

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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LOST IN OREGON CAVE

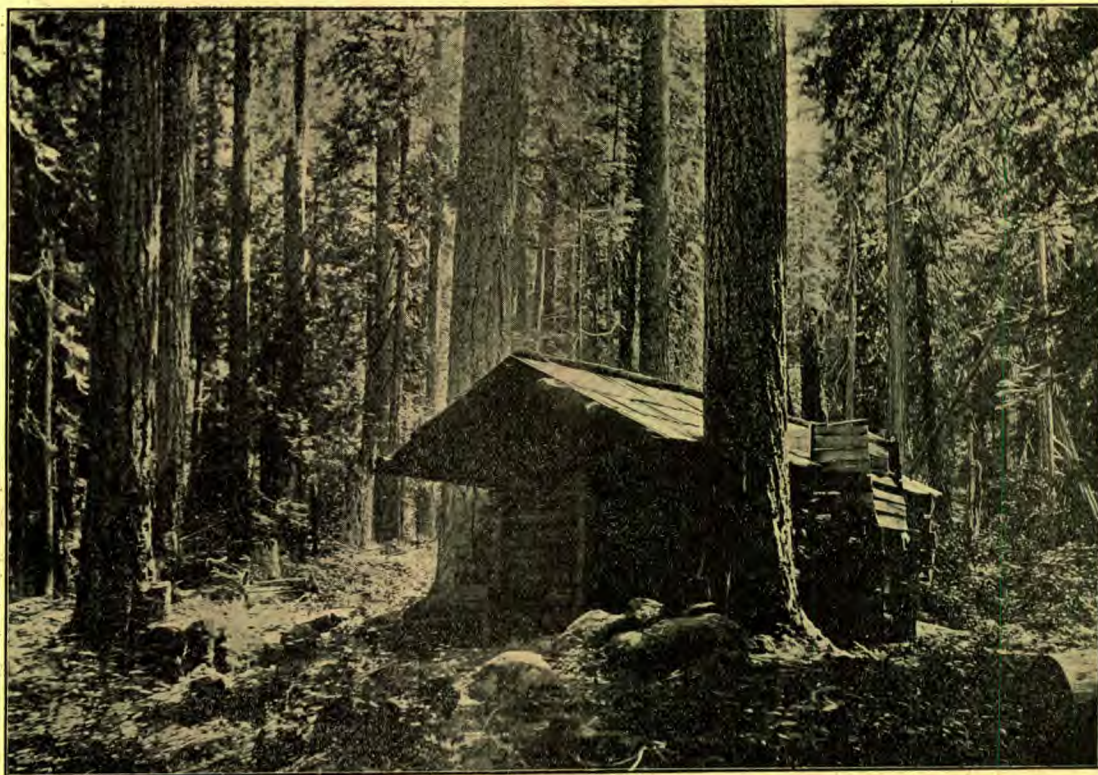
TWENTY-FIVE years ago a party of hunters were camping in the mountains of Oregon, southwest of Grant's Pass, at a spot called The Lakes. One day while a member of this company was hunting in the dense forest about two miles from camp, his dog started a bear, and chased the animal down the steep side of a cañon until it disappeared in a hole near the bottom. The hunter, attracted to the spot by the barking of his dog, found that from this hole, at the bottom of a low, rocky cliff, issued a stream of clear, cold water. This in itself was of little consequence, for such places are common in the mountains; but as he approached, he was met by a strong, cold breeze, which told him plainly that the hole was the entrance to a large cave.

This man and others partially explored the cave; and a few years later another entrance was discovered several hundred yards higher up

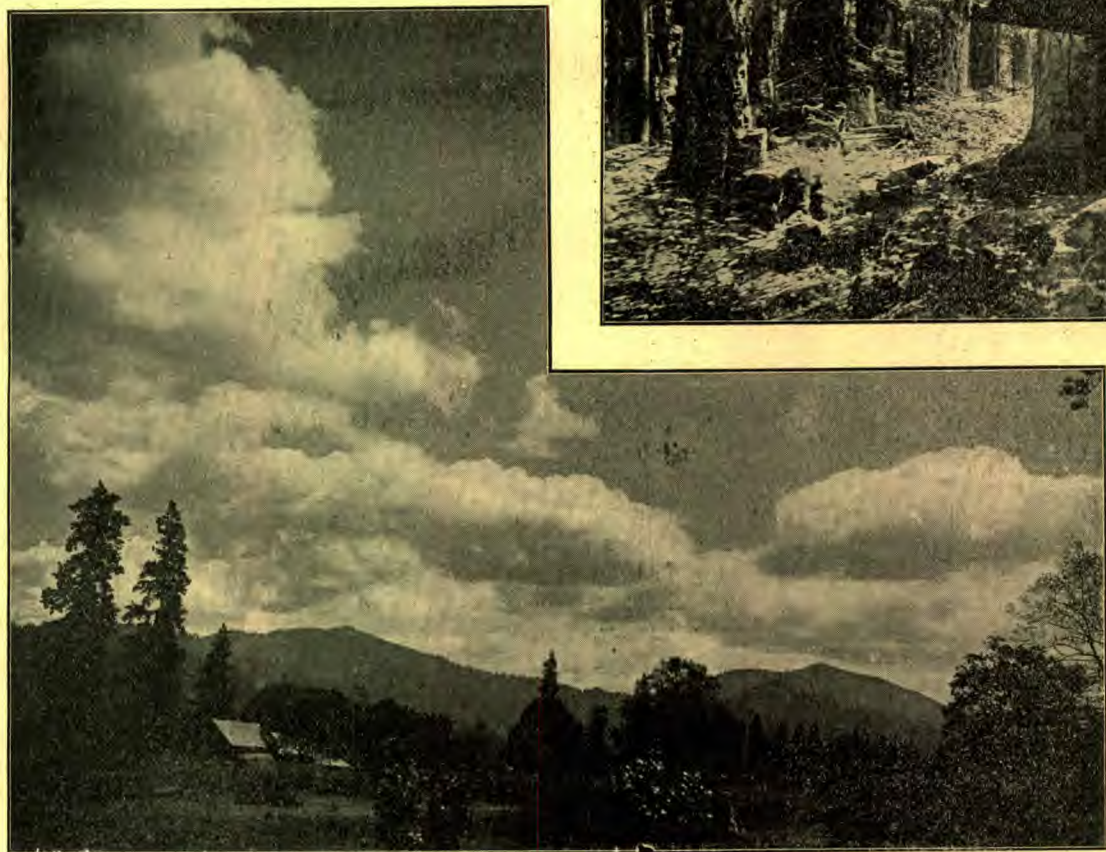
of its size and the beauty of its limestone formations, that it acquired considerable local fame. Then a San Francisco paper, more noted for sensationalism than veracity, sent a party of men to visit the cave, and write an account of their explorations. Wonderful reports they sent back, and the cave had a boom. A company was organized; and when they secured control of the cave, they began to build a road to it along the most feasible route. A substantial log cabin was put up for the guides; a rustic bridge was built across the cañon below the entrance to the cave;

Many exaggerated stories have been, and still are, told about the Oregon Cave. I have heard men claim that it extended seven miles underground; others assert that a four-horse coach could be driven four miles into the cave, and then turned around. One man, I remember, told me that it rivaled, if it did not outrank, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. To verify or disprove these rumors was for a long time my desire, but the opportunity did not come until early in August of last year.

