

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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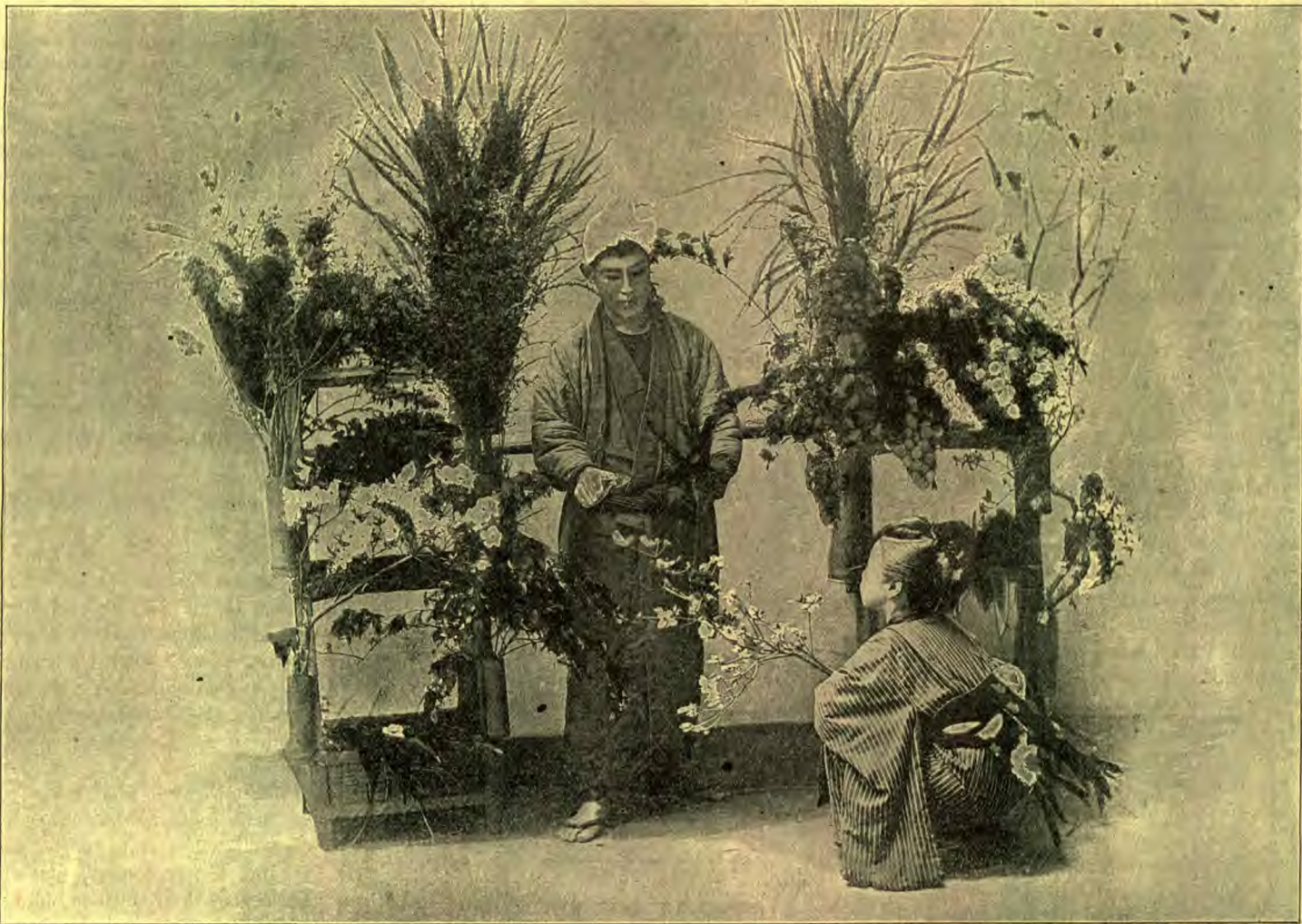
"KIM SAN," OR GOLDEN HILL

IN 1893 a little family consisting of father, mother, and three children, all of whom had been born in a foreign land, were passengers aboard

It is hard to realize that it can be so hot and so cold at the same time in two different places in this world, but such is indeed the case. As our three little child-voyagers' approached the equator, they shed their winter clothing; as they sighted the southernmost of the Aleutian Islands, they were passing through a blinding snow-storm; and when they reached Hongkong, they were welcomed by warm showers. From black to white, from thick to thin, from heavy to light—this was the transformation that took place in their garments as they coasted down

steamer bound for Singapore, six days' journey to the south and west. At Singapore they were warmly welcomed by their friends, the missionaries; and here, in due time, they were appointed to open an orphanage for poor and orphaned Chinese lads.

To this home there came, early in 1893, three boys, one of whom, Song Liang, was of peculiar interest because of his misfortunes, for he was both orphaned and afflicted. His mother was dead, his father in prison on the west coast of Sumatra; altogether, he seemed so left alone



JAPANESE FLOWER-SELLERS

a large white ocean steamship that had cleared from Vancouver for Hongkong, China. At first the weather was raw and chilly, and some of the time almost freezing cold, although it was in the month of March. Gradually they slipped out of the chilly latitudes into more southern waters, and finally dropped anchor in the harbor of Yokohama, in the Land of the Rising Sun. From there they sailed on through the lovely inland sea of Japan to the rock-bound harbor of Nagasaki, and at last came to anchor in the quiet waters of Hongkong.

the shores of the Flowery Kingdom, whence Kim San's ancestors came. It was not the season of the year when the much-dreaded typhoons (huge rotary wind whirlpools) devastate the China seas, and so they had a quiet passage.

All the journey through, papa and mama and the three child-voyagers prayed for God's blessing upon the work they were going to undertake. At Hongkong?—Oh, no; their journey was not yet done. Leaving the great ocean steamer, they embarked in one of the neat little sailing-boats beside it, and went over to another and smaller

in the world that the hearts of both parents were strangely drawn out to him. This poor lad was not a "good" little boy. Oh, no! He was *nakal*, or naughty, indeed; yet he had some lovable ways. For one thing, he did not steal, like most of the other lads, and he really tried at times to be good. He knew nothing about the cradle at Bethlehem, or the shepherds on the plain. He had never heard of the "land that is fairer than day," and did not understand how it was that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever



believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." But he learned all those things, little by little, from day to day; and gradually the light of the gospel broke in upon his darkened mind, until one day, when he had been overcome by the tempter, and had done something very wrong indeed, our papa missionary, whom we will call Mr. Smith, took him alone, and after pointing out to him, in gentle, loving words, the result of such wrong-doing, knelt down and prayed with and for him. The poor boy was convulsed with grief, and then, for the first time, did the Spirit of God open his eyes to see the real blackness and wickedness of sin, and he wept tears of genuine repentance. The result was a marked change in his character. He began to pray, and to struggle against the evil nature within. He found peace and pardon where so many other children have found it—at the foot of the cross. In short, he became, instead of a worshiper of the ugly gods of the Chinese, a true disciple of Jesus Christ. He was then, although very small for his age, sixteen years old. For three years he attended the mission school, and learned English—his mother tongue was Malay—until he reached the fifth reader. He was not a brilliant boy,—such boys often prove the greatest failures through pride,—neither was he dull. He was keen-witted and studious; but neither Song Liang nor Mr. Smith dreamed for what experiences God was preparing the boy.

