

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### VICTORY



OUT of the grave of gloom He rose!  
Where are the boastings of his foes?  
Where are the tauntings of the crowd  
But recently so loud?  
Out of the weeping place comes joy;  
Faith is enraptured; hopes destroy  
The terror of that night of gloom;  
For lo! he spurns the tomb!

Victor he stands o'er finished strife,  
Clothed in a new, immortal life,—  
Victor for all the years, is he,  
In life's own majesty.

Where are the priests and Pharisees?  
Where?—Ah! forgotten now are these.  
He bears his victory abroad,—  
The risen Son of God.

Shout halleluiahs through the years  
Until that longed-for dawn appears  
When we, by him who conquered strife,  
Are clothed with endless life!

B. F. M. SOURS.

### IN GETHSEMANE

WHEN the passover supper was ended, Jesus left the upper chamber with his disciples, and together they crossed the brook Kedron. Sorrow and anguish pressed upon the heart of the Saviour, and with sadness he said to his disciples: "All ye shall be offended because of me this night; for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad." Peter, always foremost in speech, assured his Master of his fidelity. "Though all men shall be offended because of thee," he said, "yet will I never be offended. Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, That this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. Peter said unto him, Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee. Likewise also said all the disciples."

As Christ entered the garden of Gethsemane, he bade his disciples remain near the entrance, while he took Peter, James, and John with him a short distance. Then urging these three to watch and pray, he left them. The Saviour desired to be alone with God, that he might wrestle with him in prayer. The agony that pressed upon his soul was not for the physical suffering that he must endure. He was feeling the offensive character of the sin that he must bear. He must suffer the penalty of the broken law, and bear the Father's wrath.

A little distance from his disciples, Christ fell on his face and prayed. "O my Father," he cried, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

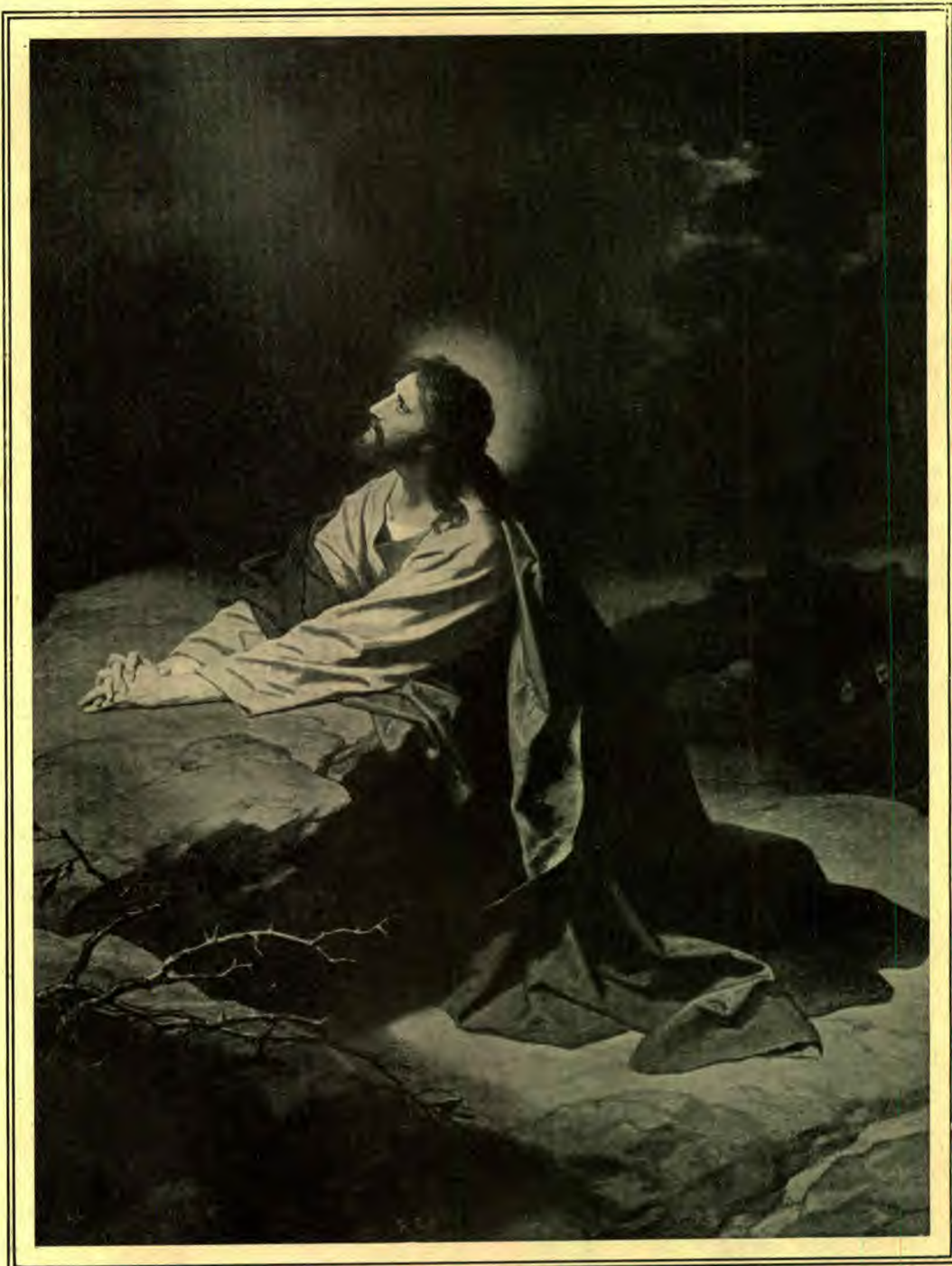
In the deepening gloom that surrounded him, every stay seemed falling from Christ, and his

soul reached out for human sympathy. At length, weary, and pressed with an inexpressible weight of agony, he arose, and moved through the darkness to the place where he had left his three friends. But he found them sleeping. "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" he asked.

At this most important time—the time when Jesus had made special request for them to watch with him—the disciples slept. Christ had taken

who only a few hours before had declared that he would suffer, and, if need be, die for his Lord, was asleep when Jesus needed his sympathy and prayers.

With the words, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation," the lonely Sufferer turned again to his solitude and prayer. Again his voice was borne upon the sympathizing air: "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done. And



CHRIST IN THE GARDEN

them with him that they might be a strength to him, and that the events they should witness that night, and the instruction they should receive, might be indelibly imprinted on their memories. This was necessary in order that their faith might not fail, but be strengthened for the test just before them. But instead of watching with Christ, they fell asleep. Even the ardent Peter,

he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy.

"And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words." The Saviour is alone in his sorrow. Jerusalem is in slumber; even the disciples in Gethsemane are sleeping. His form bowed to the earth, Jesus prays such a prayer as the angels have never



before listened to. It is the voice of helpless suffering that speaks. "O my Father," he says, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." His heart seems bursting with agony, and from his pale brow fall drops of blood. The very life-current seems flowing from his bleeding heart.

