

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. XLIX.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FEBRUARY 21, 1901.

No. 8.



## THE MELODY OF NATURE

It is almost as true of the earth as it is of the firmament that "there is no speech, there are no words, their voice is not heard, but their melody extends throughout all the earth." Ps. 19:4, 5, Jewish translation. The striking contrasts that various portions of the surface of the earth furnish us can not but leave imperishable impressions upon the mind. To travel for several days over the great American Desert, which has such a sameness about it that it becomes painful to the eyes and tiresome to the mind, and then to emerge from this dreary waste into the wonderful scenery that lines the Columbia River, is an experience never to be forgotten. It seems as if nature has here outdone herself to please the mind of the weary traveler. On one side is the beautiful river with its little islands and projecting rocks, while nestling near the water on either side are flowers of various varieties; and on the opposite side are the steep sides of the mountains, which in some places almost overhang the train.



SEVEN FALLS

Here and there are dainty little waterfalls, practically changing into mist before they strike the bottom. One of the most beautiful of these is well shown in the accompanying illustration—Multnomah Falls. Here the small sheet of water falls nearly a sixth of a mile, the magnificent spray bathing the luxuriant foliage that grows at the bottom, and even up to the very rocks on either side.

Niagara Falls impresses one with the massiveness and strength that can be manifested in nature. Minnehaha Falls, with its beautiful fan-like sheet of water, which at certain seasons is all beaten into a spray before it reaches the rocks below, suggests the fanciful in nature; the Rainbow Falls in Williams Cañon, Colorado, suggests the distinctly picturesque; but to those who have stood on the little rustic bridge in Multnomah Falls, and watched this stream of water coming down as if it were poured over the very edge of a cloud, there is left an impression that can not be easily expressed in words. The beholder feels that he has come nearer to hearing the melody of nature mentioned by the psalmist than at any previous time in his experience.

Cheyenne Cañon, Colorado, has acquired a world-wide reputation for possessing another remarkable falls—the Seven Falls. This sheet of falling water is altogether different from those that have been mentioned, it being so broken that it really forms seven distinct falls, each of which averages about one hundred feet in height. For the convenience of tourists and sightseers, a wooden stairway has been constructed up the rocky sides of the mountain, so that if the enthusiastic traveler possesses sufficient muscle, and does not become dizzy, he can have the satisfaction of climbing to the very top, and walking over on the opposite side. From that rocky elevation he can secure a view of the entire series of falls. If he is not entirely fatigued, he may recross this stream, and by carefully working his way up the steep sides of the mountain, he will, in a few moments, find himself near the heap of mountain boulders marking the grave of Helen Hunt Jackson, who spent much her time among these rocky fastnesses. It was her dying wish that she might be buried here.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

## THE CAREER OF AN ISLAND

ISLANDS are formed in several ways, and if large, are generally looked upon as fairly permanent features of the earth's surface; but oc-



Copyright, 1899, by H. A. Hale, Portland, Ore.

MULTNOMAH FALLS

casionally they disappear, and we are surprised at the history their destruction reveals. One such island, upon which I played when a boy, had no appearance of being otherwise than a part of the mainland around which the water had worked its way; but the truth was revealed when the soil was removed, and the core of the island proved to be a stranded tree. It was clear that a very long time ago some great freshet had uprooted and carried down-stream a large tree, and that it had lodged at some shallow spot. No sooner was it an obstruction to the free flowing of the water, than it began catching drifting material; and this, securely lodged, was an additional check to the progress of anything floating. Such a barrier soon begins to collect sand about it, and the growth of an island is then begun. In the sand lodge seeds of water-plants, and these rank growths, if submerged species, check the current, and cause floating particles to sink; and later, taller plants, like wild rice, spatterdock, and arrow-head, take root and flourish. Thus, in various ways, the soil is accumulated, or, as I have said, the island grows. Then the seed of some tree lodges, and a maple, a willow, or a water-birch takes root. Dry land is made at last; grass starts, and the birds frequent the



spot. It may be the work of a few years, or of many, for this is the history of some of the islands in our rivers and creeks. Perhaps we never think of this when walking about, and that is where we make a grave mistake. No matter what the character of the locality, it is always well to keep our eyes open, that we may the better understand its present condition. The island of which I have told gave no clue as to why it was an island and not a bit of the surrounding meadow; but this is no reason for wondering why it was here at all.

That my play-day island, now no more, was very old, as we count years, was shown by the fact that close to the level of the water were found pretty flint arrow-heads and pieces of Indian pottery. Here was a pretty chapter of the island's history. When but a sand-bar, bare perhaps at low tide only, Indians came here, perhaps to fish, or to lie in wait for passing water-fowl; but here they came, and what they left behind clearly proves that the old tree was the foundation of the new land long before the white man came to this country.

Wherever there is a little brook, the story of the making and unmaking of islands is told. It is never necessary to travel to the ends of the earth to learn about a great many interesting things that are going on outdoors. The familiar incidents about our doorsteps are never to be despised. A cat in the grass can tell as much as a tiger in the jungle.—*Charles C. Abbott, M. D., in St. Nicholas.*

#### FIRST BUTTERFLY OF THE YEAR

PROBABLY no other butterfly attracts so much attention as the mourning-cloak (*Vanessa antiopa*), which appears in the sunny days of February. It is the first of those that hibernate in the winged form to venture forth from its winter quarters. Last year, February 19, a lawyer became quite excited, and later much interested in butterflies, from having caught one flying near his barn when the ground was deeply covered with snow. A live butterfly, flitting over the snowbanks, apparently as happy as if hovering in July from flower to flower, seemed to him almost incredible.

For many years past I have received several letters, especially in the spring, inquiring about this "freak of nature," as some express it. Some persons, knowing nothing of the habits of the butterfly, and apparently having no desire to learn, have foolishly claimed that its appearance portends a great calamity, or predicts unusual summer weather.

Many of our young folks know well this beautiful butterfly, with its yellow-edged dark wings. It is easily found in open groves in February or March on warm, sunny days, and flits here and there, apparently as joyous as if spring had come. Its characteristic flight is two or three flutters of the wing in quick succession, then a sailing away as if floating on air in an irregular course for a short distance; then beating its wings again, it thus pursues its way. It lives among rocks, in hollow places in trees, in old buildings, and in similar places, venturing out in pleasant weather even in the midwinter months, but being very rarely seen before the middle of February. In the leafless woods it finds its chief food in the exuding sap of some injured place on a tree. The eggs are laid in early spring, and the caterpillars feed on the leaves of elms, willows, poplars, and some other trees.—*Selected.*

OH, how shall I, who have not seen  
Temptation's sweet, alluring face,  
Condemn my brother's fall from grace,  
And say I had more steadfast been?  
Put to the test, might it not be  
That I would fail as fast as he?  
—*Susie M. Best.*



#### FIRST STEPS IN INTEMPERANCE

A YOUNG man twenty years of age, belonging to a "good family,"—one that has not heretofore produced either drunkards or criminals,—has brought disgrace and dishonor upon both friends and relatives by the crime of forgery, for which he has been arrested, and to which he has pleaded guilty. He forged his uncle's name to a check, in order to secure money to bet upon horse-races, having in this same manner previously lost all the money he had, together with all he could borrow from his friends. I asked him how he started to gamble. He answered, "Bad company." Then I asked what led him into bad company, and to this he replied: "It was my love of drink that brought me into evil associations." With a desire to get to the bottom of his trouble, I inquired still further, "How did you come to be addicted to drink?"

