

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. XLIX.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER 21, 1901.

No. 46.

## A THANKSGIVING DAY

I THANK thee, Father, for this sky,  
Wherein thy little sparrows fly:  
For unseen hands that build and break  
The cloud-pavilions for my sake,—  
This fleeting beauty, high and wild,  
Toward which I wonder as a child;  
And thanks for the morning's stir and light,  
And for the folding hush of night;  
For all the foam and surge of bloom;  
For leaves gone glorious to their doom.

I thank thee for the strengthening hills,  
That give bright spirit to the rills;  
For blue peaks soaring up apart,  
To send down music on the heart;  
For tree-tops wavering soft and high,  
Writing their peace against the sky;  
For forest farings that have been;  
For this fall rain that shuts me in,  
Giving to my low little roof  
The sense of home, secure, aloof.

Father of life, I thank  
thee, too,  
For old acquaintance,  
near and true,—  
For friends who came  
into my day,  
And took the loneli-  
ness away;  
For faith that held on  
to the last;  
For all sweet memo-  
ries of the past,—  
Dear memories of my  
dead that send  
Long thoughts of life,  
and of life's end,  
That make me know  
the light conceals  
A deeper world than  
it reveals.

—Edwin Markham.

## A NEW COUNTRY

A FEW years ago it seemed as if the supply of unoccupied land in our great West was practically inexhaustible; but recently it has become evident that the amount of tillable soil at government disposal is really quite limited, and as a consequence the opening up for settlement of some of this unoccupied area has supplied the occasion for a mad rush on the part of those who would enter for free land. The opening up of Oklahoma is a noteworthy case in point. One could ask for no greater evidence of American enterprise than to travel over this Territory, noting here and there beautiful cities containing massive brick blocks, up-to-date street-car service, electric lights,—in fact, all the conveniences of our modern life,—remembering that a few years ago these very streets were a part of the unbroken prairie. We should never forget that these wonderful facilities increase our opportunities and therefore our responsibilities.

Our annual camp-meeting was held this year near Enid, one of these young cities. It was

quite largely attended, many driving long distances in their covered wagons, or "prairie schooners," and camping in them while they attended the meeting. The accompanying picture shows this part of the camp.

There was an excellent class of young people in attendance, some of whom decided to enter upon training to fit themselves for medical missionary work, others to prepare for other departments of missionary effort. The experience that these young people have had in helping to transform this virgin soil into productive fields, and in rearing new homes in the midst of all the inconveniences incident to the opening up of a new country, has been an excellent discipline for them. It will be easier for them to endure hardness as good soldiers than for those who have had the misfortune to be brought up in comparative luxury.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



PRAIRIE SCHOONERS — CAMP AT ENID

## APOSTASY

"AND Moses came and told the people all the words of the Lord, and all the judgments: and all the people answered with one voice, and said, All the words which the Lord hath said will we do. . . . And he took the book of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people: and they said, All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient."

Thus did the children of Israel pledge themselves to obey the law which, amid awful manifestations of power, God had just spoken from Sinai.

When the law was proclaimed, Satan said: "Here is work for us. At the foot of Sinai, in the very presence of God, let us lead the people

to break the law." God called Moses into the mount, and during his absence Satan worked among the people. He told them that Moses would not return, and suggested that they make a golden calf to worship.

The enemy obtained all that he wished. The people had entered into covenant relation with God. He had espoused them to himself, promising to make them a kingdom of priests if they would obey him. And they had promised to be obedient. But as soon as Moses left them, they treacherously revolted from their Leader. They changed the glory of God into the similitude of an ox. What a terrible sin! The heathen nations could boast of being true to their false gods; but Israel turned from the One who had done such marvelous things in their behalf, to a golden calf. "Up, make us gods, which shall go before us," they said to Aaron; "for as for

this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him."

Aaron saw the fierce determination of the ringleaders, and instead of firmly suppressing the discontent, he weakly yielded. Had he stood firm to principle, God would have vindicated his cause. But his wavering made the instigators of evil yet more persistent. Aaron's history will ever be tarnished by his failure to stand bravely against wrong. By yielding, he sanctioned a great sin, made tenfold greater because the people were in the immediate presence of God and the holy angels.

"And all the people brake off their golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. And he received them at

their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt."

God saw what was going on in the camp. He saw that the people, even while the divine glory still rested upon Sinai, had yielded to the temptations of Satan, and were plotting against the rule which they had promised to obey. He suffered the treason to rise to its height, that he might teach the evil of apostasy. Then he said to Moses, "Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves: they have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and



have worshiped it, and have sacrificed thereunto. . . . I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiff-necked people: now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great nation."

