go scrambling over tree-trunks, thus making itself unnecessarily conspicuous."

It is a fact that the cardinal does not make itself conspicuous in winter, in spite of its bright plumage. There are many constantly near my home; yet they go dodging in and out among the blackberry and smilax tangles, or flit from base to summit of cedars, but always keep out of view for much of the time. We catch glimpses of them on the wing far more often than we actually see them sitting perhaps at the end of an outreaching branch, as the song-sparrows do when singing. Now this song-sparrow is very much the color of the stick it perches upon. If it did not move at times, it would be very hard to distinguish from a knot on a tree.

"Then why should not all the birds be green in summer, so we could not see them at all?" asked my young friend.

I confess that I could not tell him, and could only suggest that it would be better to study birds where they are found, and learn each for himself all that he can. A few facts, personally acquired, are worth a great deal. They help us to think for ourselves, and what we learn through our own efforts will be longest remembered and go farthest to enable us to understand the beautiful world in which we live.—*Selected.*



The Cultivation of the Soil Will Prove an Education to the Soul

II—Soil Resources

WHEN we speak of "resources" in business affairs, the cash value of a certain kind of property is meant. Suppose the property to be a farm of one hundred acres, valued at seventy-five dollars an acre, with improvements worth two thousand five hundred dollars. This would give the farm a real value of ten thousand dollars. But the owner has hired four thousand dollars, and given a mortgage upon his farm for that amount. This man's resources are ten thousand dollars, but his liabilities are four thousand dollars. So his business is worth only six thousand dollars. The soil resources of his hundred acres are the elements needed to feed the plants grown upon it for the purpose of producing wealth for the use of man. These elements, which are food for the plants we choose to grow, are stored in the soil by the Creator. Fortunately, no man can mortgage this plant food, though it may be wasted by a lack of knowledge in management of the soil.

What, then, are these elements that are able to bring wealth out of the ground? It has been found that plants contain fourteen chemical elements. Ten of these are said to be necessary to growth. The fourteen are, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, chlorine, silica, calcium, iron, potassium, sodium, magnesium, manganese. Some parts of the four first named are given to the soil by the air. But as we find them also in the soil, we shall speak of them among its resources. In this lesson, we can not study all the fourteen elements, so we shall select those found in greatest abundance, and those most used by the plants grown for food.

Silica stands at the head of our list, because it is most abundant. It is a hard, strong substance, and comes from flint and other rocks. Before any plant can make use of silica, it must be dissolved. This is done by water, as you may dissolve sugar and salt by pouring water upon them. Of course the silica dissolves much more slowly. In the soil we find it ground almost as fine as flour, then it is dissolved as the plant needs it. In plants its use is like that of the bones in our bodies. It gives strength to the straw of grains, and to the wood of trees and shrubs, and the stems of all plants. Each acre of ordinary soil one foot deep contains seventy-three tons of silica. Plants use but little of it, and the supply is said to be sufficient for over seventeen thousand years.

Nitrogen is next in abundance, and is considered the most important of all the soil ingredients. While all plant life urgently demands this food element, it also easily escapes from the soil under bad management. Three eminent chemists found by the analyses of thirty samples that the average amount of nitrogen contained is over three tons an acre in the surface foot. Some rich prairie soils contain much more than this. In Manitoba four samples were analyzed, and their average was over five tons an acre in the surface foot. The amount in the first four feet was above eleven tons an acre. Most soils contain nitrogen enough to supply the needs of ordinary crops for many years, if it be not

wasted. And men have lately discovered that an arrangement is made by the Creator constantly to renew the soil's nitrogen. How is this done?

Let us first find the source of this valuable plant food. We can then better understand how its supply is replenished. I think you know that the air we breathe is composed of oxygen and

nitrogen. Oxygen is usually mentioned first, because it is regarded as more important for the use of human beings, especially in breathing. But the air contains almost four times as much nitrogen as oxygen.

Plants also breathe, and it has been found that they take nitrogen into their circulation, and add it to their structure, much as our blood receives oxygen for use in the body.

By far the greatest part of the nitrogen found in the soil is now understood to be gathered from the air by certain plants, and stored there for the use of other plants. The products of plant growth furnish our food, while the plants themselves furnish continual feasts for our eyes. Plants feed mainly upon nitrogen. There is so much that is important and interesting about this element in its relation to soil and seed that we must give it further study in another lesson. Let us here note that ordinary soil has a resource of nitrogen sufficient for more than a hundred years.

Let us now write out in tabular form the reserve fund, or resources, of our three relatives,—the Clays, Sands, and Mucks. Remember, the table shows the amount of each element of plant food in the ordinary soil of one acre, one foot deep. It will help you to understand the proportion of these elements to the whole soil when you know that the common soil of an acre, one foot deep, weighs about one thousand seven hundred and fifty tons:—

PLANT FOOD	TONS (Aprox.)	YEARS
Silica	73.....	17,650
Nitrogen	5.....	100
Magnesia	4.....	2,300
Potash	4.....	1,521
Phosphoric Acid	2.....	542
Lime	2.....	4,387
Soda	1.5.....	4,050
Sulphuric Acid	1.....	292

Study this table, examine your soil samples, and consider their value to man. J. C. ROGERS.

Walla Walla, Washington.

"If thou art worn, and hard beset
With troubles that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

Fed by Air

A FLEMISH physician planted in a pot of earth weighing two hundred pounds a willow branch weighing five pounds. He kept the plant well watered, and in five years the willow had gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds in weight, while the earth in the pot had lost only two ounces. Van Helmont inferred that the plant's gain was due only to the water which had been supplied. Modern botanical science proves that the gain was in a great measure due to the carbon absorbed from the air.

So it is true that strong spiritual characters are built up out of the spiritual atmosphere in which they live.—*The Bible Advocate.*



To a Child

DEAR little face,
 With placid brow, and clear, uplifted eyes,
 And sweet young lips that speak no evil thing,
 And dimpling smiles, free of fair-seeming lies,
 Unschooled to ape the dreary world's pretense!
 Sweet imager of cloudless innocence!
 The tenderest flower of nature's fashioning,
 A dewy rose amid the wilderness,
 Amid the desert a clear-welling spring —
 So is thy undissembling loveliness,
 Dear little face!

