

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY GREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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WITH PEN AND KODAK

MAKING LUMBER OF CALIFORNIA BIG TREES

NO DOUBT most readers of the INSTRUCTOR have heard or read of the giant redwoods, or "big trees," of California. The redwood belt does not extend over the entire State, but is confined to comparatively few localities. Two groves of the largest trees have been secured by the United States government, and are protected as national parks. Everywhere else the redwood forests are being rapidly destroyed by the lumberman's ax,—though the word "ax" is here used figuratively; for that implement is almost entirely replaced by the saw, even in felling the timber. The real instrument of destruction, however, is neither ax nor saw, but fire.

The redwood prefers the valleys, and is seldom found growing at such high altitudes as its cousins, the pine and the fir. It is an evergreen resembling the fir, from which it can, however, be readily distinguished by its bark and needles. The bark is much more deeply creased than that of the fir, and is usually quite soft and spongy. Excellent pincushions are made of redwood bark by cutting it in sections, and mounting it in such a manner that the pins may be thrust in to follow the grain of the wood. In the fir tree the needles are round, and grow all around the twig in an irregular manner. Redwood needles are flat, and grow in two regular rows along opposite sides of the twig, somewhat resembling a feather.

When the forests occupy level valleys, there is seldom any undergrowth to speak of. It is often possible to drive a team and wagon for miles through a virgin forest, without encountering a fallen tree or other obstruction sufficient to turn one aside. It is a rare treat to wander through the cool, refreshing shade of such a forest on some hot summer's day. The

ground is covered with a carpet of needles so thick and soft that you can scarcely hear your own footsteps. Before, behind, to the right, to the left, the forest giants rise as straight and regular as the columns of some mammoth, long-forgotten temple. The silence is often so profound as to be almost oppressive. Not the twitter of a bird, the chirp of a cricket, nor the rustle of a twig is heard. In some spots the foliage is so dense that the sunbeams never penetrate it. During the summer months these forests are favorite camping resorts with the Californians.

If the trees grow on hilly or uneven ground, the conditions are often quite different. Sometimes fir or other trees grow side by side with

contrast with the butt, the top of the redwood is, even when green, as light as thoroughly seasoned pine. It is so soft and brittle as to be worthless as lumber.

After the "fellers" come the "peelers," who strip the bark from all the trees that are large enough to use for lumber. Next comes a gang of men with ox teams or a traction engine. They pile up the saplings, limbs, bark, brush, and top cuts of the trees, preparatory to burning them. When their work is finished, fire is called to their aid, and all this refuse is quickly destroyed. These great heaps of timber make mammoth bonfires; but they burn so rapidly that usually half a day is sufficient to complete the destruction, and leave the ground clear for the handling of the logs.

the handling of the logs.

After the fires have burned down sufficiently to permit the men to go to work again, it is usually found that about one half or one third of the felled trees are on fire. But fire burns slowly in these unseasoned redwood logs, so the loss from this source is small. Big buckets of water and small force-pumps are called into play, and there is seldom any difficulty in extinguishing the fires, unless they have got hold of a log that has been partially split in falling. In the latter case it is sometimes neces-



AN OX TEAM AT WORK.

the redwoods, and often the underbrush is so dense as to be practically impenetrable.

But be the forests on hill or in valley, it is all the same when the lumberman comes. Before him is the wonderful work of God, wrought through the laws of nature; behind are marks of the terrible devastation wrought by man's insatiable greed.

Into the primeval forest comes a crew of men called "fellers." They cut down everything as they go. Neither the three-inch sapling nor the twenty-foot tree is spared. Many of the large trees are cut ten, twenty, or even thirty feet from the ground. The "butt cuts," or lower portions of the tree, are heavy and difficult to work. They are usually made into shingles, and scarcely pay for handling. I have seen "shingle bolts"—as the blocks are called before being sawn into shingles—fall into the water, and sink like a bar of lead. In

sary to cut a hole into the log until the burning hollow is reached. Water is turned into this hole until the fire immediately around it is extinguished. Then a man is let down through the hole to play the hose on the fire until he is driven out by the hot, suffocating air,—or perhaps I should say smoke and steam; for when a man is drawn from his unenviable position, he is ready to vow that there is not a mouthful of air in the log. Another promptly takes his place; and, as the fire is beaten back, the stays in the log become longer. But a crew of men will often work an entire day in extinguishing the fire in one log.

When the fires have done their work, the "sawyers" take hold of the timber, and saw each log to whatever length is demanded by the mill. Most of the large trees have what is called a "wind split." This is a crack running through the middle of the tree to within six

inches or a foot of the bark on each side. A wind-split tree will usually split open its entire length when it falls. The trees that do not split in falling, if too large to be conveniently handled, are split with a blast of giant powder. When the logs are sawed and split into the required length and size, one end of each is hewn off like the prow of a boat to prevent it from gouging into the earth as it is being dragged to the temporary railroad, which has been laid as near as convenient to the timber.

A few years ago all the logs were hauled to the track by oxen; and the low flat-cars that carried them to the mill were drawn by horse-power. Now the traction engine has superseded the one, and the cable drawn by a stationary engine at the mill has taken the place of the other. This, however, refers only to the large mills, where timber is plenty, and several hundred thousand feet of lumber are sawed daily. In regions where there is but little timber, the mills are small, and there the picturesque cattle teams and horse-cars are still to be seen. A team of cattle contains from twelve to sixteen, and sometimes even twenty, oxen. It requires two or three men to handle them; but they are patient brutes, usually far more patient than their drivers.

It is an interesting sight to see a monster log drawn along by these oxen. The team is slowly maneuvered into position (for oxen will move slowly, and haste only makes confusion); the great log-chain is fastened to the log; and, with much cracking of whips, the cattle begin to move. The chain tightens, the yokes creak, and presently the log trembles, perhaps rolls a little, and then moves slowly after the patient, tugging oxen.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

(Concluded next week.)



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Dan. 7: 1-18; "Thoughts on Daniel," pages 113-123

The regular Outline of these studies is published in the *Review and Herald* and also in the *Missionary Magazine*. What is here given is only supplementary, and should be studied in connection with the Outline.

NOTES ON LESSON 8

(January 21-27)

1. History and Prophecy.—The first six chapters of the book of Daniel, excepting a portion of the second chapter, are historical. The last six chapters are almost wholly prophetic. These lessons in prophecy may seem a little harder to learn than the others have been, but they are not so difficult but what we may understand them if we really wish to. Our own salvation, as well as the salvation of others, may depend on our study of these lessons. Shall we not take time for it?

