

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. XLVII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER 21, 1899.

No. 50.

THE STAR OF THE EAST

THE people sat in darkness deep,
Nor sun nor star to shed the heav-
enly light;
Over the hearts of men brooded the
night,
And souls were buried in Lethæan
sleep.

Hopeless, the people lay in bondage
vile,

Yearning for freedom from the chains of sin;
Fear reigned without, and doubt and dread within;
God veiled his face, and Love withheld her smile.

Then in the Eastern sky there flashed to birth
A radiant Star. The expectant seer
Greeted its rays with joy;
for it was here

To guide him to the Hope of
the lost earth,—

A helpless Babe — God's
pledge of saving
grace—

Smiling into a human moth-
er's face!

JAMES KNIGHT.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS RENTER

"MARTHY! do you suppose I ain't going to get my Christmas eve mission money out of my mission chamber this time? It'll be the first time in more than twenty years—oh, you are n't here, are you?—well——" and Grandmother Preston sat with folded hands a few minutes. Then she arose, and, going across the room, called, "Marthy!"

The call was stentorian and prolonged, shouted down the stovepipe hole. The reply was a merry, musical laugh, close at hand.

"Well, well, dearie! you *are* here, aren't you? I guess you'd a heard me if you'd been deaf as a post. I thought you were never coming. Did you lock the door, and lay the fire, and put out the lamp, and send Janet and Jim to bed?"

"Yes, grandmother, every one of them; and I did something else."

"I'll warrant. You're always doing things. But what is it now?"

"Guess!"

"Well, let me see,—something practical, or ornamental? 'broidery or painting? or——"

"Oh, it's practical, and might possibly be ornamental."

"You don't say! What can it be? How long did it take you?"

"Twenty minutes, maybe."

"Land sakes! that all? But you always were the greatest girl for doing things up smart. Well, I give it up,—no, I won't, either. I don't like to give up things. It isn't a mark of good character. I never used to do it, and I don't think I'll begin now. I'll sleep on it. Will that do, dearie?"

"Yes, it'll do to sleep on and to wake on. Maybe you'll guess it, though, while I'm bathing your feet and combing your hair."

"Bathing the feet might wake me up to it, but combing my hair, you know, always puts me off to niddy-nodding. I'm ready for bed when that's done. Get the Bible, dearie."

It was a fair young face that bent over the great old book, upon whose pages everywhere were the marks of use by more than one generation of devout but diligent hands. The face that had been so merry a few moments ago was thoughtful, earnest, and not a little perplexed, as, with a few quick movements of her fingers, Martha laid the book open at a certain place. She turned toward the old woman, who was sitting in a low, easy chair, waiting, with clasped hands and bowed head, for the words and tones that she loved the best; for to Grandmother Preston there was nothing that had fallen upon her ear for many a day so sweet as the sound of Martha's voice. There

had been other voices just as sweet in long-gone-by days, but she had lost them: some had been swallowed up in the roar of the great world, and many had been hushed in the silence of the grave.

"Grandmother!" The tone was very earnest, and full of inquiry.

"Yes, dearie. Can't you find anything?"

"Oh, yes, lots; but I want to ask you something. You won't think it's strange, will you?"

"What if I do? If you have strange thoughts like everybody else, you'll likely ask a strange question once in a while; but I guess I can get acquainted with it. Maybe I can recognize it as a grandchild to some of my own."

"Oh, I think you are the darlinest old dear!" and the girl dropped lightly to her knees beside the old woman, and laid her arms tenderly about her neck. "You

never, never—you always make everything so easy, *so* easy, for me. I wonder that I don't always come right to you with everything, before it gets heavy."

"Sure,—why not? Has something got heavy again?"

"Yes," with a little sob. "The same old thing, though; only this time, you see, I can't help wondering when your prayers are ever going to be answered, even if mine never are, and bring my father home. I would like to see him just once since I can remember."

These disjointed parts of sentences were told off rapidly, Martha's lips against her grandmother's cheek. The old eyes had grown moist, but a smiling patience sat on the old



SMILING INTO A HUMAN MOTHER'S FACE.

We'll see what the good Lord will send us tonight out of his word; and then we'll ask him for the rest. You see we have a right to *ask* him for anything, provided we're ready to be satisfied with his answer. You understand that, don't you?"

"I try to, grandmother, but I'm afraid I want to make the answers as well as the prayers sometimes."

"Of course you do, child; but that's because you haven't learned your lesson yet. But you're learning. I'm not a mite worried about your understanding, in due time."

"What shall I read, grandmother?"

"Let me see,—I think I'll let you do the picking, this time."

lips as grandmother said: "Well, now, who knows just when, but the One who knows all things? *He* knows. I've waited longer than you have, child, and——"

"Don't I know that?" interrupted the girl; "and that is one thing about it that bothers me,—that I should have been born here, and my mother die, and I be left for you to bring up to be so old, and all since any of us ever saw him; and I *never*,—my own father,—not even to know how he looks, nor he me; and you praying and trusting that promise in the Bible all this time——"

"What special promise is it to-night, dearie,—something you opened to?"

"I turned to it on purpose. It came to me all at once. You know what it is."

"I dare say; but suppose you read it, just as you started to do."

Martha arose and read, beginning with John, fourteenth chapter, fourteenth verse: "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." As she read these words, she paused an instant, looking at her grandmother, her lips open to speak; but as she noticed the closed eyes and the absorbed expression, she returned to the reading, and went on to the end of the chapter.

"Oh, how good that is!" said grandmother; "how could anybody ask for any more than that? That is good enough for any Christmas eve. But what is your strange something you wanted to ask, dear?"

"Did n't I ask it?"

"Nothing *strange* that I heard; that is, not to any poor human creature, nor to the angels by this time, I reckon. They have heard just such things before. When the promise gets so it is n't any stranger to us than your question, we'll begin to get answers. It was—let me see, you are eighteen and a half?"

"Yes, grandmother."

"Well, it was nineteen years ago, to-morrow,—Christmas day,—that I saw my boy last. God knows,—I don't,—and he cares. All the caring that I ever knew came out of his own loving bosom, and there's any amount left where that came from—more than I could possibly lug around. I've left all the worrying to him this many a day. It's safe, dearest. Trust your old grandmother to know that, if she does n't know any more. Let us pray."

They knelt, the old woman's arm thrown like a wing over the bright head, which was laid with one cheek on the cushion of the chair, the other turned up toward the face which, if it was wrinkled and old, was yet, to the young eyes that saw in it a constant reflection of heaven, the sweetest face in all the world.

Just as the last words were uttered, there came the sound of a closing door, and movements about the room at the other end of the hall.

"I wonder," began the grandmother.

"Well, you need n't," said Martha; "for——"

"Wait!—I've guessed it!—you rented that room;" and the grandmother laughed almost as merrily as Martha had at first.

"That's it," giving her a hug; "and the hall alcove, too; and here"—putting her hand into her pocket, and drawing out a purse—"is your money for the first week,—your Christmas eve money, all right. I was going to put it under your plate at breakfast if you did n't guess the riddle before."

"And yet right on top of that you wondered if prayer was answered?"

"There! I knew you would think it was strange. But, you see, that was n't *the* prayer. We need a son and father more than that room rent."

"My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." He has sons and fathers to spare. Only let us be patient."

"I will, grandmother. I almost am now, I think. I almost came to it while you were praying. And now, dear, I will get you ready for bed, as you used to say to me when I was the youngster of the family."