Dear little heart,
 That never harbored any ill intent,
 That knows no bitterness, nor doubt, nor care,
 But only young life's opening wonderment,
 And strange, new joys, amid thy incomplete,
 Unfledged emotions and affections sweet!
 Veiled, by the unlied years, thy field; but there
 The sowing for the harvest hath begun.
 When thou shalt reap and bind, may no despair
 Rise from that ground betwixt thee and the sun,
 Dear little heart!

—Robert Burns Wilson, in *The Century*.

Tired of Waiting

"I'm tired of waiting for papa," said my little girl the other day.

I had promised her a drive to the beach. Now and then she looked off across the mesa to where, three miles away, the blue waters of San Luis Bay were breaking in a long line of white surf, and drew a deep breath, letting it out in what sounded much like a sigh. If there is one thing the children like better than another, it is a drive to Pismo beach. There the long lines of breakers run in the sweeping, beautiful curve of the bay way down to Point Sal, fifteen miles away. The sands are hard and firm, and the buggy glides over them with a motion much like the smoothest sleighing.

"There is always something new to be seen at the beach," is a frequent saying, but I believe that Ruth loves the old things best. She is a conservative little body, and never ceases to love what she once enjoys. She loves the hundred-yards-wide and miles-long stretch of gleaming sands that reflect the blue of the glorious sky. She loves to watch the circling flight of the gull, as he makes his sturdy efforts after his living, watching with one eye the buggy and its occupants, while with the other he notes the actions of a flock of pelicans as they take their straightforward way up the shore. All at once there is an awkward pause in a pelican's flight, and suddenly he falls with a great splash into the water. No, he is not shot. That is his way of fishing. Soon he comes up with a smelt or a herring in his bill. But his pouch is full of water. As he drops his head to let the water run out, Mr. Gull, who has glided gently down by his side, pops his bill into the pouch, and makes away with the fish before the pelican has time to gulp it down.

Ruth loves to watch the long-legged and long-curved-billed curlews as they hunt for sand crabs along the shore. Above all she loves the little

mouse-colored sandpipers, whose twinkling feet move so fast that the birds look as if gliding over the sand without the aid of either feet or wings. As they mount on wing, they look like white scuds of flying foam, for their under parts are white as snow.

She hunts over the piles of kelp that the storms have broken loose from the outlying reefs of rock, for the roots. The top of the immense seaweed floats on the surface, supported by long lines of stems, held up by a tiny bladder of air every few inches along the stem or vine. From the center of the floating mass there goes, deep down in the water, a central stem, or trunk, that takes hold upon the bottom in a tangled mass of roots. The storms tear out the whole mass at times, and it comes to shore laden with its treasure-trove of deep-sea starfish, shells, etc.

She loves to climb the white sand dunes that lie next the beach, and hunt for "tunitas," a sweet, salty, sandy fruit that grows upon a long, trailing, succulent-leaved vine, or for the beach strawberries, the only wild strawberry in this part of California. These berries are so covered with sand that they have to be washed before they can be eaten.

Time would fail me to tell of the gamboling porpoises, the great schools of sardines, the whales, the skip-jacks, the smelt fishing, the clam-digging, the Portuguese men-of-war, etc., etc., to say nothing about the Rocky Beach, with all its wealth of shells and mosses, of sea-urchins, anemones, rock oysters, starfishes, etc. Some day, perhaps, I will take you there with me, and we will explore the treasures at our leisure.

No wonder that Ruth exclaimed, "I am tired



of waiting," for papa had so many chores that morning that it was a long time before he was ready for his little girl. "If you are tired of waiting, Ruth," he said, "you may just go to work, and give the chickens a pan of wheat, and feed and water the little chicks, and by that time I think we will be ready." And with her help, in a very short time, we were off behind John Wigwam, who also enjoys a canter on the beach.

"Tired of waiting!" Several times of late I have heard that refrain, "I am tired of waiting; I want to go home," from some of our old

workers at our camp-meetings. To such, and to all, the Father says, "If you are tired of waiting, lay hold of my work, and help, and I will soon be ready to come for you." It is with joy that we note the sounds of preparation for the soon ending of our Father's work on earth. May it be ours to have a part in the work, and ours to share in the glories and beauties of the new earth.

E. L. PAULDING.

"The Blind Receive Their Sight"

"I AM going to be blind, and I shall never forgive him; do not let us mention it again."

The words were spoken quietly by a young woman to her minister. Her eyes were bandaged as the result of an injury received from a golf ball. It had been struck by her own brother, and by accident had inflicted the blow which had had such terrible results.

The girl was strong, ambitious, pleasure-loving. That the joy of life should stop for her at twenty was the most terrible tragedy possible.

The black despair in which she was living was scarcely greater than that into which her rebellion had plunged her whole family. Her father and mother heard with horror the bitterness of her tone, and saw the hardness of her face whenever she spoke of the accident. She would not permit her brother to enter her room. She would bury her ears in her pillows if she heard his voice. In short, she was in the grasp of the monster of unforgiveness. Could any word be spoken that would lift her out of darkness into light? The clergyman who had watched her since she was a child, who knew her faults and loved her in spite of them, was seeking that word.

"Kate," he said, "you are right in saying it does no good to talk. But before silence falls, you must hear the truth once.

"You have claimed the world. It was made, you believed, for your pleasure. Parents, friends, servants, above all, your brother, sprang to do your wish. Now you are blind, and you declare that you will not forgive. I tell you—for I dare—that your blindness is your one chance to win a nobler self. While you could see, you saw no human pain, you felt no other's need. Now your eyes are closed to outward things, that you may learn to see deeper. We have but half-known the dreadful truth, but we now know that you were on the way to be a curse. Now you may be a blessing if you will. It may come to pass for you that, losing your sight, you shall find it." The minister stopped, and went quietly out, and the stricken girl was left alone—in the dark.

Days passed, and it became evident that a terrible struggle was going on in her spirit.

At last the moment came when she gave way before the voice of conscience and the call of love.

She asked to see her brother. What passed in that long-deferred meeting no one knew; but out of it came sunshine for the whole suffering family. That she had received spiritual sight was to them and to her as if she had regained physical sight. One and all addressed themselves to the cheerful acceptance of the affliction. Kate's room became the gathering-place of the household. As she slowly learned to move about the house and to occupy herself, they all rejoiced in each new accomplishment. Her whole nature seemed transformed by her loss. Selfishness and pleas-

ure-seeking became patience and considerateness. She was so bright and appreciative that pity scarcely woke at thought of her.

