

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## CRATER LAKE

### II

#### Its Discovery and Exploration

At the advent of white men in southern Oregon, Indian legends told of a great sunken lake in the top of a mountain, where evil spirits were wont to hold high carnival. Only the conjurers, or "medicine men," had ever seen it; for its solitary island, so the legends said, was the abode of a great demon who was ever on the watch to seize and destroy the presuming brave who would dare to peep over the cliffs and look upon the deep blue water over which he ruled.

Who was the first white man to discover Crater Lake is a question over which there has been considerable dispute. Some claim that it was discovered by the soldiers of General Fremont's exploring party in 1847; but there is no authentic record to substantiate this claim. Several prospectors and hunters claim to have seen the lake about that time, and in the early fifties; but as these claimants were silent until after a description of the lake had been given to the world by others, they are entitled to no credit for what they saw but failed to report.

In the early summer of 1853 a party of six California prospectors, who were in search of the mythological "Lost Cabin Mine," lost their way in the mountains near the head of Rogue River, and were compelled to climb mountain peaks in search of some landmark by which they could ascertain their whereabouts. One day, after climbing a long gentle slope, they came suddenly upon the cliffs overhanging the lake. They were so struck with wonder and admiration that they forgot for a time their anxiety, and spent half a day tramping along the rim of the lake and deciding upon a name for it. They finally agreed to call it Deep Blue Lake, and when they returned to civilization, they gave this name, with a fairly good description of the lake, to the world. But they were unable to locate it with any degree of accuracy, and as there were no newspapers then published in that vicinity, the story was soon forgotten.

Nine years later another party of prospectors came upon the lake while looking for a camping place. There was then a paper published in Jacksonville, and when this party reached there, they published an account of their discovery with a description and the location of the lake.

In the next few years several different parties, who had never heard of the lake, accidentally discovered it, and gradually it came to be pretty well known in the surrounding country. But in those days the Oregonians spent half their time in hunting gold and the other half in fighting Indians; and it was not until 1869 that a wagon road was opened from the old military road between Jacksonville and Ft. Klamath up the steep mountain side to the rim of the lake.

The party that opened the road took with them

a boat in which they succeeded in reaching Wizard Island and several other points that were otherwise inaccessible. This was the first party to call it Crater Lake, and though they had not a shadow of a right to give it a name, it will no doubt be known as Crater Lake as long as the world stands.

In 1883 two men from the United States Geological Survey visited the lake, but did not remain long enough to explore it thoroughly. Two

## VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW BRUNSWICK

THE village of Tracadie, in which I live, is situated in the northeastern corner of New Brunswick. It is delightful and cool here in the summer, and many tourists visit this place during the warm months of the year. I have been here only about six months, and so have not spent a winter in this place, but they say the winters are severe, the snow lying several feet deep during



THE CLIFFS OVERHANGING THE LAKE

years later a party was specially detailed to this work by the Geological Survey. Nearly a month was spent in surveying and sounding the lake. During that time more than a hundred and fifty soundings were made, some of which showed a depth of over two thousand feet.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

many months of the year. The springs are late and cold, but vegetation is rapid during the summer months. The soil is a sandy loam, suited to the raising of potatoes and wheat. The surface is level or gently sloping toward the sea.

The people, who are almost entirely French, seem very peculiar to a person not acquainted



with them, but I am gradually becoming acquainted, and find them a simple, good-hearted people, fond of amusements, and with few wants, taking each day's cares and joys as they come, with that contented spirit which is born of a belief that with them "all is well." Most of them are the descendants of the Acadian French who were compelled to leave their fertile farms in Nova Scotia in 1755 for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the sovereign of England. Many of these French emigrants settled along the New England coast, but afterward found their way to this province. They are a short, dark-complexioned people, speaking for the most part the French language, although nearly all of them speak English also. Almost the first question asked a stranger is, "*Parlez-vous Français?*" (Can you talk French?) and if they find that you can not, they do the best they can with what English they have, and some of them speak it well. In this village there are about one thousand seven hundred people.

These people seem to be about fifty years behind the times, in some things, at least. It is a common thing to see women in a potato field during the digging time, working away with heavy new-land hoes, such as our fathers used for planting on the new farms years and years ago, when America was first settled. These women hire out for (*vingt-cinq*) twenty-five cents a day, and work outdoors like men during the planting and harvesting time. They are industrious indoors also, manufacturing all their own wool. Almost every house contains a little old-fashioned flax-wheel, on which all the yarn is spun; also the hand loom; and although nearly all the women can weave, it is quite common for the neighbors to change work, so that all have a chance to help others at what they regard their heaviest work. I think this custom comes from their love of company and of associating together.

The women knit, sew, and weave carpets during the long winter evenings. The most beautiful home-made carpets are manufactured from a mixture of wool and rags. They cut the rags up in small pieces, pick them all to bits, churn them, mix them with the wool, and then card and spin the mixture. They also full and nap cloth for the men's wear. To full the cloth, they arrange a large table in the center of the room, around which a number of young people sit. Then they take a web of cloth of perhaps thirty yards, and wet it in hot soapsuds, stretch it on the table, and these young folks press, pull, slap, pound, and squeeze it for hours. When through with this process, the cloth is thicker and narrower, that which was but a yard wide at the start being now but three quarters. It is now dried and napped, and is ready to make up.

Winter is the principal fishing season. The men make holes in the ice, through which they place nets, and catch an abundance of smelt, some cod and salmon, and trout. Other kinds of fish are taken, but the smelt seem the most plentiful at this season of the year. Some of these fishermen make considerable money, while others make little, and are very poor.

I must not forget to tell you that the place abounds in swine, which are left to run at large, winter and summer. In summer they plow up the sandy roads at a fearful rate; and in the winter they wander over the snow, and one is apt to meet some of them even in the night.

There is a lazaretto carried on here by the Catholics, the only one in the Dominion of Canada. At present there are about twenty lepers in this institution, who are taken care of by as many nuns. It is a sad sight indeed to go into the hospital, and see these poor souls, with their red, swollen faces, shut away from all the world, trying to make the best of their sad lot, and be company for one another. They can never, never leave the lazaretto; no one would dare give them employment or have them about the premises as it is thought that leprosy is very contagious; yet many people visit this lazaretto. Of course they

are told not to touch with the bare hand the lepers or any furniture in the room. The patients like to have ministers and missionaries visit them and read and pray with them. Only four of these lepers are Protestants. I have visited them, and taken them our periodicals. One woman believes Christ's second coming is near, and she very much appreciates the *Review* and the *Signs*. Let us pray that some of these poor inmates may yet accept the truth in all its purity, and be lights for others in this benighted hospital.

Will the INSTRUCTOR family remember this far-away place in their prayers? As there are children here who will gladly accept our little papers, I shall be glad if you will send me some by mail. This is indeed a needy field, and these poor people as well as others must hear the message.

MRS. AMELIA-NASSON PRICE.



