

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## REST AND WORK

WHERE is rest? In what isles of the summer-glad seas?  
 In what gardens of balm? 'Neath what sleep-dropping trees?  
 By what still-flowing waters, what lily-fringed streams?  
 In what meadows of silence, what valley of dreams?  
 'Neath what thunderless skies, by what hillsides of sleep?  
 On what moon-lighted mountain or star-lighted deep?  
 Yes, where on the earth's or the ocean's wide breast  
 Is the home of release and the harbor of rest?

Why, here in the cornfield — and take up your hoe!  
 Right here in this mill — make the paddle-wheel go!  
 Right here with your engine — up steam, and away!  
 Right here with your sewing-machine every day.  
 Where there's work, there is rest, and 'tis nowhere beside.  
 Though you travel all lands, and you sail every tide.  
 Where is rest? Go to work, and your spirit renew;  
 For no man can rest who has nothing to do.  
 — Sam Walter Foss.

## BONACCA

MANY years ago some English sailors who had married Creole wives came to Bonacca, and settled upon the reefs that fringe its southern shore. Sheen Cay was more favorably situated than other reefs, being nearer the island and to a bountiful supply of fresh water, which, opposite the Cay, poured over the rocks into the sea.

Plantations of bananas, plantain, and yucca were made on this island, and cocoanuts were planted in the flats near salt water. Children and grandchildren have built their homes around the old homestead. Strangers from Belize, Grand Cayman, and the coast have built over the shallow water that surrounds the reef until quite a community has grown up — a veritable modern Venice.

That first house, built by "Grandpa Haylock," as every one calls him, is still standing. Its frame was of native pine. The upright siding of inch boards came from the States. Pillars of wood raise the floor three feet from the ground. The windows are closed in heavy weather with wooden shutters.

These early settlers of the Bay Islands could tell many thrilling tales of their experiences in the days gone by. They point to a large Carib canoe that is used now in carrying wood, — a use that is made of canoes about ready to go to pieces, — and tell how that was the largest boat Bonacca

owned twenty years ago, and of storms encountered, in which the canoe would be half full of water, and the passengers save themselves by constant bailing, while every sea threatened to swamp them.

In those days, cattle ran wild in the hills, and the few families who lived on the reef were plentifully supplied with game and fish. Vessels came for fruit and cocoanuts, and left whisky and cloth. Money came easily; for the soil of the island yielded results with little labor, and fruit was in demand. The conditions of a prosperous lumber camp prevailed: there was plenty of fighting, boat-racing, and gambling.

The men of Savannah Bight, — a little Spanish community that had settled at the east end of the island, — becoming incensed for some cause against the Creoles on Sheen and Dog Cays, came down in their canoes one Sunday afternoon, and after drinking "plenty" at the *Stanco*, sallied

fringing the lagoons and bays, there are quantities of mangrove bushes — trees, some of them are. They send their shoots down from the branches, after the manner of the banyan tree; and on these shoots, which take root on the salt-water bottom, the young oysters fasten themselves when the tide is high. They grow to a considerable size, and are very convenient for gathering at low tide.

When the slave-trade began to languish because of the strict laws enforced against it in the United States and England, and before the present inhabitants came to Bonacca, a rendezvous for slavers was established in this island. Ship-loads of slaves were brought to this place, and recuperated sufficiently to market well in New Orleans. Here they could learn enough English to enhance their value one half.

Utilella, the westernmost island of the group of the Bay Islands, was a haven for pirates in the



IN THE LAGOONS OF A MODERN VENICE

out on the Creoles, whose men were mostly away at the time. The Creoles took refuge in one or two houses, and the women armed themselves with clubs. The Spaniards began chopping at the doors with their *machetes*. Shots were fired, one or two of the Spaniards being killed, and others badly bruised, before they retreated to the boats. This was "fun" that ended unpleasantly.

Their boat-races were more harmless, and must have been most exciting. The racing canoes were slender dugouts of graceful lines, carrying a cloud of sail. Each canoe was guided by one man, who sat on a weather-board, leaning far out to windward to balance the canoe, which tipped with the force of the wind until the water reached the gunwale, and fairly leaped from the crest of one wave to another.

We have vegetable oysters in the Northern States. At Bonacca, oysters grow on bushes.

days of buccaneering. Silver-mounted swords, drinking-cups, stirrups of solid silver, and other relics have been found in caves on the island. Its harbor is excellent, and the town that stretches along its sandy beach in the shade of mango and cocoanut trees is the most thriving in the islands. It was at Utilla that we first met Elder F. J. Hutchins and the missionary schooner "Herald," though we did not step foot on the boat until reaching Ceiba the next day.

The schooner appeared small from the deck of the steamer, but after more experience in the islands, her dimensions seemed relatively greater; for we soon left the region of steamers, and did not see anything larger than a two-masted schooner for months. Captain Hutchins has spent about nine years in the Caribbean Sea, cruising in all sorts of boats, and suffering many hardships in small crafts. Mrs. Hutchins has become quite



a navigator, and is as familiar with the chronometer and sextant as women ordinarily are with the needle and crochet-hook.

A good work has been done, and is still in progress, among the English-speaking people of the Bay Islands; but the great mass of the inhabitants of Central America speak Spanish, and are yet without the gospel. H. A. OWEN.



#### WISH AND WORK

THE boy who's always wishing  
That this or that might be,  
But never tries his mettle,  
Is the boy that's bound to see  
His plans all come to failure,  
His hopes end in defeat;  
For that's what comes when wishing  
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing  
Or that thing with a will  
That spurs him on to action,  
And keeps him trying still  
When effort meets with failure,  
Will some day surely win;  
For he works out what he wishes,  
And that's where "luck" comes in.

The "luck" that I believe in  
Is that which comes with work,  
And no one ever finds it  
Who's content to wish and shirk;  
The men the world calls "lucky"  
Will tell you, every one,  
That success comes not by wishing,  
But by hard work bravely done.  
—Eben E. Rexford.

#### MINISTERING SPIRITS

God has recorded many narratives in his inspired word to teach us that the human family is the object of the special care of heavenly angels. Man is not left to become the sport of Satan's temptations. All heaven is actively engaged in the work of communicating light to the inhabitants of the world, that they may not be left without spiritual guidance. An eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is guarding the camp of Israel. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of angels are ministering to the needs of the children of men. Voices inspired by God are crying, This is the way, walk ye in it. If men will hear the voice of warning, if they will trust to God's guidance and not to finite judgment, they will be safe.