Early in 1896 it was decided by the missionaries at Singapore to open a mission in the native states of the Malay Peninsula, and Mr. Smith was appointed to take charge of it. He went up the coast, a trip of two days by steamer, to visit the place, secure a house, and arrange for the transfer of the family. Ten days later, on his return to Singapore, he found Mama Smith lying dangerously ill, and a speedy return to America was advised by the physicians. So in three years from the time of their arrival, the family found themselves sailing back again over the broad Pacific. It was a sad journey; for they had left all their orphanage boys to scatter—no one knew where.

And surely enough they did scatter. Only two or three were left, and among those that were scattered was Song Liang. He was not loved quite as much by others as he had been by Papa and Mama Smith, and he ran away from the new home in which he had been placed, and began to drift. He entered into an agreement with an Arab printer to go to Palembang, on the southeastern coast of Sumatra; but he was unjustly treated, and made up his mind to return to his native town, where his sisters and grandmother were. He wrote for the money to pay his passage; and when he had received it, slipped quietly away by a steamer bound for Batavia, whence he sailed up the west coast of Sumatra to Benkulen, his birthplace. He did not tarry there long, but was sent on to Padang by his relatives, who were well-to-do, and did not care to keep him with them; and again he was sent from there into the interior, up the railway line to Padang Pandjang, at the summit of the mountain highlands. Here he toiled "like a slave" for an aunt, who coined money out of the very sweat of his brow, but paid him no wages. His food and clothing were wretched, and the old woman sought to find some fault in his work, that she might have a chance to justify her cruelty, but she found none.

Two long, painful, weary years the poor boy toiled early and late, without a cent of compensation and no kind words. Then, to cap the climax, in true Chinese fashion she compelled him to marry a girl whom he did not know and had never seen. The young girl-wife made life very miserable for him. She would often drive him out of the room at night, and make him sleep outside, without anything under him but the dirty board floor. She continually reproached him for not providing better things for her;

and when he gave her money, spent it as quickly as foolishly, just as any other child would do; for she was not yet sixteen. Erelong a son was born to him; but the child's advent seemed only to multiply the father's sorrows. The baby reached the age of ten days (or it may be more), when he must receive a name. According to the custom, many friends came, each bringing a present of a coin, according to their ability, for the little one.

Now occurred an opportunity for the adversary to attack Song Liang again, and compel him to abandon not only his faith in God but his life as well. Among the guests who came to his house was one wealthy Chinese woman, who wore some valuable brooches, or clasps, on the front of her *kabiah*, or coat-like gown. One of these was stolen by another of the guests, who gave out that she bought it from the wife of Song Liang. To aggravate the case, the real thief was a near relative, and the wife of a well-to-do business man. As the young couple were poor almost to destitution, it certainly appeared a strong case against them. And though the Lord interposed by restraining the prosecution of the case by the interested persons, the shame and disgrace of the accusation clung to the young couple, and there seemed no help nor hope for them. Song Liang lost his situation, and starvation stared himself and family in the face. The last handful of rice was cooked and eaten, and there was not a penny with which to buy more. He had a small Oxford Bible, which he constantly carried about and read. Although he so often did wrong, in his extremity he always turned to the Lord. So at this time, in his perplexity he went alone to pray, and poured out his burdened heart to God for help.

When he returned to the house, a friend came in, and went straight to the rice-box. Seeing it empty, he said, "What is this?—an empty rice-box! Here, go and fill it," at the same time slipping a coin into Song Liang's hand. His rent was due, and he had nothing with which to pay it; but his landlady told him she wanted no rent from him. He desired work, and after praying, he started out to seek employment. He was soon hailed by a man in the Dutch government service, and offered a situation in the military hospital. The future seemed to brighten; but home was the last place to which he desired to go, for there he was met with abuse and neglect. If he wanted rice, he had to cook it himself; if his clothes needed washing or mending, he must see to them; if the baby, Kim San, needed food, he must wash his bottle, and prepare the milk. Most painful of all, the dear little fellow was growing thinner and weaker each day, until he was a veritable picture of a famine baby. And a famine baby he was; for he was being slowly starved to death on poor cow's milk and rice mush. •

R. W. MUNSON.

Padang, Sumatra.

(Concluded next week)

### LIVING AT OUR BEST

It is a supreme hour when the soul realizes the power that God has given it—that it can be what it will; and if it will to live greatly, all the forces of circumstances can not deny it. No poverty can make the generous soul small; for though money be lacking, he can always give of himself; neither can any consideration compel the truth-lover to doubtful words.

Those whose ambition it is to live "in favor with their own difficult spirits" have no time to listen to small voices that approve or condemn; their faces are turned always toward the vision shown them of God. They may seem to themselves—so far above them does the vision shine—to be failures; but all the time their earnestness, their courage, their unswerving devotion, are becoming a part of the world's life, and lifting all mankind.—*Well-Spring*.



### A SOLITARY WAY

THERE is a mystery in human hearts,  
And though we be encircled by a host  
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,  
To every one of us, from time to time,  
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.  
Our dearest friend is a stranger to our joy,  
And can not realize our bitterness.  
"There is not one who really understands,  
Not one to enter into all I feel!"  
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.  
We wander in a "solitary way,"  
No matter what or where our lot may be;  
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,  
Must live its inner life in solitude.

And would you know the reason why this is?  
It is because the Lord desires our love.  
In every heart he wishes to be first.  
He therefore keeps the secret key himself  
To open all its chambers, and to bless  
With perfect sympathy and holy peace,  
Each solitary soul that comes to him.  
So when we feel this loneliness, it is  
The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to me;"  
And every time we are "not understood,"  
It is a call to us to come again;  
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,  
And those who walk with him from day to day  
Can never have a "solitary way."

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,  
And say, "I can not bear this load alone,"  
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely  
So heavy that you must return to him.  
The bitter grief which "no one understands,"  
Conveys a secret message from the King,  
Entreating you to come to him again.  
The Man of Sorrows understands it well;  
In all points tempted, he can feel with you.  
You can not come too often or too near.  
The Son of God is infinite in grace,  
His presence satisfies the longing soul;  
And those who walk with him from day to day  
Can never have a "solitary way."