When three years had passed, some chance expression of sympathy caught her ear. "Don't say that!" she exclaimed. "I am really like the poor man in the Bible, and can truthfully say, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.' I can't be grateful enough for the courage of the friend who touched my eyes. He told me the truth—and the truth made me free."—*Companion*.

"The Sprightliest Bit of Life in All the Winter Landscape"

"If I were asked to name the sprightliest bit of life to be found in all the winter landscape," said William Hamilton Gibson, "I think my choice would have to be, not the mouse, nor chickadee, nor even the hare, but a dweller in the pond or brook, . . . the little black whirligig-beetle known as the *Gyrinus*. They take little account of the changes in the calendar. It is apparently summer all the year round. I fancy their idea of the seasons must be summed up simply as 'green summer' and 'white summer.'"

They surely put a large amount of summer into the winter, as do some of the common flowers that bloom even under the snow. The little whirligigs have none of the sluggishness of the caterpillars, thaw-butterflies, and other insects that we sometimes find moving about in the warmest days of winter.

We can readily find them in the "January thaw." Their whirling swarms have surprised many a winter walker, as they surprised Thoreau. January 24, 1858, he wrote in his journal:—

"I see forty or fifty circling together in the smooth and sunny bays along the brook. . . . What a funny way they have of going to bed! They do not take a light and go up-stairs; they go below. Suddenly it is heels up and heads down, and they go to their muddy bed, and let the unresting stream flow over them in their dreams. Sometimes they seem to have a little difficulty in making the plunge. Maybe they are too dry to slip under."

It's true that they "do not take a light and go up-stairs;" but as they go "down-stairs," they take a bubble of air under the tips of their black wing-covers, that glistens like a diamond. Down, down they go, till they reach some aquatic plants, or some sticks or leaves on the bottom, and there they hold fast till they again come up for their mazy games on the surface of the water.

I have found it very interesting to keep several in an aquarium, and watch their habits on the surface and among the water-plants. As the little beetles can fly, though loth to do so under ordinary circumstances, it is necessary to cover the aquarium with mosquito-netting, cheese-cloth, or something similar.

The *Gyrinus* not only has an advantage over most insects in its active life in winter and in summer, but in being adapted to air by its wings, and to the water by its polished water-proof armor and by legs especially formed for securing a firm hold on the water.

One remarkable adaptation to this life of air and of water is the two distinct sets of eyes. There is one pair of large goggle-like compound eyes under the head; another pair of smaller ones on the upper side of the head keeps on the watch for enemies in the air or for some young naturalists coming along with a net. It is very difficult for us to get near them, and I presume the big under-the-water eyes tell equally well of the approach of a fish.

Seeing both up and down at the same time, enjoying both water and air and all seasons, why shouldn't the *Gyrinus* be happy and sprightly?—*Selected*.



Thoughts That Help!

To find our future mission, we have but to be faithful wherever God puts us for the present.

Just in proportion as the organization of our young people may be a power for good, if rightly conducted, so there is in it the possibility of harm, if the true spirit of the work is perverted.

The best things—faith, peace, love, joy, contentment—can not be purchased. The best things are absolutely free. "Whosoever will" may have them.

There is work within reach of every hand. The humbler things must not be neglected; for if they are, we shall never be ready for a larger or more particular service.

It is not the kind of work in which we are engaged that makes it acceptable to God, but the willingness, the faithfulness, the earnestness, with which we labor.

The young person who does that which is not worth doing, is squandering his time just as surely as he who is doing nothing. The question is not, How much time have I? but, How shall I use the time I have?

Just before the volunteers in Theodore Roosevelt's company took the oath of allegiance at Tampa, he thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, you have now reached the last point. If any of you do not mean business, let him say so now. An hour from now will be too late to back out. Once in, you've got to see it through. You've got to perform without flinching whatever duty is assigned to you, regardless of the difficulty or danger attending it. Think it over." The spirit of that little speech ought to be in the heart of every volunteer in the army of the Lord. There is no better place to learn to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," than in our young people's organizations.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

A World-Wide Awakening

(March 1-7)

FOLLOWING the opening of the "time of the end" and the unsealing of the prophetic word, God's providence prepared the way for the great awakening that was designed to prepare men for the next great event of prophecy, the opening of the judgment court in heaven. Note, first, the Scripture teaching as to a definite hour of judgment, and then the heralding of the message calling attention to it.

A Time of Judgment.—Eccl. 3:17; Acts 17:31; 24:25; Dan. 7:9, 10.

World-Wide Proclamation.—Rev. 14:6, 7. See "Great Controversy," chapter XX, "A Great Religious Awakening," and "Rise and Progress," chapters II and III.

Use a map in showing how wide-spread was the movement calling attention to the approaching advent of Christ, which sprang up so suddenly under the inspiration of the Spirit of God. The whole story may be briefly and clearly pre-

sented if the chapters referred to are studied. Make it plain that such a work was not organized by any preconcerted plans of men, but that as the time came for the word to go forth, God impelled his witnesses to take up the work.

Particularly notice the quotation which Brother Loughborough makes in "Rise and Progress" from the "History of the Reformation," beginning: "Germany did not communicate the truth to Switzerland, nor Switzerland to France, nor France to England. All these countries received it from God," etc. Just so God worked in raising up witnesses in the proclamation of the first angel's message, and so is he now working for us. We see it more and more clearly every year that he is preparing hearts in all the world to respond to the final message.

While passing over the story of the child witnesses, raised up in Sweden when adult voices were silenced, bear in mind the statement in Testimony, Volume VI, to the effect that this movement for the Christian education of our children is to prepare some of the little ones to witness again when parents' voices are silenced by the decrees of men. We shall yet live the old times over again.

In this world-survey it will not be possible to deal at all in detail with Mr. Miller's work, which we will take up next week. W. A. S.

Wilcox, Washington

THE meetings of our Society are held evening after Sabbath. After the opening exercises, each member repeats a text of Scripture on some subject announced at the previous meeting. Then a Bible reading is held, in which all participate. This is generally followed by a short social meeting.

At a recent meeting the letter was read from our State secretary, calling for money to support a native missionary in Fiji, and requesting each Society to raise five dollars for that purpose. After some remarks, fourteen dollars was given. Two weeks ago our Society raised \$132.76 in cash and pledges for the erection of a church building.

