

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 43.



THE MAN BORN BLIND

He stood before the Sanhedrim,
The scowling rabbis gazed at him:
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise;
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned: "Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind."

"And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see."

He told the story o'er and o'er,
It was his full heart's only lore:
A Prophet on the Sabbath day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see, who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but can not shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.
Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,—
All could not change him by one word.

"I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
That once was blind, but now I see."

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their long phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

—Hon. John Hay.

HEALING THE IMPOTENT MAN AT BETHESDA

INTRODUCTORY

Preceding Events.—Important events in the Saviour's life since the healing of the paralytic:—

1. The call of Matthew. Mark 2:13-17.

2. Question about fasting. Luke 5:33-39.

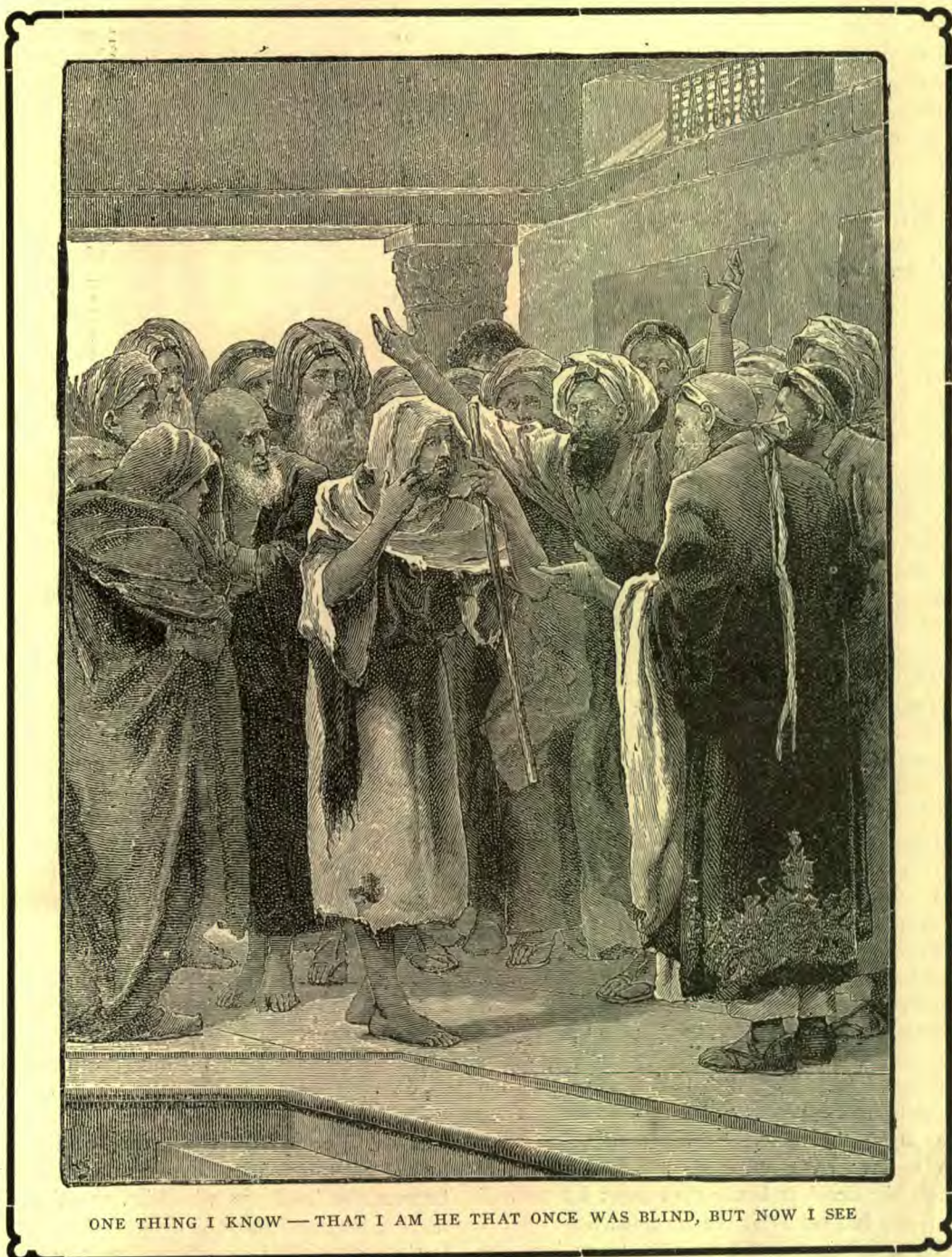
Main Reference.—John 5:1-17.

Other References.—None.

Bible Story of the Miracle.—"After this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.

In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole? The impotent

Sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed. He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk. Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk? And he that was healed wist not who it was: for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in that place. Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee. The man de-



man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the Sabbath. The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the

parted, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole. And therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the Sabbath day." John 5:1-17.

Circumstances.—Christ was attending the feast, probably the Passover. No doubt many worshippers were passing in and out of the temple.

Evidence of a growing prejudice against Christ had begun to appear. It was the Sabbath day. The miracle was performed without request, Christ himself asking the impotent man if he would be made whole. No such statement as, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," or "Go in peace," was made. The miracle stands alone in this respect.

Great Lesson.—"Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." The great lesson of this miracle is contained in the foregoing admonition. This man's condition was probably due to his own sin, and the Saviour warned him not to continue in transgression, lest a worse affliction overtake him. The Master warned this man to sow no more for suffering and disease, lest a still more disastrous harvest of affliction overtake him. Transgression always precedes its penalty.

STUDY OF THE MIRACLE

Having Five Porches.—On this Sabbath day the Great Physician was found at the place where he was most needed; for the five porches around the sheep market at the Pool of Bethesda were in reality five wards of a hospital filled to overflowing with sick folk. There were five different porches full of people. In almost any religious gathering to-day there may be found five porches of waiting ones,—five classes of careless, indifferent, or lukewarm souls. Some one has given the following classes: (1) those who are waiting for a more convenient season,—always reckoning on a fair "to-morrow," though to-morrow is found only in the fool's calendar; (2) those who are waiting for things startling or wonderful; (3) those who are waiting for the spirit to move them,—some sort of sheer compulsion; (4) those who are waiting for revival; and (5) those who are waiting for an impression. For all five classes the prescription is, Cease waiting, and come; look no longer at the pool, but look unto Jesus. "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart."

Waiting for the Moving of the Water.—While this pool is perhaps a type of the healing and saving grace of Christ, there is this one great distinction: its virtues were intermittent, while the stream that flows from the riven side of Christ is continual. At any time, without the waiting of a moment, the sinner, the afflicted soul, may find relief in the stream that flows from Calvary. Heaven's stream is continuous; salvation's waters are always troubled.

While the impotent man waited for the mysterious occasion that was supposed to impart healing power to the waters of the pool, the Divine Healer himself walked unnoticed and unrecognized among the sick ones. And to-day many Christians seek for blessings which hang over their heads, vainly striving for victories, which, did they only believe, are already won,—waiting in darkness and despair for forgiveness and peace which are already theirs. Jesus says, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." The devil's delusion of waiting is one which he uses most frequently, and which meets with the greatest success. When Satan is unable longer to deceive or delude an erring soul, when a sinner is about to turn to God, then it is that the delusion of delusions—procrastination—is brought to bear upon the mind. "Wait until to-morrow; not to-day; some other day." Any time will please the deceiver better than now; for "now," the Lord has said, "is the accepted time."