The powers of darkness were encompassing the Son of God; for the destiny of a lost world hung in the balance. Satan was clothing him with the garments of sin. Christ had placed himself in the sinner's stead, and he felt that a great gulf separated him from his Father. It was a moment of soul-agony for the Son of God. It was the hour of the power of darkness. Shall he drink the cup? Shall he take upon his divine soul the guilt of a lost world, and consent to be numbered with the transgressors? It was here that the mysterious cup trembled in his hand. The billows of wrath were rolling over his head, but the woes of a lost world also rose before him; and he consented to the sacrifice. "Nevertheless," he said, "not my will, but thine, be done."

The Redeemer had poured out his soul with strong crying and tears unto Him who was able to save him from death; and he was heard. Even with Calvary before him, he had defeated the enemy, and his soul rested calmly in his Father's love.

Again Christ came to his disciples, and found them sleeping. "Sleep on now," he said, "and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me."

Soon glaring torches were seen among the trees, and the heavy tramp of an approaching mob broke the stillness of the night. Helmeted soldiers, with glittering swords and flaming torches, drew up around the Son of God. As his eye rested on them, Christ inquired, "Whom seek ye? They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am he." As they looked upon the blood-stained face of Christ, their physical strength failed them, and they fell as dead men to the ground. It was not Christ's suffering that unnerved them; for they were accustomed to the sight of human suffering. It was the voice of God speaking to them through Christ that melted their hearts in terror.

Seeing their foe fallen, the disciples took courage. "Simon Peter having a sword drew it, and smote the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear. . . . Then said Jesus unto Peter, Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Then the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him, and led him away."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### A CALL TO THE YOUTH

O YOUTH in life's fair morning!  
Jesus is calling thee.  
Leave every path of folly,  
From all thy sin now flee;  
Be cheerful, kind, and tender,  
Loving and hopeful, too;  
Unentered fields are waiting  
For work that you may do.

What though earth's passing pleasures  
Tempt you to go astray  
Far from the fold of Jesus,  
Far from the narrow way?  
List to the gentle whisper  
Of thy dear Saviour's voice;  
With longing hearts the angels  
Are waiting for thy choice.

Think of the glorious mansion  
That waits in heaven for you,—  
Think! and then choose the noble,  
Beautiful, pure, and true.  
Willing to work for Jesus,  
Willing the cross to bear,  
Then with the faithful and honored  
A shining crown you'll wear.  
PAULINA M. ALWAY-ANDERSON.



#### THE BIRTH OF A COMMONWEALTH

To Australia the advent of the new year brought not only a century mile-post on the brief road of human life, but was also the date chosen for the inauguration of a new nation. Heretofore the colonies into which the continent was divided have existed in an independent form, having no internal bonds of union except that they were distinct parts of the same empire. Instead of union and mutual interests, jealousy and rivalry were more frequently exhibited.

For several years broad-minded and far-seeing statesmen have been pleading for a closer bond of union. Gradually this sentiment spread abroad, although many, from the narrow grounds of selfish interests, strongly opposed the movement for federation. Delegates from each of the colonies met, and framed a bill for the federation of the Commonwealth of Australia. This bill provided for the formation of a general government on lines quite similar to those upon which the United States nation is established. There are to be two houses of parliament, senators and representatives, or, perhaps, council and assembly. The executive consists of a governor-general, appointed by the crown, and a cabinet chosen by the governor-general, usually through the leader of the prevailing party in the government. That is, the governor calls upon the leading statesman, or the most influential political potentate, to form a government. He proceeds to appoint the various ministers, or cabinet members, from among his own friends. He almost invariably begins by appointing himself premier or prime minister; and if he is quite greedy, he may retain a separate portfolio as well. The tenure of office of these men, who are all members of the lower house, depends upon the length of time which they can maintain their place in the confidence of the lower house of parliament. There is always an opposition party, which is watching with eagle eye every move of the government. As soon as the opposition leader detects a flaw upon which he can safely base such an action, he immediately rises and moves that "this house has no confidence in the existing government." If this motion prevails, every member of the cabinet hands in his resignation. The governor applies to the leader of the opposition to form a new cabinet. He becomes premier, and the ex-premier and his followers take seats on the "left," or opposition side of the house, while the victors walk over to the government side.

The bill also provides for federal customs, postage, defense, etc. This bill was submitted to each of the colonial parliaments, and after almost interminable discussion was adopted by each, and submitted to the vote of the people. In Victoria, Tasmania, New South Wales, and South Australia, the affirmative vote was strong. In Queensland the contest was close and severe, but favorable; while West Australia accepted the proposal very gingerly. New Zealand has taken no action in reference to the matter. Thus the case went to the British Parliament, where it was discussed, criticised, slightly amended, and finally passed, receiving the royal assent.

Australians are noted for their fondness for holidays. They allow none to escape. The present season, however, seems likely to satiate them to some degree. The departure of the various contingents of soldiers for the South African war had to be duly celebrated. Various victories gained by the soldiers furnished pretexts for further holidays, which were closely followed by the beginning of days for celebrating the homecoming of the volunteers; and these, in turn, fairly mingled with the reception of the new

governor-general, the Earl of Hopetown, and the great festival of Christmas. New Year's, 1901, ushered in a new year, a new century, and a new nation. The celebration of the latter centered in Sydney, which was given up to jollification for one week. Troops came from London and India to participate in the celebration. Thousands of persons crowded the metropolis from all parts of Australasia. The inauguration of the commonwealth and the "swearing in" of the executive officers formed a grand pageant. Upon the frolic and festivities of the week, millions of dollars were lavished by the government and private individuals. The former paid one hundred thousand dollars for champagne in a single order, and as much more for fireworks. Music, illuminations, processions, etc., were the order during the whole period.

Nor is this all that pertains to the birth of a nation. The country will now proceed to elect its first federal parliament. This body will meet in Melbourne until the site of the federal capital is fixed. The law requires the capital to be in New South Wales, but at least one hundred miles from Sydney. To open the work of this body the Duke and Duchess of York will come to Australia on a grand steamer, chartered expressly for them, and escorted by ships of war. The Duke is the son of the king of England, and, after him, heir apparent to the British throne.

Whatever is still lacking in the way of holidays will doubtless be made up at this time, when the country will exert itself to show due honor to the royal visitors.

Thus is the Australian nation being born. The colonies now appropriate to themselves the title of States. Elder Burden and family, recently arrived from California, started for the colonies, but reached "the States." "U. S. A." may now mean the United States of Australia.

Though we are glad to see this step in unity and progress taken, the show of pomp and enthusiasm does not appeal to the heart of God's true children. Just beyond the brief career of this new nation there cometh One whose glory infinitely transcends that of this world's proudest demonstration. Before his glorious appearing all nature shrinks into insignificance, and trembles in the presence of her King. With what rapturous joy will his waiting people witness his conquering and saving power! It would seem as if the enemy of Christ were now trying to blind the eyes of the world to the glorious things to come. But let us who are of the day be sober; let us watch for the glory.

