

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

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PARABLES

FROM

NATURE



KNOWING BY
FAITH

UNDER the snow in the dark and the cold,
A pale little tendril was humming;
Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mold,
Of the beautiful days that were coming.

"How foolish your songs!" said a lump of clay;
"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
Just look at these walls between you and the day—
How can you have power to remove them?"

But under the ice and under the snow
The pale little sprout kept singing;
"I can not tell him, but I know, I know—
I know what the days are bringing:

"Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me,
Bloom on the meadow, and buds on the trees,
And the great, glad sun to love me."

Then a pebble spoke up. "You are quite absurd,"
It said, "with your song's insistence;
For I never saw a tree or a bird,
So, of course, there are none in existence."

But, "I know, I know," the tendril cried,
In beautiful, sweet unreason,
Till, lo! from its prison, glorified,
It burst in the glad spring season.

—Union Gospel News.

A PARABLE FROM THE LEAVES

It is not difficult to discover that in autumn the leaves fall. This is such a common thing, so plain and manifest, that even a child observes it. Neither is it difficult to go a step further, and moralize upon their fall; for the Scripture has set us an example, and in moralizing we have but to repeat the words, "We all do fade as a leaf."

It is well for us to remember our frailties. To know our limitations is one secret of power, one of the foundation-stones of success. We are weak; without Him we can do nothing: "We all do fade as a leaf."

"The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever."

The voice of God cries out to every person gifted with the power of speech: He that hath ears to hear, let him hear; and he that hath voice to cry, let him cry. "Cry," says the voice of God to us; and when, in wonder and questioning, we ask, "What shall I cry?" there comes this

answer to our questioning: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass."

And so if we cry at all as the Word bids us cry, we must declare the weakness and frailty of man. But this is not all the commission. We must not stop here; having said so much, we have only begun. So far there is no whisper of hope, no thought for courage. Obeying the Word that bids us cry, and having given so much of the message, we must proclaim the rest. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but [oh, the glory of its truth!] the WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER."

This is the whole message; it is twofold,—the weakness and frailty and failure of things earthly, and the power and permanency and steadfastness of the things of God.

It is a suggestion of this twofold message that is given us in the life and death of the leaves.

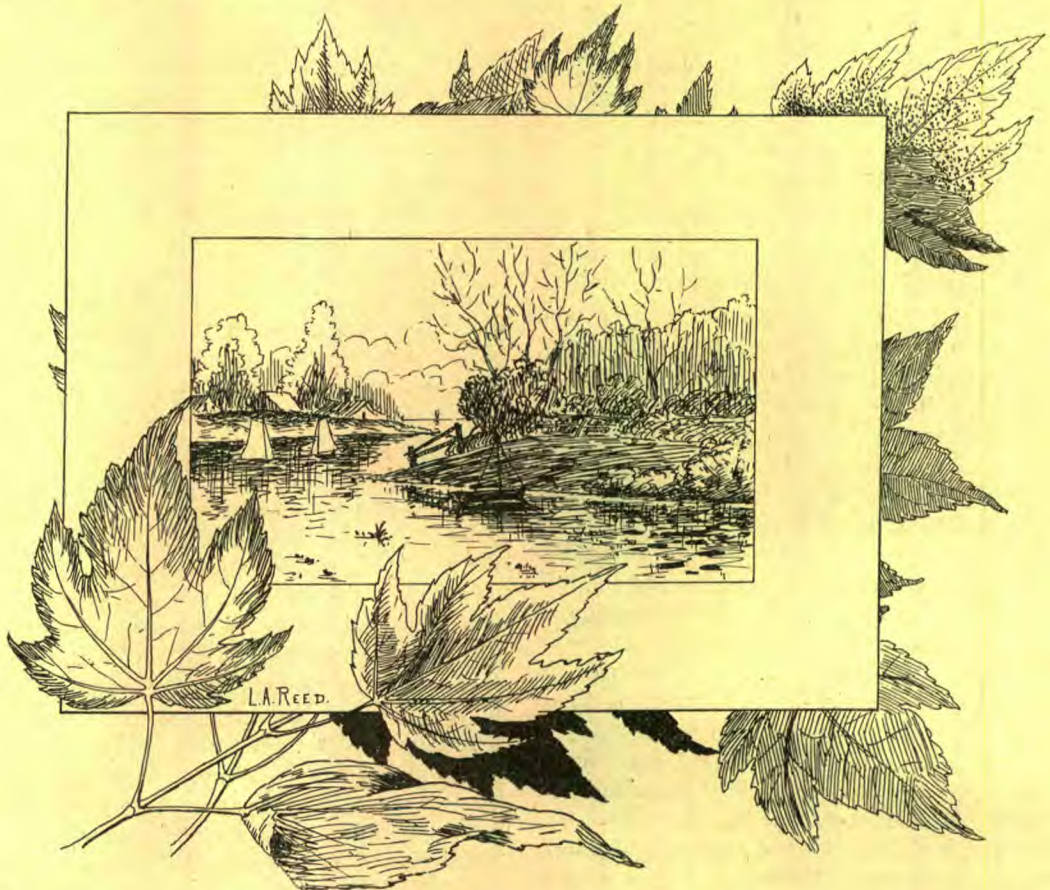
The work of the leaf is not in vain; something is left behind that shall laugh at the fierceness of the storm, that shall brave the cold of winter, and that shall continue the growth of the tree until its circuit is accomplished.

While we remember that the leaves of autumn fade, let us not forget that the leaves of summer work. And it is the work that is of importance. By their labor they rear the beautiful maples, the stately elms, the giant oaks. By their fading they show us how weak was the instrument through which the Creator worked.

So it may be with us.

We, too, like the leaves, do fade. All the people are but grass; all flesh is like the fading, dying verdure of autumn, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. One withers, the other fades; both are alike lost.

But our failure is not the only thing for us to consider. The great question with each of us should be: Have I, in life's summer days, done with faithfulness the work that God gave me to



The leaves fade and fall away; and drawing the parallel, we say that we, too, must cease our labors and pass from our places. But this is but one side of the message; there is another, for the message is twofold.

The leaves fade and fall away, it is true, but they leave behind them mighty monuments of their labors. Not one leaf lives through the summer days, but, when it fades, leaves behind that which may stand for years, perhaps ages.

The leaves fade, but there abideth that which, through the leaves, God has built. While the leaves lived, they worked to build up the tree, which remains when the leaves are gone. Gray trunks and naked limbs are the mute testimony of the gigantic task wrought by the leaves.

do? It is the work that is of importance.