We are glad to mention that these young people take an active interest in the Sabbath-school, and although few in number, as yet, they are of good courage.

MRS. A. D. SCHLOTTHAUER.

From Welsh, Louisiana

THE Young People's Society at Welsh was organized about three years ago. One year ago we received Membership Cards, and have found them quite a help. Our meetings are held every Sabbath afternoon, and we use the lesson-outlines found in the INSTRUCTOR, and enjoy them very much. Twenty-five copies of the *Gospel Herald* are taken by the Society. Some of our young people send these through the mail, and correspond with the readers. We feel that the Lord is blessing our efforts. OPAL SAXBY.

Question Hints

FOR what did the unsealing of the prophetic word prepare the way?

How definite is the teaching regarding the time of judgment? Give outline of texts?

How widely was the message, "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come," proclaimed?

In what way does God give his truth to men when the time is ripe for it? Cite instances.

How was the message given in Sweden when men were forbidden to speak it? What ground have we for expecting that this experience may be repeated? In view of this, what should we be careful to do?

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Chirps

I HEARD a little sparrow chirp,
One bitter winter day,
When snow was thickly crusted o'er,
And skies were cold and gray.

The cheerless light of dawn was then
Just stealing into sight,
But in the dusk that tender chirp
Greeted the passing night
And coming light.

A shivering little huddled thing,
Yet in his wonted way,
The sparrow flung his summer song
Into the winter day —
As sweet as May.

O, chirps are always sweet, but sound
Their sweetest when but few;
Against a frigid sky, instead
Of warm, bright, summer blue,
They ring so true.

They seem to take the keenest edge
From bitter, frosty air,
And make the way to summer-time
Seem shorter and more fair —
God everywhere.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

Blind Bet

MR. BRONSON had said, more than once, that he would certainly have to sell Buttercup if she did not grow better-natured. He did not like to part with her; for, aside from her ugly temper, she was a good cow. When she kicked over the bucket of milk, he forgave her; when she ran after Shep, he knew the dog could get out of her way; even when she shook her head at her master, he overlooked it, for the sake of her rich milk and golden butter. But when she chased ten-year-old Edna across the barnyard, the offense was neither to be overlooked nor forgiven. Go she must, and go she did, the very next day.

Edna looked after her complacently.

"Now," said she, "I can go down into the pasture, and get some pinks; the field is covered with them, but Buttercup would never let me gather them. Old Blind Bet won't chase me;" and catching up her little basket, she was off to the pasture.

When she came back, her basket was full of the pretty, fringed pinks, white with blue centers, white with pink centers, white with blue edges, white with pink edges, blue ones, purple ones, and red ones, such an endless variety!

But next day when she went to the pasture, she did not stay long, and her kind little face was troubled when she came back.

"Mama," said she, "what is the matter with Blind Bet? I couldn't bear to be in the pasture, she bawls so."

"Why, I suppose she is lonesome for Buttercup. You know she has never been alone before," said mama.

"But how can she be lonesome for Buttercup, when she could never see her?"

"She could hear her bell, and now she misses its sound."

Edna was very thoughtful all the afternoon. Her kind little heart ached for the lonely old cow. She almost wished Buttercup were back, even if she *did* prevent her gathering pinks. Once she went out slyly to the barn, took the cowbell, and going to the pasture, rang it gently a few times. Blind Bet, who had been bawling disconsolately the moment before, set her ears forward to listen,

lowed in a soft, pleased way, and fell to grazing contentedly. The dear little girl stayed in the pasture, ringing the bell at intervals, for an hour.

"O, dear! I can't do *that* every day," she said, to herself. "School begins next week, and Bet will be lonesomer than ever."

But good Nurse Sleep often puts bright, new ideas into our heads while we are under her care, and next morning Edna had one.

Climbing upon papa's knee for a five-minute visit after breakfast, she said, "Papa, is Bet only lonesome for the bell?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And if she could hear the bell, would she be satisfied?"

"I believe she would."

"Then, papa, why don't you put the bell on Bet?"

"Why, to be sure," said papa; "who'd have



"A SHIVERING LITTLE HUDDLED THING"

thought of it, but a little girl so kind that she takes even the old cow's trouble to heart? Come along, Honeysuckle, and we'll try it."

So the bell was strapped on old Bet's neck, and she found its "*ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong, dong-dong*" such good company that she has not been lonesome since, and I do believe Edna is even better pleased than Old Blind Bet.

AUNT BETTY.

A Day of Surprises

WHEN Pauline woke that morning, her first thought was what a long, long day it would be without mama. Pauline and her mother had been boarding at a farm-house when Pauline had been taken sick, and she and mama had had a long three weeks in their two rooms. Polly was almost well now, but she was not allowed to go out or to have any callers. And now mama had to go in the city to see papa and the boys, and would be gone all day. She had planned to start by an early train, before Polly was awake, and she would not get back until after six at night. But Polly had promised to be brave and cheerful, because she knew mama really must go.

Mama had said that Polly should have some surprises during the day to make it pleasant. Polly dearly loved surprises when they were pleasant ones. The first one came when Betsy brought in the breakfast-tray. As the cover was lifted from the plate of hot toast, Polly gave a gasp and then a laugh. The toast had been cut in one big circle, and eyes, nose, and mouth were marked on it in bright currant jelly.

When Polly began to drink her cocoa, she found a pretty card under the cup, with these lines:—

When you've drunk your cocoa up,
Look in the box beneath the cup.

Polly finished every crumb of the nice breakfast in a pleasant feeling of excitement. The surprises were beginning already, and there promised to be more of them.

There was a thin, flat box under the cup and saucer. It was wrapped in white paper, and tied with ribbon. When Betsy had gone out with the tray, Polly opened the box. In it was a puzzle made from a bright-colored picture on a stiff card that had been cut in many odd pieces. Polly had to spend some time in getting all the pieces together properly so as to make the picture complete. A note in the box read:—

How is my little daughter? I hope she will have a pleasant day. Perhaps she will like to finish Miranda Jane's white apron. When she gets it all done, and dolly is dressed in it, then read the note in Miranda's dress pocket. Mama loves her Polly very much.

Polly finished the sewing, and then dressed Miranda and played with her a while. She had forgotten to look for the note in dolly's pocket, but when she remembered about it, she read it eagerly.