They had settled down in their respective bedrooms very near each other, and were just

dropping off to sleep, when the lifting of the window in the rented room, which squeaked as it went up, aroused them both, and they called each other in the same breath.

"Marthy!"

"Grandmother!"

"What is it, Marthy, a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"Young or old?"

"Rather old, or tired, I don't know which,—one of the heart-achy kind. I felt—oh, I don't know how I felt, but I thought I'd like to have him comfortable, at least."

"Jim was here to see him, I suppose, or Janet?"

"Jim showed him up, but had to go then. The man said he did n't want anything but to be left alone."

"Poor creature! The Lord be merciful to him. He wants air, I guess, by the sound of that window."

"I guess so; he breathed like it. But if one asks the Lord to send a roomer, he has to take what comes, does n't he, grandmother?"

"Yes, dear, and be thankful."

"Well, I am. You've never yet missed Christmas eve rent for your missionary money, have you?"

"No, never."

After that all was quiet until early in the morning, when the grandmother's voice very carefully broke the stillness, with the soft call, "Marthy!" To which came the laughing reply, "Merry Christmas, grandmother."

"The same to you, dear. You are awake, then?"

"What a funny question! Yes, I am awake! Are you?"

"I suppose that did sound funny, but the best laughing is made out of just such little slips in talking. Yes, thank you, I am awake; and I thought it would be a suitable thing to ask that poor old creature to have some breakfast when it's ready; don't you?"

"A very suitable thing for him," laughed Martha, "and I presume he'd like it."

"And we'll ask him in to worship. Maybe it'll do him good."

"That's just like you, and I'm glad you thought about it. I'll hurry down and tell Janet, and ask her to turn on the steam and to send Jim up with some hot water. It's c-o-o-l! You will ask him down yourself?"

"Yes; he's a representative, you know. If it were in the old Bethany days, and he were the old Bethany Guest, I should ask him down myself; so I will now, for he's a wayfarer and a stranger."

"I think that old fellah up there feels mighty bad 'bout somethin'. Not much merry in his Christmas," said Jim, the colored boy, to Janet, his mother, as he came back to the kitchen after taking up the hot water. Martha overheard him from the dining-room, where she was laying little sprigs of holly over the table, and setting things in order generally.

"What makes you think that, Jim?" she asked.

"And what was he doing?" asked Janet, almost in the same breath; and Jim tried to answer both impartially.

"'Cause why? he looked awful down in the mouf, an' never said nothin', only sat staring at a phorograph—looked like that one of old Mis' Preston's that was on the hall stand."

"How did it get in there, then?" asked Janet. "What business has any roomer a staring at Mis' Preston's photograph?"

"I donno' know nothin' 'bout that. I only tol' you what he was doin' 'cause you asked."

Martha stood still, with a branch of holly in her hand, while a tide of changing colors swept from lip to brow and back again. Her hands began to feel weak, and her knees to quiver.

She could not have put into words the language that was trying to utter itself within. She was more afraid than she had ever been in all her life. She stood thinking for a full minute, rooted to the spot, until an exclamation from Jim of, "Massy, Miss Marthy! how pale you look!" aroused her; and laying the holly branch down on the table, she turned,

and went up to the suite of three rooms that, for companionship, she had always shared with her grandmother.

"Grandmother," she began, "how long have we lived in this house?"

"Ever since the old homestead was taken by the railroad;—let me see, that was—you were about three months old, I remember; for you had just been put into short clothes. That would make it——"

"Well, then, he would n't come here expecting to find us, would he?"

"What do you mean, child?"

"Jim says that the gentleman in there has got your photograph off the hall table, and is feeling all sorts over it. O grandmother! I am perfectly sure something is happening to us. Do you suppose——"

"Happening! don't take the doings of God in vain that way. His good hand is about us, shaping things. Let us call it by the right name."

"I will, and"—in a tone of awe—"I believe it's the answer, grandmother. Go and find out, quick!"

But grandmother had already started, Martha following. When about half-way down the hall, she stopped, and returned. "Will you please call Jim?" she said. "I'll send a message, just as I intended in the first place. 'He that believeth shall not make haste,' nor do anything unbecoming."

When Martha returned with Jim, her grandmother handed her a note to read:—

We do not know your name; but as you are in the house with us, we wish you a happy day for the sake of our Lord, and invite you to take breakfast with us. I will call at your door at seven.

MRS. MERCY PRESTON, AND GRANDDAUGHTER,
MARTHA KEYES PRESTON.

"That's clear as a bell, grandmother. You always know just what to do. If it is *he*, he will understand perfectly."

Mrs. Preston handed the note to Jim, saying, "You can wait outside for a reply," and then sat down and waited, while Martha stood leaning over her shoulders.

In a very short "few minutes" the boy returned with a scrap of paper from a note-book, on which was written:—

Mother, daughter, may I come?

YOUR PENITENT SON AND FATHER;

and the three met midway of the hall.

The story that followed, while it had a purpose to serve, is yet not worth telling again; but the lives of restitution, sacrifice, consecration, faith, and loving service for one another that followed, and that made the old house a home, were worth the living, proving that at least the Christ of the Christmas time, and his beautiful gift of himself, are real, even if the day is mythical. MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth nor learning—
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him;
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways;
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

— Selected.

THE missionaries of the world receive less money in one year to save the world than the smokers of the United States burn up in one month; that is to say that while thirteen million dollars is given to send missionaries to foreign fields, the smokers burn up fifteen million dollars *every month*. What does this show?

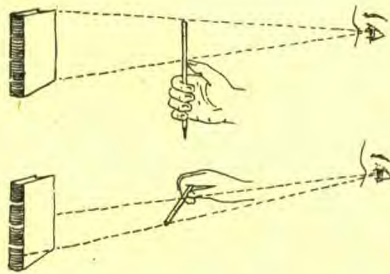


MEASUREMENT AND PROPORTION

SOMETHING might be said here about measurement and apparent proportion. If you have ever visited an art school, you have perhaps noticed, with no little amusement, the students holding at arm's length a pencil or ruler, and with one eye closed, apparently criticising the same intently.

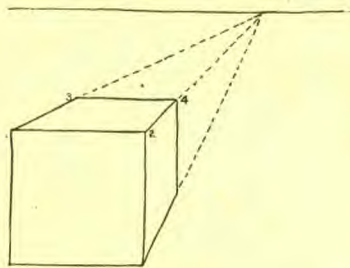
If you will take a pencil and hold it out at arm's length before you, closing one eye, that you may the more clearly see both the pencil and the object to be measured, you will see for yourself the use of this practice. Suppose you wish to draw the view you see from your window. There is a house in the distance, which appears smaller than another near by, and you wish to draw it so. But how much smaller? Perhaps you guess at it, and after drawing it, find that it is either too small or too large. This is where the pencil at arm's length will help you.

Measure upon it the height of the house in the distance; then, still keeping your arm out, compare the height of the distant house with that of the nearer house. Perhaps it will be



one and one-half times, perhaps four times, the height of the small house; but whatever it is, you know that this is the size of the smaller house, compared with that of the larger one; that is, in proportion to it. By comparing, in this way, the width of any object with its height, you can easily find the proportion.

By stepping back from the object, the amount of space taken on the pencil each way will be lessened; but the proportion will remain the same.



Be sure, in taking such measurements, to keep the arm always straight, as any deviation will make a corresponding variation in the measurements.