G. C. TENNEY.

#### OUR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN JAPAN

Our little Japanese neighbors, like boys and girls the world over, have some pleasant times. You know they wear wooden clogs, instead of shoes. In the cold, snowy parts of the country, pieces of iron are fastened on the bottom of these clogs in the winter, making a rude sort of skates. On these the children slide. You would laugh to see a long line of them begin at the top of a slope, each squatting down, and holding the coat of the one next in front, and slide nearly down the decline. Their narrow-skirted dresses do not seem to hinder their sport; they tuck the bottom up under their belts, leaving their ankles quite bare. Sometimes the feet are bare, too, or very poorly protected with stockings made of white or dark-blue muslin. These reach to the ankle, and have a toe for the big toe—a sort of foot-mitten, you see. The thong of the clogs fits in between the big toe and the one next it. Sometimes the poor little ankles are badly chapped from exposure.

The children also build snow forts and make snow men. Later in the year, when spring opens, the kite-flying fun begins. Old and young fly kites. Big and little fly kites. Rich and poor fly kites. The whole heavens are dotted with



kites. Sometimes a bamboo whistle is cleverly fitted into the kite-frame, and the buzz and whir of dozens of these musical kites make a loud sound.

Once a year comes a holiday called "boys' day." Great paper fishes are fastened to bamboo poles set by the gate or front door. These paper fishes are hollow, the mouth being held open with wires; and when the air enters, it fills the hollow forms, and floats them out,—big, jolly, plump fellows, sometimes fifteen or twenty feet long. One is hung out for each boy in the family; sometimes five or six, of graduated sizes, may be counted in front of one home. How would you like to see a big paper carp floating in the air in your honor? The carp, the Japanese say, swims up-stream; and so the boy who means to make a worthy man will overcome every difficulty.

The girls are by no means forgotten, though they are not thought nearly so much of in Japan as boys. You know that is true of all lands where Christ is not honored. The Japanese girls have a festival called "dolls' day," which is three days long. At this time ancient and modern heroes are represented by dolls, which are ranged on graduated shelves. A sumptuous feast is spread for them, and guests are invited in, to partake of the eatables.

But of all the great days in Japan, New Year's day is the greatest. That lasts three days, too! The front gates are decorated with bamboo and pine branches. Special foods are prepared, and games played. Strangest of all, everybody has a



#### OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

**I**N our last study of astronomy, which appeared in the INSTRUCTOR of Aug. 23, 1900, we presented a diagram of the solar system showing the positions of the sun and accompanying planets as they would appear during the first part of the following month, with the promise that if time permitted, we would follow the different worlds in their God-given courses about the sun, noticing their positions from month to month. Sickness cut our work short, but while we are sorry to have lost so much valuable time, we are thankful to our Heavenly Father for his restoring hand that has been over us for good, and we gladly take up once more with the readers of the INSTRUCTOR the beautiful study of his great workshop.

In order to obtain something of an idea of what has been going on in our solar system since last we met for study, and also to gather up the threads of our work where we left it some time ago, we present, with this, two diagrams, the first, Fig. 1, being a reprint of the one that appeared

The yearly circle of Venus being two hundred and twenty-four days of our time, we find the planet within two-days' travel of the exact point in the heavens where we last saw it, in the sign Aries.

Our own earth has passed from Pisces nearly around to Scorpio, and we all well know of the climatic changes that have taken place upon it during this time.

Mars we left in Gemini, but now we find him just passing from Virgo into Libra. We wonder how many of our INSTRUCTOR class are following this "ruddy god of war" in his *apparent* westward course among the stars that bedeck our evening skies? In our next study we shall learn many interesting facts regarding this near neighbor of ours.

Jupiter has passed from Sagittarius into Capricornus; while Saturn, with his rings and moons, has seemingly not done so well, remaining still in that part of the heavens known as Capricornus. Jupiter, it will be seen, has been slowly gaining on Saturn, while the two have been leaving the more tardy Uranus in the rear. You remember with what interest we watched the planets Jupiter and Saturn in their movements among the stars last summer? Well, this coming summer and fall, when they again appear, they will be much nearer together than they were last season; and we hope that by that time all our readers will have become so familiar with these planets that they can point them out, and be able to tell many interesting things concerning them.

