

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. LIII

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 7, 1905

No. 6

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Visit to the Vale of Wonders

(Concluded)

AFTER crossing the Nevada Falls bridge, we take the trail which leads around to Glacier Peak. We have already had a long tramp; but we have as far to go to get back to camp as we have come, and to cover this distance we must descend about one third the distance we have elevated ourselves, and then ascend again to a still greater height to reach Glacier Peak; and yet every step of the way is a joy in spite of weary limbs. Just before beginning to make the ascent to Glacier Peak, we crossed a little stream, flowing leisurely along, and giving no indication of being able so soon to transform itself into a thing of beauty; but only a few rods from the bridge, it made its plunge to the valley floor. It is the smallest of the falls, with the exception of Ribbon Fall (which was not in operation while we were there); but it has a beauty peculiarly its own. Like the little wood violet which prefers to bloom in some retired nook, this fall seems anxious to reach the level below with as little noise and ostentation as possible. One can ride by it on horseback and not see it, so sudden its dip, so far its fall, and so shut in is it on both sides. We succeeded, however, in securing a good position from which to view it, and felt well repaid. Like silken drapery, it hangs straight down some hundreds of feet, and most of the noise of its fall is swallowed up in the depths below. Its name is Tululaweack.

A long, steady, but not steep climb brings us to what is one of the most commanding views of the whole valley. It is called Glacier Peak because of certain scarifications of the ledges which scientists claim to have been made by glaciers thousands of years ago. The view all around is grand, sublime, unsurpassable. At this place Iva and Professor Ballenger went out upon the overhanging rock, and Carrie, seeking an equally perilous position, took a picture of the others. The height above the valley does not show in the cut; but a person falling from this position would find no place of rest until he had descended some thirty-seven hundred feet.

From this point a short side trail takes one to the Fissures,—great clefts in the earth,—while still another trail leads to Sentinel Rock; but our company was well contented to get down to camp by the shortest way. The sun was well up when we began the descent; but the friendly moon was our only light long before we reached the floor of the valley. The sinuosities of the downward trail are something to be wondered at, and there are several places on the way where one could easily step out of the world. One of

our horses, tired of the long descent, attempted to end his troubles in that way, and was stopped just at the edge of the precipice. He was riderless at the time. Various members of the party expressed the belief that the bottom had fallen out of the valley, so long seemed the down grade to our tired knees.

We spent eleven most delightful days in the valley, visiting and revisiting places of interest,

coming into the valley to visit their neighbors. They were all either riding or leading ponies. Some of them had beautiful saddles of American make, and all the women and children were arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow and the flower garden. The women, strong and sturdy, were leading their ponies, and were laughing to one another as they passed me, evidently amused at the fact that I had to stop and rest on the trail.

We had a chance while in the valley to study some of the ways of the Indians. Their manner of preserving food was interesting to me. They had gathered a large quantity of acorns, which a white person would hardly think of using as an article of diet, because of their bitter taste, and the "puckery" feeling which they leave in the mouth. The Indians, that is, the women, old men, and children, sit down in a circle, take the shells off the acorns, grind up the meats, and then wash the pulverized mass until they have taken out the properties that make the acorn so unpalatable. The "dough" is then made up into small loaves about the size and shape of half a muskmelon that has been cut in two lengthwise. The loaf is flat on one side and rounded out on the other. These loaves are wrapped in cloth separately, and boiled. After the boiling process, they were taken to the stream and dumped by the basketful into the water. The Indian girls then rolled up their dresses to the knees, waded into the water, took each separate loaf and gave it a thorough washing with their hands. This done, the loaves were handed up to a young Indian woman seated on the bank, who placed them in baskets. When the whole baking had been washed, the young women carried the baskets of acorn bread back to their cabins. There must have been at least a hundred loaves in that "batch of bread." It was evident that the keeping qualities of the bread must have been exceptionally good, or else the Indian is not delicate of taste in the matter of stale bread.

When winter invades these regions, and covers the ground with a heavy coating of snow and ice, the acorns can not be found, and it is doubtful if they would be palatable, after lying on the ground under the snow, even to an Indian. Therefore large stores of acorns are gathered up in the autumn; and the Indian has a novel way of preserving his precious horde from squirrels and mice. The acorns are "cached," but not in the ground. Four poles about twelve feet long are driven into the ground, each one of which forms a corner post for the cache. A platform is built in between the poles, high enough so that it will be above the snow. Then a receptacle is arranged on this platform, in which the acorns are deposited.

The top and sides and bottom of this cache, or receptacle, are covered with long pine needles, all pointing downward, and so thickly set that no squirrel or mouse could possibly force its way



One of the California Big Trees (*Sequoia gigantea*). Notice the difference between the size of the tree and the size of the man standing in front of it.

fishing, and getting acquainted with our Piute neighbors. I would say that in our fishing we did no harm to the fish.

On one of the trips which I took alone I met a party of some thirty men, women, and children of the Piute tribe of Indians, who were

into them. We saw quite a number of these caches in the valley. So the Yosemite Indian, even though he should not stay in the valley during the winter, knows that when he does return in the spring, there will be plenty of that kind of food waiting for him. The Indian has been so accustomed to finding his food in the woods that he will live in what would be to him comparative comfort where a white man would soon starve. He knows the roots and plants that are edible; he knows how to get food from the fruit of the oak; and above all, he knows how to get along with scarcity.

Many regard the Indians as slovenly and uncleanly in their habits; but one little circumstance will serve to show that they are particular in some things. In front of one of the

largest buildings in the valley was a public drinking place, where persons were frequently quenching their thirst. A tin cup was the common drinking vessel. A young Indian woman with several children, brothers and sisters, came to the fountain for a drink; but this child of nature would not drink from the cup, nor permit the little folk to do so, until she had washed it out to her satisfaction. She washed it with her bare hand, having no cloth to do it with, and subjected it to several rinsings before it was clean enough for her and her charges to use.

Having entered the valley over the Big Oak Flat Road, which brought us through the Tuolumne Big Tree Grove, we decided on our return to take a different road, and visit the Merced Grove of forest giants. To do this we must take the Coulterville Road, which follows the river out of the valley, and emerges over a lower range of hills than that over which we had come in. It was a magnificent drive along the brink of this rushing river. The Merced River is four thousand feet above sea-level when it passes out between El Capitan and the Two Sisters, so it naturally attains some surprising velocities before it reaches the valley of the San Joaquin, to find its way slowly and sluggishly to the great Pacific Ocean. From the place where the road parts company with the river, it was a long, steady climb to the summit; but we had mastered it before noon, having passed through one of nature's most beautiful collonades. Here on the summit of these hills the mountain pines attain an enormous growth. At the base they range in size from large barrels to a size at least a half larger than the largest hogsheads, and they reach a tremendous height. These pine-wooded hills might be termed rolling hills, and one can look off considerable distances through these collonades of gigantic trees. There is no undergrowth to obstruct the view, no low branches on the trunks of these trees, and all the ground is covered with the smooth, brown carpet of fallen pine needles. It is with a feeling of awe and indescribable veneration that one lies down upon this natural carpet, and looks up through the interlacing boughs of these grand standard-bearers of the everlasting hills. They have stood here for centuries, and they seem good for centuries yet to come. While they are not so old or so large as the *sequoia gigantea*, they are old, and they are large. So true, so straight, so grand they stand that they do not seem to have been in any sense the plaything of the winds, but rather its playmates, and have come almost unscathed through many a titanic wrestling-match. Lessons of

strength and courage do they speak to man.

