

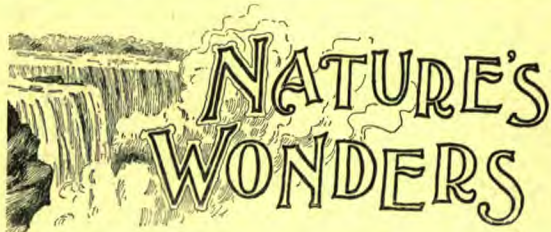
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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NATURE A MIRROR OF THE DIVINE

THE poet Bryant expresses a beautiful thought in these words:—

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

Those whose ears are so attuned that they can hear the voice of God in nature whenever they come in contact with it, and whose eyes have been so anointed that they can trace the handwriting of God wherever their eyes fall upon the material world, have certainly received a great blessing. To such a soul, nature is continually whispering sweet things. To him the growing seed is a definite promise of the resurrection. The grass rising again where it was trodden down impresses on his mind the comforting words of the prophet, "When I fall, I shall arise." The beautiful plant growing in the unsightly earthen vessel reminds him that we have the divine treasure in earthen vessels. The fragrant flowers, which are so fully surrendered to the divine will, are a constant re-

see nor appreciate not only these lessons, but a thousand others that they might daily receive. For such it seems almost necessary that they should be transported for a time to the more rugged, grand, sublime, and almost awe-inspiring scenery that God has here and there still left upon this sin-cursed earth, apparently to awake by its very grandeur the calloused hearts and souls of men.

If such a bit of scenery as is suggested by the accompanying illustration, when seen in its natural beauty, does not arouse some thought of the great Master Architect, it is doubtful whether such a heart can be reached by any earthly means.

"The Narrows" are found a short distance up the Williams Canon, not far from the "Garden of the Gods." Climbing slowly up this steep canon, where in places the road is so narrow that it would be utterly impossible for wagons to pass each other, upon gradually nearing the head of the canon we reach a place where the rocks entirely overhang the road; this, together with the abrupt curve that occurs at the same place, makes it appear, to one who is a few feet away, as if the road came to a sudden end. These massive rocks are laid side by side and layer upon layer with much more accuracy than is ordinarily displayed in the construction of a great stone wall. What a wonderful exhibition of the handiwork of that great Master Builder who formed the city to which Abraham looked, and which has been an incentive and inspiration in dark hours to God's children throughout all generations!

A little beyond this spot is a famous cave, known as the "Cave of the Winds." Here the visitor may wander for hours hundreds of feet underground, seeing at every turn the most surprising and striking sights. One moment he will see, as the result of the slow changes of ages, work which is more marvelous than the most artistic fresco-work ever designed by human minds. Perhaps in another chamber will be built up by this same crystallizing process a series of reeds, side by side, which resemble those in some great church organ, and which, when struck, give forth distinctly musical sounds.

In other places the saline fluids have crystallized in such a way as to resemble, with a very little stretch of the imagination, the forms of human beings. The accompanying illustration only poorly represents the wonderful view of what has been named "Dante's Inferno." As the torch carried by the visitor lights up the ceiling and sides of this natural chamber, it seems as if it is fairly alive with various grotesque figures, which would make one shudder if he were at all superstitious.

It may yet be that before the end of time God will allow human beings to discover many such vast underground caverns; and it is possible that some of these may become the hiding-places of the children of God when they are compelled to flee before their enemies, leaving the populous cities and even quiet country homes.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

"It is a more solemn thing to live than to die: for death but seals, and is born vanquished."

THE HARVEST TIME

THE readers of the INSTRUCTOR are aware that the Saviour was always illustrating his teachings by parables, comparing the kingdom of heaven to the various occupations in which his hearers were engaged.

Many of them were fishermen; and as they were familiar with the fishing business, Jesus told them that the kingdom of heaven was like a man casting a net into the sea.

Many were engaged in fruit-raising; so the Lord told them that the kingdom was like the business of a husbandman, or vineyard-owner.



IN DANTE'S INFERNO

Others were shepherds; and for them the Lord used the parable of the shepherd and the lost sheep.

Some were engaged in buying and selling merchandise; therefore the illustration of a merchantman seeking goodly pearls was used.

Even the women in their housework had constant reminders of the kingdom of God; for the Saviour likened it to leaven, which they put in the meal when making bread. When sweeping the floor, the housekeeper would think of the parable about the lost piece of silver.

Then, as now, many of those who listened to Jesus were farmers; and one of the Saviour's favorite illustrations was that of the sower who went forth to sow seed for a crop of wheat.

Farming is an occupation that is familiar to many persons. Raising a crop of wheat requires quite a variety of work. In the first place the ground must be cleared of stumps, stones, thorns, etc.; afterward it must be fenced, the fallow ground must be broken up, and the soil must be plowed, harrowed, and brought into a good state of cultivation. Then the seed is sown; but the work is not yet finished, for the growing crop



THE NARROWS

minder of the beauty of character that results from complete personal consecration. Every raindrop that falls is a promissory note that God's word, hidden away in the human heart, shall not return unto him void.

But thousands of human beings pass through this world so deaf and dumb that they neither

must be watched, cultivated, perhaps watered. Then comes the harvest, when the crop is reaped and gathered in.

This beautiful and forcible illustration the Saviour used to teach the people about the kingdom of God. The cause of Christ—the work of salvation in this world—has various steps in the progress of its development. Jesus came into this world as a helpless babe in Bethlehem; he lived an obedient, benevolent life as an example to men; then he suffered and died on the cross as our Sacrifice, was buried, and rose again from the dead. After this he ascended to heaven; and as he came once in humility, so he will come the second time in glory to reap the harvest of the earth.