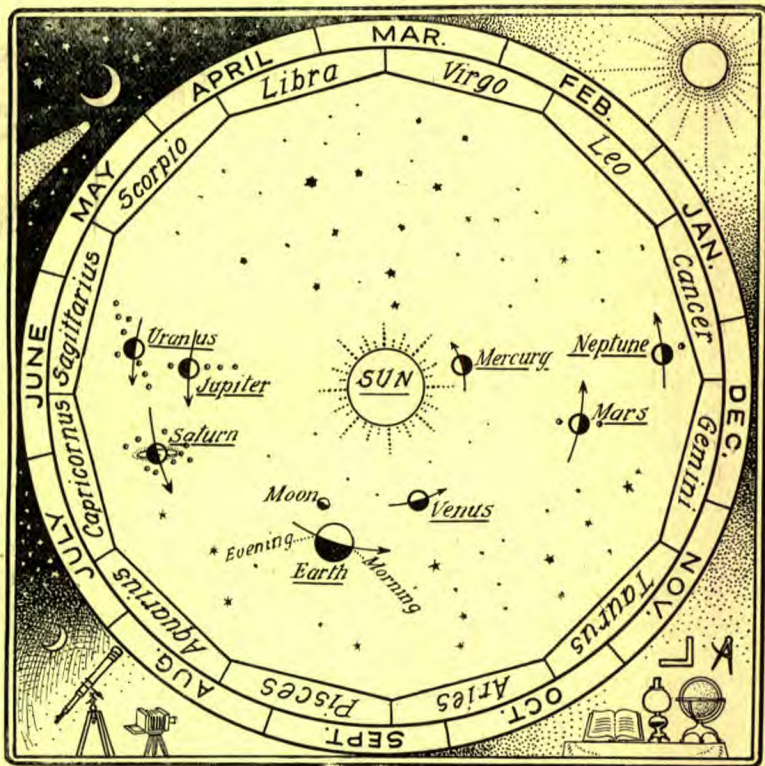


FIGURE 1

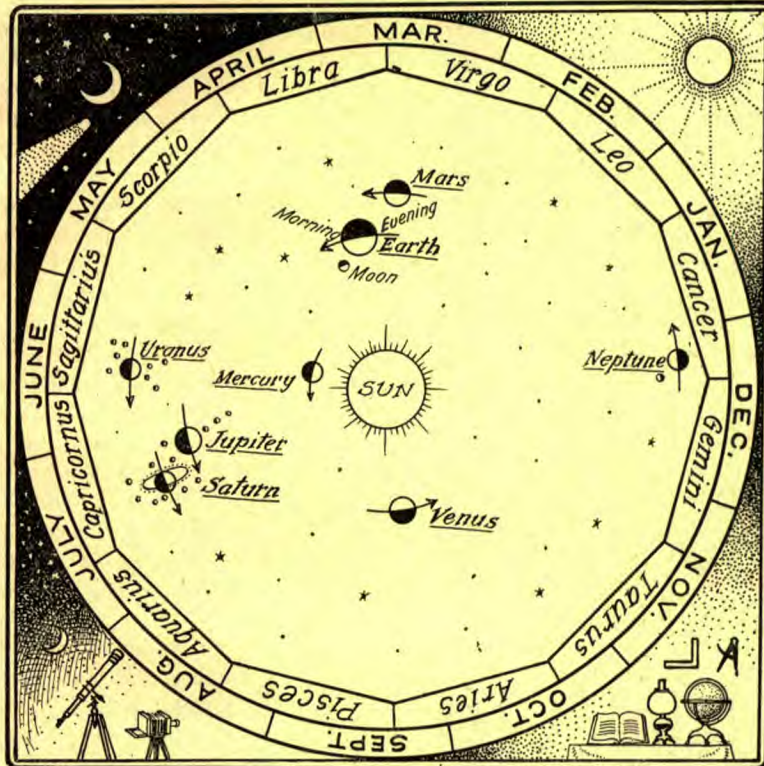


FIGURE 2

birthday! For in Japan, a person is reckoned a year old when he is born, and the next New Year's he is two years old. A child may be born on the last day of the year, but on New Year's morning he is counted as two years old! No one bothers about the day he was born—New Year's is the great national birthday!

LAURA DE LANY GARST.

#### A REMARKABLE CLOCK

Has just been invented by one William L. Bundy, who has worked on it for twenty-three years. The clock shows the days of the week, month, and year, the years, the phases and shapes of the moon, and the seasons, also setting to work, every quarter of an hour, a great many interesting automata and miniature scenes. The speed of the wheels varies from six hundred revolutions a minute to one revolution once in ten thousand years. The clock is a perpetual calendar, even taking cognizance of the leap-years.

seven months ago, showing the positions of the planets as they were Sept. 1, 1900; while the second, Fig. 2, shows them as they were the first of the present month—April. By comparing the two we see at a glance just what onward progress each world has made during the time that has elapsed since our last study.

Mercury, as you will notice, was then passing rapidly along his path between the sun and the sign Cancer; to-day, April 1, we find him hurriedly passing between the sun and the sign Sagittarius. But remember that it takes Mercury only about eighty-eight days of our time to complete one whole year of his time; consequently, during the last seven months he has passed completely around the sun two and about one-half times, so that a child born upon that planet at the time of our last study would now be two and one-half years old, according to their time.

Venus, the next farther planet from the sun, having a larger circle in which to travel, has not made the seeming progress that Mercury has.

The next planet is Uranus, and we can scarcely pass this interesting and unique planet without stopping for more than a mere mention. Uranus is very different from the other planets, away off there by itself, rolling and tumbling along in a manner peculiarly its own. It does not stand up and simply turn around, as do all the others, giving their inhabitants a comparatively equal day and night, but appears to lie down and roll over. In other words, its poles are not perpendicular to the plane of its ecliptic, or nearly so, but they are almost horizontal. At a certain season of its year its north pole points almost directly toward the sun; and at that season the sun does not rise and set, as it does with us, but merely describes a small circle in the northern heavens each day, which is about ten hours of our time. As the season progresses, this circle in the northern heavens becomes larger and larger, till soon the sun sets in the northwest and rises in the northeast. As the weeks and months go by, the sun keeps working farther to the south, setting in the



west and rising in the east. As this southern movement of the sun progresses, the nights grow longer (Uranus had no night at all to start with), and the days become shorter until at last the sun appears for a short time each day above the southern hillsides, and finally disappears altogether, leaving the inhabitants who live near its north pole, if such there be, to either move to the southern part of their globe or else remain in the darkness of constant night for at least forty years of our time.

These are interesting thoughts. Why did the Creator so make this wonderful world? Why is it so different from all the rest of our family? Praise his holy name, we soon, if faithful, shall have the privilege of visiting these noble worlds that he has created, and then we shall know. We hope, before long, to spend a whole evening studying the planet Uranus.

Although Neptune, the farthest away from the sun of any of the planets with which we are acquainted, has been during the last seven months plunging along at the enormous rate of eleven thousand miles each hour, its circuit is so great, requiring one hundred and sixty-six years of our time to complete one year of its time, that neither in the heavens nor on our small chart can we notice a very perceptible change in its position.

When we realize that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God has prepared for them that love him, and contemplate the reward that awaits the faithful of earth, so soon now to be realized, how careful ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the day of God!

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



#### SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY

**T**HIS is somebody's birthday,  
Just as sure as fate;  
Some little boy is six years old,  
Some little girl is eight.  
Some little boy is three to-day,  
Some little girl thirteen,  
Some little twins are exactly  
two—  
Two apiece, I mean.

Think of the beautiful birthday books,  
Think of the birthday cheer,  
Think of the birthday happiness  
Every day in the year!  
Every day in the year, my dear,  
Every day we're alive,  
Some happy child is one or two  
Or three or four or five.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

#### WHICH WAS THE GRUMBLER?

"WHERE'S mama?" cried the children, as they gathered in the cozy sitting-room one winter evening, and found only Aunt Harriet, with her usual knitting, sitting at one side of the cheerful, open fire.

"She was called out for a little time," answered Aunt Harriet; "but what is it? Can I do something for you?"

"No'm, nuthin', I guess," answered twelve-year-old Tom, slowly, but little Ted volunteered the information that they had come to have mama tell them their story. Then sister Nell, who thought Auntie should know more, made a further explanation: "Mama always tries to tell us a story just this time in the evening,—three stories, I mean; one for Ted first, 'cause he's the smallest; one for me, for I'm next, you know; and then one for Tom."

Aunt Harriet Bowen, who had been visiting

the family for several days, generally went to her room at this hour for a rest; so she had missed this part of the evening program. Now, as she continued her quiet rocking, a peculiar little smile crept into her face, which Teddy, who had been watching her closely, was the first to interpret.

"O Auntie! can't you tell me a story?" he asked, eagerly; and without waiting for her reply, he hurriedly brought his own little chair, and seated himself close by her side.

"Why, yes, little man, I'll try," Auntie cheerfully replied. "Do the others listen when you have your story?"

"Oh, that depends," Tom answered, somewhat loftily; "sometimes we do, and sometimes we don't."

"Well I do, most generally," said Nell, as she curled up in papa's big chair; for I like all mama's stories, big or little, boys' or girls'."

Tom sat down by the study table, and taking up his youth's magazine, which had come that day, was soon apparently absorbed in what he found to read.

"Once upon a time," began Auntie, in such a delightful "story" voice that Nell had to curl up again in the big rocker, and Ted tried to get his chair a little closer, "I knew a little boy just about your size, Ted, only I think he wasn't quite so heavy, and his eyes were blue as the skies on a sunny day, while yours are brown,—but I love brown eyes," she added, bending over to kiss the chubby little face turned up to her. "This boy's name was Tad, for short; at least nearly every one called him that, except his father. We were great chums, Tad and I, and were always together in all the frolics we children used to have, in the days when I was a little girl.