The experience of Paul shows that the Lord will open up ways before those who will put their trust in him. Paul was on his way to Damascus to persecute the believers in Christ. Full of zeal, he determined to take all, both men and women, and punish them with imprisonment and death. The record declares that he was "exceeding mad" against them. But the Commander of heaven beheld the suffering brought upon his church, and he made his voice heard to arrest the bold persecutor. As Paul journeyed, "suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

Again, in the case of Cornelius we are taught that God is interested in every human being. Cornelius was following on to know the Lord, and this won for him the salvation of all his house. He "feared God with all his house," and "gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway. He saw in a vision, evidently about the ninth hour of the day an angel of God coming in

to him, and saying unto him, Cornelius. And when he looked on him, he was afraid, and said, What is it, Lord? And he said unto him, Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter: he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the seaside: he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do."

The Lord knows every child of his by name. When we truly believe this, we shall have courage, faith, and patience to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling; for we shall know that it is God who worketh in us. With fear and trembling we shall co-operate with God.

Heavenly angels watch those who are seeking for enlightenment, and co-operate with those who try to win souls to Christ. This is shown in the experience of Philip and the Ethiopian.

A heavenly messenger was sent to Philip to show him his work for the Ethiopian. The evangelist was directed to "arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet."

Angels of God were taking notice of this seeker for light. The Ethiopian could not understand the prophecy that he read: and the Spirit directed Philip to go and teach him, saying, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." This man of high authority was being drawn to the Saviour, and he did not resist the drawing. He did not make his position an excuse for refusing to accept the crucified One. The evangelist asked him: "Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him," and explain to him the word of God.

To-day, as then, angels are leading and guiding those who will be led and guided. The angel sent to Philip could himself have done the work for the Ethiopian, but this was not God's way of working. As God's instruments, men must work for others.

When God pointed out to Philip his work, the disciple did not say, as many are saying to-day, God does not mean that. I will not be too confident, or I shall make a mistake. Philip that day learned a lesson of conformity to God's will that was worth everything to him. He learned that every soul is precious in the sight of God, and that angels will bring light to those who are in need of it. Through the ministration of angels, God sends light to his people, and through his people this light is to be given to the world. The Holy Spirit will guide and instruct men and women if they will show themselves willing to be guided, by placing themselves in a position where they can communicate the light received.

While angels from heaven are doing their work, evil angels are seeking to draw the mind to something else. Satan is interposing obstacles, so that the mind that would understand the word of God shall become confused. Thus he worked with Christ in the wilderness of temptation. Had Philip left the eunuch with his case hanging in the balance, he might never have accepted the Saviour. Evil angels were waiting for an opportunity to press in their falsehoods, and divert the Ethiopian from seeking after truth. The Lord's agencies must be wholly consecrated to his service, that they may be quick to understand their work. As wise stewards, they must take advantage of every circumstance to draw men to Christ.

Satan is ever on the alert to deceive and mislead. He is using every enchantment to allure men into the broad road of disobedience. Because

evil agencies are striving to eclipse every ray of light, heavenly beings are appointed to do their work of ministry,—to guide, guard, and control those who shall be heirs of salvation. None need despair because of inherited tendencies to evil. When the Holy Spirit convicts of sin, the wrongdoer must repent, and confess and forsake the evil. Faithful sentinels are on guard, to direct souls in right paths.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### A SUNSET THOUGHT

THE glory of the sunset fills  
The joyous earth, the spreading sky;  
The red bars flame behind the hills,  
The glowing clouds above them lie,—  
Light, beauty, radiance, everywhere,  
A wide-flung splendor past compare.

And yet 'tis not alone the sun  
That makes the wondrous sight we see;  
Without the clouds he shines upon  
Where would these sunset glories be?  
In empty skies, serene and clear,  
Could such rich splendors e'er appear?

Ah, no! our skies of life must hold  
Earth's clouds, if we would see, at last,  
Transfiguring grayest depths to gold,  
Heaven's richest radiance on them cast.  
Not through life's joy, but 'neath its woes,  
The soul's horizon brightest glows.

—Priscilla Leonard.

#### THE LITTLE CAPTIVES

MANY years ago a young Jewish couple were married at Lodz, Poland. The bridegroom belonged to the noble rabbinical family of Gurah, of Warsaw; the bride was the daughter of wealthy orthodox Jews. After his marriage Mr. W. served often in a beautiful synagogue, built in the house of his father-in-law, either lecturing or teaching; and much of his time was spent in study or in fasting and prayer. He wished to know the truth; and God led him, step by step, into the light. By and by he came fully to believe in the atoning blood of Christ. Of course his new relatives did not agree with him; and when he openly declared, at a Passover gathering in the synagogue, that as for him, his hope and belief were in the Messiah of Israel, of whom the prophets spoke as suffering for our transgressions and bearing our sins, there was a wild uproar, which broke up the meeting. A few days later, when the young man was seen in the company of a Christian minister, his wife's people drove him from their house, not even permitting him to say farewell to his family. Not long afterward he was publicly baptized.

Then Mrs. W. began searching the Scriptures, at the same time carrying on a secret correspondence with her husband. Soon she became convinced that "the Lord Jesus was her personal Saviour," and confessed as much to her parents. How angry they were! They even made her believe that her husband was lost at sea. A letter from him showed that he was still alive, and she determined at all hazards to join him in his exile. She had reached the station with her luggage and her two little daughters, and was purchasing her tickets, when she was overtaken, her luggage was seized, and her children were torn from her arms, her friends thinking that she would not go and leave them behind. She pleaded for them, she wept, and for a while she knew not what to do; but at last the words of Jesus concerning those who forsake "houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands" for his sake and the gospel's came into her mind; and she thought that if ever she was to get nearer the truth as it is in Jesus, she must go. Not long afterward she joined her husband in England, and in time confessed Christ, the pair, later on, coming to New York City to work in the Jewish Christian Bible Mission.

For seven long years the children were held captives by their grandparents. They were



taught to believe that they were orphans, and knew no better until a letter from Mrs. W. was in some way conveyed to Helen, the elder girl. Surprise and indignation filled her heart. She answered the letter. A plan was laid for the escape of the children, and was successfully carried out until they reached the frontier of Poland, when they were captured by the police, and made to travel the long distance—a three-days' journey—back to Lodz on foot. There they were locked up by their grandfather. Another effort was made, and Helen escaped. When mother and daughter met on the pier, they fainted.