The Christian should wait, however long the time may be, until the Lord has spoken; but when the divine word has gone forth, we should no longer tarry. In the matter of forgiveness of sin, and the salvation of the soul, there is no need of waiting at any time; for Jesus said, "It is finished," while on the cross. The sinful soul needs only to have a willing mind, and that, the Lord has said, is acceptable. 2 Cor. 8:12. The garment of the righteousness of Christ has been

woven in the loom of heaven for every soul. Not one garment for all, but a perfect raiment for each one.

This poor sufferer was waiting for an angel when the Lord Jesus himself, the Commander of the angels, was by his side. How often, in our vain endeavor to secure some supposed blessing, we pass by, unrecognized, a greater blessing that the Lord had purposed to give us.

W. S. SADLER.



HE LEADETH ME

IN "pastures green"?—Not always; sometimes he

Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,—

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this: I know he holds my hand;
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And "by still waters"?—No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I heard him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

And more than this: where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But his own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where he leads me, I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in his wisdom he hath led me so.

—Selected.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOSEPH III

THE sending of Joseph into prison was apparently the worst thing that could happen. What possible good could come from such a misfortune? There are two unseen and overruling forces at work on our experiences and destinies. Satan, the adversary, works for our ruin through agents and circumstances. God, our Father, works even through Satan's work for our present and eternal good. This is so well established that the apostle says: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Not that everything that happens is good, but the grace of God will bring good out of it if we love and trust him.

Joseph became the light and comfort of the prison because God was with him. It reads strange that "the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper." But that is the way with Jesus. When we take him into our hearts and lives, he assumes the loving control. He is the Prince of peace. Whatever we do under his control is sure to prosper, because God is with us. Joseph brought the Lord into the prison, and brought his blessing to all the inmates. Jesus also stands at the door of our hearts and knocks, ready to come in and bring the Father's blessing.

Among the other prisoners were the chief but-

ler and the chief baker of the Pharaoh. They were awaiting their trial on some charge that involved their lives. In fact, it did not require much of a charge to forfeit life in those days. The will of the Pharaoh was supreme. One morning these men looked very sad. The hour was approaching when their fate would be decided. They each had an impressive dream, which they felt sure contained the secret of their condemnation or freedom. They feared it might bode the former.

Joseph came to them, cheerfully inquiring the cause of their sadness. They told him it was because of a dream, and there was no interpreter. Joseph used this opportunity to tell them of God, and of his power and willingness to help those who are in trouble. He offered to speak to them for God. The butler, whose office it had been to provide wine for the king, told his dream. He saw a vine; it had three branches, Buds and blossoms shot forth, grapes appeared, developed, and ripened. Pharaoh's cup was in his hand, the grapes were pressed into it until it was brimful, and then he faithfully passed it to the hand of his master. Joseph at once saw the happy significance of such a dream. There was fidelity on every feature. Beginning with the bare vine, the butler had faithfully attended to each detail of his work until the wine was in his master's hand. He had not neglected any opportunity, he had prevented every accident and loss. His work was well and faithfully done. He would be exonerated, and in three days restored to his place.

Good enough, thought the baker. "Now hear my dream," he eagerly exclaimed. "I had three baskets on my head. They were full of holes, and, except the top one, were empty. In that were placed bake-meats, or delicacies of the baker's art, for the king." Evidently he had not baked them. He was a lazy hypocrite; for he pretended to have three baskets of cakes when he had but one. As he sauntered carelessly along, enjoying himself by the way, the birds stole from the basket all that had been committed to his care. A very little attention certainly would have prevented this. When he came to his master, lo, he had nothing but empty baskets!

It was easy to read his doom in such a dream. He had been unfaithful all the way through. He had allowed all his opportunities to pass unimproved, and had nothing to present but a mis-spent life. He had lived for passing enjoyment, unmindful of the future day of reckoning. In three days Pharaoh hung him to a tree, and the birds picked his bones.

In these dreams we have a startling lesson for all mankind. Every one of us is working out one or the other of these dreams. Let me ask the reader how it is with him. Is the evil one stealing all our talents? Are we too indifferent to drive away the birds of evil thoughts and deeds that flutter around our heads? Shall we not rather imitate the faithful butler, and carefully do our allotted work? G. C. TENNEY.

"ONLY A BOY"

MORE than half a century ago a faithful Scotch minister coming early to kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression. "I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened, and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane. "I feel it all," he said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member,

and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but charity suffereth long, and is kind; beareth all things; hopeth all things. I have great hopes of that one boy, Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but such is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirk-yard. He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy." The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him, and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert," said the minister.

"Do you think that if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache of my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy! Yes, I think that you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly, the people rose; when he stood in public, there was deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes. He had added a province to the church of Christ on earth; had brought under the gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs; had given the translated Bible to strange tribes; had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society; and had honored the place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvest of right intentions is sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors; but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!"

"Do thou thy work; it shall succeed

In thine or in another's day;

And if denied the victor's meed,

Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay."

— *Youth's Companion.*

As God's children, we ought to have a joy in heart which nothing can ever quench. There is a beautiful story of a golden organ in a monastery. Once robbers besieged the monastery to rob it of its treasures. The monks carried the golden organ to a river near by, and sunk it in the water to keep it from the robbers' hands. At certain periods, so the old legend runs, the organ would rise out of the river, and give forth such ravishing music as was never elsewhere heard by mortal ears. Such an instrument is a truly thankful heart, one in which is the joy of the Lord. The floods may go over it, but it ever rises out of them, and sings its sweet songs. Nothing can ever check its praise. It sings in the darkest night, its music rolling out into the gloom to cheer the weary pilgrim.—*Selected.*



DIVISION I—GEOLOGY

Chapter VIII—Mountain Ranges

§74. "Most mountain chains," says Houstain's Physical Geography, page 40, "seem to have been produced by tremendous lateral pressure in portions of the earth's crust, causing either long folds or deep fissures with upturned edges rising into high ridges, the broken strata forming into ragged peaks." Again, on page 26, we read: "There are two distinct types of mountain chains,—mountains by folding, which are generally of moderate elevation; and mountains by fracture, to which belong the highest chains of the globe." Figure 1 shows a transverse section of a mountain caused by the folding, or crushing together, of the lower strata of the earth's crust; while figure 2 shows the same view of a mountain caused by complete fracture, and upheaval of the earth's crust.

§75. The "tremendous lateral pressure" spoken



No.1 Mountain by Folding

of in the foregoing quotation, expresses the thought presented in Sections 58, 59; thus, when the beds of our seas sank to their present positions, great ridges of earth, with the underlying strata of rock, were crowded high in the air, forming elevated cracks, or ridges, making mountain chains many miles in length. This gives the reason why mountains, especially the higher ones, are generally found in continuous ranges, with their upturned ledges of rock protruding from their summits. The lower mountains, scattered about singly, also the foothills found in the vicinity of mountain ranges, were undoubtedly formed by the washing of the waters of the flood when the Lord caused that mighty wind to pass over the earth. See Sections 70, 71.

