

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. XLIX.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 14, 1901.

No. 45.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### HE CAME

He came and dwelt in Nazareth,  
A son of poverty,  
And oft he thought of that high place  
Where he was wont to be—  
Where angel bands, a mighty host,  
Their shining wings swift curved  
At his command; but he was here  
With men as One who served.

He came at eve to Bethany,  
Where hearts that loved him dwelt;  
And there communed of heavenly things,  
Or 'round the altar knelt;  
And as he led that house in prayer,  
He saw the holy place,  
And that high altar that he knew  
Before the throne of grace.

He came to John, and was baptized,  
Who knew no taint of sin,—  
Came down to Jordan's restless wave,  
And meekly sank therein.  
The river's flowing tide swept o'er  
That head, those hands of his,  
That made and planned the sea and land,  
And all that in them is.

He came to sad Gethsemane,  
And, kneeling on the sod,  
In the dark shadow of the cross  
He cried three times to God.  
Then he who was the Lord of all  
The seraphs 'round the throne,  
Received, to help and comfort him,  
One angel—one alone.

He came at last to Calvary,  
That dark and fearful place,  
Where, from the suffering Son of God,  
The Father hid his face;  
But through the tomb he passed unharmed,  
And rose again to reign.  
Rejoice, ye saints! Behold, your Lord  
In glory comes again!

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

### THE MINERAL STATE

COLORADO'S principal crop comes from beneath the surface of the earth; consequently, the extent of its harvest is not dependent upon the amount of rain, dew, or sunshine. The State is known the world over for its enormous mineral resources. The amount of gold taken from the Cripple Creek region last year amounted to nearly twenty millions of dollars. But its wealth is not confined alone to that hidden in the rock. By an extensive system of irrigation, large tracts of what were formerly more or less arid districts have been transformed into productive agricultural land.

On account of its high altitude, and the unusual number of days of sunshine in each year, Colorado has acquired a well-merited, world-wide reputation as a health resort. Almost the entire State is literally one extensive sanitarium. The climate seems to be particularly favorable for those who are afflicted with various forms of pulmonary disorders, although various other chronic ailments yield more readily to treatment here than in more unfavorable climates. When

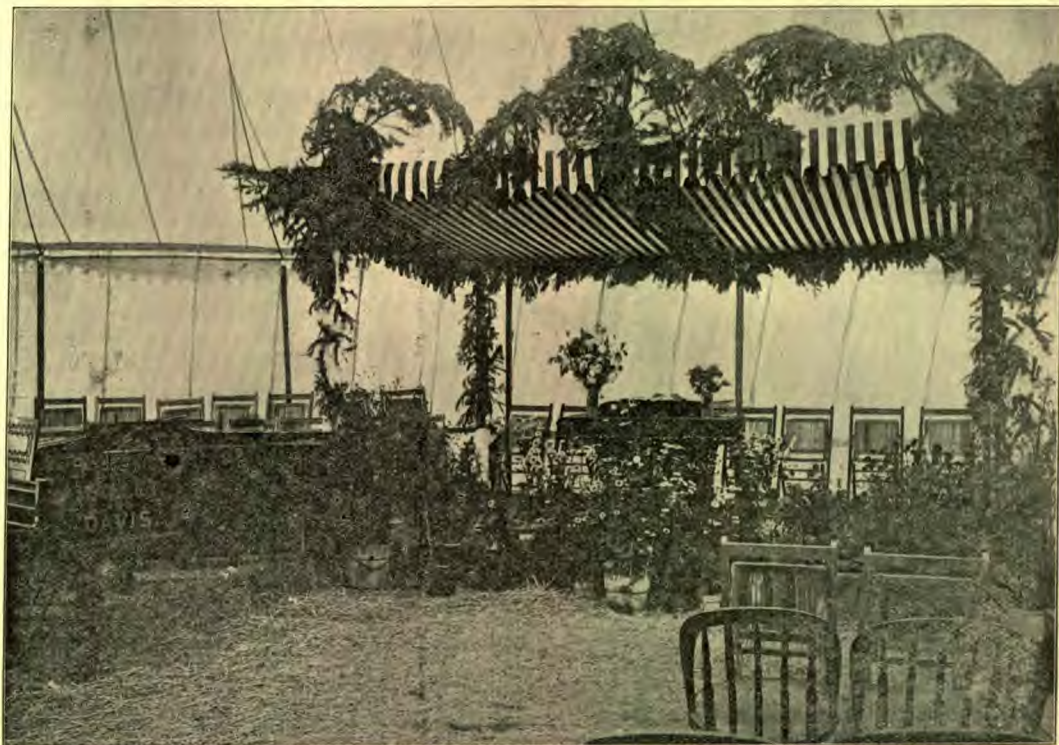
the invalid can have the advantages of rational treatments and a well-regulated dietary, combined with the benefits which naturally result from a high altitude and a favorable climate, he certainly has all the earthly requisites necessary to secure health. These conditions are admirably met in such a well-regulated institution as the Colorado Sanitarium, at Boulder. The institution has been overflowing with patients all summer; so the workers have had the blessed opportunity of camping in tents on the mountainside.

A successful hygienic café is being conducted in Denver, and a well-managed treatment-room is also maintained for the benefit of those who are so situated that they can not go to the sanitarium at Boulder. Such missionary enterprises could be in operation in each of our large cities if all of the young people who are to-day successfully engaged in purely business pursuits would dedicate their abilities to the service of

### LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF JOSEPH

(Concluded)

"HIM hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel." We have seen how the first part of this Scripture applied to Joseph when he was exalted from prison to be a prince and a saviour to Egypt. Now let us see also how he gave "repentance to Israel." The famine extended in all lands. It reached Jacob and his sons, who were also called Israel. Many years had passed since Joseph had disappeared. His father supposed he had been torn in pieces by beasts. His brothers had tried to forget him, and never expected to hear of him again. But the famine compelled them to look to Egypt for help. Joseph recognized his brothers at once, and his heart went out in deep yearning for them. Most of all he desired to see them converted. They must repent and acknowledge God.



PULPIT IN LARGE PAVILION AT COLORADO CAMP-MEETING

God and humanity, and secure the necessary training.

The State camp-meeting was held this year in almost the very heart of Denver, a flourishing city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Particular pains was taken to make every portion of the camp neat and attractive. The large pavilion was seated entirely with comfortable chairs, and was brilliantly lighted with electric arc-lights. The accompanying illustration shows the beautiful floral decorations of the speakers' stand. One of the pleasant features connected with this meeting was the thorough work of contrition and putting away of sins that was manifested among the young people. There was shown a strong determination on their part to get their feet planted on higher ground, that they might be fitted to act a useful part in the service for humanity.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

In order that this might be brought about, he pursued a course that might seem tantalizing and cruel if we did not stop to consider its purpose. The brethren were awed by the greatness of the prince, they were captivated by his kindness and generosity; and yet every step seemed to involve them more deeply in difficulty. They were intimidated by his severity, encouraged by his promises, and mystified by his deep knowledge of their affairs. "Ye are spies," was the first greeting. In order to prove their sincerity, they were called upon to do the one thing which above all others it seemed impossible for them to do. Must they again wring their old father's heart by taking from him the other beloved son? How vividly this brought home to them their great sin against Joseph! He understood their talk, and saw their deep anguish. It cut him to the heart, and he turned and wept for them, even as Jesus weeps at the suffering of his wandering children.



The finding of their money in their sacks, they regarded an unfavorable omen. They had not learned that repentance and salvation are without money and without price. The aged father exclaimed, as many professed Christians do nowadays, "All these things are against me." But they were not against him. They seemed like great calamities, but in reality they were parts of a great plan which God was working out for their good. They had not learned what Paul knew: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Jacob loved God, and God loved not only him but also his erring sons.