"But Tad had one fault. Even I could see it, much as I loved him. Nothing ever quite suited him; anyway, it seemed he must always complain a little at first. Especially was this noticed at the table. He never was what you would call cross or ugly about it, either; that was the peculiar part of it all; for he was invariably good-natured, and often there was a twinkle in his eyes, even when he was whining his little complaints.

"If we had graham mush for breakfast, Tad would very likely say, 'I wish we could have oatmeal, ma; I like oatmeal better'n this.' And if next morning mother made oatmeal, thinking to specially please Tad, he would be sure to ask, 'Why didn't you cook some rice, ma? We haven't had any rice for a long time.' Or if there was no complaint about the mush, he was sure to suggest something different to eat with it.

"A word from father or mother was generally sufficient to quiet any further remarks of that sort, and then the meal would be eaten as cheerfully as if it had been just what he desired in the first place. Mother often talked with Tad about this bad habit of complaining; but when the next meal came, whether it was breakfast, dinner, or supper, almost without fail there was sure to come some sort of complaint.

"Finally one morning it seemed the faultfinding was worse than ever. Nothing was just right. Even the rest of the children, who ordinarily paid no attention to the little grumbler, looked at Tad in astonishment. Suddenly father spoke to Tad, and his voice, though quiet, sounded very stern.

"Thaddeus," he said, 'if you are hungry enough this morning to eat a slice of bread, you may have it. But you must take that and sit down by yourself in another part of the room; you are too much of a grumbler to sit at the table with the rest of us. We want to enjoy this good breakfast which mother has prepared for us.'

"At first Tad looked up in surprise, as if he failed to understand. But when father again remarked, 'I mean what I said; you are excused from the table,' Tad climbed down from his stool, and ran hastily from the room.

"After father was gone, Tad came back into the dining-room, looking very much ashamed of himself; but even then it almost seemed as if the

lesson had not been severe enough. He begged mother to try him once more, and let him get up to the table to eat his breakfast. He was very hungry, and promised never to make any more complaints. But mother was firm, telling him he would have to do just as father said. Then he asked for something to eat on his bread; and when he had been refused, and had eaten his slice with considerable relish, he asked for another. Again mother was obliged to say no; and finally Tad made up his mind to stop teasing, and was as good-natured as could be till dinner-time."

When Aunt Harriet began telling her story, she noticed peculiar glances exchanged between Teddy and his sister, and occasionally a little sound came from Tom over by the table, although if any one looked at him, he pretended to be very busy with his reading.

But now Ted could stand it no longer, and looking up into Auntie's face, he asked, "Aunt Harriet, did mama tell you that, or write to you about it?"

"Why, no, dear boy," she replied, divining at once the trouble; "you know I told you this happened when I was a little girl. Can you tell me your papa's first name?"

"Why, it's Thaddeus!" exclaimed both the children, "Thaddeus Ezra Bowen;" and then Teddy quickly added, "and so it was my papa who grumbled at the table, and had to be sent away with only a slice of bread for his breakfast;" while little Nell added, softly: "I 'most knew mama never said a word about that, Ted; you know mama never tells things about us to anybody."

Just then mama came home, and as Auntie was very tired, she asked to be excused for that evening, and mama finished the stories. The next day, however, when Aunt Harriet happened alone with Nell and Teddy for a few minutes, Nell suddenly asked: "O Auntie! you remember that story you told Teddy last night about papa? Was he cured of grumbling that first time that grandpa sent him away from the table?"

"No, my dear, I am sorry to say that he was not. In a short time he seemed to forget all about it, and began to grumble again as bad as ever. One day I remember in particular, he was complaining about some mittens mother had just made for him. They were 'too big,' and he didn't like the color so well as mine. Mother looked so sad for a moment; then she quietly took them away, and he had to wear his old patched ones long after the rest of us had our new ones.

"A few days after that, grandpa brought Tad a new cap from town. It was a surprise, and Tad was very much pleased with it; but soon he saw something he thought he might not like about it, and began to find fault, wishing it might have been different. Father immediately took it away from him; and the next time he went to town the cap was exchanged for something for one of the other boys, and Tad wore his old one the rest of the winter. This made him think very hard, and I know that he did try faithfully to reform; for as sure as he forgot, and began his old grumbling, just so sure was he to lose the thing he was complaining about.

"The last lesson that I remember anything about was one morning. Mother had such a good breakfast for us, and we were all hungry. Suddenly Tad began to find fault about something, and we children all looked up in surprise; for we felt sure of the punishment that would follow. Father immediately told Tad to leave the table, and that he should have nothing at all to eat until dinner. As Tad had eaten only a mouthful or two, he was hungry enough before dinner-time. But I do not remember ever hearing him grumble again, at least at the table.

"No'm, nor I either," broke in Teddy. "I never heard him complain a word. But there is some one else who complains once in a while,—though not very often,—and I don't b'leve he'll complain much more, Aunt Harriet!" he added, hastily.

MRS. E. M. PATTON.





### "A LITTLE BROWN WING"

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden,  
A little brown wing on her hat,  
With its touches of tropical azure,  
And the sheen of the sun upon that.  
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory  
By which the vast shadows are stirred;  
But I pine for the spirit and splendor  
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem,  
With the soul of a song in it blent;  
But, for me, I am sick for the singing  
Of one little song that is spent.  
The voice of the curate is gentle:  
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"  
But the poor, broken wing on the bonnet  
Is mocking the merciful sound.

—Selected.

### THE BLUE JAY

ALTHOUGH familiar with the bird from boyhood, no other creature has given me more surprises than the Blue Jay. He is as full of antics as a clown, and far more original; and the different notes and noises he can make is something remarkable.

He puts himself in one posture when he sings; another when he is on the lookout for danger; and when he squawks, his attitude is absolutely ridiculous. As another has said, he "humps himself up, drops his tail as if he was falling apart, and then squawks!"

He seems much of the time in a scolding mood, and yet appears thoroughly to enjoy being fretful and saucy. He is very suspicious, always restless and on guard, not only as if fearing mischief from others, but plainly to find opportunity for some of his own.

He never sulks nor pouts; he is above such methods of showing ill will. He prefers to fly into a furious passion, and be done with it, or at any rate with the most of it. It has been said that on such occasions he swears; and Bradford Torrey affirms he has seen him when it was plain that nothing except a natural impossibility kept him from tearing his hair.

"His larynx would make him a singer, and his mental capacity is far above the average; but he has perverted his gifts till his music is nothing but noise, and his talent nothing but smartness. A like result the world has before now witnessed in political life, when a man of brilliant natural endowments has yielded to low ambitions and stooped to unworthy means, till what was meant to be a statesman turns out to be a demagogue."

"It is a point in the bird's favor that he still has, what is rare with birds, a sense of humor, albeit it is humor of a rather grim sort,—the sort which expends itself in practical jokes and uncivil epithets. He has discovered the schoolboys' secret—that for the expression of unadulterated derision there is nothing like the short sound of *a*, prolonged into a drawl. *Yah! yah!* he cries; and sometimes, as you enter the woods, you may hear him shouting so as to be heard for half a mile, 'Here comes a fool with a gun; look out for him!'"