2. Consult the Dictionary.—The first question of the lesson study has some unusual words in it this week, and throughout the lesson are words that should be studied carefully. When you come to a word you do not fully understand, look up its definition, and do not be content with a guess at its meaning. The following words that occur in this week's study should be defined: literal, figurative, symbolic,

consecutive, characteristics, effeminate, usurp, deterioration, significance, rapacious, celerity, nondescript, hierarchy, investigative, votaries, merged, infallibility, prerogative.

3. A Lion with Eagle's Wings.—The king of beasts with the wings of that bird of highest, strongest flight, was a fitting symbol of Babylon in the time of its strength and power. Habakkuk calls it that "bitter and hasty nation," whose horses were "swifter than leopards," and whose horseman should "fly as an eagle that hasteth to eat." How apt, too, is the representation of the loss of power and vigor, which occurred under the kings succeeding Nebuchadnezzar.

4. A Bear.—The emblem of the Medo-Persian kingdom was an animal less noble and courageous than a lion, but more voracious and savage, thus fitly representing the cruel and rapacious nature of the people. At the time when Media and Persia first made an alliance, Media was recognized as the greater power. Afterward, the relationship became so changed that the Persian element came to be the leading division of the empire. Note the representation of this in the vision, and also the significance of the three ribs in the bear's mouth, as explained in the text-book.

5. A Leopard.—The sly cunning of the Grecians is well represented by the stealthy, cat-like leopard beast. Ridpath says of this nation: "He was the most capable animal of all antiquity. He was Reynard in the ancient Kingdom of the Beasts. He planned and contrived while others slept. His were the trick and the stratagem. He held up a false appearance, and smiled at his foe for being fool enough to believe it real. He found more pleasure in setting a trap than in taking a city. He made cunning a virtue, and recounted a successful wile with the same pride as if reciting the brave exploits of heroes."

6. "Which Shall Bear Rule Over All the Earth."—This is written of the third kingdom, in Dan. 2: 39. Historians say of Alexander, that country's greatest king, that "there was in his time no nation of men, no city, nay, no single individual, with whom Alexander's name had not become a familiar word." It is also said that as he sat upon his throne, ambassadors stood before him "from all the extremities of the earth," and that they were come "to propitiate his anger, to celebrate his greatness, or to solicit his protection."

7. "To the Strongest."—Almost the last words spoken by Alexander upon his deathbed were with reference to his successor. He was asked to whom he wished to bequeath his kingdom, and made the characteristic reply, "To the strongest." But it was not to be that any one man should rule the empire. The prophecy indicates that there would be four divisions, and there were just four.

8. Exercise and Diet.—The physical perfection of the Greeks has been celebrated in story and in song. Solon, a sage and lawgiver of Athens, speaking with pride of the youth of his country, says: "They have a manly look, are full of spirit, fire, vigor; neither dry and withered nor heavy and unwieldy, but of a form at once graceful and strong. They have worked and sweated off all superfluous flesh, and only retained what is pure, firm, and healthy. This perfection they could not attain without those physical exercises and the regimen that accompanies them."

THE FIELD

JANUARY STUDY: PART III

(January 21-27)

1. Basis of Study.—For Part III read "The Work in Nice" and "Among the Waldenses," pages 12 and 14 of the January number of the *Missionary Magazine*. An interesting account of the opening of our work among the Waldenses may be found in "Historical Sketches of Seventh-day Adventist Foreign Missions." The following notes are compiled from "Great Controversy," Vol. IV, edition of 1887:—

2. The Early Waldenses Sabbath-keepers.—But of those who resisted the encroachments of the papal power, the Waldenses stood foremost. Their religious belief was founded upon the written word of God, and was in marked contrast with the errors of Rome. They were the first of all the peoples of Europe to obtain a translation of the Scriptures. Hundreds of years before the Reformation, they possessed the entire Bible in manuscript in their native tongue. They had the truth unadulterated, and this rendered them the special objects of hatred and persecution. Through ages of darkness and apostasy, there were Waldenses who denied the supremacy of Rome, who rejected image-worship as idolatry, and who kept the true Sabbath.

3. Waldensian Youth.—From earliest childhood the youth were instructed in the Scriptures and taught sacredly to regard the claims of the law of God. Copies of the Bible were rare; therefore its precious words were committed to memory. Many were able to repeat large portions of both the Old and the New Testament. Thoughts of God were associated alike with the sublime scenery of nature and with the humble blessings of daily life. Little children learned to look with gratitude to God as the giver of every favor and every comfort. Very early they were taught to bear responsibilities, to be guarded in speech, and to understand the wisdom of silence. One indiscreet word let fall in the hearing of their enemies, might imperil not only the life of the speaker, but the lives of hundreds of his brethren; for as wolves hunting their prey did the enemies of truth pursue those who dared claim freedom of religious faith.

4. Their Education.—While the youth were inured to toil and hardship, the culture of the intellect was not neglected. On the grassy slopes of the valleys, or in some sheltered glen among the hills, the youth received instruction. The Bible was their text-book. They studied and committed to memory the words of Holy Writ. A considerable portion of their time was spent in reproducing the copies of the Scriptures. When they had spent some time in their schools in the mountains, some of the Waldensian youth were sent to complete their education in the great cities, where they could have a wider range for thought and observation than in their secluded homes. The youth thus sent forth were exposed to temptation; but their education from childhood had been of a character to prepare them for all this. In the schools whither they went, they were not to make confidants of any. Their garments were so prepared as to conceal their greatest treasure,—the precious manuscripts of the Scriptures. These, the fruit of months and years of toil, they carried with them; and whenever it could be done without exciting suspicion, they cautiously placed some portion in the way of those whose hearts seemed open to receive it.

5. *Waldensian Missionaries.*—The Waldenses felt that God required more of them than merely to maintain the truth in their own mountains; that a solemn responsibility rested upon them to let their light shine forth to those who were in darkness; that by the mighty power of God's word they were to break the bondage which Rome had imposed. It was a law among them that all who entered the ministry should, before taking charge of a church at home, serve three years in the missionary field. As the hands of the men of God were laid upon their heads, the youth saw before them, not the prospect of earthly wealth or glory, but possibly a martyr's fate. The missionaries went forth two and two, as Jesus sent out his disciples. These colaborers were not always together, but often met for prayer and counsel. As they went from house to house, they concealed the real character of their mission, under the guise of some secular profession. They were thus received where they would have been repulsed as missionaries. While they exhibited their wares for sale, their hearts were uplifted to God for opportunity to present the treasures of his word. Everywhere they scattered the precious seed. Churches sprang up in their path, and the blood of martyrs witnessed for the truth.

6. *Study Their History.*—It would be well for all our workers to study the history of the Waldensian missionaries, and to imitate their example of sacrifice and self-denial.—“*Gospel Workers*,” page 347.

BE GOOD

God does not say, “Be beautiful; be wise; Be aught that man, as man, would praise and prize:” Only, “Be good!” the tender Father cries.