§76. The highest mountains are found in the torrid zone, those of less altitude in the temperate, and the smaller ones in the frigid zones. This is as we would expect; for in the torrid zone a greater amount of the earth's surface was inundated, and that to a greater average depth, than farther toward the poles. The greatest known depth to which the land then sank is some ninety miles off the island of St. Thomas, W. I., where it amounts to 23,250 feet. It has been claimed that deeper sea soundings have been taken south of Grand Bank, Newfoundland; but later soundings in that locality do not corroborate the claims. The average depth of the oceans for sixty degrees both north and south of the equator is but little short of three miles.

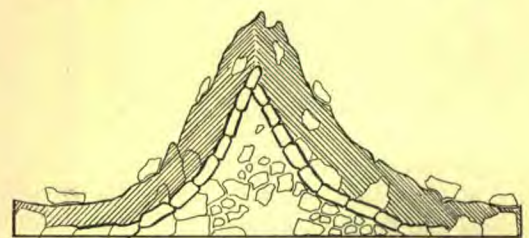
§77. The highest mountains in the world are the Himalayas in Asia, the most elevated point being 29,002 feet above sea-level, where the internal layers of rocks, or foundations of the world, were shoved up fully five and one-half miles in the air. The highest mountain in America is one of the Chilean Andes, which is 22,456 feet above sea-level. Mt. Brown, the highest of the Rockies, is 15,900 feet high, while Mt. Shasta, the pride of California, attains a height of 14,450 feet. The highest point in Europe is Mt. Blanc, one of the Alps, whose summit is 15,781 feet above sea-level. The highest point of human habitation on this globe is in Peru, 16,000 feet above sea-level.

§78. We do not understand that all the phenomena connected with the present conditions of our mountain ranges are traceable to their upheaval at the time of the flood; for there have been many changes made in them this side of that event. Earthquakes and other causes are continually changing their appearance, but evidently the greatest change they have ever experienced since their formation was that which occurred when our Saviour died. When he, by whom all things had been created, "cried again with a loud voice, and yielded up the ghost; . . . the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened." The Father never permitted his only begotten Son to come to this rebellious world,—the very seat of Satan's government,—and die the ignominious death of the cross, without shaking Satan's usurped dominion from center to circumference, leaving visible marks of his displeasure of sin.

§79. The deep gorges through which many of our mountain streams and rivers flow were undoubtedly laid open at that time. The long, deep cut through which the Kentucky River passes; the narrow confines of Whirlpool Rapids just below Niagara Falls; the yawning chasm along whose sunken bottom the Rio Grande River plunges and foams,—these are a few of the many examples we have witnessed of that kind.

§80. "Jesus had united with the Father in making the world. Amid the agonizing sufferings of the Son of God, blind and deluded men alone remain unfeeling. The chief priests and elders revile God's dear Son while in his expiring agonies. Yet inanimate nature groans in sympathy with her bleeding, dying Author. The earth trembles. The sun refuses to behold the scene. The heavens gather blackness. . . . Nature sympathizes with the suffering of its Author. The heaving earth, the rent rocks, proclaimed that it was the Son of God who died. There was a mighty earthquake. Terror seized the executioners and spectators, as they beheld the sun veiled in darkness, and felt the earth shake beneath them, and saw and heard the rending of the rocks. . . .

§81. "Jesus did not yield up his life till he had accomplished the work which he came to do, and exclaimed with his departing breath, 'It is finished.' Satan was then defeated. He knew that his kingdom was lost. Angels rejoiced as the words were uttered, 'It is finished.' The great plan of redemption, which was dependent



No.2 Mountain by Upheaval

on the death of Christ, had been thus far carried out."—*Testimonies for the Church,* Vol. II, pages 209, 211.

§82. Never do I look upon the rocks laid open, but I call to mind how terribly this earth—Satan's dominion—was shaken when our Saviour "entered the strong man's house, and spoiled his goods." The power that rent those very rocks asunder is the power that is pledged to sustain and redeem every trusting, obedient son of Adam's fallen race. God has left this token of his mighty power in the riven rocks for our instruction, our courage, our comfort, and our hope.

QUESTIONS

Describe the manner in which mountain chains seem to have been formed. What evidently caused this crowding together of the earth's crust? How were the isolated mountains and foothills formed? How do the heights of the mountains vary in the

different zones? What reason can you give for this? Tell what you can of the corresponding depth of the oceans. Where is the highest point of land in the world? In America? In Europe? What great event besides the flood caused marked changes in our earth's appearance? How was the sun affected? What happened to the earth? Why should God do this? Give several reasons. Have you ever seen places where the rocks were rent? Where? Name some remarkable instances. Of what do these riven rocks speak to our souls? Do they so speak to your soul? If our Father has such power, need we, his children, fear what man may do unto us? DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



SABBATH, OCTOBER 19

Was a profitable day for all who are interested in Sabbath-school and Young People's Work in Battle Creek. Beginning with Sabbath evening, the day was given over to an interesting program in which nearly every phase of the importance of the Sabbath-school work was considered; and the attendance at the various services showed that the subject was one in which a large proportion of the members of the church are interested. Reminiscences, papers, and discussions, with model classes and appropriate music, made the time pass so quickly and pleasantly that when the regular hour for the Young People's meeting came, few availed themselves of the opportunity offered by a brief recess between the two meetings to go home. It is a rule in the Battle Creek Society that the Young People's meeting shall be held *regularly*,—and that word is taken to mean just what the dictionary says. It is no more to be postponed, swallowed up, or absorbed than any other service of the day.

Those who stayed were well repaid by the privilege of listening to a talk by Brother E. R. Palmer, on "The Relation of Young People's Work to Sabbath-school Work." Taking as a basis the words of John, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong," he spoke forcefully of some of the excuses that are made by young people for their non-attendance at the Sabbath services, of the danger of such a course, of the great work that young people can do for one another, and of their responsibility as those who are so soon to take a prominent place in giving the message for these last days. "The Sabbath-school and the Young People's Society are to be the recruiting-ground for every department of Christian service," he said. We hope to be able soon to give in this department portions of this impressive talk.

The hour was concluded with the study for the day, "Who Is My Neighbor?" the time being occupied by Dr. Newton Evans in setting forth some of the practical answers to this question.

MISSIONARY STUDY

Preparation Needed

(November 3-9)

1. Did God intend that men of all nations should seek him? Acts 17:26, 27; Rom. 10:13; note 1.
2. Why have these people not called upon the Lord nor believed on his name? Rom. 10:14, 15.
3. Why has the preacher not been sent? See note 2.
4. Since all will not accept the gospel message (Matt. 13:3-8), why must it be preached to every nation? Acts 15:14.

5. What alone delays the coming of the Lord? Matt. 24:14.

6. How near are we to that event? Matt. 24:14.

7. What instruction did Jesus give his disciples which shows that at his ascension they were not in a condition to work for the heathen round about them? Luke 24:47, 49; Acts 1:4.