From Grant's Pass two roads lead to the cave,



THE DESERTED CABIN



"HEAVY STORM-CLOUDS HUNG OVER THE VALLEY"

the side of the cañon. There are really two separate caves, quite distinct in character; but as they are connected by several winding passages, through which it is possible, with much crawling and still more climbing, to pass, they are usually known as one—"The Great Oregon Cave."

As the years passed, many persons visited the cave, and, returning, told such wonderful stories

and in the cave itself passages were worked out, and ladders placed wherever it was necessary to make the most interesting points more easy of access. Then the company learned that the cave was not of sufficient interest to attract a paying number of tourists to a place so difficult of access. When the work was abandoned, the company left the cabin, the rustic bridge, the ladders, and a few bad debts to testify to what it had attempted.

—one by the way of Williams Creek, the other through the village of Kirbyville. The reports as to the condition of the roads were very conflicting, but I finally decided to go by the Williams Creek route.

Early in the morning I started out with my camera and plates, a sleeping-bag, and sufficient provisions to last a week, on my wheel. It made rather a heavy load,—about seventy pounds,—but I found the roads tolerably good, and made fair progress up through the beautiful valley of Williams Creek. The hills, and in some places the valleys, were covered with dense forests of mixed timber. The tall and stately sugar-pine grew side by side with the sturdy oak. The madrona, with its smooth, red bark and bright-green leaves, grew in the shadow of the giant fir. Heavy storm-clouds hung over the valley that morning; but I had no fear of rain, for I knew that a shower would settle the smoke that obscured the view, and made it quite impossible to photograph the distant mountains. I could have found shelter under a fir-tree, and would have been willing to finish my journey in the mud for the sake of having a clear atmosphere.

At that season, rain is very uncommon in southern Oregon,—so rare, indeed, that the farm-

ers in Williams Creek Valley depend upon irrigating ditches to moisten their fields. In some places the water had broken from these ditches, and flooded the road. This was the only thing about the road that I could have wished changed, and it proved no serious obstacle; for I reached the head of the valley, twenty-six miles from Grant's Pass, early in the afternoon.

At the last house on the road I had been told I would be able to get reliable information regarding the trail that led from that point to the cave. I was there told that the trail was excellent, and that in some places it would be possible to ride my wheel. I had intended to leave my wheel there, and carry my things on my back the remainder of the journey; but as I was assured that it would be much easier to push the wheel with its load, I concluded to take it on to the cave.

Expecting to reach the cave early the next



"THE TALL AND STATELY SUGAR-PINE"

day (it was only eleven miles), I camped there at the end of the road. That night I slept on a bed of fragrant fir boughs, lulled to rest by the music of a mountain stream.

Next morning I was not long in discovering that I had been grossly misinformed regarding that trail. It was simply a steady climb up, up, up—lifting the heavily loaded wheel up rocky steps, or over fallen trees; or carrying it through deep mud caused by numerous hillside springs; still higher and higher, up a seemingly interminable hill.

Shortly after noon I met a prospector, who gave me the only accurate information I had been able to get about the trail. I was nearly at the top of that divide, he told me; then I would have a short and not very steep descent to make. But he warned me that the next mountain was

worse than the one I was on. When I reached it, I left the wheel beside a deserted cabin, and started up the mountain with my pack on my back. The mountain was steep, and the trail was rough; but my load was out of my way, and I did not mind the climb. There are no springs on that part of the trail, but there are several on the summit of the mountain, where there is quite a large open space, called "The Meadows" by some, and "Mud Flats" by others.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

(To be continued.)

SPIDERS SPINNING

A WRITER in *La Nature* gives some account of work done by spiders. He shows what appliances they have for use in spinning, by drawings of different forms of spinnerets. The observations upon the manner of production of the thread will help naturalists in their study of these insects.

The thread is formed only on its exit from the insect's body. As soon as the paste reaches the air, it dries and becomes solid. Before its exit from the animal's body, the soft matter has no form. The spider expels it through two or three pairs of spinnerets that are situated at the lower part of the abdomen. The extremity of the spinnerets contains numerous small apertures, and to each of these corresponds a very small open tube.

It is through these tubes that the pasty matter makes its exit. These various jets, still soft, unite, and form but a single filament—the spider's thread. This thread is therefore made up of a large number of threads. We may judge of its slenderness when we remember that the compound thread itself is the emblem of tenuity.

Sometimes the spider is provided only with a sort of gland, which produces merely a species of thread; and sometimes it is provided with several glands, which furnish threads whose tenacity, tenuity, and elasticity differ. Imagine a cow that gave various kinds of milk, more or less rich in butter or caseous matter!

The rôle of the spider is not limited to the production of the raw material; like a skillful spinner it finishes and polishes the crude thread, and renders it regular, and then directs the filament thus prepared in order to form the net, or web, or whatever you wish to call it. It draws everything from its own resources; for it neither hemp nor flax is sown; it is both a spinning and a weaving machine; it carries with it the raw material, the mechanism, and the machinist.

The extremities of its feet are true combs, some having fine and close teeth, and others strong and distant ones. It is interesting to see it at work, turning aside the thread with one leg, or guiding it through the teeth, just as a woman, comb in hand, makes furrows in her hair when she is dressing it.

The spinnerets are not all grouped in the same way. Some are arranged in bundles and others in clusters. It is quite natural to conclude from this that the thread has not the same qualities in these various cases, and that its diameter, tenacity, elasticity, and flexibility must vary with its form, that is to say, according as it is more or less dense or more or less twisted.—*Selected.*

IT IS TIME

It is time to be brave; it is time to be true;
It is time to be finding the thing you can do;
It is time to put by the dream and the sigh,
And work for the cause that is holy and high.

It is time to be kind; it is time to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet;
It is time to be sowing; it is time to be growing;
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.

It is time to be lowly and humble of heart;
It is time for the lilies of meekness to start;
For the heart to be white, and the steps to be right,
And the hands to be weaving a garment of light.

—*Mary Wheaton Lyon.*



LOST

Lost—a casket of priceless treasures,
Stolen or scattered along the way;
Joys, and duties, and cares, and pleasures,
Lost with the hours of a wasted day.

Lost—a golden heart. Unfriended,
One in sorrow went past my door.
The sun has set, and the day is ended;
The chance for helping her comes no more.

Lost—a diamond cross. This morning
Dull it looked in the dim, sad dawn.
If only some one had given me warning
Of half its value before 'twas gone!