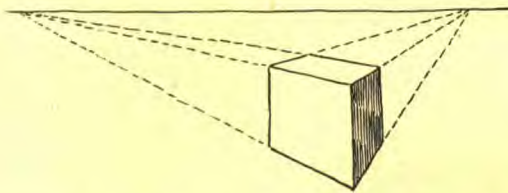
You should make a practice of measuring only until your eye is so trained that, unaided by measurements, you can draw objects in their correct proportion. An excellent way to obtain this training is to make a drawing without measurements, and then, by measuring, to note how closely its proportions compare with those of the object drawn.

It will also be well to test, by measuring, what you learn by observation. For example, place in front of you a box or some other object having sides of equal length; then step back and a little to one side, so that both the top and one side can be seen. By measuring on your pencil the length of the box (the line marked 1 and 2 in the accompanying drawing), and comparing it with the line marked 3 and 4, you will see that line 1 and 2 is longer than line 3 and 4.

Compare the height, or the nearer side-line, with that of the farther side-line, and you will see that the nearer line is also longer than the farther line. Notice that none of the receding

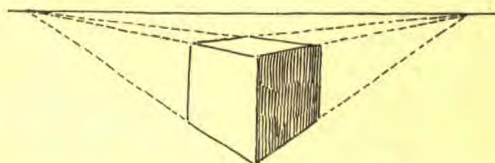
lines appear parallel, showing how, if the lines were carried on, they would meet at a point opposite the eye.

When we are drawing, we must realize that the direction of our retreating lines is to be the same as those we see before us, and that just as the lines in a block or road retreat



toward an imaginary line, so on our paper they must retreat toward an imaginary line.

If we take our box, and turn it so one corner will be facing us, there will then be two sets of lines vanishing toward two different points on the imaginary horizon line; and according to the extent the block is turned, so is the distance of these points on the horizon line, as shown in the accompanying drawings. Such drawings as these, or any enlarged forms, such as street corners or angles of houses, are said to be in "two-point perspective."



to be in "two-point perspective."

PEDRO LEMOS.



"GIVE as you would if an angel
 Awaited your gift at the door;
 Give as you would if to-morrow
 Found you where waiting is o'er;
 Give as you would to the Master
 If you met his searching look;
 Give as you would of your substance
 If his hand your offering took."

"TEMPTED IN ALL POINTS LIKE AS WE ARE"

I

AS CHRIST'S ministry was about to begin, he received baptism at the hands of John. Coming up out of the water, he bowed on the banks of the Jordan, and offered to the Father such a prayer as heaven had never before listened to. That prayer penetrated the shadow of Satan, which surrounded the Saviour, and cleaved its way to the throne of God. The heavens were opened, and a dove, in appearance like burnished gold, rested upon Jesus; and from the lips of the Infinite God were heard the words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

This visible answer to the prayer of God's Son is of deep significance to us. It assures us that humanity is accepted in Christ. The repenting cry of every sinner, the petition of every believing soul, will be heard, and the suppliant will receive grace and power. Christ has opened the way to the highest heavens for every bereaved heart. All may find rest and peace and assurance in sending their prayers to God in the name of his dear Son. As the heavens were open to Christ's prayer, so they will be opened to our prayers. The Holy Spirit will come to every son and daughter of Adam who looks to God for strength.

From the Jordan, Jesus was led into the wilderness of temptation. "And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of

God, command that these stones be made bread."

Christ was suffering the keenest pangs of hunger, and this temptation was a severe one. But he must begin the work of redemption just where the ruin began. Adam had failed on the point of appetite, and Christ must conquer here. The power that rested upon him came directly from the Father, and he must not exercise it in his own behalf. With that long fast there was woven into his experience a strength and power that God alone could give. He met and resisted the enemy in the strength of a "Thus saith the Lord." "Man shall not live by bread alone," he said, "but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

This strength it is the privilege of all the tempted ones of earth to have. Christ's experience is for our benefit. His example in overcoming appetite points out the way for those to overcome who would be his followers.

Christ was suffering as the members of the human family suffer under temptation; but it was not the will of God that he should exercise his divine power in his own behalf. Had he not stood as our representative, Christ's innocence would have exempted him from all this anguish; but it was because of his innocence that he felt so keenly the assaults of Satan. All the suffering that is the result of sin was poured into the bosom of the sinless Son of God. Satan was bruising the heel of Christ; but every pang endured by Christ, every grief, every disquietude, was fulfilling the great plan of man's redemption. Every blow inflicted by the enemy was rebounding on himself. Christ was bruising the serpent's head.

Satan had been defeated in the first temptation. He next took Christ to the pinnacle of the temple at Jerusalem, and asked him to prove his sonship to God by throwing himself down from the dizzy height. "If thou be the Son of God," he said, "cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." But to do this would be presumption on the part of Christ, and he would not yield. "It is written," he replied, "thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Again the tempter was baffled. Christ was victor still.

Presumption is a common temptation, and when Satan assails men with this, he gains the victory almost every time. Those who claim to be enlisted in the warfare against evil frequently plunge without thought into temptation from which it would require a miracle to bring them forth unsullied. God's precious promises are not given to strengthen us in a presumptuous course, or to rely upon when we rush needlessly into danger. The Lord requires us to move with a humble dependence upon his guidance. "It is not in a man that walketh to direct his steps." In God is our prosperity and our life. Nothing can be done prosperously without his permission and his blessing. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." As children of God, we are to maintain a consistent Christian character.

While you pray, dear youth, that you may not be led into temptation, remember that your work does not end with prayer. As far as possible you must answer your own prayers by resisting temptation. Ask Jesus to do for you that which you can not do for yourself. With God's word for our guide, and Jesus for our teacher, we need not be ignorant of God's requirements or of Satan's devices.

"Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Then divinity flashed through humanity. "Get thee hence, Satan," Christ said; "for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Satan did not then present another temptation. He left the presence of Christ a conquered foe.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Dan. 2:40-49; "Thoughts on Daniel," pages 56-77

THE regular Outline of these studies is published in the *Review and Herald* and also in the *Missionary Magazine*. What is here given is only supplementary, and should be studied in connection with the Outline.

NOTES ON LESSON 4

(December 24-30)

1. "Write the Vision."—No doubt most of the INSTRUCTOR readers are familiar with the prophetic chart, which has been so extensively used by Seventh-day Adventists in presenting the prophecies of Daniel. Hab. 2:2, 3, gives this instruction: "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Elder J. N. Loughborough, in "Rise and Progress," page 29, says of this text: "Those who gave the Advent proclamation claimed that this 'vision,' with its 'appointed' time, included the visions of the prophecy of Daniel. This they made so plain in their delineations of it upon their prophetic charts, that he who read the interpretation could indeed 'run,' and impart information to others." The first chart was published by J. V. Himes, and a few of these highly prized relics are still extant. The chart was so large that *two* stones were required in making it, the chart being made in two pieces and glued together. Thus the statement that the vision should be written upon "tables" was literally fulfilled.