It is a beautiful drive from the summit down through and among the hills—but a dusty one after July. The road has been so laid out that it is one continual, gradual descent, winding in and out among canyons, wooded slopes, and beetling hills; and when night comes down, and the tent is pitched for repose, it is hard to repress a sigh—not of weariness, but of regret that it is all in the past.

And so it is with the close of the outing—all too short, but packed so full of pleasant memories. So, too, our eyes now never turn to the beautiful hills without the recollections of the wondrous works of God in that grandest of nature's museums—Yosemite Valley.

C. M. SNOW.



THE ADVENTURERS OF GLACIER PEAK

The Christian's Library

How much time have you? It all depends on that. I mean, there are so many good books in the world that it will take a very long time to become master of their contents, and it depends upon how much time you have, what ones we shall need to select, and what reject. The world is worse now in the matter of book production than it was in the days of Solomon, and the multitude of them is a bewildering sight. No one can enter a large library, or look through the catalogue of a great book supply company, without having a feeling of helplessness in an endeavor to compass the world's thought as contained in books. Consequently, all of us make choices, and we make our choice with the more or the less wisdom, as we have a good or a poor standard of judgment.

I look at it in this way: there are not only ten thousand more books in English, on science, history, philosophy, religion, travel, and miscellaneous subjects, than I can expect ever to read, but there are libraries filled with the wisdom of philosophers of other ages and nations, who have made great impressions upon the world's thought; and beyond these there are the works of peoples long since forgotten, which some archeologist has unearthed in temples and tombs, in cities and deserts,—all these would give me knowledge, a certain wisdom, and much culture, if I could grasp them. But the thought is appalling! It would take a thousand years of steady application to become acquainted with them all, and then I would be a learned man only to the degree to which the combined wisdom of a small fraction of the earth's inhabitants has attained. I would be a very little wise man.

Yet now we study toward that far-away goal, and think we have made much progress when we have obtained little more than a smattering of the English poets, novelists, essayists, and historians. It is true, our ambition may be more modest: it is not to make ourselves famous sages, but merely to show ourselves cultured through acquaintance with the masters, or to revel in the fancies that such study begets; but that ambition, if we stop to analyze it, is only a mushroom imitation of the higher aim. And if we go a little beyond, so as to touch the finger-tips of the German philosophers and the French atheists, and can prate ever so little of Dante and Sappho and Omar Khayyam, we feel lifted very high, until we catch a glimpse of the mighty mountain yet before us. Then suddenly our pyramid sinks to a little mound, and

we judge ourselves more justly. We never can climb that hill; and after all, when we study our map, does our path lie that way?

The truth is, we nearly all read too much in proportion to our intellectual activity; and yet we nearly all read too little! To give to young or old the unmodified advice, "Read less," would be perhaps to give dangerous counsel; yet to most it would be well to say, "Read less now, ponder more, do more, until you have gained that power of thought and of execution which will justify a wider reading." To gorge ourselves with unmasticated lumps of books, and not to be able to show therefor anything in word or deed, is to invite mental dyspepsia; and it is very hard to cure a dyspeptic.

What, then, do we need to read? Why, truly, I think we need just what our wants call for; and our wants are made by our circumstances. We need to read what will give us strength in conflict, fortitude in trouble, activity before difficulties, and cheerfulness under all conditions. Each of us is master of a little shallop, just now upon sunny seas, perhaps, but needing to make harbor before the typhoon rages. It may be very pleasant occupation to lean over the side and watch the changing hues of the waters, the darting fishes, and the barnacles upon our own ship's side,—a very pleasant and a very innocent occupation. But what shall we do when the sky is overcast, and the wind and the waves smite their terrific fists against our little ship, and the land is—we know not where? There is a chart to study, a compass to consult, an observation to be made, a science of sailing to master; and every one ought to have sufficient foresight to study not merely what it is innocent to study, but what will save him and many others with him, when the tempest breaks. How much of the wisdom which we find in literature shall we carry over with us into the new earth? How much of the heavenly wisdom will you need to take you there, and to lead others there? How much time have you in which to get it? A thousand years, remember, a thousand years will suffice only to make you a little wise in earth's affairs. How much time is it worth while to abandon to that study, when you have to subtract it from your study of the science that saves?

I wish to tell you another thing, which may sound severe, and to many untrue. But it is true. If you are lazy, you will choose to read worldly literature, be it classic or commonplace; if you are to study the immortal literature, you will have to have, or get and have, vigor of mind. Because, for one thing, the literature of the world is displayed in very tempting guise, ready to be swallowed, and you can find in it anything to please a depraved appetite with just as little activity as you desire; but the field of sacred literature has not been so prepared. You may have to dig, and work with, and prepare whatever you find therein, and for that you will need a vigorous intellect. The imagination has been let loose by worldly writers upon many unworthy objects, which are made bewitching by the play of fancy. The same power used upon matters of revelation, whether in the written or in the created word, will give a beauty to those objects far surpassing the flimsy fabrics which human fancy has irradiated. But of this I will say more in another article. The question is, Do you want somebody else to do your mental work for you, or are you willing to enter a rich and virgin field, and be a pioneer yourself? There is room for many authors in this field, and they will yet appear.

(Continued)

A. W. SPAULDING.

"OFTEN a man thinks that he is fearless when he is only foolish."

Visiting the Czar's Palace

THE second of October, 1904, in company with two friends I visited the czar's winter palace, facing the Neva, in St. Petersburg. We entered the building about half-past eleven, and remained until after two o'clock, and visited only on one floor. It is impossible to see the rooms occupied by a living ruler of Russia; for one is admitted only into the apartments formerly belonging to the emperors or empresses.

We first showed our passports, and received a card to admit us. Then we entered the mass-



FOUNTAIN AT CZAR'S SUMMER RESIDENCE

ive building, and were hastened from one room to another, all too fast to comprehend everything that was shown us. Having visited a king's palace before, I had some idea of what I should here see; but the splendor, the immensity, the almost incredible grandeur of the display, the Croesus-like wealth, were quite beyond my expectations. The scores and scores of very large oil-paintings, mostly representing battle and naval scenes, showed that the Russians have at least done their share in military operations, and gained a due proportion of the victories in war, and been able to constantly add new territory to the empire, as well as to protect western Europe from the depredations of the Mohammedans.

When a visitor is shown single diamonds worth more than five hundred thousand dollars; when he sees pearls, rubies, emeralds, jaspers, beryls, gold and silver shields, and all manner of crystals, in such abundance as I saw them here, he must admit that Russia is not a poor country. However, the common people receive no special benefit from these almost countless treasures.