Many men would have said: "It is the purpose of God. If he wishes to destroy Israel, I can not help it. They will be destroyed." Not so Moses. He loved his people better than himself, and in the very words, "Let me alone," he saw encouragement to hope that if God were earnestly importuned, he would spare the people. He resolved to intercede for them, and he chose the strongest argument he could find. He reminded the Lord of the wonderful work he had done in behalf of Israel. He entreated him not to forget how he had brought them forth out of the land of Egypt with great power and with a mighty hand. "Lord, what will the Egyptians say," he asked, "if you cut off those for whom you have done so much?"

All the nations of the earth had heard how mightily God had worked in delivering his chosen people from Egyptian bondage,—how, because of Pharaoh's resistance, his land had been desolated, and all the firstborn of the Egyptians had been slain. They had heard how the host of Pharaoh, pursuing the Israelites, had been drowned in the Red Sea, and a terrible fear had fallen upon them. They wondered what the God of Israel would do next in defense of his people. And now, if Israel should be blotted out, their enemies would triumph, and the name of God would be dishonored. The heathen would say, Instead of the Israelites being delivered so that they could worship their God, they were taken into the wilderness to be destroyed.

"Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants," Moses said, "to whom thou swarest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it forever.

"And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people." Nevertheless, sin must be punished. The people had broken the law, and it was time for God to work. He must show that he is the supreme Ruler, and that his commands must be obeyed.

Going down to the camp, Moses stood in the gate, and said, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." Opportunity was given for all to take their stand against idolatry. Those who remained obstinate and defiant must bear the penalty of sin. To those who had taken their position on the Lord's side Moses said: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses; and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men."

Thus God showed the fearful result of bold, defiant sin. He commanded that the leaders of the treason should be slain. Thus he bore a public testimony against sin, so that in the future, when God's people condemned idolatry, and their enemies threw at them the taunt that they had themselves deserted God for a calf, they could answer, "It is true; but judgment fell upon the transgressors. God's government is unsullied; for swift punishment overtook those who rebelled against him."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

As when a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it, so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of his infinite and everlasting love.—*Talmage*.



### SOMETHING BETTER

#### The Story of a Shrine

Miss S— was in need of a strong man to draw her jinrikisha as she made her daily rounds, visiting and superintending the work of the daily schools under her care. Our faithful cook, who had become an earnest Christian since coming to work for us, had undertaken to find a suitable man.

"Sensei,"<sup>1</sup> he said, returning one day from a tour of investigation, "I have found a young man who would be just the one for the place, I think, but one thing makes him hesitate."

"And what is that?" asked the missionary.

"Well," he replied, "he is only just married, and he and his wife would be glad to come here to work; but his mother, who is old and dependent upon him for support, is very faithful in the worship of her gods, and especially of her husband's spirit. And as her worship is her only satisfaction in life now, her son is afraid to go and live at a Christian place, for fear she would not be allowed liberty in her religious worship. As for himself and his wife, he said they were not particular about such things; but it was different with his old mother, and he could never consent to anything that would interfere with the happiness of her last days. I told him," continued our cook, "that if they came to live here, he and his wife, being servants in the household, would be expected to attend morning worship daily, but that I was sure his old mother would be allowed perfect freedom to worship as she pleased in her own room."

"You are right," replied the missionary. "See the man again, and tell him that as we are not engaging his mother to work for us, she will be entirely at liberty to worship as she pleases, and never obliged to attend our Christian services. Only we can not permit the display of the emblems of her religion outside her own room or on our gateposts, of course."

So they came, and took up their abode in the gatehouse. The tiny, wrinkled old lady who claimed the dutiful Cho as her son, evidently shrank in awe from the big, fearsome, "foreign teachers"—specimens, to her, from a strange and unknown world, utterly foreign, truly, to everything she had ever known.

At a stated hour each morning the servants of the household were gathered together for instruction in the things of God. Miss S— was the faithful and efficient teacher of this daily class, carefully explaining the word of God and the way of salvation, and leading these darkened souls into the light. Cho and his wife were regular attendants at the morning service, and after we had smiled a cheery "Good morning, O Baa San!"<sup>2</sup> often enough to the dear, wee little woman sitting on the mats in her room by the gate, so that she was accustomed to the sight of us, as we daily passed by, and was losing her fear of us, an invitation was sent her to come with Cho and listen to the teaching. However, invitation after invitation was declined, and the missionaries quietly waited for the Spirit of the Lord to woo and win her.