2. An Ancient "Ovation."—After the death of Alexander, the countries over which he ruled were finally reduced to four separate kingdoms, — Egypt, Syria, Thrace, Macedonia. Gradually, but surely, these kingdoms were brought under the dominion of Rome. After a signal victory, which virtually put an end to the Macedonian monarchy, B. C. 168, Paulus, the conquering general, returned to Rome, where his victory was celebrated. The following description by Ridpath will be of interest, as it gives an excellent idea of the honors accorded military heroes in those days: "Returning to Rome, Paulus was honored with a magnificent triumph. . . . Three days were required for the completion of the procession. During the first, two hundred and fifty vehicles, laden with the magnificent art treasures of Greece,—paintings, sculptures, bronzes,—passed along the Sacred Way, and were exhibited to the thousands. On the second day, the splendid arms and other military trophies of which the Macedonians had been despoiled, headed the procession. After these came three thousand men, carrying the silver coin and vessels which had been captured from the enemy. On the third morning, the procession was preceded by the animals intended for the sacrifice, and then were borne along the treasures of gold which ages of war had heaped together at the court of Macedon. After this display came the royal chariot of Perseus (the captured king), his armor, and his crown. Then followed *on foot* the king himself, and his children and servants,—a pitiable spectacle of wretchedness and despair. . . . Then came Paulus himself, seated in his chariot of war, . . . and carrying the laurel branch of triumph. Finally, the rear of the procession was occupied by the army, bearing the emblems of victory, singing battle songs; . . . and the festival was then concluded with a sacrifice of animals on the hill of the Capitol."

3. *Soldier Boys Are Wanted.*—To show that the same spirit of hero-worship here portrayed is manifest to-day, we have only to refer to the recent demonstration in New York City in honor of the "hero of Manila." The effect of a nation's extending honor, almost to the point of worship, to a man because of his achievements in battle, is to cause the boys of that nation to choose above all else to be soldiers, that the possibility of such honor may be theirs. Yes, boys, soldiers are needed, and the work is most desirable. But the fight is not against "flesh and blood," but against "the rulers of the darkness of this world." The Captain furnishes the armor; put it on. There are a breastplate, a shield, a helmet, and a sword all ready for you. See Eph. 6:11-16. If you are provided with these, the fiery darts of the enemy will have no effect upon you. You must be prepared to "endure hardness as a good soldier," and "war a good warfare;" and just as surely as you continue in the service until the end, the crown of the victorious will be yours. Read all the promises that are made to the "overcomer;" then strive for the reward that does not perish.

4. *Will the World Be Converted before Christ Shall Come?*—Many people really believe so. Some think that the kingdom represented by the stone that smote the image upon the feet, will absorb the material of the image, until it fills the whole earth. Read carefully Dan. 2:34, 35, 44, 45, and determine for yourself whether the process described is a gradual conversion of the world, or a sudden destruction. For texts which clearly set forth the condition of the people before Christ comes, read 2 Tim. 3:1, 12; Luke 17:26-30; 2 Thess. 1:7-10; Matt. 13:24-30, 36-43.

5. *Where Are We To-Day?*—For over four hundred years the image of Daniel 2 has been developed, in the history of the world. We are still "in the days of these kings;" and the next event in this line of prophecy is the setting up of the kingdom of God.

THE FIELD

DECEMBER STUDY: PART IV

(December 24-30)

1. *The Basis of Study.*—Read "Experiences in Barbados," "Leaves from My Diary," and "Samoa," pages 491, 499, and 503 of the *Missionary Magazine*, November number. Questions on these articles will be found in the December *Magazine* and in the *Review and Herald* of December 19. We would still encourage those having access to these publications to follow the instructions suggested. That "knowledge is power" is just as true of missionary work as of any other.

2. *Our Ship Missionaries* (*Missionary Magazine*, page 491).—The promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," seems literally applicable to ship missionary work. Such efforts are now in operation in the harbors at Hongkong, China; Port Said, Egypt; Hamburg, Germany; Helsingfors, Finland; Liverpool, England; Barbados, West Indies; and New York. We have two ships devoted wholly to this work,—the "Herold," in Hamburg, and the "Sentinel," in New York.

3. *What This Work Means.*—From Hongkong: "A young German sailor aboard the United States cruiser — has accepted all the truth. I do not know that I ever saw a greater turning from darkness to light than in his case. While the ship was in port here, we had some interesting experiences. For a time after it left, I received letters from him regularly. He had only fourteen months more in the service, and then desired to devote himself to the Lord's work." From Liverpool: "An intelligent Japanese sailor, a student of the Nautical College, on the eve of returning to Japan, has shown a deep interest to know more of the

Bible. He spent two days here, and might be seen studying the Bible far into the night. He gave me his Japanese Bible, which he had carried twice around the world. After going to Glasgow, he wrote: 'I desire to thank you most cordially for your care and attention to me. As I return to my native land, I will carry the reading-matter you gave me, and distribute it among my friends. I can find no word to thank you, only to follow your kind advice with all my heart.'" And so the seed is scattered. Eternity will reveal the result.

4. *Barbados* (*Missionary Magazine*, page 491).—This is one of the most beautiful spots in the West Indies. It belongs to Great Britain, and is sometimes called "Little England;" for with an area of one hundred and sixty square miles, it gives a home to one hundred and eighty-five thousand persons, more than eleven hundred to the square mile. The population is so dense that although our work began ten years ago, it has not covered much territory. During the last three years a minister has been working here, and more has been accomplished. There is one organized church. One of the most pressing needs is a commodious house of worship.

5. *The People.*—About ten per cent are white. There are but two classes, the rich and the poor. The elegance of some homes, as compared with the poverty of others, is a good index to the condition of the people. Common labor is looked upon as a disgrace. Small wages are paid to all workers. After the dreadful storm of about a year ago, carpenters and masons were getting sixty cents a day; book-keepers and clerks from nine to thirty dollars a month. Farm laborers were employed for nine cents a day.

6. *Educational Advantages.*—A large number of elementary schools are in operation, also many higher schools, all under the control of the Church of England. There are a number of private and church schools, also a college for boys, which was founded almost two hundred years ago. Children, however, seem to make slow progress, except in wickedness. It has been said that Barbados surpasses any other seaport in wickedness. But amid the rubbish, jewels are being found.

7. *The Samoan Islands and the United States* (*Missionary Magazine*, page 499).—The arrangement for the disposition of the Samoan Islands in the South Pacific Ocean, recently entered into by the governments of the three protecting powers, which only awaits ratification by the Senate to become final, settles a question that has been open for twenty-five years. We are indebted to the *Independent* of November 30 for the following facts concerning this arrangement: The share which falls to the United States is Manua and Tutuila. As early as 1878 a treaty was signed which gave "our vessels the privilege of entering and using the port of Pago Pago, on the latter island, and establishing there a station for coal and other naval supplies for their naval and commercial marine." Commercially, these islands are unimportant, but their location makes them of value from a naval point of view. Lying, as they do, in the course of vessels from San Francisco to Auckland, from Panama to Sydney, and from Valparaiso to China and Japan, and being outside the hurricane tract, these islands are the key to the Samoan group, which, in turn, is the key to Central Polynesia. The population of the entire group scarcely exceeds thirty-five thousand persons, although the islands cover an area of eleven hundred and twenty-five square miles. The two in which the United States is interested contain about five thousand persons.

8. *The First Missionary Work* in the Samoan Islands is so interesting that we have reserved it for an article for this department next week. We would recommend to our young people the book "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," by John Williams.

Science Stories

A HINT

I wish you a merry Christmas!
Let's try, while we're repeating
The dear old-fashioned greeting,
To add a kind, unselfish act,
And make the wish a blessed fact.