Some of the rooms were large, and had high ceilings, beautiful carpets, and other furnishings. In the holy place where the czar worships (he has his own church in the palace), we saw many valuable precious stones, relics, and pictures of saints. The Russian Church is especially well provided with these objects of worship. Here we saw the reputed right hand of John the Baptist, a picture of the mother of God,—made without hands and bearing the signature of Luke,—and a bone of the arm of Mary Magdalene. On the sixth of January an imperial religious procession begins here, and the czar, his family, the high spiritual leaders, and the chief government officials go out upon the Neva, and in an ice chapel erected for the purpose, bless the water, converting it into "holy water." The people then take home bottles filled with this water, to drink in case of sickness.

There was another suite of rooms here which interested me very much—the apartments occupied by Alexander II, who was killed by the Nihilists, in 1881. This ruler was undoubtedly

one of the most wise and progressive men that ever governed this great empire. He instituted reforms, gave more liberties to his subjects, and attempted to dispense justice, but for all that, he was unable to escape the assassin's hand. That he was much beloved of the Russians one can easily believe when he sees with what care the czar's apartments in the palace are still kept up. Even his writing materials, books, dressing-gown, boots, tobacco and cigarettes, letter-files, and in fact everything pertaining to his person or dwelling, are carefully preserved as they lay that fatal morning. We could but feel to suffer with his people because of the loss they sustained when the good czar was so suddenly taken from them.

Leaving the palace, we shortly found ourselves in New Prospect Street, the Broadway of St. Petersburg. This is a wide street, as are the thoroughfares of the Russian capital in general, and it is full of life and diversity. All sorts of wagons, carriages, and carts are to be seen here. The czar's equipages are known by the bright-red-clad servants and liveries. The princes and the rich are there, as well as the middle classes and the poor. Many nationalities and tribes display themselves on the walks, or in the horse-cars, or the trams. There is one sort of train I never saw before. It goes not in a regular iron bed, but wherever the driver wishes. The hacks and small carriages are to be had for only a meager sum. There are between seventeen thousand and twenty thousand coachmen in the city. Many of

them drive fine, fleet-footed, nimble-limbed black stallions. The common Russian coachman has the queer style of making himself as large as he can by the addition of cotton batting wadding to his clothes, so that his outward appearance is that of a very portly person. In winter this superabundance of clothing may be useful; but in the summer the style is superfluous. But it is to be expected that Russia would have some way of showing allegiance to the goddess of fashion.

The various uniforms one sees is another noticeable feature of street life in St. Petersburg. Nearly one tenth of the men in the city wear some sort of uniform, even the students, who were an interesting class to me, and compare favorably in appearance with students of other countries. They stand for a freer government, and for reform in many lines, but they often get into trouble with the police and ecclesiastical authorities.

I would not forget to mention the long-haired priests, and the church beggars, who here, as in other parts of Russia, are in evidence. Although the church is wealthy, there are many persons who ask alms for the church.

On this New Prospect Street lies the Kazan Cathedral of the mother of God. This I also visited. It is fashioned after St. Peters at Rome. I saw in this building one of the saddest things I had seen,—two little children, poor, ignorant, evidently of the lower class, about eight and four years of age, came in, and went from one holy picture to the other, crossed themselves, kissed the glass over the pictures, and in most cases the larger sister had to lift up the smaller, that her lips might touch the lifeless pane. This scene could but thrill a Protestant with pain and sorrow.

But the church which is the pride of St. Petersburg is St. Isaac's Cathedral. I will give

you a few facts about this magnificent structure. It was about forty years in building, and was finished in 1858. To provide the foundation, a regular "forest" of masts had to be driven into the ground, and even later a very costly substructure was necessary to prevent a sinking on the side next to the Neva River. The church cost about \$17,500,000. It is built of marble and granite, and the statuary and trimmings are of bronze. It is in the form of a Greek cross, three hundred fifty feet long, two hundred seventy feet wide, and three hundred forty feet to the top of the eighteen-foot-high cross. To the tip of the cupola inside is two hundred seventy-three feet, and the dome is eighty-seven feet in diameter. It is gilded on top, and from a distance looks like burnished gold. There are four entrances: the two larger are on the north and south, respectively, where the roomy porches are fashioned after the Pantheon in Rome. Each of the sixteen columns in these two porches is of one piece of polished Ginnish granite, fifty-eight feet high and seven feet in diameter. The bases and capitals are of bronze, as well as the outside relief work (representing the history of the church), which these pillars support.

I have seen many churches and cathedrals in various parts of America and Europe, but I never saw anything to excel this in grandeur, magnificence, and display. The massive oak bronze-adorned doors we entered are said to have cost fifty thousand dollars. The polished white marble statues, and the two hundred beautifully wrought paintings on the walls, the thirty-three large mosaic pictures made of costly stones, the pillars covered with malachite or with lapis stone, the grandeur and beauty of the holy and most holy places,—these are things of which I had not seen before the equal. Of course the temple of Solomon was a more glorious building, and the splendor of the temple in the city for which we look is beyond even a comparison with this cathedral, the pride of Russia.

But the form, the pomp, the outward display, do not constitute true Christianity. The numerous shrines, chapels, churches, and cathedrals do not prove that the people need no gospel. A short visit to any of these churches will only convince one of the great need of the people,—their lack of instruction in the Scriptures and the salvation that is free to all. God prizes the humble and contrite heart much more than all the glory that man can bring to him. GUY DAIL.

A Great Ostrich Farm

Few tourists visit California without paying a visit to the justly famous ostrich farm of Mr.

Edwin Cawston, which is located near South Pasadena, in southern California. This farm, or "ostrichy," is one of the novel and curious sights of the Pacific Slope. Every year thousands of persons visit the place.

Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Cawston started his ostrich farm. At the beginning he had only a very few birds. The ostriches have thriven remarkably well, and now he has hundreds of grown birds. This



is among the very few ostrich farms in the United States, and one of the very largest in the whole world. Mr. Cawston has a large tract of land, which is covered with subtropical plants and trees, and is really a spacious park. In this wide space these great birds may wander at will. The enterprise has been most successful, and ostrich farming promises to become one of the great industries of California.

The ostrich costs but little to keep. He is a hardy creature, and has a very careless appetite. On an average an ostrich yields annually to his owner about thirty-five dollars. The average increase to the stock each year is about fifteen ostriches to the pair. Some pairs have been known to yield as high as thirty-five in a year. Some of the birds are kept in large pens at times. The young grow with wonderful rapidity. In six months the young bird will grow from the size of a domestic duck up to a height of six feet. A full-grown ostrich often reaches eight feet, and weighs over three hundred pounds.

These great bipeds are remarkably powerful, and can run with wonderful swiftness. Usually they are very gentle, quiet, and tractable, unless provoked and angered. The appetite of these creatures is most voracious. Their gluttony can never be appeased. Young ostriches are fed on green grass, alfalfa, bran, cabbage, and other vegetables. The older birds thrive well on chopped hay, grasses, and other grains. They relish watches, buttons, pins, and most any other trinket they can snatch from the curious visitor. They have even been known to greedily swallow lighted pipes, tennis balls, nails, keys, and small stones. These creatures have no gizzard like ordinary fowls, and retain their food until digested in a queer sort of sack about the long, hairy neck. They are exceedingly fond of apples and oranges, and, if permitted, will swallow a dozen or more at one time.