### WATER CHANGED INTO WINE

#### INTRODUCTORY

*Preceding Events.*—This, the first miracle of Christ, was immediately preceded by these events:—

1. Baptism of Christ. Matt. 3:13-17.
2. Temptation in the wilderness. Luke 4:1-13.
3. Call of the first three disciples (John, Andrew, and Peter). John 1:35-42.
4. Call of Philip and Nathaniel. John 1:43-51.

*NOTE.*—This miracle was performed the third day after the calling of Philip and Nathaniel.

*Main Reference.*—John 2:1-11.

*Other References.*—None.

*The Bible Story of the Miracle.*—"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there: and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage. And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come. His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. And there were set there six waterpots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on him." John 2:1-11.

*Place.*—Cana of Galilee, about eight miles north of Nazareth, and eighteen miles from Capernaum. It was called Cana of Galilee to distinguish it from another Cana in Samaria.

*Circumstances.*—This miracle was performed in the personal presence of Christ, at the marriage feast of relatives of Joseph and Mary. Mary the mother of Jesus was there. Christ and his disciples (five in number) were invited guests. The miracle was made manifest by obedience to Christ's two commands; viz., (1) "Fill the waterpots;" (2) "Draw out."

*Great Lesson.*—One of the great lessons taught by this miracle is that the growth and ripening of every cluster of grapes is in reality a miracle.

The ordinary phenomenon by which nature turns water into wine in the clusters of the vine is just as much a miracle, although common and ordinary to us, as was this unusual and extraordinary wonder which the Saviour wrought. Both require the same divine wisdom and infinite power, the only difference being in the length of time consumed in the working of the miracle.

#### STUDY OF THE MIRACLE

"*There Was a Marriage in Cana of Galilee.*"—It was the custom of the times to have the marriage festivities continue for several days. The ceremonies accompanying such an occasion were, in many respects, quite different from the marriage ceremony of to-day. The following is taken from Edersheim's "Life and Times of Jesus," Vol. 1, page 354, and very concisely describes the ceremonies and festivities of a Jewish marriage:—

"First came the merry sounds of music; then they who distributed among the people wine and oil, and nuts among the children; next the bride, covered with the bridal veil, her long hair flowing, surrounded by her companions, and led by the friends of the bridegroom and the children of the bride-chamber. All around were in festive array; some carried torches, or lamps on poles; those nearest had myrtle-branches and chaplets of flowers. Every one rose to salute the procession or join it, and it was deemed almost a religious duty to break into praise of the beauty, the modesty, or the virtues of the bride. Arrived at her new home, she was led to her husband. Some such formula as "Take her according to the law of Moses and of Israel," would be spoken, and bride and bridegroom crowned with garlands. Then a formal legal instrument, called the *Ketubah*, was signed, which set forth that the bridegroom undertook to work for her, to honor, keep, and care for her, as is the manner of the men of Israel; that he promised to give his maiden-wife at least two hundred *sus* (or more as might be), and to increase her own dowry (which, in the case of a poor orphan, the authorities supplied) by at least one half, and that he also undertook to lay it out for her to the best advantage, all his own possessions being guaranteed for it. Then after the prescribed washing of hands and benediction, the marriage-supper began, the cup being filled, and the solemn prayer of bridal benediction spoken over it. And so the feast lasted, it might be more than one day, while each sought to contribute, sometimes coarsely, sometimes wisely, to the general enjoyment."

W. S. SADLER.

#### SAYING AND DOING

A CONSTANT peril in the Christian life, and an incalculable obstacle to the progress of the kingdom, is the disparity in our Christian lives between sentiment and action. We thrill with emotion over a deed of chivalry, and are thoughtless in our family life and unmannerly when we travel. We glory in sunlight honesty, and are tricky in business. We admire the purity of Sir Galahad, and read books that we would not like our friends to see over our shoulders. We are stirred by the records of martyrdom, and grumble over our breakfast. We feel that to praise virtue is to do our duty by it, not realizing that we are constantly under the arraignment of the Lord of reality. "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"—*Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.*

#### "LIKE YOUR FATHER"

"How much like your father, you are, William," said an old man, laying his hand on a young preacher's shoulder, the other day; "and you grow more like him every day."

"Heavenly Father," said the young man, as he went about his duties, "help me so to live that men shall find in me a likeness to thee, even thee, great Father! And O that it may be found of me that I grow more like thee every day!"



# IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

## I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ?  
I do not know.  
There came a yearning for him in my soul  
So long ago;  
I found earth's flowers would fade and die;  
I wept for something that would satisfy;  
And then—and then somehow I seemed to dare  
To lift my broken heart to him in prayer.  
I do not know—  
I can not tell you—how;  
I only know  
He is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ?  
I can not tell.  
The day, or just the hour, I do not now  
Remember well.  
It must have been when I was all alone  
The light of his forgiving Spirit shone  
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;  
I think—I think 'twas when I let him in.  
I do not know—  
I can not tell you—when;  
I only know  
He is so dear since then.

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ?  
I can not say.  
That sacred place has faded from my sight  
As yesterday.  
Perhaps he thought it better I should not  
Remember where. How I should love that spot!  
I think I could not tear myself away;  
For I should want forever there to stay.  
I do not know—  
I can not tell you—where;  
I only know  
He came and blessed me there.  
— *Guild Life and Work.*

## THE LORD IS RISEN

THE Jewish rulers had carried out their purpose of putting the Son of God to death, but they did not feel the sense of victory that they had thought they would after silencing the voice of the great Teacher. Even in the hour of their apparent triumph they were harassed with doubt as to what would next take place. They dreaded a dead Christ more, a great deal more, than a living Christ. They had a deep conviction that their revenge against Jesus for exposing their hypocrisy would not bring rest to their souls. They had heard the cry, "It is finished," "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." They had seen the rocks rent, and had felt the mighty earthquake, and they were restless and uneasy. The words spoken by Christ when he was under their cruel power recurred to their minds.

Not on any account would the priests have allowed Christ's body to hang on the cross during the Sabbath, for already the agitation caused by his death was giving publicity to his life and mission. When the people heard that the mighty Healer was dead, and that the sick and suffering had no one to relieve their distress, they applied to the priests and rulers for sympathy and relief. They were sent away empty; but apparently they were determined to have the living Christ among them again, and soldiers were stationed at the temple gates to keep back the multitude that came with their sick and dying, demanding entrance.

The world without a Christ made an impression that a living Christ could not have made. People came from far and near to see the one of whom the priests and rulers had declared, "The world is gone after him." The recital of the deeds done by the priests shocked the people. They would not have allowed Christ to be thus treated; for had he not shown compassion to their sick? Never had he turned one away with the harsh denunciations used by the Pharisees.