The intelligent face of the young man was turned toward the floor, and for several moments his mind was engaged in deep thought. I did not break the silence. Finally he answered thus: "My friend, it is a long story. It began, I believe, when I was only a boy. At least, if it did not begin then, I know not when nor where. I know that now I am a drunkard,—a helpless, hopeless victim of alcohol. I might have been helped earlier in my experience; but now I am in despair of ever gaining the victory over the evils that have mastered me, soul and body."

The answer to my question proved to be indeed a long one, but in substance it was as follows: His parents were well-to-do, and set what the world calls a "good table." Of course this meant plenty of meats, spices, pastry, tea, and coffee, although liquors were never brought into the house. At an early age these unwholesome and illy prepared foods began to sour on the boy's stomach; and one day, he learned, in the home of a youthful comrade, that vinegar and soda stirred together in water was an antidote for sour stomach. This he tried, and it would seem from his story that he experienced some relief by using this concoction; after this, whenever his stomach became sour, he would take some vinegar diluted with water, into which he had stirred a little soda. Before long he developed a liking for this preparation, and began to take it when his stomach was not sour. Soon he was in the habit of taking from one to three glasses of this mixture every day.

About this time, having grown old enough to be out evenings with his young associates, he began to drink ginger ale and other drug-store and soda-fountain preparations. He says he can well remember that, when thirsty, water did not seem to quench his thirst. At first he would drink sweet cider, but soon hard cider satisfied his craving better. About this time he was induced to take his first glass of beer, and before long his first glass of wine. This was soon followed by the first drink of whisky. These preparations, he discovered, perfectly quenched his thirst.

The story is almost told. Every cent he could obtain was spent for drink. His evenings were passed in saloons, and in the dens of iniquity connected with them. His relatives spoke of him as the "black sheep" of the family, little knowing that it was their illy seasoned, rich, and unseasonable food that had accomplished the work of making the boy a drunkard. The mother, a temperance woman, never dreamed that she was conspiring with the cook to make a drunkard of her own son.

If we would reap temperance, we must sow for

it; and, too, we must realize that even drunkenness does not come without having the way first prepared for it. "Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles, and thy princes eat in due season, for strength, and not for drunkenness!" Young men and women (for the beer halls of a great city like Chicago are nightly thronged by thousands and thousands of young women, who have been led into the clutches of the drink habit in ways similar to those which entrapped this young man) must realize that when they sit down at the table, they are to eat for temperance instead of drunkenness. If they do this, they will eat plain, simple, wholesome, and nutritious foods,—foods that will not pervert the appetite.

Drunkards, criminals, and other vicious characters are not, as a rule, made in a moment. The way is prepared by a long series of small transgressions. "Little foxes," nibbling daily at the vine of temperance, ere long effect its complete destruction. The Bible warns us to be careful in these last days lest we be found eating and drinking "with the drunken;" that is, eating and drinking those things that have a tendency to produce drunkenness.

In closing, let us briefly summarize the quick downward career of this soul, from youthful innocence to the crime of forgery:—

1. Rich, highly seasoned, and stimulating foods.
2. A sour stomach. (A sour stomach indicates that more or less alcohol is being manufactured in the stomach by the process of fermentation,—a condition ordinarily known as "sour stomach.")
3. The occasional, and subsequently habitual, use of the vinegar-and-soda preparation. (Both of these substances are extremely irritating to the stomach.)

4. Cider, first sweet, afterward hard.
5. First taste of beer.
6. First taste of wine.
7. First drink of whisky.
8. By this time the bands of intemperance have been securely forged about this helpless victim. Evil associates, vice, gambling, and other attendant evils have conspired together quickly and effectually to destroy the prospects of this bright life, both for this world and for the world to come. What a warning every human wreck of this sort should be to the youth of the rising generation! What a lesson we should learn from a bright light so soon extinguished! Let us make sure that we are sowing for temperance and not for drunkenness.

(The growing tendency to drink in public places is a custom that every Christian should discourage. The line between what are known as harmless drinks and harmful ones, is indeed difficult to distinguish; and the habit of paying for and drinking liquids in public places is a dangerous practice. We believe that Christian youth, who would sow for temperance and not for drunkenness, would do well to avoid becoming habituated to such a practice.)

W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

#### A GOOD REPUTATION HELPS OTHERS

OCCASIONALLY I hear some one say, with a pious air: "It doesn't matter what people think of me, I know my heart is right." Ah, my friend, but it does matter.

Let me give you an illustration: In sight of my office window is a church tower; on each of the three sides there is a clock face. On one of these one of the hands has been broken, making the clock tell strange tales. Of course there are people who do not understand the circumstances, and are, therefore, misled. At heart the old clock is all right; but that doesn't alter the seriousness of the fact that people have been late in meeting their engagements, and have missed their trains, because the face is not an index to that which it covers.—*Selected.*





## ANNALS OF A BIRD-BOX

I AM delighted to notice that many of our boys and girls have begun to study the birds. Some have written me to know whether anything interesting can be done in winter. I say, emphatically, Yes, indeed! especially as I notice that some say they have a good location, with pine and spruce woods near, and many sunny nooks and sheltered valleys. In regard to attracting the birds that come near the house, instead of giving you any directions I think I will tell you the story of the bird-box which we had last winter. Our piazza runs along beside the dining-room and kitchen, and then the barn makes an L with it, facing the orchard and maples. Our Bert put up the box on the corner of the barn opposite the piazza, where we could see it all the time. It was an empty grape-basket, with the handle cut off. Bert drove the nails through the bottom of the basket, leaving the top open toward us, so that we could see at any time if there were any birds in it. He left the heads of the nails sticking out, so that we could tie in the pieces of meat and suet; this proved a wise precaution.