8. What preparation were they to receive? Acts 1:8; Joel 2:28, 29.

9. When was this given? Acts 2:1-4. What work did the disciples immediately do? Acts 2:4-11. How many nations were represented?

10. For what people were they working when the following marvelous manifestations of the Spirit occurred? Acts 2:4-12; 8:14-17; 10:44-46.

11. What is the work of the church to-day? Matt. 28:18-20; 24:14.

12. Then what preparation is needed?

NOTES

1. A glance at the different nations of the world which we call heathen reveals the immensity of the work intrusted to God's people. Africa has 4,400,000 Christians of all denominations in a population of 170,000,000. Asia, out of a population of 830,250,000, has, all told, only 12,600,000 Christians. Reports from Oceania show 9,700,000 Christians among 38,870,000 people; and the world's population of 1,544,509,000 stands out boldly in contrast to her number of so-called Christians, both Protestant and Catholic,—501,600,000. These figures should not beget discouragement, but rather open our vision to the great work God has given his people, and the far greater resources he has placed at their disposal.

2. The people are, many of them, heathen by necessity. They have not heard because the preacher has not been sent, and yet this gospel is to be preached to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. Put with this the following, and the question is made plain: "Millions of the Lord's money are squandered in the gratification of worldly lust, while his treasury is left empty. . . . Thousands of dollars are spent every year in gratifying pride of dress. That very means should be used in our missions. I was shown families who load their tables with almost every luxury, and gratify almost every desire for fine clothes. They are engaged in a prosperous business, or are earning good wages, but nearly every dollar is expended upon themselves or their families. Is this imitating Christ? What burden do these feel to carefully economize and deny inclination that they may do more to advance the work of God on the earth? . . . The missionary work might be enlarged a hundredfold if there were more means to employ in carrying out larger plans."—"Testimony for the Church," No. 31, page 201.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

OPENING EXERCISES. Ten minutes, using missionary hymns.

BIBLE STUDY—The Preparation Needed. Twenty minutes.

FIELD STUDY. Fifteen minutes.

- (a) Africa—The present condition; its bearing on our work; a fulfillment of prophecy; the success attending the work; the lesson for us.
- (b) The Orient—The situation; difficulties that must be endured; faithfulness of Sabbath-keepers; needs; progress reported.
- (c) Brief Sketch of Life of some Pioneer Missionary.
- (d) A Summary of the appeals for help and the encouraging items reported during the month.

THE ELIJAH MESSAGE, and our relation as young people to it. Five minutes.

CONSECRATION SERVICE AND CLOSING. Ten minutes.

NOTE.—The material for the field study will be found in the *Missionary Magazine* for November. It is based upon the Missionary Reading Circle study for the second week in November. The Elijah Message is also treated in this same number.

For the life sketch we would suggest such names as William Carey, Adoniram Judson, Bishop Patteson, David Livingstone, or any one to whom you have access. If you do not have any book, the Life of Chalmers which appears in this issue could be sketched with profit, even though all have read it.

THE CRY OF THE HOUR

EDUCATION is the crying need of the hour. God has placed upon us the burden of warning a doomed world. There remains only a little time for discharging this mighty duty. "Yet a little while [how little! how little!—*Syriac*], and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Heb. 10:37. "We are standing upon the threshold of great and solemn events. Prophecies are fulfilling. Strange, eventful history is being recorded in the books of heaven. Everything in our world is in agitation. There are wars, and rumors of wars. The nations are angry, and the time of the dead has come, that they should be judged. Events are changing to bring about the day of God, which hasteth greatly. Only a moment of time, as it were, yet remains." Every soul who knows this thrilling truth must bear his portion of responsibility. An army of vigorous young men and women is needed for proclaiming this glorious message. Calls are coming for workers in all departments of the cause.

Teachers.—Two or three thousand teachers are needed to supply our churches in this and other countries. There are now about two thousand churches in America and only two hundred church schools. We are to have a school wherever there is a company of believers, and some scattered families need teachers. "The management and instruction of children is the noblest missionary work that any man or woman can undertake." The speedy education of young men and women for this high calling will put new life into our ranks, such as we have not seen for years.

Ministers and Evangelists are needed as never before. The dearth of these laborers is felt and deplored from land to land.

Missionaries for all lines of work abroad are one of the most deeply felt needs of the cause to-day. The great majority of calls from distant fields must be filled by *young men and women*.

Educated Farmers are now being called for. Our work requires men who are so proficient that they can teach others. Young men must be taught the nobility of tilling the soil. Our industrial schools are now beginning to place instruction in agriculture on an equality with other studies. This will result in cultivating a love for the farm, and an ability to understand the working of God in nature. "When students employ their time and strength in agricultural work, in heaven it is said of them, 'Ye are laborers together with God.'"

Trained Workers must be provided for every branch of our message to the world. Let our young people arouse, and devote themselves to the glorious work of God. The preparation needed by the inexperienced is a thorough course for a year or two in one of our industrial academies, such as that at Cedar Lake, Mich., or Bethel, Wis., and a few months in the Missionary College at Berrien Springs.

"Educate, educate, educate," is the cry to-day from the Spirit of God to every Seventh-day Adventist. "Educate young men to labor, and tarry not." JOEL C. ROGERS.

"Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge."



BOBBY'S POCKET

OUR Bobby is a little boy of six years or so; And every kind of rubbish in his pocket he will stow. One day he thought he'd empty it (so he again could stock it), And here's an alphabet of what was found in Bobby's pocket:—

- A was a rosy apple, with some bites out here and there;
- B was a bouncing rubber ball that bounded in the air.
- C was a crispy, crusty cake, with citron on the top;
- D was a dancing donkey that could jump around and hop.
- E was a little robin's egg, all speckled blue and brown;
- F was a fluffy feather that was white and soft as down.
- G was a lively grasshopper, whose legs and wings were green;
- H was a grimy handkerchief that once perhaps was clean.
- I was a plaster image that had lost its plaster head;
- J was a jolly jumping-jack all painted blue and red.
- K was a keen and shining knife, 'twould cut the toughest bark;
- L was a little wooden lion, strayed out of Noah's ark.
- M was a marble, large and round, with colors bright and clear;
- N was a bent and rusty nail, of little use, I fear.
- O was a tiny oil-can, which was always upside down;
- P was a penny Bob had saved to spend some day in town.
- Q was a quilted ear-tab, which had lost its velvet mate;
- R was a ring with glassy gem of wondrous size and weight.
- S was a string, a piece of soap, a stone, a sponge, a stick;
- T was a lump of taffy, exceeding soft and thick.
- U was an umbrella-handle of silver-mounted horn;
- V was a comic valentine, a little creased and worn.
- W was some sticky wax, lovely to pinch and mold;
- X was an old express receipt, worn out in every fold.
- Y was a lot of yellow yarn, all bunched up like a mop;
- Z was a jagged piece of zinc, found in a plumber's shop.

All these are Bob's possessions; he loves each single thing, And owning all these treasures, he is happy as a king.

— Carolyn Wells, in *Little Folks*.