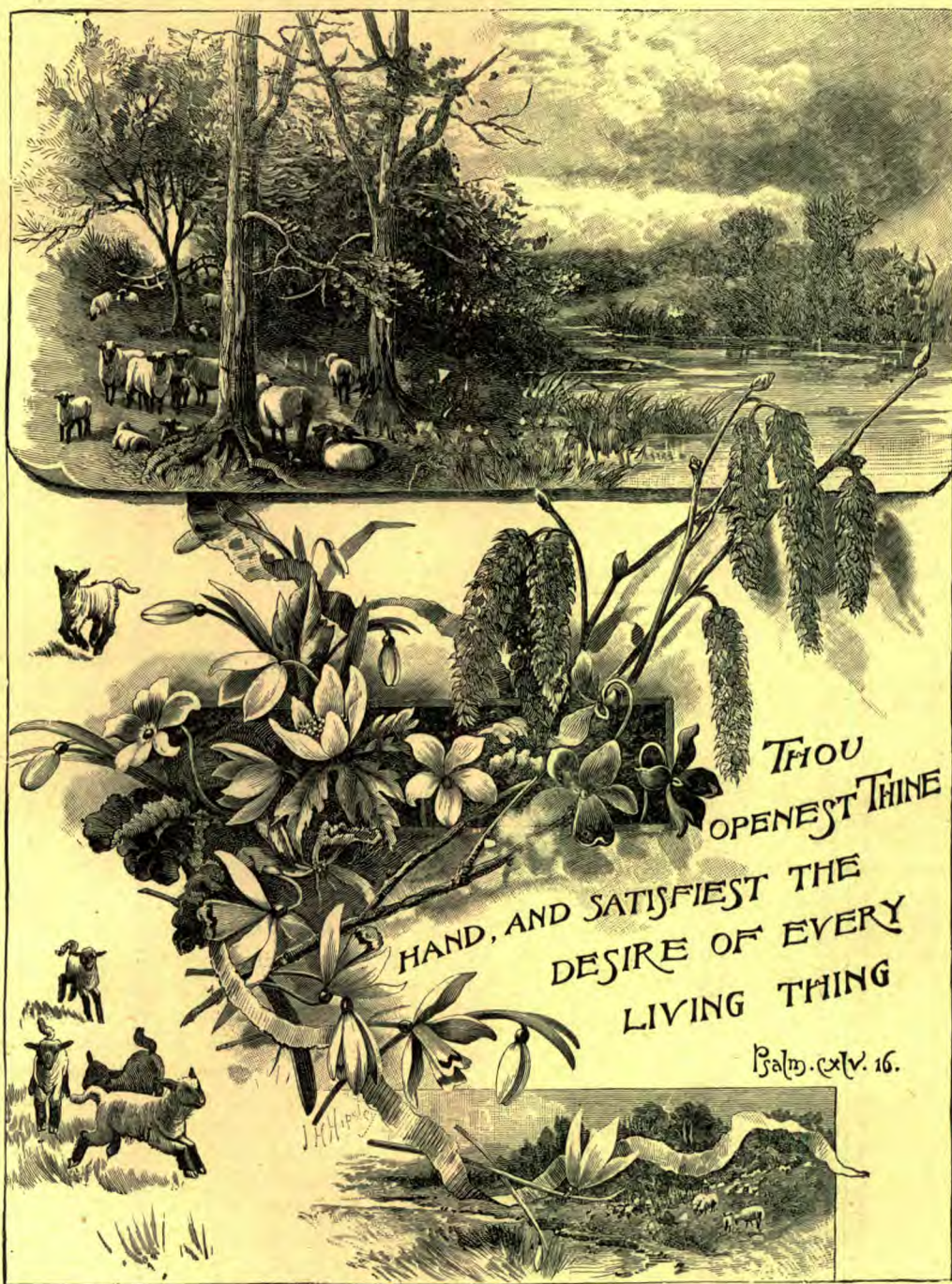
Christ had said to his disciples, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the

scribes, and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify him: and the third day he shall rise again." Overwhelmed with sorrow, the disciples did not see the hope and comfort in these words. By Judas they were repeated to the priests, and when they heard them, they mocked and ridiculed, speaking of Christ as a deceiver, a name that might appropriately have been applied to themselves. But now, when they heard the clamor for Jesus, the mighty Healer, who had cured the sick and raised the dead, they thought of his words, and remembered that he had said he would rise the third day, and they were horrified at the thought. Would he rise from the dead, and as judge arraign his accusers before his bar?

Death and the grave must hold him whom they had crucified. "Command therefore," they

the body so hated by the Jewish dignitaries, and so precious to the disciples. Little did the murderers realize the uselessness of the efforts they were making to keep Christ in the tomb. By their actions Christ was glorified. The very efforts made to prevent Christ's resurrection are the most convincing proofs of his resurrection. The greater the number of soldiers placed around the tomb, the stronger would be the testimony borne in regard to his resurrection.

There was only one entrance to the tomb, and neither human fraud nor force could tamper with the stone that guarded the entrance. Here Jesus rested during the Sabbath. A strong guard of angels kept watch over the tomb, and had a hand been raised to remove the body, the flashing forth of their glory would have laid him who ventured powerless on the earth. He who died for the sins of the world was to remain in the tomb for the



said to Pilate, "that the sepulcher be made sure unto the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead; so the last error shall be worse than the first." "Ye have a watch," said Pilate, "go your way, make it as sure as ye can."

The priests gave directions to have a stone rolled before the opening of the tomb. Across this they placed cords, sealing them with the Roman seal. Soldiers were then stationed around the sepulcher, to prevent it from being tampered with. The priests did all they could to keep Christ's body where they had laid it. He was sealed as securely in his narrow tomb as if he were to stay there through all time.

So weak men counseled and planned to secure

allotted time. He was in that stony prison house as a prisoner of divine justice, and he was responsible to the Judge of the universe. He was bearing the sins of the world, and his Father only could release him.

Christ had declared that he would be raised from the dead on the third day; and at the appointed time a mighty angel descended from heaven, parting the darkness from his track, and resting before the Saviour's tomb. "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men." Brave soldiers, who had never been afraid of human power, were now as captives taken without sword or spear. The face they looked upon was not the face of mortal warrior; it was the face of a heavenly



messenger, sent to relieve the Son of God from the debt for which he had become responsible, and for which he had now made a full atonement. This heavenly visitant was the angel that on the plains of Bethlehem had proclaimed Christ's birth. The earth trembled at his approach, and as he rolled away the stone from Christ's grave, heaven seemed to come down to earth. The soldiers saw him removing the stone as he would a pebble, and heard him call, Son of God, thy Father saith, Come forth. They saw Jesus come from the grave as a mighty conqueror, and heard him proclaim, "I am the resurrection, and the life." The angel guards bowed low in adoration before the Redeemer as he came forth in majesty and glory, and welcomed him with songs of praise.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



#### ONLY

ONLY a smile,—but a peace from above,  
Sent from the Brother divine,  
Bathed a sad spirit in visions of love,  
Aiding the effort of thine.

Only a frown,—but a horrible dream  
Thundered down chasms of gloom,  
Mad in a turbid and wild dashing stream,  
Passing all life and the tomb.

Only a word,—but the angels of rest  
Bent their glad listening ears;  
That gentle word of all boons was the best,  
Blessing the lingering years.

Only a penny,—the face was so wan!  
Hope seemed a journey away;  
All in a moment the sadness was gone,  
Gone like the breaking of day.

Only a switch, and a train is destroyed;  
Only a signal, and saved.  
Only a sneer, and a life is decoyed;  
A smile, and the battle is braved.