It was the fifteenth of December, and the ground was well covered with snow. I scattered a handful of sunflower seeds in the box, mixed with some butternut and walnut meats, and tied two pieces of suet to the nails in the bottom of the box. I thought I had provided a very good banquet for the birds, but I did not think my invitation would be accepted quite as quickly as it was. But it must be that I was watched, for I had hardly got into the house before two Blue Jays shot into the box with a tremendous ki-yi-ing, and began to tear away the suet. They acted half starved. Perhaps they were; at any rate they gorged themselves, and left for the next comers little but a greasy string.

But, as it happened, the next visitors were not fond of suet anyway. They were a couple of Chickadees. They picked the nuts up daintily, sang their jolly chickadee-dee-dee, and nodded their tiny black caps toward us prettily. I took it that this was their way of expressing thanks.

It is not to be supposed that a newspaper circulates in the kingdom of the birds, but they all seemed to hear about our bird-box, and make it a visit. The Woodpeckers came, and they were suet-eaters, too. I could hardly get enough to keep the birds fed, they ate so ravenously. The Woodpeckers were noisy fellows, and no other bird would come to the box when they were there. If the Blue Jay came around when the Woodpecker was eating, he would sit on the tree, and talk very loud about what he was going to do, and make blood-curdling threats; but he kept away from the box.

Two little visitors who came to the box when the way was clear, gave us great delight. They were the white-breasted and the red-breasted Nuthatch. These little birds like to run about the trees, and it makes no more difference to them which side up they are than it does to a fly. The white-breasted Nuthatch has a good deal of curiosity in his make-up. If you come along quietly, he seems to be as anxious to see you as you are to see him; and it is very funny to see him stop, back downward, on the under side of a limb, and tilt his head toward you, as if he would say, "Can you do this?" The Nuthatches did not eat in the box, but took the pieces of nuts in their bills, flew to a tree, wedged the nuts into crevices in the bark, and then picked away at them. The red-breasted Nuthatch is tamer than the other species. Sometimes I would put a bit of nut in a chair on the piazza, and he would come and

get it, and wedge it into a crack in the floor of the piazza and eat it there, to the great delight of the whole family.

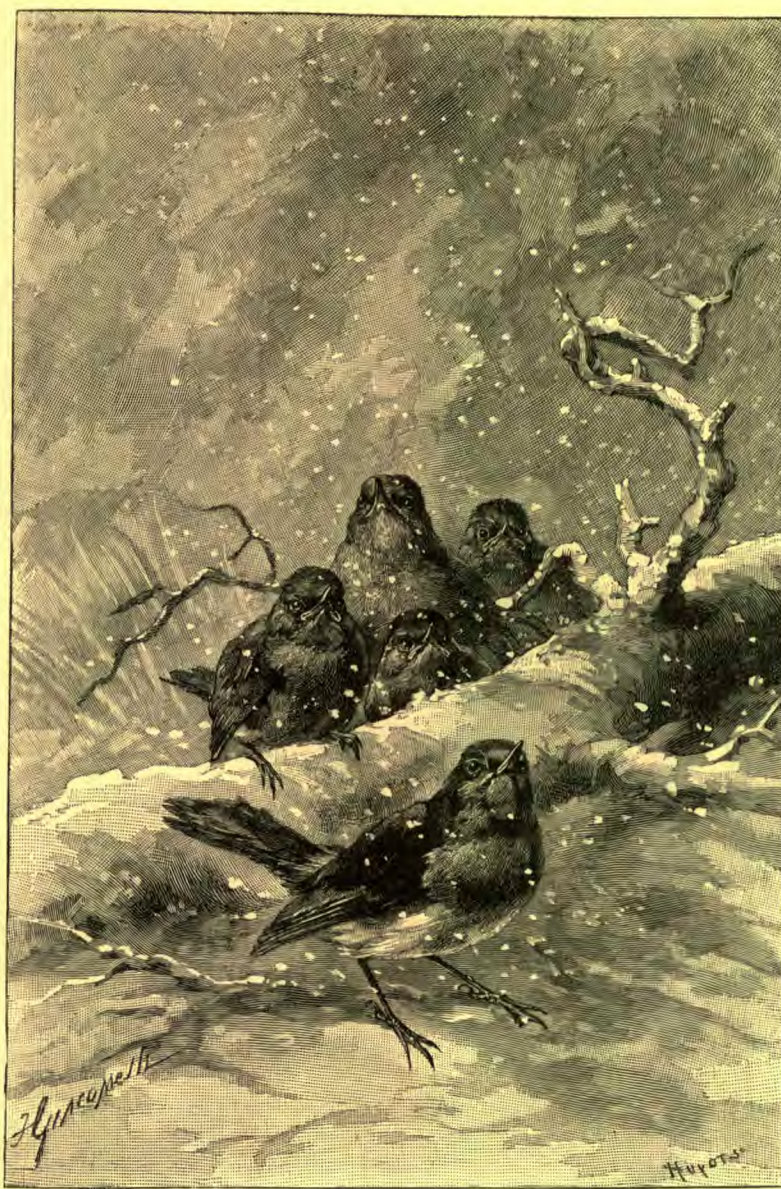
So the birds came to see us all through the winter, and on Christmas day we paid them a family visit. It was cold, but calm and bright, and we started out about nine o'clock through the orchard. We found eight of the birds ready to receive us, although the ungrateful Blue Jay sat in the top of a tall elm tree, and cried at the top of his voice, "Clear out, there! Skip, now!" But the Tree Sparrows and Nuthatches were glad to see us, and so were the Goldfinches—though it didn't seem as if these yellowish-brown birds could be the same as the black-capped sprites of gold that undulated through the air in the summer, singing, "*Per-chic-o-ree, per-chic-o-ree.*" There was a small flock of Chickadees, too, and

chicken to the bray of a donkey, talked with all the birds that came, and I think they liked it. We would roll Aunt Maria up to the window in her wheel-chair, and she would sit there hour after hour watching the birds. Early in March, while the snow was yet deep, there came up from the south a warm, odorous day, to tell us that spring was coming. The window was open, and there was a Chickadee about, and we put nuts on the window-sill for him, as we had often done before, so that Aunt Maria could see him eat.

"Chickadee-dee-dee!" called grandpa.

"Chickadee-dee-dee!" answered the merry little fellow, and came to see what friend was calling him, and so found the nuts on the window-sill and began to eat them.

It was Ned who thought of it. He put some bits of nut in Aunt Maria's hand as it lay on the



OUT IN THE COLD

with them a solitary Junco, having his neat, slate-blue cape drawn closely across his shoulders above his white vest. Further up the mountain we found a flock of pine Grosbeaks feeding on the mountain-ash berries; and as they rarely come south of the Canada line, this was the most interesting experience of the day. Some of the Grosbeaks afterward came to the house. They would not go to the bird-box, but they ate pieces of apple from the piazza. They are very pretty when the sun brings out the rosy tints of their heads and necks.