Not to be found by years of labor,
Jewels glorious, pure, unpriced,—
The help I might have given my neighbor,
The word I might have spoken for Christ!
—*Mabel Earle.*

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

II

ON the crest of Olivet the procession pauses. Before them lies the city of Jerusalem, with its temple of pure white marble, which just now is gilded with glory by the rays of the setting sun. It is a picture of unsurpassed loveliness. Well might the people apply to this city the words of the prophet, "a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." At the entrancing sight, the throng join with renewed fervor in their shouts of praise. Branches are stripped from the palm trees, and placed in the path of the Saviour, while hill and mountain give back the glad shouts of the joyous and triumphant multitude. Their eyes turn to Christ, to see how he is impressed by the scene; but lo, the Son of God is in tears.

The glad company can not understand the cause of the Saviour's sorrow; they do not know that the iniquities of Jerusalem are bringing her final calamities upon her. A mysterious awe falls upon the procession, and calms in a degree its enthusiasm.

As Christ's eyes rest upon the temple so soon to be desolated, he weeps. The Israel of God, to whom he has given every advantage, will soon reject their King and their God. In a few short hours the world's Redeemer will be taken by wicked hands and crucified. Not the Romans, not the Gentiles, but the people for whom he has done so much, are to be his murderers. Christ's prophetic eye takes in the future of Jerusalem, when the glory which God designed should rest upon this chosen nation would be removed, and the grace which bringeth salvation would no longer be heard in the city. This is the cause of the Saviour's sorrow. He weeps not for himself, but for those who have rejected his love and despised his mercy. The tender tears he sheds over Jerusalem are the tears of rejected love. In a voice of anguish and lamentation he cries: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate: and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Christ had come to the earth to reveal the principles of the kingdom of heaven. His character as Saviour and Life-giver had been demonstrated only a short time before at the grave of Lazarus but in their pride the Jews rejected him. To the Hebrew nation had been committed the oracles of

God. They had been taught the commandments and statutes and judgments of the Lord. God designed that the faith of this people should be communicated to all other peoples on the face of the earth. How different would have been Christ's attitude, had the priests and rulers been true to the trust reposed in them! Had they done the work that God designed they should do, the glory of the Lord would have been revealed to the idolatrous nations.

"And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee." A large number in that throng bear in their own bodies the evidence that divine power is among them, and each has his story to tell of the merciful works of Christ. The relation of these wonderful works only increases the fervor of their feelings. Disciples and people join together in the songs of praise.

"Who is this?" We ask Isaiah, and he answers: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." John the Baptist tells us who he is: "Behold the Lamb of God," he says, "which taketh away the sin of the world." And the beloved disciple adds his testimony: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

IN THE LABORATORY

In a corner of the laboratory is a still; and here, one day, I found the chemist with an array of tubes, jars, and coils of pipe, all of which were boiling, steaming, and strongly odorous with bubbling, dripping liquids.

"You look like a scene from the witches' kitchen!" I exclaimed; "and what kind of broth are you brewing?"

"Pure and flavored extracts of coal tar," he answered. "See! here are my wares," and he pointed to a row of shelves containing scores of small vials of many-colored liquids. "This," he continued, "is the great phenyl family; these are the children and grandchildren, to some generations, of common coal tar, obtained from distilled soft coal. In this vial is a form of ammonium; here is tar naphtha, or light-oil; and here is pitch, or asphalt. Here, made out of the light-oil, is benzol, clear, colorless, and innocent-looking, but able to dissolve, besides the fats, caoutchouc, sulphur, and phosphorus; and here is tolnol, much like benzol. This is nitrobenzol, made by the action of nitric acid on benzol; and here, made from this, is aniline, pure and colorless in this bottle, and in this, reddish-brown by the action of the air; and here is the great, gay family which comes from the union of aniline and tolnidine,—the aniline dyes.

The chemist pointed to the array of vials containing liquids of a hundred delicate or intense shades of coloring,—yellow, emerald, red, pink, rose, deep, glowing violet, and many other hues. "You see," he said, "what coal tar will do,—give light and heat for your houses, assist in making the useful and beautiful products of many trades and arts, pave your streets, cleanse and color goods in any shade you may choose. The heat, power, and brightness of the sun, stored up in the ancient forests, and hidden away beneath the ground, have come out now to do their work for man."

All this usefulness and beauty, I thought, hidden away for countless centuries in the dull, black coal, and now brought out to light and service by the skill of the chemist!

Who knows what beauty and what power lie hidden in many a human soul? And God does not leave these to be brought to light and use by the chance hand of a human workman. He is himself not only the Creator of all things, but the great

divine Chemist, ever in his world-laboratory, and ready in his own good time to bring the souls that are his to the refining and distilling fires, and to touch them with the keen acids which bring out their best power and beauty, and prepare them for the highest, noblest service and joy.—*Well Spring.*



THE WHITE-BREADED NUTHATCH

It is a cold day in early February as I write. The sleighing is fair, and the air sharp and tingling. A thin mist of clouds covers the sky, but both sky and earth are white with the exceeding brightness of a winter day. It seems like an inopportune time to observe birds; but as a brisk walk in the cold winter air acts as a tonic, shortly before dinner, armed with a field-glass, I set out.

A half-hour's walk brought me to the outskirts of the city. Not a bird seemed to be about. I could not find even an English sparrow. I tramped about for a bit, and, discouraged, started for home. I think I had not gone ten paces when unusual bird-sounds brought me to an instant standstill.

Just over the fence to my left, along a hedge, was a flock of Slate-colored Juncos. They were very active, and apparently quite happy. In a tree almost over my head was a Nuthatch. This little creature had apparently a small nut in his beak, and was moving about on the side of the tree-trunk as if in search of something. First it came down the trunk toward me, head downward; and then, quickly turning about on the side of the tree, ascended as quickly as he had come down. He flew to another part of the tree, came down a limb head foremost, and then flew across the street to repeat the performance. At close intervals he uttered a creaking note sounding something like "Ink! ink!" Occasionally his tones were much louder, sounding then like "Yank! yank!"

Presently he found a crevice in the bark of the tree. Here he lodged the bit of food he had been carrying, and set about hammering it with his beak so fiercely it seemed he surely would drive his beak through his head. He was trying to earn his dinner. But he seemed to make no appreciable impression on the nut. At last, as if disgusted with the tree, and having had enough of my curiosity, he picked up his particle of food and flew away.

A Blue Jay was hammering at the top board of a fence near by, and a little farther away I heard the whistle of a Cardinal.

But to return to the subject of the Nuthatch. His peculiar habit of hammering, or hacking, nuts has given this bird the name of Nuthack, or Nuthatch. The word "hatch" of this compound

word is another form of the Old English word "hack." In the word "hatchet" we have the old form "hatch" preserved; and in the word "hash"—something hacked—we have another form of the word "hatch."

In breaking open a nut, the Nuthatch holds it with his claws, or jams it into a crevice in the bark of some tree, and hammers it as I saw this one do to-day.