Our failure—our dying and passing from the work of life—shows how weak are the instruments that God uses for the accomplishing of his purposes. But what we leave behind, the memories of an unselfish life, the souls helped by us out into a better life,—these remain to show what God can do through humble instruments.

What the leaves leave behind must in turn perish and pass away, but not so that which human lives may leave behind. It is our privilege to leave behind us an immortal heritage.

What sort of monument are you building? What kind of memorial are you erecting? If you live as you may, there shall something abide; for "the word of our God shall stand forever,"

God will still carry on the work in which for a time he has given us a place. Without us, after our fall, as without the leaves after their fall, his work goes on. Of those who do his work it is said, when the fading time comes, "They rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Faithfully let us work the works of Him that sent us, "while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."
L. A. REED.



BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL

BLESS the Lord, O my soul!
And praise ye his name;
Bless the Lord, O my soul!
All his glories proclaim;
For the Lord pities us
As a father his child:
He knoweth our frame;
He is just, he is mild.

He ever remembers
That we are but dust;
Our days are as grass,
And so wither we must.
As a flower of the field,
Man will flourish at dawn;
The wind passes o'er,
And behold! it is gone.

Then the place where it grew
Shall behold it no more;
But the mercy of God
Is a never-closed door
To the city of light,
Where, to music's grand roll,
We'll sing, "Bless the Lord!"
Bless the Lord, O my soul!"
MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

THE BURNING BUSH

NEARLY two thousand years ago a voice of strange and mysterious import was heard from the throne of God: "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me: . . . then said I, Lo, I come;" "in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." Here is made the announcement that Christ is to visit our world, and become incarnate.

God ordained that his chosen church should be educated in regard to the coming of the Redeemer. Ways were appointed whereby the infinite sacrifice to be made for the redemption of man might be gradually revealed. Impressive symbols were employed to unfold the plan of God. Those who desired to look into these things might understand them.

This system is not to be passed over in our study of the revelation of truth. From the time when the promise was made in Eden, Christ was shadowed forth in types and symbols. The light gradually increased,—becoming more and more distinct until the fullness of the time came. Then the great Antitype, the originator of all the Jewish economy, appeared in our world. In Christ, type met antitype. The gloomy shadows were lightened by the appearance of him who was the full signification of all the symbols.

The burning bush, in which God appeared to Moses, revealed Christ. There is living truth in this spectacle. In mercy God was about to deliver his people from Egyptian bondage; and he appeared to Moses, telling him that he had been selected as the visible leader of God's people. Moses was chosen by the Lord as his representative to bear a message to Pharaoh. He must receive his commands directly from God: a most important responsibility had been placed upon him.

Moses had received a thorough education in the court of the king of Egypt. He was qualified to be the honored general of armies, and to engage in warfare with other nations. But although he was the king's recognized grandson, with a prospective kingdom before him, and although he had enjoyed the highest educational advantages that Egypt could offer, he was not qualified to engage directly in the work to which the Lord saw fit to call him; he was not fitted to take his place as the visible leader of a vast multitude, receiving from God instruction in regard to framing their laws, and laying the foundation of their economy in a system of types and symbols; he could not then lead the people of God through the rocky, barren desert into the land of promise. He must first receive an education from heaven.

He who sees the end from the beginning, watched over and guarded his servant. God transferred Moses from the courts of luxury, where his every wish was gratified, to a more private school. Here the Lord could commune with Moses, and so educate him that he would obtain a knowledge of the hardships, trials, and perils of the wilderness. He gave him sheep to care for, that he might become qualified to be the shepherd of God's people. God saw that the experience Moses would gain while minding sheep would qualify him to be the leader of his people; it would enable him to sympathize with those who had everything to learn. It was necessary to select for this position a man who was tender, patient, and sympathizing,—a man whose heart would ever be touched by human woe, as a shepherd is touched by the sufferings of the sheep and lambs of his flock.

God designed to make of Moses a channel through which he could communicate instruction to an undisciplined people, whose worship of God was mingled with idolatrous sentiments. From these sentiments this worship must be purified before they could be made the depositaries of truth, which was to be held in trust for future generations. During the forty years in which Moses was engaged in pastoral work, he was obtaining a knowledge of God. It was while he was following this lowly calling, that the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire in the midst of a bush. Moses looked, "and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." This arrested his attention, and he said: "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God."

Let this lesson be carefully studied. Before God could talk with Moses, he educated him in the mountains, among the sheepfolds. Exiled from the courts of Egypt and from the temptations of city life, Moses held communion with God. For forty years God tested and disciplined him, preparing him for his important work. For forty years Moses dwelt in the wilderness, receiving from God an education that made him a wise, tender, humble man. When this time was ended, his self-confidence was gone; he was meek and lowly, so divested of self that God could communicate to him his will in regard to the people he had chosen, and whom he designed to educate and discipline in their wilderness life, while he was preparing for them a home in the land of Canaan.
MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"ARE you disappointed in your friends? have they failed you? That is a matter of small importance so long as you are true to yourself. The only real failure is to fail yourself."



THE RED STAIRCASE

ON the 27th of May, 1893, the city of Moscow was at once solemn and stirring with a great festivity, for the late czar, Alexander III, was celebrating with traditional pomp the tenth anniversary of his coronation. He had been autocrat of all the Russias for a longer term; indeed, for more than twelve years. But such was the activity of the Nihilists when he succeeded to the throne, and such was the horror excited in his soul by the assassination of his good father, that he could not make up his mind to be crowned in Moscow till more than two years of his reign had gone by.

During the festivities the czar visited the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin, accompanied by the empress, the grand dukes and duchesses, and a gorgeous array of great dignitaries of church and state.

This imperial procession to the cathedral left and re-entered the palace by the famous historical flight of steps commonly called the Red Staircase, and sometimes the Staircase Beautiful. Here, in accordance with the ancient custom of the czars, an interesting ceremony was observed.

At the top of the stairs, during each of his passages, the emperor paused to bow his salutations to masses of people assembled in the courtyard below. Then deafening cheers broke out, cannon thundered, church bells clanged from hundreds of steeples; every manifestation combined to indicate that the czar was popular with the multitude, however much his authority might be detested by the few.

The Red Staircase is very ancient and very memorable in the history of Russia. From the Church of the Assumption, where all the czars are crowned, it led to the old Palace of the Kremlin, as now it leads to the new. This noble marble structure was built on the site of the former by the emperor Nicholas, but he left the Beautiful Staircase undisturbed.