Only a lift in the journey of life,  
Only a word from a friend;  
Yet was the pang taken out of the strife,  
Cheering the way to the end.

Only a word of the mansions above,  
Yet like a waymark it seemed,  
Guiding the feet to the heaven of love,  
Joyous with all the redeemed.

B. F. M. SOURS.

#### THE LAND OF DAWN BEAUTY

"THE Land of Dawn Beauty" is a name sometimes applied to Korea, that little peninsula that lies west of the Japan Sea, about which China and Japan were fighting such a short time ago. The name seems most appropriate just now, for the dawn of a glorious morning has indeed come to Korea. The Bible has reached her shores, and its divine rays are illuminating the minds of her people. It is but sixteen years since the first missions were established there, and now the churches and communities where some knowledge of the Holy Word exists, can be counted by the thousands.

The Koreans, from what C. C. Vinton, M. D., says in the *Assembly Herald*, seem to have practically no religious belief of their own "to be cast out before Christianity can enter." And besides, unlike the Chinese, they are ready to welcome foreigners and to adopt foreign customs as superior to their own. If to a village comes a Bible, or a New Testament, or a Christian book, or even a leaflet, or some native who has learned a little of the story of Jesus, the liveliest interest is at once awakened, a school of inquiry is started, and soon a little band is found meeting together for worship and study; and when a clearer knowledge is obtained, they send out mes-

sengers, to carry the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to other towns. It is marvelous. It is more like apostolic times, Mr. Vinton says, than anything the world has ever seen.

If a little community is not satisfied with what it can learn from the means at hand, it sends messengers to the missionaries, though they must travel on foot a weary journey of many days' duration. If no one can go back with these messengers, they remain until the truth can be learned. If a man is found who can return and become their teacher, they obligate themselves to support and "to obey all his instructions." Every Korean convert is expected to be able to tell the truth to others.

They do not wait for outside help or outside means. They build their own churches, support their own pastors,—where they have any,—and send out their own evangelists.

Mr. Vinton, therefore, calls Korea "the strategic mission," evidently looking upon it as the point which, if taken now, will give us the vantage-ground over the heathen world. God is calling for consecrated men and women to come to Korea. The door is open; shall the opportunity be lost? Shall our gold be withheld? Shall we stand with folded hands, fearing, delaying, until the dawn, rising so auspiciously now, goes out in rayless night?

China can be converted through Korea; Koreans can evangelize the great nations to the north. They can touch and melt the hearts of Japan. Remember Korea.

MRS. S. ROXANA WINCE.

#### MARVELS OF THE VOICE IN THE LABORATORY

"I AM glad you came to-day," said the chemist, as I entered the laboratory this morning. "My friend, Mrs. X, is just going to show us some of her experiments, and I would like you to share the privilege of seeing them."

Mrs. X is a well-known vocalist; but I had not known of her having even an amateur's interest in chemistry, and I looked with curiosity at the preparations for her experiments.

She produced several small tubes of different shapes, each connected with a simple receiver, whose circular mouth was covered with a thin, tightly-stretched sheet of rubber. On these disks she placed various substances,—lycopodium powder, colored glycerin, and thin paste of different tints. Then, lifting one of the tubes to her lips, she sang a low, soft, sustained note.

I, looking on, saw a wonderful thing. The color paste gathered itself together in the middle of the rubber disk, then began to tremble about the edges, and suddenly shot out delicate petals, and burst into a perfect daisy blossom! As Mrs. X sang on, changing her tones, the daisy vanished, and a marigold and a chrysanthemum appeared in turn.

Upon another disk the color paste was spread in a thinner consistency, and singing into this, Mrs. X made blossom out tiny forget-me-nots, violets, and pansies; while, on still another, at the magic bidding of her voice, grew clustering, feathery ferns; on another, a fairy landscape—lake, tree, and shrubbery—sprang into being; and, on yet another, writhed the coils of a serpent.

I watched, marveling. "The sound waves," said the chemist, "which usually roll on unseen by us, are checked by the rubber disk, and revealed to us in the soft, easily moved paste on its surface."

"Singing flowers and ferns, trees and serpents into being!" I exclaimed. But, after all, our voices do create many a bright flower to bloom for our neighbor's joy and refreshment, and, alas! many a venomous serpent to poison his peace and happiness. These wonderful forms are only a symbol of the real voice-flowers and voice-vipers, which do such beautiful and blessed or such terrible work in men's lives.

Every one of us is, by his voice, a creator of good or evil. Let us pray God, the great Creator of all good, so to govern our voices, and so to inspire them, that they may bring into being only beautiful forms, which shall be for the gladness of our neighbors and the glory of our God.—*Well Spring*.

#### DO NOT MORTGAGE

"BEGIN right, and begin right away," would be a good motto for young people who have contracted the unfortunate habit of dawdling. Do not wait until to-morrow. Begin now, before the sun goes down. Work promptly done is an incentive to new endeavor. It increases skill, and gives new courage to press forward. It repays tenfold, even in the satisfaction of the present hour, the peace of mind that comes from the consciousness of completed tasks.

"Procrastination," says "Poor Richard," "is the thief of time." It steals more than time. It purloins our freedom,—makes us slaves and debtors, whose to-morrows are forever mortgaged. Nor does the mischief stop here. No man is sufficient unto himself; at every point his life touches other lives. Humanity is one great family; and no one can delay or postpone his work without infringing on the rights of others.

The story is told of a boy who agreed to mow three acres of grass in as many days. Looking over the field the first morning, he decided that the work could be done in two days, and spent that day playing with other boys. The second morning his desire to begin the task was even weaker than it had been at first. He whispered to accusing conscience that the work could certainly be done in one day, and went off again to play. The third morning, however, the field appeared much larger than it had either of the preceding days, and the boy sat down a while to think before he began his work. Lulled by the hum of insects in the grass, and the cool shade of the tree under which he sat, he went to sleep. When he awoke, it was high noon. As he could not possibly mow three acres of meadow in one afternoon, he betook himself to sport again. Next day it rained heavily, and the next, and the next, until the already over-ripe grass was ruined.

Shifting the burden of the day to the morrow is not only slothful and careless, but betrays a lack of thought and foresight of which no intelligent boy or girl should be guilty. You would not be so foolish as to try to pour a quart of water into a pint measure. Is it less foolish to try to squeeze the labor of two days into one?

An accusing conscience, a palsied will, loss of energy and ambition, a sure weakening of the highest springs of character,—all these are the sure fruits of the policy, or rather impolicy, of procrastination.

"Begin right, and begin right away."—*Success*.

#### THE BLESSING OF LIMITATIONS

THE little boy in the orchard said: "I wish I was tall enough to reach that ripe apple." The apple was fully fifteen feet above his head, and that would have been his height if his wish had been granted. I said to him: "Why, Johnnie, if you were tall enough to pick that apple, you would be too tall to go into your home to-night without getting down on your hands and knees. Your bed would not be half long enough to hold you, and you would have to throw away all your clothes and get new ones that would cost four times as much. That would be paying a pretty big price for an apple, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Johnnie. "I didn't think how foolish I was."