Betsy is coming at ten o'clock with your glass of milk, and then she will bring you another surprise. Guess what it will be.

Polly had not long to wait until ten o'clock came. She drank the milk, and ate the new cookies Betsy had just baked. Betsy had laughed when Polly asked if the cookies were the surprise, and had said, "No, indeed." She came in again in a very few minutes with the surprise in her apron. It was—kittens, two of them, borrowed from a neighbor. They were just big enough to toddle about, and how Polly did enjoy them!

Through the afternoon there were more surprises. One was a new book that a note on her dinner-tray told her she would find in mama's lower bureau drawer.

Another note brought in by Betsy, later, said there were four little presents hidden in the room, every one marked "Polly," and she might have a game of hunt the slipper for them.

One present was a tiny box of big, fat raisins. That was on the floor under the sofa. Another was a new pink hair ribbon. That was in a white envelope that was fastened to the back of the looking-glass. It was really very strange that Polly found it. There was a lace-trimmed handkerchief so small that it could only be meant for Miranda. There was a little purse with three bright pennies in it.

Then Betsy came in to say: "Your mama said I might tell you there would be one more surprise at half-past five."

When Betsy had gone, Polly lay down for a while, because she was rather tired. It was lon-

some now, and although she had had a pleasant day, oh, she did want mama now! But before she had time to be very lonesome, she fell asleep.

"Wake up, little daughter! Supper is nearly ready. How does Polly like me for a surprise?"

Mama had come home an hour earlier than Polly expected her. That was the very nicest surprise at half-past five.—*Selected.*

"Mimic Snow-Birds,"

MANY seeds are scattered by the winter storms, and forest-planting goes on in the woods long before we dream of gardening.

When the logs are hauled in from the woods, many of our country boys and girls have noticed small brown specks clinging to the snowy sticks. Examine a brown bit, and you will find it a veritable miniature "snow-bird"—in shape, at least. Head, wings, and tail are all there.

If you wish to know where this strange little brown flock came from, follow the sled back to the snowy woods, where the men are chopping, and somewhere near you will surely find a white birch-tree, hung with dark-brown cones, the fruited catkins of last spring.

Shake one of the cone-bearing branches, and thousands of brown specks, like those brought home to the wood-pile, will sail over the snow. These specks are the small scales which cover the little seeds of the birch-tree. The tiny yellow seeds are harder to find than their bird-like coverings, for they are lighter, and are borne away on their wings.

Some of the cones on the branches have lost part of their seeds, and have stiff, straight ends. Pinch the bottom of a perfect cone, and you will soon discover a method of scattering seeds as marvelous as that of the wick-hazel. In ripening, the rows of seeds with their bird-like coverings have loosened from the stem of the cone, and are now held together by contact and pressure. The one hard scale at the end unlocks the secret. Touch that, and the whole flock of seeds takes flight as if we had unlocked the door of a cage, and real birds were gladly escaping from their captivity.

The sturdy black birch scatters its seeds in a similar manner. One winter day I saw a hungry little brown bird opening this small storehouse of seeds with its bill.—*Selected.*



V—The Birth of a Provincialism

ONE day a baby boy who lived near my home wanted a drink of milk. He could not pronounce that word, so he invented one he could use. It was not English, nor French, nor German, and yet it was serviceable, for he readily explained the new word to his brother, who had studied language two years longer than he, and who, in turn, with philosophic gravity became his brother's interpreter. Now if this tiny student had continued to associate only with his brother, he would probably have concluded that the word he had made was as good as any in the language, because it called to his mind the idea of milk, and it affected his brother in the same way. But there came a time when he had a wider range of associates, and he discovered that the word he had created did not suggest to their minds the idea of milk at all. It suggested nothing whatever. So, with the little reasoning ability he had gained during his two years' stay in this world, he saw the desirability of adopting the word the whole world, as he supposed, used for milk; and accordingly did so.

There was a man one day, who concluded that "twenty-five-cent piece," was too long a name

for so small a coin, and so named it "two bits." His neighbors saw it was a saving of time to call the coin "two bits," and they also remembered what somebody had wisely said, that "to save time is to lengthen life." So a time came when the people in half a dozen great States called a quarter of a dollar "two bits."

As in the experience of the little boy, had this man lived among his neighbors the rest of his life, all would have been well, and he would have confidently looked upon the word he had created as equal to the best in the language. In fact, it did get into the dictionary, but was constantly jeered by its fellows because it was compelled to wear a badge bearing the inscription, in italics, "Provincialism."

But he journeyed eastward over great stretches of mountains full of snowdrifts, and vast heated deserts covered with thorny brush, and sand, and alkali, and finally made his home in a land where English was spoken, but where he could not make himself understood so long as he persisted in calling the twenty-five-cent pieces in his pocket by any other name than "quarter." So he, for the same reason as that of the baby boy, gave up his pet name, and learned the one used by his associates.

Now the man in question had learned—as the little child will learn some day—that not all the words he had been using as English have the good fortune of being used everywhere in the English-speaking world. Some of them live only in localities, and are often, for the people there, indispensable; yet they, like many men of local prominence, live and die without being catalogued in a dictionary or encyclopedia.

Still every word in the language, you can readily see, at some stage of its existence must be a provincialism, until it becomes known to the majority of the people; and if a word does not come to be generally used, it is because some other word can better fill its place, and therefore if it serves the world at all, it must be in a humbler sphere.

Thus words are continually being born, and continually dying; not because they are worn out, but because they do so little good in the world that they are not needed. And just in this connection, pardon my remarking that if boys and girls, and men and women, were governed by the same stern law that controls the lives of words, there would be fewer selfish, aimless, purposeless lives lived. And if you will think deeply upon the subject, you will discover that the life which becomes a part of eternity is given to us on the same condition as it is given to words,—that of doing good in the world.

Closely akin to the provincialism is the colloquialism. "Colloquialisms" are words which, on account of their sparkle, or spriteliness, or their informal behavior, we are all fond of using in conversation with our friends, and yet we would not regard them dignified enough to use in writing for the press or speaking in public. Thus in our conversation we often use such words as "cute," "miff," "fizzle," "shaver," "yank," "up-country," etc. I am certain that you all have a host of these word acquaintances, and no doubt you feel like insisting that they are good enough to do duty in a message to the president; yet as one of a little more experience than some of you, and as knowing the experience of hundreds much wiser than myself, I would caution you against giving these childish, chattering, irresponsible children of our language a conspicuous place in what you have to say to the world, when you can readily express your thoughts in words that have a place of honor in the dictionary.