There is, in fact, more truth than fancy about the matter of the Jay and a hunter. The Jay is naturally so inquisitive and suspicious that he never fails to give the alarm as soon as he sees a sportsman among the trees. "Many a deer," says Professor Wood, "has been lost to the anxious hunter through the warning cry of the Jay; for the deer understand bird language quite well enough to know what is meant when a Jay sets

up its loud dissonant scream; and many a Jay falls a victim to the bullet that had been intended for the heart of the escaped deer. Indeed, some hunters have taken so rooted a dislike to this bird that they always shoot it whenever they see it."

I shall not soon forget the first time I heard the song of the Blue Jay. I had, from earliest recollections, been familiar with its dissonant screams and squawks, and supposed these to be the full limit of its vocal powers. But one day in early summer I heard a beautiful, flute-like song. I was at once on guard to discover, as I supposed, a "new bird." Drawing a trifle nearer the tree from which the notes came, I discovered a Blue Jay. Once more he sang his flute-like song; and then, noticing my attentive attitude, he flew swiftly and silently away. It was a marvel to me that a bird with such a voice, capable of singing such a song, should generally so far for-

black collar completes his dress. He is a very pretty bird, and, despite his bad traits, is well worthy of study.

L. A. REED.

### BOY CHICKADEE

I DOUBT if any one was ever haunted by a more commonplace object than a fence-post; yet, terminating a fence that borders a little farm, there is a gray old post which has haunted my imagination for several years. The fence has long ceased to fence anything in or out; the uppermost rail is the only one left, and that is fastened to my post about five inches from the top. Just under the lee of that rail is a round hole, rather jagged about the lower edge, as if gnawed by sharp little teeth. Every time I travel that road, I am impelled to stop and put a finger into that hole. I always expect to discover a secret, yet never do.



THE BLUE JAY

get himself as to deprave his powers by uttering shrieks that sound for all the world like the piercing creaks of an ungreased wheel.

Sometimes we are told that spring is here, "for Blue Jays have come." Spring makes some difference in the number of the Jays, but in Illinois, Michigan, and neighboring States they are with us all winter. I saw one this winter about the middle of December. He flew into an alley near my office, alighted in a small tree, and screamed at a furious rate.

It has been held by many that the Jay is an inveterate murderer of young birds and a destroyer of eggs; but out of two hundred and eighty stomachs that were examined, remains of birds' eggs were found in only three, and young birds in only two. This would seem to show that this bird is not so black as he is painted. As long as anything better offers, he never eats corn.

The crest and upper parts of the Blue Jay are purplish; the wings and tail blue, marked with black and white; and the under parts gray. A

Still the post haunts me; for once Boy Chickadee kept house there.

Boy Chickadee is one of our smallest birds. He wears a dumpy little gray coat, surmounted by a pair of bright black eyes under a velvety black cap. Dear to the heart of every bird-lover, he is especially so in winter. It is then that his crystal pendulum of song swings lightly to and fro where other bird-song is rare. It is rather plaintive,—two minor notes swing to the left, then two more to the right,—and seems to belong only to frosty mornings. Boy Chickadee stays to wish you "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year," and comes daily to dine on sunflower seeds stowed in a large gourd for him. I should be ashamed to say how many seeds he consumes at a sitting,—"flitting" better describes it. He flits in for a seed, then out to the apple-tree to hammer it, uttering gurgles of content all the while. He spends so much time eating them that I eye my store anxiously, wondering if it will hold out under such onslaughts. Sometimes



he brings a companion, and they take turns going into the gourd. His British enemies tag him enviously, and hang about the gourd-door; but it is cut too small for them, and they can only gaze in. It is Boy Chickadee's cache.

In summer time Chickadee deserts us, and we must seek him in the fields, and that is how we came to find the fence-post. We sat waiting for birds to bathe, but waited in vain. They bathed up-stream, and they bathed down-stream. We saw them drying their feathers, but they would not bathe near us. A dripping Chickadee flew overhead, and sat preening his feathers in a sweetgum tree. How nearly we had come to seeing that bath! In despair we crossed the road, and hid behind the sassafras hedge.

Presently something strange passed us, and there was Dame Chickadee with a very queer burden. Imagine yourself with a mouthful of excelsior larger than your head, and you will have some idea of her comical appearance. She peered at us from behind her treasure, first with one eye and then with the other. We were all attention. A dozen times she darted toward the old fence; but we were too alarming, and she could not make up her mind to brave us. Each time she retreated to the sweetgum, holding tight to her bundle—it might have been a clematis blossom, I could not say. It was the first time I had ever seen a Chickadee look self-conscious. At the same time we saw that Boy Chickadee had dipped in once more, and was dripping wet. It was maddening. At last she made a wide curve toward us, and disappeared. I sprang to the fence-post, and discovered the round hole, and with an ecstatic catch of the breath I put one finger in. A bunch of indignant feathers hurled itself against my hand, and out came the finger, and out came she, and whisked away with such lightning rapidity that we barely saw her. The hole was too deep and too well shadowed to tell us anything more than that it had a secret in its keeping; and although we should have liked to camp by the post, it was not to be.

At our next visit we found Dame Chickadee setting, and Boy Chickadee feeding her; again, and the post had become a nursery. It seemed too ludicrous that such babes-in-the-wood should ever attain to the dignity of fatherhood and motherhood; but this time neither parent was there to be laughed at; and as I tapped at the door, a perfectly intelligible "Day-day-day-day" came from the nursery; the babes had already learned to talk!

It was so long before we visited them again, that we expected to find the post deserted. There was no sign of occupancy, and I felt depressed because it was all over. But a gentle tap brought a tiny, angular cranium and a careworn baby face to the door. It didn't seem possible that Boy Chickadee could have such a homely bairn! We withdrew in haste when he threatened to come out; but we had summoned him, and the moment had come to seek his fortune. The youngster stepped into the door, and set sail straight across the wide roadway. When we caught a rear view of the tiny sailboat, our gravity was undone; for not a vestige of tail adorned it, and he was the most unfinished fledgling we had ever seen.

This was the last sign of life the old fence-post yielded, but I can not learn to believe it final. I am constantly expecting to see more Chickadees set sail, and its possibilities still haunt me.—*Birds and Nature.*

THERE is a cheerfulness which, even when things go seriously wrong, can keep from sinking into mere fret, and worry, and bitterness. Some people talk of this as if it were all a matter of temperament. Of course there are some to whom it comes easier than to others; it is so with every quality. But apart from that, cheerfulness is a duty, and a duty which no one can weave into a settled part of his life without something of a cross.—*Brooke Herford, D.D.*



### POSITION OF OUR HIGH PRIEST

(April 20)

MEMORY VERSE.—Ps. 110: 1.