—Selected.

### YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN

WE sometimes hear the questions: Am I never to do as I please? Am I never to have my own way? Am I always to be restrained? Can I never act in accordance with my inclinations?

The less you follow natural inclinations, the better it will be for yourself and for others. The natural inclinations have been perverted, the natural powers misapplied. Satan has brought man into collision with God. He works continually to destroy the divine image in man. Therefore we must place a restraint on our words and actions.

When the grace of God takes possession of the heart, it is seen that the inherited and cultivated tendencies to wrong must be crucified. A new life, under new control, must begin in the soul. All that is done must be done to the glory of God. This work includes the outward as well as the inward man. The entire being, body, soul, and spirit, must be brought into subjection to God, to be used by him as an instrument of righteousness.

The natural man is not subject to the law of God; neither, indeed, of himself, can he be. But by faith he who has been renewed lives day by day the life of Christ. Day by day he shows that he realizes that he is God's property.

Body and soul belong to God. He gave his Son for the redemption of the world, and because of this, we have been granted a new lease of life, a probation in which to develop characters of perfect loyalty. God has redeemed us from the slavery of sin, and has made it possible for us to live regenerated, transformed lives of service.

God's stamp is upon us. He has bought us,



and he desires us to remember that our physical, mental, and moral powers belong to him. Time and influence, reason, affection, and conscience, — all are God's, and are to be used only in harmony with his will. They are not to be used in accordance with the direction of the world; for the world is under a leader who is at enmity with God.

The flesh, in which the soul tabernacles, belongs to God. Every sinew, every muscle, is his. In no case are we by neglect or abuse to weaken a single organ. We are to co-operate with God by keeping the body in the very best possible condition of health, that it may be a temple where the Holy Ghost may abide, molding, according to the will of God, every physical and spiritual power.

The mind must be stored with pure principles. Truth must be graven on the tablets of the soul. The memory must be filled with the precious truths of the word. Then, like beautiful gems, these truths will flash out in the life.

The value that God places on the work of his hands, the love he has for his children, is revealed by the gift he made to redeem men. Adam fell under the dominion of Satan. He brought sin into the world, and death by sin. God gave his only begotten Son to save man. This he did that he might be just, and yet the justifier of all who accept Christ. Man sold himself to Satan, but Jesus bought back the race.

At an infinite cost to heaven we have been given a second probation. Then should not God be in all our thoughts? Should not his will control our actions?

You are not your own. Jesus has purchased you with his blood. Do not bury your talents in the earth. Use them for him. In whatever business you may be engaged, bring Jesus into it. If you find that you are losing your love for your Saviour, give up your business, and say, "Here I am, Saviour; what wilt thou have me to do?" He will receive you graciously, and love you freely. He will abundantly pardon; for he is merciful and long-suffering, not willing that any should perish. He is a loving Redeemer, whose pity survives the neglect and abuse of his mercy, the resistance of his claims.

We, and all that we have, belong to God. We should not regard it as a sacrifice to give him the affection of our hearts. The heart itself should be given to him as a willing offering.

Impressed with man's great obligation to God, Paul wrote: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." He urges a recognition of God's claims. "Know ye not," he asks, "that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbors' faults. Forget the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and remember only the good points, that make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them; and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.—*Selected.*



## PEN & DRAWING For Reproduction

### TECHNIQUE

PEN-DRAWINGS, as stated in the last lesson, should be made larger than the size to which they are to be reduced. The finer the work, the less reduction it will stand; if reduced small, and the lines have been drawn too close together, the spaces between the lines will be apt to fill up with ink, even with very careful printing, and the artist must not count on that.

A good course to follow is this: If you are merely practicing to learn the handling of your pen, make your drawing large; but if you are making the drawing for publication, do not let it be more than twice the size you expect it to appear on the printed page. By this means the lines come out clean, distinct, and sharp-cut, which they are not likely to do when reproduced the same size as drawn.

In charcoal or pencil it is possible, in drawing

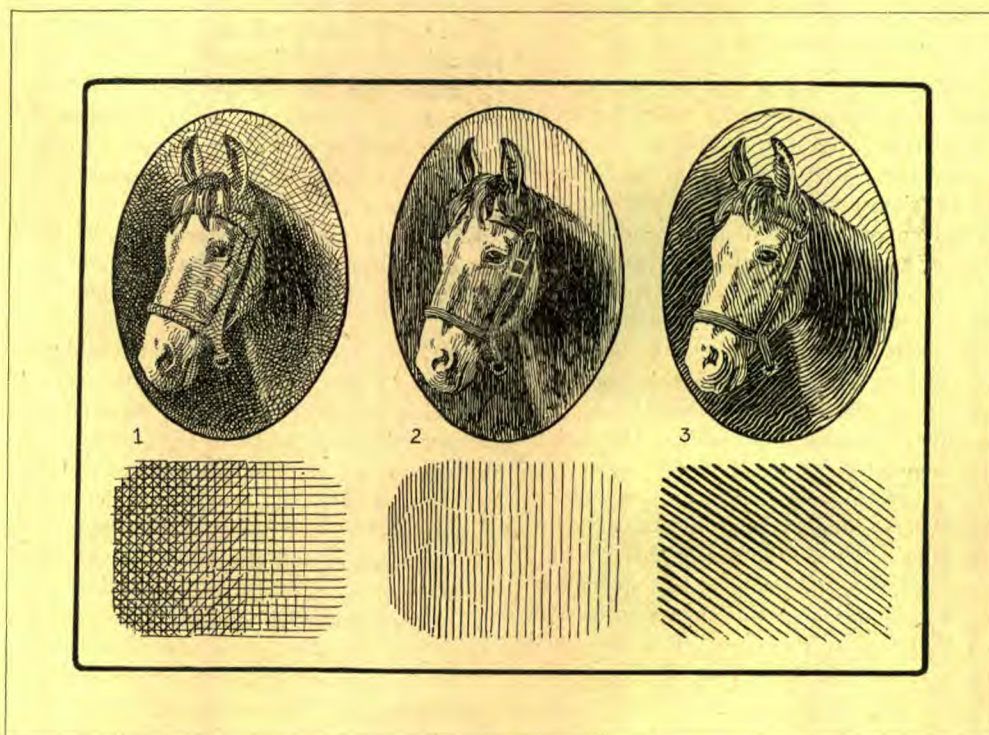
This method is illustrated in the lines of the accompanying drawing (1). The drawing above each set of lines illustrates their use in a picture.

The student should be careful not to run the lines, in crosshatching, too close together, as the least reduction will make the shade print solid black. For curved surfaces, curved lines, cross-hatched, are used.