The brothers did not return to Egypt for corn the second time until they were actually compelled to do so to save their lives. How reluctant we all are to come to our Saviour. Many of us never come until we are driven by some great stress. Nor could they go acceptably until they brought with them the dearest object of their lives and home. Even Benjamin must be surrendered and placed in Joseph's hands. Nor will our Saviour receive us while we hold back from him some cherished object. They returned with trembling. They acknowledged their faults. Joseph's heart yearned over his sinful brethren, but still the mill of contrition must grind on. They ate at Joseph's table, and started home rejoicing. But the most dreadful experience of all soon overtook them. The favorite cup of the great prince was found in Benjamin's sack. What could they say? What could they do? They returned in the most abject despair. They cast their helpless souls at the feet of Joseph. The story of their sin came out of their own lips. In bitterness of soul they acknowledged that their calamities were justly come upon them. They gave themselves soul and body to Joseph.

Joseph could refrain himself no longer. He had given true repentance to Israel, and he now revealed himself as their long-lost brother. O, what joy! "Come near me, I pray you," he exclaimed. How like the Saviour's voice: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He even condones their sin by saying, "It was not you that sent me hither, but God." So God sent his only Son, that through him the world might have eternal life.

G. C. TENNEY.

#### OUR WORDS

"KEEP a watch on your words, my darling,  
For words are wonderful things.  
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey;  
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.  
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life;  
They can cut, in the strife of anger,  
Like a cruel two-edged knife."

What a little thing a word may seem, yet how great its power! By our words we may lift souls from the depths of despair, and send them rejoicing on their way; or we may wound them so sorely that they will bear the pain in their hearts as long as life lasts. O how much better it would be if we would speak only those words that will give strength and encouragement to those around us!

Did you ever stop to think, my dear young friends, how much a word may mean to the listener? How many people are hungering—yea, even starving—for a kindly, sympathetic word? A hearty hand-shake, a pleasant good morning, may cheer a fainting soul; and yet how many allow golden opportunities for this everyday ministry to slip by unheeded.

Our words are an index to our heart: we can not speak pure words if our hearts are not pure. But if Jesus sits enthroned in our heart, our words will be kind and helpful; for, "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." If we could but realize the solemnity of the statement made by Jesus, that by our words we

shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned,—there would be far less idle gossip and cruel criticism among us as young people. May our daily prayer be, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."

"May peace guard your lives, and ever  
From this time in your early youth,  
May the words that you daily utter  
Be the beautiful words of truth."

LOUISE ADAMS.



#### AN INVITATION

"WHAT do you say?" said the Work To Be Done;  
"Shall we start bravely together,  
Up with the earliest peep of the sun,  
Singing, whatever the weather?  
Come, little busy-folk, what do you say?  
Let's begin fairly together to-day."

"Shall we keep step with a laugh and a song,  
All through the runaway morning?  
And when the noontime comes speeding along,  
Whistling his chorus of warning,  
Then," said the Work To Be Done, "let us see  
Who has kept up in the hurry with me."

"Hark, in the midst of the long afternoon,  
When you're a little bit weary,  
How all the meadows keep sweetly in tune,  
Toiling, and prattling, and cheery.  
What do you say," said the Work To Be Done,  
"Shall we be comrades till setting of sun?"

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

#### VEGETABLE IVORY

THE plant whose seed is known to commerce as vegetable ivory is a native of South America, found principally on the banks of the River Magdalena in Colombia, and always in damp localities. Other vegetation is seldom found in its vicinity; it grows alone in separate groves, no other trees, shrubs, or herbs flourishing with it, the ground beneath it looking as if it had been swept.

By the Indians the "ivory-palm" is known by many names; but its botanical label is *Phytelphas macrocarpa*. It is a stemless, palm-like plant. The fruit is a large head, composed of six or seven drupes (pulpy masses, each containing a nut with a kernel), each drupe containing from six to nine seeds, the whole enveloped in a woody covering forming a globular ball the size of a man's head. A single plant will often bear from six to eight of these heads, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

When the fruit is young, it contains a fluid often used to allay thirst. As the fruit matures, the fluid changes into a sweet, milky substance, which gradually hardens, finally becoming nearly as hard as animal ivory, and taking its place in the arts and in many kinds of ornamental work.

W. S. CHAPMAN.

#### BELOW THE LADDERS

JEAN, swinging her sunbonnet by its strings, went slowly up the front walk at Miss Belinda's. Her eyes were so abstractedly set downward that a mocking-bird in a near-by syringa, though he trilled his most perfect even-song, could not win a glance.

"Wait a minute!" called Miss Belinda from the porch, "till I get a yardstick."

"A yardstick?" repeated Jean, solemnly staring.

"To measure your face!"

"But you do not know," lugubriously, "what the matter is."

"Famine?" and twinkles shone over her glasses

as she nodded invitation to one of her cosy cane rockers, then went on with her knitting.

"Eavesdropping," Jean answered, with a half-laughing pout.

"Attended by the usual fate, I see. Were you painted very black?"

"Selfish in every stroke. Not by intention—which makes it the harder to bear—but by contrast with the beautiful generosity of the painters."

"And there's nothing either attractive or original," sympathetically, "about selfishness."

"Nothing."

"Could we get round to the beginning?"

"You know the beginning—how I set my heart on going to college this year."

"You were quite determined."

"Yes; that's the self. I was going,—going roughshod over obstacles, without particularly inquiring into them."

"Determination is an excellent rung in a scaling-ladder," said Miss Belinda.

"Yes; but I've stepped down. I'm to stay below."

"Because——?"

"Because of what the eavesdropping discovered. I was to go by certain sacrifices. I knew them in my secret heart, but hearing of them waked a bit of grace in me. Not that there was any grudging; it was the beautiful haste to give me all that made me ashamed."

"There are times when sacrifices may be accepted."

"Perhaps. But I'm an able-bodied, healthy-minded young person, quite capable of paddling my own canoe."

"One should do the best possible for one's self."

"I will; but I'm no leech."

Miss Belinda smiled. "You look happier than when you came in."

"Because you have set me thinking," said the girl. "You'd make a fine surgeon, Miss Belinda."

"I should know how to probe on this subject," was the reply, "for my own mind was once bent on college."

Jean stopped rocking, in her astonishment. She hastily reviewed her knowledge of Miss Belinda. Delicious preserves, pies, prim little afternoon "teas," continual knitting or gardening, or long drives along shady lanes; gracious courtesies and dainty gifts for sick and sorry and poor—in fact, for all in reach; a face and voice of sweet content; but—learning? She drew a long breath, and looked in through open doors to the one small sitting-room bookcase; was it ever opened except to lend its books? She glanced on to the center-table, where there were some current magazines. She had seen Miss Belinda look at the illustrations. Several times she had been asked to read aloud from one or another. Her eyes came back searchingly to the knitting fingers, so patient and light and firm, and to the quiet face above. Sudden light broke on her.

"Oh," she said, with sweet reverence, "how brave you are! I remember hearing long ago about your eyes."

"Brave?" repeated Miss Belinda. "My dear, I was rebellious. My girl friends were always talking of their specialties—one was talking music, another medicine, another art, and I talked weak eyes, and wept them worse. Finally it came to me that there are specialties down below the ladders of classic learning quite as hard as those on the way up, perhaps as valuable."

"For instance?" cried eager Jean.

"For instance," gently, "the pursuit of happiness."

"For self and friends," said the girl, and stood up to make a pretty courtesy. "But," doubtfully, "isn't college a short cut?"

"Perhaps; but if you've no right of way on the short cut?"

"I see, Miss Belinda; I'll be your apprentice."



A good beginning will be to return some small, convenient favors for the sacrifices lately offered me. I can at least see that there are fresh flowers on the breakfast table."

"You've a contagious smile," suggested Miss Belinda; "it is excellent capital in such a line of business."

"I must see," anxiously, "that there's no forlorn statue of Renunciation posing about the house."

"You have only to keep busy and consider," her eyes going out toward the glories of the sunset above the far hills, "consider how beautiful the world is."