#### QUESTIONS

1. Where is Jesus, our High Priest, now seated? Heb. 8: 1, 2.
2. When did he take a seat beside his Father? Eph. 1: 20.
3. How high is this position? Eph. 1: 21; note 1.
4. What has our Father made Jesus to be to the church here on earth? Eph. 1: 22, 23; note 2.
5. Jesus went to heaven as the Son of man. When God accepted him, whom did he also really accept? Eph. 1: 6; note 3.
6. When we accept Jesus as our High Priest, what does God call us? 1 John 3: 1.
7. What relation, then, is the Father of Jesus to us? John 20: 17.
8. How long will Jesus remain seated at the right hand of God? Ps. 110: 1.
9. What is one of the enemies that are to be put under Jesus' feet? James 4: 4; note 4.
10. Why does Jesus need to wait until all sin is conquered? Note 5.
11. In order that God may be able to conquer our sin, where does he cause us to sit? Eph. 2: 6; note 6.
12. How fully will Satan, who causes all sin, finally be conquered? Rom. 16: 20; note 7.

#### NOTES

1. How glad we ought to be when we remember that Jesus, the One who lives for us, has been put above all the power of Satan and his hosts! Just before he went to heaven, Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;" and then he added, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 18, 20. If Jesus has *all* power, and then is with us *always*, we need never fear nor doubt. Our great High Priest, our Elder Brother, will keep us from falling (Jude 24); no one can ever take us out of his hands (John 10: 28); and we may know *all the time* what it is to have victory over our sins. 1 Cor. 15: 57. God wants us ever to trust in Jesus' power, and to have his power in our lives. Then we shall know the meaning of 1 John 4: 4.

2. Jesus is the Head of the church, and the church is called his body. In another place the Lord tells us that each one in the church is a particular member of the body. 1 Cor. 12: 27. And so it is true that when one becomes a member of the church, he becomes a member of Jesus' body, and Jesus is his Head. 1 Cor. 11: 3, first part. God has told us this, and we are to believe it and be glad. Think of it! Jesus is just as closely connected with each one of his children as the head is connected with the body; and as everything that happens to the body is felt by the head, so all that comes to us is felt by Jesus. Read Zech. 2: 8.

3. Though Jesus is in heaven, he is still the Son of man; and when God the Father looks upon Jesus, he sees in him all the sons of men in the earth. For Jesus' sake the Lord is glad to bless and save all men; he accepts them all "in the Beloved." When we see how sinful we are, we sometimes pray that the Lord will accept us, as if this were a hard thing for him to do. Let us remember that we are *already accepted in Jesus*. At his birth the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased." Luke 2: 14, R. V. Every boy and every girl is accepted of God in Jesus, the Son of man, and has a place, if they

desire and will take it, at the right hand of God. God has accepted you; will you not accept him?

4. Sin is the enemy of God, and the enemy of all his children. It caused the death of Jesus, and has caused all the trouble that ever came to the followers of Jesus. Sin has a great many different forms. It may be called pride, murder, hatred, lying, covetousness, evil-speaking, gluttony, or anything else that is bad; but whatever the name, it is only sin. "The friendship of the world" is simply one of the forms of the Lord's great enemy. God hates the friendship of the world, because he sees that it is something which will lead his children away from him into ruin. But while sin of every kind is so hateful to God, he will not yet destroy it, lest he destroy us with it. He is waiting until Jesus shall say that his people have put away all sin from their lives, and can be taken out of this world. At that time Jesus will no longer need to act as priest, but will leave his place beside his Father. Then sin, and all who *love* sin, will be forever destroyed.

5. Jesus must continue to sit at God's right hand as our High Priest until *all* sin is conquered, because he is the only one who can conquer *our* sins, the sins *in us*, and save us from being destroyed with them. Our only help is in the work of Jesus. If he were to leave the mercy-seat, the power of sin would crush us. He therefore waits and earnestly works for his people until all who will accept him are saved.

6. The Lord causes us to sit in "heavenly places;" for it is only while we are in the heavenly places, that he can work for us. But what are these heavenly places, and where?—They are *in Jesus*. When we believe in Jesus, and put our trust in him, the Lord sees us, not as here on earth, but in heaven, in the person of his dear Son. It is true that we are still on earth, but our hearts and minds and thoughts are all upon Jesus. We long to be with him, and day by day we think of him and his work in heaven. It is in this way that we live with him, and that God sees us with him. And while we thus sit in heaven with Jesus, our Saviour is constantly taking away the sin, and we become more and more like him in our lives. Where are *we* sitting? Are we thinking and talking of our great High Priest, and thus sitting with him? or are our thoughts upon things on the earth?

7. The time will soon come when Satan's power will all be taken away, and taken away forever. This is what is meant by the words, "bruise Satan under your feet." Instead of being a ruler over men, and having power to hurt and destroy God's people, Satan will be bound to the earth, and the children of God will be delivered from his power. When he is finally destroyed in the lake of fire, they will see it. All who will let God destroy the work of Satan *in them*, will shortly have the privilege of seeing all the work of Satan and Satan himself forever blotted out. This will be the blessed result of the work of our High Priest.

#### PRESCRIBED BY THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

SUCH a little life it was—not yet five years long—to know so much of suffering! For the sailor trousers that were his greatest joy covered a cast that held one little crippled knee; and to save it still more from any possible strain, there were the tiny crutches. It was so hard for the boy to remember those crutches! Again and again the family found him sliding down the steps, and starting radiantly off without them.

So one day his mother had a long talk with him. There was a certain big man who was the small boy's special admiration. He was going to be a big man himself some day; wasn't that why he so patiently ate that dreadful oatmeal every morning? But it needed more than that, his mother told him. There was the little weak knee; he must give that a chance to grow strong. He couldn't quite understand yet, but he would by



and by. He would know how the crutches were helping; that without them he never could grow up the way that he wanted to, and so he must be very brave and "rememberful," until the doctor told him that he could put them aside.

The boy listened gravely. He understood very well indeed, and he told her so.

"It's like a 'punish,' isn't it?" he said. If only we older ones understood our "punishes" as well! If we could realize that the hard and weary lessons, the anxieties and deprivations that keep us from easy ways, are but the Great Physician's prescriptions for diseases that his wisdom sees and tries to help us conquer! If only we, too, would be "rememberful," and try to help the cure! — *Selected.*



#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

5. "THE Bible is dry and uninteresting to me. What shall I do to make it different?"

If you went several days without relishing your food at breakfast, dinner, and supper, you would probably conclude that something was wrong. Perhaps you would decide that you needed more physical exercise; and after taking it, you would probably find that you had a better appetite. May not this be the reason for your failure to enjoy your Bible? It would be a good plan for the one who asked this question, and others who do not enjoy reading their Bibles, to engage at once in some active spiritual exercise. Begin to work and pray for some soul. Go to work in earnest, labor perseveringly, and it will not be long before the Bible will become to you a very interesting book. You will find yourself searching diligently to obtain help for your own deficiencies, many of which you will discover as you put forth efforts to help others.

Again: perhaps you have never thought of the Bible as a personal message from God to you. We must realize that God has an individual interest in each of us; through nature and through the Bible he is constantly addressing us personally, seeking to manifest his love to us, and lead us to tell the glad story to others. It may be, also, that different methods of study would help in making the word of God more interesting to the beginner. Space will not suffice to say more on this subject here. Perhaps it can be dealt with more fully at another time.