We have plenty to learn, plenty to do, and plenty to enjoy in the sphere in which God has placed us; and if we are faithful in that sphere, it will expand, as our spirits expand, throughout a limitless future.—*Herald and Presbyter*.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## HOME AGAIN

ONE day, a long, long time ago,— it must be most a year,—

Our daddy kissed us children all, and bade us all "good-by;"

He said, "Be good to mother, dears;" and then, upon a ship,

He sailed away, quite out of sight, between the sea and sky.

Then, O, the letters daddy wrote, so full of curious things:

How we were eating breakfast when he was going to bed;

How he was having sleigh-rides, or wading through the snow,

The while the summer sun, with us, was shining overhead.

And when the winds were blowing loud, and clouds were in the sky,

My mother looked across the sea with sober eyes and lips;

And when she prayed, she always asked the loving Lord to keep

The sailor men who have to go down to the sea in ships.

But all the year has passed away, and spring has come again,

And mother's eyes are shining bright, her heart is light and free;

And *we*— we can't contain ourselves, for overflowing joy,

For daddy's safe at home to-night from over land and sea.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACK BROWN-TIPS

THE wide, treeless plain around Big Spring Gulch, hot and dry in summer and cold and bleak in winter, was just the place to develop a strong character. The gulch took its name from the large spring that came to the top of the ground near its head, and formed a small brooklet, which was soon swallowed up by the dry earth. Just above the spring, in one of the many little washouts, dry since the April freshets, one might have seen, that warm May morning, Jack and his sister Downy snugly tucked in their cozy nest—a little fuzzy mass of white and gray.

Brown-tips was the family name. It had been handed down from generation to generation. The mother of the little Brown-tips did not know that they were ugly looking babies, that their eyes and ears were much too large for the rest of their bodies, and that their hind legs were big and awkward. But perhaps she did know that these prominent features would some day develop into the strongest characteristics that mark the jack-rabbit family,—acute sight, keen sense of smell, and untiring strength and energy in the chase.

It was several weeks before Mother Brown-tips took her little family, one morning, to the spring. She stopped to nibble the green blades that tempted her appetite, and she was imitated by the funny little creatures that kept close behind her. Every time she sat up and washed her face with her paws, first one side and then the other, or scratched her right ear with her left hind foot; every time she laid her ears back and squatted at an unusual sound, they tried their best to do the same. These little jacks grew very fast, and it was not long before they became well acquainted with all the secret paths of Big Spring Gulch. Jack was very much puffed up over his increasing knowledge of rabbit ways. He could jump the little brook at its widest place, and, without his mother's consent, he had made several trips over the hill to the tree claim.

Early one morning their mother left them in the washout with strict orders to sit quite still until she returned. She had not been gone long

when their sharp ears heard sounds of light footsteps coming nearer and nearer. Flat to the ground they lay, without the movement of a muscle. A moment of breathless silence. Pounce!—a little sharp squeal, and Jack was on his feet, and at the same time on the old cat's back, jumping and kicking at such a rate that she retreated with the idea that all rabbits are not cotton-tails, and that she had better let jack-rabbits alone. Jack gained more confidence in himself. But his instinct taught him not to lead the attack, to make good use of his eyes and ears, and the better use of his legs when in more immediate danger.

Jack grew very strong and swift of foot. Before fall he could outrun the best wolf-hound on the divide. Many times he was chased, and each time his strong legs and native sagacity carried him to safety. Late in October he shed his gray coat for one of sleek white fur. Like his mother, he was a beautiful type of the western hare. His



ears were long and tipped with reddish brown, which turned with his coat to a light gray in the spring. He spent much of his time alone, for rabbits are not social in their habits.

One day, as Jack stood erect on the hill, surveying the wide prairie and twitching his nose from side to side, and noting every sound with those large ears, he was not surprised to hear a familiar sound on his trail. He dropped to the ground, and angrily stamped the danger signal. Instinctively he flattened out like the wolf-skin rug on the floor. Jack thought it was Frank, the rancher's wolf-hound, his old enemy, and he was right. Frank had the scent, and was fast coming on his trail. Jack had outwitted him too many times before to be caught now. He lay still until the hound was close. Frank caught sight of him,

and his excitement grew into frenzy as he neared his prey. He made no more use of the trail. But Jack was enough for him. He leaped a few rods ahead, and suddenly dropped into a well-known washout, and escaped into the gulch, while Frank dashed madly on, only to strike an old trail that led him off in the opposite direction.

It was not unusual on those fine moonlight nights to see Jack and his mother and sister, in their wild sport, scampering back and forth between the rank grove of wild sunflowers and their hiding-place below the spring, under the brown, prickly Russian-thistles covered with wild buckwheat. On one of those occasions the trio made a flying trip to their favorite forage grounds in Farmer Bloomfield's garden at the foot of Plum-thicket Ravine. He had a fine garden that year, and the frozen cabbage stubs were delicious to the Brown-tips. As they approached through the cornfield on the hill, Jack led the way. He stopped many times, and stood up straight and sniffed the air, and each time signaled the others to follow. As they nibbled the cabbage stubs, and now and then stood up on their haunches, and quickly rotated their ears to catch every sound, and as they moved about so gracefully, one could not help admiring them. All went well until the farmer's back door opened, and, "Here, Bay, catch the mules," rang out. Bay came tearing down the hill. The Brown-tips scattered and flew like the wind to different parts of the cornfield, and on by different routes to the tree claim, where they met, and returned to their cozy nook.

The next morning the sky was dark, and every sign indicated a storm. About noon the snow began to come down in big flakes, and the Brown-tips, fearing they would be snowed under in the washout, settled down under the shelter of the vine-covered thistle bank below the spring. It continued to snow till the next morning, when the sun came out, and saw his own face in millions of little mirrors that draped the withered sunflowers and the old fence and the thistle dome of the Brown-tip's new home.

After a day and a night without food, Jack was hungry, and set out for the cornfield. As he picked his way through the gulch, he saw the cozy nook above the spring drifted full, and the tips of the dead sunflowers nearly covered with the light, drifting snow, which was very deep on the level ground. Jack found difficulty in proceeding, even at the slowest pace. He was too busy to notice the man on horseback coming at full speed straight for him, but his faithful ears soon received the message, and then Jack saw his danger. It was too late to burrow in the snow, besides he would be caught if he did. His only hope was to trust all to his strong legs, and with him to think was to act. Bang! and Jack fell limp in the snow with an ugly death wound in his side.

A. M. TODD.

## THE SPOILED PICTURE

THE Lloyd family had decided to have a family picture taken. All the family relations were to gather in the front yard at grandpa's home at four o'clock on a certain day, and the artist was going to have their pictures all together.

Kittie Lloyd was very much delighted, and asked her mother a great many questions about it.

"Am I to be in it, mama?"

"Yes, dear,—all the family."

"And Baby Ruth too?"

"Yes, all the children and grandchildren."

"O mama! can't I have my dog Sandy in it, too? I think, if you have Baby Ruth, I ought to have Sandy."



"Well, you ask papa about it to-night."