The Nuthatch seldom lights on the ground, but Mr. Torrey has observed it in this attitude. He says: "One is always glad to find a familiar bird playing a new rôle. . . . It may be assumed, therefore, that I felt peculiarly grateful to a white-bellied Nuthatch, when I discovered him hopping about on the ground, . . . a piece of humility such as I had never before detected any Nuthatch in the practice of. Indeed, this fellow looked so unlike himself, moving briskly through the grass with long, awkward leaps, that at first sight I failed to recognize him. He was occupied with turning over the dry leaves, one after another,—hunting for cocoons, or things of that sort, I suppose. Twice he found what he was in search of; but instead of handling the leaf on the ground, he flew with it to the trunk of an



WHITE-BREADED NUTHATCH

elm, wedged it into a crevice of the bark, and proceeded to hammer it sharply with his beak. . . . The sparrows were inclined to make game of my obliging little performer; but he would have none of their insolence, and repelled every approach in dashing style. In exactly three weeks from this time, and on the same hillside, I came upon another Nuthatch similarly employed; but before this one had turned up a leaf to his mind, the sparrows became literally too many for him, and he took flight,—to my no small disappointment."

The Nuthatch is a permanent resident of the United States, but in summer, during the nesting

season, it stays close about home and is seldom seen. From now until the first of May is an excellent time to study this bird. During April you should also find the Brown Creeper and the Kinglets. These birds we will consider in the next two articles.

L. A. REED.



KEEP YOUR TROUBLES TO YOURSELF

KEEP your troubles to yourself;
Put them on an upper shelf,
Far away as they may be,
Where no eye but God's can see.

Other people have their share
Of affliction, pain, and care;
Why should you, though sorely tried,
Burden them with yours beside?

Give of treasures you possess,
Loving care and tenderness,
Cheerful smiles or sordid pelf;
But keep your troubles to yourself.

—Josephine Pollard.

CRITICISM AND LEPROSY

If eternal love does not fill our hearts, and put within us a disposition to work for humanity, we shall certainly begin to look with a critical eye upon our immediate associates and fellow workers. When Miriam, the sister of Moses, lost the true spirit of service, she could not resist the spirit of criticism (Num. 12:1), and she began to find fault with the way Moses did things. She imagined, like many nowadays, that she was not appreciated as she should be. Finally she spoke against Moses; "and the Lord heard it," just as he hears faultfinding and criticism to-day.

As a result of her sin she was stricken with leprosy; but in reality she *already* had spiritual leprosy: the outward disease was simply a type of the moral disorder. Miriam was put in quarantine for several days. The disease of criticism is particularly infectious, and it would be well for the work of God if such persons could *always* be put in quarantine. They would have less to answer for in the day of judgment, and they would not have the same opportunity to inoculate others with this disastrous malady.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE WEATHER BUREAU

How many have seen the maps, posted in post-offices or prominent places of business, showing the conditions of the weather all over the United States? or have noticed bulletins predicting the weather for the next day, and wondered how it could be accurately foretold? Let us step into a station,—there are two hundred and forty of them in the United States,—and see what we can learn.

The man in charge will respond, speaking in substance as follows: "This machine, a revolving cylinder with several tracing-pencils, turns once in six hours, and passes a line every five minutes. An upright with four extended arms turns at one third the velocity of the wind, and makes a jog for each mile measured. With this as a basis, we calculate the speed of the wind. Then we have an instrument on the roof, which registers the direction from which the wind blows. To show when the sun shines, we use a tube with lampblack in one end, that closes an electric circuit, when heated, and a zigzag mark is made on the paper. When the sun goes behind a cloud, the lampblack cools, the circuit is opened, and the tracing pencil makes a straight mark. A column of mercury, thirty inches high, with an area of one square inch, weighs fourteen and seven-tenths pounds

at the seashore. When the mercury is low, the temperature is high; and just as surely as water flows down-hill, so air will flow from a high to a low area. Thus we are able to tell from what direction the wind will blow, and whether it will be cold or warm. By taking the temperature, and knowing that cold air will hold less moisture than warm, we can easily predict whether snow or rain will fall. By taking the results from several storm-centers, and getting a general average, we can predict what will follow the present storm area. At first it was largely guesswork, but now about ninety per cent of the forecasts are correct."

If you wish to investigate this further, write to the chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, D. C., telling him you desire maps for one month, in order to study them. He will readily forward you a daily map, also one each week. From these you will gain an intelligent idea of the workings of the Bureau.

JAMES C. ANDERSON.

HOW THE INDIANS HUNTED DEER

"FIRE-HUNTING deer was a favorite pastime with the Indians," says a writer of "Remembrances and Episodes" of early times.

To escape from the millions of mosquitoes that infested the woods, the deer would flee to the water, and wading into it as twilight faded away, would stand in quiet comfort for hours. The Indians knew that a light moving noiselessly on the river would draw the attention of the animal without frightening it away. A torch was therefore fixed in the fore-part of a canoe; an Indian, holding a bow or rifle, seated himself beside it; and another paddled as quietly as possible down the stream. The deer gazed at the moving light in dazed and questioning wonder; and when the canoe had come near enough, it was shot, drawn out of the water, and borne home in triumph.

S. ROXANA WINCE.

GIRLS IN CHINA

"WHAT is your name, little one?"

"Springtime."

"What a strange name!"

"She was born in the spring," volunteered one of the larger girls.

"And what do they call you?" to a little, dirty, neglected-looking lass.

"O, she is called 'Only,' because she is the only one, and also because she is just a girl."

"And what is this big girl's name?" we asked, turning to a girl of twelve.

"I have no name."

"What! no name. But what does your mother call you?"

"O, she calls me 'Girl,' that's all."

We spoke about this to her father, who was a Christian, and he soon gave her a beautiful, high-sounding name; but I am afraid it did not stick to her, and though we tried to call her by her new name when she came to school, at home she was still "Girl" and nothing more. Her mother was not a Christian, and did not treat "Girl" very well. She would make her do all the dirty work about the house; and when that was done, "Girl" had to go off with a big basket on her back, and a rake in her hand, to gather small twigs and straw for fuel. Her mother was often in a bad temper, and then she would beat "Girl" and call her bad names. "Parcel of Useless Goods," "Idle Eater of Rice," were some of the strange names her mother would hurl at her. These were not the worst; but we could not write the others down, they were so bad.

Early on a beautiful sunny morning in the summer-time, I saw "Girl" near our front door with her basket and rake, hobbling about on her poor bound feet, gathering straw and rubbish for the kitchen fire. I never saw her again. What had become of her?—She had gone home

with her basket, and her mother had met her with curses and blows; and then she had left the house and disappeared, no one knew whither. No trace of her could be found.

"I heard a splash in the river," one man remarked, carelessly; but what it was that made the splash he could not say.

By and by a water-carrier was found who said that about the time "Girl" had been missed, he had seen a girl run along the opposite bank of the river, cover her face with her apron, and throw herself into the water. So they searched and inquired, and after several days the poor little body was found entangled among some tall piles far down the river. And that was the end of little "Girl."

She was so miserable in this world that she wanted to get away from it all; and she thought that if she could only die, she would get rest; and so, as the Chinese call it, she "took the short road."

But would she find rest in that way? Alas, no! There is only one way to find rest from all our troubles and from all our sins. Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest."

In China there are many poor girls, and grown-up people too, who, like "Girl," are very miserable, and who, like her, think that the "short road" is the only way out of their misery. Pray that many of these poor, misguided people may come to Jesus, who is the only "Way" to happiness, and holiness, and heaven.—"China's Millions."