As a rule, the ostrich lives to a great age. Some claim that these birds have been known to live from seventy-five to even one hundred years. Until they are from twelve to fifteen months old, one sex can not be distinguished from the other, the plumage of both being a dull, brownish gray. Then gradually the feathers of the male turn black.

For some reason these birds have a great hatred for children and small animals, particularly dogs. This dislike the creatures show on all occasions, and are ever ready to make an attack. Any brightly colored trinket instantly challenges their attention, and they are ready to snatch it away and gobble it down. These creatures have many other queer habits. When angered, they have been known to savagely attack their keepers. Several men on the farm have been severely injured, and had narrow escapes for their lives. Often these birds, particularly the males, fight among themselves.

The nest consists of a mere shallow hole scooped out in the sandy soil. In forty days the eggs are hatched out. Each chick is worth twenty-five dollars as soon as it bursts the shell. One egg is usually laid a day by the female. About fifteen eggs constitute a sitting. Every egg weighs about three pounds. When the last egg is laid, the parents begin sitting, the male staying on the nest at night and the female during the day. At first the chicks are allowed to run in the sunshine during the day, but are placed under cover at night. In a few weeks, however, they become quite hardy, and require no shelter.

When the ostriches are a year old, their handsome, brilliant feathers are ready for the market. The cropping, or clipping, of the gaudy plumage is accomplished by placing a hood over the ostrich's head, and wielding a strong pair of sharp shears. This clipping process is repeated every eight months. The feathers on the large side wings are clipped off near the roots; the smaller feathers on the tail are pulled out carefully, without pain or injury to the bird. These feathers are then carefully graded, and sent to the manufacturers of New York and other large Eastern cities, where they are sold for a good price. The feathers are very highly prized for rich hues and delicate silken texture.—*J. Mayne Baltimore, in Children's Visitor.*

Don't Snub the Boy

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his house is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was in a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of ignorance of parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was not able to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical inability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dulness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub anybody. Not only because some day he may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—*Selected.*

"THE strong, worthy life is the life of selection, not of weak surrender."



Paul's Second Missionary Journey

(Concluded)

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 18:18-22.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 118, 119.

REVIEW: Name the principal places visited by Paul in his second missionary tour, and some of the most striking events recorded. Who were his companions? What happened at Philippi? Sketch his experience at Thessalonica, Berea, Athens, and Corinth.

PAUL'S COMMISSION: Acts 26:15-18.

OUR COMMISSION: Matt. 28:18-20.

HOW WE SHOULD SOW: 1 Peter 3:15; Ps. 126:5.

THE REWARD: Ps. 126:6.

TOPICS FOR STUDY:—

Paul leaves Corinth.

By whom accompanied.

Reach Ephesus.

Priscilla and Aquila remain at Ephesus.

Paul's departure for Caesarea.

Goes up to Jerusalem.

Goes to Antioch.

Notes

Paul's second missionary journey covered a period of about three years.

Not much space is devoted to an account of Paul's visit to Jerusalem. No particulars are given. We are simply told that having landed at Caesarea, he went up "and saluted the church." From here he went down to Antioch and remained for a time.

"After leaving Corinth, Paul's next scene of labor was at Ephesus. He was on his way to Jerusalem to celebrate the approaching festival, and his stay at Ephesus was necessarily brief. He reasoned with the Jews in the synagogue, and produced so favorable an impression that he was entreated to continue his labors among them. His plan to visit Jerusalem prevented him from tarrying, but he promised to labor with them on

his return. He had been accompanied to Ephesus by Aquila and Priscilla, and he now left them to carry forward the good work which he had begun." G. B. T.

Books for Young People

THE BIBLE: Old Testament, New Testament.

GENERAL HISTORIES: school text-books best.

SCIENCE BOOKS.

MISSIONARY BOOKS FOR STUDY OF FIELDS:—

India and Christian Opportunity.

Knights of the Labarum (missionary biographies).

Dawn on the Hills of T'ang (China).

Africa Waiting.

Japan.

Missions in South America.

[These books mentioned above can be had for thirty-five cents each, of the Student Volunteer Movement, 3 West Twenty-ninth St., New York City.]

INTERESTING MISSIONARY BOOKS BY F. REVELL AND COMPANY.

Islands:—

Life of John G. Paton\$1.50

John Williams75

John Chalmers75

Bishop Patteson75

Africa:—

Robert Moffatt75

David Livingstone75

India:—

In the Tiger Jungle 1.00

Village Work in India 1.00

Across India at the Dawn of the Twen-

tieth Century 1.50

Life of William Carey75

Life of Alexander Duff.

Burma:—

Life of Judson 1.00

Soo Thah, a Tale of the Karens 1.00

Canadian, N. W.:—

On the Indian Trail 1.00

[These books may be ordered of the Review and Herald, or of the Pacific Press.]

DENOMINATIONAL BOOKS:—

Great Controversy.

Desire of Ages.

Patriarchs and Prophets.

Thoughts on Daniel.

Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation.

Spirit of Prophecy, Vols. I, II, III, IV.

Christ's Object Lessons.

Mount of Blessing.

Our Paradise Home.

Heralds of the Morning.

Education.

Scriptural Foundations of Science.

Life Sketches of Elder and Mrs. James White.

Life of Elder Joseph Bates.

Life of William Miller.

Life Sketches of Apostle Paul.

Making Home Happy.

Story of Joseph.

CHARACTER BUILDING:—

The Christian Gentleman, Banks.

Light on Life's Duties, Meyer.

Week Day Religion, J. R. Miller.

Making the Most of Life, J. R. Miller.

Silent Times, J. R. Miller.

The Hidden Life, J. R. Miller.

Strength and Beauty, J. R. Miller.

Individual Work for Individuals.

The Lover's Love.

[None of these books on character building are high priced.]

MONICA, mother of Augustine, pleaded with God that her dissolute son might not go to Rome, that sink of iniquity; but he was permitted to go, and there came into contact with Ambrose, bishop of Milan, through whom he was converted. God fulfilled the mother's desire while denying her request.



Little Girl's Advice

WORK away! work away!
Never mind what the idle say.
Come on, boys;
Leave your toys.
Come on, girls;
Shake out your curls.
Don't be lazy,
If the air is hazy.
Work away! work away!

That is the way to be happy and gay;
And always remember work before play.
ELOISE CASE, aged ten years.

"From a Bolted Room"

A True Story

Too young to be married, but a widow! And a widow thrice accursed, because her two children—think of all that this means!—had died when the pestilence carried off her husband. Beauty was her name—Beauty, the Brahman's daughter; but now she is a "baldhead," though her father is a priest. All the beauty has gone out of her life, and her jewels have been taken from her. What has a widow to do with jewels? She may never again put on the silk clothes that were her pride on her almost forgotten bridal day. Rough calico is for widows! Her poor head has been shaven, that she may be hideous in the eyes of all men, and ashamed before all women. Three short years ago she came as a petted girl-bride. Now she is the hardest worked drudge in the household. Worst of all, like every one else, she believes it is because she is accursed that these disasters have come into her life.