The mocking-bird had finished his song, but a whip-poor-will was calling sweetly from the gate, and up the valley came the soft jangle of cow-bells. A little breeze came over with the glow of the evening sky, and it brought the fragrance of violets and clover.

"A beautiful world," repeated Jean; and suddenly she read, in the sweet, dim eyes turned toward the hills, what it is to fear blindness and endure it.

"I wonder," she said, softly, "are there many such heroes down under the ladders?"

Miss Belinda laughed. "You'll stay a while with us?" — *Well Spring.*

### WHO IS THE HERO?

VERY different, are they not — the common man and the hero? Why, one would recognize a hero anywhere. "Strong, active, keen, with a firm face and noble bearing, modest and polite," — that's the way the books describe him. Who could miss him! "He wears the word 'hero' written in every inch of his handsome form." Yes, yes, — a noble fellow!

"Stop!" came a policeman's sharp order. His prisoner — the man he had caught in the saloon row — wrenched apart the "grippers," and darted into the crowded street at the risk of his life. A little girl was snatched from death, and placed tenderly on the sidewalk. Was this man a hero?

The "Trenton" was carrying her load of passengers across the bay. She was crowded. "Child overboard!" "Man overboard!" rang through the boat. They were dragged up together from under the very side-wheel. A little boy was placed in his father's arms. The rescuer — his clothes were ragged, and he looked hungry — refused the money offered him. Later in the day he was looking for work. Work, indeed! Humph, not for a tramp!

"Sure an' I'm full," said the little newsboy, cheerily, as he crouched, hungry and shivering, among the bales of hay on the wharf.

"'Cause if you wasn't," said his sick companion from a heap of straw and rags, "I couldn't eat it; but I'm so hungry." O friend! was this a hero? Why, I see a thousand like him on the street. No, no! I have learned from the books what a hero is — "Strong, active, keen —" What's that?

"I was just sayin'," she repeated, holding the needle closer to the smoky flame while threading it, for her eyes were getting dim, "I was just sayin' John'll be through college next year. I've kept him at it these two years, you see."

"Yes; but it's cold up here, mother, — no carpet, and you ought to be warm."

"And oh, how glad I am! He's a real hero, John is. He belongs to the football up there, and he's done something great — I don't know much about such things, but he writes as they're callin' him a 'real hero' for 'savin' the day' — a real hero!"

A hero truly! We read his story in the papers everywhere. Young men and young women are taught to look on him and his kind as the "real heroes." There are lots of that kind — more and more every year. But if the books of God were opened, and you could see John's name, do you really think it would read "JOHN — HERO" on the golden page?

I suppose that tall young man yonder, who wears so jauntily a blue suit and brass buttons, is a hero. They call him that. What has he done? — Why, he and three comrades captured an enemy's storehouse at —. It was guarded by a dozen men, and in the fight eight of them were killed. Eight men — a hero! You could pick him out of a thousand: *he wears a medal.*

The literature of our language and of other languages is full of false ideals of heroism. It is not that men do not sometimes recognize the true hero, but it is that they give medals to the false, and praise him by word of mouth and pen, that the boys and girls of this day have so poor an appetite for true heroism.

Jesus Christ of all heroes is greatest. Every act of his life was an act of heroism, simply because all he did was done unselfishly, and for the love of men. And when even an ordinary man throws aside fear and selfishness to help a brother in need, however small that need may be, he thereby becomes a hero in the sight of God. Let us thank God that the true standard of heroism is such that by doing our best, we may all become heroes.

EDISON J. DRIVER.



### DIVISION I — GEOLOGY

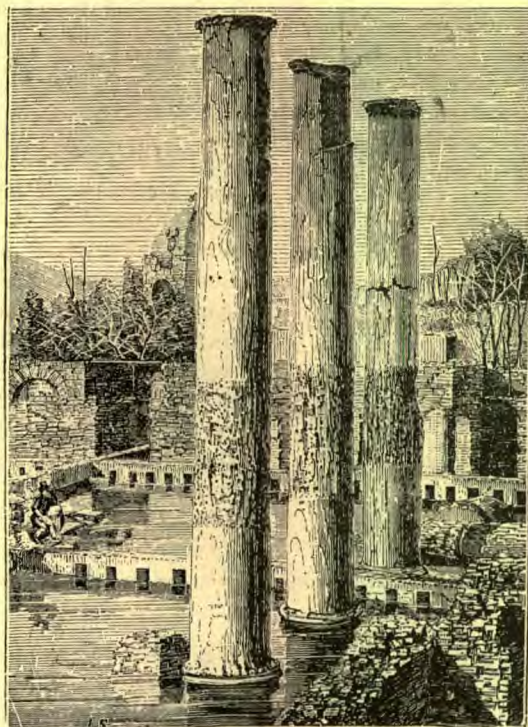
#### Chapter X — Earthquakes; Volcanoes; Hot-Springs and Geysers

§92. AN earthquake is said to be a volcano without vent. The pent-up gases, which, as we learned in Section 72, are formed by the washing together of various chemicals within the earth, also by the uniting of water and previously burned limestone, must have some place of escape. The expansion caused by the heating of large quantities of earth and rock has also a part to act in the phenomena that accompany earthquakes. This internal pressure becomes so great that immense sections of land are severely shaken, and often misplaced. Whole islands have thus been raised up from the depths of the sea, while other portions of land have sunk away, and entirely disappeared.

§93. In many portions of our earth there are at present going on just such changes. The western coast of Greenland has for the past two centuries been gradually sinking away. So marked is this lowering of the land, that the early European settlements are now entirely or in part submerged. The southern portion of Sweden is also sinking at the rate of about four feet each century, while the northern portions are rising up out of the water at about

the same rate. During an earthquake in Chile, in 1822, the coast of South America was raised from two to seven feet for a distance of one hundred miles. The whole area of territory thus elevated at that time was estimated at one hundred thousand square miles. In 1819, during an earthquake, a tract of land two thousand square miles in area, near the mouth of the Indus, sank from sight, and became an inland sea; while other portions of the country, fifty miles in length, and several miles in breadth, were elevated to a nearly uniform height of ten feet.

§94. Perhaps the most interesting example we have of a gradual change taking place in our earth's exterior is that displayed by the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, built near Naples, on the shore of the Mediterranean, about the time of Christ. For centuries this magnificent structure lay buried beneath the surface of the earth; but in 1849 there were discovered the tops of three marble columns standing up out of the soil. Upon being excavated, it was found to be the above-mentioned temple. The structure was originally one hundred and thirty-four feet long by one hundred and fifteen feet wide; the roof was supported by forty-six pillars, each forty-two feet high, and five feet in diameter. Three of these columns are yet standing, and bear evidences that they were for some time partially submerged by the salty waters of the sea, as will be plainly seen by the accompanying illustration. The lower twelve feet are smooth, having been protected by the mud and earth, while the nine feet above this are eaten and scarred by a kind of boring shell-fish, such as now inhabit the Mediterranean waters, and whose remains are still found within the perforations of those pillars. Above this point the columns are smoother, having stood out of the water. The paving of the temple is now submerged. Five feet below this there is a second paving, showing that these oscillations of the land had gone on before the temple was finally deserted by the Romans.



RUINS OF TEMPLE OF JUPITER SERAPIS

§95. Experiments made some time ago by officers of the topographical corps of United States engineers, on the expansion of various rocks by heat, give data which prove that if a mass of sandstone a mile in thickness should be raised in temperature two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, it would expand sufficiently to lift its surface ten feet above its former level. Also that if a portion of the earth's crust one hundred miles in thickness were to have its temperature raised from six hundred to eight hundred degrees, it

would produce an elevation of between two thousand and three thousand feet, while the cooling of the same mass would cause the lifted surface to recede to its original position. This explains the gradual changes that we see going on in our earth at present.