Next week we will speak of this harvest.

F. D. STARR.



THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING, O Thanksgiving!
The heart can never tell
The wealth of cheer
That filled the year,
But whispers, "All is well."

For health we bring thanksgiving.
That precious boon was ours,
With lowing herds,
And singing birds,
And gardens bright with flowers.

For friends we bring thanksgiving.
Beneath the tender blue,
In love are sent,
With kind intent,
Our friendships warm and true.

For love we bring thanksgiving.
Affection's tightened grasp,
A kindly thong
Both true and strong,
Binds hearts within its clasp.

But how can tongue of mortals
The gifts of Him requite,
Whose countless spheres
Through ceaseless years
Are rolling, bathed in light?

Our loving Heavenly Father,
Accept our hearts, we pray,
That life may be
All praise to thee
Each day Thanksgiving day.

B. F. M. SOURS.

FROM PERSECUTOR TO DISCIPLE

II

ON one occasion Paul said: "Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

These words explain the secret of Paul's

power and success. He kept back nothing that was profitable for the people. He preached Christ publicly, in the market-places and the synagogues. He taught from house to house, availing himself of the familiar intercourse of the home circle. He visited the sick and sorrowing, comforting the afflicted, and lifting up the oppressed. And in all that he said and did, he preached a crucified and risen Saviour.

Paul's great desire was to preach the gospel at Rome. In his letter to the church at that place he wrote: "For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers; making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you. For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established; that is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me."

It was not curiosity that made Paul desire to see the capital of the world. He had been assured in a vision that he would be permitted to bear witness for the Lord in Rome.

Paul went to Rome as a prisoner. As he approached the city, his brethren came out to meet him. In the eyes of the world he was a criminal worthy of death, but in the eyes of his fellow Christians he was worthy of special honor. He tells us what effect his bonds had upon them. "Many of the brethren in the Lord," he declares, "waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear."

After Paul had been in Rome three days, he called the chief men of the Jews together, and explained why he had been brought to Rome as a prisoner. He stated that he had done nothing against the people or the customs of the fathers; and that after being examined before the Roman authorities, he would have been set at liberty, had it not been for the opposition of his countrymen.

Paul manifested true Christian forbearance. He had been falsely accused by his countrymen in Judea, and had been subjected by them to an unjust trial. He had endured the hardships and perils of the journey to Rome, and was now awaiting his trial before the emperor. Yet when he told his brethren in Rome about his imprisonment, he made no complaint. Not that I had aught to accuse my nation of, he said; I did not come to accuse any one. I have called you together to speak of the hope of Israel, for which I am held in bonds. Acts 28:30.

"And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

Though kept a prisoner at Rome, Paul exerted a powerful influence. He was near the palace of the emperor, and he wrote to the Philippians: "I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places." We know that converts were made in the court of the emperor; for in concluding his letter to the Philippians, Paul said, "All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Caesar's household."

For hundreds of years after Paul had laid off his armor, the papacy bore sway. Then Luther, an Augustine monk, brought up under the strictest rules of the papacy, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. He sought for salvation in the rites and ceremonies of a corrupt church. As he was performing an act of penance, slowly climbing on his knees up Pilate's staircase, the words of Paul to the Romans came with peculiar force to his darkened mind, arousing his senses and touching his heart. "The just shall live by faith," a voice seemed to say to him. That one

sentence changed Luther's whole life, and brought about one of the greatest reformations the world has ever witnessed.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A MODERN MIRACLE

THE readers of this paper are very familiar with the story of the conversion to Christianity of a young Hebrew named Saul. It happened nearly two thousand years ago, and we have become accustomed to think of it as a wonderful event, belonging to an age of miracles and wonders long since past. But not long ago I heard a story of a similar wonderful change that took place in the heart of a young Japanese, whose life bears a strange resemblance in its progress to Paul's.

He told me the story himself. We were walking over one of the hills back of a great university town; and my Japanese friend, who was studying in the place for a year, was recounting to me the story of his life, and how he became a Christian. He spoke somewhat in this wise:—

"I was highly educated in the Japanese schools. I was always of a thoughtful and religious temperament, and loved to read our sacred books. I loved also to walk under the stars at night, and think and pray. My father was an honored government official, and held the chief offices in the empire. I had everything that money and position could procure. Of course our people were Buddhists, and I was brought up in the Buddhist faith. Not only did I read their books, and talk with their learned men, but I read Confucianism and Shintoism, trying to get down into the heart of their mysteries, trying to find what they taught about God.

"But as I grew to manhood, and my life expanded, there began to arise in my mind questions that these books could not answer; there began to stir in my heart yearnings which the god they revealed could not satisfy; mysteries surrounded me which the priests of Buddha could not solve; from the sacred writings there shone no light sufficient to light my way. For many weeks I was greatly troubled, and went about as one in dreams, praying and hoping that the light might break.

"No light came; but one day I saw for sale on an old bookstand a book in English, which purported to be the sacred book of Christianity. I had heard of the Christian missionaries, but despised them, just as you would despise a Buddhist preacher here; but my curiosity was aroused, and I bought this copy of the life of Jesus. Concealing it under my coat, I hurried home, ran up to my room, pulled my private screen, and somewhat listlessly began to read the opening pages. It was the first Gospel. I had not read through ten verses of the sermon on the mount before I became all lost in the great words; and as I read on through the wonderful truths, my heart beat faster and faster with eager expectation of some new light that soon might break. How the great truths thrilled me I can not tell. As I read on, I felt the darkness falling away, as a shroud might drop from a corpse as it awoke to new life. All I can say is that I read the Gospel through without a pause, and arose and fell on my knees, and prayed to the new God. Every question had been answered, every yearning satisfied, the meaning of life made plain, the darkness dissipated. I felt just as Saul felt when the scales fell from his eyes. The new light had dawned. I read all the Gospels and Letters, and then sought out a Christian missionary and talked with him. Everything grew clear, and for the first time I felt peace in my soul.