L. T. CURTIS.

ALL the troubles of this world are born with wings.—*Mary E. Wilkins.*



First Lessons in Geography

Lesson XXXIV

INDIA is a large peninsula. During half the year, hot winds blow over this country from the southwest, bringing a vast amount of moisture from the Indian Ocean. This moisture falls in the form of rain. During the other six months, the winds blow from the northeast; and as they come from the high, dry interior of Asia, there is no rain. This divides the year into two seasons, the wet and the dry. The winds are called "monsoons," which means seasons. The Himalaya Mountains are very high, and are covered with a great deal of snow, which they get from the southwest winds. The foothills of the mountains are covered with heavy forests. During the wet season the climate of India is very hot. In the dry season the wind comes from the mountains, and the climate is much more agreeable.

Most of the land in India is rich, and its surface is comparatively level. India is the most thickly populated part of the globe. There are almost three hundred million persons living there, or one fifth of all in the world. It has only about a third as much surface as the United States, but there is an average of one hundred and sixty persons for every square mile of territory. When we remember that there are thousands of jungles,—places that are so thickly grown up with trees and underbrush that nothing lives in them but birds, reptiles, and wild animals,—we can understand how thickly settled the remainder of the country must be. In the jungles are many large, ferocious, wild animals, such as tigers, leopards, elephants, hyenas, etc. Myriads of monkeys climb about among the trees, while birds flit about everywhere. Cobras, the most poisonous snakes known, live in these jungles, and many of them crawl out into other parts of the country. Thousands of persons die from their bite every year, and the wild beasts devour many more.

India has been partly civilized for centuries. The people are of many different races and religions, though by far the greater part are Hindus. Their religion is a species of idolatry called Brahmanism. It divides the people into castes, and no one can ever belong to any other caste than the one in which he is born. This means that they have no chance to better their condition. The priests, or the high caste, are mostly well to do, and live without work. Many of the lower caste are miserably poor. It is said that in India many persons live a lifetime without really knowing what it means to have all they wish to eat. It is well that they live in a warm country, and need but little clothing, for in their destitute condition, many of them would perish in a colder climate.

They have sacred books that are very old, and as they have believed their religion for generations, it is hard for them to see that there is anything better.

REVIEW.—What great peninsula in the southern part of Asia? What waters surround it? In what zones is India? Name three large rivers of India. What mountains are in the northern part? What are monsoons? What two seasons has India? What are jungles? Name some of the animals that live in the jungles. What religion have most of the people?

Lesson XXXV

Although the land in India is very fertile, it produces barely enough to support the people. If there happens to be a dry season, or anything injures the crops, there is a famine, and thousands starve to death. Many of our fruits, grains, and vegetables came originally from India. Agriculture is the chief occupation of the people. Rice, peas, wheat, millet, and sugar-cane are the principal products. Large fields of poppies are also grown, and opium is made from their juice. A great deal of flax is raised. Considerable cot-

ton is grown and shipped to England, while jute and silk are also produced in large quantities. The jute is used in making coarse bags and ropes.

As it is warm the greater part of the year, the water that falls during the wet season is stored in reservoirs, and used in irrigating the country during the dry season, so that two crops are produced. Were it not for this, the people could not live. Although India needs her own products so badly, she ships a great amount of wheat and cotton to England. This goes by way of a canal that has been cut across the Isthmus of Suez. Find this isthmus on the map.

The women of India work in the fields, the mother strapping her baby on her back or astride her hip. The women of the upper castes do not have to work, but many of them are kept closely in the houses, and go out only when carried in covered chairs borne on the shoulders of the poorer men. The secluded life of the women makes it hard to carry the gospel to them.

The Hindus manufacture very fine shawls, carpets, rugs, etc. They also make fine embroidery thread, beautiful jewels, and such a delicate cotton cloth that it is called "woven wind." They have few factories, and so do all their work by hand. The ordinary laborer gets from five to seven cents a day for his work.

The country is under the rule of England, and many Englishmen live in the cities. They have built railroads through the more important parts of the country. Calcutta is the capital of India. Where is it? What city on the west coast of India? Bombay has a good harbor, and there is a railroad running from there to Calcutta. Where is Madras? What large island south of India? This island is also owned by England. It has a delightful climate, and tropical fruits of all kinds grow there. From there we get many of our spices and a great deal of coconut oil. The people who live there know little about Christianity.

William Carey was the first missionary in modern times to carry the gospel to India. Since his time the condition of the people has improved very much, and thousands of them profess Christianity, but there still remains much to be done.

REVIEW.—What causes famines in India? What is the chief occupation of the people? What do they raise? How do the women work? What does India ship to England? What do the people of India manufacture? What country rules India? Where is Ceylon? What grows there? Who was William Carey? What did he do?

FLOYD BRALLIAR.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X—Preparation and Promises at Sinai

(March 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 19.
MEMORY VERSES: Ex. 19: 5, 6.

"From Rephidim, the people continued their journey, following the movement of the cloudy pillar. Their route had led across barren plains, over steep ascents, and through rocky defiles. Often as they had traversed the sandy wastes, they had seen before them rugged mountains, like huge bulwarks, piled up directly across their course, and seeming to forbid all further progress. But as they approached, openings here and there appeared in the mountain wall, and beyond, another plain opened to view. Through one of these deep, gravelly passes they were now led. It was a grand and impressive scene. Between the rocky cliffs rising hundreds of feet on either side, flowed in a living tide, far as the eye could reach, the hosts of Israel with their flocks and herds. And now before them in solemn majesty Mount Sinai lifted its massive front. The cloudy pillar rested upon its summit, and the people spread their tents upon the plain beneath. Here was to be their home for nearly a year. At night the pillar of fire assured them of the divine protection, and while they were locked in slumber, the bread of heaven fell gently upon the encampment.—*Patriarchs and Prophets.*"

It was at Rephidim that Moses' father-in-law, Jethro, joined him, bringing Moses' wife and two

sons with him. Moses had sent them back to Jethro's home after he started on his journey to deliver Israel, and had been separated from them until this time.