The purposes of life, misunderstood,
Baffle and wound us; but God only would
That we should heed his simple words, “Be good!”
— Selected.

REQUISITES FOR WORKERS

I

In a personal Testimony from Sister White, am given a charge concerning the youth, in which occur the following paragraphs:—

“Many youth manifest themselves shy of religious conversation. They do not take the matter as it is. They close the windows that should open heavenward, and open the windows wide earthward. But when they shall see the excellency of the human soul, they will close the earthward outlook, they will cease depending on earthly amusements and associations, break away from folly and sin, and open the windows heavenward, that they may behold spiritual things.

“Educate the youth to help the youth. In seeking to do this work, each will gain experience that will qualify him to become a consecrated worker in a larger sphere. Thousands of hearts can be reached in the most simple way. The true, honest work of a son or daughter of God in a service of little things, performed in natural simplicity, will unbolt the door that has long been locked to many a soul.”

How to become that consecrated worker is the one important consideration of many whom I know, and doubtless of many of whom I have never heard.

My whole heart goes out to the children and young people of our church family. All that I have been writing to parents has been in their interest; and now I am going to come directly to them, in a series of short, practical

studies with those to whom the call of God, in Rom. 12:1, has already been made so personal that they can not but say, each in his own soul, “That means *me*.”

In this series we will study those things that must be true of any soul before he can be of use to the work of God.

It is of great importance that we be ready for use; for it is evident that God wants men and women, young as well as old. He must have somebody. He wants *you*. Are you ready? Let every one of my young readers measure himself by the requisites, and find out, each for himself and not another, just how nearly ready, or how far from being ready, he is.

The solemn march of events, as they are closing up the history of this old world, warns us that it is high time that even the youngest should be ready for the quick, sharp roll-call of duty.

That first verse of Romans 12 is an advertisement. Did you ever think how the advertising of the world is only a perverse copying of the divine method, and is one of those things about which the Lord says, “Neither are your ways my ways”? Isa. 55:8.

One morning many years ago I saw the bulletin-boards and fences dotted with a poster, on which I read, in display type, “A THOUSAND MEN WANTED!” I could not alight from the carriage to read the description that followed, so I fell to meditating in this wise:—

What kind of men? Is any one so anxious to fill up some hospital, that he is advertising for a thousand cripples? Is any one so determined to start a cemetery, that he is calling for a thousand dead men?—Oh, no! That advertisement carries on the face of it that a thousand able-bodied men are wanted. No man, no corporation, could use cripples or corpses. A lame man can not run; a dead man can not work. A man may have cut off his own hands or legs, he may have taken his own life, and gone into the dust of the earth with all the responsibilities of a man upon him; but the fact that he is disabled or dead settles the question as to whether he will ever do any work.

How different from God must the world always be in its advertising! for the world is so limited in resources, but so boastful; while boasting is impossible with God. He could not himself promise more than he is able to perform, although he does seem almost reckless, judged by any human standard, in the call that he makes for men when he says: “I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a *living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service;*” for man has already been pronounced *dead*,—dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. 2:1), having only at best a name to live (Rev. 3:1); and if Christ “died for all, then were all dead.” 2 Cor. 5:14.

How then, if all are dead, can any man present himself alive—a living sacrifice—to God? How can God expect living servants out of dead men? And yet, “Ordered on duty while dead” might be said of every man who has ever become a laborer together with God; and this because he who has called “shall supply *all* your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus,” even if that need be *life* itself. Phil. 4:19.

A great leader in a certain line of philanthropic work, who was, however, not a believer in Christ, was talking with me one day about the conditions of human life; and in reply to a remark of mine she said, “But you know, Mrs. Henry, I believe that every human being has a right to be well born.”

“So do I believe that,” I replied. “You can not insist on that more strenuously than I do; but what are you going to do with a race to whom the opportunity of being well born is lost? They are here, just as they are. You can not go back a hundred years, and reform their grandparents. Who shall undertake for them?”

“As for such people, I shall have to leave them to you,” she said, with a little laugh. “I should be at my wit’s end.”

“Thank you,” I said; “I gladly accept the commission; for I shall go to them, and say that when it had so fallen out that they could not be well born, God was not at his wit’s end, but was able to devise a way by which every badly born son of Adam might be born over again.”

She turned, looked at me, and said: “Can you go honestly and freely, and teach such a thing as that?”

“Indeed I can,” I replied. “If I could not, I would never appear before another audience.”

“Well,” she said, while tears filled her eyes, “if you can go and honestly teach *that, you GO!*”

I relate this incident to show my readers how hungry even the heart of the worldly philosopher may be for the simple truth that has been made so plain to us in the words of Jesus.

The first requisite for a laborer is indicated in the words: “Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.” John 15:4, 5.

The first thing that the branch gets by reason of abiding in the vine is *life*; and in these words Jesus taught the same truth that he unfolded to Nicodemus when he said to him, “Ye must be born again.” John 3:3-8.

Before God can make use of any man, he must be *alive*, and he can be made alive only through the regeneration; for Jesus, who knows, says, “Without me ye can do nothing.”

Do you know what this means? It is one thing to have kept the Sabbath and been in the church all your life, and another thing to be born again. If you have not been born again, you are yet *dead*, and of no use to God. Let it not be said of you, “Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.” John 5:40.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

A FALSE STANDARD

TO TELL a young man that if there is anything in him worthy of recognition, the world is sure to find it out, is to set before him a false standard. In the first place, it directs him to the public eye rather than to the all-seeing Eye. In the second place, it makes popularity the measure of greatness. As a matter of fact, popularity measures nothing. The world is slow to appreciate its best things—a large part of its best things. A light book wins its way in a day; a book born not to die lies a hundred years in its swaddling-clothes. The greater a man is, the longer it takes the world to get his measure. We are figuring on Paul yet; while a thousand lesser men have had their measure, received their honors, worn them out, and gone into oblivion. God has not promised to reward greatness with popularity; we can hardly afford to make the promise on our own responsibility.—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.



THE SLEEPY-TIME

Look, dear, the stars are blinking,
The sleepy moon is low,
The little winds among the leaves
Have all forgot to blow.
Come, dear, and say good night;
God keep you all the night!

Good night! Gay words for waking,
Brave words for noon, are best,
But loving words for the sleepy-time,
When the moon is low in the west.
God keep you all the night!

Sweet dreams! Good night! Good night!
—Selected.

"SHALL WE SMITE THEM?"

IN these days of wars and rumors of wars,—these days when we are gravely assured, by the professed teachers of the true religion of Christ, that it is commendable and Christian to fight under certain circumstances,—it is positively refreshing to read the little story so beautifully narrated in the sixth chapter of Second Kings.