The second method of expressing shadow, or depth of tone, is by increasing the number of lines. The deeper the shadow, or tone, the closer the lines should be drawn to each other, as in the lines shown in 2. Do not attempt to make very long strokes, and do not overlap the ends of the lines, as this will leave an uneven shade.

The third method is by pressure of the pen, as shown in lines 3. This can be done by beginning at the light end of a line, and gradually thickening the line as you approach the shades, by pressing the pen; or the process can be reversed, and the dark end of the line drawn first, whichever is easier for you to do. Do not allow your pen to run dry before recharging it, as you will then have gray lines, which will reproduce brokenly.

The first thing to acquire is firmness of touch. You must get your hand under control, just as a pianist does in running scales and practicing



an outline, to build up a line by drawing lightly, and then partially erasing, again drawing and again erasing, till the line is complete. In pen-work it is possible first to draw an outline in pencil, and then go over it in ink, but the final outline, once in ink, must remain. Of course the line may be erased with a penknife or obliterated with a little Chinese white, and a new line drawn; but this method is resorted to only in case of an error, and is never as satisfactory as to draw the line correctly the first time. But there can be no continual erasing, as the student who has been trained in an art school does when drawing in charcoal or pencil.

There are many different ways to make your lines, or technique; but there are three methods which are more generally used, and under which all other techniques may be classed.

First, is the crosshatching. This is employed a great deal for shades and shadows, and in backgrounds, but is seldom used nowadays throughout a drawing, as it has a tendency to make a picture look mechanical and unnatural. Crosshatching is made by drawing parallel lines, and crossing these with a second set of parallel lines; the deeper the shade, or shadow, the more lines will be required, all crossing each other.

exercises on the piano. Practice of the foregoing methods for some time will do much toward steadying the hand. Draw the lines boldly, and do not hesitate, as a quick, free stroke is necessary to give the evenness of tone that you wish to acquire.

When you have gained a certain proficiency in the handling of your pen, you will, of course, not be bound down by these precise methods of expressing light and shade; but at the beginning, at least until you have trained your hand correctly, it will be better to use them. Artists are continually striking out in paths of their own, and discovering new ways, peculiarly their own, of obtaining effects. One thing the student will find of great help is the study of good examples. He can supply himself with materials, and learn how to use them, he can learn from nature to interpret what particularly interests him; but the quickest and best way to gain the proficiency desirable is to study the work of the best pen artists, in which he can learn both the handling of the pen and how to interpret nature.

PEDRO LEMOS.

"Pity and need make all flesh kin."





## MOONLIGHT PEACE

THE pale November moon ascends  
The eastern firmament to-night,  
And over sleeping wood and hill  
And meadow sheds her silvery light.

A branching oak against the sky  
Stands out in mystic tracery;  
With mournful voice the night winds sigh  
In broken chords of harmony.

The earth seems steeped in dreamless sleep;  
And peace—His peace—is over all.  
Who, in beholding rest so deep,  
Would weary task or toil recall?

Oh, that the peace of sleeping wood,  
The glory of the autumn moon,  
Might every tired spirit soothe,  
And every darkened soul illumine!

Yea, more! To such might every glance  
At peaceful wood and moon so bright  
Foreshadow heaven's eternal peace,  
And speak of Him who is its light!

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

## THE FRUIT OF DIVINE SEED IS DIVINE CHARACTER

THE mind of man is the soil; his time, opportunity, and talents are the seed; while the fruit that results is the character. The soil may be human; but if the seed is divine, if we become partakers of the divine nature, if the growth and development of the seed are presided over by the mind which was in Christ Jesus, then the fruit—the character—will be divine. Talents, abilities, faculties, are not character; they are but the seeds that have in them the possibilities of developing character, and the character into which they are made will largely depend upon the influences and atmosphere with which they are surrounded.

God has given to every man a garden spot, if we may call it so, and at least one talent—the talent of time. Upon the conscientious and faithful use of this soil and seed is dependent the fruit he will gather,—the character he will develop. Watered by the dews of heaven, and shone upon by the precious rays from the Sun of righteousness, the fruit of character may ripen day by day, provided there is an unbroken connection between the Vine and the branches,—between us and Christ. W. S. SADLER.

## MARY'S LESSON

It was not strange that in the fall of her freshman year Mary Snow should have been dazzled by the sudden change of fortune that had befallen her in the new world of college. The deference paid to her as class president was, indeed, in striking contrast to the patronage she had received when she had waited on customers behind the counter of her father's little book-shop, and studied between times. What wonder that Mary felt that if the petty economies and hardships of her home life were known, she could never again be the boon companion of these merry-hearted girls?

But when, one morning, Mary received a letter from her father saying that he would pass through the college town on a business trip, and that he would spend the afternoon with her, she suddenly realized that the old, hard-working life was as much a reality as this new, care-free one. As she greeted her father, she could not but notice the faded coat, the threadbare hat. To the fine, scholarly face she gave no thought: it was father, that was all.

There were two ways of reaching the campus

from the station, known as the front way and the back way. The first led past the shops, where college girls were always swarming. The second was generally deserted, save by washerwomen with bundles and boys with groceries.

"Father," said Mary, after a minute's hesitation, as she chose the back way, "this is ever so much shorter——"

"That's good, Mary; I am rather tired. Now tell me all about college," he responded.

Mary began to tell of her new experiences; but as they went up the deserted street, all the sunshine of her life seemed to have been clouded over. She was trying vainly to persuade herself that it was a kindness to protect her father from possible criticism, when she saw coming down the road the one girl whose opinion she valued most—a senior, Helen Clarke, who stood to Mary for all that a girl should be.

As they met, Helen stopped to ask Mary about a class meeting; and then, in a commanding little way of her own, paused for an introduction. "O Mr. Snow!" said she, "I hoped this was Mary's father when I saw you with Mary. I have longed to meet you ever since I read your contributions on Russian literature in the corner of that little Lawtonville newspaper. I have saved all the articles in a little book; they should be collected into a volume. Don't you think so, Mary?"

Mary, who had been so absorbed in her own study that she had scarcely been aware of her father's work, and was quite ignorant of its value, shamefacedly nodded assent.

"Have you any special plan for this afternoon, Mary?" went on Helen; "because there is to be a meeting of a literary club of seniors at our house; and it would be the greatest favor if Mr. Snow would be willing to come, and let us all meet him, and possibly tell us more about his favorite Russian poet, whom he knows so well, and we so slightly. Can't you come with me now?"

Mr. Snow accepted with pleasure, and the three turned up a side street into the front way. Then, as Helen led Mary and Mr. Snow across the campus, she took pains to introduce all passing professors. As Mary saw her father and instructors face to face, she realized suddenly the dignity of her father's presence, the patience of his daily drudgery, and the pathos of his unappreciated genius.