When Kittie's papa came home that night, the first thing he heard, when his little girl came to meet him, was:—

"O papa! may I have Sandy in the picture with me? Mama's going to have Baby Ruth."

"I'm afraid you'll spoil the picture," responded Mr. Lloyd, "and Sandy is worse yet. You see, we shall all have to keep very still to have our pictures taken, and I am afraid neither you nor Sandy can do that."

"Oh, yes, we can!" assured Kittie; "I'll teach Sandy."

Every day after that Kittie gave Sandy some lessons in standing still. The appointed day came at last, and Mr. Lloyd got out the big carriage, and took them all over to grandpa's, where there was a large gathering of aunts, uncles, and cousins, who were to be in the picture. Sandy was allowed to go along, and Kittie was delighted.

At last the artist came in a newly painted wagon with a big, long word on the outside, which Kittie, after a good deal of spelling, learned was "photographs." It was very interesting to watch the artist take out his camera, and set it up on a little frame, and peep through it with a black cloth over his head. When all was ready, he called the family together on the front porch, and with grandma and grandpa in the center, the tall ones in the back, and the short ones in the front, they were arranged, and made ready for the picture. Kittie had a place in the very front of the picture, with Sandy by her side, who was to sit up on his hind legs.

"Now, Kittie," said mama, "you must keep perfectly still, and not move, or you will spoil the picture. When the artist says 'Ready,' you must not even wink till he is through."

Kittie stood up very straight, and looked just where the artist had told her to look.

"All ready?" said the artist. "Now."

Kittie looked around quick to see if Sandy was sitting up all right, and just then the artist took the picture.

"Why, mama, is it over?" asked Kittie, as they all began to move around and talk.

"Yes, Kittie," answered mama, "it's all over now, and you can run about and play."

The next day the proof of the picture was brought to Mr. Lloyd, and he showed it to Kittie. There were grandma and grandpa sitting in the center, looking as calm and placid as ever. There was mama and Baby Ruth as plain as could be, and Sandy sitting up as straight as a dog could; but in the place where Kittie's face ought to be, there was the back of a curly head and a blur.

"You moved," said papa gravely, "and you spoiled the picture."

Kittie burst into tears.

"I only looked around to see if Sandy was quiet," she sobbed, "and then it was all over. I didn't think the man would be so quick."

When the picture was shown to the other relatives, they decided it was so good of grandma and grandpa that it must be kept. So a short time after, Mr. Lloyd brought home the picture all finished and framed, and hung it up in the parlor. Kittie cried bitterly, and begged him not to hang it up, but papa said he must. Then mama took her little girl into the parlor, and talked to her.

"The picture is spoiled, dear, because you did not do as I told you at once. I told you to keep perfectly still when the man said 'All ready,' but you wanted to look around first and see what Sandy was doing. Now I want you to come and look at the spoiled picture very often, and always remember that it was spoiled because you did not obey promptly."

Kittie tried hard to remember the lesson, and when she forgot to mind promptly, her mama would often say, "Take care, Kittie, you are spoiling your picture now," and then Kittie would smile into her mother's face and hasten to do as she was told.—*Eva Kinney Miller.*



#### MAY FIELD STUDY

(May 5-11)

*Introduction.*—The articles for special study in the May *Missionary Magazine* are: "The Gospel in the Malay Archipelago," "Industrial India," and "The Native Tribes of Central America."

*The British and Foreign Bible Society.*—As the last missionary agency to enter Java was the British and Foreign Bible Society, it may be interesting to note a few items of its early history. The society was one of the fruits of the revival of evangelical piety which took place toward the middle of the eighteenth century. At that time interest was aroused in the various means which Christian people might use for the promotion of religious knowledge, both at home and abroad. The idea of a society for the universal diffusion of the Scriptures was slowly developed, but the suggestion which accelerated matters and led to its immediate organization was seemingly accidental. Several societies had been formed, which made Bible distribution a part of their aim, or their sole aim within restricted bounds, but none of these contemplated the idea of a universal distribution of the Scriptures, much less a co-operation of the different denominations. The dearth of copies of the Welsh Bible led to the distribution by one society of five hundred copies. This supply only served to stimulate a more general desire for the Scriptures, and the same society was requested to furnish twenty thousand copies. It could not grant the request, neither could other smaller organizations, and as a result, agitation for a universal society started. In two years the organization of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London was completed, and operations were begun in home and foreign fields.

The object of this society was to give all the friends of the Bible, in every part of the Christian church, an opportunity to co-operate in its distribution, "without note or comment," throughout the world. The influence of this organization has been world-wide. To give an outline of its work even in the more remote fields, would be to write a volume. Suffice it to say that all denominations are its debtors. Its undenominational character has made it the ally of every missionary enterprise.

*Distribution of Bibles in Malaysia.*—During 1899, the British and Foreign Bible Society had thirty colporteurs, besides nine subagents, and several European Bible women, scattered throughout the islands of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, with the Celebes, Moluccas, etc. The total circulation of the Bible reached nearly 87,000 copies, in thirty-nine different languages, the chief being Chinese, Malay, Tamil, Javanese, and Dutch. The ladies carry the Scriptures into the homes, and many Malay women are thus reached and influenced for good.

"It is Written on my Forehead," is a sufficient reason for the greatest calamities and troubles that may befall a Hindu. On the fifth night after a child's birth, an important event is supposed to take place—the fixing of its destiny, the arranging of its future life. At that time Vidhata, a form of Brahma, is supposed to visit the room, and write upon the child's forehead the main

events of its life. Before the sun goes down, various things have to be placed ready for this important visit. There must be a palm leaf, pen and ink, a snake's skin, a brick from a temple of Siva, fruit, wool, and money. If a child is a boy, the father arranges these things, also presenting flowers, with the hope that the god, being pleased with the offerings, may write a favorable and prosperous history. Some one must awake, lest the deity, in anger, write a long list of calamities upon the forehead of the unconscious babe. It is the belief of the mass of the people that at this time the whole plan of their life's history is written in ineradicable lines. This superstitious belief largely accounts for the stoical endurance of physical pain, disappointment, and loss, that is so noticeable in the Hindu. What Vidhata (Fate) has written must come to pass; it is useless, therefore, to attempt to oppose the inevitable.

*What India Needs.*—Said a Hindu to a missionary, "Reviling our gods, criticising our shastras, and ridiculing our ritual will accomplish nothing. But the story you tell of Him who loved and died—that story, sir, will overthrow our temples, destroy our ritual, abolish our shastras, and extinguish our gods." In the year 1800 the first Hindu convert, Krishna Pal by name, was baptized in the Ganges. He was sorely persecuted, but his reply was, "I have been a great sinner. I heard of Christ, that he laid down his life for sinners. I thought, What love is this? Was anything like this love ever shown by any of my gods? Did any of them ever die for sinners?" Self-prompted, he erected the first native place of worship in Bengal. He was the author of a number of beautiful hymns; and although coming from one who had been an idolater, they express the sentiment of all who feel themselves redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, as the following brief quotation will show:—

"O thou, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore!  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget him not!"