The king of Syria warred against Israel. Israel was on the defensive. We are not told just what was the cause of this particular trouble, but the Syrians were at least angry enough with the Israelites to fight them. But when the Syrian king wished to make a fine strategic movement, and instructed his warriors accordingly, behold, in some unaccountable manner, the enemy was apprised of it, and every plan was thwarted. Then Ben-hadad decided that there was a spy, a traitor, in the camp. But the whole affair seemed wrapped in mystery; his plans had been laid very carefully, and none but his most tried and true captains had been intrusted with his secrets. The heart of the heathen king waxed faint. There must be treachery somewhere! Finally, in the midst of his searching to find out the spy, one of his servants assured him there was something supernatural about the affair—there was a God in Israel, who was a revealer of secrets. "Ah," said he, "there is Elisha. He is the one you are after, I have no doubt. Why, he tells the Israelitish king the very secrets that you whisper in the silence of your bedchamber!"

Somebody suggested that the prophet was in Dothan, and forthwith the Syrian king sent a great host to take him. That was a strange thing to do. We find ourselves wondering why he thought it necessary to send a large army to capture only one man. But even then the army was not large enough to accomplish it. Instead of capturing the Lord's prophet, they were captured by him! Astonishing! a whole host taken captive by a single man! What was the secret of it?—Ah, "the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

One angel was enough to work deadly havoc among the hosts of Assyria,—enough to slay one hundred and eighty-five thousand men,—and now the mountain was full of angels. No wonder Elisha knew no fear. The hosts of the king of Syria were smitten with blindness in answer to the prophet's prayer, and he actually led his would-be captors over to Samaria, the city of their enemy. Then God opened their eyes. No doubt fear and trembling seized them when they saw the trap into which they had been led. And well they might have trembled, had the king of Israel pursued the policy of a nineteenth-century ruler; for

they must surely at least have been made prisoners. What a relief it must have been to those frightened men when they heard the decree spoken by the man of God, whom they had so recently sought to destroy.

"My father, shall I smite them?" asked the king. Smite them?—Nay, verily, replied the prophet. Let us return good for evil. Set food before them, and let them eat, and send them away in peace.

And so, behold, the wonderful spectacle of a hostile army being royally entertained at the expense of the victorious enemy, and allowed afterward to return home unharmed.

What was the result of this Christian manner of disposing of an enemy?—We are told that "so," for this reason, because of this treatment, they came no more to fight with Israel. What an excellent way to make peace! What a glorious revenge! How Christlike! Would it not be a good idea for Christian people to-day to learn a lesson from this wonderful narrative?

"Take, my brethren, the prophets . . . for an example."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.



OUTDOOR OBJECTS IN PERSPECTIVE

IN this lesson we will study more of the objects to be seen in nature, for by so doing it will be easier for us to remember the principles of perspective. In the drawing below, notice how the square pond and cliff seem to be narrower as they converge toward the point of vision on

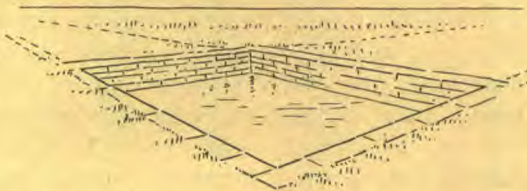


the horizon; also how the trees appear to become smaller and smaller, and closer together, as they go toward the horizon.

If the observer should stand so the corners faced him, instead of one of the sides, it would then be in two-point perspective, as below:—



The next drawing will give you an idea of the perspective of a well or cistern in two-point perspective.



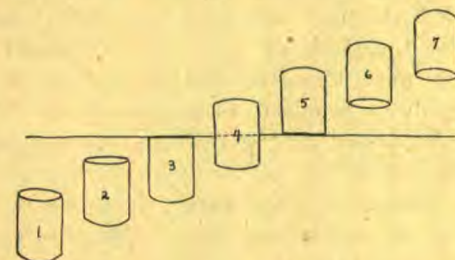
If it is impossible for you to get where you can study the perspective of nature in the open country, you can study the subject from indoor objects; for, as has already been said, there is perspective in everything we see.

When drawing some object, it should be drawn in several positions, so that every point may be studied. Draw it not only as it can be seen in one position, but as it would look were you looking at it from above, below, and

in other positions. The shed below is drawn in this way.



All curved lines above the horizon curve down, and all curved lines below the horizon curve up. For instance, if a cylinder is held opposite an observer, on a level with his eye, which would be on the level with the horizon line, it will be seen that the line formed by the



top curves down, and the bottom line curves up, as in cylinder No. 4 in the accompanying illustration. When the top or the bottom comes on a level with the eye, or horizon line, it becomes straight, as Nos. 3 and 5; and the higher it is raised, the more of the bottom we see, as in Nos. 6 and 7. The more it is lowered, the more of the top we see, as in 2 and 1.

In the drawing below, notice how all the



lines formed by the stones in the tower curve down above the horizon, and all the lines below it curve up. PEDRO LEMOS.

PAINTING HER PORTRAIT

"If I could be such an old lady as that, so beautiful, serene, sweet, and lovable, I would n't mind growing old," said a young girl the other day, speaking of a white-haired visitor who had just departed.

"Well, if you want to be that kind of old lady, you'd better begin making her right now," laughed a keen-witted companion. "She doesn't strike me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry; it has taken a long time to make her what she is. If you are going to paint that sort of portrait of yourself to leave to the world, you'd better be mixing your colors now."

The merry words were true; and whether she willed it or not, the girl was already "mixing the colors" for her portrait, and drawing day by day the outlines of the mature womanhood that shall yet brighten or darken the lives around her. Many a careless, selfish girl has in her inmost heart no higher ideal than "to be like mother," when she shall have reached mother's years. But meanwhile she is content to be as unlike her as possible. She has an idea that age brings its graces, and that a beautiful character comes, like silver hair, naturally and without effort.

Girls, you are outlining your future and choosing its coloring now. The woman you wish to be must begin in the girl.—Selected.



AT THE POND

A PRETTY pond there is, all fringed
With trees and flowers gay,
Where many happy creatures live,
And many come to play.

The fishes frolic merrily
Within its waters cool,
And funny little polliwogs
Live in the shining pool.

Along the grassy bank the snails
And turtles slowly creep;
The frogs go splashing in and out
With many a sudden leap.

The insects and the merry birds
Its shining surface skim;
And thirsty cows and horses drink
Along its rippling brim.

The water lilies' fragrant
cups
Upon the wavelets lie,
And near them float the
stately swans,
With proud necks
curving high.

And see! here comes the
mother duck
With all her yellow
brood;
And here are all the
goslings, too,
Behind their mother
good.

They hurry, scurry down
the bank
And in the water go;
They dive, and splash,
and with delight
Go swimming to and
fro.