But, after all, I think those who took the greatest pleasure in the bird-box were father and poor old Aunt Maria. Grandpa, who can imitate any sound there is in nature, from the peep of a

arm of her chair. Pretty soon the Chickadee began to look around for more nuts, and saw those in Aunt Maria's hand. He was a long time about it. He fluttered in and fluttered out, bowed and scraped and hopped about, but at last he alighted on the arm of Aunt Maria's chair, and in a minute he began to pick at the nuts in her hand. Ned squirmed and swelled up almost to the bursting-point in his efforts to keep quiet, but dear old Aunt Maria's face shone with joy.

So you see that the bird-box was a blessing to us as well as to the birds. Of course this isn't the scientific side of bird study, but that will come later, as you get more acquainted with the birds themselves in their own haunts and homes.—*John Melvin Hull, in Young People's Weekly.*





## HOPE

HOPE is a guide to weary feet,  
As they plod along on a toilsome way;  
It smooths the rocks from the rugged hill,  
And lights the path through the forest gray.  
The dreary swamp, with its tangled thorns;  
The desert sands, where the steps may tend,  
Are oft forgot in a vision sweet  
Of the joy that lies at the journey's end.

Hope is a balm to aching hearts,  
As they brood alone in the sunset light;  
From the drooping lashes it wipes the tears,  
And comfort brings with the hours of night.  
With dreams of joy that banish pain,  
Hope soothes the heart to a sweet repose;  
And leaves, instead of a tear, a smile,  
And instead of thorns, but a velvet rose.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

## CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

## I

THE time of Christ's entry into Jerusalem was the most lovely season of the year. The mount of Olives was carpeted with green, and the groves were beautiful with varied foliage. From the regions round about Jerusalem many people had come to the feast with an earnest desire to see Jesus. The crowning miracle of the Saviour, in raising Lazarus from the dead, had had a wonderful effect upon the people, and a large and enthusiastic multitude was drawn to the place where Jesus was tarrying.

The afternoon was half spent when Jesus sent his disciples to the village of Bethphage, saying: "Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them unto me. And if any man say ought unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them."

This was the first time during his life of ministry that Christ had consented to ride, and the disciples interpreted this move to be an indication that he was about to assert his kingly power and authority, and take his position on David's throne.

Joyfully they executed the commission. They found the colt, and loosed him. "And certain of them that stood there said unto them, What do ye, loosing the colt? And they said unto them even as Jesus had commanded: and they let them go. And they brought the colt to Jesus, . . . and he sat upon him."

As Jesus takes his seat upon the animal, the air becomes vocal with acclamations of praise and triumph. He is the object of universal homage. He bears no outward sign of royalty. He wears no dress of state, nor is he followed by a train of soldiers. But he is surrounded by a company wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. They can not restrain the joyous feelings of expectancy that animate their hearts.

Many flatter themselves that the hour of Israel's emancipation is at hand. In imagination they see the Roman army dispersed, and driven from Jerusalem, and the Jewish nation once more free from the yoke of the oppressor. From lip to lip the question passes, "Will he at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" Many in the throng recall the word of the prophet: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy king cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass." Each strives to excel the other in responding to the prophetic past. The shout echoes from mountain and valley, "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in

the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest."

No mourning nor wailing is heard in that wonderful procession. No captives are to be seen in chains of humiliation. Those who have once been blind, but whose eyes have felt the healing touch of the Son of God, lead the way. They press close to the side of Jesus, while one whom he has raised from the dead leads the animal upon which he is seated. Those once deaf and dumb, with ears opened and tongues unloosed, help to swell the glad hosannas. Cripples, now with buoyant steps and grateful hearts, are most active in breaking down palm branches, and strewing them in his path, as their tribute of homage to the mighty healer.

The leper, who has listened to the dread words of the priest, "Unclean!" which shut him out from intercourse with his fellow men, is there. But the curse of the loathsome disease no longer contaminates those within touch of him. He has felt the compassionate touch of the Saviour, and has been cleansed by his power. Now he lays his untainted garment in the path of the Saviour, exclaiming, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever."

The healed demoniac is there, not now to have the words wrenched from his lips by satanic power, "Let us alone;" but "clothed, and in his right mind." He adds his testimony to that of others: "The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad."

The restored dead are there. Their tongues, once palsied by the power of Satan, take up the song of rejoicing. He hath brought the dead from their graves; I will open my lips in praise to him.

The widow and the orphan are there to tell of his wonderful works. Little children are inspired by the scene. There are present those who have been healed of their diseases, and brought back from the grave by the word of the Life-giver; and with palm branches and flowers these bestrew the path of the Redeemer.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

## HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR MEMORY

OF all the faculties of the human mind, memory is certainly one of the most desirable. Yet it is true that a really excellent memory is not so common as might be wished. The average person does not have a first-class memory, and often has occasion to regret the lack of it. That the memory may be cultivated and developed to a surprising and gratifying degree, is not so plain to such as to induce them to strive to improve it. This article is written to suggest a few practical and reliable methods of strengthening a weak memory. The writer knows from experience that the memory can be made a good servant; and that notwithstanding the apparently Herculean task of making one's memory what it should be, and was intended to be, it is possible so to train this gift that one can do almost anything with it.

There is a good reason why we can remember — without any effort, too — the things we would gladly forget; and this reason affords a clew to the secret of shaping the memory in the way it should grow. Every one knows what a deep impression is made on the mind by some striking incident, forcible statement, or unique event. Why should we not regulate the events of life so that the things we desire to remember shall have the quality of making a strong impression on the mind? The things that create a lasting impression are those in which a keen interest is taken. That a striking quality shall be possessed by a thing, it is essential that we in a measure impart that quality to it.

For example, I have for years been a student and great lover of language. One day I picked up a book containing a mass of miscellaneous information. Glancing through it, I saw, on the first line of one page, the statement that there are two thousand seven hundred and fifty-four

distinct languages in existence. That was about the only thing in the book that especially arrested my attention, and the reason for it is clear. Everything appertaining to the spoken or written tongues of the globe has a peculiar interest for me; therefore, without any conscious effort, my mind seized upon this assertion. I put the book down without giving the matter further thought. Next day the instructor of a class which I attended chose as his Scripture lesson the building of the tower of Babel. Toward the close he asked if any one present could tell how many different languages there are. Instantly the number I had read the previous day flashed into my mind, and I shall not soon forget my pleasure at being able to give the exact figures. I never could have done this if my memory had not been trained to retain what I thought worth remembering.

A second factor in the cultivation of the memory is that the attention shall be riveted upon the matter in hand. If the mind is allowed to wander when we study, it will wander at other times. If the reader desires to remember a fact, let him grasp that truth as if his life depended on his knowing and retaining it. A great help in fixing a thing in mind is to write it out. One can not very well transfer a statement to paper without giving it his entire attention; thus the resulting impression is more intense than it otherwise would be.