We who are called to follow Christ in this land, sometimes talk of our trials and sacrifices, but how little we bear in comparison with those who must suffer such persecution for years and years. To come down from immense wealth to the lowest depths of poverty, to give up the love and respect of all associates and friends, to be cast out as apostates and infidels, to forsake all relations, to break all ties, to bear all manner of persecution—that is what it means for the Jews to follow Christ.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

LET my feet be swift to run for Thee;  
My hands essay thy lowliest work to do;  
My heart be warm with love; my gladness be  
To hear thy voice, and know its accents true.  
And still where thou shalt summon, may I go,  
O Friend divine! twice blest to serve thee so.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

#### AT TOO GREAT COST

It is a pathetically common thing to see parents depriving themselves of luxuries, in order to give to their children the advantages and pleasures that never brightened their own youthful days.

The farm work which father staggered under as a boy, and which he could not drop, for the sake of the little brothers and sisters, lost him the school education he had longed for. And its lack, which he has felt all the later years, has made him anxious that his children shall be given "a fair chance;" so hard-earned dollars are devoted to that end, and father cheerfully goes without many things that would make his own life pleasanter.

All sorts of girlish luxuries passed mother by when she was in her teens; and the memory of the pretty gowns and crisp ribbons she could not have, makes her strain her eyes now over dainty sewing for the pretty daughter.

The other day at a social gathering, a plainly dressed woman hesitated in naming her choice of refreshments. "Don't be so particular!" her niece said, in an impatient and supposed undertone. She was a girl with cheeks tinted like a peach blossom; and a moment before had seemed, in her pretty summer gown, the embodiment of young graces.

"That sentence told a volume," one who had overheard it remarked, a little later, with withering emphasis. "No, I don't know her very well, and don't care to—now. I *do* know that Miss Blank has made a slave of herself for years to mother that girl, going without luxuries till I suppose it really was a question of importance to her which refreshment was chosen."

It was a hasty condemnation of the girl, and, perhaps, a little too severe, as hasty judgments are apt to be. "When she is older, she will be more considerate," we say, excusingly; but in the meantime, harm is being done that no later tears can undo. If the young things would only insist upon dividing up the good times with the dear older ones who so willingly efface themselves, if they only would resolutely take their share of the "going without," what a load of remorse they would be saved from by and by!—*Selected.*

"No one is really rich till he has learned to give generously. The right to share is the best part of having."



#### THE SLATE-COLORED JUNCO

THE Junco is a bird that may be found in the north central States almost any day in winter, and along into the spring until about the first of May. In the spring, especially, you will find flocks of Juncos feeding on the ground, always avoiding the sunny spots, and keeping well within the shadows of the trees.

The upper parts, throat, and breast of the Junco are of a grayish slate-color, with the upper parts washed slightly with grayish-brown. One Junco, a resident of the mountains of Virginia and North and South Carolina, does not have this brownish wash upon the upper parts. Another, a Western species, has the back and sides browner. There are no wing-bars, but the two outer feathers of the tail are white; an abrupt line on the breast, where the gray ends, and the white begins, is one

birds, "Citizen Bird," relates the following interesting experience:—

"When I was a boy here at the farm, these white-vested Juncos were my winter pets. A flock was always sure to come in October, and stay until the last of April, or even into May if the season was cold. One winter, when the snow came at Thanksgiving, and did not leave the ground until March, the birds had a hard time of it. The Robins and Bluebirds soon grew discouraged, and left, one by one. The Chickadees retreated to the shelter of some hemlock woods; and I thought the Winter Wrens were frozen into the woodpile, for I did not see any for weeks. The only cannibal birds that seemed to be about were a pair of cat owls, which spent most of the time in our hay-barn, where they paid for their lodgings by catching rats and mice.

"But my flock of Juncos were determined to brave all weathers. First they ate the seeds of all the weeds and tall grasses that reached above the snow; then they cleaned the honeysuckles of their watery black berries. When these were nearly gone, I began to feed them every day with crumbs, and they soon grew very tame. At Christmas an ice-storm came, and after that the cold was



THE SLATE-COLORED JUNCO

of the most striking marks on the bird. The bill is flesh-color.

The nest is made of grass, moss, and rootlets, and is lined with fine grasses and long hairs; it is always found on or near the ground. The eggs, usually four or five in a nest, are white or bluish-white, speckled, spotted, or blotched at the larger end with light-brown.

It is extremely difficult to catch the bird singing; nevertheless he has a very sweet and unpretentious song. The 'tsip' is frequently heard, and is so characteristic that, once learned, it will always inform you of the bird's presence.

One of the characters in that excellent book of

bitter indeed. For two days I did not see my birds; but in the afternoon of the third day, when I was feeding the hens in the barn-yard, a party of feeble, half-starved Juncos, hardly able to fly, settled down around me, and began to pick at the chicken food.

"I knew at a glance that after a few hours' more exposure, all the poor little birds would be dead. So I shut up the hens, opened the door of the straw-barn very wide, scattered a quantity of meal and cracked corn in a line on the floor, and crept behind the door to watch. First one bird hopped in and tasted the food; he found it very good, and evidently called his brothers, for in a



minute they all went in, and I closed the door upon them. And I slept better that night because I knew that my birds were comfortable.

"They may go in once, but you will never catch them so again," said my father, when he heard about it. I had an idea, however, that the birds trusted me; for though they flew out very gladly the next morning, they did not seem afraid.

"Sure enough, in the afternoon they came back again! I kept them at night in this way for several weeks, and one afternoon several Snowflakes came in with them. Later on, this same winter, five thin, starving Quails came to the barnyard, and fed with the hens. I tried several times to lure or drive them into the barn with the Juncos, but they would not go. Finally, one evening when I shut the chickens up, what did these Quails do but run into the hen-house with our good-natured Cochins, and remain as their guests until spring!

"I well remember how happy I was when grandmother gave me half a dollar, and told me to go over to the mill and buy a bag of grain sweepings for my 'boarders'; how angry I was with the miller when he said, 'Those Quails'll be good eatin' when they're fat,' and how he laughed when I shouted, 'It's only cannibals that eat up their visitors!'"

In the winter and early spring the Junco travels in flocks of considerable size. He is most often seen by the roadsides; but in severe weather, hunger makes him more bold, and he feeds about barns, or even dwellings. It is only in the spring, just before he leaves us for the colder north, that we catch anything of his song. L. A. REED.