The Little Book

To-day her work has been to clean out one of the inner rooms of the big house, and to look well that she does not leave any scorpions lurking in the corners. It was no easy task for the girl to move the great teak-wood boxes standing against the walls, all the harder as she knew that one of them contained the gay dresses and the precious jewels that she might never wear again. At last it was done, and there remained only the shelf of books—the school-books of her dead husband. She took them down with all a Hindu's respect for books. Most of them were in English, incomprehensible to her. But one of the smaller books was in Tamil. It fell open in her hand, and she looked at it with curiosity. Her husband had once, half in jest, taught her to read a few words, though, when she had begun to ask some questions and to seek to know what she was spelling out, he had checked her, and told her to go back to her cooking-pots—women had no call to use books. The memory came back to her, and she turned the leaves anxiously. Page after page was meaningless, but at last one phrase, one only, caught her eye, "*Devan oruvare*" (There is one God). She looked at it again. "What does it mean?" said she to herself. Just then a shrill voice called her, and, well knowing that sharp blows would be her punishment if she were caught reading, she thrust the book upon the shelf, and hurried away.

Outside, the great Indian sun had driven even the buffaloes into the nearest pool till only their horns and eyes and muzzles were above the muddy water. Inside the heavy teak door that closed the inner courtyard, the stagnant air lay sullen and hot, and the women fretfully counted the hours till sunset.

The Bolted Room

In a windowless room, on a coarse grass mat on the floor, Beauty lay, her white widow's dress just showing in the twilight caused by the stray rays of light that came under the door and between the thatch and the walls. Her eyes were bright, and her lips parched with burning fever, but no one came to care for her. It was one of her fast-days—days of torment that she must endure every month because she was a widow; and lest in desperation for raging thirst she should try to steal a drink from the big water-jars, she has been pushed into this prison room, and left to do her penance. It would be wrong to relieve her agony! It is her fate. She must bear her own curse!

As the hours of privation slowly drag on, the girl-widow grows light-headed, and strange, purposeless words fall from the dry lips, but one phrase occurs again and again, "*Devan oruvare, Devan oruvare*" (There is one God, There is one God). She has not forgotten.

Beauty's Pain

The heat was very trying that year, and poor Beauty felt the strain of the fiery days. Strange fits came over her, and she would swoon away and become quite rigid. At last the household was frightened, and the medicine-man was called in—an old man of sixty, half blind, and entirely ignorant of any tincture of healing knowledge. After much talk with Beauty's mother-in-law, and much display of his experience, he shook his head solemnly over Beauty, and gave orders for her treatment when the next seizure came on.

I must not tell the cruel thing they did to her. It is too terrible to think of—yes, but ten thousand times more awful to bear. The shock brought Beauty out of her fit, but as the maddening pain bit into her head, she fainted away, and lay like one dead.

The Bible Woman

The medicine hall was a quaint, long, white-washed building, with deep verandas all round to keep out the glare, and a high thatched roof. All manner of folk gathered there morning by morning to seek some healing from the mission doctor. Among them, but a little apart from the common folk, since she was a priest's daughter, was Beauty, huddled in a heap against one of the pillars of the veranda, and carefully watched by an old serving woman from her mother-in-law's house. Her sufferings had all but killed her, and the mother-in-law, who did not want to be unkind to her, had sent her to this mission dispensary to see if "English medicine" could do her any good.

She crouched there, weary and worn out, heedless of the others, waiting in listless pain for her turn to see the doctor. Then a pleasant-faced woman sat down near her, and began to sing very gently some stanzas of a hymn.

"*Teeya manathei mattra varum, Tuya Aviye!*"
(O sweet Spirit of God, come and change my evil heart!)

sang the Bible woman, and Beauty wondered what she meant. After a few moments the Bible woman began to talk to the women, who had drawn a little nearer while she was singing. It was all new to most of them. Why should this woman sing? Who was she? They began to ask her many questions. Her answers were kind, and full of sympathy with the pain that had brought these suffering ones so far to seek relief. Soon the talk drifted to the sadness of life, and then to the hope that the Bible woman alone among all those women had come to cherish; and so, without any preaching, to the work of the Physician who can heal the trouble of heart and life more effectually than any doctor can heal the body. Beauty felt that she did not understand, and her sense of bewilderment grew when, in reply to something said by a simple-looking village weaver's wife who had brought her child to have its sore eyes cured, the Bible woman said, very clearly, "*Appadiyal-laamma! Devan oruvare.*" (Not so, O mother! There is one God. I do not fear any other than he.) What could those words mean? Beauty thought of the great temples where there were scores of images of many gods, from the lonely stone god in the innermost shrine covered with plates of gold, and the golden images of the wives of the god, themselves divine, to the little gods at the gates. She remembered how daily she used to worship the goddess of good fortune, though only ill fortune had come to her. She thought of the tiny temple near her father's house, where, as a little child, she had often taken flowers for the grotesque, grinning image within. . . . "There is one God." . . . And what did the book woman mean by not being afraid of any but God? Beauty lived in fear of all manner of demons. She knew that they hated her, that all her calamities—the death of her husband and her children, and her own illness—came because of their malice. Why, she knew of a demon that lived in a tree at the other end of her village, that used to hang in the branches every night to catch passers-by and jump on their backs and strangle them! And how could God take care of you if you were only a widow?

When the mission doctor had put some cooling ointment on the shrinking head, she only said, "This is good medicine; I will come again." To herself she added, "And I will hear the woman with the book once more."

Fugitive

Treasure, the Bible woman, had been watching her sick child all night. All the rest of the village was wrapped in darkness, and the tiny point of light in the little brass lamp was flickering and turning smoky. The night had been long, but the dawn was at hand. The child was better. The fever had gone down, and he was sleeping, and would sleep now. Treasure unrolled a mat for herself, and was about to lie down when a knock came at the door. She trembled, for she and the child were alone in the hut. But in spite of her alarm she crept up to

the door and listened. The knock came again, very timidly. "Alas! alas!" whispered the stranger outside, "no one will hear."

"Who is there?" said Treasure.

"O mother, mother!" came the agonized answer, "dost thou not know me? It is I, thy servant Beauty, the widow! I have come, O mother, or they would kill me!"

Treasure hastened to unbar the door.

"Come in and be with me, and fear not," said she, very gently, and began to busy herself with making the wanderer comfortable.

Beauty's story was very simple. It is no easy thing to know all that takes place in those big Hindu households. The gossips in the marketplace may chatter, but if the headman says that the "good snake"—the deadly cobra—has bitten and has killed, who is to deny it? So Treasure heard, and did not understand the peril from which Beauty had fled.