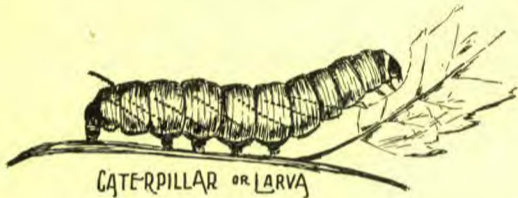
—Selected.

WHERE DO THE BUTTERFLIES GO?

"MAMA, where have the butterflies gone? Do they go away to the South, where it is warm, when the cold weather comes, as the birds do?"

Nell had been standing at the window, watching the first snowflakes of the season as they floated down, and covered the sear brown leaves scattered over the lawn; but now she turned from the window, and sat down on an ottoman at her mother's feet.

"No; the butterflies do not go away to spend the winter; for they, like most other



insects, have lived as long as nature intended, and die before the winter really begins."

"Where do the next year's butterflies come from, then?"

"That is an interesting question, Nell. Do you remember that big green caterpillar we put in a fruit jar early last fall?"

"Yes, and we filled the jar about half full of earth, and tied a piece of mosquito-netting over its mouth, to keep the caterpillar from getting out; but one morning when I went to give it some fresh leaves, it was gone, and you said to let the jar alone, and sometime we would see what we could find in the jar."

"Well, suppose you bring it here, and we will see if we can find any trace of Mr. Caterpillar. Now spread a newspaper out on the floor, and empty the earth out on that. What do you find?"

"Nothing but some lumps of earth. Oh, yes! here is a queer-looking brown thing. What is it?"

"That is the Mr. Caterpillar of last year, and the Mr. Butterfly of next year."

"A caterpillar and a butterfly both? How can that be?"

"It does seem strange, and yet it is simple, too, when you understand it. During her short life each female butterfly deposits, in some suitable place, a large number of tiny white or yellow eggs. It is not long before these eggs burst, and send out a swarm, not of little butterflies, but of tiny, crawling, hairy things, which you would no doubt call worms, but which scientific men call 'insect larvæ.' Some day we will talk about the real worms, and then you will understand the difference better.

"For lack of a better name we will call these little creatures insect-worms; but we must be sure to remember that they are not real worms, and that we use this name only because it is convenient."

"But what becomes of these little insect-worms? and how do they get to be butterflies?"

"As soon as they come from the eggs, they go to eating as if to eat was the one thing worth doing. Sometimes when they find a tender plant just to their liking, they do not leave it until nothing is left of it but the woody stems. The result of this great appetite is that the little insect-worms grow very fast. In many species, the larvæ grow so fast that it becomes necessary for them to change their skin more than once during their short life in

the larval state. When one of these insect-worms has grown to its full size, it stops eating, crawls away to some quiet spot, and goes through a wonderful change. If you leave the place for a while, and then go back, you will not find the lively creature you left, but a lifeless looking object like this one you found in the jar. This stage of the caterpillar's life is known as the 'chrysalis state;' and the particular form the insect takes in this stage depends upon the kind of insect. Some spin themselves beautiful silk houses; others fold leaves about them; others, like the one we are keeping, go into the ground. It would be interesting for you to see how many different varieties you can find, and make a collection of them.



CHRYSALIS

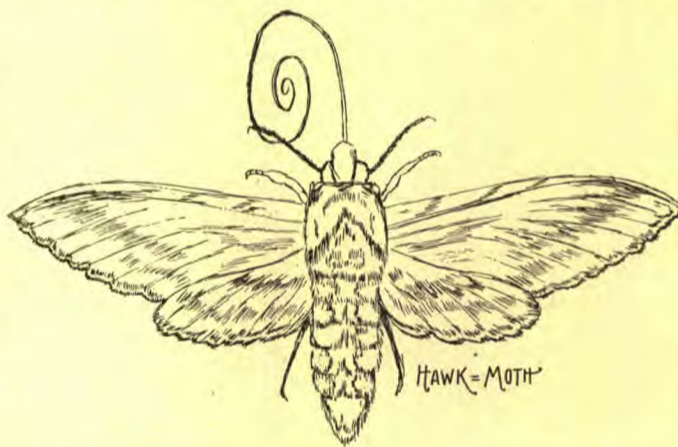
"After the insect has been asleep in its curious little house as long as Mother Nature thinks necessary, she helps it make itself a door; and out steps—not a caterpillar—but a butterfly, just like the one that laid the eggs from which the little insect-worms came in the first place. However, when *this* chrysalis opens, it will not be a true butterfly, but a great soft-winged moth, that will come out. Moths and butterflies are near relatives, and their habits are very much alike. This is one of the great hawk-moths, which you have often seen hovering over a bed of flowers in the summer evenings, and which are sometimes mistaken for humming-birds as they flutter above some flower, and draw their food from it by means of their long tongues."

Nell picked the queer brown thing up in her fingers, and looked at it with wondering eyes. "First an egg, then a worm,—"

"Insect-worm," corrected Mrs. Dean.

"An insect-worm," went on Nell, "then a chrysalis, and then a butterfly, or a beautiful moth! It's more wonderful than a fairy story."

"And this is only one of the many wonderful stories that nature will tell you if you are a



HAWK-MOTH

good listener, and keep your eyes open," answered Mrs. Dean, as she replaced the earth in the jar, with the brown lump that would some day open to release the beautiful hawk-moth.

ETHEL TERRY REEDER.

THE TREE THAT MENDED ITSELF

IT was a beautiful Russian mulberry tree, with long, slender branches and glossy leaves. It stood close to the house, and bore large quantities of delicious fruit. But the house burned, and the poor tree was scorched. For several years we thought it would die; yet it struggled on, and made a brave fight for life.

It lost many of its lovely branches; but each side of the scorched places it sent out a growth of new wood, that as far as possible, spread over them. It threw out new branches, and sent new roots down into the rich earth to search for life and moisture. Now it looks like a new tree; we hardly know it for the sadly scorched one.

It has done the best it could. It has looked to heaven for help from the bright sunshine, cooling dew, and refreshing rain. But the scars are there; it can not cover them. As long as it lives, it will be a patched tree.

It makes me think of sinful young men and women. They, too, have been scorched by the fire. Beautiful branches, bright leaves, precious fruit, life-giving roots, are all lost. Death is before them unless the mending process is begun. Like the tree, they must look to heaven for help, must give themselves up to the renewing process of divine grace. The scorched places must be covered with new growth; the old burned branches must be thrown off, and new ones take their place. New roots must be sent down, down, to the deep fountains that flow from the Saviour's side.

Human lives can be mended, but there is only one way. We must turn, if we would live. We must be covered with the righteousness of Christ; we must work the works of God.—*The Young Pilgrim.*



Phases of Life in the Orient

A JAPANESE STUDENT

THE Anglo-Chinese school at Singapore, of which the writer was principal for several years, and in which he taught from 1887 to 1892, was opened in 1885, in a small house in an obscure corner of the city. It has rapidly extended its borders until it is now the leading school of the colony, and has property valued at forty thousand dollars, and nearly six hundred pupils, mostly Chinese. Among these is a sprinkling of Malays, Japanese, Eurasians, and Europeans.

One young Japanese who came to Singapore to work in one of the Japanese stores, was enabled to attend school, and entered our classes. He was an intelligent young man, with a good mind and no small degree of ambition. He made rapid progress, and in a short time stood at the head of his class in all subjects. He was promoted in advance of the class, and at the time of our departure from Singapore in 1896 was in the highest department of the institution. During this time he was converted through the labors and influence of one of the teachers, Brother Wm. E. Horley, who is a true missionary, and succeeded in winning the hearts of many boys. I baptized him in 1894, and from the latest information received learned that he was still in the institution.