It was on the Red Staircase that Ivan IV, surnamed the Terrible, stood when he received the celebrated letter from Kurbski, his traitor general, who wrote from a safe place of refuge, sending a message of defiance by his servant. The haughty czar is said to have nailed the foot of this messenger to the Red Staircase with his famous iron staff while the letter was being read to him. This was a mild reception from that dreadful tyrant. The poor servant probably thought himself lucky to escape with his head on his shoulders.

This same iron staff in the hand of the angry czar afterward killed his son and heir. Great and fierce was the sorrow of Ivan over this horrible tragedy; and as he stood on the Red Staircase one night, mourning for his son, he saw the comet, which, he believed, foretold his own death.

Another scene on the Red Staircase began with the ringing of the bells of the four hundred churches of Moscow. Regiments of soldiers, numbering thousands, followed by a great crowd of people dragging cannon, were marching to the Kremlin. They had been roused into fury by a false report that a brother of Natalia, widow of Czar Alexis, had seized the crown, and that Ivan, the heir of the Russian throne, had been murdered.

Reaching the palace, they clamored for vengeance. Suddenly the tumult was quelled, as Natalia appeared on the platform of the Red Staircase with her two children beside her,—Ivan, her feeble, imbecile stepson, and Peter, her own bright, handsome boy.

Natalia trembled as she faced the angry crowd,

who had placed ladders against the rails and climbed up to the platform; but the young prince Peter—afterward Peter the Great—stood still, and looked at them without a sign of fear.

Further disturbance might have been avoided if Mikhail Dolgorouki, chief of the army, had been wise enough to let well enough alone. But his aristocratic temper got the better of his prudence, and he began to rail at the rioters, ordering them to go home. His words roused to fury the mob, who, angry at having been deceived, were wishing for some one upon whom to vent their spite.

Some of them, rushing forward, seized Dolgorouki by his long gown, and threw him down the Red Staircase. There soldiers caught him on their spears, and brutally silenced his remonstrances forever.

Excited by the sight of blood, nothing could control the mob. They sacked the palace, and satisfied their desire for revenge by crimes so terrible that one's blood runs cold at the recital.

On the sixth of July, 1682, the same young boys, Ivan and Peter, appeared on the Red Staircase surrounded by boyars and nobles, but under very different circumstances. Peter looked on the crowd with the same calm gaze as when he stood holding the trembling hand of his mother, before a mob insane with rage. The people now greeted him with joy; and the great procession, which preceded and followed the two brothers, passed slowly down the Red Staircase on its way to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where, amid the pomp, magnificence, and ceremonial of the Russian Church, Ivan and Peter were crowned czars by the patriarch.

Nine days later the Red Staircase witnessed another scene important in history. A procession of priests, carrying the old parchments, manuscripts, and books which contain the creed and ritual of the Russian Orthodox Church, passed up the Red Staircase to attend a meeting in the banquet hall of the palace, held to discuss the differences between the "Old Believers" and the State Church.

This meeting ended in a riotous dispute. At its close, the Dissenters, or Old Believers, ran excitedly in a crowd down the Red Staircase, lifting up their hands with two fingers extended, and crying out to the throngs of people who surrounded them, "This is the way to pray! This is the way to pray! Cross yourselves!" By extending two fingers instead of three, as their opponents were accustomed to do, they signified their abhorrence of a disputed opinion touching the nature of the Trinity.

A few days later some of these men were arrested, and condemned to be beheaded.

The steps of the Red Staircase have been ascended by conqueror and conquered. With what feelings of triumph did Napoleon stride up these steps when he took possession of Moscow,—with what forebodings of his destiny when he passed over them for the last time!

As a vision of the Red Staircase comes to memory, one seems to see a procession slowly passing down from step to step. Beautiful women are there, clad in queenly garments embroidered with gold and jewels; kings and emperors follow each other; priests and archbishops, nobles and foreign envoys, are in the train,—a brilliant and distinguished company. But one by one all these vanish, and pass out of memory, like the brilliant flowers of summer.—*Selected.*

"WHAT a comfort it is to look back through the years, and think of what our earthly friendships have been, and then make a leap into the future, and know that there the real summer season of friendship comes! The best things we have on earth are but small beginnings, little eyes and buds on the tree of life, that look to the unfolding of all that life and love can mean in the land that knows neither sickness nor pain nor heartache."



PEN & PENCIL DRAWING For Reproduction

LESSON 6—COMPOSITION

IN sketching from nature everything depends on the choice of subject, or what artists call "motive." The motive is whatever in the subject appeals to the sketcher by its beauty or picturesque quality.

Composition in art is the arrangement of the objects in a subject so they will appear artistic and natural. A landscape is well composed when the trees, distances, and foreground represent masses well weighted and pleasant to the eye.

It is said that selection is composition, and in nature drawing this is so; for the position of a tree or other principal object in a good picture, so drawn that its relations are correct with the proportions of the picture, is the result of the selection of a suitable point of view.

The student should endeavor to be personal in his selection. To be original in one's technique is much less possible than individuality in choice of subject, for nature is inexhaustible. Do not select certain views because some favorite artist has done so, nor look for certain subjects because some one else has drawn them. Record your own impressions in your own way.

Select a point of view that will not place the main objects in the scene to one side, or in the corner of your drawing, unless there is some secondary object or group of objects which can be drawn at the opposite side or corner, and so balance the picture. If the composition of the picture is unequally balanced, there will be some part that will look bare, and the whole will have an unfinished appearance.

Draw only what impresses you. A good practice is to draw from memory, at the end of the day, some object or scene that has impressed you; or, after you have studied some object, to make a memory sketch, and then compare it with the original object, and see how faithfully you have represented it. This practice will greatly advance your power of observation. Much of the difficulty experienced by students in making a successful composition is easily avoidable. Let your picture have only a few objects,—those that your eye takes in at the first glance. Do not attempt bird's-eye views.

These suggestions do not apply to pen-work alone, but should be followed when working with any other medium.

When working with ink, the composition should first be sketched in outline with pencil, as plainly yet lightly as possible, as it must be rubbed out after the drawing is finished, and much rubbing will spoil the surface, and gray the ink. The composition may be made on another piece of paper, and when you are satisfied with it, traced on your bristol-board, before you go to work with your pen. As correct an outline as possible should be drawn; for without a good outline, all character in the drawing is lost.



Outline and light and shade can be learned only by actual studies from nature.