A third element in the cultivation of the memory is to abstain from trying to make the mind do more than can reasonably be expected of it. If you are capable of thoroughly learning only twenty lines of a poem, don't spend your time trying in vain to fix thirty lines on your mental tablets. If you do, you will be discouraged and disheartened. After you have trained your mind to remember twenty lines without mental strain, you can safely enlarge your grasp, and take in thirty lines, gradually increasing the task. If this plan is persisted in, the scope and strength of your memory will develop so rapidly as to surprise you.

An important thing in this connection is the ability to recall, instantly, anything that has once been memorized. The writer has done considerable reciting in public; and his memory never fails him, although he never goes through the pieces in his repertoire except when called upon in public to deliver them. A memory that is not sufficiently reliable to answer any demand at any hour, needs to be repaired and overhauled.

Rules for memory-training are usually burdensome, and are not to be recommended. Look well to your memory; subject it to discipline; and in a short time you will surprise and please yourself and others.

HENRY WILLIAM ROSE.

## THREE OLD SAWS

If the world seems cold to you,  
Kindle fires to warm it!  
Let their comfort hide from view  
Winters that deform it.  
Hearts as frozen as your own  
To that radiance gather;  
You will soon forget to moan,  
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,  
Go build houses in it!  
Will it help your loneliness  
On the winds to din it?  
Raise a hut, however slight;  
Weeds and brambles smother:  
And to roof and meal invite  
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,  
Smile till rainbows span it!  
Breathe the love that life endears,  
Clear from clouds to fan it.  
Of your gladness lend a gleam  
Unto souls that shiver;  
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream  
Blends with Hope's bright river!

—Lucy Larcom.





## MY NEIGHBORS

My neighbor, who lives 'cross the way,  
Is wondrously happy and gay;  
She moves here and there with housewifely care,  
And sings soft and low as she flits to and fro—  
My neighbor just over the way.

There's a lassie so winsome and fair,  
Who follows her close everywhere,  
And smiles up in her face with a sweet baby  
grace,  
While the sound of her voice makes her mother  
rejoice,—  
This wee, winsome lassie so fair.

And often at evening I see  
A table set neatly for three;  
While, the day's work all o'er, at the wide-open  
door,  
They hasten to greet, with a welcome so sweet,  
The loved one they're longing to see.

Then they quietly shut to the door,  
And I see them for that day no more;  
But I miss the sweet sight of their faces so  
bright,  
And it really is queer that the street seems so  
drear

When my neighbors have shut to the door.  
VIOLA E. SMITH.

## NUNKIE'S DOG STORY

"HALLO, Nunkie!"

Nunkie looked up from the piece of carpenter work that he was doing, and smiled at the boy, who, entering the shop, had greeted him in this way.

Nunkie was Uncle John; but the boy in his babyhood had said Nunkie, and had kept on using the name ever since.

"Well, Charlie?"

"I saw Mr. Brown to-day."

"What about him?"

"He's been drinking again."

Nunkie sighed. Only the week before, Mr. Brown had promised that he would never touch another drop.

"Isn't he foolish to touch the stuff when he knows it will make him drunk?" Charlie went on. "How can he? I should think he would hate to be like that. I'd keep away from a saloon, I would."

Nunkie looked serious, then he said: "Charlie, I once knew a dog that was wiser than many a person that I know to-day."

"A real dog, Nunkie?"

"Yes; a real, live dog."

"Then it isn't just a story?"

"No; it is all true. This dog lived out in the country, with a man who kept sheep, and one day he attacked and killed one of the sheep. He was caught doing it, and, 'Now that he has begun it, he will go on killing more,' said his master; 'he must die.' So he put the dog into a bag with some heavy stones, sewed it up, and drove to a river. Into this river he threw the poor prisoner."

"Oh-h-h!" came pityingly from Charlie.

But Nunkie was smiling, and went on: "When the man went home again, he found, to his astonishment, that the dog was there ahead of him, calmly resting on the hearth."

"Why—why!" exclaimed the boy, with wide-open eyes and excited manner, "how could he be, when he'd been thrown into the river?"

"That's what the man wondered; but there the dog was, surely enough, and he came to the conclusion that the bag must have been rotten, so that the heavy stones had burst it open."

"What did the man do with him then?" Charlie asked, eagerly. "I hope he let him live."

"While he was wondering what to do with

him," Nunkie continued, "he discovered that the dog had learned such a lesson that he wouldn't be likely to touch the sheep again. No one could induce that dog to go anywhere near the sheep. He seemed to understand that it was the sheep that had got him into trouble, and he was determined to give them plenty of room. Do you not think he was a very wise dog?"

"Yes, indeed, wiser than Mr. Brown."

"Yes, or —"

Here Nunkie paused, waiting for Charlie to finish.

"Or," repeated the boy,—"or any one who keeps on using tobacco when he knows it is hurting him."

"Or —" began Nunkie again, but Charlie could not think just then of any more, so his uncle said: "Or a boy who again and again lets anger get such control of him that he says and does many things that get him into trouble, and cause him to feel very sorry afterward."

"Oh-h-h!"

This time the word came slowly and thoughtfully, and there was a different expression on Charlie's face. Somehow there was less of self-satisfaction there.

"We should all do well to take pattern after

the dog in some ways,—shouldn't we, my lad?"

"Yes, I think so." And Charlie meant it, too.—*S. Jennie Smith, in the Sunday School Times.*

## DOING AND NOT DOING

"SIR," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something?"