He was abreast of the times; for he possessed a kodak, and was able not only to take pictures but also to develop them. Further than this, he offered to teach the Chinese boys how to manipulate the camera, on consideration of a small payment for his services; and in this way he was able to earn a considerable sum of money.

He entered heartily into every form of Christian work, and was always willing to accompany us in street meetings, to serve on the hospital visitation committee, or do anything that he could to help on the cause of Christ. I wish he might be introduced in person to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR; for if you could see him, and converse with him, you would quickly come to regard him with the highest degree of respect and Christian affection.

People in this part of the world, who do not read much, or study the missionary work, have strange ideas concerning the character of Oriental races. Because they are Buddhists, or Mohammedans, or Hindus, does not prove that they are for that reason unintelligent or wanting in the qualities of true manhood. The term "heathen," in the minds of Western peoples, has come to be a synonym for ignorance and degradation. This is a serious error. The Japanese are intellectually among the most alert of all the races of mankind; and the astonishing facility with which they have taken on Eastern thought and civilization is a standing marvel to the newcomer in the Land of the Rising Sun.

R. W. MUNSON.

BIBLE LESSON AND NOTES

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON—NO. 13

JUDAS THE TRAITOR, AND THE PREPARATION FOR THE PASSOVER

(December 30, 1899)

Lesson Scriptures.—Matt. 26:1-5, 14-19; Mark 14:1, 2, 10-16; Luke 22:1-13.

Memory Verse.—Ps. 41:9.

Time: A. D. 31. *Place:* Jerusalem. *Persons:* Jesus, disciples, chief priests, scribes, elders.

QUESTIONS

1. When Jesus had concluded his instruction to his disciples, what did he say? Matt. 26:1, 2. About this time, what gathering took place in Jerusalem? For what purpose? Vs. 3, 4. Why were they so anxious to arrest Jesus secretly? V. 5; note 1.
2. What did Judas now do? V. 14. What proposition did he make? What was the sum agreed upon? V. 15. Thereafter what was his constant purpose? V. 16. What special change took place in Judas, that he could do this? Luke 22:3; note 2.
3. What important day was finally reached? Luke 22:7. What request did Jesus make of his disciples? V. 8. What question did they ask in reply? V. 9. By what were they to determine where to go? V. 10.
4. What message were they to deliver to the owner of the house? V. 11. What would he then do? Mark 14:15; note 3. How fully did they carry out the directions of Jesus? V. 16.

NOTES

1. The priests and rulers knew full well that the closing talks of Christ in the hearing of the people had greatly lessened their influence and increased his power. They were therefore afraid openly to oppose him longer; for to do so would only injure their case so much the more, and perhaps provoke a riot. Hence it was determined to crush out his life, secretly if possible, and at all events to arrest him only when they could do so without danger to themselves.

2. At the supper at Simon's house, held shortly before this time, Judas had been openly rebuked by Jesus for his covetousness. His anger burned within him, and ere long developed into a desire to avenge himself by betraying Jesus to his enemies. How quickly sin grows, if allowed a place in the heart! By secretly cherishing his evil trait, Judas opened the door to Satan, who came in and took full possession. The last acts of his life were more satanic than human, and illustrate what the devil will finally do in every heart that is not fully given to Christ.

3. At the time of the Passover, the inhabitants of Jerusalem prepared their homes for the reception of guests. It is to one of these prepared rooms that reference is here made.

A PARABLE

Two crossed the ocean together,
One willing and one loth;
The chances of the weather
Befell the same to both.

The selfsame vessel bore them,
They there were like bestead;
The selfsame port before them,
They thither like were sped.

One took his fortune cheerly,
Hoping and trusting still;
The other ever drearily
Foreboded something ill.

Both reached the haven whither
They both set out to sail;
But of his voyage thither
Each told a different tale!

—Independent.



"BREATHE thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of thine,
This erring day of mine;
Wash it clean of stain and spot.
Reproachful eyes, remember not
That I have grieved thee
On this day of thine."

EDWARD

My earliest remembrance of Edward is that of the day when he first came to do odd jobs around our house. He was then a thin, small, ragged, underfed, cross-eyed child of ten years. Some squints have an effect of moral obliquity, as if the owner were slyly avoiding your eye; Edward's was a straightforward, honest deformity, that added to the general air of simplicity and helplessness that distinguished him. We took him just because he was so helpless, and because something had to be done with him. His mother had been left with seven small children to support, and no visible resources.

Now, it is not right for children under twelve to work, of course; but what else can be done in such cases? Edward's two elder sisters went to the mill; and Edward, being too pitifully small even for that, started out to find a living somehow, on the streets. He carried papers, he ran errands, he helped market people with their baskets, and, twice a week, he came to our house to do any odds and ends of work we might have for him. There was n't much that he could do, except wash the pavement and clean the knives; and he was further complicated by his eight-year-old brother Jim, whom he seemed always to have in charge, and who was a lively and unruly child. If it had been anybody else but Edward, the experiment would not have lasted a week; but before that first week was up, we had learned that there were peculiar reasons for being patient with the little fellow, and peculiar virtues in him to admire, which balanced any objections. To be poor, sickly, and stunted is handicap enough in the race of life; but Edward was more heavily weighted still. I hesitate to say that he was half-witted; because, like a squint, that seems to carry moral obliquity along with it. Rather, he was curiously limited in his intelligence, but unflinchingly conscientious.

For instance, he was instructed to wash the pavement once a week; and his sentiment of duty was so strong, and so unchecked by any mental perceptions, that he would go out cheerfully under a drenching rain, and work away at the sidewalk with his bucket and broom. And when my mother called him in, and reproved him, he would look so confused, and say, so falteringly, "I did n't know it was wrong, ma'am!" that the reproof stopped at once. We finally arranged that he should not do the pavement without previous notice from the cook (who knew fine weather when she saw it); and after that he worked as happily as possible, Jim playing away alongside under the fraternal eye. Whenever one of the household went by the two children, Edward always straightened up and took off his cap, and admonished Jim to do the same. Where he picked up his manners no one knew; but he evidently had a severe code of his own, for he always insisted on shaking hands with a new cook or housemaid, much to her astonishment.

This home experience with Edward did not last long, for his sisters got him a place at the mill when he was not quite twelve. From this time he worked steadily till he was fifteen, and then his mother tried to apprentice him to a trade. It is a hard thing for a lad without father or friends to get into the overcrowded, jealously guarded trades; and it was a year before the boy had his chance. And then—

poor little patient worker!—after six months' apprenticeship, he was told that he could not go any further. The "boss" was not a hard man; he was impressed, indeed, with Edward's perseverance and simplicity; and he came himself to see the mother, and tell her the truth. Edward could not remember more than one machine, one kind of tool, at a time; and when he went on to another, he forgot how to use previous tools and machines, and spoiled the work. The real reason was never told to the boy himself; the "boss" agreed with his mother to make lack of bodily strength the pretext for dismissing him. His self-respect was not hurt; but he went sadly back to the mill. I never heard him complain except once, just after this, when he told me, gravely, that he liked the work at the shop so much better than mill work, because it "occupied his mind more."