In the third month after leaving Egypt, Israel went into camp at this place. Already God had worked marvelously for their deliverance from Egypt, but he had still richer experiences in store for them. Had they been faithful to him, they would not have been compelled to spend the forty years in the wilderness, as they did.

The Lord called Moses up into the mountain, and there told him his plan for Israel. As Moses laid these things before the people, giving them God's personal message to them, they assented to every word. They said, "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." The dreadful idolatry in which they engaged immediately after the giving of the law shows how helpless they were to do these things of themselves, and how little they appreciated the source of their strength.

The failures and mistakes of Israel were written for our learning as truly as were their triumphs and victories. This is mentioned in 1 Cor. 10: 5-13, where a beautiful lesson is drawn for the encouragement of even the youngest child who has accepted Jesus as his Saviour. We are told that with many of Israel, God was not well pleased, and they died in the wilderness. "Now these things were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted;" and, "They are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." This shows that at the time we think we are able to stand, not recognizing that we can stand only in the strength of Christ, like the children of Israel, we are in immediate danger of falling.

Following this comes that cheering and helpful promise that will be the strength of even the child who accepts it as God's word to him, and trusts God to fulfill it in his behalf. Read verse 13. One thing not to be overlooked is the fact that these lessons are written for those who will be living in the end of the world—those "upon whom the ends of the world are come"—and that means the generation that is preparing to meet their coming Lord.

Questions

1. Where did the children of Israel now go into camp? How long had it been since they left Egypt?
2. Why did Moses go up into the mount?
3. What message did the Lord give him for Israel?
4. To what experiences did the Saviour first direct their minds? Why did he say he had thus delivered them from the Egyptians?
5. What promise did he make? On what conditions would this be fulfilled?
6. How did the people receive the message?
7. Why did the Lord say that he spoke to Moses as he did?
8. How were the people to prepare for the giving of the law? What special instructions were given?
9. What was the first signal that God was about to speak to his people? What effect did it have upon them?
10. How did Mount Sinai appear?
11. How did the Lord respond when Moses spoke?
12. What precaution was again urged, that no one should touch the mount and perish?
13. Why were these things written?
14. To what class of people especially does this apply?
15. What warning is given? What precious promise accompanies it? Commit verses 12 and 13.

"He's My Brother"

I MET a slender little maid
A rosy burden bearing.
"Isn't he heavy, dear?" I said,
As past me she was faring.
She looked at me with grave, sweet eyes,
This fragile "little mother,"
And answered, as in swift surprise,
"Oh, no, ma'am! he's my brother."

We larger children toil and fret
To help the old world onward;
Our eyes with tears are often wet,
So slowly it moves sunward.
Yet, would we all the secret seek
Of this dear "little mother,"
Unwearying we'd bear up the weak
Because he is "my brother."

—Selected.



X—The Result of Disobedience

(March 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 106: 34-48.
MEMORY VERSES: Verses 47, 48.

They did not destroy the peoples,
As Jehovah commanded them,
But mingled themselves with the nations,
And learned their works,
And served their idols,
Which became a snare unto them.
Yea, they sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto demons,
And shed innocent blood,
Even the blood of their sons and of their daughters,
Whom they sacrificed unto the idols of Canaan;
And the land was polluted with blood.
Thus were they defiled with their works,
And played the harlot in their doings.
Therefore was the wrath of Jehovah kindled against his people,
And he abhorred his inheritance.
And he gave them into the hand of the nations;
And they that hated them ruled over them.
Their enemies also oppressed them,
And they were brought into subjection under their hand.
Many times did he deliver them;
But they were rebellious in their counsel,
And were brought low in their iniquity.
Nevertheless he regarded their distress,
When he heard their cry;
And he remembered for them his covenant,
And repented according to the multitude of his loving-kindnesses.
He made them also to be pitied
Of all those that carried them captive.
Save us, O Jehovah our God,
And gather us from among the nations,
To give thanks unto thy holy name,
And to triumph in thy praise.
Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Israel,
From everlasting even to everlasting.
And let all the people say, Amen.
Praise ye Jehovah.

Questions

1. How did the children of Israel disobey the command of Jehovah?
2. Instead of obeying the Lord, what did they do?
3. What was the result of this disobedience?
4. To what extent did they carry this idolatrous worship?
5. Where do you find a record of the acts mentioned in these verses? See Judges 1 and 2.
6. What was the effect of their wickedness upon the land?
7. What effect did it have upon the people?
8. How did the Lord regard it?
9. How did he look upon his inheritance?
10. What punishment did he allow to come upon them? See Nehemiah 9.
11. Did the Lord utterly forsake them?
12. Even after they continued to be rebellious, how did he regard their cry?
13. What did he remember? According to what measure did he work for them?
14. How did he cause their enemies to regard them? Can you find any record of such experiences?
15. In view of all this, what petition is uttered for Israel to-day?
16. For what purpose are they to be gathered out from among the nations?
17. Do you see any evidence that such work is being done?

Notes

The book of Judges is the story of repeated apostasy and rebellion and deliverances. The second chapter shows how compromise with the world caused the troubles of the people. A precious lesson for times of distress is that in Judges 6: 12-14.

The prayer of the psalmist in verse 47 is especially appropriate for these days, when God is gathering out his people from among the nations to triumph in his praise. There is triumph in praise, as there is defeat in murmuring. In the gathering of his people in these last days, we are to see again his power to deliver and save as in ancient days. Jer. 16: 14, 15; Isa. 11: 10-12. Review the whole psalm, and see how much murmuring and apostasy would have been saved, had God's people but trusted him.



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"MAKE your brother think there is no boy in the world who has so good a sister," was a wise word of advice to a girl who was in danger of giving her brother quite a different opinion. And it is such good advice that it is worth while to pass it on to all the sisters we can reach. Then if every brother would set out to make his sister know, "for certain," that he was the best brother in the world, there would be such a spirit of affection and kindness in many homes as has not been found in them for many a day. Love is a delightful guest to entertain in the home; and if such doors as those of brotherly and sisterly endeavor to please and serve are opened, he will gladly enter.

HE who waits for "great things" to do will wait a long time. Joshua was a faithful servant for forty years before he was called to be the honored leader of Israel. Had he put off being faithful at the times he was tested during that long period, waiting for some great chance to show his trust and faith in God, such as was given him at the River Jordan, he would never have been chosen to succeed Moses. Life is made up of little things; the chance to do great things does not come often,—there was only one Joshua in the six-hundred-thousand-strong camp of Israel,—but the only way to be ready for such a chance, should it come, is to do faithfully the little things that do come every day.