Oh, yes! the pond's a
merry place,
So busy and so gay,
Where many happy
creatures live,
And many come to
play.
—*Kindergarten Re-
view.*

AN ALLEGORY

ARE you wonder-
ing what is the mean-

ing of this word? or do you know already that it is something taught under the image of something else? In this it is like a parable, which is "a tale to teach the truth." When Jesus taught the people who crowded about him to hear his words, he often used parables to make it easy for them to see and understand the lessons he wished them to learn. Think of all the stories that Jesus told the people; see how many you can remember, and what were the lessons taught in each one. Some, I am sure, you know well,—the Sower, the Ten Virgins, the Good Samaritan, the Good Shepherd. In each of these some precious lesson of truth was hidden, but *hidden* only that it might be *seen*. Jesus taught the people the truth by parables, not to hide it from them, but so that the simplest of them, and even the little children, might be able to see and grasp it, and hold it in their minds.

But there were some among those who listened to Jesus who were not willing to be taught as little children. Indeed, they even thought they knew more than Jesus did, because he had never been to any of their schools. And from them the parables of Jesus hid the

truth, because they could not receive the kingdom of God as a little child. The parables of Jesus, which made the truth simple enough for babes to understand, hid it from those who were "wise in their own conceits."

You love to hear the parables of Jesus from the New Testament, and to learn the lessons of truth that he has hidden there for you. But did you know that the Old Testament is also full of the parables of Jesus? He who, when on earth, taught the people by parables, had from the very beginning,—the time of the fall,—been teaching man by object-lessons the good news of salvation from sin through his own sacrifice; and also giving beforehand to those who had "eyes to see" and "ears to hear" the history of his own life upon the earth, his death and resurrection, and the great deliverance that would thereby be wrought for all who believed in him.

Of one of the most familiar Bible stories, the history of Abraham,—his home life with Sarah and Hagar, the birth of Ishmael, and



THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

IT had been an unusually hard day, there was no doubt of it, and Helen Belmont passed her slender hand wearily over her hot, aching head, as she wondered how she could possibly endure the long hours until evening, when her mother would be at liberty to spend a short time with her. A sense of desolation and bitterness took possession of her as she thought of herself condemned to helplessness, pain, and solitude; and she fought the rebellious feelings that surged up in her heart, making her eyes fill with tears. With her accustomed patience, she tried to reason herself into peaceful quiet, by recalling her blessings. "For," as she often said, "I might have been much worse off. I might have been obliged to suffer from hunger and cold as well as from pain. I might have been friendless instead of having the kindest of parents and friends."

And though all this was true, no one will deny that it was hard for a young, energetic girl to be shut up for two years, and, after trying any number of doctors, and submitting to an operation, which, though it did not kill her, failed to bring the hoped-for relief, to be obliged to give up, daily, bit by bit, the hope of recovery, and try to be willing to be an invalid until released by death.

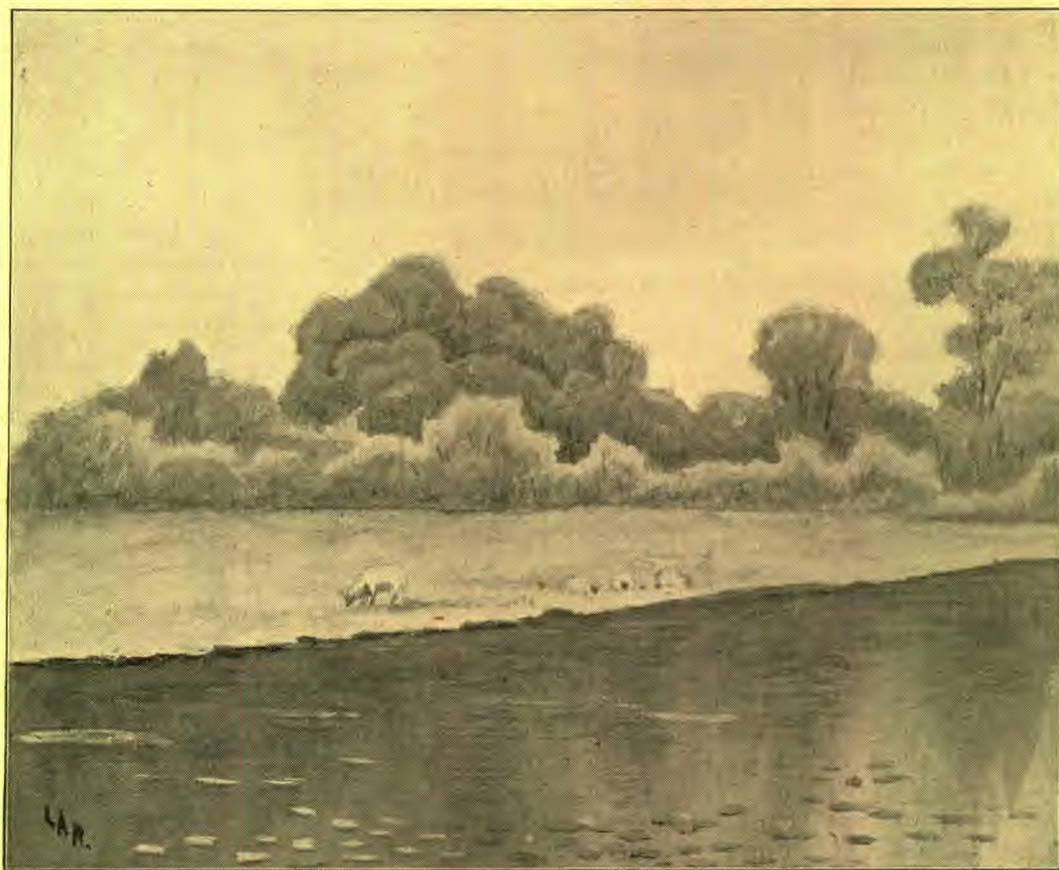
Still, Helen was usually cheerful, and, when not suffering¹ excruciating

pain, glad to see friends. But to-day was Monday, "a blue Monday" literally, with Helen; for no callers had yet been in, and her mother was unusually busy.

Ah! a knock on her door, which opened, as her mother entered with a stranger, a lady, whose sweet smile and delicately sympathetic glance won Helen's heart before her mother said, "This is our new neighbor, Mrs. Campbell, my dear. My daughter Helen, Mrs. Campbell."

Mrs. Campbell stepped up to the couch, which Helen occupied during the day, and taking the girl's hand, said, earnestly, "I have wished to see you, my dear, ever since your mother told me about you, and I came purposely on Monday, because I thought you would not have many callers on that day, and might be lonely. It must help pass away your lonely hours to have people drop in."

"Oh, yes!" cried Helen, holding the hand so plump and soft and pretty, that had been extended to her; "yes, indeed! And you are quite right in supposing that callers are not plenty on Monday. Please take that low rocker, Mrs. Campbell and sit near me.