§96. Dr. Emmons, superintendent of the Geological Survey of North Carolina, states that the bottoms of the sounds on that coast are everywhere so thickly studded with stumps of the common pine of the mainland that it is necessary to remove them with gunpowder before a net

NOTE.—These lessons, comprising a brief study of Geology, Philosophy, Meteorology, and Astronomy have been prepared in response to the many calls that have come for a simple treatise on these subjects, that shall be free from the many infidel theories and deductions that are unscriptural and untrue. They have been written with special reference to the fireside, and the home- and church-school. The author would be pleased to receive, by correspondence, any criticisms or suggestions that will help to make them better adapted to this field of usefulness.



can be drawn for fishing. These stumps were not washed there by river currents, but actually *grew* where they now are, at a time when that land was above the level of the sea. These are all changes of recent date. Many instances might be given to substantiate the prophecy of Isa. 51:6, which says that the "earth shall wax old like a garment."

§97. Since the day of the crucifixion, when "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent" (see Sections 78-82), this rebellious dominion of Satan has been shaken mightily time and again by the power of God. As the Saviour looked down the stream of time, and beheld the "waxing old" of this earth, he said, "And there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places;" and thus it has been.

§98. According to our standard geologies, the greatest earthquake known to history is that which occurred at the opening of "the sixth seal," Nov. 1, 1755. "And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood." Rev. 6:12. This earthquake, which destroyed the city of Lisbon, in Portugal, gave no warning of its terrible approach save a rumbling noise like subterranean thunder. This was soon followed by successive shocks, which engulfed that wicked city, with its sixty thousand inhabitants. So completely did the earth open her mouth and swallow that seaport town, that it is said that not a single body ever came to the water's surface to mark the spot where Lisbon once stood. The shock of this fearful event lasted only about five minutes; but over four million square miles of territory was shaken by it. The West Indies; the Atlantic States; the kingdoms of Scotland, Norway, and Sweden, recognized the opening of that seal. In Morocco upward of eight thousand persons perished.

§99. If this in the eyes of the Lord is considered as only "a great earthquake," how terrible must be the one that shall shake this earth at the time of the close of its present history! "And there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great." Rev. 16:17, 18.

#### QUESTIONS

Explain the cause of earthquakes. Describe some of the changes in the land elevation now going on, also their cause. In what manner is this cause produced? What would produce an opposite result? Tell all you can about the earthquake of 1755. Will there ever be a greater one? When?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

2005 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.

#### WAS IT YOU?

THERE was somebody who said unkind words which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was selfish and thoughtless in her manner and mode of living. Was it you?

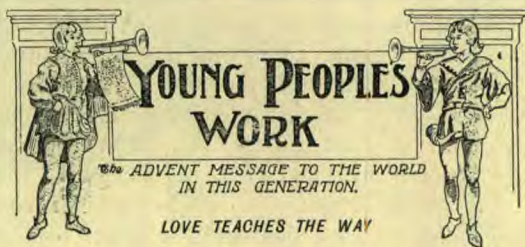
There was somebody who found nothing but fault in the belongings of her friend. Was it you?

There was somebody who borrowed a book and kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who never stopped to think who was hurt by the sarcastic word. Was it you?

There was somebody who, day in and day out, never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you? — *Selected.*

"SELF-CONFIDENCE is a poor shield. At the first touch of the lance of temptation, it proves a worthless defense. Humility is a better guard for any soul than pride."



#### ACCEPTABLE SERVICE

(November 17-23)

EXAMPLE of unwilling service —

Jonah. Read his experience.

Examples of willing service —

Mary. Mark 14:3.

Gideon's army. Judges 7.

Jonathan. 1 Samuel 14.

Nehemiah and his associates. Nehemiah 4.

Hezekiah. 2 Chron. 29:3.

#### NOTES ON THE TOPIC

1. Jonah's experience in warning Nineveh is a typical example of service performed in an unwilling spirit. Something always swallows up a worker who persists in working in a wrong spirit. If he lives through the ordeal, and does not begin to work from right motives, he may be sure he will repeat Jonah's experience, as outlined in chapter four. We learn from this chapter that not only our blessings but also our trials and disappointments are all *prepared* by God.

2. In pouring the box of precious ointment upon Jesus' head, Mary unconsciously gave a bright example of acceptable service. But note that it was not until she had *broken* the box, that the house became filled with the fragrance of its contents. In order for a community to become filled with the fragrance of Christ's love that we have thus far shut up within us, it will be necessary for us to break up some of our pet schemes and selfish plans. Mary might have *saved* the box, but then no one would have known the fragrance of its contents. You and I may cling to our selfish plans, but then our friends will never have the opportunity to discover the Christ-love that we are shutting up within us.

3. Gideon's three hundred men, who stayed with him until the last, differed from those who went home only in the matter of *acceptable* service. They had all volunteered to go to battle. But the three hundred were so imbued with the spirit of battle that all they had time to do for themselves was to scoop up a few handfuls of water, and bring it to their parched lips, while the rest were very deliberate, and determined to get all the comfort they could out of the occasion. Meanwhile the three hundred were up and away, filled with a determination to do their duty. These three hundred possessed several other commendable traits of character. See if you can find what they were.

4. The fourteenth chapter of 1 Samuel contains perhaps the most remarkable account in the Bible of what *one* man can accomplish when he is *filled* with the spirit of acceptable service. Read it and reread it until your soul becomes fired with a determination that you will allow God to mold and discipline you until he can, if occasion demands, use *you* to repeat this experience. In order to have this wonderful experience, Jonathan had to pass through a place where there were sharp rocks on *either* side. Verse 4. The devil's service always appears attractive; but when we enlist in it, it soon becomes a galling yoke. The man who enters the Lord's service, to be used in a marked manner, will be led in a road that appears to be lined with sharp rocks on either side so closely that it does not look as if he could possibly slip be-

tween them. The Lord's providences are often marked with a series of forbidding circumstances, while the devil's plans are nearly always as inviting and attractive as a midsummer's sunset, but the man who is willing to pass between the sharp rocks will suddenly be plunged into such wonderful and thrilling experiences as will amply repay him for any sacrifice he has made.

The man who accomplishes master strokes for humanity will often have to climb upon his hands and feet (verse 13); that is, he will be often in prayer. Such personal effort will hasten the shaking-time. Verse 15. The hosts of evil will melt away. Verse 16. The backsliders will come into line. Verse 21. Those who have become fearful and faint-hearted will again take their places in the work. Verse 22. God will yet raise up young people who will do an even greater work than that accomplished by Jonathan. Are we so filled with thoughts of self-serving and worldly pleasure that he will have to pass by us, and select some one else?

5. Nehemiah and his associates present another striking example of what acceptable service means. The people had a mind to work. Verse 6. They were not simply looking for an *easy* place. They did not ask the Lord to do for them what they could accomplish themselves; consequently they not only prayed, but they set a watch. Verse 9. They had to contend with rubbish from the ruins from the old wall. Verse 10. We have to contend with sinful, vile habits in our own lives and in the lives of others. Have you tried to build up character in yourself, and also tried to inspire the same work in your associates, without having your Bible conveniently near? Verses 17, 18. Half of these people were willing to do ordinary menial work, while the other half were having a practical experience. Verse 21. They all stayed in Jerusalem in the evening. They did not go out to cheap entertainments and foolish gatherings in the neighborhood. Verse 22. So likewise we should never put off the emblems of service. Verse 23.

6. Hezekiah furnishes another example of acceptable service. As soon as he became king, he began *at once* to repair the doors of the house of God. He did not wait until he had been to camp-meeting, or had gone to college, but he used the first opportunity that came to him. He cleansed the holy place from its accumulation of rubbish. Verse 5. He thoroughly impressed his associates not to *neglect* their duty. Verse 11. A complete work was accomplished. Verse 18. He was an early riser. Verse 20. The youth who expect to stir the world will not spend time in sleep that they do not absolutely require.

#### SUGGESTIVE

1. The more faithfully a person is trained, the greater field of usefulness can he fill. He should be able to hurl missionary missiles with the left hand as well as with the right. 1 Chron. 12:3.