"Tis only little things
Make up the present day, make up all days,
Make up thy life. Do thou not, therefore, wait,
Keeping thy wisdom and thine honesty
Till great things come with trumpet heraldings."

What Are You Doing

In the matter of circulating the four new tracts,—"We Would See Jesus," "Signs of Our Times," "The Gospel Remedy for Present-day 'Isms,'" and "What Do These Things Mean?" The Pacific Press has already printed half a million of these tracts, and is printing three hundred thousand more; while the Review and Herald Office has printed one hundred and forty thousand, and is unable to fill its orders.

Even more encouraging than the figures showing how many tracts have been printed, is the story of how they are being used. The Young People's Societies, having gained a valuable experience in other work, are ready to take hold of this, and many of them are doing so. The company here in Battle Creek, working with the older church-members, have taken half the city as their territory, and are leaving one copy of each tract in every home in their district.

As we take up this work, wherever we may be, let us not fail to ask that God's Spirit may accompany these little messengers, and make them a means of enlightenment to many who are seeking a better way.

An Encouraging Experience

WE are glad to notice that in the effort now being made to finish the sale of "Christ's Object Lessons," the young people are taking hold of the work with a vim,—and not only taking hold but holding on. In different places where it has been taken up, the churches have "held a young people's meeting," at the beginning of the campaign; and later old and young have met together often, to relate experiences and encourage one another by the way.

In a late number of the *Jubilee Campaign Bulletin*, a member of the Young People's Society in Battle Creek writes as follows concerning his experience in this work:—

"In January Elder Butcher came to Battle Creek, and invited me to return with him to Detroit. Since my arrival I have been engaged in visiting some of the church-members. To-day, February 9, is the first day that I ever canvassed for a book. I have always said that I would not canvass, but I find myself like the son who told his father he would not, and then did.

"While my success has not been very great, yet I thank God for the experience. I canvassed one hour and fifteen minutes in the forenoon, and took three orders. In the afternoon I canvassed three hours and thirty minutes, and took three orders, besides two conditional ones, making a total of six, and possibly eight for the day. God is greatly blessing the work here, and I feel more determined than ever before to press forward."

There is one sure way to get a blessing, and that is to go to work; for God always blesses those who, with loyal, humble hearts, are working for him.

A Notable Achievement

FOUR years ago a plan was set in motion by the Methodist Church to raise a fund of twenty million dollars for the purposes of the church. This fund was to be regarded as a "thank-offering fund in celebration of the opening of the twentieth century." The remarkable part of it is that the amount has been raised, to the last dollar. It will be devoted to the educational and philanthropic work of the church, and to paying off the indebtedness on the various Methodist church buildings in the United States; "and it is the expectation of the directors of the fund that not a Methodist church in the United States will be in debt when the payments are complete." This money has not come without an effort; but the raising of so gigantic a fund shows that where any people "have a mind to work," their efforts will succeed. We are told that the Norwegian conference of Minnesota, made up of poor men, headed the list with an average gift of *twenty-two dollars a member*, and that the German conference of Oregon stood second, with an average of twenty dollars a member. How long would it take to free our schools from debt, if each member of our own church were to take hold as loyally as this? And the plan by which our school debts are to be lifted is so arranged that all that needs to be done is for each one to lift a little. When *each one* does this, the money will come, and the debts will be paid.

Plan Accordingly

These are the last days. Plan accordingly. The day of probation will soon close. Plan accordingly. The safest and best place we may invest our means is in the bank of heaven. Plan accordingly. The time is near when all property will vanish in smoke. Plan accordingly. The righteousness of God will endure forever. Plan accordingly. Faith in God's word will enable us to see all things in the light of eternity. Plan accordingly.—*Review and Herald*.



THE *Saturday Evening Post* is responsible for the statement that the horse-chestnut, hitherto considered poisonous, may become, by undergoing a process to remove the bitter resin and unpleasant oil, a valuable article of diet. The nut is said to be "rich in those elements which go to make flesh and blood, and to furnish fuel for the body in man or animal."

DEEP coal-mining will be a problem for British engineers to solve within the present century. At present the noxious gases, and the heat of from sixty to eighty degrees above that at the surface, make mining impossible at depths of five thousand feet or more; but it is predicted that it will be possible, by the application of present plans, to carry on mining at from five to ten thousand feet below the surface.

ACCORDING to the *Scientific American*, an inventor has recently perfected a machine for wrapping small packages of the same size and form. The machine works rapidly, and is adjustable, so that anything, "from a caramel to a cake of soap," may be perfectly wrapped. "The machine performs about forty different operations, including the cutting of paper from the roll."

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, has recently given to Harvard College "a costly and magnificent" collection of German relics, which in antiquity and interest are said to surpass anything of the kind in this country. Among these is a model of the famous old Viking boat, which was found a few years ago in a bog, with the thirty oars used in propelling it, and the arms and armor of the warriors who sailed in it.

THE "snakes" seen by victims of delirium tremens have been made visible by French oculists in some recent experiments. In an examination of the eyes of sixteen alcoholic patients by means of the ophthalmoscope it was found that the minute blood-vessels in the retina were congested, and in this condition these gently moving objects would be projected into the field of vision as something very much like black, squirming serpents.

THE use of a pneumatic spraying-machine for painting large surfaces is coming more and more into use. It was first brought before the public at the time of the World's Fair when the buildings of the exhibition were painted in this way. The liquid falls upon the surface to be coated in the form of a thin mist, which penetrates everywhere. By means of this device it is possible to obtain very much more satisfactory results than with the brush.

A PHYSICIAN of Germany has recently published the results of his investigations of the surfaces of unwashed fruits taken from the markets. "He computed the numbers of bacteria found on half a pound of each of the fruits named, as follows: Huckleberries, 400,000; damsons, 470,000; yellow plums, 700,000; pears, 800,000; gooseberries, 1,000,000; garden strawberries, 2,000,000; raspberries, 4,000,000; grapes, 8,000,000; currants, 11,000,000; cherries, 12,000,000." It is comforting, in view of these figures, to remember that water is a cleansing agent within the reach of all, and that the normal human stomach is able to dispose of a good many bacteria without injury.