THE WATER LILIES' FRAGRANT CUPS UPON THE WAVELETS LIE.

after long years of waiting, the birth of Isaac, the child of promise,—the apostle Paul says, "Which things are an *allegory*." That is, we are not to read this only as an interesting, true story. It is this, but much more. We are to learn from it some precious lessons of gospel truth, which God has in this way made plain for us to grasp.

But this is not the only allegory in the Old Testament. This is simply to teach us how we are to look upon all these scriptures, and the stories that they teach us. The life of Jacob, of Joseph, Moses, David, Daniel,—of each of these we may say, as Paul said of the life of Abraham, "Which things are an *allegory*."

So let us, as we study these, look for the precious truth which was hidden in them to teach the people of old time the gospel, and which still remains there to make it plain to us.

EDITH E. ADAMS.

"THE charity that 'thinketh no evil' trusts in God and trusts in men. The heart that knows itself to be false trusts neither in God nor in man."

Mama, will you not take that other low chair?"

"No, thank you, dear. I must ask you and Mrs. Campbell to excuse me now, as Grace needs me."

"I wished to see you especially," said Mrs. Campbell, with a smile, "because I think perhaps I have a message for you. I think God sends us messages by those about us, don't you?"

"I never thought of it in that light before," said Helen, "but now that you mention it, I see that it is so; for I have had many comforting thoughts brought to me in that way."

"You are a Christian?" remarked Mrs. Campbell, half questioningly.

"Oh, yes!" replied Helen, promptly; "not so good a representative of my Saviour as I should be, but surely I am his, and he is mine."

"You are sure of that?" insisted Mrs. Campbell. "Some people, you know, seem to think it assurance unpardonable to be sure one is saved."

"I know," replied Helen, quickly, "but I only take Christ at his word. He has promised that all who trust in his blood are saved, and I do. It is an insult to doubt his word."

"You are right," exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, warmly. "Now you are ready for my message: *Why are you sick?*"

To say that Helen was astonished at the question, is to put it mildly. For a moment she was unable to say a word, although surging thoughts crowded her mind. Finally she stammered, "Because it is God's will. It is not mine, you may be sure, only as I bring my will into subjection to his. I have tried every way to get well——"

"You have!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell; "why have you tried to get well, if you think it is God's will that you should be sick?"

"Why?" echoed Helen, in bewilderment; "how can I know that it is God's will, unless I have tried to get well, and failed? I have tried every means, and asked his blessing, and that he would make me well if it was his will. How can I think otherwise than that it is his will that I shall be a helpless invalid?"

She sighed, and Mrs. Campbell smiled as she said, "But you are not happy about it. Are you perfectly sure it is his will? If you heard of some great doctor, would you not go to see him, or of some famous medicine, would you not try it?"

"I've no doubt I should if I could," replied Helen.

"Then you are not sure of God's will in the matter; for I see you are too true to wish to cross his will. The fact is, you have not thought of applying to the Great Physician himself. Yes, to Christ," she added, in answer to Helen's questioning look. "He cured the sick as well as forgave sins when on earth. He lives to-day as truly as he did when in the form of man in Palestine, and he has said he will grant us our prayers. He forgives your sins; you have no doubt of it——"

"But," interrupted Helen, "he said, in his prayer, 'Not my will but thine be done,' and we are taught to ask subject to his will. I know it is his will that I should have my sins forgiven, but how do I know that it is his will that I should be well?"

"Ask him. Seek counsel at his word and Spirit. He has said much on the subject. Your discipline is attained if you are now willing to have his will. You are consecrated to him, soul and body?" She looked inquiringly at Helen, who bowed, too agitated to speak.

"Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. He wants you to be perfect, and he will grant to you as much as you will take.

You can go only in his strength spiritually. He made your body, and you can go in his strength with that, too.

"That is all to-day," she added, rising. "Think it over. Ask him to clear your brain, and stop the ache in your head; and when you have sought it out, get up in his strength, and go on in it. For it is written, 'He sent his word, and healed them.'"

She bent over and kissed Helen's forehead. "Come in again, to-morrow!" whispered the girl.

"I will," promised Mrs. Campbell, softly, and glided out of the room, leaving Helen full of new thoughts.

For an hour or more she lay back, and thought and prayed and read the promises. Then, in faith, she said aloud, with an upward glance, "Lord, I accept it all!" and rose immediately to her feet. She steadied herself for an instant, and then walked to the window and back. The next day when Mrs. Campbell came, she opened the door, and said, "All praise to the Great Physician!"

MRS. F. A. REYNOLDS.



A CONVERT FROM ISLAM

NO FIELD for missionary labor presents greater difficulties than Mohammedan countries; and the longer Islam has held sway, the more bigoted are the adherents of that false faith. The natives of the East Indian Archipelago are among the most recent converts to Mohammedanism. It has been only about five or six centuries at the most since the missionaries of the false prophet found their way to these islands; consequently the natives are much milder in their devotion to that faith than are the people of Persia, or even of India.

In the subject of this sketch, Silas Saleh, is a singular mingling of races and religions. He is a Christian whom it was my privilege and joy to baptize five years ago. He was born of Chinese parents in China. During the Taiping rebellion, they were separated from him and killed; and he was sold into slavery, and brought to Singapore. He fell into the hands of a kind old Malay, who adopted him, and sent him to a mission boarding school, where he remained three years, and imbibed considerable Christian doctrine. He then returned to the home of his foster father, and grew up under the instruction usually imparted to a Malay youth, which, of course, means that he became a Mohammedan. Possessing the energy of a Chinaman, with the religious zeal of the Arab, he naturally rose to a position of considerable influence in the community. He was a doctor by profession, and acquired no small degree of proficiency in the art of healing. He had English works on materia medica, and made excellent use of them.

He used to attend our street meetings, and, like other Mohammedans, would raise a controversy, and seek to neutralize the effect of our teaching upon the minds of the crowd; but the Lord willed it that every time he came, he went away with something to think about. He thus gathered grains of truth, which so accumulated that, after about a year of this sort of experience, he began to feel the force of conviction telling him that he was wrong, and the missionary was right.

After two years had expired, the second of which he devoted to a careful study of the Bible and to inquiry concerning the truth, he confessed himself fully persuaded of the truth of the gospel, and of the falsity of the religion of Mohammed. But he hesitated about taking the final step, which would forever cut him off from his friends; namely, the confession of Christ in Christian baptism. However, his hesitation was not due to any lack of courage, or of love for the Master, but was the result of his concern for his children. Should he take the step before he had placed his little son and daughter out of the reach of their Mohammedan relatives, he well knew that they would be stolen, and that he would never see them again. Thus it came about that he delayed taking the final step until our return to the mission field in 1893. We opened an orphanage for Chinese and Malay boys; and then it was that he came to me, and said: "The Lord has opened the door for which I have been waiting so long; I wish you to take charge of my son and daughter, so they will be saved from the designs of their grandmother; then I shall be ready for Christian baptism." Accordingly, I made out articles of agreement for the two children, by which they were committed to our care for a long term of years; and the following Sunday, Mohammed Saleh made a public confession of Christ in baptism.