THE LONGEST OF ALL RAILROADS

THE Trans-Siberian Railway, begun by Russia seven years ago, is fast nearing completion. The total length of the new line is forty-seven hundred miles, connecting Moscow with Vladivostok, and sweeping across the "entire northern part of the Asiatic continent." If the railway from Moscow to St. Petersburg—a line over two thousand miles in length—is included, the new railway will have a total length of over six thousand miles, connecting the Baltic Sea with the Pacific Ocean. Seventy thousand men have been at work on it, and its estimated cost is about \$425,000,000.

It seems that during the winter "the work was frequently carried on when the thermometer was between fifty and sixty degrees below zero, and the ballast had to be quarried in spots twenty-five miles from where it was used." Again, "The tall forests of firs, which grew thickly together in some places, formed barriers which required years in removing." So difficult was the road to construct, that "no contractor could be found willing to assume the responsibility," and "most of the work had to be done by engineers of the Russian government."

Lake Baikal, situated in about the center of Northern Asia, is crossed by a train-ferry vessel, which was constructed at Newcastle, England, transported in sections, and set up on the shores of Lake Baikal. This vessel has proved satisfactory, having been able to force its way, when loaded with a train, through ice over three feet thick, at the rate of about seven miles an hour. At the point crossed, the lake is forty-two miles wide.

AUGUSTIN J. BOURDEAU.

THE wretched discontent which makes some people so miserable themselves, and such destroyers of happiness in others, is only the natural result of the habit of discontent indulged through years. Any one who is conscious of such a misanthropic disposition should be so ashamed of it that he will at once set about conquering it, and transforming his gloomy spirit into one of happiness and joy. God help us in all such efforts to do his will, and to grow into the grace and beauty of Christ!—*Selected.*



CHILDREN'S PAGE

GROWN-UP LAND

"Good morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown;
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"

"Oh, this way and that way — never stop:
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,—
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town."

"Just wait, my brave lad, one moment I pray;
Manhood Town lies where — can you tell me the way?"

"Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land —
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand;
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,—
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town."

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in the "Grown-up Land."
— Selected.

THE BLUE PIG WITH THE BLACK TAIL

It was a rainy evening, and it was cold enough for a fire in the grate in Grandma's room; so, after supper, all the Adams children went there. Somehow, Grandma's fires always glowed more brightly than any other fires.

"It's just the kind of night for a story," said Tom, throwing some pine cones on the blaze.

"So it is," agreed Helen and Janie. "Grandma, won't you please tell us one,— one we have never heard before?"

Helen perched on the arm of Grandma's chair, and Tom and Janie settled themselves on the rug before the fire, and waited for the story to begin.

"Let me see," said Grandma, as if thinking. She closed her eyes for a moment; but the knitting-needles kept flashing in the firelight, for grandma could knit without looking at her work.

"Once upon a time —" she began.

"Oh, that's the right way to begin!" said Helen, clapping her hands.

"Once upon a time there lived a heathen king who had an ambition to own a blue pig with a black tail. So he sent a messenger to another heathen king, who said, 'O king! live forever. My king says you are to send him a blue pig with a black tail, or —'

"Then the king thought this sounded like a threat, so he interrupted the messenger, saying, 'Tell your king that I haven't a blue pig with a black tail, and, if I had, —'

"The messenger didn't wait to hear any more. He went back to his own country, and told his story, and immediately war was declared between the two nations. After both sides had suffered much loss, a truce was effected, and the two kings talked the matter over.

"What did you mean by telling me to send you a blue pig with a black tail, or —?" the second king demanded of the first.

"Why, I meant, or any other pig, if you didn't have a blue one with a black tail. But what did you mean by sending word that you had none, and, if you had —?"

"I meant to add that I should be glad to send it to you, of course."

"Then the two kings shook hands, and led home what was left of their armies, feeling very silly, no doubt."

Grandma finished the story in her usual tone. Then, to the surprise of the children, she began talking in different voices,— just like a phonograph, as Tom said afterward.

"Helen, have you seen my composition? I left it on the desk last night. If you don't help me find it, I'll have to take —"

"I guess you won't take my composition! It's stealing to copy, and I don't believe you —"

"You don't believe I wrote any? You are a nice sister."

"O Janie! my new book is gone again, and you —"

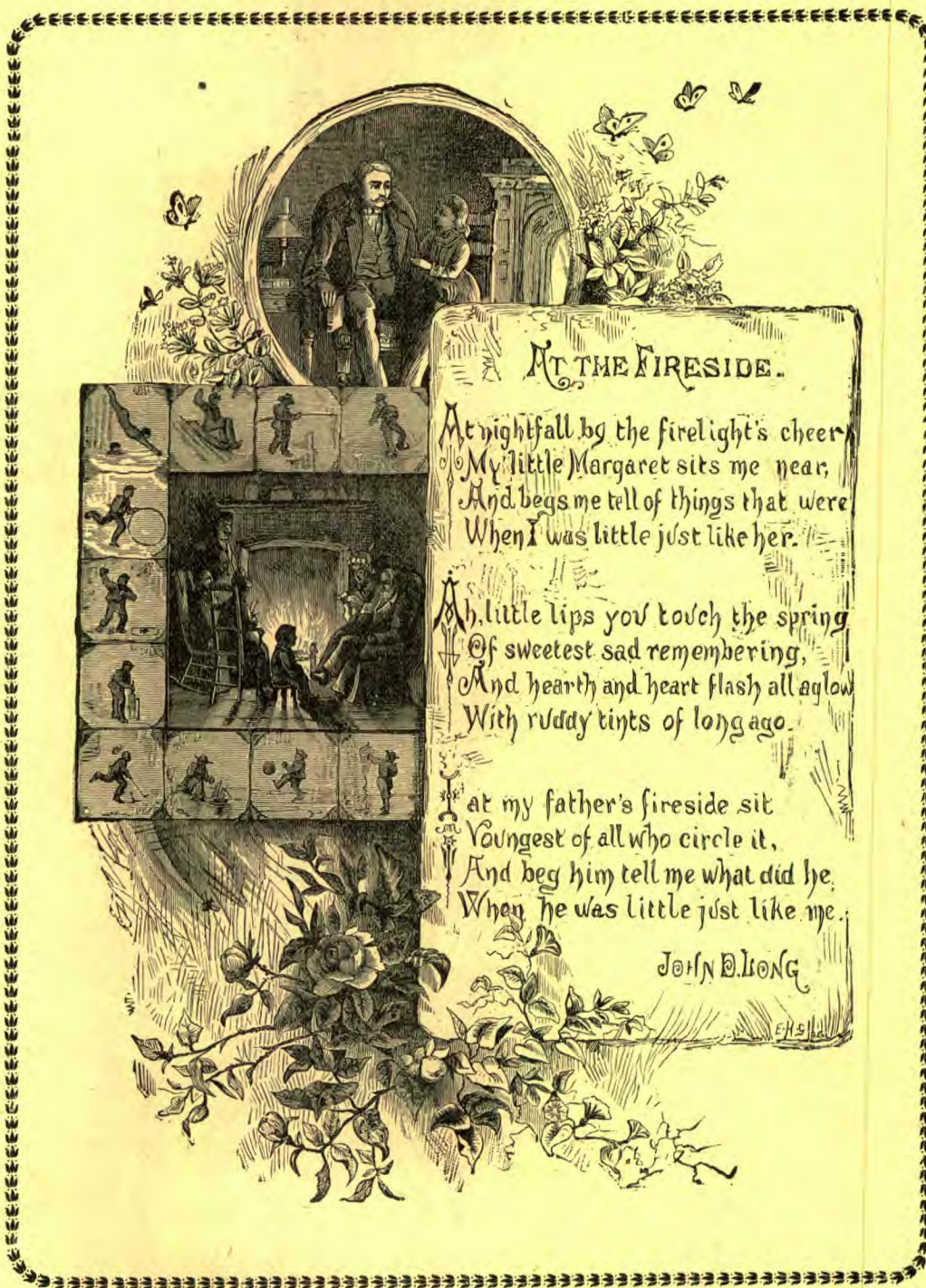
"I haven't touched your book. If you would keep your eyes open, you would —"