The parlor was full, and Mr. Snow was greeted warmly. He was given the seat of honor; while the girls sat on the floor, the window-sills, and the arms of one another's chairs. Mr. Snow glowed with enthusiasm for his favorite Russian, and the girls glowed with enthusiasm for Mr. Snow.

It was in a party of five or six seniors, after that most successful meeting had adjourned, that Mr. Snow was shown every detail of the campus, Mary, very silent, bringing up the rear. Then Helen escorted Mary and her father to the station; for Mr. Snow wished to leave suggestions concerning the studies of the club. Finally, when the train had pulled out, and Mr. Snow, his dark eyes flashing with pleasure, had waved the last good-bys, the two girls stood silent on the platform.

Then Mary sobbed, "O Helen! Helen! I am so ashamed!"

"Don't say a word, my dear," replied Helen, quickly. "When I was a freshman, I chose the back way once, but I didn't meet any senior. I've always felt that I must do something to try to blot out that blunder. You have given me the opportunity."—Grace L. Collins.

## ARE YOU WILLING TO DIE ON THE ALTAR?

ARE you sure that you are camping on the altar of service? It is certainly much better to live there than to die there, but it is better to die there than try to live anywhere else. All

the dross in us must be consumed; but that which God consumes he will replace by something else a hundredfold more precious and enduring. Providence has ordained that "there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands," for Christ's sake, "and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions."

Every one who attempts to engage in any branch of the Lord's work must of necessity leave behind him some of the associates of his childhood. Various motives may prompt him to do this. The soldier boy does this very thing for the sake of country, glory, or adventure; and instead of receiving a hundred times more than he left, he will be fortunate if he secures a hundred times less; for Jesus guarantees this result only to those who leave these things for his sake and the gospel's.

When the young Christian goes out into the missionary field, or enters one of our institutions for training, and discovers that he has fared no better than the soldier boy, it is the only evidence he should need to show him that his motives were of no higher order. The true worker will find, in the new fathers and mothers that God raises up for him in the way of matrons and managers, the new brothers that he secures in the way of roommates or associates in work, the room or rooms which are assigned to him in the place of the house or houses he left, something that will be a hundredfold better than that which was left behind. And if he can not recognize the same by sight, nor reckon it to be so by faith, he needs no greater evidence that he did not leave what remained behind for Christ's sake and the gospel's; for God's word never fails. The new roommates may seem disagreeable; but there will be some development of character acquired by associating with them that will be a hundred times more valuable than could have been secured from those left behind. The room itself may be small and poorly furnished; but if the beautiful apartments at home were left for Christ's sake and the gospel's, the apparently insignificant quarters will become the habitation of angels of light to such an extent that the self-sacrificing worker will be led to exclaim, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." The matron may appear severe and exacting; but the lesson of painstaking faithfulness required in the work will be worth a hundred times more than the easy-going way in which the fond mother, in her mistaken kindness, allowed similar tasks to be done at home.

In addition to receiving this hundredfold more of blessings than we could have secured if we had hushed the call of duty, we are also to receive persecutions. And there are many who are anxious to take only the first half of this divine prescription, leaving out that part which pertains to persecutions. But the young men and women who are to have the privilege of having one end of the balance-beam loaded down with a hundred times greater blessings than they ever experienced before, must be willing, for their own good, to allow God to weigh down the other end of the beam with a hundred times more persecutions than they have ever endured before.

This answers the query that so often arises in the minds of young missionaries, "Why do I seem to have more trouble now than I did before I entered the work?" for in order to have a share in the glory of Christ, we must also have a share in his sufferings.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

## "GARLAND" STOVES AND RANGES

were awarded highest prize at Paris Exposition, 1900.





## A QUICK TRIP

They sailed the wide, wide ocean, a brave and gallant crew,  
The Cockleshell their vessel, upon the waters blue.  
The captain and the steward, the mate and cabin boy,  
The purser and the sailors, were every one named Roy.  
They sailed from San Francisco upon a Monday morn;  
They touched at Valparaiso, and rounded cold Cape Horn;  
They crossed the South Atlantic, and skirted Zanzibar;  
And then they went to Russia, and visited the czar.



Then, passing Nova Zembla, they braved the arctic cold;  
And, landing in Alaska, they mined for Klondike gold.  
At last, safe back in 'Frisco, they left the Cockleshell;  
For hark!—the welcome ringing of mother's dinner-bell!  
And as I heard their story, I wondered more and more,  
Till I found their boat was fastened, and never left the shore.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY

ARE you almost disgusted with life, little man?  
I will tell you a wonderful trick,  
That will bring you contentment if anything can—  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you dreadfully tired with play, little girl,  
Weary, discouraged, and sick?  
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—  
Do something for somebody, quick!

—Selected.

## NATURE'S WONDER STORIES—NO. 1

## What the Trumpet Creeper Told

ONCE upon a time, before ever the Trumpet Creeper had been grown in people's gardens, it grew wild on the banks of Southern rivers, twisting and turning to the very tops of the thick, high trees. And among all the vines, none hung out such beautiful red blossoms as the Trumpet Creepers.

My mother grew in the garden of a queer old man, who loved her, and built a pretty little house for her to climb over; this she gladly did, and with the help of other vines, soon made a lovely green covering for the little cottage, dotted all over with great bunches of scarlet blossoms. I could not climb much then, as I was very small. I kept close to my mother; for I feared that some rough creature might crush my tender stem; and she sheltered me with her leaves,

and amused me by tossing her red blossoms in my face.

I thrived so well that I soon began to feel that I myself should like to climb a little; so I reached out toward the lattice, but just then there came down upon us a breeze so cold that it made me shiver through and through, and I was obliged to drop my leaves on the ground, and draw my garments tightly around me, to keep out the cold. Even then I was chilled to the heart; soon I began to grow sleepy, and was very glad when I could forget all about the cold by falling into a deep slumber.

I slept and slept, but after a while I felt the air growing warmer. Then I thought I would try to wake up soon, and begin to climb a little more. I heard a dreadful chattering near me; then something gave me a hard pull, and I was pried up from beneath, and whirled round and round; but I was so sleepy that I could not arouse myself enough to see what it all meant, and presently I went sound asleep again.

I took only a short nap, and then woke up, broad awake. As I opened my eyes, I thought at first I must be dreaming; for everything was so changed I did not know where I was. My mother was gone, and I was alone, save for a few wild flowers and some grass. A girl was bending over and caressing me, much as the old man had done; then I realized what had happened,—they had taken me from my old home, and planted me in a new garden, where I was expected to grow and climb. The girl was very kind to me, and planned to build a beautiful trellis upon which I could mount when I began to grow; but I missed my mother and the other flowers, and felt so lonely that, at first, I resolved never to try to climb a bit higher than I already was.