Then began a bitter persecution of him by his Mohammedan friends. His wife, who was the stepmother of his children and a bigoted Mohammedan, left his home. The children's grandmother resorted to every art known to the Oriental mind to induce us to permit the children to go home with her for a short visit. Being refused, she only renewed the effort, bringing her husband, who was a worthy old gentleman, with her. But as much regret as it caused me to do so, I was obliged to refuse them. For several months they continued their persistent endeavor to coax or steal or bribe the children to run away; but their affection for their father and his influence over them prevented this. Finally the poor old woman, with unfeigned sorrow, shed bitter tears, which brought dampness to my own eyes, and left my house with expressions only of respect: but as soon as she had reached the road, and was off our premises, she scooped up the dust of the road in her hands, and cast it into the air and upon her head, uttering the direst maledictions and curses upon me for my heartless cruelty. That was the last I ever saw of her; but I have no doubt that my wife's illness and our enforced home-coming were regarded by her as the result of her curses.

Brother Saleh subsequently married a woman who was one of the orphan girls in the mission at the same time he attended it.

From the time of his baptism, Brother Saleh was a most faithful and devoted servant of Jesus Christ, much given to the study of the Word. He endured bitter persecution for Christ's sake; and in the midst of it all, he never flinched nor complained, but bore it with patience, as did his Master before him. A steadfastness and devotion, rare even in Christian lands, marked his daily life. Although I have not heard from him directly for several years, I know that he and his wife are earnestly praying God to send us back again to that field. He was my teacher in the language for some time, and is now a member of the conference, and is spending his whole time in preaching the gospel. R. W. MUNSON.

[Since this article was written, Brother Munson and his family have returned to this East Indian field to proclaim the light of the third angel's message.—ED.]

BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—NO. 4

(January 27, 1900)

THE HEAVENLY VINE AND ITS FRUIT

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 26:31-35; Mark 14:27-31; John 15:1 to 16:1.

Memory Verses.—John 15:1, 2.

Time: A. D. 31. **Place:** Near the base of Mt. Olivet. **Persons:** Jesus, disciples.

QUESTIONS

1. After leaving the Passover room, and while walking toward Mt. Olivet, what did Jesus say to his disciples? Matt. 26:31, 32. Who returned answer? What did he say? V. 33. What positive statement concerning Peter's future did Jesus then make? V. 34. Instead of accepting the word Jesus had given, what self-confident answer did Peter and his companions make? V. 35.

2. Using one of the flourishing grape-vines at the base of Olivet as an illustration, what did Jesus say of the relation existing between himself and his followers? John 15:1, 2; note 1. Of how great importance is it that one abide in the Vine,—in Christ? Vs. 4-6; note 2. What promise is given to all who do abide in him? V. 7. What is the test of discipleship? V. 8.

3. What is the measure of Jesus' love for his children? V. 9. In what way is their full measure of constant love toward him to be shown? V. 10. If this rule of love is followed out, what will result? V. 11.

4. What is to be the measure of our love for one another? V. 12. How far-reaching is such love? V. 13. What only is accepted as evidence that we are the friends of God? V. 14. As we thus prove our friendship, what intimate relation will Jesus sustain to us? V. 15.

5. What assurance does Jesus give to all who labor in the gospel? V. 16; note 3. What definite command is left for them? V. 17. What relation must the Christian sustain to the world? Why? Vs. 18-21.

6. What is the effect upon men of Christ's work on earth? Vs. 22-24. In the hatred of the world what scripture is fulfilled? V. 25. Though the world opposes Christ in his followers, in what way does Jesus continually work for its salvation? Vs. 26, 27.

7. What object had Jesus in thus instructing his disciples? John 16:1.

NOTES

1. Than this one, there is, in all the Bible, no more beautiful picture of man's relation to his Heavenly Father and Elder Brother. Jesus, the great Vine of eternal life, has at infinite sacrifice been planted in the soil of earth by the Husbandman—God the Father. Jesus became one with man, that, having the same nature as man and at the same time bearing the divine, he might be the channel of life to the lost. Jesus is the connecting link between earth and heaven. The life of the Vine—the Root—is but the life of God. The life of the Husbandman flows into and through the True Vine. As the vine draws its life from the moisture and richness furnished by the work of the gardener, so Jesus drew his life from the Father. But the vine grows not to beautify itself; its life is only to pass on into the branches, that they, in turn, may bear fruit. So, too, Jesus lived not for himself, but for those who, as branches, should be united with him, while they bring forth the fruit of righteousness. The

life of the Vine is the life of the branch. All the sweetness, compassion, and tenderness of Jesus will certainly flow into the life of his children—the branches. A true union with Christ makes the life of the Christian a natural, spontaneous outgrowth, not a forced effort to do right. The branch does not have to try to grow; it grows naturally, because of its connection with the root. And the fruit is sure to appear. In the Christian life, when the season arrives, the grand results of inflowing grace will be seen in well-developed acts of love, and Christlike, beautiful habits will adorn the life tree. There come times, however, when the vine-dresser finds it necessary to prune the branches, to cut away the superfluous growth that hinders the development of the fruit. He does this that the vine, instead of degenerating into fruitlessness, may bring forth more fruit. Just so, our Father, in love for those who are growing in Christ, finds it necessary to take the pruning-knife of affliction, adversity, or of other painful experience, and cut away the twigs and useless branches of the heart, which hinder the fruits of grace from appearing in their season. Sometimes the vine branch bleeds as a result of pruning; so with the Christian there may come times when the very life seems to be ebbing. But all will be well; for it is only that he may "bring forth more fruit." God carefully watches every jot of experience in the life of his child; and lest anything hurt the delicate tendrils of affection as they twine themselves about him, he watches his vine night and day. This is a precious lesson, and should

lead all to seek for a living union with Jesus Christ. Profession is good, but nothing short of a possession of the divine life-current will ever satisfy Heaven.

2. To understand what it is to "abide" in Christ, one must fully surrender himself to God. There is such an experience as a constant, daily living in Christ. There are those, many of them, who now know what it is to live without conscious sin. They can bear testimony to the fact that they abide in God, and are having continual victory. But some have said, "I never saw any one who lives thus." All such should remember that they may not be able to discern rightly. Their own faulty lives hinder them from seeing. But let them, for themselves, lay aside every known sinful practice, and claim, through the gift of the Holy Spirit, the experience as it is for them, and they will each know of at least one person who abides in Christ. Jesus' words are practical. And to all who abide in him, he says, "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

3. "I have chosen you." Jesus knew all the failings of the disciples, but he ordained them for his work, notwithstanding. Thus it is now. He chooses men for gospel service, even though they may fall far short of what God wishes; and he only asks that they submit themselves to his training, pruning process. We should not, therefore, allow our imperfections to keep us from the work. Only be teachable and humble.