FIRST STEPS IN BACKSLIDING<sup>1</sup>

## II

4. *Stops Praying.*—One of the first acts that preceded the darkness into which this soul strayed, was the omission of morning prayer. Before long the evening prayer was also discontinued, and ere long the spirit of prayer had taken its flight; and that heart that had been so often in communion with its Maker, that tongue that had so often implored help from the Creator and praised the Redeemer, now became engaged in the enemy's work of criticising, surmising, and faultfinding. The result of all this was the development of a spirit of unrest, and dissatisfaction with his appointed place in God's work, which, but a few years ago, he had coveted as among the best gifts. Notice how the enemy worked all the way along; how cunningly his plans were laid; how carefully and securely the trap was set; and, sad to note, how successful was his work in leading and alluring this soul on to ruin, weaving, thread by thread, the destroying web about him.

5. *Ceased Working for Others.*—At some point in his experience up to this time, the disposition to help others had taken its flight. The heart that was once tender to humanity's woes, the ear that was once quick to hear the cries of either physical or spiritual suffering, the eye that was once ever ready to recognize the need of a fellow creature, — all these had undergone a change. In place of these noble traits of character, he seemed to have a heart almost unfeeling, ears well-nigh deaf to human cries, and eyes nearly blind to mortal suffering. What did all this mean? No wonder his answer to the question, "How did all this come about?" was, "I don't know."

6. *The "Don't-Care" Spirit.*—Thus far a spirit

of indifference, followed by carelessness, has controlled our brother; but now the enemy of the soul sees that these have about completed their work, and so another spirit is sent to join them, — the "don't-care spirit." It is now that friends, relatives, and Christian brethren discover the peril of this soul. The "little foxes" that had been long nibbling the vines of Christian experience, had been unrecognized by a large majority of his associates. Now all are thoroughly aroused. Something must be done. They talk to him, pray with him, labor for him; but apparently all to no avail.

7. *The "Give-up-Everything" Spirit.*—As the "don't-care" spirit followed that of carelessness and indifference, it, in turn, was followed by the "giving-up" spirit. And on the afternoon of which I am writing, this discouraged soul had reached the giving-up point. Sabbath, light, truth, principles, — none of these had any weight or influence. With one sweeping decision of the mind, all these seemed to have been forever cast away; and this useful soul, with its talents and experience, was in a few hours to join itself to the beggarly elements of the world. He recognized that he was going into the wide-open jaws of destruction, but this knowledge appeared not to affect him in the slightest.

Dear reader, are you losing ground? Are you drifting backward? May God help you to examine the "vines" of your experience, and learn if any "little foxes" are at work upon them. Do you know of a youth whose light is going out in darkness? Then get down on your knees, and earnestly ask God to give you the wisdom and the grace to save that soul from drifting into the perils of moral darkness.

NO PERMANENT RELIEF FOUND UNTIL THE CAUSES OF THE BACKSLIDING WERE DISCOVERED

Three hours had been spent in a careful and thorough examination of the causes of this soul's backsliding, and it was not until then that rays of light began to penetrate the moral darkness that enshrouded him. One by one these causes were recognized and acknowledged; and then, with a sense of utter helplessness, unworthiness, and weakness, our brother sought God for mercy, grace, and wisdom. Then, like Job, the captivity of his soul was turned. There appeared a rift in the clouds; and the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, so long excluded by the transgression into which this soul had been led by the deceitfulness of sin, began to shine once more into his heart.

Round by round he now seeks to mount up to his lost estate; but oh, how sad those lost days, weeks, and months! Almost lost; and yet, like the experience of the children of Israel, there is in them a lesson for us all. They are here written for the admonition of every young man and woman whom Providence shall permit to read these lines.

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

## SEVEN "MINDS"

1. *MIND your tongue!* Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words. Mind!
2. *Mind your eyes!* Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects. Mind!
3. *Mind your ears!* Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words. Mind!
4. *Mind your lips!* Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them. Mind!
5. *Mind your hands!* Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words. Mind!
6. *Mind your feet!* Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. Mind!
7. *Mind your heart!* Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne. Mind! — *Selected.*

"Souls thrive best in the field of duty."



THERE are five thousand two hundred and eighty-two Smiths employed by the government; one thousand five hundred and twenty-three Joneses; one thousand one hundred and two Browns; and one thousand and four Johnsons. There are eighteen George Washingtons, two William McKinleys, three William Bryans, and two Grover Clevelands.

## GRIM PLACES FOR NESTS

If you will note where the English sparrow builds his nest, you will often be surprised. I once saw a nest built by some sparrows in the mouth of a cannon in the Old Fort on Governor's Island, just off the battery in New York City. I hope that the pair had the good fortune to raise their brood unmolested, and that the family are now flitting about Greater New York, notwithstanding their grim, warlike home.

On the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City, high above the pavement, there is a carved lion's head, in the mouth of which a pair of sparrows recently built their nest. — *The American Boy.*

## TELEPHONES AS ALARM CLOCKS

SOME users of telephones in Indianapolis, Ind., have found a new method whereby they may sleep late in the morning, and yet not be late to work. They have, says *Popular Science*, "made arrangements with the central office to have their telephone bell act as an alarm-clock. Orders have been left there for the purpose, and the manager has a regular schedule of calls from 4:30 to 7:30 A. M. Persons who wish to take early trains out of town, leave orders with the manager. It has also frequently happened that a subscriber has left word to be called at one-hour or two-hour intervals during the night, when he had to take medicine." Truly, man is fast becoming a helpless being.

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.

## BOOK SIGNATURES

No doubt many INSTRUCTOR readers have often noticed at the foot of pages in books a letter, generally accompanied by a figure, and wondered why it was placed there.

These letters and figures are called "signatures," and are used as a guide to tell when the sheets are correctly folded, and to assist the binder in "gathering," or collecting, the sheets of a book in proper numerical order.

In printing a book a certain number of pages are placed in each "form;" that is, are collected in proper order, inclosed in an iron frame, and all in that frame are printed in one sheet. When the sheet is correctly folded, the leaves follow each other in order; and each sheet having as signature one letter of the alphabet in rotation, the binder, in order to have the book properly arranged, has merely to gather the sheets according to the rotation of the letters.