"But great trouble was to come. I knew that if I should confess myself a Christian, I would be disgraced in the eyes of the people, and it would break my mother's heart. My father had died, and my mother and I lived alone. She was a devout Buddhist, and hated the Christian missionaries. But I felt it my duty to tell her of the great change that had come over me.

"So one day, in fear and trembling, I told her all—told her the struggle, the darkness, the yearnings, I had passed through; how now my soul had found its satisfaction; how the meaning of life had been made clear, and the truth I needed had dawned upon me. She turned white as I listened, called me 'traitor,' and taking down my father's sword, said, 'Unless you renounce all this foreign belief, I fall thus on the sword.' Then she put the hilt against the wall, the point at her breast, and stood ready to fall against it.

"Oh, how my heart was torn between parental love and fidelity to Him! After much reasoning, I persuaded my mother to let me have a week to think it over, promising her I would review all the truths of her religion, and see if I could find rest there. I spent the whole week



PEN & PENCIL DRAWING For Reproduction

LESSON 4 — PHOTOGRAPHS

MUCH help may be received from photographs in the study of pen-work, as one often has access to excellent photographs of walls, trees, etc., water ruffled by the wind and many other effects, which might be difficult to obtain outdoors at the desired time. Careful pen-studies of these will be of great value to the student.



in my room. I hardly ate or slept. I grew thin and pale. How I remember the last night! I knelt by the open window all night long, and looked out over the moonlit sea, and prayed to my new God to show me the way.

"In the morning I went downstairs, and met my mother. I could not speak. She pitied me, and put her arms around me. Then I said, 'Mother, before I answer, won't you let me read the new book to you?' She hesitated, and then out of pity said, 'Yes.' So I read it to her day after day."

Here my friend stopped a moment, but I eagerly asked, "Well?"

"Well," he answered, smiling at me, "what could happen? The new light and the dear peace came into her heart; and three months later, she and I were baptized together into the Christian church."

My friend is now a loved and devoted worker for his fellow men in Japan, and has caused the new light to shine in many a heart in that country. — *Young People's Weekly*.

BE KING IN YOUR LINE

Be king in your line. The world does not demand that you be a physician, a lawyer, a farmer, or a merchant; but it does demand that, whatever you do undertake, you will do it with all your might, and with all the ability you possess.

The world does protest against a good shoemaker doing bad cobbling in a legislature; it does protest that a farmer shall not still do farming while in the pulpit; that a dry-goods clerk who would make a good engineer shall not continue to handle the yard-stick.— *Success*.

"GARLAND" STOVES AND RANGES

were awarded highest prize at Paris Exposition, 1900.

When photographs are used in illustrating, they are reproduced by what is known as the "half-tone" process. Unless the photograph is clear and distinct, the reproduction is not a success. A pen-drawing is generally made if this is the case.

look at it, and study it, rather than copy it. Artists claim, and rightly too, that a photograph is not a true representation of nature as seen by the human eye. In it the relative values of color are not preserved. Blue is non-photographical; and as this color enters into nearly all colors of nature, the reader can readily understand how the relative values are not preserved. A dark-blue can be photographed; but it is the black, red, or whatever color is used in making the blue darker, which is photographed: pure blue can not be photographed. Thus while half-tones printed in black ink may be again reproduced, those printed in blue are useless for this purpose.

Just as a flower seen under a microscope is not the image of a flower as seen by the naked eye, so a photograph, of a street scene for instance, brings out hundreds of details, such as bricks, arches, the grain in wood, etc., which the usual pedestrian never notices; while a clever sketch, in which these details are absent, and the essential characteristics, which the eye takes in, are preserved, is a truer representation of what is seen by the human eye. The great charm of a sketch, if successful, is that it gives only what is desired.

When drawing from a photograph, forget that it is a photograph; endeavor to place yourself in the camera's place, and think how such a scene would have impressed you, and how you would have rendered it with only pen or pencil to record your impressions.

Have you ever come by chance upon a scene that you have never looked upon before, which at first appears charming, but which seems to lose its beauty the more you look at it, or when viewed a second time? It is the detail which is seen after the first glance, that tires the eye, and causes the scene to lose its charm.

It is this first glance, preserved on canvas or paper, that makes a good picture, often more charming than the original. Thus we learn that all unessential details should be omitted when drawing from a photograph, and the main motive preserved.

Accompanying this lesson is a reproduction from a photograph, and a pen-drawing made from the reproduction. By comparing the two, the student will see what detail has been omitted.

PEDRO LEMOS.



The student will be tempted, in drawing from a photograph, to put in his drawing all that he sees in the photograph; but he should endeavor to omit all the many small, uninteresting details, which detract from the principal objects of interest.

One of the main things to keep in mind when working from a photograph is that you must

"You close your doors and brood over your own miseries, and the wrongs people have done you; whereas, if you would but open those doors, you might come out into the light of God's truth, and see that his heart is as clear as sunlight toward you. If you would but let him teach you, you would find your perplexities melting away like snow in the spring."