NELLIE'S MISSIONARY GAME

It was dreary and rainy, and Nellie and Olive, standing by the window, were watching people with umbrellas and cloaks and overshoes hurrying up and down the cold, wet street. The girls had looked at pictures till they were tired; the games were all old; and the kittens were cross. What could they do that long, long day?

"I wish the rain would quit!" said Olive.

"Or if we only had a new game to play," added Nellie. Then something brought the thought to her, Why not *make* a new game? "Let us try, anyway," she said aloud to Olive, explaining the plan that she had thought of.

While Nellie went for some cards and other things they would need, her playmate sat by the window, and thought, "I wonder what mama would say to my playing a Bible game!"

You see, this little girl's father and mother were not Christians, and they had brought Olive

up to have nothing to do with either the Bible or church. Even Nellie, her dearest friend, couldn't persuade her to go to Sabbath-school, though she had tried many times. "Mama," she often said, "I would give just anything to have Olive become a Christian!"

Well, the girls were soon hard at work on their game of Bible cards, Olive writing while Nellie hunted questions. This is the first one they made:—

ADAM

1. Who was the first man?
2. What man lived 930 years?
3. Who was Cain's father?
4. Who was father to Seth?
5. What man first wore fur clothing?
6. Who gave names to the wild animals?
7. What man first kept the Sabbath?

Then followed cards about Noah and Abraham and Joseph and David, and many others. It was great fun for both. "You see," said Nellie, "we'll ask the questions on the cards, and each one try to answer. And we'll ask Susie and Fred over to play with us."

"It won't be hardly fair, though," said Olive, laughing; "for you know the answers to all of them now!"

"Well, then, Olive," said Nellie, thoughtfully, "I think you'd better make some of the cards all by yourself."

"All right," she said. "But you'll have to loan me a Bible, for I haven't any." So Olive took a Bible and also a book of Bible stories home with her that night.

"Do you know, Nellie," she said, next day, "those Bible stories are just lovely! I sat up as long as mama would let me, and read and read. Were there ever any 'really-truly' people like them, Nellie?"

"Yes, indeed, there were," answered her friend. "And now let us see if we can play our new game." Mama helped them get started, and it soon proved a great success, so much so that they made another and harder set after a while, and they and their little friends learned much that they had not known before.

But the best of it all was that Olive began to take a real interest in the Bible. One day she asked Nellie if she might go to Sabbath-school with her. Of course Nellie was delighted, and after that they always went together.

It is now two years since Nellie's game of Bible Cards was first played. Olive's father and mother go to church now, and they have a happy Christian home. "And do you know how it began?" Olive asked me one day. I had never heard. "Well," she said, happily, "it was a way you never could guess, so I'll tell you—it was Nellie's Bible game!"

EDISON J. DRIVER.

WHEN bedtime comes, the stupid child

Is cross, and tries to run away;

As if the long, long day were not

Enough for little people's play.

When bedtime comes, the clever child

Gives every one a happy kiss;

And off to dreamland hurries, lest

Some flying, merry dream he miss.

When bedtime comes in our town,

You can not find a curly head,

Or good, or bad, or in between,

That isn't safely tucked in bed.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

WHO KNOCKED

JESSIE came home from school and took the key from under the mat where mama had hidden it, and let herself in. She put away her hat, and then went and looked under the big Bible. Always, if mama had to be away when Jessie came home from school, she left a little note for her under the big Bible.

Jessie found one there this time, and in it mama said that Aunt Carrie had come, and asked her to go down-town, and that she would be back at four o'clock, and that Jessie knew where the apples were, and that she should keep her dolls company until mama came home. And it was signed, "Your loving Mama."

Jessie read the note, and put it away in a box where she had a great many such notes, and then she found a big apple, and went up to her play-room. She was playing very happily with her doll family when some one knocked. She couldn't tell whether it was at the front door, or the back, or the side, so she ran to all of them, but no one was there. "Queer!" she said. "Maybe I didn't go quickly enough." She went back to her play, but hadn't been playing very long before the knock came again, very loud.

This time she just ran down-stairs, and flew from one door to another, but no one could she see.

She went out on the porches and looked all around, but there was no one.

So at last she went back to her dolls, but after a little it came again,— "rap! rap! rap!"— so quick and sharp! Jessie was getting angry.

"It's that hateful Tommy Rhodes!" she said. "He just likes to tease me, and I s'pose he knows mama isn't here."

That time the noise seemed to come from the side door, and so Jessie ran there and peeped out through the glass.

Seeing no one, she said, "I'll just hide here, and next time he knocks I'll open the door so quickly that I'll s'prise him."

So she drew back out of sight and waited quietly for a few minutes.

Soon the knocking came again, and Jessie jumped up and threw the door open and looked out. No one was there!

Jessie began to feel frightened. What could it be— knocking like that?

She went down cellar, and looked all around; and while she was there, the knock came again. It sounded away up in the attic, so, although she was really frightened, she climbed to the attic to see what it could be.

While she was peering around into the dark corners of the attic, she heard it again,— "rap! rap! rap!"— right over her head, and she just turned and ran,— down two flights of stairs and out into the sunshine, without stopping. Then she felt better.

She sat down in the swing, and looked up the street for mama. Then she heard the knocking again, and looking up at the house, she saw who it was that had been knocking.

A saucy red-headed woodpecker sat on the porch roof pounding a big acorn on the shingles with all his might to crack its tough shell, so that he could eat it.

Then Jessie began to laugh at herself for being frightened at a woodpecker, and soon she saw mama coming, and ran to meet her and tell her all about it. They had a good laugh over it, and Jessie calls all the red-headed woodpeckers Tommy Rhodes to this day.— *Youth's Companion*.



AUSTRALIA has recently suffered from serious forest fires in four of its States. Miles upon miles of forest and grass were blazing at one time, and fences, farm buildings, and orchards were destroyed. Thousands of sheep and cattle were also burned, and their owners in many instances barely succeeded in escaping with their lives.

THE Chinese language, the oldest living speech, presents great difficulties to the European. Notwithstanding these, many have obtained a fair knowledge of the language both for missionary and commercial purposes. Now a wealthy man has given one hundred thousand dollars to Columbia University, to provide for the teaching of the language. Thus those who for any reason expect to spend part of their life in China may obtain a preparation therefor. It is thought that a study of the ancient literature of the Chinese will also lead others to study the language.

THE MEMORY OF A BIRD

THE homing pigeon has proved that locality is a faculty fully developed in the bird's little brain; but I heard, the other day, an instance of memory in the species that was most touching. A lady living in the top story of a Boston skyscraper had been in the habit of feeding the pigeons and sparrows that flew to the balcony before her window, and had succeeded in taming some of her pensioners, one or two pigeons even eating out of her hand.