"O my mother!" cried Beauty, "my feet are worn away with journeying! It was this morning. They found that I had heard thy words. They had beaten me for not fearing their gods, which are but dolls. Then they said that I must go as a pilgrim to Kumbakonam. I said I did not wish to go. And one said I had learned to serve the God of the pig-eating Christians. And then they asked me; and I, what could I say? And they were angry, but my mother-in-law ordered silence. 'To-morrow she will have sense,' said she; 'and if not, we will care for the new notions of this baldhead. There will be no Christian in our family!' After that I was pushed into the room where they always put me on my fast-days, and they bolted me in. And I—I knew what was in their minds, and I was afraid, for I was one alone among them all. Then in the night when all was still, I found a way between the thatch and the wall. I climbed up by the box where they keep my jewels, and the shelf where my lord's books stand. It was no road for a woman to go, and I fell as I crawled through, but no one heard me. And thus have I come to thee, and I will not go back, for I dare not. And it is true, I do not worship their gods any longer, only thy God, the one God."

In the Lowest Place

Thus Beauty came out into a new world. Her own people cast her off utterly. They never saw her again. To them she was dead. But a new life had begun in the widow's heart. She found herself set free. Her widowhood was no curse. The days of torturing fasting were ended. The disgrace of the shaven head, the pitiless livery of coarse white, were of the past. She set about earning a living and a home for herself. Very shyly, but very determinedly, she began to fit herself to teach, by herself becoming a scholar.

The hum of a hundred children fills the large hall of the orphanage. These little ones have been saved from the squalor, the disease, the hunger, the certain infamy of unprotected girlhood in the hamlets of the outcasts of south India. Here they have the chance that Hinduism will never give to its pariahs. They are growing up to be honest, sweet-souled, capable, God-honoring Christian women.

But a little while ago the touch, and even the shadow of these children of sorrow, would have been utter pollution to Beauty. Now, the daughter of a hundred generations of priests sits among them, the humblest pupil there, learning from the girl teacher, years younger than herself, the long list of the angular Tamil alphabet.

There is still a hideous scar on her head, but the weary, hopeless, cowed look has gone out of her eyes. Beauty has learned to hope.

There is a rare saying in Tamil: "*Ponathu pocchuthu poryuthu vidindathu*" (That which has gone has gone, the day has dawned). Of Beauty it is pathetically true.—A. C. Clayton.



The Magnet

ONE day, when the world was many hundred years younger than it is now, Magnes, a shepherd, watched and tended his grazing flock on the slopes of Mount Ida, in ancient Greece. To aid him in climbing and in driving his herd, he carried an iron staff with a crook at the top, like those you have often seen in pictures of shepherds.

The days were long sometimes, and Magnes often grew weary of the monotonous round of work and the same blue sky that smiled overhead.



On such occasions he looked about him for something new with which to pass the time away.

At last he found something that afforded him hours of amusement. On the slopes of the mountain were scattered large masses of loadstone, and Magnes noted with curiosity one day that the iron crook which he had carried manifested a strange tendency to adhere to the rock when placed close to it.

This discovery of the attractive power of loadstone by Magnes led to the name now in common use, the magnet. The power of loadstone to impart its properties of attraction to iron or steel, when rubbed or even touched by it, was also known at an early day; but it was not fully discovered until the twelfth century that loadstone, when freely suspended in the air, would instantly assume a north and south direction. This peculiarity led to lengthy discussion by the writers of that time, who were led astray by old, unproved ideas which had been handed down to them from generation to generation. Dr. Gilbert, an Englishman and diligent student, first understood this peculiar tendency of loadstone to point north and south. In a book which he wrote upon the subject he said: "The loadstone, like the earth, has from nature its two poles, a northern and a southern, fixed definite points in the stone. It is to be understood, however, that the force of the stone does not emanate from a mathematical point, but from the parts themselves, and from all these parts. These poles point toward the poles of the earth, and move toward them, and are subject to them. Whether its shape is due to design or chance, the loadstone ever has and ever shows its poles."

Dr. Gilbert was careful in all of its study and work, and much lasting credit is due him for his clear ideas concerning the subject of the magnet and magnetic principles. It was he who first discovered that midway between the poles of the earth was a place of no attraction, which he called the equator. The line which connected the imaginary poles he called the magnetic axis. He also pointed out clearly the difference between true magnets and mere magnetic substances. From his investigations and those of other scientists of his day, it was learned that if a piece of iron or steel be rubbed by a piece of loadstone or other magnet, it immediately becomes magnetized, and assumes the properties of attraction peculiar to the magnet itself.

This method of magnetizing was of great importance in the old days, being put to particular use in the construction of the mariner's compass, without which the navigation of unknown and distant seas would have been impossible.

Great changes and modifications have been made since Dr. Gilbert's day, especially since the magnetizing effect of an electric current has be-

come universally known. Discoveries by Oersted, Arago, and Ampere in the seventeenth century showed that magnetic influences surround a conductor carrying an electric current.

The principles advanced by these men led to the invention of the electric magnet by William Sturgeon, and first described by him in 1825. An electro-magnet is simply a piece of iron surrounded by a magnetizing coil of wire carrying a current. Its properties of attraction depend entirely upon the magnetic properties of the iron which forms its core.—Hilton R. Greer, in *Children's Visitor*.

Ode to Evening

WHILE Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath thy sylvan shed,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,

Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!

—Thomas Gray.

Branded on His Memory

THERE is a corporal in one of the best infantry regiments in the regular army who has one lesson branded on his memory with words of fire—the lesson that no excuse can be framed or uttered by any soldier for being untidy or unclean.

The colonel was going down the line on a tour of inspection, and noticed a corporal with soiled gloves. He said, "Corporal, that is setting a bad example to the men, wearing soiled gloves. Why do you do so?"

"I've had no pay for three months, sir; and I can't afford to hire washing done."

Taking from one of his pockets a pair of beautiful white gloves, the colonel handed them to the corporal, saying: "Put on these gloves. I washed them myself."—*Selected*.

Luther Burbank, the Garden Wizard

"HALF the flora of the world still contains the riddle of the sphinx." So we are truthfully told, but Luther Burbank, the famous California horticulturist, is making remarkable progress toward solving this floral riddle. On his broad estate near Santa Rosa he is quietly emulating the work of the old magicians.

Among marvels of his art are prunes and plums destitute of stones, blackberries of pure white hue, and daisies four inches in breadth. It is by careful selection and interbreeding and by daring hybridization that these and other marvels have been performed. One of his choice triumphs is a result of a happy union between the apricot and the plum, its title, the plumcot, uniting their names. It is "as distinct from either as if a new fruit had been handed down from another planet," having the general appearance of an apricot, but a soft skin, shadowy bloom, a richer color than either of its parents, and a delicious flavor all its own.

Mr. Burbank was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, March 7, 1849, and has lived in Santa Rosa since 1875. His love for plants began as a child, and his life has been spent among them. Mr. Burbank will have "no time to make money," and his castle—the brain—must be clear and alert in throwing aside fossil ideas, and replacing them with living, throbbing thought, followed by action.