As the signature is always placed at the bottom of the first page of the sheet, the first signature would be the letter A; but this letter, as it would come on the very first page of the book, is omitted, and so the first sheet has no signature. The second sheet has the letter B for a signature, and at regular intervals other signatures appear, as B, B2, C, C2, etc. Sometimes figures are used instead of letters, usually in very large works. Also, when the alphabet is exhausted, the printer often begins again with 2B, 2C, etc. The letters J, V, and W are not used, being too much like I and U in form.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

<sup>1</sup> This article is a continuation of the one printed under the same title in last week's INSTRUCTOR. It is suggested that last week's article be re-read before reading this one, and thus the whole will be fresh in the mind.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## TEMPERANCE SONG

O, TELL me, roses white and red,  
And daisies all around me spread,  
And tall trees towering overhead,  
What drink is it you choose?  
"Tis water, cold water,  
This is the drink we choose;  
The rains that fall  
Upon us all,  
And gentle evening dews."

O little bird of brightest hue,  
Whose song I've heard the summer through,  
One thing I'd like to ask of you:  
"What drink do you love best?"  
"Tis water, cold water,  
The drink I love the best;  
So in a nook  
Beside the brook  
I built my dainty nest."

O little lamb with nimble feet,  
Across the meadows racing fleet,  
If I should offer you a treat,  
What drink is it you'd take?  
"Tis water, cold water,  
The drink I always take;  
No drink for me  
Can sweeter be  
Than that from yonder lake."

Then why should I, a little child,  
Who should be always pure and mild,  
Allow my lips to be defiled  
With wine, or rum, or beer?  
'Tis water, cold water,  
Not wine, nor rum, nor beer,  
Shall ever be  
The drink for me,—  
Cold water, pure and clear.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## HEDGED IN

"Just come here, cousin, and see how mama has fenced us in!" called two little voices from the trundle-bed where Jack and Earle slept, close by their mother's side.

I stepped to the door, and looking down at the dear little fellows, who were so unconsciously preaching me a sermon, tears filled my eyes.

Sure enough, the children were fenced in. Mama had built a strong fence around the crib, so that it would be quite impossible for them to fall out as they slept.

Do you know of any one that the Bible tells us about, whom the Lord hedged in?

If you will read carefully the book of Job, I think you can answer me correctly. Must it not be a wonderful thing for the great God so to interest himself in a poor, weak man?

We are assured that the angel of the Lord encampeth round about his people; and that as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him. So, though we are weak and poor and sinful, we may always remember that as long as we have a desire and a determination to do right, the kind, tender Lord will not leave us.

I did not tell the dear little boys what a train of thought they had started, for it was quite late, and time for them to be sleeping; but I said to myself, "I will tell other little boys and girls all about it, and that will do as well."

Jack and Earle were good boys, very obedient and kind; and though they were scarcely six years old, they declared themselves to be Christians, and I do not doubt that they were. A Christian, as you know, is a follower of Christ; and even very little children may be kind and gentle and helpful, and so imitate the dear Master, whose every deed and word was unselfish and loving. And when you remember how tenderly he loved the children when here upon earth, can you doubt his love for them still?

Almost the first question these little boys asked of any one who came to call on their mother was, "Are you a Christian?"

I have no doubt that this question was rather hard for some to answer, but the children never rested until it was settled. They seemed to think it the saddest thing in the world for one not to be a Christian. Do you not think so, too?

Did you ever try to count the blessings that the Lord gives you every day? Can you think of anything you have that the Lord did not give you? Even the lovely tints of the clouds at sunset the Lord has placed in the heavens so that when we see them, we may think of him and his love.

One Sabbath morning I was ill in bed, and could not go to church, but I listened to a most eloquent sermon. A kind friend brought me a dainty bouquet—a gorgeous geranium in full bloom. "How could a simple blossom preach a sermon?" you ask. I will tell you.

It spoke to me of the love of the great God who made it—and me. How beautifully the

in Horsehoe Pond was delightfully suited to his tastes. As he looked about, he felt entirely satisfied with himself, and with a home so to his liking. Scores of lily-pads dotted the water near the shore, with here and there a golden-hearted flower among the leaves; tall cat-tails on the bank held their furry brown heads above the blossoms; while all about were the still waters of the pond. Mr. Longleap loved the cat-tails and the lily-pads and the lilies, but he loved the water best of all; indeed, he would scarcely have remained a day in the place if it had not been for the swimming facilities it afforded.

Presently Mr. Longleap's hunger was satisfied, and he turned slowly around on his green cushion, and settled himself for a cozy rest. He looked very solemn and wise as he sat seemingly in deep meditation, gazing into the clear depths of the water-world before him. If he was thinking as hard as he appeared to be, his thoughts may have been something like this:—

"Here I sit, with everything cool and lovely about me. I am no longer young, but I have



WINTER FUN AT SCHOOL

rich, waxy petals were tinted! and all for me. He knew the comfort I would get from this beautiful flower. He knew I would think of him, and so he sent it to me. It seemed to me almost like a loving message right from the Father's hand.

He thinks about us every day! Every hour we are in the mind of the great God. The psalmist says, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Then shall we not be careful lest we grieve so kind a Friend?

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

## NATURE'S WONDER STORIES

### The Soliloquy of Mr. Longleap

MR. LONGLEAP was comfortably seated on a thick lily-pad, blinking and winking, and occasionally making a dart at the flies buzzing near his nose. When he chanced to catch one, he swallowed it at once, thus getting his dinner and disposing of a tormentor at the same time. He did not like to have his nose tickled by a small fly's feet, but he did not object to having his palate tickled by the taste of that same fly; this is why he stayed on the lily-pad, instead of plunging into the cool, green waters of Horsehoe Pond.

Mr. Longleap liked to feel cool, and his home

every comfort of life, and can truly say that I am glad to be through with the trials of youth, and to enjoy peace and quiet at last. Each day I sit in the sunshine as long as I like, but the time was when I could not do this.

"Once I did not have long, green legs, and could not leap along the shore or into the water, as I chose; at that time I had a tail and gills, like a fish, and lived altogether in the water. There was one dreadful time when I even had no mouth, and could do nothing but swim, swim, swim, among the lily-stems.

"Having no mouth, of course, I could not eat, and oh, how hungry I was. After a while my mouth opened, and then what a dinner I ate! At that time my food was made up of tender water-plants growing all about; but since then my tastes have completely changed. I no longer care for water-plants, but much prefer a fat bug or fly. Even my name is changed; for at that time I was known as Master Tadpole.