One day, while passing along Park street, this lady was surprised to see a pigeon flutter away from some companions strutting in the middle of the road, and come upon the sidewalk, where it almost tripped her up in its efforts to attract her attention. It fluttered around her, showing every sign of pleasure and recognition; and when she called it by name, the little creature fairly flew at her! In the midst of all that passing throng the pigeon knew its benefactor, who, with tears in her eyes, says its recognition gave her more joy than if a queen had saluted her.—*Birds and Nature.*

THE HONEY EATER

PECULIAR to Australia, Tasmania, and in a few instances to New Zealand, are a family of birds, the *Meliphagidae* of science, in size never exceeding that of the English missel-thrush, having a long, protrusible tongue, unlike that of any other bird, ending in a peculiar brush-like tip, which can be shaped like a tube, by means of which the honey is extracted from flowers.

The honey-eaters of Australia and Tasmania vary in plumage, but all have a tuft of white or yellow feathers behind the ears, and with most the males are recognizable by a brilliant display of crimson or scarlet.

One of the most curious kinds is the *tui*, or parson-bird, of New Zealand, so called because of two tufts of white feathers hanging beneath the chin, contrasting oddly with its dark plumage, and suggesting a resemblance to the white bands worn by the clergy of the English Church. The gesticulations of the bird while singing heighten the illusion. The bird is a fine mimic, and therefore a favorite cage-bird with both natives and colonists. In "Birds of New Zealand," by Buller, the following anecdote is given:—

"On one occasion I had addressed a large meeting of Maoris on a matter of considerable importance, when immediately on the conclusion

of my speech, and before the old chief, to whom my arguments were chiefly addressed, had time to reply, a *tui*, whose netted cage hung to a rafter overhead, responded in a clear, emphatic way, '*Tito*' (false)! The circumstance naturally caused much merriment among my audience, and quite upset the gravity of the venerable old chief, Nepia Taratoa. 'Friend,' said he, laughing, 'your arguments are very good; but my *mokai* is a very wise bird, and he is not yet convinced!'"

W. S. CHAPMAN.

"SETTING THE RIVER ON FIRE"

IN old English times, when each family was obliged to sift its own flour, it sometimes happened that an energetic man would turn his sieve so rapidly as to cause it to catch on fire. The style of sieve used in those days was called a temse, and it became a customary saying that a lazy man would never set the temse on fire. Now it happens that the name of the River Thames is pronounced like the name of this old flour-sieve; and after many years, when the old-fashioned temse was forgotten, it was thought that setting the temse on fire meant setting the river on fire, and that is why to-day we say that a stupid person will "never set the river on fire."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

SEA-WAVES

SEA-WAVES are caused by the flow of air over water, invisible waves being simultaneously created in the air; but the subsequent growth and behavior of the sea-waves is much complicated by the fact that they travel freely from the place where they are made without the aid of wind, moving under the action of gravity alone.

Waves travel faster than the wind which causes them; and in the Bay of Biscay frequently, during the autumn and winter, in calm weather, a heavy sea gets up, and rolls in on the coast twenty-four hours before the arrival of the gale which causes it, and of which it is the prelude.

Very few people, even those who know the sea well, realize the fact that the roughness of the sea in a given region does not depend solely upon the winds which blow there, but also upon the amount of disturbance which reaches that region from a distance.

A great difference may exist between the degrees of roughness of two seas, although winds of the same velocity blow over each.

Sea-waves move independently of one another; if one wave, proceeding in a certain direction, comes in contact with another wave, there will be no alliance; for the waves will each continue on their original course, as if there had been no interruption. Waves crossing one another in this way may often be seen. Each portion of one wave successively encounters and passes through the other wave; the two combine for an instant to form one billow of greater height, and then separately pursue their own path.

The grandest waves of the seashore generally occur after a storm. This is the "ground swell" caused by the longest waves, which continue after the minor waves have subsided. Out in the deep sea they are so long and flat as to be scarcely visible, but on entering shallow water the progress of the wave is retarded, so that the front gets steeper and steeper, until at last it forms a perfect wall of water, which combs majestically over, and falls with a thundering roar.

Such is the great surf which, even in the calmest weather, beats on the islands of the Pacific, and which renders landing there in boats so difficult and dangerous.

The arrival of a "swell" often gives warning of the approach of a storm, the waves traveling more quickly than the storm-disturbance progresses. This is not the same as saying that the waves travel quicker than the *wind*, though even that is possible, as already mentioned.—*Pearson's.*



PARABLE OF THE TARES OF THE FIELD

(November 9)

LESSON TEXT: Matt. 13: 24-30, 36-43.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 70-75.

1. In the parable of the tares we have two sowers; who are they?
2. Where did the one with the good seed sow?
3. Where did his enemy sow? When?
4. After sowing the tares, what did the enemy do?
5. When were the tares discovered?
6. What did the servants say to the householder? How did it happen that they did not know whence the tares came?
7. When the householder answered, "An enemy hath done this," what did his servants offer to do?
8. Why did he refuse?
9. Until what time did he say that the tares and wheat must grow together?
10. Then whose work would it be to take care of them?
11. Which were to be gathered first?
12. What was to be done with the tares? With the wheat?
13. To whom did Jesus explain this parable? How did it come about?
14. Notice the name which the disciples gave to the parable. What point, then, did they not understand?
15. They said, "Declare unto us." What is it to *declare*? See dictionary.
16. In verses 37, 38, and 39 what *does* Jesus declare?
17. In Christ's day what religious sect did not believe in the existence of angels? Acts 23:8; note 1.
18. What else did these people not believe? What position did they hold? Acts 5:17; note 2.
19. In the parable of the tares, then, whose doctrines was Christ overthrowing? What religious sect to-day believes the same doctrine as the Sadducees?
20. What does Christ say will take place in *harvest*?
21. When is it that the righteous shall shine in his kingdom?
22. From the parable of the sower what did the disciples learn concerning the one whom they wished to be king?
23. What parable taught them that the kingdom of heaven *grows*?
24. From the parable of the tares what could they learn as to the time of this kingdom? Did they learn it? Matt. 13:51.

NOTES

1. "The Sadducees denied the existence of angels, the resurrection of the dead, and the doctrine of a future life, with its rewards and punishments. On all these points they differed with the Pharisees."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

2. "The Sadducees rejected the teaching of Jesus; he was animated by a spirit they would not acknowledge as manifesting itself thus; and his teaching in regard to God and the future life contradicted their theories."—*Id.*

3. "In the East, men sometimes took revenge upon an enemy by strewing his newly sown fields with the seeds of some noxious weed that, while growing, closely resembled wheat. Springing up with the wheat, it injured the crop, and brought trouble and loss to the owner of the field. So it is from enmity to Christ that Satan

scatters his evil seed among the good grain of the kingdom."—"Christ's Object Lessons," page 71.

4. "The teaching of this parable is illustrated in God's own dealing with men and angels. Satan is a deceiver. When he sinned in heaven, even the loyal angels did not fully discern his character. This was why God did not at once destroy Satan. Had he done so, the holy angels would not have perceived the justice and love of God. A doubt of God's goodness would have been as evil seed, that would yield the bitter fruit of sin and woe. Therefore the author of evil was spared, fully to develop his character. Through long ages God has borne the anguish of beholding the work of evil, he has given the infinite Gift of Calvary, rather than leave any to be deceived by the misrepresentations of the wicked one; for the tares could not be plucked up without danger of uprooting the precious grain. And shall we not be as forbearing toward our fellow men as the Lord of heaven and earth is toward Satan?"—*Id.*, page 72.