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WEST-BOUND.	
No. 21, Mail and Express	6.58 P. M.
No. 23, Accommodation	2.07 P. M.
No. 27, Local Freight	8.25 A. M.
EAST-BOUND.	
No. 22, Mail and Express	8.25 A. M.
No. 24, Accommodation	1.45 P. M.
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No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago	3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper	1.10 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend	8.20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.	

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit	3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, and East	8.27 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit	2.25 A. M.
No. 2, Lehigh Exp., to Saginaw, Bay City, Pt. Huron, and East	6.50 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed, to Durand (starts at Nichols)	7.15 A. M.
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 4, 6, and 2, daily.	

A. S. PARKER, Ticket Agent, Battle Creek.



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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"God keep us through the common days,
 The level stretches white with dust,
 When thought is tired, and hands upraise
 Their burdens feebly, since they must.
 In days of slowly fretting care,
 Then most we need the strength of prayer."

MONDAY:

"If to hope overmuch is an error,
 'T is one that the wise have preferred,
 For how often have hearts been in terror
 Over evils that never occurred!"

TUESDAY:

To live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching,—who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes.—*Dean Farrar.*

WEDNESDAY:

Father, I do not ask
 That thou wilt choose some other task
 And make it mine. I pray
 But this: Let every day
 Be molded still
 By thy own hand; my will
 Be only thine, however deep
 I have to bend, thy hand to keep.
 Let me not simply do, but be content,
 Sure that the little crosses each are sent,
 And no mistake can ever be
 With thine own hand to choose for me.
 — *Selected.*

THURSDAY:

"The perfect prayer is patient. God works out his will according to an eternal plan. He always answers our prayers, but he uses his own time. We should never get impatient with God, nor attempt to hurry him. He is God, and his ways are above our ways, and are always best."

FRIDAY:

The strange new year that knocketh at our gate
 Has yet to learn our needs,
 Has yet to seize the clew. Its barrèd path,
 Who knoweth where it leads?
 We only know that One, whose steps err not,
 Is guide. He goes before.
 "I will not leave you,"—this his given word,—
 "Nor fail you evermore."
 — *M. K. A. Stone.*

SABBATH:

"All things are yours; . . . and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

THE PRECIOUS PROMISES

DID you ever stop to think what a mine of wealth will be at your command in one short year if you learn one sweet, helpful promise from God's word each day,—riches that no one can take from you, and that will be a delight and help to you, and through you to others, as long as you live? Three hundred and sixty-five promises in one year! Over a thousand in three years!

Perhaps it is hard for you to memorize; but the memory can be trained. Select some short verse that you are familiar with, but can not repeat just as it is given in the Bible (and you will be surprised to notice how few even of those who are thought to be good Bible students can repeat the most familiar texts accurately), and read it over carefully. Then try to repeat it. If you fail, reread the text, and try again to repeat it, continuing till you have thoroughly learned it. As you go about your work or study or play, call the words often back to your mind, and think about what they mean to you. By and by they will come to mind with no conscious effort on your part, to fortify you against temptation, cheer you when Satan would seek to make you discouraged, and lift you daily closer to the great heart of love.

And perhaps you will be surprised, too, to see how many promises there are, and how they apply to every condition or circumstance that can in any way affect one of God's children.

Are you poor? Listen: "All things are yours; . . . and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." How can we be poor, with the Lord of heaven and earth for our Father, and an Elder Brother who died that he might have the joy of sharing his inheritance with us?

Are you forsaken? "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Who can be forsaken, with Heaven on his side?

Are you weak? "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Our very weakness, our helplessness, is our strongest claim to his strength; for he says, "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Are you ignorant? Hear the promise of the One in whom "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge:" "If any of you"—that means you and me—"lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . and it shall be given him."

Are you afraid? "Fear not," he says, again and again, knowing the fearfulness of the sinful human heart; "fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. For I am thy Saviour." "Be not afraid," he says to us, as to Joshua of old, "for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

To all who are weary, he has promised rest; the heavy laden he entreats to lay their burdens on him; the poor, lost, wandering sheep he seeks, and brings back to the fold. At every lonely heart he stands knocking, pleading in tenderest love and pity to be allowed to enter, that he may cheer and comfort with his rich companionship.

The Bible is full of promises that will be to us a light in darkness, a cool shade in the desert of temptation, an armor with which to ward off the fiery darts of the enemy, and a real, tangible joy in our happiest moments. Shall we not take from this rich storehouse these precious promises, learn them, make them ours, and let their sweetness and strength sink deep into our souls?

MATERNAL LOVE

INSTANCES of devotion to their offspring are by no means uncommon among animals; and nearly every one who has anything to do with them could tell some incident showing their almost human affection for their young. The *Youth's Companion* gives a touching story of this kind:—

"Near Anacapa, Cal., one day recently, the skipper of a sloop captured a young seal, and succeeded in getting it on board unharmed. When the sloop made for Santa Barbara, the mother seal appeared. She swam about the vessel uttering piteous cries, while the captive barked and whined in response.

"At Santa Barbara the youngster, enclosed in a bag, was carelessly left on deck, when the mother, who had followed the vessel about eighty miles, revealed herself in person and voice; and her offspring, as if in answer to appealing promptings, wormed himself to the side of the vessel, and tumbled overboard. The mother's sharp teeth made quick work with the imprisoning bag, and in a trice her baby was free.

"We are not told the sequel of the story, but it is to be hoped that the mother's love and devotion were appropriately rewarded."

THE INSTRUCTOR MISSION FUND

WE have received from Miss Abbott, former missionary to India, in response to whose earnest appeal this fund was opened in the INSTRUCTOR, word that she greatly desires a club of twenty-five papers sent to the school with which she was formerly connected, in addition to the club mentioned last week, which was ordered by another society. We are glad the INSTRUCTOR Mission Fund has grown so as to be nearly sufficient to supply this call, and trust it will continue to grow, that the INSTRUCTOR may be sent into many needy fields. Miss Abbott says: "The paper is a great blessing, and I trust it will bless those who send as well as those who receive."

Amount previously received,	\$23.60
D. F. Brown,	.75
Total,	\$24.35

REMEMBER

That the INSTRUCTOR will be sent for fifty cents a year to all public libraries, schools, prisons, and other State institutions, the publishers sharing in the expense of this missionary enterprise.

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