LOVE MAKES PERFECT

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.
Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,—
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the building,
The work some day to be tried,
And that only the gold and the silver
And the precious stones should abide,
And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meager success I had won—

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
I said; "it will all be burned,—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned:
And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure when he sees such building,
He never will let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.
Then my heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet inspirations
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! she wanted to help me,
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh! what a botch she had made of it,
The gray mismatching the blue!
And yet, can you understand it?
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt her grow more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for thy little child
Than I am tender for thee?"
Then straightway I knew his meaning,
So full of compassion and love;
And my faith came back to its refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

So, I thought, when the Master Builder
Comes down this temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew,
Perhaps as he looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light;
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it is all from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child! she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur;
And for the great love that is in it
The work shall seem perfect as mine;"
And because it was willing service,
He will crown it with plaudit divine.

And there, in the deepening twilight,
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining,
Far stronger than any command.
Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which should tenderly guide and hold me,
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith is no longer dim,
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto him.

—Selected.

SHOULD CHRISTIANS PLAY CARDS OR DANCE?

We do not raise this question because there are many professed Christians who do these things, but to help the minds of some who may be in a quandary over the matter. To answer the question directly, I will say, No. Then arises the query, Why not? This can not be told in a word.

The Christian must learn to discriminate between right and wrong in every action, no matter how small. Every word we speak is either right or wrong, every deed and influence is either good or evil, and therefore is either acceptable or objectionable to God. Card-playing and dancing both come under God's great measuring-rod of right and wrong. Let us apply a test: "The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." Now are these of the world?—Oh, yes, wholly so. Another test: Jesus says, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." What effect would card-playing and dancing have upon our power to draw people to Christ? If one were sick unto death, would he send for a dancer or champion card-player to pray for him?—Ah, no!

It may be that there is no intrinsic harm in certain things when they are considered apart by themselves, but that by their associations they become evil. That which produces evil fruit is wrong; for a good tree can not bear evil fruit. The home of card-playing is the gambling-den. Because it strays into respectable places, it does not therefore become transformed. A boy who is taught to play cards in the home of a professed Christian can not with consistency be reproved for playing them in a saloon. In many cases he will do it. He soon learns to play for money, for drink. He becomes crazy with drink and passion, and shoots a man over a game of cards. Is there anything wrong about his career? When did the wrong originate? Ah! it was wrong from the start; and the one who taught him to play, the man in whose home he was permitted to play, will have to bear his part of the responsibility for the awful results.

The dance is low in its native haunts. It is associated with sensual pleasures. Was ever any one led to God by a ball? How many have been led to ruin by the dance! The best people do not dance; the lowest do dance.

"Well, but what is the harm of a little private dance in one's own home? Where's the wrong of keeping step to nice music?" Let us follow it up to see. Here is an innocent girl, whose mother permits her to dance with her young companions. She conceives a passion for dancing. Nothing in the world pleases her so much as a dance. Soon boys become her dancing partners. Then having learned to dance at home, under mother's eye, she can not see the harm of going to other homes for an evening's pleasure. She loses control of her better sense in her intense love for the dance. She goes to the public ball. Here she learns to love wine. Her downfall is now marked. Soon she is lost to decent people. Where did the wrong begin?

It is safe to say that the youth who forms a love for cards and dancing is sure to lose his love for the Bible and for God. The effect is evil; the things themselves must therefore be wrong.

G. C. TENNEY.

A WORD FOR STUDENT DAYS

EVERY year thousands of boys and girls, young men and young women, are entering high schools and universities all over the country. One watching the procession, and feeling the power of possibilities which these young lives hold, wonders what it means to them—what ideals they are following.

A man whose face was beaming with delight met a friend the other day.

"Tom's going to get through!" he cried; "he's really going to get through!"

Had that been the goal of Tom's ambition through four years of splendid opportunities—that at the end he might somehow manage to "get through" without disgrace? What could his diploma mean to him but reproach?

There are other students, many others, whose hearts are fixed upon some prize, who bend every effort, sacrifice every pleasure, to the winning of that one thing. It may be wise, often it is; but perhaps quite as often it is not. All the teaching of schools and colleges can not be found in books or lecture halls. The real reward, always and everywhere, lies in one's self. So it is even possible to purchase honors in philosophy or mathematics at too high a cost, if in exchange for them one pays the strength which God has given him for a life of useful work, the tenderness that sees a brother in every needy soul, the power of making friends and of finding joy all along the common ways.

Upon the arch at the entrance to the campus of one of our largest universities is an inscription which might well furnish an ideal to every student:—

SO ENTER

THAT DAILY THOU MAYEST BECOME
MORE LEARNED AND THOUGHTFUL

SO DEPART

THAT DAILY THOU MAYEST BECOME
MORE USEFUL TO THY COUNTRY AND TO
MANKIND

—Selected.

HUMAN INFLUENCE

In a late number of the *Review*, I found the following words in an article written by Elder W. P. Pearce: "Every word we utter, every look we give, every attitude we take, every act we commit, is photographed on others, molding to some extent their character, and shaping the destiny of their souls."

Again: "Remember that upon a single word, or even a passing glance, some person may be influenced rightly or wrongly. One word spoken is said to set the pulsations of the atmosphere in motion until within twenty-four hours every part of the planet takes up the altered movement."

A quotation from Elihu Burritt is also given: "No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only for the present, but during every subsequent age of humanity."

After meditating upon these thoughts, there arose in my heart a feeling of solemnity mingled with gladness,—solemnity because of the awful reality of these facts, and gladness because of the grand and holy privileges before us. When we realize that a single word, or even a glance, may lead a soul to eternal ruin, how careful we should be that our looks, words, and actions bear the heavenly mold, that lives may be cheered and brightened through our influence.