5. "The tares are permitted to grow among the wheat, to have all the advantage of sun and shower; but in the time of harvest ye shall 'return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.' Christ himself will decide who are worthy to dwell with the family of heaven."—*Id.*, page 74.

6. "The Saviour does not point forward to a time when all the tares become wheat. The wheat and tares grow together until the harvest, the end of the world. Then the tares are bound in bundles to be burned, and the wheat is gathered into the garner of God. 'Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.' Then 'the Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.'"—*Id.*, page 75.

A MISSIONARY HERO

(Continued from page 344)

should not have risked his life in such a way.

As we write, no exact account of the manner of Mr. Chalmers's death has been received. All that is known is that Mr. Chalmers and another young missionary, Mr. Tomkins, with twelve native young men who were in training as evangelists, were off on one of their customary tours along the coast, but in a new section, which had been visited but once or twice before, and that on April 7 their schooner was surrounded with canoes. As he had so often done before, Mr. Chalmers, with his companions, entered a boat and rowed ashore. This was the last that was seen of them. After a time the native canoes came out, and threatened the schooner, which was obliged to sail away. It was such an ending as might have occurred scores of times before, and the wonder is that it did not so happen at an earlier date. But God kept his servant till his work was done, and perhaps by his tragic death he may hasten the end to which he was ever eager to give his life,—the speedy evangelization of New Guinea.

The natives for whom he labored could not pronounce his name, and the nearest approach to it was to call him Tamate. By this name he was known all along the coast of New Guinea, where his personal influence was felt, even by thousands who had not accepted his Christian teachings.

FIVE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS

Are wanted for the *Life Boat*! It already has ten thousand, but five thousand more would place it on a paying basis, and increase its facilities, and thus its opportunities for doing better its distinctive work. If you are not familiar with the *Life Boat*, send for a copy of the special October number, whose varied and interesting table of contents will supply something to interest all into whose hands it may be placed. The general articles, such as The Parallel between Leprosy and Sin, Which Route Have You Selected? The Reality of Spiritual Disease, etc., deal with experiences that will appeal to every honest heart; while the results of the work being carried on in connection with the various lines of our city mission work in Chicago are such as to be of the greatest possible encouragement to those who have stood by this work so faithfully, as well as those who may be in the depths of sin and despair.

In order to encourage our young people to work for the *Life Boat*, the publishers offer some attractive premiums—among them two watches suitable for boys and girls. At the low price of the *Life Boat*—only twenty-five cents a year—many ought to be able to earn one of these watches before the holidays. But the securing of a premium should not be the first nor highest motive in this work. Wherever the *Life Boat* goes, it will carry its saving message; and the work of those who help to send it on its mission, be their share in it ever so small, may know that they are sowing seed whose harvest they need never fear to reap. Who will write to the publishers of this paper *this week*, secure an outfit, and go to work at once? And may success go with you!

Notice that the *Life Boat* is now published at 2 & 4 Thirty-third Place, Chicago, instead of the old address.

THE MICHIGAN BOOK

Silas Farmer Has Issued Another Indispensable Work on this State

MR. SILAS FARMER, the well-known authority on Detroit and Michigan, has just issued a little work which will prove itself indispensable to those who wish to be informed about Michigan.

It is a small volume printed on thin, though

opaque paper, but within its three hundred and fifty pages can be found pretty nearly every fact that any one is likely to care to inquire for concerning our State; and the reputation of the author is sufficient warrant for the accuracy of the statements.

Under the head of each county will be found an accurate map, with the townships and sections marked out. Every farm of forty acres in the State can thus be accurately located without difficulty.

One of the more valuable special points is the population figures of unincorporated villages, some of them having as high as three thousand persons, which are not enumerated in the United States census.

Another is the careful statement of the amendments to the constitution, showing at a glance not only what the reading now is, but what it used to be.

Along with the book Mr. Farmer is publishing a map of the State prepared on paper with cloth back, which is likely to supersede all others. Like the county maps in the book, it shows section as well as township lines, and indicates accurately not only railroads but interurban electric lines, the latter in red. It is the only map that shows the whole State, including Isle Royale, in its proper geographical position. It gives the exact area of cities, and in many other minor matters is a distinct improvement in map-making over anything hitherto prepared for the State. It is sure of a wide circulation.

The size of the map is 35x40 inches, with cloth back. The price for both book and map is \$1. Agents are wanted.

THE Japanese language is said to contain sixty thousand words, of which number a well-educated Japanese is familiar with only about ten thousand.

NOVEMBER, 1901

If the yellow address-label on first page of this paper, or on the wrapper, bears this month and year (John Brown 1820), it indicates that the following blank should be filled out by you now, and mailed to the Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich., before the end of this month:—

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Post-office,
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County,
State,

Inclosed find \$..... (money-order, express order, registered letter, or bank draft), for which please send....copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR....months to above address.

P. S.—If you object to clipping this out of your paper, or wish to forward other subscriptions, please write names and full addresses on a separate sheet, stating amount inclosed for that purpose.

GRAND TRUNK R'y. SYSTEM.

Taking Effect June 2, 1901.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

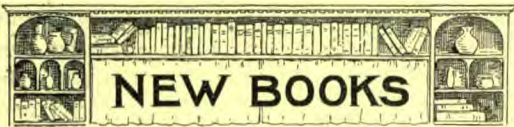
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No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago.....	12.15 P. M.
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No. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
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Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 7, daily.	

EAST-BOUND.

No. 10, Mail and Express, East and Detroit.....	3.45 P. M.
No. 8, Limited Express, East and Detroit.....	4.50 P. M.
No. 4, Lehigh Express, East and Canada.....	8.22 P. M.
No. 6, Atlantic Express, East and Detroit.....	2.10 A. M.
No. 2, Express, East and Detroit.....	7.00 A. M.
No. 74, Mixed (starts from Nichols yard).....	7.15 A. M.
Nos. 10 and 74, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 1, 6, 8, and 2, daily.	

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,
BATTLE CREEK.



"EARLY CONVERSION," by the Rev. E. Payson Hammond. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Co., 57 Rose St., New York City. Paper covers; 225 pages; price, twenty-five cents.

The author of this little book believes in saving the children, and has spent much of his life in working for them. "Early Conversion" embodies many experiences that have come under his personal notice. It is written not only to be a help to the Christian worker, but to lead the young themselves to Jesus.

"MIRACLES AND DELUSIONS," by A. O. Tait. The Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal. Stiff paper cover; one hundred pages; price, singly, fifteen cents, postpaid.

This beautiful little booklet is the October number of the *Bible Students' Library*, which is published every month, with occasional extras, at the extremely low price of twenty-five cents a year. The subjects considered in this way are of the most vital interest to the Bible student, and are presented in a neat, attractive form, that, in itself, will recommend the issues to the fastidious reader who is as yet unacquainted with the truths they contain. "Miracles and Delusions," as its title indicates, deals with the marked development and belief in supernatural power, such as the workings of spiritualism and the so-called faith cures, that have attracted the attention of the world during the last ten years. By bringing these to the light of God's word, the error is shown, and the right way clearly pointed out.