One artist has said: "Whoever can make a good pen-drawing without a careful preliminary pencil sketch of more or less importance, may set himself up for a genius, and be congratulated on his ability to avoid much work. I know a study by Fortuny of a man draped, in which may be seen not only the nude figure, but the anatomy as well, drawn in pencil, which has never been erased."

Flowers especially need to be plainly outlined; but care should be taken not to put all the detail into the drawing that is seen in the flower. When drawing flowers and plants, the student is tempted to indicate each vein and petal; but unless he is studying the construction of the flower or plant, and wishes to make an exact copy of the specimen, no more should be put in it than is necessary, although he will understand that more detail may be allowed in sketching



FLOWERS NEED TO BE PLAINLY OUTLINED

flowers than in sketching a scene or a figure.

Students are sometimes at a loss to know how to make pen-drawings from a sunset, as the colors and shades are constantly varying. By making a rapid pencil sketch, indicating the lights and shadows roughly, and memorizing the scene as nearly as possible, the student can make a pen-drawing from his "notes," and will secure much better results than by attempting to make a drawing first.

Many artists compose scenes, just as a musician composes songs. They make sketches of objects or subjects which they wish to introduce in their composition, and to these they refer for outline and character. The student will find this a good method, but he should be careful not to place by a stream or lake a tree that never grows near water, nor to commit other mistakes of like nature.

PEDRO LEMOS.

"THE spendthrift uses in a month or a year of extravagance the money which, carefully invested, would have given him an income for the remainder of his life. And some other spendthrifts waste in foolish pleasures the moments which, properly invested, would have made them rich for all eternity."



GUARDIAN ANGEL, WATCH TO-NIGHT

GUARDIAN angel, watch to-night;
A fair ship lies in danger,
And o'er the waves no beacon shines
To guide the wandering stranger.

No mariner hears her warning call;
No watchman sees her signal-light;
Alone on the deep, she heaves and rolls,
Storm-tossed in the dead of night.

Her noble prow swings with the gale,
On, on, to the water's edge;
Her crew sleep fast in her hold beneath,
Nor dream of the fatal ledge.

So, many a fair and noble youth
Alone on the seas of night,
Drifts on and on to the fatal rock
For want of a beacon-light.

WALTER CUMMINGS BUTTERWORTH.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR EMERGENCIES

"AND let our people learn also to perform good works on occasions of emergency." Titus 3:14, Syriac translation. There are many who are able to deal reasonably well with the common, routine duties of life; but when an emergency arises, where soul or body is taxed to its uttermost, they utterly fail.

Saul had the promise that when the Spirit of God came upon him, he would be able to do as the occasion demanded. 1 Sam. 10:7. But the Spirit of God only brings things to our remembrance (John 14:26); that is, it brings to mind the things we have already learned. In other words, the Spirit of God reaches into our minds, and picks up the things that it has had an opportunity to stow away there. If a child has six blocks to play with, it may construct different objects with them; but the size of the construction will always be limited to six blocks. So God takes only the things that we have allowed him to put into our minds. He can make wonderful combinations with them, it is true; but he always works with the material at his disposal. Therefore we should continually secure more blocks of truth, because that will enable God to do a still greater work with us.

God has promised to prepare a table for us in the presence of our enemies when the occasion demands it (Ps. 23:5); but if we have neglected to acquire the necessary skill and knowledge to prepare a hygienic and healthful meal when we are in the presence of our friends, he will not make up for these neglected opportunities when we are brought into the presence of our enemies.

Every experience that God allows us to pass through will teach us something that will enable us to meet some trying emergency, if we will only extract from it the lesson there is stowed away in it for us. We must acquire the habit of picking berries from every bush that grows in our pathway.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

WHAT IS OURS

"BUT she is crowding you out; she is taking the place that really belongs to you," said a warm-hearted but not very wise friend, condoling with another over what she regarded a wrong. But the brave heart repudiated that view of the case.

"No, if it were really mine, I should have it. No one can take from me what really belongs to me."

How much of heart-burning and bitterness we might escape if we would but realize that truth! Is it not a truth? We resent the ad-

vancement of another to the position that we think should be ours, we are sore-hearted with a sense of personal wrong when another wins the success we have coveted; yet we can not miss our appointed place, our own guerdon, except by our own refusal of it. "While I am coming, another steppeth down before me," said the disappointed man at the pool, lifting to the Master eyes weary with pain and waiting. But no place in the healing waters could have been to him like the touch that sent him on his way rejoicing. The rich, peculiar blessing, all his own, found him where he was.—*Selected.*

MATCHES

THE first really practical match was introduced in 1827 by John Walker, a druggist of England. Until the close of the eighteenth century, flint and steel, with the tinder-box, containing carbonized fragments of cotton and linen, were in use; also sulphur-tipped splints of wood called "spunks," or matches. Not until 1805 was there any attempt to obtain fire through chemical action. Prof. M. Chancel presented an apparatus consisting of a bottle of strong sulphuric acid on asbestos, and splints of wood coated with sulphur and tipped with chlorate of potash and sugar. When the match was introduced into the bottle, it ignited. Attempts at friction matches were made in 1816 and in 1823, but found little favor. John Walker's matches, invented in 1827, were known as "Congreves," after Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the Congreve rocket. These matches were wooden splints, or pieces of cardboard, coated with sulphur and tipped with a mixture of sulphide of antimony, chlorate of potash, and gum. Each box contained eighty-four matches and a folded piece of glass paper, to be held firmly in the hand as the match was drawn quickly through it. The whole sold for a shilling. The modern phosphorous friction match appeared simultaneously in several places in 1833.

The manufacture of phosphorus matches is peculiarly dangerous, not only because of the risk of fire, but because the workers, if they have decaying teeth, are often attacked with a peculiar disease terminating in necrosis (mortification and death) of the jawbone. The most serious effects from the use of phosphorus have now been overcome by the discovery of red phosphorus, in the manufacture of what are now known as "safety matches." The manufacture of matches is an interesting operation, but too lengthy a process to be described in this article.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

A ROSE PARABLE

"I WISH you would look at this climbing rose of mine," said the amateur gardener to his friend, the florist. "It is a fine Gloire de Dijon, grafted on a strong root of some ordinary variety of rose, which ought to give it a good growth. But it grows slowly, and will not bloom at all."