While thinking of these things, there came to my mind this beautiful text, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." These words impressed me with a depth of meaning that I have never before realized; and the thought came that if we, individually and as a body of young people, should heed this command, what a vast amount of good we might do, and what an important part we might take in warning the world of the soon coming of Christ. Shall we not, dear young friends, improve every opportunity of shining for him? Shall we not be always ready to give bright smiles, speak kind, hopeful words, offer needed assistance, and so make this sin-cursed earth brighter and better because we live in it?

K. BLOSSOM WILCOX.



WHITESOCKS

ONCE I had a puppy dog,—
A "shepherd" dog, they said,—
A fuzzy, woolly ball of fur,
With cunning tail and head.

He was the very prettiest pet,
With long, soft ears like silk:
And how he wagged his cunning tail,
To see a dish of milk!

Whitesocks was the name we gave,
For all his feet were white;
I thought he'd grow a useful dog,
And drive the cattle right.

But when he'd grown to be a dog,
He chased them just for fun,
And barked and barked till he was hoarse
To see them plunge and run.

Some stranger cows he saw one day,
And after them he tore,
And ran and ran so far away
We never saw him more.

Our dear Whitesocks was homeless then,
And supperless each night;
Far better had he stayed at home,
And learned to do things right.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

WYOTA — THE STORY OF INDIAN BREAD

"Manaho!" (hallo!) my friend said, cheerfully, as we neared the little group on the mountain-side.

"Manaho! manaho!" was echoed by a dozen tongues. A group of Indians, some brightly, some soberly dressed, were sitting on and around a great flat rock, over which bent springy boughs. Here were the Indian "mills," and we had come to witness the interesting process of making the famous Indian bread known as *wy-o-ta*.

The mills themselves are simple affairs. Long, cylindrical rocks, tied sometimes to springing boughs, are pounded up and down in little hollows in the rock. In these hollows shelled and blanched acorns are placed, and quickly pounded to a fine meal. Some of this meal was handed me on a leaf. I tasted it, and to my surprise found it intensely bitter. I must have made a grimace; for the Indians who were watching me burst into laughter, and broad grins showed pearly teeth in almost every mouth. And here I may say that nowhere can a people be found whose teeth are better than those of the Sierra Indians. Aged men and women will display grinders still sound, though worn almost to the gums.

In speaking of the Indians I must not forget the children. While their mothers are making flour,—pound, pound, pound, half a day at a time,—the little ones are by no means idle. An old hatchet or knife in hand, they go out to make war on the sturdy pine saplings. Around every Indian mill these trees will be seen scarred and barked through the destructive instincts of the young warriors. These children like blindman's buff, also, and their shout and hurrah often make the forest ring. They have many other games and pastimes, some of which I may speak of another time.

For making meal the white oak yields the most valued acorns. To gather these, the Indians beat the boughs, and pick up the nuts that fall. Years ago, before reservation laws were passed, the men climbed the trees, and cut off the branches, while women and children picked the acorns. It is maintained that the trees were kept young and vigorous by this pruning process.

When the Indians go far from home to gather their crop, often they do not carry all the harvest

home, but build cone-shaped storehouses of grass, bark, and twigs. These are always on some rock, stump, or platform open to wind and sun, that the nuts stored in them may cure nicely, without danger of molding. No matter how far from home they may be, the surplus harvest is always stored in these acorn houses. And all Indians respect them. No matter how strong their thieving propensities, some strange sense of honor keeps them from molesting another's bread.

Often during the late harvest the weather is cold and damp; and the Indians, with scanty covering, must sleep on the bare ground. First they dig a hollow in some sheltered place, and build a great fire in it. When the earth is very hot, they rake away the embers, and sleep on the warm ground.

Now for the process of making bread. When the meal has been made, it is placed on a closely woven sieve made of fern roots. Scalding water is then prepared by throwing hot stones into baskets of water. This water is poured over the meal, gradually washing away the bitter tannin. When the meal has been made thoroughly sweet, it is mixed with water, and cooked in the same manner as the water is heated,—with hot stones. The mass quickly thickens, and when done, resembles heavy jelly in consistency. It is ashy gray in color, and in flavor is not unlike a raw chestnut, though not so sweet. The Indians eat it with fruit, milk, other nuts, and



INDIAN ACORN HOUSES

meat; for it combines well with all flavors. In their bills of fare it is as necessary as is bread in ours.

EDISON J. DRIVER.

MRS. HOLMAN'S SNAPSHOTS

"It's a real pleasure to call at the Mason's," declared Ethel Holman, enthusiastically. It's so different there from—from—well, I might as well confess it—from the way we live here;" and Ethel laid on the table a late magazine that she had just borrowed from her friend.

"In what way, dear?" asked Mrs. Holman, quietly, as she turned Tom's stocking, which she had been darning. "We haven't the wealth——"

"It isn't that, mother," interrupted Ethel. "It's hard to express; but they have a fondness for one another there that we don't have at all. They're so considerate of one another, too. Emma was making frosting for a cake when I got there, and Alice told her to leave it, and hurry right in, so as not to keep me waiting, and that she'd finish it. Beth wouldn't have done it for me. I'd have been obliged to leave it—to spoil! It's always just so there; I've noticed it scores of times. They're always ready to assist one another. They do it in such a hearty way, too—not in a grudging spirit at all. When I was coming away, Emma started down to the gate with

me; and Ralph, noticing that she had nothing on her shoulders, ran in for her cape. Tom wouldn't have done a thing like that for me. Probably he never would have noticed that I hadn't a wrap. I don't see why my brothers and sisters aren't as considerate—why we can't get along as the Masons do."