"I didn't say so at all," broke in Tom. "I was going to say that if you didn't help me find it, I'd have to take a demerit. But you said you didn't believe I had written any composition."

"No, I didn't, nor I didn't mean to say so. I was going to say that I didn't believe you would copy a composition."

"Oh!" said Tom.

"But, Helen," said Janie, "what did you mean when you said, 'My new book is gone again, and you —'?"



"I'm no more of a sleepy-head than you are."

The children were very quiet for a moment; then Helen said: "We didn't expect a story with a lesson, Grandma. We're — we're a little surprised."

Grandma's eyes twinkled. "If the shoe fits, put it on," she said.

"It fits me," said Helen, slowly.

"And me," added Janie.

"Our feet must be of the same size, for the shoe fits me." This from Tom.

"We were scratchy this morning," said Helen, who was usually the first to confess. "Perhaps, if I had waited to hear more when Tom said he'd have to take my composition —"

"I was going to say, 'You found it for me only last evening,' if you had given me the chance to finish the sentence."

"Oh!" said Janie, looking rather foolish.

"I want to know why you said that about keeping my eyes open," Helen demanded. "You needn't have twitted me about being a sleepy-head, if you do get up first in the morning."

"I didn't twit you. I was going to say, 'If you would keep your eyes open, you would see the book on the top of the bookcase, where you left it.'"

It was Helen's turn to say "Oh!" Then all three children laughed.

"You see," said Grandma, as she rolled up her

knitting-work, "that people who haven't the excuse of being heathen, sometimes jump at conclusions. Often half a sentence sounds very different from a whole one. You children haven't felt quite right toward one another all day because you didn't wait to hear the end of some sentences this morning. I've noticed this failing before, and thought it time to call your attention to it."

"We'll try to remember the blue pig with the black tail," said Tom, as he picked up Grandma's ball, and handed it to her with a bow.—*Adelaide L. Rouse, in the Sunday School Times.*



THE IMPORTANCE OF CONTROLLING APPETITE¹

OUR first parents fell by yielding to appetite, and this has ever been one of Satan's most successful avenues for gaining control of fallen man. The soul that is unable to master perverted appetite is sure to fail in gaining the victory over self and sin, and thus eventually of gaining eternal life and a home in heaven. On the other hand, he who will, by the grace of God, control appetite instead of allowing it to control him, will find himself able to overcome on every other point. It seems to me that failure to control appetite has been at the bottom of more cases of backsliding than any other one cause with which I am acquainted. When we once haul down the flag of conscientious conviction, and surrender to the clamorings of perverted taste and pampered appetite, we enter upon a course that will demand of us one surrender after another, until, point by point, we shall lose every victory which our hard struggles have gained for us in the past. In this connection I will briefly relate a few cases of backsliding that I have met during the last year. In all, this condition was directly traceable to yielding on the point of appetite.

The first case is that of a sister living in Chicago. Mrs. Sadler received a letter from this sister, in which she said that she was very much discouraged, and expressed a desire to come over and see us soon. Though she had been walking in the way of truth but a short time, she had shown a disposition to follow all the light she received; so we could not imagine what her difficulties were. When she came, we found her very much discouraged. She seemed to feel that she was losing her Christian experience, inch by inch. We talked with her, and finally prayed with her; but for some reason but little light was shed upon the case. When she was about to leave, I asked this question: "Is not the Lord impressing you with something, at this very moment, as the cause of your backsliding? Is there not some little point on which you have been yielding to the enemy?" She thought for several moments, and then gave this answer: "Yes, I think I know the secret of the whole trouble. In fact, I am sure I do. I see it clearly. It is those chocolate creams." This answer was followed by the story of how her former worldly associates had induced her from time to time to partake of chocolate creams and other confections, together with an occasional cup of cocoa; and while these things were very small in themselves, she had gone directly contrary to the voice of conscience every time she had partaken of them, and had invariably suffered a loss of peace of mind as the result.

The only safe course for the Christian who

would overcome is, like Paul, to bring the body under, and keep it in subjection. If we are defeated in controlling appetite, we are liable to be defeated on every other point.

The second case I will mention is that of a brother who was converted in the Life Boat Mission. He did run well for a season. He seemed anxious and willing to walk in all the light; and when the relation of diet to temperance was explained to him, he gladly accepted health reform, and at once discontinued the use of meats, spices, condiments, etc. Although he had not lived a sober day for years, he seemed to have gained a complete victory over his appetite for drink; and as the weeks passed, to all appearances he grew stronger and stronger. Much to our surprise one day we received a telephone message from down in the city that our brother was drunk. We sent for him, and had him brought back to the Training School. This is, in brief, the story of his downfall:—

He woke up in the morning not feeling very well, and so ate but a light breakfast. In the middle of the forenoon he became hungry; and the devil suggested that he go out to a restaurant, and get a "good, square meal." At the restaurant he ordered a big piece of beefsteak. When it was brought to the table, he said the voice within told him to let it alone; but when we have yielded one point, we seldom stop to gain the victory there; so, instead of pushing it away, he covered the steak with mustard and pepper, and ate it. The enemy, having gained the victory on this point, was not slow to recognize that the opportunity had come to tempt our brother to yield to his besetting sin,—drink. He left the restaurant, and went straight to a saloon, where he drank a glass of beer, going on and on until he was so drunk that he could hardly recognize his friends.

Dear reader, when you are tempted to yield to appetite, and trample underfoot the principles that you know to be true, think of this case. While the results may not be just the same in your case, they will be equally disastrous to your Christian experience and spiritual progress.

The third case is that of a young brother engaged in the Lord's work. He was a fairly successful worker, but every now and then he would become utterly discouraged. His mind appeared confused, and he would fall an easy prey to the enemy's devices. I had tried again and again to help him, but for some reason failed to get to the bottom of his difficulty until one day, when sitting opposite him at the dinner table, I saw the cause of all his trouble. Although having had light as to the proper combination of foods, etc., he seemed utterly to disregard every principle of food combination. Fruit, milk, and vegetables were all eaten at this single meal; and it seemed very evident that he was eating quantities of food far in excess of what his system could properly digest and make use of. These things were pointed out to him, and he put forth a determined effort to master his appetite. The Lord helped him, and he succeeded. From that day to this, those seasons of darkness, doubt, and discouragement have never returned.