With all this plentiful lack of intelligence, he yet could read after a fashion, and write a plain, round hand; and he had a great fondness for music. His first savings went toward a violin; but the family was still so poor that all the money was needed at home, and, after the precious violin was bought, it was a year or so before he could again save enough to take a few lessons upon it. He did not learn very easily, but was infinitely patient; and night after night he practiced delightedly on his poor little instrument.

"Edward ain't like most boys; he never runs at night," said his mother, "jest stays in, 'nd plays his fiddle till bedtime. He's the best child I've got, if he ain't very bright." This was her euphemism to express her son's limitations. But as her own horizon was not large, and she had much besides to trouble her, the familiar fact of Edward's mental drawbacks might well be forgotten. Jim had grown up "wild,"—not brutally so, but unreliable and drunken,—and the poverty of the household was great; for Edward and one sister were the only steady workers. Besides that, it seemed as if the mother was becoming discouraged by her wayward children, and as if moral misery and degradation were creeping steadily into the household.

Edward was then about eighteen. He had been in my Sunday-school class for a year or so; and, though I had taught the gospel to him as to the others, I had always doubted whether he really understood anything of it. I had views, then, on the intellectuality of faith, and these bright young lads of mine were all so different from Edward that I can not say I thought much about him in teaching the lessons. He listened with the most dignified attention; but I never liked to ask him questions, for I knew he could not answer them, and I did not wish to embarrass him before the class. We were having special services for the school that year, and I urged the class, as a whole, to attend. I was rather surprised, however, to see Edward coming to meeting after meeting; and I could hardly understand it when, after a week or two, I found that the lesson, one Sunday, affected and interested him very much. I am ashamed to say that I hesitated about speaking to him after the session was over. His limitations, his surroundings, the pitiful inadequacy of his life, were opposed to all my ideas concerning strong, intellectual, powerful Christianity. I hesitated; but my heart, I am thankful to say, got the better of me, and I was glad that it had when I heard his quick response to my somewhat embarrassed questioning.

"Yes, Miss Ella, I've been trying to do what God says a long while. Do you think I could be a Christian, Miss Ella? because I'd like to say I was a Christian, before people, if I could be one."

That was about all he knew. We tried not to confuse nor discourage him, and asked him only necessary questions. He went before the elders of the church, a little timidly, but sure it was all right, since I told him to go; and he seemed, to them, to know what he was doing. Still, I felt a trifle nervous when he was baptized, and made his confession of faith. I thought of that miserable, unhappy home of his, and the total lack of helpful influence

around him, and the weakness of the lad himself; and I wondered if he truly understood what it means to be a Christian.

I found out very soon. Three of my scholars joined the church at that time. The other two were ordinary, intelligent lads. Their religion was also ordinary—real, but negative. In Edward, the church had gained a member of a different stamp. He began at once, toilsome as it was to his half-educated eye and brain, to read his Bible. Even his beloved violin was neglected. Week after week, in the class, he began to answer Bible questions and to quote Bible verses. He did n't always get them right, and he could n't always read the lesson straight; but beside the halting, imperfect mind one could see the soul growing up, straight and strong. It was like a miracle; it opened all our eyes to the divine possibilities of the gospel. Edward was utterly unconscious of himself or of us; he only desired to know more of the only book he could understand. His straightforward simplicity shamed us all. The bright boy of the class (who had rather pitied him) was moved to do what he had never done before,—read the Bible,—for "I'm ashamed to let Ned get ahead of me," he said. And when Edward read aloud, stumbling, in his turn, there never was so much as a smile. Mistakes, however, were rare; and he literally read his Bible until he knew how it ought to be read, and learned many verses by heart.

The first effect of the gospel upon such a transparent, child-like soul was to illuminate it; the next, to shine through it to others. He began to bring his brother to the services. How he did it no one knew; nobody else had any influence whatever over Jim. But Edward soon brought him regularly, and looked so happy as he ushered him in, that everybody sympathized. And the faithful love had its reward; Jim, repentant and sincere, came before the elders of the church to confess his faith. When he was asked the manner of his conversion, his simple answer, "It was my brother, sir," touched every heart that heard. I think Jim would have slipped and fallen out of the fellowship of the church, once and again, afterward, but for that simple faith and love that flowed unfalteringly from his brother toward him, and kept him steady through his temptations till he turned out a manly Christian after all.

When Jim joined the church, Edward began to hold family worship, and that humble service, with its faltering prayers, its childish, reverent reading, was a lesson that settled my intellectual theory of Christianity once and for all. The gospel entered into that poor house with its full power and blessing. A wayward sister learned that a new life might be hers, as Edward sought out the promises for her in his little Bible. He brought her to the church, and she was welcomed into it. Then his mother came, then another sister, till all, except the younger children, were gathered in. And every one of them, when questioned, had the same answer, "It was Ned who made me want to be a Christian." After his own people came a fellow worker in the mill; then a friend of Jim's, and so on. Wherever his life touched another's, there his influence began. His speech was halting, his mind weak; the cup was small, but the gospel overflowed from it. His simple Christianity was so loving and comprehensive that it was a message to everybody. You could n't evade it; you could n't argue with him; he had no opinions of his own, and no words except the words of the Bible.

As time went on, and he learned more about his one Book, it became an education to him, and reacted on his mind; so that I could see that he really thought more, and was able to reason about elementary, every-day matters.

The Sunday-school superintendent one day spoke to the school of having heard a well-known hymn whistled in the streets of a foreign city once, and how it cheered him, and added: "I love to hear the music of a hymn floating out among the sounds of business and the noise of the world. It does every heart good that hears it. Whistle the old hymns, boys!"

That was enough for Edward. One of my scholars, who was a clerk in the mill offices, told me next Sunday that Edward had whistled "Rock of Ages" hour after hour all the week long, and could n't be induced to stop. And once, when some tracts were handed him for distribution, he was n't content with giving one to each fellow workman, but went straight to his employer, and gave him one, too. I quaked when I heard that; for the employer was not a man to whom I should have liked to offer a tract. However, no evil result followed. And a month later, Edward's wages were raised.

I am glad to say, indeed, that Edward's days of hunger and forlornness are in the past. This year has been a happy and important one for him. The family has moved into a new house, and Jim and three girls are working steadily; so that Edward could afford, without extravagance, to give his mother, out of his wages, a rocking-chair and a picture for the parlor as her Christmas gift. He has a new violin, and has become a prominent member of the Sunday-school choir; for he plays his beloved instrument correctly and well. Best of all to him, he has been asked to lead the

Christian Endeavor meetings in his turn. The clergyman said he knew no one in the church more fit than Edward for such a duty. And if you could hear his short prayers, all in the words of Scripture, and yet coherent in petitions and their praise; if you could see the simple reverence and dignity with which he presides over the little meeting, you would, I am sure, agree with the minister.

Edward always refreshes me. He always helps me. When I get worried over a theological tangle, I think of his simplicity; and I remember that theology is n't essential to salvation or everyday usefulness. When people lament over the decline of the gospel, I think of this living example in which it has brought forth, with such thoroughness, every fruit that can be desired. When I become lazy, I look at Edward, with his infinitesimal powers, going on cheerfully, and "bringing forth an hundred-fold," and I am shamed into activity. And in the hope that Edward may do some one who reads this a small part of the good he has done me, I write this inadequate history of him, which has only the one merit of being absolutely true.—Elizabeth Tilley, in *Independent*.

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No. 21, Mail and Express 6.58 P. M.
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No. 27, Local Freight 8.25 A. M.

EAST-BOUND.