"I can guess what is the matter," said the florist, and he went down on his knees, and began to remove the earth from round the root. Sure enough, just below the surface, hidden safely from view, the root had sent out a long, straight shoot, which found its way to the sun several feet away, and was already opening a few leaves. The florist took out his knife, and cut it off close to the root. "Now your Gloire de Dijon will grow and bloom," he said. "Or, if it doesn't, just examine the root, and cut off the new suckers it is trying to send out. You see, the root remembers its old nature, and goes back to it. It will never give its full strength to the graft unless you watch it, and cut it back steadily. But if you will do that, you will have a glorious rose; for it is a strong stock."

Was it not a parable of human nature that the rose taught? The spiritual life is not the nat-

ural life for any of us. The old nature still lies at the root. Only by cutting off the persistent growth of the natural root can we quicken the growth of the higher beauty of the soul. A secret sin beneath the surface—how many times it has ruined and killed the spiritual life of a man or a woman!

How many stunted, sickly, blossomless Christians need pruning at the roots! Is there not a lesson for us all in the florist's knife, if we are willing to apply it?—*Well Spring.*

OUR WONDERFUL BODIES

THE BRAIN AND THE NERVES

III

THERE is a strange relation between the mind and the body. Diseases of each affect each. Involuntary actions of the heart, digestion, etc., are affected by the mind. Certain nerve-cells in the brain restrain other nerve-cells. One center causes contraction of the small blood-vessels. If this continued, the contraction would be too severe and prolonged. Another center therefore restrains the action of the first, thus balancing up the work of contraction, so that the proper supply of blood goes to all the body. This principle is called "inhibition." Coughing and sneezing may be controlled by opposite nerve-cells. Cells that inhibit action of other cells lie in the front part of the large brain, or cerebrum. Here lies the power to exercise the will.

We can inhibit wrong desires, and curb evil inclinations. At first self-indulgence is a moral sin; then it becomes a physical disease. If we allow certain cells to act daily, always in certain ways,—that is, in our thoughts,—this action becomes easier the oftener done; in other words, habit is formed. When we do a wrong act once, it is easier the next time, and becomes easier with each repetition. So with right ways. If we conquer evil, and do right, it will become habitual. God gives us power, if the will is submitted to him, to overcome habit. While we can not understand the will wholly, we know it is that which makes character, and character is what we are. This will live forever if the individual believes in Jesus Christ, and lives with the will submitted to him.

As one accustoms himself to think along certain lines, so the brain-cells become set, and thought runs in a certain groove, or channel. Think pure, sweet, happy thoughts, in harmony with the love of God and Christ's example, and the brain and mind are thus attuned to heaven's music. Phil. 4:8 is a good mental exercise. Prov. 23:7 states a fact. A man once confessed to a Christian worker that it was impossible for him to think pure thoughts. Even scriptures read in his hearing were, in his evil mind, associated with impurity in some form. He said that he had allowed his mind so to develop that it was impossible for him to be saved, for he could not think of anything but sin. God hates sin, and he will pour out his wrath upon it; but he does not destroy men: this they do themselves. How?—By thinking on evil, and then acting it out. In this way it becomes ingrained in them, a part of them; in fact, it is they themselves, SIN! This God will consume in the last day, because it has already consumed the man. If we heed the invitation of mercy before this condition of mind becomes fixed, there is hope. God wrought miracles in the past, and healed the lesions of the brain-cells, so that it was possible for pure thoughts to travel their course, and thus affect the character; and where a heart is now truly desirous of such a change, God freely gives it.

MRS. M. D. McKEE.



THE PRINCE AND THE BEGGARS

LIKE a prince in an old-time story
He sits at his palace gate;
About him, bent and hoary,
The ragged mendicants wait.
The prince is a dashing fellow,
Wears velvet and cloth-of-gold,
A tunic and cap of yellow;
Rags shelter them from the cold.

He quaffs from a crystal chalice,
They stoop to the wayside spring;
He dwells in a lordly palace,
They hide beneath winter's wing.
They covet his royal splendor,
His ease and his tunic gay;
The bars of his cage are slender,
They think him as free as they.

Then I open the study shutter,
And scatter their daily bread;
They come with a rush and flutter,
Where the bountiful feast is spread;
For the prince is my yellow canary,
And the beggars, so gay and free,
Are only the sparrows wary,
That live in the old elm-tree.

My little gold bird is a poet,
He pipes me a roundelay;
A captive—he does not know it,
And sings in a blithesome way.
But at times in his prison narrow,
He wishes that he might be
A gay little beggar-sparrow
Out in the old elm-tree.

—Dorothy Deane.

MAN-IN-THE-GROUND

Is the curious and decidedly Indian-sounding name of a plant growing on the Pacific Coast. It has a coarse-fibered, turnip-shaped root, often as large as a three-gallon bucket. From this root spring long vines, having at the leaf-axils little, curly tendrils, by means of which the vines climb over brush, up fences, and into bushes. The leaves resemble grape leaves, but are darker.

The blooms are small, white, and star-shaped, the points differing in number from five to seven, and are arranged in a loose raceme; they are followed by short, cucumber-shaped seed-pods, somewhat larger than an egg, and covered with soft spines. The seeds are brown disks, three quarters of an inch in diameter, and three eighths of an inch thick. They are full of meat of which Master Bunny is fond; and as he can not remember where he buries all of them, he helps spread the crop, which soon becomes a great pest.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

LITTLE TEACHERS

"HARRY just listens to everything we say, and says it right over after us," said Fred, proudly. "He tries to do everything we do, too," added May.

And yet—would you believe it?—in less than an hour I heard Fred use words that must have grieved all who loved him, and saw May sit as if she had not heard her mother call—once, twice, three times. When at last she threw down her pretty book with a bang, and went to "do" the dishes, it was with dragging footsteps, and an unlovely frown on her forehead.

But that was not the worst. Very soon the pretty, innocent baby lips were heard repeating brother Fred's very words; and a little later, when mama called, he paid no attention to her repeated, "Come, Baby!" When at last he did go to her, it was with sister's own manner.

Is this the way, dear little brothers and sisters, that it is in your home? If you are cross, and rude, and ill-mannered, be sure that the little

child, who is beginning to learn how things may be done, is noticing you, and following your example. Of course you want him to be gentle, obedient, and lovable. Well, if you are these things, in work and play, all the time, he will be, too; for he thinks you are very wise and good, and will try his best to copy your words, your tone, even your manner. Watch the little one who lives in your home, and see.

THE SCHOOL THAT NEVER LETS OUT

"HELLO, boys! What's your hurry?" You may trust boys for seeing a joke, under the soberest manner. Sam and Irvine looked at each other a little sheepishly, and giggled. They were, in fact, lagging along like snails.