"I think, dear, I can show you;" and Mrs. Holman set her basket of stockings on the table, and went quietly into the hall. "It's just the chance I've been longing for," she said to herself, as she hurried up to her room.

When the door opened again, Ethel looked up inquiringly.

Mrs. Holman sat down by her daughter, and began to untie the little box that she carried in her hand.

"I think, dear, that this contains the secret of the want of love which you feel exists among us."

"Why, those are only snapshots!" exclaimed Ethel, disappointedly. "They—they can't reveal any secret! Then, too, haven't I seen all the pictures you've ever taken?"

"Not all," replied Mrs. Holman, soberly, passing one to Ethel as she spoke. "That, dear, I think tells a part of the secret."

Ethel took the photograph, which Mrs. Holman had recently mounted. Her face flushed, and her eyes dropped. "Did—did I look like that, mother?" asked Ethel, handing back the picture.

"Yes, dear; 'twas only last Monday. You remember you were getting ready to take Miss Hall out driving, when Tom came in, and asked you to mend his catcher's glove. You didn't refuse; but it gave Tom no pleasure to have you do it—you frowned constantly till it was finished."

"I—I—didn't realize it."

"No, dear; I'm sure you didn't."

Mrs. Holman handed Ethel another card. "This was taken while you were reading to Beth one afternoon when she was suffering from her sprain. I recollect that when Beth asked you to read aloud, you said you 's'posed you could do it, but you didn't see why you should be shut in just because she was obliged to be.' I took the snapshot from the doorway, when neither of you were looking."

"Do hide it, mother," and a tear trickled slowly down Ethel's grieved face.

"This one shows when you were so provoked because Mary was invited to the Fuller's instead of you; and this——"

"O mother! please don't show me another!" begged Ethel, brokenly. "I—I—know now why we aren't like the Masons, and—and it's all my fault! It's hard, mother, but the snapshots have revealed the secret that I might never otherwise have known; and—and before it's too late to correct the fault. Hereafter we'll be different, for I——"

"Know now what's been the obstacle," interrupted Mrs. Holman, gladly, taking a pledge kiss as she spoke.—*Selected.*

WHAT TOODLES KNEW

A SCOTCH terrier, Toodles, knew perfectly well the words "mama;" "Chica," the pet name of his little mistress; "Brun," the name of a Newfoundland dog belonging to a neighbor; and "Rags," the name of his mother. He was sent to stay with relatives of his mistress while the family were away for the summer holiday. When any of the familiar names were mentioned, he manifested the greatest eagerness and delight, whining and barking and turning his head first on one side and then on the other, until he was told that they were gone. Collett, another terrier, had still more pronounced intelligence in this direction. He was fiercely and uncontrollably jealous, and his heart was broken if his mistress so much as looked at another dog. He soon learned the word "dog," and it roused him

to fury. The family were fond of taking advantage of his infirmity, at the same time testing his keenness of hearing. Frequently, when he lay sleeping on the rug before the fire, some one would say, without altering the tone or raising the voice, as if the remark were a part of the conversation being carried on, "I see a much handsomer dog than you."

This never failed to send him to the window like a whirlwind, where he would stand on his hind legs, his paws on the sill, bristling and barking outrageously. If a dog really happened to pass, he choked and swallowed, nearly strangling in his jealous rage, and it would be some time before he could be quieted or consoled.—*Selected.*



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 6; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"
pages 402-434

NOTES ON LESSON 6

(November 25 to December 1, 1900)

The Lamb.—The wonderful love of God for us is shown by Christ's being recognized as a Lamb in the midst of the throne. This is a constant reminder to the heavenly host that he is the sacrifice for fallen humanity. In heaven as well as on earth it can be said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The White Horse.—White denotes purity. The church went forth as an aggressive power, and in a few years the good news of salvation had spread over all the then known world. This condition of prosperity continued until the close of the first century.

but rejected the simplicity and meekness of the true followers of the lowly Nazarene. They took, instead, the pomp and ceremonies of the pagan religion. "The nominal conversion of Constantine in the early part of the fourth century caused great rejoicing; and the world, cloaked with a form of righteousness, walked into the church. Then the work of corruption progressed rapidly. Paganism, while appearing to be vanquished, became the conqueror. Her spirit controlled the church." But God's care is over all, and from the midst of the four beasts in heaven comes a voice limiting their power, and warning them not to hurt "the oil and the wine," the true Christian graces. He who has set bounds for the sea, and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," also places a limit on the power of darkness. He will not let the waves of worldly policy completely overwhelm his people.

The Pale Horse.—The mystery of iniquity was now established, and began to show forth the satanic spirit of its master. The Bible was taken from the people, and heathen superstitions were taught in its place. The Sabbath of the Lord was dethroned, and a spurious rest-day was given to the people. "In the early part of the fourth century the emperor Constantine issued a decree making Sunday a public festival throughout the Roman Empire. . . . Vast councils were held from time to time, in which dignitaries of the church were convened from all the world. In nearly every council the Sabbath, which God had instituted, was pressed down a little lower, while the Sunday was correspondingly exalted." Thus the pagan festival came finally to be recognized by the mass of the people as the Sabbath; but there were always a faithful few who honored the Sabbath of the Lord.