No. 22, Mail and Express 8.25 A. M.
No. 24, Accommodation 1.45 P. M.
No. 28, Local Freight 5.30 P. M.

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No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago..... 9.00 A. M.
No. 3, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago..... 3.40 P. M.
No. 5, Pacific Express, to Chicago, with sleeper..... 1.10 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed, to South Bend..... 8.20 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.
Nos. 1, 3, and 5, daily.

EAST-BOUND FROM BATTLE CREEK.

No. 8, Mail and Express, to Pt. Huron, East, and Detroit... 3.45 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, to Port Huron, and East..... 8.37 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, to Port Huron, East, and Detroit... 2.25 A. M.
No. 2, Lehigh Exp., to Saginaw, Bay City, Pt. Huron, and East 6.50 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed, to Durand, (starts at Nichols)..... 7.35 A. M.
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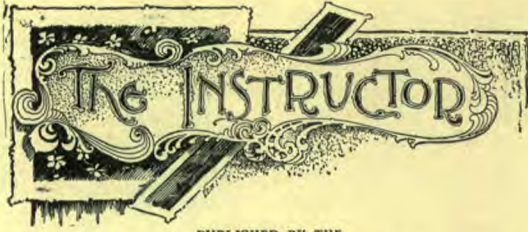
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

In highest heaven a new-born Star
Unveils its radiance from afar,
The while, upon her new-born Child,
The mother of an hour has smiled.

No hostelry our Babe receives;
Upon the refuse of the sheaves
Is pillowed that sweet forehead, born
To feel the sharpness of the thorn.

—Julia Ward Howe.

MONDAY:

Long repeat the angels' song,
Echo loud and echo long:—
"Peace on earth!" O blessed story!
Christ is born—the King of glory!
Hail, O earth! the infant Stranger—
Christ is born in Bethlehem's manger!

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

TUESDAY:

The Star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease;
And we listen for the tidings
Of glory and of peace.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

WEDNESDAY:

There's a song in the air;
There's a Star in the sky;
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a Baby's low cry;
And the Star rains its fire, while the beautiful sing;
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

—J. G. Holland.

THURSDAY:

There is a song that ne'er is stilled,
Through centuries since that blessed morn,—
The angels' song when Christ was born.
To-day we hear that song again;
'T is "Peace on earth, good will to men."

—George Birdseye.

FRIDAY:

O watchers on life's lonely wolds!
O toilers in the crowded marts!
To-day the Christ-child waits to bless;
Be swift to take him to your hearts.

—Mary B. Sleight.

SABBATH:

"Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son
is given." "For unto you is born this
day in the city of David a Saviour, which
is Christ the Lord. . . . Glory to God in
the highest, and on earth peace, good will
toward men."

BE sure to give the three articles, "Tempted
in All Points like as We Are," the first of which
is printed in this paper, a careful reading.
They will help you.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

A HAPPY Christmas to you!

While we wish one another a happy Christmas on the day chosen to be kept as the birthday of Jesus, and are doing all we can to make the wish a fact, let us open wide our hearts to him, that a little of the unselfish love for others that fills his heart may sweeten and soften ours. If he were here to-day, ill and in need, would we not hasten to offer him our best, our choicest? He *is* here, in the person of his brethren; and every service rendered to them, in his name, he accepts as if done indeed to himself. "Inasmuch"—you all know the words—"as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," he declares, "ye have done it unto me." The spirit of Christmas should be anything but a spirit of self-pleasing and self-getting; and just so far as it partakes of the spirit of sharing, of unselfish love for others, just so far will it be a day of the truest happiness.

And so, again, a happy Christmas to you, every one.

WHEN the King of glory came to earth as the Saviour of men, he came as every son and daughter of Adam must come,—as a helpless little child. It seems hard to think that on the night when earth was so honored by his birth, there was "no room" for him in some comfortable home, and that he was born in a stable, his cradle a manger. But the angels came down in shining hosts to sing his praises, the shepherds left their flocks and came to worship him, and the men of the East reverently laid their priceless gifts at his feet. That was a wonderful day for the world,—one of the most wonderful since its creation,—a day to which men had looked forward with eager longing for centuries, and to which other men for other centuries have looked back with praise and adoration.

And "this same Jesus" is coming again, coming soon! Not in poverty, not in obscurity, but "as King of kings, and Lord of lords," attended by all the angelic hosts—"ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." There will be room enough then; there will be no lack of worshippers. Every one will see him; every knee will bow before him. Glorious day! Do you not long for it? It is coming!

IN the notice given in the INSTRUCTOR and the Review concerning the premium book, "Beautiful Joe," it is stated that the book will be sent, in paper covers, with the INSTRUCTOR one year for one dollar. When the shipment of these books arrived, we were pleased to see that this cheaper book is *not* in paper covers, but attractively bound in cloth, with red side-stamp. It is not quite so large as the more expensive volume, being printed in smaller type and without illustrations, but it is very neat, and will make a desirable addition to your library. It will be sent with the INSTRUCTOR one year for only one dollar.

Look over the list of premiums again, and set about to obtain one, either by getting up a club or by adding a few cents to your subscription for the INSTRUCTOR next year.

OUR INSTRUCTOR MISSION FUND

THE latest contribution to this fund comes all the way from Skagway, Alaska.

Amount previously received,	\$16.40
Jessie Henton,	1.00
Helen Henton,	1.00
Olive M. Henton,	1.00
Total,	\$19.40



STRONGER THAN STEEL

"I'LL master it," said the ax, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till by and by he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on the iron surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you would n't succeed; I'll show you the way." But at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. But they all despised the flame; yet he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.—Mrs. Prosser.

CABLEGRAMS FROM AFRICA TO LONDON

THERE are two routes of telegraphic communication between Africa and England,—one along the west coast and the other along the east coast, each ending at Lisbon, Spain, whence the messages are forwarded to London. Over both routes the English government holds undisputed sway, except at a point on the western route, at St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde Islands, where there is an independent cable line to Brazil; but as no cipher despatches are allowed to be sent over the lines going out of Cape Town, Africa, and as all others are rigidly scrutinized, nothing can be transmitted except that which the government approves.

Over both routes the start is made from Cape Town. On the west route, beginning at Cape Town, the line goes to Mossamedes, 1,383 miles; then to Benguela, 234 miles; to Loanda, 296 miles; to Akkra, 975 miles; to Sierra Leone, 1,020 miles; to Bathurst, 463 miles. Here it leaves the African coast, and lands at Santiago, 470 miles off the coast; going from there to St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde Islands, 204 miles; to Madeira, 1,169 miles; and to Lisbon, Spain, 632 miles,—a total of 6,846 miles. From Lisbon the despatches go over the "Press" route to London, 899 miles.

The eastern route, starting from Cape Town, goes overland to Durban and then to Delagoa Bay, 345 miles. Here the cable begins, going to Mozambique, 974 miles; to Zanzibar, 692 miles; to Aden, 1,920 miles; to Suez, 1,403 miles; and thence overland to Port Said, 92 miles; thence by cable to Alexandria, 154 miles; to Malta, 928 miles; to Gibraltar, 1,126 miles; to Lisbon, 390 miles; and finally to London, 899 miles,—a total of 8,923 miles.

To reach New York, the news is carried from London to Dublin; thence to Waterville, Ireland; over the long cable to Nova Scotia, 2,348 miles; and then 840 miles overland to New York City. W. S. CHAPMAN.

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