It was one of the very first spring days; there were a few patches of snow left in back yards where the sun never shone, and no green things

tended innocence. "Well, I don't have benches nor desks at my school; sometimes I wish I had."

"Where is your school?" asked the boys, suspiciously, alert for another joke.

"Don't you know where my schoolhouse is? You pass it every day of your lives."

"What time does your school take up?"

"Take up? Why, it never lets out! It's in all the time."

"You're playing truant then, Mr. Pilson," said Sam, grinning. "I wouldn't a' thought it of you!"

The farmer laughed out big and loud. "Maybe I am, and maybe not," he said. "I'm sort o' waitin' for some new books now. But if you boys don't mend your hold on the road, you'll have a lesson to learn that won't be out of books, or I'm mistaken."

Sam and Irvine glanced at the sun-clock, like



*"Arching skies of azure, vast of spotless snow;
Diamonds by the million in the trees aglow;
Down the sparkling hillside merry coasters fare;
Oh, in joy of winter just to have a share!"*

had yet poked their noses up from the cold, wet earth; but the robins had come, and our boys had seen the flash of a bluebird's wing that very morning. The sunshine was as sweet as distilled honey and dew, and a kittenish little breeze seemed to be saying, "Stay, and have a frolic with me."

"You must be going to a picnic," continued Mr. Pilson, seeing that the boys took kindly to the joke, "from the pace you have on."

"Much picnic we're goin' to!" grumbled Sam. "Much!"

"You wouldn't call it a picnic, Mr. Pilson," protested Irvine, "if you had to sit at an old desk all day, and sweat over lessons."

"Oh, school, is it?" said the farmer, in pre-

the country boys they were, and set out on a trot, reaching the yellow schoolhouse by the roadside just in time to make a rush with the rest for seats, at the clang of the bell.

I don't know how they pulled through lessons that lovely day, with whispers coming in at every open window of the delights outside. But the longest hours pass, even when they are clogged at every step with sums in arithmetic, and exercises in grammar, and mysterious events in United States history. At last four o'clock struck, and the steps that had dragged so slowly in the morning now danced on tiptoe, never two aground at one time, and oftenest both in the air!

This time it was their turn to be jocular:

"Hello, Mr. Pilson! your new books come yet?"

The farmer was ready for them; he left his harrow in the soft earth, and came over to the fence; as he came, he stooped, and took something out from under a bush in the fence-corner. It was a large glass jar, none of your half-gallon contrivances, fit only for jam, but a big, clear jar, that would hold two gallons at least.

Inside, secured by a thick perforated paper securely tied over the wide mouth, was a velvety black butterfly. He had bright yellow spots on his four wings, a double row of them, and on the hind wings some silvery blue spots besides; these hind wings had a funny little tail hanging from each.

"Oh, oh! who ever heard of a butterfly in March!" cried Sam.

Mr. Pilson looked pleased. "So," he said, "you are a schoolmate of mine?"

"Sir?"

"Certainly you are. How else did you know that my *Papilio Asterias* was not to be found in March?"

"I don't know anything about your *pappo steery*, but any boy with two eyes knows that he doesn't find beauties like that till the flowers come."

"That's so," said the farmer, "it's like another lesson in my class; a higher lesson, of which my great Teacher says a wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein."

The boys almost forgot the butterfly, in trying to make out just what this queer farmer meant; for they had a glimmering.

"I see you have guessed my conundrum," said Mr. Pilson; "my school is God's big, green world; he gives me new books like this pretty *Papilio* constantly, but they are only new editions, you understand, of old works."

Sam and Irvine chuckled; they saw through it now.

"Where did you get him, Mr. Pilson?" they asked.

"Why can't you call a gentleman by his name?" asked the farmer, frowning; "didn't I introduce him to you?" And not a word more would he say till both boys had learned the butterfly's family name. Then, when they knew him for a *Papilio Asterias*, Mr. Pilson told with glee how he had found three caterpillars on a wild carrot plant last September; how he had brought them home, put them in this handsome jar, and fed them with fresh leaves until one day all three of them had tied themselves up in a curious fashion at the side of the jar, dropped off their outer skins, and left themselves in a chrysalid state,—pale, ugly, knobby things, that looked as if no life belonged to them.

Six months had passed, and here was Sir *Papilio* in his new body, ready to live his new life; far more beautiful, and free, and active than in the old days, when he was a dull caterpillar, knowing and seeing nothing but a little patch of earth under his wild carrot plant.

The boys were charmed with Mr. Pilson's beautiful schoolbook; and still happier when he gave them each one of the brown chrysalises that had not yet opened their doors, from which they might see for themselves the dainty and gorgeous creatures come forth.

And you may be sure that this wise old school-boy did not let these little preparatory pupils get away without telling them about the beautiful new bodies to be given to God's children, "as it pleaseth him," when they come up out of their grave chrysalises.—*Elizabeth Preston Allen.*

It is possible so to duplicate the machinery of living that the very life itself is crushed among the wheels. We may wrap ourselves in comfort until our breath is smothered in the folds. The man whose wants are few is the man most likely to be found carrying a light heart.—*W. R. Huntington.*



BEREAN LIBRARY STUDY

Revelation 7; "Thoughts on the Revelation,"

Pages 435-451

NOTES ON LESSON 7

(December 9-15)

The Books of Daniel and Revelation.—"Those who eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of God will bring from the books of Daniel and Revelation truth that is inspired by the Holy Spirit. They will start into action forces that can not be repressed. The lips of children will be opened to proclaim the mysteries that have been hidden from the minds of men."—*Review and Herald, Aug. 17, 1897.*

The Light of His Countenance.—"His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." Rev. 1:16. Not the sun half concealed by mist, but shining "in his strength." The psalmist says: "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, . . . I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Ps. 4:6. Again he says, "Thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance." Ps. 21:6. How often the appearance of the face of a dear friend has chased away perplexity, and made us free and happy. Have you been made exceeding glad with the countenance of your Saviour? Do you know what it is to walk in the light of his countenance day by day? No one who cherishes known sin can walk in the light of his countenance; for sin forms a cloud that hides the sunlight of his countenance from the pathway. If we ask God to search us, and take all our sins away, he will set our iniquities before him, and our secret sins in the light of his countenance (Ps. 90:8); and in that light they will vanish, as the dew before the sun. Then our hope will be in God, and we shall praise him for the help of his countenance. Ps. 42:5. It is the blessed privilege of every child of God ever to walk in the light of the Saviour's countenance, and to praise him continually for the "help of his countenance."