2. He should be so precise in his efforts that he can aim truth at its mark, and not miss it by a hair's-breadth. Judges 20:16.

3. He must be sure to have *definite* truths in his mind (2 Sam. 18:22); otherwise he will find himself ordered to "Turn aside, and stand here" (verse 30), while some one else, perhaps inferior to him as far as natural abilities are concerned, will deliver his message. Verse 31.

4. He must be willing to cast his bread upon the waters, even if there seems to be no prospect of its returning. He must work when circumstances appear to be against him, and when clouds of darkness and discouragement are stealing down upon him. Eccl. 11:1-4. He must toil in the early morning, and keep at his work in the evening. Verse 6.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## LOYAL SOLDIERS

LOYAL little soldiers, we  
Think of naught but victory;  
And we sing  
And we stand and march and fight  
For the honor of the right,  
Happy hearts, and faces bright,  
For our King.

Yes, we have an enemy;  
Full of craft and hate is he,  
Full of sin:  
And he casts his poisoned darts  
With an aim full at our hearts;  
Yet our Captain knows his arts,  
And we win.

When we have our armor on,  
Soon the crafty foe is gone;  
For he knows  
That the armor steel of love  
All his darts can never move,  
And the fight must only prove  
Death to foes.

Why is ours the victory?  
Loyal little soldiers, we  
March along,  
Frail in childhood's weaknesses,  
But our Captain knows of this;  
We are weak, but we are his,—  
He is strong.

B. F. M. SOURS.

## A LITTLE PRINCE'S STORY

IF Baby Stuart, whose picture looks down from many a school-room and nursery wall, could tell his own story, perhaps this is what he would say:—

"My father was King Charles I, of England. He was beheaded when I was sixteen years old. That was a long time ago—more than two hundred and fifty years. One hundred years before that, my great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, was beheaded. So you see that to be a prince of the blood, as I was, was not the happiest thing in the world. After my father had been put to death, Oliver Cromwell, who had no royal blood in his veins, was made ruler of England. But it was not long before England decided to have a king again—to call back the Stuarts; and so my eldest brother was crowned Charles II. As Duke of York and Albany, and the next heir to the throne, I was as important a personage as could be seen at court; and I held high positions in the army. This picture was painted when I was about two years old, by a famous Dutch artist named Vandyke, whom my father, the king, kept busy painting his portraits and those of my mother, the queen, and of my brothers and sisters as well. It is one of a group known as the 'Children of Charles I.' That is my brother, Prince Charlie, with his hand on the dog's head. My sister, the Princess Mary, stands between us. She was afterward married to the Prince of Orange of Holland, and it was their son, William III, who married my daughter Mary,—they are the 'William and Mary' that 'together came on,' after my reign in the rhyme you recite about the kings and queens of England. After William and Mary, Anne, my youngest daughter, succeeded to

the throne,—'Good Queen Anne,' she was called.

"I reigned—well, only some three years. I was past fifty when I ascended the throne, and, as perhaps you know, the most of my subjects did not like me overmuch, and I was glad to escape from London with my life, and run away to France, where my uncle, Louis XIII, was king. He gave me a palace to live in for the rest of my days. In history I am called James II, the last Roman Catholic King of England.

"When I was in the prime of life, my royal brother, the king, gave me, as a reward for some hard fighting I had done for him against Holland, a great domain, millions of acres, over the sea in that strange New World neither of us had ever seen nor cared to visit. The king gave me two tracts, or 'patents,' as they were called; and one of them included 'all the land from the

"One thing more should interest particularly the children descended from the soldiers of the Revolution. I had a great deal to do with the starting of what became, in less than a hundred years, your War of the Revolution. I was the first colonial proprietor who provoked an open revolt against England. In that part of my domain known as 'the places upon the Delaware,' a Scandinavian called Long Fin stirred up the people against my tyranny, as he called it,—my unjust, cruel laws,—and there was considerable uprising. But it was soon put down; Long Fin was whipped, branded with the letter R, and sold into slavery,—the beginning, you see, of '76, which had another ending.

"Had things been different from what they were some two hundred and fifty years ago, my son, James Francis Edward Stuart, would have had a place in the list of England's kings, and would not now be known as the 'Pretender;' and my grandson, Charles Edward Stuart, would not be called the 'Young Pretender,' but Charles III of England. But after my flight, and the calling of William of Orange to the throne, another line of royal descent from my grandfather, James I, was fixed upon and accepted by the Parliament of England; and that is why King Edward VII is king, though not a direct descendant of your Baby Stuart.

"Thanks to Anthony Vandyke, I have an enduring throne in the hearts of a multitude of children the world over—am crowned with their love. They look up from their books, and wonder how I spent the happy hours of my innocent childhood. I am never the proud, stern Duke of York to them, nor the runaway James II, but always Prince Jamie, 'who tossed his ball so high, so high,' in the gardens of Hampton Court, and who used to go sailing in the king's barge up and down the Thames, and who loved his royal father dearly, even if many of the people of England did not."

Yes, I think this is about what our Baby Stuart would say. Let us remember, when we look at our favorite print, that if James Stuart was not the best of

kings, he was ever a loving father, and that separation from his children in his exile was the bitterest sorrow of his broken heart.—*St. Nicholas.*

## BITTERSWEET MONEY

It all happened in a minute. In the little back yard, where Edna had begged a tiny strip of ground for her missionary garden, two boys were playing,—two rough, hearty, thoughtless little fellows,—throwing a ball back and forth, while a big, curly-haired dog watched the fun, one ear cocked up in a knowing fashion, and his wet, red tongue showing in his open mouth. Edna saw them as she glanced at her precious flowers, and was just opening her lips to say, "Be careful!" when Bruno made a quick dash, seized the ball in his strong teeth, and the next



BABY STUART

west side of the Connecticut River to the east side of the Delaware,—a grant of what, in truth, belonged to the Dutch, who had a settlement at the mouth of the Hudson River called New Amsterdam, and farther up the Hudson a thriving trading-post, Fort Orange. New Amsterdam we decided (the king and I) should be called New York, in honor of my Royal Highness, and Fort Orange we two renamed Albany. I was Duke of York and Albany, you know, and in those days it was by some thought that kings had the right to take anything they wanted, and do with it as they pleased. So you see that your Baby Stuart has two great monuments in your Empire State—the cities of New York and Albany. These names, York and Albany, are pretty well sprinkled over the United States, each a memorial of your Baby Stuart.



instant, dog and boys were rolling over one another among the ruins of geraniums, nasturtiums, and all her heart's delights. They were up almost as quick as down; but the mischief was done, and the three culprits stood shamed and sorrowful while poor Edna sobbed over her pets, picked up the crushed flowers, and tried to straighten the broken stems.

"I guess they'll grow up again all right," said Rob.

"O, they never will! it's too late!" wailed Edna, "and I was going to send my chrysanthemum for a prize—it was just full of buds. Now where's my harvest home offering? It's *too bad!* You —"

"So it is," said Tom; "we just ought to be thrashed, all three of us."

That was exactly what Edna was going to say, but she caught the words just in time, and said, rather ruefully: "I don't see how that would help the flowers any, or me. I do want the money ever so much; but I just loved every one of my flowers, and I feel about as mama would if you boys had your legs and arms broken. But I know you didn't mean to do it."

Rob said, "Pshaw!" and tried to look as if he thought that was nonsense; but he really was sorry for Edna, and wished he could think of some way to help her. That was the reason he stopped to listen that evening when Mrs. Neal asked the postmaster if he knew where she could get some bittersweet to decorate the hall for the Harvest Festival. The postmaster did not know, but Rob did. He knew of a tree over in the Derry woods, all hung with long vines, and beautiful, shining berries. He and Tom had found it the day they went fishing at Long Pond, but Rob didn't mean to tell. He knew very well somebody would ask them to go and get the bittersweet, and so spoil their plan for a holiday at Winston Park. He slipped quietly out of the post-office, as if he thought Mrs. Neal could read his thoughts through the back of his head, and was trudging sturdily along when he heard Mrs. Neal say, from her carriage: "Well, if you do hear of any, let me know. I'd be glad to pay almost any price for it."