The Fifth Seal.—During this period God raised up men to stand in defense of the gospel, and one by one the coverings of falsehood that the papacy had spread over the pure gospel were removed by these resolute reformers. The Bible was brought out from its hiding-place. It was no longer chained either by literal chains or by being kept in a dead language. It was translated

the end of all things is near. Then the heavens take up the refrain; and the sun, that faithful witness in heaven, testifies to the fact that the end of all things is at hand. The moon, which for six thousand years has transmitted to man what it has received from the sun, now re-echoes the faithful testimony, and hangs as a great ball of blood in the sky in fulfillment of the words, "The moon became as blood." A few years later the stars fell as untimely figs. We are living between the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of Revelation 6. There are three heavens, —the first, or atmospheric, heaven (Jer. 4:25; Zeph. 1:3), where the birds fly; the second, or starry heaven (Rev. 6:13); and the third heaven, where God dwells. 2 Cor. 12:1-4. The first heaven is tainted with the effects of sin, and will be rolled together. Peter says, "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise." The air is composed of various gases; and when the Great Master sees fit to roll it together, there will be an explosion that will echo through the universe of God. Every island and mountain will be moved out of its place.

Read the chapter on the Deliverance of the Saints, in "Early Writings," or Chapter XL in "Great Controversy," Vol. IV.

"Who talks of evil conjures into shape
That formless thing, and gives it life and scope.
This is the law; then let no word escape
That does not breathe of everlasting hope."



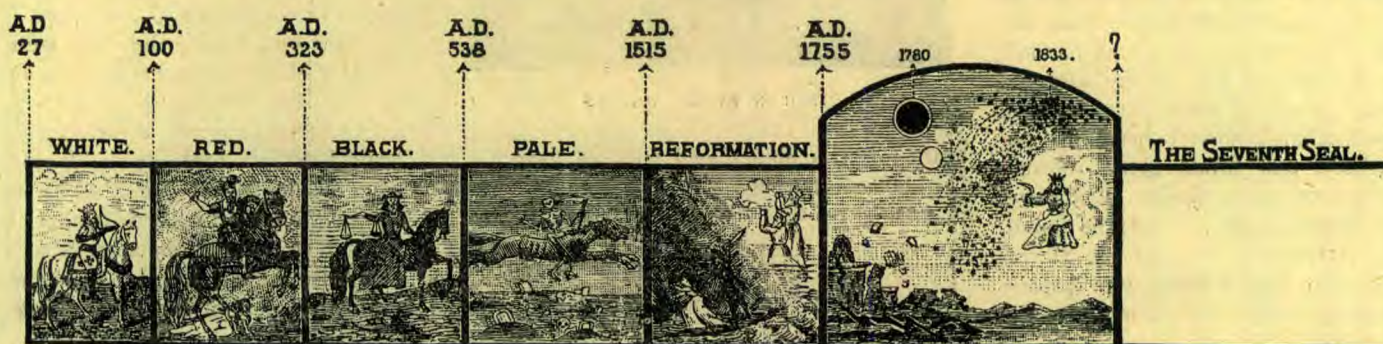
GOING BACK INTO BONDAGE

(December 1, 1900)

LESSON TEXT.—Gal. 4:6-11.

MEMORY VERSE.—Ps. 85:8.

Begin your study by carefully reading the verses in last week's lesson, as they are very closely connected with our present lesson. A



The Red Horse.—The purity indicated by the white horse had now departed from the church. Persecution came in; and a great sword, not a very peaceful weapon for a church to wield, was given the rider. When Constantine nominally accepted Christianity, and the church began to compromise principle in order to gain worldly favor, it placed a great power in the hands of the church. This was not an omen of good, but a sword that inflicted a severe wound upon the church.

A Black Horse.—This is one of the saddest periods in the history of the church. Persecution from without was not to be compared with the calamity that befell the church when it was wounded by its friends. Heathen customs found their way into the church almost imperceptibly. When the persecution ceased, it became popular to be a Christian. In the courts and palaces of kings, persons accepted the form of Christianity,

into the language of the common people, and placed in their hands. The martyrs who had given their lives for the gospel under the fourth seal were now given white robes of character; and they, with all other martyrs, will also be honored on the new earth. From "Early Writings," page 14, we read as follows: "As we were traveling along, we met a company who were also gazing at the glories of the place. I noticed red as a border on their garments; their crowns were brilliant; their robes were pure white. As we greeted them, I asked Jesus who they were. He said they were martyrs that had been slain for him. With them was an innumerable company of little ones; they had a hem of red on their garments also."

The Sixth Seal.—The scene of action changes; no longer is it confined to the people upon the earth; but the old earth itself is mightily convulsed, telling in unmistakable language that

few review questions are given on the first part of the chapter. Truth is like a chain of many links. If you study each lesson faithfully, you will enjoy tracing the connection between the different lessons, thus uniting the links of truth.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the condition of an heir before he becomes of age? What is he under? Till what time? Gal. 4:1, 2.
2. In what similar condition were we? To what time in our experience does this refer? Under what were we in bondage? V. 3.
3. In due time whom did God send? Under what conditions? For what purpose? Being redeemed, what do we receive? Vs. 4, 5.
4. Since we are sons, what has God sent us? What does the Spirit cry in our hearts? V. 6; note 1. What has the giving of the Spirit to do with the inheritance? Eph. 1:13, 14; note 2.
5. When we receive the Spirit, what change

has taken place? What are we because we are sons? Through whom are we heirs? Gal. 4:7.

6. What had been the former condition of the Galatians? Whom did they not know? What gods did they serve? V. 8; note 3.

7. Whom had they come to know? or better, who had known them? To what were they returning? What did they desire? V. 9. What were these "weak and beggarly elements"? Col. 2:8; Eph. 2:11, 12; note 4.