However, as the warm sun shone, and the gentle showers fell, I began to think that, after all, it might be better to try growing a little than to do nothing at all, so I straightened my stem, put out my leaves, and threw out a tiny branch. The girl watched me in great delight, and I began to love her just as I had the kind old man.

Now the dreadful trials of my life began. One day the girl did not come to see me; day after day passed, but still she did not come. Instead, came other people, who did not care for flowers, and who let loose in the girl's garden some dreadful long-eared creatures, of great size. These ate the grass, and trampled the flowers, and at last they came to me. One bit off my leaves and branches, and chewed and twisted my stem until only a short, frayed stump was left above the ground. Still the girl did not come. I thought I should die there in the ruined garden, without a friend, and was so miserable that I was glad when the cold wind came again, and I could forget my grief in slumber.

When I awoke, one warm spring day, the girl was there, and how she grieved over my misfortunes! "My poor Trumpet Vine," she said, "how could they ruin you so?"

I had thought I never would again try to grow; but the girl seemed so sad to lose me, and the dear sun coaxed so kindly, and the warm rain pleaded so tenderly, that I thought better of it, and went to work once more.

For the second time the girl left me; but I knew she would come back again, and I hoped to grow tall enough to bow to her when she came. She was gone a long time, but one day in late summer, she entered the garden, and I held out two great bunches of scarlet trumpets to greet her as she came through the gate. How surprised and delighted she was, and how she petted me! I was pleased that my beauty gave her pleasure, and I mean to grow and bloom for her as long as I live. I do not care for praise and admiration for myself. Beauty is vain that does not brighten the world for others, and my red trumpets shall swing in the bright sunshine

and fresh air free for all to enjoy; and if they make some one happy, I think I myself shall always be happy.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

## A CURIOUS DAIRY HERD

IN the old ivy vine that shades our porch a strange industry is being carried on by ants. All day long I can see them hurrying up and down, to and from their work. They appear to be as much absorbed in it as are men in business. And as I watch closely, I observe that in some ways they are quite as knowing and shrewd as men. Indeed, they must be wise; for their business is nothing less than the herding and milking of cows, and that, too, in a land full of enemies.

Ant-cows are properly called "aphides," but most often we call them simply "plant lice," "green flies," or "blight." Every summer they live on our rose-bushes and garden plants; and unless we sprinkle them with tobacco water, often do much injury. But as one man's loss is often another's gain, ants find aphides valuable for their honey.

The illustration shows a common garden ant milking one of his cows. This he does by tapping the little creature gently, thus coaxing it to yield its store of honey-dew. If successful, the ant will greedily devour the sweet nectar, and then go to another "cow" for more, and so on till he has milked five or six. Imagine your dairyman drinking the milk from half a dozen of his cows at one meal!

Do you know what this honey-dew that the ant likes so well really is?—It is glucose. In drinking the juices of plants, the aphid gets more sugar, or glucose, than its body can use, but only little muscle-making food along with it. The insect must continue eating, and in some way get rid of the sweet, which otherwise would clog its system. So nature has provided for it the little tube-like strainers shown in the picture. Through these it yields glucose at the call of the ant.



ANT MILKING AN APHIS

But ants do more than milk their cows. They also keep them on good pasture. If you will notice, you will often see the aphides gathered in large numbers on the juiciest shoots and leaves. From this it is plain that ants know the best food for their stock, and also that it is easier to protect their herd when gathered closely together; for, as I said before, they live in a land of enemies.

Only a few days ago I saw a small worm creeping stealthily among them, leaving their skins and dry bones in his path. Then there is the little ladybug, which drinks their blood. Another foe lays eggs within them, and the young from these eggs actually eat the poor creatures out of their skins. But their worst enemy is intense cold. The frost of winter would soon destroy the whole aphid race, could it but reach them. Only two things prevent this,—greenhouses, where the aphides may live during the winter, and ants.

Early in October the aphides lay their eggs and die. Ants find these eggs, carry them into their warm nests, and carefully tend them during the winter months. Then when spring comes,



they are brought out, and placed on buds and leaves. In the warm air and light they quickly hatch; and the little aphides at once begin drinking the sweet juices, and making honey for their protectors.

EDISON J. DRIVER.

### NEVERS—FOR BOYS

NEVER make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard; but beer, wine, and whisky will do you no good, and may wreck your life. Better be on the safe side.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures, a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks; but God alone knows the stress of the storms that drove them upon the breakers. Weep rather than laugh.

Never tell filthy stories, nor listen to the telling of them. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You can not handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat or be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere, at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You can not throw mud, and keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness, the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even so-called "white lies" leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no, when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage, the best kind of courage—moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in; if need be, bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy as well as a man is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead, and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you treat your own.

Never fancy you know more, when fifteen years old, than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. Be one.—*Independent.*

### AGAINST CIGARETTE SMOKING

CHIEF WILLIS T. MOORE, of the Weather Bureau at Washington, has issued an order prohibiting persons connected with the service from smoking cigarettes during office hours, and stating further that those who smoke cigarettes at any time will be mentioned in the confidential reports that are made quarterly to him by chiefs of the service and divisions throughout the entire service. Chief Moore said: "The order was issued after careful consideration, and a thorough investigation of the evils resulting from cigarette smoking. It will stand. In this service

we are compelled to maintain a very strict discipline, in order to secure satisfactory service. Some of our men, who are regarded as the most thorough and competent, doing every detail of their work with the utmost promptness and accuracy, gradually became careless and lax. I sent inspectors to investigate, and in a number of cases their lapse was found to be directly attributable to the use of cigarettes. I am not prudish, nor do I wish to assume any authority whatever over any privilege that the employees of the service should have; but, as a public servant, I feel that it is my duty to correct any evil that may exist, even if in attempting to make this claim I am overstepping my authority. The order applies to the entire force of the Bureau throughout the entire service. Cigarette smoking must cease."



### ASSURANCE

It comes to me more and more,  
Each day as I pass along:  
The love of the Father eternal  
Is over us, tender and strong.

'Tis not alone in the sunshine  
Our lives grow pure and true;  
There is growth as well in the shadow,  
And pain has a work to do.

A message comes in the heartache,  
A whisper of love in the pain;  
The pang we have fought and conquered  
Tells the sweet story of gain.

So it comes to me more and more,  
As I enter on each new day:  
The love of the Father eternal  
Is over us all the way.

—*Examiner.*

### BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 4; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"  
pages 384-390

NOTES ON LESSON 4  
(November 11-17, 1900)

*The Fourth Chapter of Revelation.*—In the fourth chapter of Revelation we are taken into the center of heaven. We are permitted to enter the door of the heavenly sanctuary, and view the rainbow-circled throne of our Heavenly Father. We are shown the four and twenty seats of honor round about the throne, upon which are seated the four and twenty elders, clothed in glorious robes of white, and with crowns of victory upon their heads; also, in the midst of the throne, those four wonderful living creatures, who never cease to ascribe glory to God.