"For a while I had a fine time darting about in the cool water, with nothing to do but eat and play. I grew fast, and by and by four tiny feet appeared on the sides of my body; but just as I began to think I should soon be quite grown, I fell suddenly ill. I lost my appetite entirely, and for days ate nothing whatever. My feet



continued to grow, but my beautiful tail, that had helped me so much in my water-games, began to waste away, and the longer I fasted, the smaller it became. At last it disappeared entirely; and finding swimming rather awkward with only my new legs to help me, I left the water, and hopped out on shore.

"Here, of course, everything was strange—not a thing could I see with which I had been familiar in the water-world. Giving my legs a fair trial, I soon discovered that I could leap quite a distance; and when tired, I found a pleasant, sunny spot to rest.

"I soon became acquainted with the cat-tails, the blue iris, and many other plants; I also learned the taste of flies and slugs, and never since then have I cared for water-plants as food. I liked the land very much; but whenever I wished a change of scene, I plunged into Horse-shoe Pond for a swim among my old haunts.

"For a long time I kept on growing, and through many hard lessons gained the experience necessary to protect a frog in this unfriendly world. Often I have narrowly escaped being eaten by catfish; and once I came near being caught in a dip-net by a band of noisy boys; again, when I was comfortably dozing in the pond, a great white duck floated slowly over me, and suddenly diving, seized one of my legs in her yellow bill. I thought I should surely be swallowed; but with a desperate kick, I managed to get loose, and quickly hid in the mud near the shore.

"But those times are all over. I have gained wisdom with age, and now I know better how to avoid my enemies. In cold weather I cozily doze the time away in my snug home under the bank; while in the warm summer days I enjoy myself on shore or in the water. I like to sing, especially in damp weather or on summer evenings. The next time you sit at the window, and listen to a shrill *ker-r-k! ker-r-k! ker-r-k!* from the swamp or river-bank, you may say to yourself, 'Mr. Longleap is singing to me.'

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

#### THE BLACK SQUIRREL

MRS. BLACK SQUIRREL sat in the top of a tree. "I believe in the habit of saving," said she; "If it were not for that, in the cold winter weather, I should starve, and my young ones, I know, all together; But I'm teaching my children to quickly lay up Every acorn as soon as it drops from its cup, And to get out the corn from the shocks in the field— There's a nice hollow tree where I keep it concealed. We have laid up some wheat, and some barley and rye, And some very nice pumpkin seeds I have put by. Best of all, we have gathered in all that we could Of beechnuts and butternuts grown in the wood; For cold days and hard times winter surely will bring, And a habit of saving's an excellent thing.

"But my children—you know how young squirrels like play— 'We have plenty, great plenty, already,' they'll say. 'We are tired of bringing in food for our store; Let us all have a frolic, and gather no more.' But I tell them 'tis pleasant, when winter is rough, If we know both to use and to give we've enough; And they'll find, ere the butternuts bloom in the spring, That a habit of saving's an excellent thing."

—Selected.

MANY Christians live and do in this world as if religion was but a by-business, and this world the one thing necessary; when, indeed, all the things of the world are but things by the by, and religion only the one thing needful.—*Jahn Bunyan.*



#### BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 14:1-8; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"

Pages 582-626

(February 17-23)

*The Hundred and Forty-Four Thousand.*—The Father's name is written in the foreheads of this company. When the Lord proclaimed his name before Moses, he described the holy character of God. Ex. 34:5-7. This company have the character of God; they have crucified self, and Christ has lived in them. Of the wicked the Lord says: "The show of their countenance doth witness against them; and they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not." Isa. 3:9. In like manner the righteous character of the hundred and forty-four thousand can not be hidden; their countenances proclaim the character of their Heavenly Father. They sing a new song of victory over the beast and his image. All heaven listens in wonder; none can learn that song. Picture the scene: Adam, Enoch, Abraham, and faithful Elijah stand in silence as they listen to the wonderful strains, and are unable to join in the song. Heavenly singing is not repeating words in a meaningless fashion; no heavenly being engages in a song that does not express his own experience. Heavenly songs are from the heart; they are living experiences, expressed in heavenly melody. When the singing in religious gatherings is largely done by worldly persons, well paid for the occasion, or by giddy, thoughtless persons, who think more of their appearance or the tone of the voice than of the words they are singing, it must pain the ears of the heavenly listeners. How different is the sound when, in a social meeting where the Lord is truly in the midst of his people, some weak voice begins, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and all join in with prayerful minds. There is melody that touches souls; for each one sings out the longings of his own heart.

*Not Defiled.*—"These are they which were not defiled with women." A woman is a symbol of a church. A corrupt woman represents a corrupt church. In the eighteenth chapter of Revelation the call is given, "Come out of her [Babylon], my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins." The one hundred and forty-four thousand have heeded the call. They are not defiled with women; they have left Babylon, with all her allurements, and have taken their stand on the "commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." In the fourth chapter of Isaiah a vivid word-picture of this time is given. The first verse mentions seven women, symbolizing the whole church, seven denoting completeness. They all take hold of one man, and only ask to be called by his name; they eat their own bread, and wear their own apparel. This is the condition of modern Babylon. They all take hold of one man,—the man Christ Jesus,—and are called by his name, Christian. They are content with simply the name. They eat their own bread, and wear their own apparel: they disregard entirely the God-given directions that would regulate their eating, both as to quantity and quality. Luke 21:34. The plain instruction given in regard to the apparel that should be worn by those who name the name of Christ (1 Tim. 2:9, 10; 1 Peter 3:3-5) is treated with disdain. They dress and eat like the world, while they wear the name of Christ. They are defiled with women. Unless they forsake these things, this class will never be among the one hundred and forty-four

thousand. In the seventh chapter of Joshua is the record of a family that took the name of God's people, and yet coveted the garments of Babylon. Those who take the name "Christian" are to be clothed with the robes the Master gives to all his loyal ones,—the garments of salvation, "the robe of righteousness." Study carefully what it means not to be "defiled with women." None who eat their own bread and wear their own apparel, content with simply the name of "Christian," will ever be among the company over which the covering described in Isa. 4:4-6, margin, is drawn. Those who eat the bread and wear the apparel of Babylon will be counted as of Babylon, even if they have taken the name of "Christian."