6. WHAT shall I do when I keep doing things that I know are wrong?

The Lord does not show us our faults simply to make us miserable. The Holy Spirit points out our errors, and helps us to see our mistakes, in order to lead us to open the doors of our hearts, and allow him to come in, and more completely control our thoughts, words, and actions. When once we have learned that something we have been in the habit of doing is wrong, it is a dangerous thing to continue doing it. As a rule, we do not do things that are wrong all of a sudden. That is, there are a number of other little things that lead up to our wrong deeds, and this is where we must begin the work. These are "the little foxes that spoil the vines." Watch for these little foxes, and ask God to show you even the smallest ones. And here is where your efforts will meet with greatest success. The nearer the boat gets to the falls, the harder it is to save it. If you are being overcome on one point, think about it; pray about it; study your Bible to get strength to overcome it. Make a thorough examination to find out the little foxes that are connected with it, and overcome these one by one, being assured

that all through the fight the Lord is with you. He has promised not to suffer you to be tempted more than you are able to bear. See 1 Cor. 10: 13; and 2 Cor. 9: 8; 12: 9, 10.

7. Is it wrong to be in fashion?

Fashion is one of the gods of this world, and Christians can not afford to bow at her shrine. As a rule, the demands of fashion are unreasonable and unhealthful, and therefore wrong. Christian youth ought not to make any special effort to appear odd, or to dress in a singular or peculiar manner, which would attract attention. Plain, simple, modest garments are always in good taste, and those who wear them are always respected by thoughtful persons. Of course if fashion should decree as correct some practical and sensible thing, such as a reformed dress, or something of that kind, the Christian would not wish to discard it simply because fashion had selected it. Our habit of dress should be founded on principle, and neither determined nor guided by the caprices of fashion.

W. S. SADLER.

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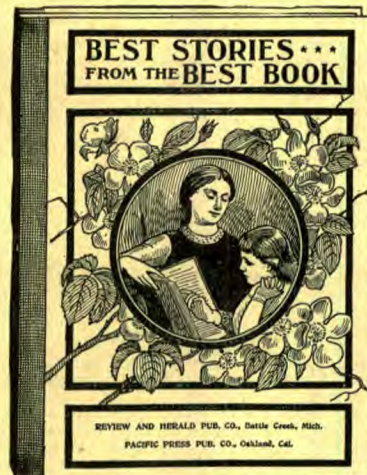
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#### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

##### SUNDAY:

Will petitions that do not move the heart of the suppliant move the heart of Omnipotence? — *Thompson*.

##### MONDAY:

How prompt we are to satisfy the hunger and thirst of our bodies; how slow to satisfy the hunger and thirst of our souls! — *Thoreau*.

##### TUESDAY:

More dear in the sight of God and his angels than any other conquest is the conquest of self, which each man, with the help of Heaven, can secure for himself. — *Dean Stanley*.

##### WEDNESDAY:

It is the root of bitterness which must be struck at, else we labor in vain. "Crucify the flesh." In vain do we go about to purge the streams if we are at no pains about the muddy fountain. — *John Wesley*.

##### THURSDAY:

Make this poor self grow less and less;  
Be Thou my life and aim;  
Oh, make me daily, through thy grace,  
More worthy of thy name.

Daily more filled with thee my heart,  
Daily from self more free:  
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,  
Oh, my prayer-hearer be!

— *John Caspar Lavater*.

##### FRIDAY:

When your burden is heaviest, you can always lighten a little some other burden. At the times when you can not see God, there is still open to you this sacred possibility — to show God. Let this thought, then, stay with you: there may be times when you can not find help, but there is no time when you can not give help. — *George S. Merriam*.

##### SABBATH:

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. 8:9.

OUR readers will be glad to notice that the *Astronomical Studies* by Dr. O. C. Godsmark, which were interrupted last summer by his illness, are resumed this week. Most careful study and thought and much valuable time are brought to the preparation of these articles, and we are sure the effort is appreciated by those of our young people who like to make all their reading contribute something to the store of information they are laying up for future use.

#### FIVE INSTRUCTOR PREMIUM BIBLES

Were ordered the other day by a correspondent. Of course we were glad — but we wish she had signed her name. That she had forgotten or neglected to do. And by the way, those who have charge of the lists are often sorely perplexed to guess at names and addresses, and it is often only by considerable correspondence with other church-members, postmasters, etc., that the names of those who neglect to sign are searched out. Others, too, are not so careful as they should be, even when giving their name and address, to make them so plain that there can be no possibility be any mistake. It is often next to impossible to tell what name is signed — and sometimes when a guess is made, it does not happen to be correct. The end of this little sermon, therefore, is: In all business correspondence, of whatever nature, be sure, first of all, to sign your name and give your full address; and second, write both so plainly that there can be no possible mistake in transferring them.

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#### BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 18; "Thoughts on the Revelation," pages 663-679

(April 14-20)

*The Loud Cry of the Loud Cry.* — In Rev. 8: 3-5 we are given a view of the loud cry from the heavenly point of view, and are shown the final offering of "all" prayers, and the casting of the censer to the earth. In Rev. 18: 1-4 we have a description of the same time on earth, when the earth will be lightened with the glory of God; and as a result of the many prayers offered on the golden altar in heaven, a thousand will be converted in a day. Voices will then be heard everywhere saying, "Come out of her, my people." As Lot was hurried out of the doomed city of Sodom, so many will be gathered from the fallen churches.

*Babylon* — "Is become the habitation of devils; . . . and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her." Here is brought to view a time when "Protestantism shall stretch her hand across the gulf to grasp the hand of the Roman power." When this occurs, when Protestantism "shall reach over the abyss to clasp hands with Spiritualism, when, under the influence of this threefold union, our country shall repudiate every principle of its Constitution as a Protestant and republican government, and shall make provision for the propagation of papal falsehoods and delusions, then we may know that the time has come for the marvelous working of Satan, and that the end is near." — *Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. V, page 451.

*No Light.* — "And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee." The religious bodies to whom God had once intrusted great light will be in darkness; they will not even have the dim rays of a candle. The Spirit of God will be withdrawn from them, and they will be left to their own destruction.

*Commerce.* — When the second plague is poured out upon the sea, and it becomes as the blood of a dead man, commerce will be affected. The prophet saw "every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea," bewailing the fate of Babylon. "The plagues on land and sea and in the air will affect all trade by sea and land, and 'the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn; . . . for no man buyeth their merchandise any more.'"

*Babylon's Inheritance.* — In her was found the blood . . . of all that were slain upon the earth, from the time of Abel. The principle of evil that led Cain to slay his brother, has been transmitted from generation to generation. In the last generation is found the essence of the evil of all ages in the past. It is a blessed thought that through Christ we can escape such an inheritance, and share the inheritance of the earth made new.

"JOHN HALL once asked, very sensibly, 'Who feels the power of a tear in the eye of a committee?' You can't let a missionary committee do your missionary work for you. You must love souls. You must spend time and money. You must plan. You must agonize in prayer. And then you will receive a blessing."