*The Throne of God.*—This wonderful chapter introduces us into the very center of the universe of God, giving us a glimpse of his mighty throne. Finite minds can not fully comprehend the great power emanating from that throne. We are told that "suns and stars and systems all in their appointed order [are] circling the throne of Deity." As we gaze into the starry heavens, let us always remember that all that vast multitude of heavenly bodies are moving in a never-ending circle around the glorious throne of God. Our sun and the planets of our system are also "circling the throne of Deity." All the inhabitants upon the earth, scoffers as well as worshippers, are unconsciously joining in that grand triumphal procession, which is

ever witnessing to the mighty power of him that sitteth upon the throne.

*The Rainbow.*—Who does not love to see it spanning the heavens? It is a likeness of the glory of God, that the Lord has placed in the sky for our encouragement. In Eze. 1:28 we are told that the glory of the Lord is like the "bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain." There was no rainbow in the clouds until after the flood; then God said, "I do set my bow in the cloud." It was a pledge that there would never be another flood. It also means far more. God says, "I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature." Gen. 9:16. Wonderful thought—that every time we go to the window to see the beautiful bow in the clouds, God from his glory-circled throne is also looking upon it, that he "may remember the everlasting covenant." There is power in "the blood of the everlasting covenant [to] make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ." Heb. 13:20, 21. Why do you love to look upon the rainbow—simply on account of its beauty, or because it is a pledge of God's love? God looks upon it that he may remember the everlasting covenant,—the blood of Christ, shed that you might be made perfect in every good work, and be well pleasing in his sight. Whenever you see the rainbow, remember the precious fact that *God is looking upon it, and remembering that he has made ample provision to save you from all sin.* Let the rainbow be a witness that you will accept the blood of the everlasting covenant. "The wrath of God will not fall upon one soul that seeks refuge in him." God himself has declared, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." "The bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant."

*The Four and Twenty Elders.*—In the earthly sanctuary, which was a type of the heavenly, there were four and twenty chief men, or governors of the sanctuary. 1 Chron. 24:4, 5, 19. The father of John the Baptist was one of these four and twenty chief men. In the following extract from the first part of the tenth chapter of "Desire of Ages" we learn something of their duties: "Zacharias dwelt in 'the hill country of Judea,' but he had gone up to Jerusalem to minister for one week in the temple, a service required twice a year from the priests of each course. 'And it came to pass, that while he executed the priest's office before God in the order of his course, according to the custom of the priest's office, his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord.' He was standing before the golden altar in the holy place of the sanctuary. The cloud of incense with the prayers of Israel was ascending before God." Notice: the lot of Zacharias was to burn incense. In Rev. 5:8 we read that every one of the four and twenty elders had golden vials of odors, which are the prayers of the saints.

E. W. Meddaugh and Henry B. Joy, Receivers.

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## REVIEW

(November 17, 1900)

MEMORY VERSE.—Rom. 8:32.

Having completed the third chapter of Galatians, it will be profitable to spend one week in reviewing this most interesting chapter. Study it carefully, dwell upon it, and you will find that it will yield its sweetness and richness more and more. Make it your spiritual food and drink this week, and it will nourish and strengthen your soul.

For convenience in study and in questioning, let us divide the chapter into parts, according to the main thoughts presented:—

1. In verses 1-5 Paul seeks to show the Galatians that they had received every spiritual blessing by faith, not by works. And he reproves them for departing from the faith, and seeking to be justified by the law.

2. In verses 6-9 the experience of Abraham is referred to as an example of saving faith. Then it is shown that Abraham's experience is typical; that God has made Abraham an example of faith for the whole world.

3. In verses 10-12 Paul shows the relation of men to the law,—under its curse because all have sinned. He also shows the only way that righteousness can be obtained through the law,—by perfect obedience.

4. Continuing the line of argument, in verses 13, 14, he presents Christ as our Redeemer from the curse, that we may receive the promise made to Abraham.

5. The promise of the inheritance is the subject in verses 15-18. It is shown that the promise is sure; that it is by promise; that the law, coming four hundred and thirty years after, can have no effect to annul the promise.

6. In verses 19-21 the purpose of God in giving the law at Sinai is made plain; also that the law is in no way opposed to the promise made to Abraham.

7. Following up this thought, the apostle shows, in verses 22-25, how the law and the gospel work together harmoniously in the salvation of sinners.

8. In the last four verses he dwells upon our privileges in Christ as children of God and heirs of the inheritance.

## QUESTIONS

1. What does Paul call the Galatians? What had they done? How had they received the Spirit? How were they seeking to perfect their experience? How had the Spirit been ministered to them, and miracles worked among them?

2. Whose experience in faith is referred to? What did his faith bring to him? Who are children of Abraham? What was foreseen by the Scripture? Because of this what was preached to Abraham? In what words was the gospel preached to him? Who receive the gospel blessing?

3. What is the condition of those who would save themselves by the works of the law? What scripture is quoted to prove this? Why is no man justified by the law? How do the just live? How only can the law give life?

4. From what has Christ redeemed us? What is the curse of the law? How has he redeemed us from this curse? How was he made a curse? Why did he redeem us? What is the blessing of Abraham? What do we then receive?

5. What is true even of a man's covenant? To whom did God make the promises? To whom besides Abraham? Who is the seed?

How was this covenant confirmed? When was the law given? Then what could not the law do? Why could not the inheritance be of the law? How did God give it to Abraham?

6. Why, then, was the law given? For how long was it to serve this purpose? By whom was it given? Who is the Mediator? Then is the law against the promises? Why not?

7. Where has the Scripture shut all men up? For what purpose? Where were we kept before faith came? To whom does the law drive us? What does Christ do for us? Being justified by faith, from what are we free?

8. When free from the law, whose children do we become? How do we become children of God? How do we put on Christ? What is it to be baptized into Christ? What classes are all made one in Christ? If we are Christ's, whose seed are we? And heirs of what? Who, then, are the one seed?

"Do you want to be loved, respected, and trusted? Then ignore the likes and dislikes of men in regard to your actions; leave their love for God's, taking him only. You will find that as you do so, men will like you; they will lean on you and trust you, and he will give you the power to comfort them."

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#### FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

##### SUNDAY:

There is no love of God without patience, and no patience without lowliness and sweetness of spirit.—*John Wesley.*

##### MONDAY:

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each;  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach.  
—*Adelaide Procter.*

##### TUESDAY:

"It is a mistake to think that the sweetness of life can be extracted from things material. All the joys worth seeking are of the spirit."

##### WEDNESDAY:

"Power and wealth and fame  
Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide;  
Give me but these,—a spirit tempest tried,  
A brow unshrinking, and a soul of flame,  
The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride."