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

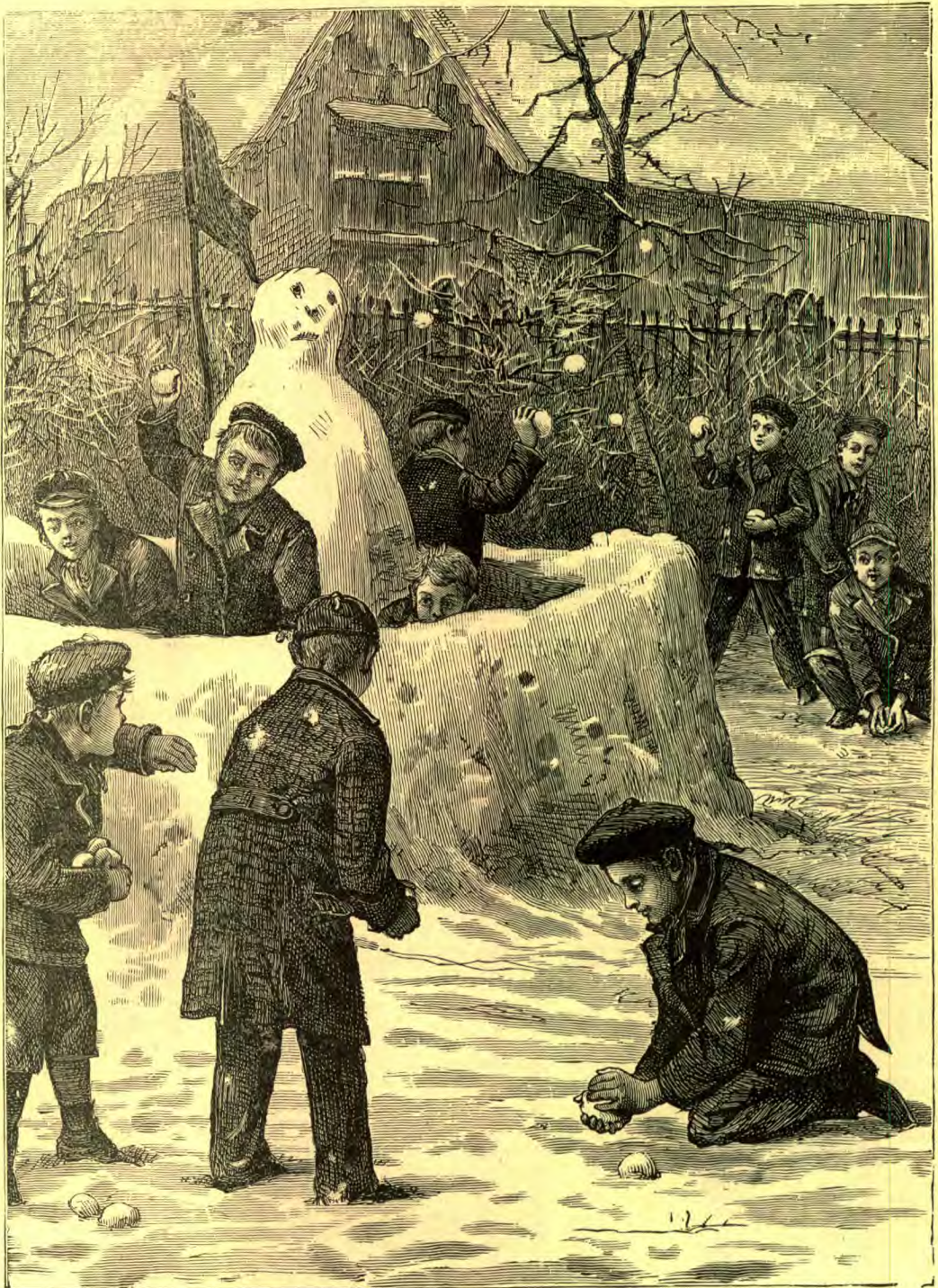
"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel; and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff.—*Selected.*



THE SNOW FORT





## THE ENGLISH ALPHABET

THE *a* in all written languages stands at the head of the alphabet, with the sound of *a* in "father." It is asserted that this letter is of Semitic origin; that is, that it originated among the nations who were the direct descendants of Shem, the son of Noah. It may have been given the first position in the alphabet because, also, in uttering this primary sound the air-passage between the glottis, the narrow opening between the vocal cords and the lips, is wide open; while in sounding any other the tongue and uvula take part, contracting and changing the shape of the air-passage; the lips also are kept wide apart and motionless in giving the sounds of *a*.

The symbol *b* came from the Phenicians. With them it had only the upper loop. In borrowing the sign from the Phenicians, the Greeks closed the lower end, so forming the *b* now in general use. It is the second letter of all European alphabets, except in those languages that follow the so-called "Cyrillic alphabet," which was originated by a monk named Cyril, who lived in the ninth century. The Russian language is an example. The letter *c* was adopted from those alphabets derived from the Latin. It owes its origin to the effort to distinguish in letters the difference between the sounds of *g* and *k*. Originally it was written as the Greek *gamma*, or *g*, the top being slanted gradually more and more to the right, until it became rounded into our modern *c*.

*D* is the fourth letter in the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Samaritan, Syriac, Greek, and Latin alphabets. The Greek *delta* is borrowed from the alphabet of the Phenicians, and the modern *d* is only the Greek *delta*, with the corners rounded.

*E* also comes from the Phenicians, and stands among the vowels as the antipode of *a*, so far as the original sounds are concerned. As *a* represented the smooth breathing (as *a* in "father"), so *e* denoted the rough breathing—our *h*. The Greeks distinguished the long sound of *e* by a separate sign, after which the *e* was restricted to denoting the short *e*-sound, as in "met." But in the Latin and Italian alphabets the same sign stands for both the long and the short sound of *e*. Its present typical sound, in almost all languages, is found in "men."

While *f* was a part of the primitive Greek alphabet, it soon fell into disuse, not being agreeable to the Greeks. In the Latin, when it became necessary to express the hard sound of *v*, the *f* was revived, and has the same significance still.

*G* in all alphabets derived from the Latin, holds the same place that *z* did in ancient Greek. In the fifth century B. C. the distinction between the *k*- and *g*-sounds was lost; in the third century the distinction was revived; and as the *c*, which formerly represented the *g*-sound, had already its place as third letter of the alphabet, its form was modified to represent the *g*-sound.

*H* as it is now presented is simply the form of the old Hebrew character *cheth*, with the top and bottom cross-lines omitted, retaining only the center one. The Phenicians wrote it as a square, with a cross-line through the middle. Like *a*, *b*, etc., *h* comes from the Phenician through the Greek and Latin. It had the same place in the Phenician and Latin alphabets as in the English, being made the seventh in order in the Greek by the later omission of the *f*-sign.

In Phenicia *i* represented the semi-vowel *y*, and the Greeks took the symbol to represent the vowel *i*, but only in modern times did it have its present simple form. It became a diphthong in

the sixteenth century. *J* is merely *i* modified, the same as *w* and *u* are modifications of *v*. It was a fancy of the writers; as, for instance, in writing VII it was customary to denote it thus—*uij*. The origin of *k* has already been explained under *c*.

The form of *n* has never varied materially, being two straight lines at an angle,—an inverted *v*,—and in all languages has the same liquid sound. So of the letter *m*; it has the same labio-nasal sound in all languages, the lips being closed in its pronunciation. While *m* represents the labio-nasal sound in all languages where our alphabet is used, the *n* represents the denti-nasal sounds.

*O* has always been used in its present form, except sometimes it was written in Latin in a square shape, and in the Greek a distinction is made between the short and long sounds of *o*.

*P* originated with the Phenicians, and in its primitive shape resembled a shepherd's crook. Later, in Greece, it was expressed as two *ii*'s. Among the Latins it assumed its present form. The sound it expresses is a closed labial, the antipode of *b*.