*Without Fault.*—"In their mouth was found no guile; for they are without fault before the throne of God." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." A pure heart and a mouth without guile go together. It is impossible for a pure-hearted person to have a mouth full of guile. "The remnant of Israel shall not do iniquity, nor speak lies; neither shall a deceitful tongue be found in their mouth." Zeph. 3:13. They will be "Israelites indeed, in whom is no guile." John 1:47. Those who take the name of "Christian" while they speak their own words, and have their mouths filled with guile, will be left with those other so-called "Christians" who eat their own bread and wear their own apparel. If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." James 1:26. The motto of every Christian should be, "I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle;" and to this end we should constantly pray: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

#### TWO MODERN INSTANCES

It is the fashion in many circles to sneer at missionary work among the poor of the world, with hair-splitting distinctions between home and foreign philanthropy. Two of many incidents will detain, if not refute, such critics. Mr. Frank Bullen, who has won a name in literature of the sea, recently told in an English paper the story of his childhood.

Early left an orphan, he lived as a street arab, and then as fag to petty officers in the merchant marine. Friendless, half-starved, beaten, the poor child took refuge one night under a sea-drenched life-boat on a wind-swept deck. A negro lad found him there; and amid the storm and darkness, the older boy, of a despised race, told the other the story of salvation, which a missionary had imparted to him in a Jamaica Sunday-school.

From such an unpromising source the little fellow got the inspiration that gradually lifted him out of his degradation into a noble Christian manhood.

Cross the sea and the American plains to a corner of Nebraska, where a tribe of Indians have in large measure accepted the teachings of the missionaries who first went out under the "foreign boards." The members of this tribe have for several years refused to accept free rations from the government, but provide for themselves, with commendable self-respect. A year or two ago one of their well-wishers heard with regret that they were again drawing rations, and asked an explanation.

"Oh," was the reply, "owing to severe droughts, many of our white neighbors lost their entire harvest, and are suffering great need. We had been more fortunate. So we held council, and decided that by drawing some government rations we could give our own stores to the whites, who are less injured than ourselves to hunger and cold."

Thus spake the red man to his white critic. All honor to these Santee Sioux!—*Selected.*



## SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON NO 8

### THE FIERY SERPENTS

(February 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Num. 21:4-9, 21-25, 31-35; Deut. 3:11.

MEMORY VERSES.—John 3:14, 15.

1. After removing from Mount Hor, what route did the children of Israel take? What were their feelings as they went? Num. 21:4; note 1.
2. Against whom did they murmur at this time? What were their words of complaint? V. 5; note 2.
3. What did the Lord send among them? With what result? V. 6.
4. What confession were the people led to make? What did they ask of Moses? V. 7; note 3.
5. When Moses prayed, what did the Lord tell him to do? What promise was given? V. 8; note 4.
6. How did Moses carry out the Lord's instructions? What was the result? V. 9.
7. Soon after this, to what king did Israel send a message? V. 21.
8. What request did they make of him? How did they promise to behave as they passed through his land? V. 22.
9. What did the king do in answer to the message? V. 23.
10. How did the battle result? Vs. 24, 25.
11. When they had conquered the Amorites, what other place was taken? Vs. 31, 32.
12. As Moses led the people on toward Canaan, who went out against them? Where? V. 33. What is said of this man? Deut. 3:11.
13. What did the Lord say to Moses concerning this new enemy? V. 34; note 5.
14. How completely did they overcome him and his people? V. 35.

#### NOTES

1. Without doubt the children of Israel had a hard journey. They had to suffer many things; for they were in a strange country, enemies were all around them, and they were obliged to go without many of the comforts of life. And they became discouraged. It looked to them as if they would never get out of the wilderness. But no matter what their trials were, they had no cause for discouragement. It was natural to feel discouraged, but God did not want them to act out their natural feelings. He desired them to live by faith. If they had believed God, they would have seen that the things they suffered were given them of God simply to test them, and fit them to trust him anywhere. Let us learn the lesson, too; for we are all doing just what they did, though it may not appear to us quite so bad.
2. The more they murmured against Moses, the more deeply rooted the habit of faultfinding became. Finally they not only murmured against Moses, but they dared to murmur against God himself. "The people spake against God." It is a terrible thing to become so blind and hard-hearted. The only safe way to take to avoid such an end is never to murmur at all.
3. Sometimes God finds it necessary, when we begin complaining, to give us real trouble, in order to bring us to our senses. The Israelites had been kept by God's power throughout all their long journey. They had been given refreshing water, bread from heaven, and protection from all kinds of enemies. There had not been a feeble one among them, and God had kept them from wild beasts and poisonous reptiles. But they had not appreciated all this goodness, and had constantly

declared that they should die in the wilderness. Their troubles had not been so great as they thought. Now the Lord allowed real evils to come upon them. He removed his protection, and immediately death from serpents was upon them. When this real trouble came, and the dead and dying were all around them, they saw their sin, and asked for forgiveness. (See "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 429.) How much better it would have been if they had learned the lesson without the chastisement!

4. The brazen serpent made by Moses was a type of Jesus. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." The people of Israel were not asked to do more than to look; he who obeyed and looked lived. The healing was not in the serpent of brass, but in the faith that led them to look. God has told us to look to the cross of Calvary, and be healed from our sin. He does not tell how we can thus be rid of sin; but if we do what we are told, and trust in him who was lifted up, we shall live.

5. What the Lord promised Moses is for us. Our greatest enemies are our sins. They are many and strong. But we are not to be afraid of them. God has delivered them into our hand. Oh, let us trust in the blessed promise, and fight manfully the good fight of faith!

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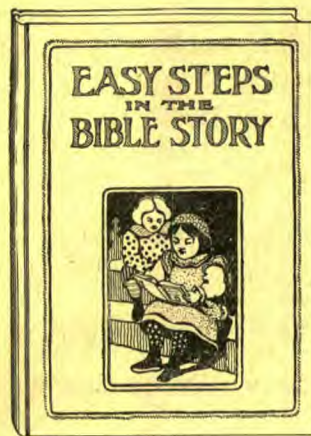
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W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,  
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#### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

##### SUNDAY:

"If our hearts were hungrier, our ears would be keener."

##### MONDAY:

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but by passing over it he is superior.—*Bacon.*

##### TUESDAY:

There are two ways of taking a thing easy: You can take and leave it alone—or you can take and do it!—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

##### WEDNESDAY:

"One who has looked long into the face of God does not need a magnifying-glass to discover that there are duties that need doing everywhere about him."