Years of labor are focused in each of his suc-

cesses, the latest of which are a cactus without thorns, and an "Australian starflower," a revelation produced from a half hardy annual found in West-Central Australia. Science has recognized the great practical value of those novel researches, and the Carnegie Institution has recently given Mr. Burbank a liberal ten-year allowance to aid him in prosecuting his invaluable work.—*The Search-Light*.



VII—Israel Delivered

(February 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 6 to 10.

MEMORY VERSE: "And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." Matt. 23: 12.

"On that night could not the king sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of records . . . and they were read before the king." In these records it was found that Mordecai had once saved the king's life, by telling him how two of his servants were plotting to kill him. When the king heard this, he asked what had been done for Mordecai, and was answered, "There is nothing done for him."

"And the king said, Who is in the court? Now Haman was come into the outward court of the king's house, to speak unto the king to hang Mordecai on the gallows that he had prepared for him. And the king's servants said unto him, Behold, Haman standeth in the court. And the king said, Let him come in."

"So Haman came in. And the king said unto him, What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor? Now Haman thought in his heart, To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself? And Haman answered the king, For the man whom the king delighteth to honor, let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear, and the horse that the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head: and let this apparel and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may array the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor."

"Then the king said to Haman, Make haste, and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate: let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken. Then took Haman the apparel and the horse, and arrayed Mordecai and brought him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaimed before him, Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor."

"And Mordecai came again to the king's gate. But Haman hasted to his house mourning, and having his head covered. And Haman told Zeresh his wife and all his friends everything that had befallen him . . . and while they were yet talking with him, came the king's chamberlains, and hasted to bring Haman unto the banquet that Esther had prepared."

At this second banquet the king again asked Esther what was her petition, and promised that it should surely be granted. Then the young queen, trusting in the Lord, answered: "If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my

petition, and my people at my request: for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my tongue, although the enemy could not countervail the king's damage."

"Then the king Ahasuerus answered and said unto Esther the queen, Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so? And Esther said, The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman."

King Ahasuerus was very angry when he understood what Haman had planned to do, and he commanded that he should be hanged on the gallows that had been prepared for Mordecai. To this faithful man he then gave all Haman's house and wealth; and "Mordecai was great in the king's house, and his fame went out throughout all the provinces: for this man Mordecai waxed greater and greater."

It was a custom among the Medes and Persians that any law or decree which had been put in writing must stand—it could not be changed, even by the king himself. So the king could not revoke, or annul, the decree he had made concerning the Jews; but he had made another writing, and sent it by the swiftest messengers throughout all his kingdom, into every province, giving the Jews the privilege of defending themselves if their enemies should seek to harm them. This was done, and many of the enemies of the Jews were slain.

From this story of the beautiful Queen Esther, the faithful Mordecai, and the proud and wicked Haman, we may learn many lessons that will help us in our daily experiences.

Questions

1. What did King Ahasuerus do on the night after the banquet? What were read before him? How had Mordecai once saved the king's life? What question did the king ask concerning Mordecai?

2. On what errand did Haman enter the court early in the morning? Where did the king invite him to come?

3. What question did he ask Haman? Give Haman's answer, and tell why he replied as he did. What did the king then command Haman to do at once? How did Haman obey? What lesson that Jesus often sought to impress on the people may we learn from this incident? See Memory Verse.

4. After this, where did Mordecai come? What does this show? Where did Haman go? What was his condition? To whom did he tell his troubles? While he was yet talking, who came for him?

5. At the second banquet, what question did the king ask of Queen Esther? Repeat her reply. What did the king then wish to know?

6. What became of Haman? How was Mordecai exalted? How great did he become? Esther 9: 4; 10: 2.

7. Why could not the king change the decree that he had made concerning the Jews? What did he do? How well did the Jews defend themselves?

8. Give one or more lessons that we may learn from this interesting story.



Health and Temperance

VII—Appetite and Its Control

(February 18)

1. WHAT one restriction did God place upon Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden? Gen. 2: 16, 17.

2. Who questioned this act of God? What did Satan say to Eve? Gen. 3: 1.

3. What reply did Eve make? Verses 2, 3.

4. In what words did Satan tempt her to disobey God? Verses 4, 5.

5. What act on the part of Eve was the cause of her sin? Verse 6; note 1.

6. If the physical senses were not a safe guide then, what dependence can be placed upon them now? Note 2.

7. What largely contributed to the conditions existing before the flood? Luke 17: 26, 27; note 3.

8. Did men learn the lessons God designed from the flood? Verse 28; note 4.

9. How long will these same conditions exist in the world? Verse 30.

10. What was the result to Israel of refusing God's provision for their welfare? Ps. 78: 29-31.

11. Were these lessons wholly lost on Israel? Note 5.

12. Why have these experiences been recorded? 1 Cor. 10: 11.

13. Upon what point did Satan attempt to conquer Christ? Matt. 4: 3.

14. What reply did the Saviour make? Verse 4.

15. What rule should govern the Christian in this matter? 1 Cor. 10: 31.

Notes

1. In depending upon their own physical senses, instead of a simple faith in the word of God, was the weakness of our first parents. Eve *saw* that the tree was good, though God *said* it was not.

2. "As our first parents lost Eden through the indulgence of appetite, our only hope of regaining Eden is through the firm denial of appetite and passion. . . . The controlling power of appetite will prove the ruin of thousands, when, if they had conquered on this point, then they would have had the moral power to gain the victory over every other temptation of Satan. But those who are slaves to appetite will fail in perfecting Christian character. . . . As we near the close of time, Satan's temptations to indulge appetite will be stronger and more difficult to overcome."

3. "The inhabitants of the antediluvian world were intemperate in eating and drinking. They would have flesh-meats, although at that time God had given man no permission to eat animal food. They ate and drank till the indulgence of their depraved appetite knew no bounds, and they became so corrupt that God could bear with them no longer."—*"Christian Temperance,"* page 43.

4. "As men multiplied on the earth after the flood, they again forgot God, and corrupted their ways before him. Intemperance in every form increased, until almost the whole world was given up to its sway. . . . The gratification of unnatural appetite led to the sins that caused the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah."—*Id.*, page 43.

5. While, as a nation, Israel refused to heed God's voice, there were many who gladly listened to the instruction, and, either from the standpoint of mere ceremonialism or with simple faith in and obedience to God's word, carried out the laws as instituted at Sinai. The story of murmuring and disobedience is not the only one left on record. The Levites, Daniel and his companions, and John the Baptist are notable examples of what obedience to the principles God laid down did for the faithful in Israel; and even to-day the Hebrew race is regarded as immune to certain diseases due to intemperance and impurity, as a result of the more or less rigid obedience to the sanitary laws given by Moses.

In a few months one can go in four or five days by trolley from Boston to Chicago, a distance of twelve hundred miles.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON

EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-\$.75
SIX MONTHS	-.40
THREE MONTHS	-.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	-.55
10 to 100 " " " "	-.50
100 or more " " " "	-.45

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE Letter Box is omitted this week from lack of space. Perhaps we can give it a double portion next week.