Consecrated Ears.—Seven times in the second and third chapters of Revelation we find the following words: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." God calls upon us to open our ears to the instruction given, to hear the gentle knock of the heavenly Merchantman as he stands at the door of our soul temple, and offers each of us his precious wares. Listen to his counsel: "Buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed."

Anciently all the Hebrews who had been sold into bondage were allowed to go out free upon the seventh year. Ex. 21:1-6. But if the servant plainly said, I love my master, my wife, and my children, I will not go out free, then his master took him before the judges, and also unto the door or door-post, and bored his ear through with an awl, and he was to serve his master forever. Notice the condition—it was to be a freewill, lifelong service of love. As a sign of this service of love, the ear was bored upon the door-post. Why upon the door or door-post? Was it not that as he went in and out of the door day by day, the sight of it would

remind him that his ears were consecrated to his master? They were to be shut against murmuring or complaining, and open to all that would advance the cause of his master.

Have you given yourself to your Master, Christ Jesus, for a lifelong service of love? Have your ears been consecrated upon the door? Christ says: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Have you given your ears to the Master? As you go in and out of doors in your daily work, do they remind you of your lifelong service of love, and that your ears are given to the living Door, to be used only to his glory? If so, then hear the Saviour's call repeated seven times: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." Close your ears to all doubt and unbelief, and open them to the Saviour's gracious word.

SEVEN PROMISES TO THE OVERCOMER

1. Right to the tree of life in the paradise of God.
2. Freedom from the second death.
3. The hidden manna, and the secret name written on the white stone.
4. Power over the nations, and to rule and reign with Christ.
5. Name confessed before God and the angels, and retained in the book of life.
6. To be made a pillar in the temple of God, with God's new name and the name of the city written upon him.
7. A seat with Christ in his throne.



THE SON ABIDETH EVER

(December 22)

LESSON TEXT.—Gal. 4:25-31; 5:1.

MEMORY VERSE.—John 8:35, 36.

It will be well to begin with the twenty-first verse, and study the whole subject of the covenants as here presented. Do not get the idea that this subject is too hard for you to understand thoroughly. It is full of most precious truth and encouragement. Read again the paragraphs referred to last week in Chapter XXXII of "Patriarchs and Prophets."

QUESTIONS

1. What two women represent the two covenants? What was the social condition of each? V. 22. What is said of their sons? V. 23.
2. What was the character of the covenant represented by Agar? V. 24. At what mountain was this covenant made? What city represents the dwelling-place of those under this covenant? What is their condition? V. 25.
3. Who represented the other covenant? V. 22. What mountain represents this covenant? Heb. 12:19, 22. What city is the inheritance of those under this covenant? V. 22. What is the condition of the city? Gal. 4:26.
4. What prophecy of the heavenly city is here given? What is the cause of rejoicing? V. 27; note 1.
5. What kind of child was Isaac? How are we like him? V. 28.
6. How was the son of the bondwoman born? How was the son of promise born? How did the former treat the latter? What comparison is made with the present? V. 29; note 2.
7. What is the command concerning the bondwoman and her son? Why are they cast out? V. 30. What do they represent in our experience? Note 3.

8. Whose children are we not? Whose are we? V. 31. What, then, is our condition? Ps. 116:16. In what does this freedom consist? Note 4.

9. Since we are free, what are we admonished to do? What are we to be careful not to do? Gal. 5:1; note 5.

NOTES

1. The heavenly Jerusalem, the free city, is the mother of all the children of promise. This is the city that Abraham looked for (Heb. 11:10), and it is to be his home and the home of his seed. But the children of the covenant of promise are not yet gathered home; hence the city is represented as being barren and desolate. What rejoicing there will be when we all get home!

2. The persecution mentioned here is not to be regarded as wholly a calamity. Jesus says, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you." Matt. 5:11, 12. Even our own flesh lusts against the Spirit, so that there is a strife between the two. Gal. 5:17. But God has provided deliverance and peace.

3. "Every one that committeth sin is the bond-servant of sin." John 8:34, R. V. Then the bondwoman and her son represent the works of the flesh and the bondage of sin. Then their casting out means freedom from sin and from the curse of the law. "The servant abideth not in the house forever: but the son abideth ever." Then if we are sons, we shall abide forever in our Father's house.

4. The freedom that Christ brings to us is freedom from sin. See the whole sixth chapter of Romans, and especially verses 11-14, 18, 22. Sin brings bondage because it brings us under

the condemnation of the law. Besides this, sinful habits are like ropes that tie our hands, so that we can not do the things that we would, but are compelled to do the things that we hate. Prov. 5:22; Rom. 7:14, 15. Jesus sets us free from these sinful habits, and gives us the victory over them, so that we are able to do the things that please him. If you have not this experience, seek for him until you find him and the freedom he offers you. "Seek, and ye shall find." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Our only freedom from the bondage of sin is in Christ. Then any departure from him will bring us again into bondage. Any effort on our part to go alone, to make ourselves righteous by our own works, will leave us weak and helpless, to fall again under the power of sin. Then let us "stand fast in the liberty."

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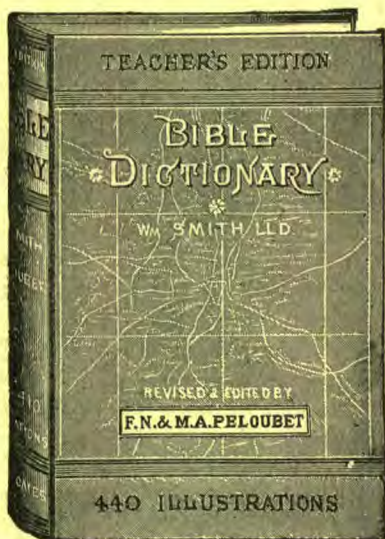
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ST. MATTHEW, 13.

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 taketh with him seven other spirits more evil than himself, and they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first. Woe unto him that doeth thus! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.

CHAPTER 13.

3 The parable of the sower and the seed: 18 the exposition. 24 The parable of the tares, 33 of the mustard seed, 35 of the leaven, 44 of the hidden treasure, 45 of the pearl, 47 of the dragnet. 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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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

A sunny disposition is the very soul of success.—*Matthews.*

MONDAY:

Perfection is the aim of all true manhood and all true womanhood.

TUESDAY:

"The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task made out,
Shall die, and leave his errand unfulfilled."