##### THURSDAY:

For every one of us there are opportunities, not merely for courageous moments, but for a courageous habit of the soul,—opportunities which call for the most manly courage, and put us to the sternest proof.—*John White Chadwick.*

##### FRIDAY:

Stilled now be every anxious care,  
See God's great goodness everywhere;  
Leave all to him in perfect rest;  
He will do all things for the best.

—*From the German.*

##### SABBATH:

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5:1.

#### "I MIGHT HAVE DONE THAT"

How often we hear people say, young and old alike, when they read or hear of some noble deed or notable achievement, "I might have done that." And they might, too—but they didn't.

A dozen girls are folding papers in a room. One of them is more faithful and painstaking than the others; she improves her evenings in study, and is not satisfied with a superficial knowledge of her work, but makes herself familiar with its details. By and by some one is needed to do a higher class of work, that brings with it better pay, and this girl is chosen. "I might have done that," say each of the eleven, bitterly. But instead of improving the time that

is left, they go on in the same old, careless, idle way. They might, indeed, but they don't.

In a business office a dozen girls are sitting before typewriters, click-click-clicking from morning till night. Most of them have the time divided into three great epochs, according to a calendar of their own,—noon, six o'clock, and pay-day. But there is one who is not content merely to know just enough to "skin along," as the girls say. She studies punctuation, gives herself long drills in spelling, makes herself familiar with the technique of her employer's business, and thus is able to bring a live intelligence to her work. Which one of these girls, do you think, that employer will choose to act as his private secretary,—a position bringing with it an increase of salary as well as fewer hours? There is more responsibility, of course, but this girl is ready for duties involving responsibility. "I might have done that," the others sigh—and go on watching the clock, and thinking of the pay envelope.

Half a dozen young persons find themselves, at the end of a school year, confronted with the unpleasant fact that the days are past when they can get along with taking no thought for the clothes they wear, the food they eat, and the education they had meant, along with other pleasant and wholly desirable things, to acquire and enjoy. One or two of them will have the grit and the courage and the determination to make themselves masters of circumstances; and through long, work-filled years, with scant time for study and less for play, will keep the thought of the goal ever before them, and press on and up toward the mark. It is uphill work, and often the climbing is rough, and the path treacherous; but at last the summit is gained, and the happy toilers will all their lives look out on a broader horizon, will appreciate more truly the wonders of God in nature and science, than will their friends who gave up in the valley. And these same workers will find, perhaps to their surprise, that what seemed a trial and disappointment has been a blessing in disguise. They have learned to work,—to apply what they have studied,—and now they are ready to fill positions of usefulness. "Oh, I might have done that!" the others sigh, from their shiftless corners; "oh, I might have done that!"

Now is the time to do; and while it is true that there is no time like the spring of life for preparation,—the time that God has given for this very thing,—it is also true that it is never too late in any life for the determined will and the honest endeavor.

Let us do what we may; then we shall not be of those who say, "I might have done that."

#### OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSONS

It has been decided, by the officers of the Sabbath-school Association, in counsel with the publishers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR and the *Little Friend*, to make a change in the grading of the Sabbath-school lessons. The benefits of such a change have been apparent for some time, and at last steps have been taken to bring it about. In order that all the Sabbath-schools may know of it, and be prepared to fall in line when the time comes, it is thought best to give the matter a wide notice some weeks before the change goes into effect.

Jan. 1, 1901, the present series of lessons published in the INSTRUCTOR, known as "Junior Lessons," will be discontinued; and in their place will appear a new series, to be known as "lessons for youth," as it is thought fitting that the lessons for the youth should be printed in their own paper. These lessons will be graded so as to be appropriate for young people from eleven years old up to the age when it is thought best for them to enter the senior division, and study the lessons printed in the *Lesson Quarterly*. The time for this change to be made will be left with each

school to decide, according to the circumstances.

This series of Youth's lessons will take the place of both the Junior lessons, in the INSTRUCTOR, and the Intermediate lessons, published in *Our Little Friend*. Thus many who are now studying the Intermediate lessons will take up the more advanced lessons for youth, and will have the privilege of reading the INSTRUCTOR, which contains matter better suited to their needs than does the *Little Friend*.

In place of the series thus dropped from the *Little Friend* will be published a department containing Kindergarten lessons. These lessons will be for the benefit of teachers and mothers having under their charge children under seven years of age. The class for whom these lessons are published will find them very useful in presenting Bible lessons to the little ones.

It is believed that these changes will result, first of all, in a set of lessons better adapted to our youth than those they are studying at present; also, incidentally, in building up the INSTRUCTOR subscription list. And it is hoped that the Kindergarten feature of the *Little Friend* will prove so attractive and helpful that that paper will not lose by the change.

We would suggest that Sabbath-school officers carefully consider this plan, and the changes it will involve, if any, in the number of papers taken by their schools, that they may order the necessary supplies in due time. If this matter is properly attended to, there will be no confusion nor disappointment for lack of papers. If any feature of the plan is not thoroughly understood, or questions arise in its working out, write to your State Sabbath-school secretary for further information and advice.

Do not put this matter off till the last week in the present quarter; but give it your attention at once.

#### BEFORE SHE IS FIFTEEN

SOME one has asked the following test questions concerning amusements. They are worthy of more than a passing consideration:—

1. Do they rest and strengthen, or weary and weaken, the body?
2. Do they rest and strengthen, or weaken and weary, the brain?
3. Do they make resistance to temptation easier or harder?
4. Do they increase or lessen love for virtue, purity, temperance, and justice?
5. Do they increase or diminish respect for manhood and womanhood?
6. Do they draw one nearer to, or remove one farther from, the Christ?

#### Our Premium Testament

As an aid to daily Bible study, and to memorizing the Scriptures, there is nothing better than a pocket-edition. We have secured a beautiful Vest-pocket New Testament, size 4x2 3/4 in., that we offer, postpaid, with the INSTRUCTOR one year, for only \$1.00. Well printed, in ruby type, as shown; Flexible Covers, Round Corners, Red under Gold Edges,—a splendid little book.

##### ST. MATTHEW, 13.

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| <p>42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.</p> <p>43 When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.</p> <p>44 Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished.</p> <p>45 Then goeth he, and tak-</p> | <p>50 For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.</p> <p>CHAPTER 13.</p> <p>1 The parable of the sower and the seed; 18 the exposition. 24 The parable of the tares, 31 of the mustard seed, 33 of the leaven, 44 of the hidden treasure, 45 of the pearl, 47 of the draught-net. 53 Christ is condemned of his own countrymen.</p> <p>1 Out of the house, and sat by the sea side.</p> <p>2 And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.</p> |
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This offer is made to both renewals and new subscribers. Address—

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,  
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