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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

The best use we can make of our life is to live so that we shall be a benediction to every one we meet.—J. R. Miller.

MONDAY:

"A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants a kindness gathers love. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

TUESDAY:

It is the demands, not the promises, that make men of us; the responsibilities, not the enjoyments, that raise us to the stature of men and women.—Forsyth.

WEDNESDAY:

"Only a day at a time! There never may be a to-morrow;
 Only a day at a time, and that we can live:
 we may know
 The trouble we can not bear is only the trouble we borrow,
 And the trials which never come are the trials which fret us so."

THURSDAY:

Train yourself to find the good in what seems evil; to make of disaster an opportunity for your courage; to master suffering by patience; to learn from sorrow sympathy.—G. S. Merriam.

FRIDAY:

"What a subtle kind of heartache we give others by simply not being at our best and highest,—when they have to make allowances for us; when the dark side is uppermost in our minds, and we take their sunlight and courage away, by even our unspoken thoughts, our atmosphere of heaviness! O, to stand always and eternally for sunlight and life and cheer!"

SABBATH:

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12:9.

A SUGGESTION

A SABBATH-SCHOOL teacher in Hebron, Wis., has sent to the INSTRUCTOR two neatly written descriptions of "The Sanctuary," by two of the members of her class, aged ten and thirteen years. She writes that, fearing her class were not getting a clear idea of the subject, she asked them to write the story of it in their own words, and the work sent in was that brought by the youngest children in her class. These descriptions of the sanctuary show that the children did understand the subject, and remember what they studied. They are tersely and clearly expressed. Perhaps this idea could be carried out successfully by other teachers. It is certainly worth trying.

A MISSIONARY HERO

A FEW months ago the Christian world was inexpressibly shocked and grieved to learn of the death of James Chalmers, missionary to New Guinea, at the hands of those for whom he was so faithfully working. Although the details of his death are not yet accurately known, and may not be for months, it will, we trust, awaken in many hearts a deeper desire to prepare to take a place among those who are giving heed to the Great Commission, to read concerning the life and labors of this devoted man. The following paragraphs are taken from a sketch prepared for the younger readers of the *Missionary Herald*:—

James Chalmers was born in Scotland, in 1841, the son of plain, country people. As a boy, he was fond of sports and adventures. It is said that in his youth he was twice barely saved from death by drowning, and that four times he saved others from drowning. When he was fifteen years of age, his pastor, at a Sabbath-school meeting, gave an account of the wonderful success of missions on Fiji. In his address the pastor said: "I wonder if there is any lad here who will yet become a missionary. Is there one who will go to the heathen and to savages, and tell them of God, and of his love?" Young James Chalmers, on his way home, went behind a stone wall, and, kneeling down, gave himself to God for this work.

The flame of missionary zeal thus kindled did not burn very brightly for two or three years after this; but in a revival in 1859 a great change came over the young man, then eighteen years of age. In the joy of his own new hopes, he began to labor with heart and soul for the salvation of others. He engaged in city missionary work in Glasgow; and while there, he met Dr. Turner, a missionary of the London Society from Samoa, who pressed upon him the claims of the foreign field. Recalling his early dedication behind the stone wall, Chalmers offered his services, and after some preparatory studies he sailed with his wife on the missionary ship, the "John Williams," for Raratonga. His first wish had been to follow David Livingstone in Africa; but God had other service for him. He was to become a pioneer in the island world of the Pacific, and especially for the opening of New Guinea, which, as we now call Australia a continent, is the largest island in the world.

His introduction to this work was of a kind to discourage any but the stoutest spirit. Twice the "John Williams" was nearly wrecked, and the third time the wreck was total, so that it was seventeen months before Chalmers reached his destination at Raratonga. There he labored for ten years most indefatigably, attending to all sorts of missionary duties, preaching, teaching, touring, visiting neighboring islands, winning the hearts of the natives by his kindness and tact. He would have willingly spent his days here; but God had been specially fitting him to do a larger work, and it was time for him to enter upon it.

As early as 1871 the missionary spirit began to manifest itself strongly among the Christian converts on Samoa and Raratonga, and from those islands several native teachers had gone to the islands adjacent to New Guinea, which lie some two thousand five hundred miles west from their homes. New Guinea was at that time little known to the world, and even to-day many of its districts are unexplored. It extends about one thousand four hundred miles from east to west, and in some portions is five hundred miles wide. It is a fertile land, with magnificent mountains and mighty rivers, but its people deserved the name they had of being savage cannibals of the worst description. It is true that foreign sailors touching on the shores of New Guinea had, by their cruelties, aroused the fiercest hostilities of the natives, but it was

also true that between their own tribes there was continual war, often for no other object than to secure human flesh for their feasts. . . .

The reputation which the savages of New Guinea bore, and the spirit with which the early Samoan teachers went among them, are well shown by an incident which occurred when these teachers landed on Darnley Island. The islanders tried to dissuade them from going over to New Guinea, and they said, "There are alligators there, and snakes, and centipedes."

"Hold," said the teacher, "are there men there?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are men; but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use for you to think of living among them."

"That will do," replied the teacher; "wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go."

It was in 1878 that Mr. Chalmers began his great work for New Guinea. A little steamer took him along the coast from east to west, and he visited personally one hundred and five villages, ninety of them having never been visited before by a white man. He made up his mind to go among them unarmed, it being his belief that a man is safer without arms than with them; to treat the chiefs with due deference; and above all, to show no fear. This he did, with many thrilling experiences and narrow escapes, but he had the joy of seeing many villages where cannibal feasts were formerly held, renounce these dreadful rites. In many of the towns he visited later, there were no longer any cannibal ovens, and no desire for skulls.

But the fighting propensities of the natives are hard to overcome. Mr. Chalmers himself fell a victim at last to this passion of the New Guineans. At almost numberless times did he interpose between those who were hotly trying to kill each other. One time when he was at Delena, where Kone, a chief, had offered a site for a mission house, and the people attended the religious services in good numbers, the peaceful outlook was suddenly clouded by the natives' learning that they were to be attacked by the Loto tribe. Fighting began at daylight, and there were loud calls for Mr. Chalmers to join the fight. Instead, he rushed unarmed between the combatants, crying out, *Maino* (peace)! The fighting stopped, the people being awed by such a bold procedure on the part of a white man. Mr. Chalmers walked through the village, and disarmed one or two men. Among others present was Arua, a great sorcerer, who on a former visit had vowed vengeance against the missionary. Mr. Chalmers, with great coolness and tact, disarmed Arua, and made him promise to stop fighting. But the conflict broke out again, as more warriors arrived in their canoes, and Mr. Chalmers was summoned from his tent to save the life of his friend, Kone. He rushed hatless into what he calls "a crowd of painted fiends," and amid the rattle of spears and clubs, he was hit on the head and arm, but succeeded in stopping the fray. After the affair was over, he wrote: "My head aches a little. Had I been killed, I alone should have been to blame, and not the natives." Just why he should have said this we do not see, except as he felt that he

(Concluded on page 343)



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