*Q* in the Phenician and Greek was written at first as a circle with a straight line hanging from it, and was called *kappa*. The alteration to its present form was made by the monks at Rome; its use has always been to express the velar *k*, as in *sequor*. *Q* occurs in English, as in Latin, only before a *u* that is followed by another vowel.

The Greeks, who borrowed the *r* from the Phenicians, at first expressed it as *p*. The symbol is used to denote three distinct forms of sound,—the consonantal, as in "reed;" the vowel, as in "father;" and the trill, as in "theater."

*S* is simply a rounded form of the Greek *sigma*, for convenience in writing. Until *z* was introduced, it carried that sound also, and in many words does so still, as in "curs," "lose," "hers." It is used also to denote the sound of *sh*, as in "sugar," "sure," etc., *sh*, in spite of its spelling, being a single sound.

*T* has changed but little in form since originally introduced in Greece. It is, and always has been, a voiceless dental, the opposite of *d*, which is voiced. Exceptions occur where the symbol is followed by *i* or *y*, when it assumes the sound of *s*, as in "nation;" and where followed by *u*, when the sound changes to *tsh*, as in "nature." When *h* is added, the *t* is used to denote two sounds, as in "thin" and "then." With *t* the original Phenician alphabet ended.

The *u* and the following five letters in the English alphabet came in from time to time as the necessities of expression demanded. The symbol follows the Greek symbol for the twentieth letter of the alphabet, *upsilon*, and is rounded into *u* for convenience in writing. It has two sounds,—the narrow, as in "rule;" and the wide, as in "full." The sound of *u* as in "muse," "duke," "mute," "pure," came into use in the seventeenth century.

As *f* is the voiceless labio-dental sound, so *v* is the opposite, or voiced. *U* and *v* were formerly one, their separation being merely for convenience in writing. In old texts *v* does not appear, being represented by *f* as in "ofer."

The next letter in the English alphabet, *w*, is simply double *v*. Anciently the letter was written *uu*, or simply *u*; as early as the eleventh century, writers used *vv*, and later the present *w*.

*X* in English has nothing particularly interesting attached to it, as a matter of history. It is a more useful symbol to the French than to the English. It represents the old Phenician letter *samekh*.

The three symbols, *u*, *v*, and *y*, are only different modifications of one original form. In the old Phenician alphabet *z* stood as the seventh letter, and as sixth in the Greek; it came into use in its present form in the first century B. C., but in old English the *z* hardly ever appears.

W. S. CHAPMAN.



## BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 14:9-20; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"

Pages 626-637

(February 24 to March 2)

**Mark in Forehead or Hand.**—The seal of the living God will be placed only in the foreheads of God's people. The forehead represents the seat of the intellect. The whole mind and heart must be surrendered to the Spirit of God. God does not accept half-hearted worship. Satan is willing to count as subjects only those who receive his mark in their right hand. In their hearts they may be fully persuaded that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, and *expect some day to observe it*; but as long as, through fear of man, they work on the Sabbath, Satan is content. He well knows that "the way to hell is paved with good resolutions," and that as long as they allow their hands to obey, they will never receive the seal of the living God.

**What Is the Mark of the Beast?**—The beast of Revelation 14 is the same as the "first beast" of Revelation 13. The beast of Revelation 13 receives power and authority from the dragon of Revelation 12. In other words, paganism transmitted to the papacy certain emblems of power and authority. In Rev. 13:8 we find the beast enforcing a world-wide worship. The highest type of worship is obedience. 1 Sam. 15:22. The beast requires obedience. This obedience is in opposition to the commandments of God; for in Rev. 14:12 those who refuse to worship the beast, or receive his mark, are spoken of as keeping the commandments of God. For many centuries the beast, or papal power, required the world to observe Sunday, the first day of the week, in place of the seventh day of the week, as commanded in the fourth commandment. Sunday was bequeathed to the papacy from paganism, and later was adopted by Protestantism. In obeying the Sabbath commandment as handed down from paganism, instead of the fourth commandment of the law of God, one worships the power that changed the law, and by so doing he also worships "the dragon which gave power unto the beast." It is a threefold worship,—a counterfeit of the worship of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The dragon (paganism) is the father of it; the beast (papacy) has given it to the world; while the image (apostate Protestantism) is the power whose world-wide influence helps to induce every one to worship this man-made institution. Those whose names are in the book of life are the only ones who will refuse this worship, and will receive the seal of the living God.

**The Cup of His Indignation.**—Each person is represented as possessing a cup. If one's cup is filled with iniquity, God will pour upon him the contents of the cup of his indignation. No one is cast off until he has filled his cup full of iniquity. The Lord waited four generations for the Amorites to fill up their cup of iniquity (Gen. 15:16) before he punished them. He is now holding out the cup of salvation to every one; it is "full of mixture;" all are invited to drink of it, and share in his mercy. Ps. 75:8; 116:13. Soon the door of mercy will close, and upon the shelterless heads of the wicked will be poured out the cup of the unmixed wrath of God.



## TWO SIDES TO THE THIRD ANGEL'S MESSAGE

## THE WICKED

Worship the beast  
and his image.

Receive the mark of  
the beast in their fore-  
head or right hand.

Drink of the wine of  
the wrath of God,  
which is poured out  
without mixture into  
the cup of his indig-  
nation.

Shall be tormented  
with fire and brimstone  
in the presence of the  
holy angels and in the  
presence of the Lamb.

## THE RIGHTEOUS

Worship the Father,  
and the Son, the ex-  
press image of the  
Father.

Receive the seal of  
the living God in their  
foreheads.

Drink of the river of  
God's pleasure, and  
"take the cup of sal-  
vation, and call upon  
the name of the Lord."

"God shall wipe  
away all tears from  
their eyes; and there  
shall be no more death,  
neither sorrow, nor  
crying, neither shall  
there be any more  
pain."

*The Two Vines.*—The vine of the earth, of which Satan is the root, and the wicked are the branches, bears "grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter." Deut. 32:31-33. This vine will be cast into the great wine-press of the wrath of God. The vine of heaven is the "True Vine," and the righteous are the branches. The Father is the husbandman, who watches anxiously to see the fruit of peace and love ripening upon each branch.



## BALAAM

(March 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Num. 22:1-21, 41; 23:14, 28; 24:10-14, 25.

MEMORY VERSE: 2 Peter 2:15.