"Jesus for thee a body takes,  
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,  
Discharging all thy dreadful debt;  
Ah, canst thou e'er such love forget?"

#### LOST OPPORTUNITIES

How often in the past few years have I been made to feel the reality of life, its possibilities and its failures,—its failures because of not complying with the natural laws of the universe; for failure comes only when we are out of harmony with them. In other words, there is no failure to those who are connected with the one great Source of life; for has he not said, "All things work together for good to them that love God"? and if "all," then what is excluded? We are apt to overlook this fact, and when a needy one is brought to our notice, we think there are others who can attend to the matter; or perhaps we draw ourselves aside, fold our skirts about us, and pass by on the other side; or perhaps we are afraid of what people will say; or it may be we judge them, and say they are not worthy.

If our own eyes could be opened to see that only just to the extent that we let Jesus rule in our lives are we better than they, would it not prompt us to reveal his Spirit to them, that they might be led to him?

How many of you have near you a family left motherless or fatherless, whom you might have the privilege of helping, and so co-operate with God in training souls for him? Or if not orphans, there are children whose parents do not realize their opportunities to train them to be loyal, true, whole-hearted citizens. There are discouraged, disheartened, despondent ones all around you, and it is in time of trial that a helping hand, a kind word, a hearty hand-shake, may change their whole life, and make them feel as



if life is worth living. It is our neglect, the feeling that nobody cares for them, the desire to bury themselves, that leads so many to our large cities. Our world is dying for lack of love and sympathy, the real love that led Christ to die for us. It is the want of this that fills our cities with vice and crime.

It is possible for you who are located in country places to stay this tide of evil by seeing and improving your opportunities. God in his mercy has made provisions for our neglect, and left the message in Matt. 22:9, telling us to go into the byways and hedges. Never would there have been any need of such a command had we always done our duty to those whom we meet every day. We do not know the struggles of any human heart till we come in close contact with the life within. What we so strongly condemn in others we might do ourselves, if we were placed under the same circumstances and had the same home training and character. "For wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself," says Paul in Rom. 2:1, 2.

So the very means that the Lord would use to make us happy we pass by as not worthy of our attention. Yet these souls for whom Christ died, who are all around us, going deeper into sin and finally coming to our cities and finding ruin,—these whom we might have helped will God require of those who have neglected to do what he would have them do.

Then let us as Christians arouse from the low plane on which we have been living, and by the help of the Lord come up to the top of the mountains, and not neglect one of these blessed opportunities of doing as we would be done by.

ANGIE THOMPSON.



### THE COURT, ALTAR OF BURNT-OFFERING, AND LAVER

(May 11)

MEMORY VERSE.—Ps. 51:16, 17.

#### QUESTIONS

1. WHAT was built around the sanctuary to separate it from the people? Ex. 40:8; note 1.
2. What was placed between the door of the court and the tabernacle? Ex. 40:29.
3. What was the purpose of this altar? Note 2.
4. In what way was it prepared for use? Ex. 29:37.
5. When one brought an offering for sin to the altar, what was done with the blood? Lev. 4:18.
6. What is the blood? Lev. 17:11, first part.
7. Jesus has poured out his blood for all men. Where did he pour it out? Why? 1 John 1:7; Heb. 10:19; note 3.
8. What was placed between the altar of burnt-offering and the sanctuary? Ex. 30:18.
9. What use was made of this laver? Ex. 30:19-21; note 4.
10. What lessons could the people learn from this washing? Note 5.
11. What should we learn from it? Note 6.

#### NOTES

1. Our Heavenly Father is very particular that all his children shall be careful in their service for him. He wants them to remember that he is holy, and that only those who desire to be holy can come into his presence. When he dwelt in the sanctuary on earth, he had to teach his people this same important lesson. Therefore, before the sanctuary was built, the Lord gave orders that it should be so arranged that only those who were thoughtful and obedient could come before

him. Those who were anxious to put away sin could enter with their offerings through the door of the court, and there, in the holy presence of the Lord, find pardon for their transgression. But the careless were kept away; the court shut them out. And yet this was a blessing, for if one had come into God's presence thoughtlessly and prayerlessly, he would have lost his life; the glory would have destroyed him. So the court was a blessing to all: to those who came prayerfully to find pardon, it was a blessing, because it shut them in with God; to those who were not what they ought to be, it was a blessing, because it kept them from dying through carelessness.

2. The altar of burnt-offering was a wonderful altar because of the wonderful work which was connected with it. It was at this altar that all God's people found forgiveness. It was the only part of the sanctuary to which *all* could come. But whether rich or poor, young or old, all could find a place *here*. When one had broken God's law, he brought a lamb or a kid or other kind of animal to the altar of burnt-offering. And when he had placed his hands upon the head of his offering, he confessed over it the sin he had committed. By doing this, the sin was transferred from himself to his offering. Then, with his own hand, he took the knife and shed the blood of the animal he had brought, showing that in God's sight he himself was worthy of death, but had found some one to take his place. The lamb, a type of Jesus, had died in place of the sinner.

3. When the sanctuary was on the earth, the one who had done wrong could not *himself* go into the sanctuary where God dwelt. The only way he could enter was by making his offering and sending in the blood. The blood of the animal which he had slain, was regarded by the Lord as his own blood. For, as we have already seen, when he confessed his sin upon the head of the offering and took its life, it was only another way of saying that he himself was worthy of death. He put his own life into the blood of the animal that was slain, and when the priest carried in the blood, he himself went in. The blood was the way by which he entered. As it was then, so it is now. We can not enter the heavenly sanctuary, but we can believe in the blood of Jesus; and by making his blood our offering, we are able to go *in that blood* where he is,—into the holy place of the sanctuary on high. The blood of Jesus is thus called the "*new and living way*."

4. The word "*laver*" is translated from a word meaning washbowl.

5. When the Lord brought his people out of Egypt, they had almost forgotten the true God, and were so filled with sin that they could not understand how holy and pure and good our Heavenly Father is. They had been in the midst of the wickedness and vileness of idol worship so long that they had come to look upon evil as good. So the Lord had to take them away, and teach them as if they were little children. But children learn *by what they see* more than by what they hear. So the Lord, instead of having Moses preach to the people all the time, told him to make something which they could see. And the laver was one of the things which they could look at. As they watched the priests wash so carefully whenever they went into the sanctuary,—how they took great pains to remove every particle of dust from their feet and hands,—they learned the meaning of the words, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." When God *said* he was holy, he meant that he was clean inside; that just as he required his servants to be clean *outside*, so everybody who came to him must be clean *inside*. The laver, then, was to teach the people what God meant when he said they must be holy, or clean.

6. We should learn all that they learned, and much more. As they, in those days so long ago, could go before the Lord only by means of blood and water, so now we must offer the blood of Jesus and be baptized in water. And, besides this, the Lord asks us to be clean in body as well as in heart. 2 Cor. 7:1; Rom. 12:1.

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#### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

##### SUNDAY:

"He who sees his Master's face  
 Will not, in his prayer, recall  
 That he is chastised at all."

##### MONDAY:

Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble.—*Carlyle*.