8. What shows that they were turning back to heathenism? Gal. 4:10. What scripture shows that the heathen were observers of times? Deut. 18:10-12; note 4.

9. Because of their backsliding, what fear does Paul express? Gal. 4:11; note 5.

NOTES

1. That God is our Father is a most precious truth. How sad it is that so many deny him, and daily curse his name. How it must grieve him to be thus treated by those for whom he has done so much. And how heaven must rejoice when the prodigal sons return to their Father!

2. When an heir becomes of age, he is no longer in bondage. He may not at this time come into full possession of all his father's estate; but it is customary for a man of means to give his sons a start in life when they reach manhood. As sons of God, we receive the promise of the Spirit, which we have found is the promise of the inheritance. Gal. 3:14-18. But do we receive only a promise when we become sons of God?—No; we receive the gift of the Spirit. And this is the earnest, the pledge, that we shall receive the full inheritance when the purchased possession is finally redeemed. Acts 2:38, 39.

3. The Galatians had been 'converted from heathenism. At that time they "were in bondage to them which by nature are no gods." This is the reading of the Revised Version. The service of false gods is always bondage; for it is prompted by fear, never by love. Furthermore, all false gods simply reflect the sinful characters of those who worship them. It is evident that such service could bring the worshipers into nothing but bondage.

4. Many of the services of the heathen consisted in observing festivals on both regular and special occasions. Examples are found in the celebration of the mysteries among the Greeks and Romans. Days were dedicated to the various gods and heroes of their mythology, and observed in various ways. Births, weddings, and deaths were also celebrated with religious rites. In the marginal reading of Isa. 47:12, 13, there is a reference to the observance of months.

5. Paul was not solicitous for himself, but for them. He feared that they would eventually give up their hope in Christ, and so his labor for them be lost. He had an earnest desire and longing to reclaim them from their errors, and bring them again to a knowledge of the truth.

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

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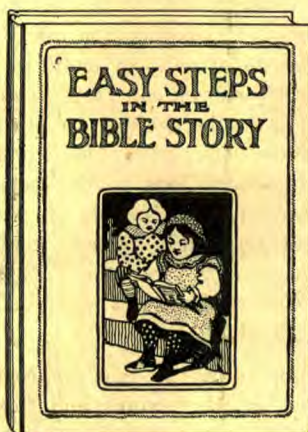
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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"The friends count that can be counted on."

MONDAY:

"The refinement of character is its purification from selfishness."

TUESDAY:

"A song, a sigh, a laugh, a gentle breeze,
A drowsy rustling in the half-leaved trees,
A cloud, a sky of deep and tender blue,
A home, a friend, a sweet heart always true—
This is the joy God gives to me and you."

WEDNESDAY:

If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we would cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give.—*Macdonald*.

THURSDAY:

Sometime between the dawn and dark
Go thou, O friend! apart,
That a cool drop of heaven's dew
May fall into thy heart.
Thus, with a spirit soothed and cured
Of restlessness and pain,
Thou mayest, nerved with strength divine,
Take up thy work again.

—*Mary F. Butts*.

FRIDAY:

Too much taken up with our work, we may forget our Master; it is impossible to have the hand full and the heart empty. Taken up with our Master, we can not forget our work; if the heart is filled with his love, how can the hands not be active in his service?—*Adolphe Monod*.

SABBATH:

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away." Rev. 21: 4.

LIFE'S best things are freely given. We can do nothing to make ourselves live—life itself is a gift. The radiant blue of summer skies, the marvel of the changing seasons, the glory of the clouds at sunset,—all gifts, and given lavishly to the poorest of earth's children. But there is one Gift before which all others become insignificant—the richest Gift that Heaven itself could bestow, even our Saviour, "who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us." Think of the price paid, and for what it was given! Shall we not gladly give him our hearts, that they may be cleansed from every stain, and then serve him faithfully?

AN EVIL PLANT

ONE of the tares that the enemy loves to plant in the soil of the heart is suspicion. And if it receives ever so little encouragement, immediately it springs up, and begins to grow, filling the heart, warping the mind, and making its poisonous influence felt far and wide. But however far its work may spread, however cruelly and unjustly it may sit in judgment on the motives and acts of others, its worst effect is upon the heart of the one who cherishes it. For it is impossible to look at people with anything like a spirit of love, and at the same time be suspicious of their acts, their motives, whatever they do and say; and where the love-spirit is not, there is a "legion" of Satan's angels ready to bring bitterness and envy and jealousy into the mind—company with which there can be nothing but unhappiness. If you find the plant of suspicion growing in your own heart,—if it is easy for you to look with distrust upon others, to impute unworthy motives to them,—then beware. Get rid of this plant by cherishing only the kindest of thoughts about all; look for the best motives, and ascribe them to those whom you were inclined to view with distrust—and you will find yourself in a far happier, as well as far safer, frame of mind.

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In giving the dimensions of that improved Malay kite described in the "Notes and Comments" column of the INSTRUCTOR for October 25, a mistake was made in giving the length of the long frame-stick. The length is only seventy-one inches—not seventy-seven inches, as there stated. The other dimensions are correct as given.

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ST. MATTHEW, 13.

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.

43 When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.

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.

45 Then goeth he, and tak-

eth with him seven other spirits more evil than he, and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first. So shall it be also unto this generation.

CHAPTER 13.

3 The parable of the sower and the seed: 18 the exposition. 28 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.

THE same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side.

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.

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