Pay for it? That was quite another thing. Here was a chance, maybe, to help undo the mischief to Edna's flowers. A chance, perhaps; but it meant a long, hard tramp, and no fun at the end. Rob hesitated. What if he promised, and then Tom wouldn't go? He would have to go alone. There wasn't much time to decide; for here came the phaeton along behind him. He almost made up his mind to let it go by; but suddenly he whirled about, lifted his cap, and said: "If you please, Mrs. Neal, will you stop a minute?"

"O, it's Robbie Ames," said the lady, tightening the reins upon the gentle little pony. "What is it, Robbie?"

"I heard what you said about the bittersweet, Mrs. Neal," said Robbie, in some confusion, "and I know I could find—we saw some over by Long Pond —"

"Robbie, you're a treasure," began Mrs. Neal, enthusiastically.

"Yes'm," laughed Robbie, "but you see it's for the money, because we spoiled Edna's mission flowers—me and Tom and Bruno."

"What!" said Mrs. Neal; "get in here, and tell me. I haven't time to stop."

Rob climbed in, and told his story to a very sympathetic listener as they drove along.

"I'll tell you what, Robbie; I'll hire you and Tom to help me on Friday, and pay you two dollars and a half. That's what Oscar charges me, and you can do anything he can. You come over right after breakfast, and you shall have the pony and phaeton to go for the bittersweet, and then we'll see what next."

If Rob had been offered a kingdom, it would not have seemed so valuable as the chance to drive the pony that was the admiration of every

boy in the village. The trip to Long Pond, with a luncheon stowed away under the seat, was an excursion into fairyland, and, though Mrs. Neal exacted steady work all through the day, they went home at night tired but blissfully happy.

"It's a dollar for me," said Tom triumphantly, as they counted their money into Edna's lap, "and a dollar and a half for Rob, because he was the one to think of it."

"You blessed boys," said Edna, between laughing and crying; "how lovely of you to think of it and to do it!"

"Well," said Rob, "I should say a fellow would be pretty mean not to think of something when he'd smashed things up the way we did. Maybe we can get some more before missionary day."

"You can call it bittersweet money," said Edna's mother. "It is like a good many other things in this world, sweet that came out of bitter, for I think something better than flowers has grown in your garden."

"What has?" said Tom.

"Love and sympathy and brotherly kindness," said Mrs. Ames.

"And patience," added Rob; "cause she never scolded a mite, and that's what made me feel all the sorrier. When folks scold, you feel kind of mad, and the mad drives out the sorry."—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

#### TRIFLES

"To-day," said pretty Dolly, as  
She opened her bright eyes,  
"I'm going to give my dear mama  
A beautiful surprise.  
I hardly know yet what 'twill be,  
But I'll soon find a way  
To do some unexpected thing  
To please mama to-day."

"I'm tired of doing *little* things.  
Why, any one can sweep  
And dust, or wipe the dishes,  
Or sing Evelyn to sleep.  
'Tis some *big* thing I want to do.  
If I could write a book,  
Or save the house from burning, now,  
How pleased mama would look."

So after breakfast Dolly went  
And sat beside the fire,  
While mother cleared the table off,  
And mended baby's tier;  
She wiped the dishes, made the beds,  
And braided Bessy's hair.  
While Dolly sat and pondered long  
Within her easy chair.

And so Miss Dolly dreamed and planned  
That busy morning through;  
She could not think of anything  
Quite *large* enough to do!  
And when she went to bed that night,  
She really wondered why,  
When mother kissed her lovingly,  
The kiss was half a sigh!

—*Youth's Companion.*

#### A LITTLE SERMON

A VERY little sermon, and a very good one, is this one for small readers:—

"Look not every one on his own things."

LIKE THIS

"It's *my* hat; I can't find it!" "It's *my* ball; I won't lend it!" "It's *my* ribbon; you musn't wear it!" "It's *my* knife; don't you touch it!"  
"But every one also on the things of others."

LIKE THIS

"It's his hat; hang it up for him." "He is such a little chap, let him have the ball." "She likes blue; lend her the ribbon." "I am sorry you can't go out; don't you want to whittle with my knife?"

Such would be Jesus' way.—*Little Ones.*

It takes "I'm Sorry" a long time to overtake an unkind word or a hateful act.



#### HEALING THE WITHERED HAND INTRODUCTORY

*Preceding Events.*—The only important event in the Saviour's life since the last miracle, the healing of the impotent man, was the instance of the disciples' plucking grain on the Sabbath. Matt. 12: 1-8.

*Main Reference.*—Luke 6: 6-11.

*Other References.*—Mark 3: 1-6; Matt. 12: 9-13.

*Bible Story of the Miracle.*—"And he departed thence: and it came to pass on another Sabbath, that he entered again into their synagogue and taught: and behold there was a man there, and his right hand was withered. And the scribes and Pharisees watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day, that they might find how to accuse him. And they asked him, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? But he knew their thoughts, and he said to the man that had his hand withered, Rise up, and stand forth in the midst. And he arose and stood forth. And Jesus said unto them, I ask you, Is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good, or to do harm; to save a life or to destroy it? But they held their peace. And he said unto them, What man shall there be of you, that shall have one sheep, and if this fall into a pit, on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out? How much then is a man of more value than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day. And when he had looked round about on them all with anger, being grieved at the hardening of their heart, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he stretched it forth, and his hand was restored whole, as the other. And the Pharisees were filled with madness, and communed one with another what they might do to Jesus; and went out, and straightway with the Herodians took counsel against him, how they might destroy him." (This quotation is an interwoven story of the miracle, gathered from Matt. 12: 9-14; Mark 3: 1-6; and Luke 6: 6-11, but in the exact language of the Bible.)

*Place.*—Not mentioned.

*Circumstances.*—This miracle of the restoration of the withered hand was performed on a Sabbath day of rather uncertain date. Perhaps it immediately followed the accusation of Jesus and his disciples for plucking corn on the Sabbath. It would appear that he was especially watched on this occasion, to see whether he would heal this man on the Sabbath day. In this way they hoped to secure sufficient evidence to accuse and convict him as a Sabbath-breaker,—a transgressor of the law. The Saviour, understanding their motives, asked them, "Is it lawful on the Sabbath days to do good, or to do evil? to save life, or to destroy it?" "But they held their peace." Having thus, for the time being, silenced those who sought to "destroy" his life, Jesus set about to "save" the life of an afflicted man.

*Great Lesson.*—This miracle teaches us a great and important lesson concerning the proper observance of the Sabbath. Caring for the sick, relieving suffering, and administering necessary treatment to the afflicted, are clearly shown by the Master's conduct and words to be proper Sabbath work.

#### STUDY OF THE MIRACLE

*Is It Lawful to Save Life?*—This miracle seems to have been deliberately planned and worked for the purpose of bringing to a focus the criticisms of the Jews concerning Christ's observance of the Sabbath, and perhaps also to make a great object-lesson for the good of his



disciples, and his followers down through the ages. The Pharisees taught that to neglect to save a life was to kill; so Jesus took them on their own ground, and showed that in healing the withered hand, he was doing no more than a Jew would do for a dumb animal. While they found fault with Jesus for "giving life" on the Sabbath day, they themselves were planning and plotting to "take life"—even the life of the Prince of Life.

✱

**Stretch Forth Thy Hand.**—This is an instance where "He sent his word, and healed them." Christ did not touch the withered hand. He simply spoke the word, "Stretch forth thy hand." When God speaks the word, only willingness to obey is required on our part to reveal the power contained in the spoken word. Every command is a promise, which to the willing and obedient, contains the power to effect obedience to its own requirement. God's commands are all positive, as well as negative. Many a Christian to-day bears about in his experience the evidence of spiritually withered hands,—withered purposes and aspirations. To such Jesus says, "Stretch forth thy hand." Our being made whole is dependent upon the willingness with which we will yield obedience to his command to stretch forth the withered faculty or member. It is this withering influence of compromise with sin that brings us into such a debilitated condition spiritually that we are unable to do that which we would. The command, "Stretch forth thine hand," was addressed to one who, to all human appearance, was utterly unable to yield obedience. Here, again, we learn the lesson that every command of God is enabling. Power goes with his word to enable us to obey.