1. In what country did the Israelites finally pitch their camp? Num. 22:1.
2. How did the Moabites feel toward Israel? V. 3; note 1.
3. Who was king of Moab at this time? V. 4 (last part).
4. To whom did he send for help? What was his message? Vs. 5, 6; note 2.
5. What did Balak's messengers carry with them? V. 7; note 3.
6. As they made known their errand, what did Balaam say? V. 8.
7. What question did the Lord ask of Balaam? V. 9.
8. What answer did he give? Vs. 10, 11.
9. What positive command did the Lord then give? V. 12; note 4.
10. What answer did Balaam return to the messengers? V. 13.
11. When the servants returned without Balaam, what did the king do? What was the second message? Vs. 15-17; note 5.
12. What did Balaam then say? V. 18.
13. What did he then ask them to do? Why? V. 19.
14. What did the Lord at this time say to Balaam? What did Balaam do? Vs. 20, 21; note 6.
15. To what different places did Balak take Balaam, that he might curse Israel? V. 41; Num. 23:14, 28.
16. When Balak saw that Balaam could not curse, how did he feel? What did he say? Num. 24:10, 11.
17. Of what did Balaam remind him? Vs. 12, 13.
18. What did Balaam say he wished to do before returning home? V. 14.

19. After prophesying of the coming of Christ, what did Balaam do? V. 25; note 7.

## NOTES

1. The people of Israel were nearing the end of their long wilderness march. Those who had murmured, and complained, and hindered the work had nearly all died, and God could once more bless the efforts of his people. Therefore he went before them in power, and they were victorious over all their enemies. The nations all around were again hearing of the wonderful things God was doing, and they were afraid. It is a blessed thing to walk with God in obedience, for then we may have one continual victory over sin. Every day we shall make advancement.

2. The Moabites were idolaters, and therefore did not know God. They had heard that Balaam was one who had wonderful power, and they sent for him. They thought that he could in some way curse Israel, and thus do what they could not do in battle. Balaam had once been a prophet of the Lord; but he had allowed a selfish, greedy, money-loving spirit to overcome him, and he was now a servant of the evil one.

3. Satan works through the world to tempt us. He knows all our weak points, and arranges his temptations so that we shall be overcome easily. He knew Balaam's greed for money, and so he led Balak to send the rewards of divination by the messengers. The sight of the treasures filled Balaam with a longing to go, though he knew that it was wrong to do so. He was conscious that the Lord was blessing Israel, and yet he asked the Lord if he might go and curse them. How foolish to ask God to let him do what he knew was forbidden! He was trying to get the Lord to act like a man, and change his mind.

4. God said, "Thou shalt not go." That was God's will. He did not want Balaam to go. And Balaam understood just what God meant. He needed not to ask any more questions.

5. The people of the world never stop with one invitation to join them in their evil work. If they do not succeed at first, they will try other ways, seeking to make their course as attractive as possible. They will promise all kinds of blessings and honors to the child of God if he will only go with them. The only safe course is to let them know at the very first that we have no use for worldly honor or pleasure, and that they need not come again. But Balaam dallied and questioned, and tried to coax the Lord, and by so doing encouraged Satan to tempt. It is in this way that many young people are lost. Let us heed the word which says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," and never for a moment even think of doing anything else.

6. It may seem strange that God would now tell Balaam to go, after he had so plainly said not to go. But even the Lord will let us do wrong things if we are determined to do them. God had not changed his mind, but he simply permitted the prophet to follow his own selfish ways. We should learn from this that it is unsafe to pray for anything that is out of harmony with God's will. He might let us have it, and we, like Balaam, be lost.

7. Balaam did not at this time secure the reward, and he went home angry and disappointed. A little later he returned, and succeeded in bringing a curse upon Israel by leading them into idolatry and other forms of wickedness.

## Baby's First Wardrobe

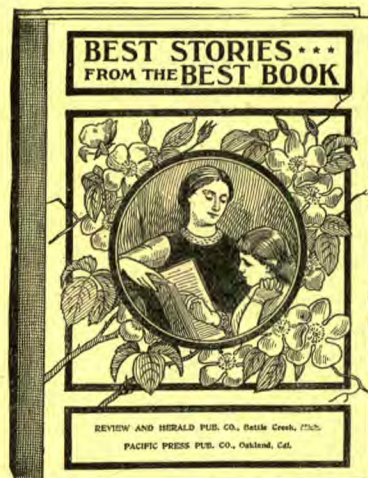
## HYGIENIC PATTERNS

Complete outfit, based on healthful principles—22 PATTERNS, together with a beautiful booklet on the proper care of infants, sent postpaid for 50 cts. Full directions for making, showing necessary material, etc. Address—

MRS. F. M. KELLOGG,  
36 Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

# Best Stories

FROM



THE

# Best Book

since its publication, has met with a most gratifying reception. It grows in favor day by day. Everyone is delighted with the book upon first sight, but the more thoroughly they become acquainted with it, the more they realize its inestimable value. We know it is appreciated from the many kind words our friends have to say concerning it.

### AN EXCELLENT HELP FOR CANVASSERS

PAW PAW, MICH.  
The truths presented in "Best Stories" certainly make it a work that can not fail to bring much-needed light to many who have been reading the Bible for years. It is an excellent help for our canvassers.  
GEO. MATTESON.

### A READY SELLER

ELLIOTT, PENN.  
I like "Best Stories" very much. It is a ready seller, and an excellent book for young persons to sell.  
F. E. PAINTER.  
Pennsylvania State Agent.

### AN INSPIRATION TO THE CHILDREN

SOUTH LANCASTER ACADEMY,  
SOUTH LANCASTER, MASS.  
I find "Best Stories" very attractive to the children, as the illustrations are so beautiful, and the story so simply and impressively told. We are using it as a reader for beginners, with much enthusiasm and inspiration on their part.  
SUSIE SISLEY.

This is just the book for children and young people to sell. It is a beautiful book, pleasing to the eye, and contains many fine illustrations. The fifty pages of "Easy Lessons" are a drawing feature of the work. It is a volume of which the children never tire.

Heavy paper, cloth back covers.....75c  
Heavy paper, board covers.....50c  
Thin paper, edition, limp paper covers.....25c

For particulars, address your—

Tract Society; the Review and Herald Pub. Co., Battle Creek, Mich.; or the Pacific Press Pub. Co., Oakland, Cal.

## GRAND TRUNK R.Y. SYSTEM.

Taking Effect Dec. 16, 1900.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

### WEST-BOUND.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago..... 12:15 P. M.  
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago..... 8:30 A. M.  
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago..... 3:50 P. M.  
No. 5, International Express..... 2:17 A. M.  
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend..... 8:30 A. M.  
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.  
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.

### EAST-BOUND.

No. 8, Mail and Express, East and Detroit..... 3:45 P. M.  
No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada..... 8:22 P. M.  
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit..... 2:10 A. M.  
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit..... 6:50 A. M.  
No. 74, Mixed (starts from Nichols yard)..... 7:15 A. M.  
Nos. 8 and 74, daily, except Sunday.  
Nos. 4, 6 and 2, daily.

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,  
BATTLE CREEK.