Stir in Washington

THE Sunday bills that are before Congress have occasioned earnest discussion of the Sabbath question in the Washington papers. Twenty columns or more of space have been devoted by the leading papers to the subject. Editorials have been written, and letters from citizens presenting both sides of the question have been printed. Our own people have taken advantage of the situation. Their open letter to the ministers of the city, contributions to the papers, lectures, and personal work have done much to create the interest that now exists. The new Pythian Temple of the city was secured for lectures, and Elder Warren, assisted by other ministers, has given a strong presentation of the truth for this time.

A gentleman, a member of the president's body-guard, has become much interested. Without saying anything to our ministers, he visited the manager of the Lafayette Theater to see if the building could not be secured for our people. It faces the White House park, and is one of the most popular halls in the city. The President himself delivered an address here not many weeks ago. The manager of the theater seemed willing to let it, but of course asked a high price. The gentleman assured him that it ought to go for less; so the manager reduced the price. This was repeated until a very reasonable sum was asked. When the question was brought before those in charge of the work here, all felt that the Lord had directed in this work; so the building was secured for one month. The first meeting will be held in it on the evening of February fifth. Great interests depend upon these meetings. The effort is for the world, and not only for this one city. Our young people, and all our people everywhere, should pray earnestly that God's name may be greatly honored through the preaching of his truth at this time in the nation's capital.

Read, Young Men and Women

OF two young women who are professed Christians, and who hold positions of trust in our work, it was remarked that they have no real purpose, or aim, for the future. They fulfil their daily tasks, perhaps acceptably, but life to them has no depth of meaning; they are not earnestly seeking increase of power, intellectual or spiritual. These young women were referred to not as exceptions, but as representing a large class of our young people. When we soberly think of the importance of the work entrusted to us, it seems that every one who knows the truth should

be a Luther in earnestness and devotion to our cause. It would seem that every young man and young woman would improve all the leisure moments in studying, that he might prove "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

It is a noticeable fact that the men and women who have accomplished the most for the world, have, in their youth, determinedly made opportunities for solid and extensive reading, and many of these owe their first awakening to life's possibilities to the reading of a book. A remarkable illustration of youthful love for reading, and its influence upon the life of the man, is just now appearing in the papers. It is the case of Prof. Alfred Trombetti, of Cueno, Italy. He is regarded as the world's greatest living philologist, or authority in the history and literature of languages. Alfred Trombetti was born in 1866, in Bologna, of a family of poor laborers. His father, who made a bare living at rope making, died about 1873, leaving a wife and three children absolutely destitute. The two youngest were placed in a charitable institution, while the oldest, Alfred, who had just passed the primary public school, found employment as boy in a barber shop, at a salary of twenty cents a week.

His greatest handicap was scarcity of means to purchase books, even second hand. His mother often scolded him for buying candles with the few cents she gave him for pocket-money.

The incident which decided his future happened in 1882. One day, while looking over a pile of second-hand books displayed on the sidewalk in front of a bookstore, he discovered the "Life of Abdel Hader," written in Arabic, and rushed inside to inquire the price of the book.

"My dear boy, what do you understand of this book?" asked the astonished dealer. But the lad persisted in asking the price, until he received the reply, "Thirty cents." With a suspicion of tears in his words, the boy said he had only five cents, so could not buy it. The old gentleman, impressed by the lad's evident disappointment, gave him the book, and invited him to call again.

The bookstore was the daily meeting place of professors of the university of Bologna. To a number of these the incident was told, and they decided to put the boy through a kind of friendly examination to see for themselves what he was, and what he knew. In English, French, German, Latin, Greek, Arabic, and in Hebrew he read, translated, and explained with such knowledge that it is said the professors soon ceased questioning, to listen and to applaud. This fact was published in the local papers, and by the advice of the professors the city gave to young Trombetti a yearly scholarship of one hundred twenty dollars until, in 1891, he took his degree of LL. D. at the university. Since that time he has been teaching in the public schools of Italy, and extending and completing his linguistic education. During this time, too, he has prepared several volumes on the languages that have brought him the fame the world has accorded him.

While our young people are not preparing for a work that can bring them earthly fame, yet a spirit of studiousness will lead them to ably serve the world in its most needy hour. Recently a young man who is engaged as a day-laborer incidentally remarked that he must re-read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of Rome," D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," "Two Republics," "Great Controversy," and one or two other important works; and he intends to do it. Whether in school or out of school, one can find time to read several good books during the year. Some students have tried the plan of keeping a book near at hand to read during moments of waiting for meals or worship. They surprised themselves by the amount accomplished

during such times. Some read on the cars; while others waste the hours of riding. Some spend winter evenings and holidays in social converse instead of reading.

So important does it seem that our young people be encouraged to improve the time of youth in securing a fund of knowledge from books of history, science, and biography that it has been suggested that a reading society should be organized. Nothing has been done toward securing a permanent organization of this kind. I want, however, to interest our young people this year in a very simple plan. There will be printed in the INSTRUCTOR a list of books from which our young men and women, boys and girls, can select at least five to read during the year 1905.

There is a wholesome inspiration that comes to one in knowing that he has comrades in a good work. So talk this plan over with the young people in your church, and then together begin the work of individual reading. Will you not as one person enter upon this plan of study, and write us the names of the books read? At the end of the year we shall not fail to do our part to ascertain who have succeeded in getting time to read five books of real value. If there is any book of equal merit with those mentioned in the list that you prefer to read, it may be counted as one of the five. Why should not the students in our schools enter upon this plan, and encourage others to take hold of it? Already nearly seventy persons have promised to join with you in this year's reading. Will you not send us a postal card with your name and address upon it, saying that you are beginning the work? This is not a promise to read the five books, but a statement of your intention to do so. You will be interested, I am sure, in the article in this number of the INSTRUCTOR, entitled "The Christian's Library."

If you have never read "Great Controversy," be sure to choose it as one of the five. To be an up-to-date Seventh-day Adventist this book must be read and read again. "Desire of Ages" is one of the best books ever printed. A list of books is given on page four. It is meant to be suggestive only.

"COULD we this dawning year
But live to Him—
Lives simple and sincere,
Faith never dim—
New green would overspread
The meadows brown;
New depths of blue o'erhead
Look smiling down:
Our dull life kindled to a strange new worth,
Each would behold new heavens and new earth."

INTERESTING INSTRUCTIVE**"Correct English—
How to use it"**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE USE OF ENGLISH.

JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER, - - Editor

\$1.00 a Year 10 cts. a Copy

PARTIAL CONTENTS FOR THIS MONTH

Course in English for the Beginner.
Course in English for the Advanced Pupil.
How to Increase One's Vocabulary.
The Art of Conversation.
Should and Would: How to Use Them.
Pronunciations (Century Dictionary).
Correct English in the Home.
Correct English in the School.
What to Say and What Not to Say.
Course in Letter-Writing and Punctuation.
Alphabetic list of Abbreviations.
Business English for the Business Man.
Compound Words: How to Write Them.
Studies in English Literature.

Write for Free Sample Copy to

CORRECT ENGLISH,

Evanston, Ill.