✱

**And He Did So.**—The man with the withered hand was willing to obey. He was willing to be healed in Christ's way; therefore his restoration was quickly wrought. The stretching forth of his hand was an act of pure, simple faith. To will to put forth the withered hand was an indication of the perfect faith he had in the power of the Master who had commanded him to "stretch forth" his hand. He decided to believe, and it is a decision of this sort that constitutes half the battle in forsaking sin and turning to God.

W. S. SADLER.



## SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON NO 8

### THE PARABLE OF THE LEAVEN AND OTHER PARABLES

(November 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Matt. 13:33, 44-52.

LESSON HELP.—"Christ's Object Lessons," pages 96-134.

1. How many parables have we studied about the seed? Name them. Who of Christ's hearers would be specially interested in these?

2. What other parables did he give that day by the Sea of Galilee?

3. What particular class of people would be touched by the parable of the leaven? See first quotation.

4. How did the woman in the parable get the leaven? What did she do with it? Where did she hide it? What was the result? What is the leaven of truth?

5. How shall we get the leaven of truth? Note 1; John 17:17. Where shall we hide it? Ps. 119:11. What will the truth do for us? John 17:17, first part; note 2.

6. The three measures of meal well represent

the whole being of man—mind, soul, and body. Is the leaven of truth able to work a change in all this? Heb. 4:12.

7. What parable did Christ give to the searcher of riches?

8. What does this hidden treasure represent? Col. 2:3; note 3.

9. What is the field that contains this treasure?

10. How much are we to give in order to obtain this holy field?

11. When we have given all that we have and are, have we then paid the price of God's wisdom? Read Job 28.

12. Then why must we give up so much?

13. To whom is the parable of the pearl of great price given?

14. As a merchant, what goodly pearls did Christ go forth to seek? Luke 19:10. Did he find the lost pearl?

15. From the meaning of this parable, what can we say that the kingdom of God is to us? What is the great price of this heavenly pearl? Acts 20:28. What price did Judas set upon the blood of Christ?

16. What class of Christ's hearers would be interested in the parable of the net?

17. Is the gospel net yet full? When it has gathered of every kind, what will take place? Compare verses 49 and 50 with Matt. 24:14.

18. Why did not Christ explain these last parables? Verse 57.

19. With what parable did he close his day's instruction?

20. To whom did it especially apply?

21. What portion of the Scriptures had the disciples in Christ's time?

22. As householders, what work was left for them to do after he ascended?

#### NOTES

1. We must do as the woman in the parable did,—we must take it. Paul says to us, "All things are yours. Whether . . . life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours." Then why do we not have them?

2. In 1 Cor. 5:7, 8, Paul tells us to put away the old leaven, and use the unleavened bread of truth. He speaks of the truth as *unleavened* because it needs no leaven from without to make it work. It is a leaven unto itself; and when we hide this in our hearts, we become a new lump. "Received into the heart, the leaven of truth will regulate the desires, purify the thoughts, and sweeten the disposition. . . . The leaven of truth will not produce the spirit of rivalry, the love of ambition, the desire to be first. . . . The leaven of truth works a change in the whole man, making the coarse refined, the rough gentle, the selfish generous." The countenance is changed. Truth is written there. The sweet peace of heaven is revealed. Through its life-giving power, it brings all there is of mind and soul and strength into harmony with the divine life. Man with his human nature becomes a partaker of divinity. See "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 101, 102.

3. "Christ's Object Lessons" calls this treasure the gospel. The same thought can be obtained from Eph. 1:13, where the *gospel* is called the word of truth, and this word is the treasure of wisdom hidden in Christ. "In the parable the field containing the treasure represents the Holy Scriptures. And the gospel is the treasure. The earth itself is not so interlaced with golden veins and filled with precious things as is the word of God."—*Id.*, page 104.

#### ADDITIONAL THOUGHTS

1. "Jesus had a wise purpose in making use of so many parables by which to teach the same important truths. All classes were before him, for it was a place where many different people met in the pursuit of their business or in their journeys." "There were many fishermen in the assembly that listened to the teachings of Jesus.

. . . The searcher for riches represented a large class, who could not but be struck by the parable of the hidden treasure. And the leaven, buried in the meal, while it was an illustration that could be understood by all, brought home the truth with added power to the minds of the women, who knew so well the action of the leaven upon the meal, and were thus enabled to draw a forcible comparison between that and the workings of God's grace upon the heart."—*"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, pages 253, 254.*

2. "The parable of the merchantman seeking goodly pearls has a double significance: it applies not only to men as seeking the kingdom of heaven, but to Christ as seeking his lost inheritance."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," page 118.*

3. In the parable of the scribe, "Jesus presented before his disciples the responsibility of those whose work it is to give to the world the light which they have received from him. The Old Testament was all the Scripture then in existence; but it was not written merely for the ancients; it was for all ages and for all people. Jesus would have the teachers of his doctrine diligently search the Old Testament for that light which establishes his identity as the Messiah foretold in prophecy. . . . The Old and the New Testament are inseparable, for both are the teachings of Christ."—*"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, page 254.*

## A Baby's First Wardrobe

Is the most trying proposition a young mother can meet. Often everything she makes is wrong. For **30 cents** in stamps you can get twenty-two guaranteed patterns drawn on anatomical and hygienic lines, with full instructions for making. Also an illustrated booklet on care of the body—**free**. All in plain envelope. Everything essential to know. For information on garments for other ages, send stamp.

MRS. F. M. KELLOGG,

207 Hubbard St., - - Battle Creek, Mich.

## SENT FREE

Read Special Offer Below.

### THE CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR.



A natural evolution from E. J. Worst's famous Catarrh Inhaler that has won a world-wide reputation. It is made of Nickel, and will last a lifetime; is so compact it may easily be carried in a vest pocket or reticule.

### CATARRH.

Don't take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head. If you will only stop and think for a moment, you will certainly realize that the germs of disease were carried into your head by air, and that air is the only agency that will carry a medication to the diseased passages capable of destroying such germs. Catarrh, Colds, Pains and Hoarseness in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, La Grippe, and all diseases of the air passages yield as if by magic to treatment with the Co-ro-na Mediator. Science and common sense can offer no improvement upon this little pocket physician. It is simple in construction, and may be used anywhere and at any time. It is the only positive cure for the diseases named. I make it easy to prove this beyond all question by the following remarkable

#### SPECIAL OFFER.

For a short time, I will mail free to any reader naming this paper one of my new Scientific Co-ro-na Mediators, complete, with medicine for one year. If it gives satisfaction, send me \$1.00; if not, return it after three days' trial. Could any proposition be fairer?

**E. J. WORST, 112 Elmore Block, Ashland, O.**

NOT SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. AGENTS WANTED.

## GRAND TRUNK R'Y. SYSTEM.

Taking Effect June 2, 1901.

Trains leave Battle Creek.

#### WEST-BOUND.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago.....	12.15 P. M.
No. 7, Limited Express, to Chicago.....	7.00 A. M.
No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago.....	9.23 A. M.
No. 8, Lehigh Valley Express, to Chicago.....	3.50 P. M.
No. 5, International Express.....	2.17 A. M.
No. 75, Mixed, to South Bend.....	7.30 A. M.
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. 4, 6, 8, and 2, daily.	