WEDNESDAY:

The world has neither use nor room for men who are without energy or persistence. They can only be dropped out, and left behind, while the great column presses on.—*Miller.*

THURSDAY:

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is, not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be; but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair,
Up to our means,—a very different thing."

FRIDAY:

To know of a fault in one's self should be instantly to challenge its continuance. He who consents to keep and cherish in himself a sin or blemish of which he has become aware . . . surrenders part of his life to an enemy whom he acknowledges he can not drive out, and whom he leaves, therefore, in his stronghold to be a perpetual menace and peril to him in all the future.—*J. R. Miller.*

SABBATH:

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Eph. 4: 13.

HAVE YOU SAID IT?

"OUR leader is so poor it discourages me from attending the review of the *Berean Library* studies"—I wonder if any one who reads the *INSTRUCTOR* has allowed himself to say anything like this! If there should be even one, I would like to remind him that the blessing promised upon those who study this book is given to *individuals*. It makes no difference with your receiving the blessing whether your leader is especially gifted or otherwise; but it makes all the difference in the world whether you bring to your study a humble,

teachable heart, that is willing to be taught in God's own way, and by whatever instrument he may see fit to send his word to you. If you come to the general review with the blessing that you have gained in your own study, and earnestly looking for even crumbs of truth, you will not be disappointed if you do not find a feast; for you will know that even crumbs may become a feast by the blessing of Him who once fed five thousand hungry persons with five barley loaves and two small fishes, and who is able to do the same for his people in a spiritual sense to-day. Prepare the lessons thoroughly, ask the Lord to meet with your little company by his Spirit, take with you a receptive mind, and you will not fail to receive help and blessing, even if you have no leader at all. And remember that the most brilliant, consecrated, and earnest leader can not gain this blessing for any one of you, but that it must come to the individual heart as the result of personal, faithful study.

BEGIN NOW

To think about and prepare for the week of prayer, which will be held December 22-29. As we reflect upon the times in which we are living, the "time of trouble, such as never was," so soon to come upon the world, and the message that is to go to all nations, we can not but see the appropriateness of setting apart a special season each year for earnest prayer and renewed consecration. Dear young friends, God has a place for each one of you in telling the world that he is coming again, and that the end of all things earthly is very near. Your work may be in distant lands, it may be right at home; but wherever it is, seek him earnestly for strength and wisdom and grace to do your part in a way that will please him, and lead others to know him. And pray for the relief of his cause, and its triumphant progress during the year to come. As you pray, perhaps he will show you some way in which you can help answer your prayer; if so, do not fail to listen to the suggestions of the voice within.

While it is not necessary to wait for these special seasons to think about the calls for workers, the needs of the great harvest field, and to ask ourselves what God would have us do, still there is strength in united prayer. We know that God wishes to answer our prayers at this time: let us ask with the faith that is never turned away unheard, not forgetting to show our faith by our works. Then shall we see the cause we love free from embarrassment, going forward to a glorious triumph.

KEEP STILL

A LECTURER to a class of young divinity students once gave them this advice, which is just as good for all other young persons as for those to whom it was addressed:—

"Keep still! When trouble is brewing, keep still; when slander is getting on its legs, keep still; when your feelings are hurt, keep still—at least till you recover your composure. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion I once wrote a letter, sent it,—and then wished I had not. In later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt; but in my doubt I leaned to reticence, and eventually the letter was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly; then perhaps you will not need to speak. Silence is sometimes the most massive thing conceivable. It is strength in very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle, when to plunge in were twice as easy."



England Making Chinese Gods.—Much of the good that foreign missionaries might accomplish is counterbalanced by the many antichristian practices of the so-called "Christian" nations. For instance, a reliable exchange declares that "one of the quaintest of the industries in Birmingham, England,—the home of Joseph Chamberlain, Great Britain's colonial secretary,—is the manufacture of Chinese idols. Looking around the interior of one of the factories in which the deities are made, one is struck with the incongruity of the surroundings. Arranged about in all sorts of attitudes are a number of gods, of all sorts and sizes. Some are gods of war—so at least one would conclude from their stern looks and murderous swords. Others are gods of peace, and look extremely agreeable fellows. An enterprising Birmingham manufacturer is prepared to supply to order all sorts of gods, and at the most reasonable prices. The cost of a god is usually determined by its size, weight, and workmanship. You may have one as low as twelve dollars. On the other hand, you may, where expense is no object, have one of superior workmanship and size costing five hundred dollars or more. Owing, however, to the present outbreak in China, the manufacture of gods will, it is feared, undergo a slump." Can the term "Christian" possibly be applied to a nation whose subjects manufacture and sell idols,—a practice directly contrary to the first commandment of the decalogue?

A New Long-Distance Gun.—The sixteen-inch United States coast-defense gun nearing completion at the Watervliet Arsenal gun factory, New York, will weigh, when finished, about three hundred thousand pounds. The total weight of the forgings of the gun, as received from the steel works, was three hundred and sixty-eight thousand pounds, the amount of steel to be removed in the process of manufacture being about sixty-eight thousand pounds. The length of the gun will be forty-nine feet, two and nine-tenths inches; diameter of breech, five feet; of muzzle, two feet, four inches; and the bore is sixteen inches. Its range is something enormous, being estimated to be about twenty-one miles. Something of an idea of the great distance this monster gun will hurl its projectile, may be grasped when it is stated that the trajectory of the projectile shows that in ranging to 20,978 miles, the shell would reach the maximum elevation of 30,516 feet. This is much greater than the maximum range hitherto obtained by any other gun. If this gun were mounted in the city of New York and pointed to the north, it would throw its shells "far beyond New Rochelle on the Sound, and Tuckahoe would be easily within range, as would be Hastings-on-the-Hudson," and "the circle inclosing its zone of fire would pass through Hempstead and Long Beach on Long Island, and its shells would pass far above Sandy Hook, and fall half a mile beyond the Atlantic Highlands; Keyport and Perth Amboy would be open to attack, as would Westfield and Millburn in Jersey; while the residents at Orange could hear the huge projectiles roaring high overhead, to fall nearly seven miles distant in the valley beyond; Paterson would be within reach, with four miles to spare, and Ridgewood would be an easy mark." If Mt. Blanc could be placed on top of Pike's Peak, making a combined height of 29,928 feet, the gun projectile would still rise higher than the combined height of the two mountains, by 588 feet, the extreme height of the trajectory being 30,516 feet, or over five and three-quarters miles.

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