##### TUESDAY:

"If the yoke of Christ is not easy, you are wearing it with a stiff neck."

##### WEDNESDAY:

"Be swift to love; make haste to be kind."

##### THURSDAY:

"Human things must be known to be loved,  
 but divine things need to be loved to be known."

##### FRIDAY:

"The best way to see divine light is to put out your own candle."

##### SABBATH:

"Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven."

AGAIN the morning of the year has come, when all the birds return to sing, and all the flowers wake up to bloom. The poet Longfellow once wrote this exquisite bit of verse:—

"'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

As the earth warms up again, and dons its cool green robes, do not our hearts leap with the springing buds, singing glad praise to Him who sends the seasons rolling round and brings us nature's bounties?

#### CONTAGION

WE hear a great deal about contagion now-a-days, and our doctors and the State boards of health are continually warning us against exposing ourselves to infection by disease. They tell us that pathogenic (disease) germs are everywhere present, and that the only sure way to avoid being attacked by them is to keep our bodies in a condition so healthy that the germs, when they visit us, will find no welcome—will find no weak tissue, no broken-down nerves, no illness anywhere, through which they can gain a foothold.

But it is another kind of contagion of which I wish to talk,—the contagion of good. We all admit that evil and disease are contagious, but we seldom think of the other side of the question. I believe that good is even more contagious than evil.

Smiles are especially contagious. If you meet a

person on the street and he smiles, you give him an answering smile. If he should frown at you, would you frown back? The smile-germs inoculate without contact—simply on sight, and sometimes on hearing, if one "smiles out loud." And what a glory they lend to life! "Laugh, and the world laughs with you," sings one of our poets, and her thought is true. In no way can we "scatter sunshine" better than by habitually wearing a sunny smile. Lift the corners of your mouth a little; do not let them droop till your mouth looks like a quarter moon pointing toward the chin. Put the smile in your eyes too. It takes such a little effort to make a smile we ought to be ashamed not to wear one all the time—not a broad, grinning smile, but a pleasant look, that seems to say, "God is good. He is love, and because he loves me, I love every one." Smiles are born of heaven.

M. A. S.

#### SOME WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS

It is sometimes difficult, especially for young people, to see the difference in meaning of two words that are very much alike in spelling or definition. Let us notice a few.

*Healthy* is applied to living things that have health in themselves; as, a healthy man, a healthy dog, a healthy tree.

*Healthful* applies to things that can produce health in something else; as, a healthful climate, a healthful diet, a healthful garment.

The prefixes *anti* and *ante* are often confounded. *Anti* means "against," as anti-Christ; or "instead of," as, antitype. *Ante* means "before," as, antediluvian—one who lived before the flood.

*Effect* means "to bring about, to accomplish, to achieve," as, He effected the release of the prisoner.

*Affect* means "to influence, to change," as, The sorrowful tidings affected her deeply.

*Except* means "to leave out or exclude," while *accept* means "to receive."

M. A. S.

#### LIFE PRESERVERS

THE following excellent prescription for everyday use contains a number of rules which, if carried out, will make them indeed preservers of life:—

"Don't worry. 'Seek peace, and pursue it.'"

"Don't hurry. 'Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.'"

"Sleep and rest abundantly. 'The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.'"

"Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. 'Work like a man; but don't be worked to death.'"

"Be cheerful. 'A light heart lives long.'"

"Think only helpful thoughts. 'As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

"Avoid passion and excitement. 'A moment's anger may be fatal.'"

"Associate with healthy people. 'Health is contagious as well as disease.'"

"Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. 'Trust in the good Lord.'"

"Never despair. 'Lost hope is a fatal disease.'"

#### HOW TO READ THE DICTIONARY

THAT joke about reading the dictionary is an old one and a very silly one. I, for one, delight in perusing the fascinating pages of Webster, Worcester, the Century, and the Standard. I don't find them at all "lacking in continuity." I don't find it at all "difficult to follow the characters and understand the plot." I find the A's as thrilling as "The Mystery of Cloomber," and the M's as charming as "Sentimental Tommy."

There is not a page of the great volume but is a very mine of words, an El Dorado of learning. What new faces my old friends put on! Key?

I thought I knew him, but here are forty different keys, each worth meeting and shaking hands with. My egotism is pleasantly shocked at every turn. I have been calling it "scenic" all my life, and behold, it is "scenic"! Each paragraph places me on the Arabian magic carpet, and whisks me off to foreign lands, gives me a taste of old England, perchance, or sets me down on the Appian Way, or at the foot of the glittering Acropolis. These etymologies are marvelous things.

I soberly recommend every reader of this paper to take a page of the dictionary for daily diet. Your vocabulary will speedily enlarge, and that will not be a bad thing, since most of us are merely living on the edge of the English language. You will become more accurate as to the pronunciation and the use of words. You will actually get to know a thing or two about spelling. Your mind will be enriched with many an excursion into strange fields of thought—mechanics, philosophy, art, what not. Your faculty of discrimination will be developed as you discover that dictionaries disagree as well as doctors. Before long you will become an enthusiastic lover of the most delicate and marvelous instrument God ever gave man for his use—the English language. And you will get it all so cheaply.—*Caleb Cobweb, in the Christian Endeavor World.*

#### PREPARING FOR THE BEST

THE girl was eager and impatient; eagerness and impatience are so large a part of girlhood. "I want things now!" she cried rebelliously. "I don't want to wait and wait till, when they come, if they ever do, I'm too old to enjoy them. I'm so tired waiting! I want them now, this very minute!"

"Are you sure that you are ready for them now, this very minute?" the older girl asked, quietly.

The girl looked puzzled. "Why, of course," she answered, but her tone was so dubious that she had to laugh in spite of herself. "You might as well tell me," she said, resignedly. "I can see something trembling on the tip of your tongue, and it's sure to be good for me, even if I don't like it—and probably I sha'n't. But I'll go home and think it over in the dark, and in about a week I'll acknowledge that you're right. That's the way it always happens; though I don't know why I'm telling you, when you knew it beforehand."

The friend smiled. "You were speaking the other day of Emily Ross," she said. "Do you know how long we have been friends?"

"Why, three years; you told me yourself."

"Do you know how long we might have been?"

"No," the girl replied, wonderingly.

"Fifteen years. There were twelve years that I might have had if I had been ready for them."

The girl drew a long breath. "Oh, so much lost!" she cried pitifully, but the older woman shook her head.

"That wasn't it. There is all eternity for the friendship; it would wrong it to grieve. But when I want a thing now, the way that you want things, I always think of my twelve years, and instead of praying for the thing so much, I pray that I may be made worthy of it and ready for it when it comes. Such beautiful things God has waiting for us just as soon as we grow up to them!"

"All our lives?" the girl questioned, wonderingly. "Do you mean that they keep on coming?" She was young, and it seemed to her as if all joy of living must end when one became twenty-five.

Her friend's face lit with laughter. "Child, you haven't begun yet," she answered, lovingly.

The girl was silent a moment; then, "It makes life large," she said.

The woman repeated the words, and her voice was full of joy: "Yes, it makes life large."—*Margaret Treadwell.*