W. C. CUNLIFFE, Agent,  
BATTLE CREEK.





### ALUMINUM COINS

ALUMINUM, which during recent years has come into such general use where a metal combining both lightness and strength are required, may soon take an honored place as coin of the realm. A commission of experts was appointed by Congress not long ago to investigate its suitability for this purpose, and a series of experiments are being carried on at the mint at Philadelphia as a result. It is thought that the metal will be utilized in making only the smaller denominations of money, such as five- and ten-cent pieces; and it is claimed that its lightness would make it very desirable for this purpose.

### THE COMMON HOUSE-FLY

THE house-fly (*musca domestica*) is found in nearly all parts of the world, and is so common that it needs no lengthy description. Doubtless every reader of the INSTRUCTOR has had a personal experience with it. But while this is true, it is probable that few have taken the pains to study carefully its form, color, structure, and habits.

It is about one-fourth inch in length, ash-colored, with a black face. The sides of the head are yellow, the forehead yellow with black stripes, the thorax marked with black lines, the abdomen pale underneath, speckled with black, and in the males a transparent yellow at the sides. The feet are black; the wings transparent, and yellowish at the base.

Those who enjoy the study of nature will, at the first opportunity, wish to capture a fly, and see if they can verify this description. A small magnifying-glass will be of much assistance.

The house-fly lays its eggs in clusters in almost any kind of decaying animal or vegetable matter, the filth of stables being a favorite place. In these decaying substances the decomposition continually going on supplies the heat necessary for the hatching of the eggs, which usually takes place within a day or two. The maggots attain their full size in about two weeks after emerging from the egg. They then crawl into some dry place, and change into the pupa state, emerging, after a week or two, as perfect flies.

Thus the insect passes through a complete metamorphosis, the young larva when first emerging from the egg having no resemblance to the adult fly. The larva is cylindrical in form, smooth and shining, and of a yellowish-white color. It has no legs, and no true head. It is about one-third inch long, and somewhat fleshy in appearance.

House-flies are to be found most abundantly about barns in August and September. They begin to appear in houses in June, and become exceedingly abundant in September. They do not disappear until killed by cold weather; although in excessively hot and dry weather, the writer has seen large numbers of them become weak and unable to fly, soon dying from the effects of the heat.

A few live through the winter, hibernating in houses, and when the rooms are heated, may often be seen flying about. Others hide away under leaves, the bark of trees, moss, etc., and fly about on warm days early in March.

The structure of the fly's tongue is of considerable interest. The broad, knob-like end consists of two broad, flat, muscular leaves, which the fly can fold or unfold at pleasure.

When it settles upon a lump of sugar or other substance that it wishes to use as food, the muscular leaves of the tongue unfold, presenting a

sucker-like surface, with which it laps up its food. If the substance upon which the fly is feeding is too dry to be sucked up, it exudes a moistening liquid from its proboscis.

The inside of this fleshy expansion is rough, and is employed by the insect in scraping or tearing delicate surfaces. It is by means of this structure that the house-fly scrapes the albuminous polish from the covers of our books, leaving a soiled and spotted appearance. The same instrument is used when it lights upon our hands and faces to sup the perspiration from the skin.

Americans have the reputation of being careless in regard to flies. They literally swarm in some houses, covering every article of food by day, and blackening the walls by night. In other houses comparatively few are found; for the tidy housekeeper takes every precaution to keep them out. She is especially careful not to leave food of any kind standing around uncovered, and drives them out at least once every day. This is important, too; for not only are flies an annoyance to the occupants of a house, but it is very probable that they are the carriers of many disease germs. It is possible that some diseases which physicians can not account for, originate from the germs carried by flies and deposited in our food, upon our clothing, or upon our hands and faces.

B. E. CRAWFORD.

### A NEWSPAPER'S PALACE

In the October *Era*, Marie Robinson Wright, who knows South America better than most Americans know their principal cities, contributes an interesting article entitled "The Palace of *La Prensa*," the chief newspaper of South America. It is published in Buenos Ayres. Mrs. Wright says:—

The free medical and legal consulting rooms and a free laboratory on the main floor, are furnished and fitted up on a scale of elegance, palatial in every detail. Five physicians are regularly employed by *La Prensa*, to look after the poor sick of the city. The average consultations amount to nearly five thousand a month. In the free legal department, the poor people are at liberty to make known their needs. In this department there are also five lawyers, employed yearly by this generous newspaper. Their offices are reached from a private entrance.

On the second floor are the editorial rooms, the archives of the institution, and the rooms for recreation and amusement, as well as a large reading-room for the use of the reporters. There is also a splendid library, containing a collection of useful and valuable books.

The editorial rooms have everything for the comfort and convenience of the busy men who prepare the news of the day. The offices of the chief editors are most luxurious, and in connection with them, each editor has a private drawing-room, furnished with costly tapestries, rich Smyrna rugs, rare pictures, curios, and inlaid floors. The entire third story is set aside as an apartment for the entertainment of distinguished foreign visitors who come to the Capital. These strangers are not permitted to live in the hotels, but are invited as the guests of *La Prensa*, and treated with royal hospitality.

### TWO PROBLEMS FOR A LONG EVENING

SOME evening after you have done all your lessons, try to work out the following little problem. It will be an amusement as well as a good exercise:—

A man who had three sons called them together, and told them that he had one hundred and fifty apples, of which he would give fifteen to his youngest son, fifty to his second son, and eighty-five to his eldest son.

"Now," he said, "I want you to go out and sell those apples at the same price, and yet each of you must bring me exactly the same amount

of money, and the eldest must fix the price."

The boys were puzzled. The eldest, who had eighty-five apples, was to fix the price, and yet he was to take back the same amount of money as the youngest, who had only fifteen.

Finally they started out, and in an hour all three boys had sold their apples, and each took back to his father exactly the same amount of money. Now, at what rate did they sell their apples?

In some school arithmetics the answers to the sums are given at the end of the book, and many a boy will look at those answers to see if he has solved the problem correctly. I should like you to try this problem of the apples before you read any more, for I am going to give you the answer. Now, supposing that you have tried your very best to solve the question, it is only fair to tell you how the boys sold the apples.

When the eldest boy was asked how much he wanted for his apples, he set a price of one cent a dozen. He sold seven dozen at this price, and had one left over, which he sold for three cents. So you see he had ten cents for his apples, eighty-four bringing seven cents, and the odd one three cents. The second boy, learning the price, sold four dozen of his fifty for four cents, and received three cents each for the other two, so he also had ten cents. The youngest sold one dozen at one cent, and three left over at three cents each, which gave him also ten cents. So each sold his apples at the same rate, and each took the same amount home, though one had eighty-five, another fifty, and the third only fifteen apples.

Some years ago an educational journal puzzled its readers by asking a solution of the following problem: "Subtract figures equaling forty-five from other figures equaling forty-five so that the remainder may be also forty-five."

Many said it could not be done, and for several weeks the question stood unanswered. At last it was solved in this way:—

$$987654321 = 45$$

$$123456789 = 45$$

$$864197532 = 45$$

You can have some amusement by asking your friends to solve these two problems for you; and if you do not give the answers too soon, an hour may be pleasantly passed in trying these brain twisters.—*Children's Visitor*.

### THE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

For November contains forty-eight pages of bright, live, missionary matter, well illustrated, and printed in attractive form. Every phase of mission work is represented. The *Magazine* is invaluable to every Seventh-day Adventist; but it is of special importance that the young people should have it, in order to make the monthly missionary studies of the most help to all who attend the Young People's meetings. Only fifty cents a year. Address the *Missionary Magazine*, 267 West Main St., Battle Creek, Mich.

## The Youth's Instructor

PUBLISHED BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER - - - EDITOR

### Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	\$ .75
SIX MONTHS -	.40
THREE MONTHS -	.20
To Foreign Countries	1.25

### CLUB RATES:

5 to 9 copies to one address, each	\$ .55
10 to 100 " " " "	.50
100 or more " " " "	.45

### The Advertising Rate

Is fifteen cents per agate line, one insertion. Reading notices, thirty cents per brevier line, one insertion. Further information upon application.

Entered at the post office at Battle Creek, Mich., as second-class matter.