If we fail to conquer on the point of appetite, the enemy will eventually conquer us. I often wonder how many cases of backsliding are due to overeating, indigestion, etc. This is an age of weak stomachs and weak wills; even the young have so abused their stomachs as to make it possible for the enemy successfully to accomplish, through this means, the overthrow of their entire Christian experience. W. S. SADLER.

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

If I am Christ's, then his divine life must be poured into my heart, into my soul, into my life, into my body, into my property, into my home, into my business, and into my pleasures.—*Webb-Peplow.*



DEATH OF MOSES; JOSHUA CHOSEN

(March 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Deut. 34:1-10; Joshua 1:1-11.

MEMORY VERSE.—Joshua 1:9.

QUESTIONS

1. While Israel was camped in Moab, to what place did the Lord take Moses? Deut. 34:1-3; note 1.
2. What did God then say to his aged servant? V. 4.
3. What happened to Moses at this time? Vs. 5, 6.
4. How old was he when he died? What is said of his condition? V. 7; note 2.
5. Upon the death of Moses what did Israel do? V. 8.
6. Who now took Moses' place as leader? What kind of man was he? What had prepared him for the work? V. 10; note 3.
7. After Moses' death, what did the Lord say to Joshua? Joshua 1:1, 2.
8. How much of the land of Canaan had been given into his hand? Vs. 3, 4.
9. What promises did the Lord then give to Joshua? V. 5.
10. Why did he say Joshua should be of good courage? V. 6.
11. In order that he might have success, what did the Lord tell him to follow carefully? Vs. 7, 8; note 4.
12. Because the Lord was to be with him, what was Joshua to be in all his work? V. 9.
13. What order did he issue to the officers of the people? Why? Vs. 10, 11.

NOTES

1. Moses saw not only the land of Canaan as it was then before him, but in vision he beheld the new earth in all its glory. He saw, indeed, the land that had been promised to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. "He seemed to be looking upon a second Eden. There were mountains clothed with cedars of Lebanon; hills gray with olives, and fragrant with the odor of the vine; wide green plains, bright with flowers and rich in fruitfulness; here, the palm-trees of the tropics; there, waving fields of wheat and barley; sunny valleys musical with the ripple of brooks and the song of birds; goodly cities and fair gardens; lakes rich in 'the abundance of the seas;' grazing flocks upon the hillsides; and even amid the rocks the wild bees hoarded treasures."

2. Even in his day, Moses was an old man. Yet "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He had lived out the measure of his days. His work was done. He then lay down, without knowing sickness, and went to sleep. God does not wish his servants to languish on beds of sickness, to waste away. He would simply have them work on until he says they have done enough, and then, without sickness or suffering, lie down and rest. Perhaps we may not see this experience; but let us follow God fully, so that we may have our work all done when the call comes.

3. Joshua had long been with Moses in the service of the Lord. Joshua was one of the twelve spies, who, with Caleb, said: "Let us go up at once and possess it." It was Joshua who went up into the Mount Sinai with Moses. Joshua had lived close to God; he had the Spirit of God in his heart; and after having served a long time as assistant to Moses, he was prepared to take charge of the Lord's people and

¹ All questions addressed to Brother Sadler, which are not answered by personal letter, will be answered in the INSTRUCTOR at the close of the series. In this way some who have not written and asked questions, but who have thought about these things, may be reached and helped.

work. The Lord always gives people a preparation before he calls them to an important work.

4. There is only one way truly to succeed in anything that God gives us to do, and that is to keep God's law carefully. If one does "according to all that is written therein," he has the promise, "Then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."



AS A GOOD SOLDIER

LOVED ones left at home to weep
Through long days, that slowly creep;
Thirst and hunger; lack of sleep;
Dreary dungeons, dark and deep;
Blazing suns and frozen snows,—
These, and more, the soldier knows:
Yet through all he gladly goes,
Proud to face his country's foes.

If for crowns that fade away,
Fame that lasts but for a day,
Beardless youth and manhood gray
Boldly rush forth to the fray,
Should not I, armed with the sword
Of the deathless, changeless Word,
For the heavenly reward
Fight the battles of the Lord?

MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

MARCH FIELD STUDY

(March 3-9)

Introduction.—The articles for special study in the *Missionary Magazine* for March are: "The Gospel in the Malay Archipelago;" "India; Historical Outline;" "A Visit to Turkey."

Java.—Although inferior in size to several of the other islands of Malaysia, with an area scarcely equal to that of England, this island is by far the finest and most interesting tropical island in the world. With respect to its population, its natural beauty, the mildness of its climate, and the industry of its people, it is the most important of all the islands in the archipelago.

Physical Features.—With its rugged, well-wooded mountainsides, fertile plains lying between the spurs, and the numerous tablelands, interspersed with beautiful though small lakes, the scenery of Java presents a varied and delightful picture. Its volcanoes are of peculiar interest. It contains more active and extinct volcanoes than any other known district of equal extent. Some of these are in constant activity, and one or another of them displays almost every phenomenon produced by subterranean fires, except regular lava streams, which never occur in Java. In 1772 forty villages were destroyed by the eruption of one volcano, when the whole mountain was blown up by repeated explosions, and a large lake was left in its place. One interesting feature of the higher mountains is the marked change from a tropical to a temperate flora, as one ascends; the traveler passing from the beautiful ferns, orchids, and other tropical vegetation at the base, to the cypress and other forest trees, violets, buttercups, and chickweed, and, at the summit, mosses and lichens.

Evidences of an Ancient Civilization.—A brief description of the famous ruins of "Chandi Sewa," or the "Thousand Temples," which is only one of the many beautiful architectural remains, will suffice to show that Java once enjoyed a more advanced state of civilization than to-day.

Captain Baker, who surveyed these ruins, said he had never in his life seen "such stupendous and finished specimens of human labor, and of the science and taste of ages long since forgot, crowded together in so small a compass as in this spot." They cover a space of nearly thirty-six hundred square feet, and consist of two hundred and ninety-six small temples, grouped together in five parallelograms, around a large cruciform temple. This is surrounded with forty flights of steps, richly ornamented with sculpture, and containing many apartments. Some of these temples are still quite perfect. Other similar ruins might be described, but those mentioned are sufficient to give an idea of the contrast between Java's early inhabitants and those of to-day, who are satisfied with rude houses of bamboo and thatch, and look upon these relics of their forefathers with ignorant amazement. The missionary work in Java will be treated next month.