##### THURSDAY:

Briers beset my every path,  
Which call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
An earnest need for prayer;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,  
Is happy everywhere.  
—*Anna L. Waring.*

##### FRIDAY:

We wish to make some mark in life. We turn to the distant and far-away, we believe in the things that lie like mountain peaks under the horizon, when, indeed, the things to make our mark upon,—the things to do with, grow by, to let us into heaven,—are the little ones lying about our daily path, the overlooked things next to us.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

##### SABBATH:

"Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof." Job 28:20, 23.

Do not worry over what people say about you; no one can hurt you but yourself. This truth has been often repeated in different words; and yet to every one the time comes, sooner or later, when it appeals to him in the light of a discovery. With the illumination gained by experience, the old truth flashes upon his mind with new force. He has learned for himself that as long as he keeps his escutcheon clean, malice has no real power to hurt him. Only when he departed from the strait pathway of honor, and made himself a party to some transaction that he would be ashamed to have known, has his character received an injury—and that by himself.

Remember, boys and girls, that no one but *yourself* can rob you of your honor and your self-respect. These treasures are given into your own keeping; it is yours alone to say how they shall be given back to Him who has lent them to you.

#### "NO TIME"

IN telling of a certain injustice received when a friendless lad,—and the story is not related in a spirit of personal bitterness, but simply as an incident in his early struggles for an education,—a prominent educator says: "*I did not have time to cherish any bitterness toward the hotel-keeper.*"

"No time"! None of us has any time for harboring petty spite, grieving over real or fancied slights, or cherishing any feeling of rancor, jealousy, malice, or revenge. "No time," indeed! God has given us time enough for everything He wants us to do. This is a good thing to remember when the feeling of hurry and worry and anxious fret takes possession of the soul—to stop a moment, and look about to find what it is that is adding the "last straw," to see what it is that may be wisely let go. It may be that down in a hidden place we shall discover some root of bitterness that is spreading its poisonous growth through all the life, and springing into fruitfulness in a hundred places. We are given time sufficient for our "reasonable service;" let us use no part of it unworthily.

#### A NEW DEPARTMENT

FOR some time we have been wondering how the younger readers of the INSTRUCTOR would like to have a column of the paper all their own—not a column written for them by older people, but a column written by themselves. We are going to have such a department, and it will be called "From Our Sharp-Eyed Boys and Girls." All readers of the INSTRUCTOR who are under sixteen years of age, and who have *something to tell*, or some question to ask, are invited to write for this new department. (This does not shut out those who are over that age; but their contributions, if acceptable, will be given a place elsewhere.)

Remember, boys and girls, that this is your department—that you are to make it yourselves, and in no case to depend on older people to do your seeing, or thinking, or telling for you. "Sharp-eyed boys and girls" are all the time observing things that will interest others who have the habit of keeping their eyes open; and we would like to have letters from these young people, telling, in their own words and in their own way, what they themselves have seen. A letter, though lacking in many ways, will always be welcome if it bears the marks of originality; but we shall have to bar out all those—if there should be any—whose facts are gathered from books, or which are written by older members of the family.

If you have observed something of interest in your walks to and from school, in your work and play about the farm, in your excursions to the woods, or in visiting some noted place of natural or historic interest,—something that would interest *you* if some other boy or girl had seen it, and had told it so plainly that you could almost see it too,—then write it out, and send it to this new department.

#### ANOTHER NEW BOOK

By Professor E. A. Sutherland, president of the Battle Creek College,—"*The Mental Arithmetic for the Home and the School*,"—has come to our table. This book was not written because there is any lack of arithmetics, but because, notwithstanding great advancement in recent years, there is a noticeable lack in most of them in dealing with the science of numbers in a practical

way. In this arithmetic particular effort is made to remedy this defect, and the problems given are, from the first, of a practical nature; so that while the pupil is becoming thoroughly familiar with the science of numbers, he is at the same time acquiring information that will be useful to him not only in the succeeding years of his school training, but after he has left the schoolroom, and taken up the real work of life. To illustrate, problems are given on nature; liquid, dry, linear, square, and cubic measures; Bible measures; physiology; breathing; weight; papering; areas; chronology; fruit-planting; science; nutritive value of food; etc., etc.

The "*Mental Arithmetic for the Home and the School*" is published by the Review and Herald Pub. Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Price, sixty-five cents, postpaid.

#### FROM A YOUNG BIRD LOVER

AN interesting letter has been received from Jessie Currier, a little girl living in Osceola County, Mich., telling what she knows about Chickadees. We are glad to learn that the bird studies now appearing in the INSTRUCTOR are awakening a desire to observe and study more closely the haunts and habits of our little feathered friends. There is much to be seen by eyes that are wide open, especially if they are able to look intelligently. With the exception of a few slight changes, Jessie's letter is given in her own words:—

"I am a little girl eleven years old, and live in Sylven Township, Osceola County. My father works in the cedar swamp, and carries his dinner with him. While he is eating, the Chickadees come around for their share; they are so tame that many times they come within a foot and a half of him, and pick up crumbs. Sometimes he lays a good-sized piece of bread near his feet, and the birds come and alight on it, and holding it with both feet, using their tail for a brace, will pick off a piece, and fly away into the brush to eat it, soon returning for another. Sometimes there are eight or ten of these birds around him all at once; and when one goes, another returns, making it very interesting to watch them. One day Mr. Hanson (the man papa works for) was over in the swamp, and some Chickadees gathered around him. He took his ax, and loosened some bark on a dead tree where he thought there would be grubs; and the little fellows would dodge in between strokes, picking up grubs where Mr. Hanson could see none. It looked as if they might get hurt, but they did not.

"Last Sabbath—for we are Sabbath-keepers—I wanted to take a walk; and papa and I went over to the swamp about the time the men were eating their dinners, so I could see the Chickadees. As soon as the men started the fire, the Chickadees began to come. One little fellow lighted on the dinner-pail cover where the man had laid his dinner out, and began eating his pie; another lighted on a bone that had been thrown out, and began to eat the meat. It was very pleasant to watch these little birds."

#### TO BORROWERS OF BOOKS

THOSE who lend books will enjoy reading, and all who borrow books *ought* to read, the following quaint rhyme, which a correspondent of the New York Times found pasted in an old book:—

"If thou art borrowed by a friend,  
Right welcome shall he be  
To read, to study,—not to lend,—  
But to return to me:  
Not that imparted knowledge  
Doth diminish learning's store;  
But, I find, books often lent  
Return to me no more.  
Read slowly, pause frequently,  
Think seriously—and return duly,  
With the corners of the leaves not turned  
down!"