The Aborigines of India.—In the absence of a race name, these obscure people have been called "non-Aryans," or "aborigines." They have left no written records; indeed, the use of letters, or of the simplest hieroglyphics, was to them unknown. The sole works of their hands which have come down to us are rude stone circles, and the upright slabs and mounds, beneath which, like the primitive peoples of Europe, they buried their dead. From these we only learn that, at some far-distant but unfixed period, they knew how to make round pots of hard, thin earthenware, not inelegant in shape; that they fought with iron weapons, and wore ornaments of copper and gold. Coins of Imperial Rome have been dug up from their graves. The Aryans regarded these people as slaves and enemies, and their early literature abounds in scornful epithets for the primitive tribes. In later literature, however, we find them making alliances with aboriginal princes. When history dawned upon the scene, some of the most powerful kingdoms of India were ruled by dynasties of non-Aryan descent.

English in India.—The earliest English attempts to reach India were made by the north-west passage. In 1496 the Cabots in their effort discovered Newfoundland, and the imperishable names of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, and Baffin on our modern maps tell of subsequent attempts. The first Englishman known to have visited India was Thomas Stephens, rector of a Jesuit college in Salsette, who reached there in 1579. In 1583 three English merchants went overland to India, two of whom never returned to England, but engaged in business in their adopted country. The history of the English in India from this date until its transfer from the East India Company, to the crown in 1858, is one of varied and peculiar interest. But that which means far more to us is the fact that this has carried the English language into every part of this vast country, and thus made it more accessible to the English missionary even before he has acquired the native languages.

The Church in Constantinople was organized March 12, 1894, with a membership of twenty, fifteen of whom were brethren, and five sisters. Six were Greeks, and fourteen Armenians. The early experiences of this church were marvelous, and read much like the accounts of the early church in the apostles' time. It seemed that each person was led to investigate the truth through the visible influence of the Spirit of God, and every mode of persecution only led these early believers to rejoice that they were accounted worthy to suffer for his name. Our brethren in this field need our prayers now. Only God can deliver them from unreasonable men, and open the way that "his word may have free course, and be glorified."

Easy Steps

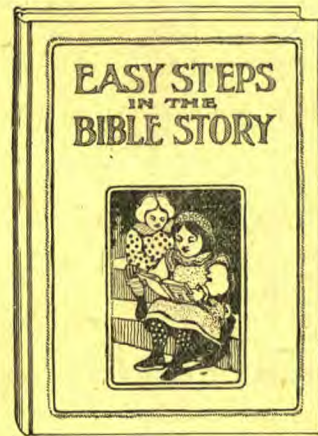
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By Adelaide Bee Cooper, Editor of the

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Introduction by Elder S. N. Haskell,



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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"Another week for Jesus;
Dear Saviour, may it be,
In working or in living,
Another week for thee."

MONDAY:

"Truth speaks no messages to him who is not
willing to hear all she may have to say."

TUESDAY:

If a man can not be a Christian in the place
where he is, he can not be a Christian any-
where.—Beecher.

WEDNESDAY:

He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost!
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

—Faber.

THURSDAY:

"Begin by denying yourself, and by and by
you forget yourself. The kindness which was
at first a duty becomes a joy."

FRIDAY:

I find the greatest thing in this world is not
so much where we stand as in what direction
we are moving. To reach the port of heaven
we must sail sometimes with the wind and
sometimes against it; but we must sail, and
not drift nor lie at anchor.—Selected.

SABBATH:

"And he said to me, These are they which
came out of great tribulation, and have
washed their robes, and made them white in
the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hun-
ger no more, neither thirst any more; neither
shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

A TINY candle in a great church all ablaze
with light from a thousand electric globes would
be of little use; but that same small candle,
trimmed and brightly shining in a lonely spot,
might guide a lost wanderer to safety, and save a
soul from death,—a work that the church, with
all its brightness shut tightly inside, might fail to
do. God wants his human lights to shine for
him in the dark places.

Do you sometimes feel discouraged because you
are weak, and unknown; because you do not
have the privilege of meeting on the Sabbath
with others who love that day; because you are,
as the tempter so often whispers to your heart,
"all alone"? The word of the Lord to the chil-
dren of Israel may encourage you: "The Lord
did not set his love upon you," he said to that

people, "nor choose you, because you were more
in number than any people; . . . but because the
Lord loved you." It is a wonderful thing to be
"chosen" by the Lord; and to be chosen because
he loves us—should not that make us contented
and happy with the place he has also chosen
for us?

AS CHILDREN

"Come and see!" How often in her round of
daily work the mother is called to "come and
see"—the baby's block house, the newly discov-
ered treasures of the children at play in the field,
the neatly set stitches of the little daughter who
is learning to sew, the pile of finely split kindlings
an older boy has set in a convenient place—all
these, and many more, mother must "come and
see." Without her approval and loving counsel
the play and the work alike seem flat and useless.

Just so the true children of God will take to
him everything that they do—their rest, and ask
the Father to give them his own sweet peace
and perfect rest; their work, and ask him to
show them how to make it better; their plans
and desires, and ask his divine help; their sor-
rows, and ask for grace to bear them with pa-
tience; their perplexities, and ask for the wis-
dom that is never withheld from those who ask
in faith. With loving and tender sympathy, the
Father notices whatever enters into or concerns
his children; and he wants them to ask much
of him, that he may do great things for them.

And when we love him as simply and as truly
as the child loves its mother, shall we not turn
to him just as naturally in every experience that
comes to us? Shall we not want him near us, and
desire above all things to be near to him? to
want him to do things for us, and to find our
highest pleasure in doing things for him? To
those who come into this close relationship with
God, the joys of heaven will already have begun.

OUR NEW DEPARTMENTS

Two weeks ago we told you of the new depart-
ment to be opened soon in the INSTRUCTOR, and
filled with contributions "From Our Sharp-eyed
Boys and Girls." But as there might be some
letters written that would not belong in such a
department, and would still be of interest to
many readers of the paper, we have decided to
alternate this department with an old-fashioned
Letter Box. This will give all who will write
an interesting letter an opportunity.

Just at present there are two empty pigeon-
holes in the Editor's desk waiting for letters,
but we are sure they will not remain empty
very long. Who will be the first to send a letter
to the Sharp-eyed Boys and Girls' department
or to the Letter Box? Perhaps it would be a
good plan to turn to the last page of the IN-
STRUCTOR of February 14, and read what is said
there in reference to the former. As to the Let-
ter Box, letters will be acceptable from readers
of all ages—and we hope to hear from some
who have had the INSTRUCTOR many years, as
well as from the younger readers.

But in both departments, remember, it will al-
ways be the best letters that will be most likely
to be used. So take time to tell what you wish
to say, and remember that neatness and correct
spelling go a long ways in making or marring
the good appearance of a letter. For the benefit
of the younger readers we will give a few gen-
eral suggestions in regard to writing to the IN-
STRUCTOR:—

Write on only one side of the paper, and, when-
ever possible, use pen and ink instead of a pencil.
Leave an inch-wide margin on the left side of
the page.

Always sign your name plainly, and give your
address in full, not omitting street and number
when living in a city. This is an important de-
tail, and should not be omitted if you wish your
letter to be printed.

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in such cases, many delays, mistakes, and misun-
derstandings will be avoided.

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club stands on the list, that it may be renewed
before it expires. New officers should look into
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to straighten out, but would also result in a real
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MARCH, 1901

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