Meanwhile Cho's interest was awakened, and developed until at last he took Jesus to be his own Saviour, and ere long sought and received baptism. Not long afterward he gave up smoking, and began to live a quiet, consistent Christian life.

One morning, just as the morning service was

<sup>1</sup> Title by which teachers are addressed.

<sup>2</sup> Title by which old ladies are addressed.

<sup>3</sup> Pronounce Kee-noo.

beginning, in slipped the little old mother, quiet as a mouse, and dropped on the mats beside her son. No notice was taken of her, and the service went quietly on to the close, and then, as the members of the class bowed low with their heads to the floor—as is Japanese custom before taking one's departure—the missionary said, quietly but cordially: "We are glad to see you here this morning, O Baa San." Thereafter she came regularly to hear the "Jesus doctrine," always quietly dropping in, the last one, at the little gathering, silently listening, and as silently slipping away again at its close. Whether or not any impression was being made upon the heart so long shrouded in the darkness of heathendom, we had no means of knowing. But we prayed on.

Cho's wife was getting supper ready for the little family in the gatehouse one evening. A baby daughter had come to cheer their home, and had been the unconscious means of drawing the delighted grandmother and the sympathetic "foreign teachers" nearer together. Just now, however, the wee treasure was tucked away in her quilts in a corner of the room, fast asleep, while Kinu,<sup>3</sup> the young mother, was boiling the rice, preparing the fish, and slicing the highly odoriferous pickled radish for the evening meal. A diminutive oil lamp dimly lighted the small apartment. It was early autumn, and the night was cool and clear, and the stars shone brightly down upon the quiet, temporary home of the Bible Training School, their light filtering down through the branches of the weeping willow that stood by the well, and resting tenderly upon the figure of a dear little woman, so small and so frail, standing there in the shadows, with clasped hands and upturned face. "O God!" she pleaded, "if there be one true God, who has done so much for my son Cho, reveal thyself to me also."

Presently one of the sliding doors of the gatehouse was quietly pushed aside from without, and Kinu looked up inquiringly: "Where have you been, mother? I have noticed of late that you frequently slip outdoors of an evening. Isn't it cold?" And to the amazement of the daughter-in-law came the quiet, earnest reply: "I have been praying to Cho's God."

In the old lady's face there was a new light, and in her heart a strange, deep, sweet peace—the answer from the unseen Lord.

We heard with great joy that this precious soul, so near the end of a weary lifetime, had at last found rest and peace, and we watched quietly to see the Spirit of the living God still further teach and lead on the soul so newly awakened. Nothing was said about the old idol worship, nor about the worship of the husband's spirit—ancestral worship, ever the strongest link in the chain that binds souls in the kingdom of darkness. But daily Miss S— expounded the word of the Lord, and, all unseen to human sight, the good seed took root and grew up and bore fruit. Ere long our dear little lady asked to be baptized, and her request was granted.

One day we were both sitting at our desks in the one room that served us then as offices, dining and reception room, when there came a knock at the door. In answer to our "Come in!" the door opened, and in came our wee O Baa San. Approaching the table, she placed upon it a small, wooden shrine, the shrine at which she had so long and so faithfully worshiped the spirit of her deceased husband. "Sensei," she said, turning to Miss S—, "you may have this shrine. I don't need it any more. I have something better."

—*Mary Bell Griffiths*.

THERE is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of his light. There is no light so meager that the greatest and wisest of us can afford to despise it. We can not know at what moment it may flash forth with the life of God.—*Phillips Brooks*.





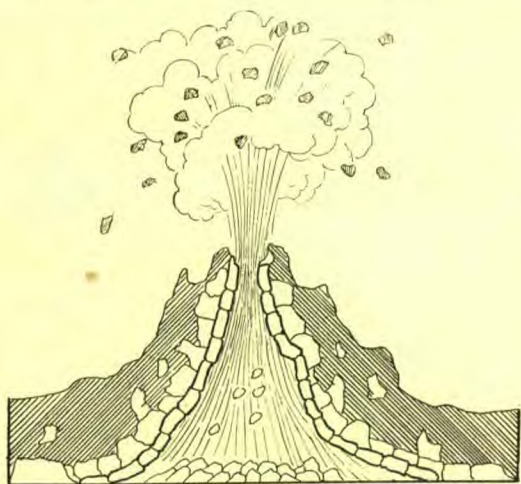
## DIVISION I—GEOLOGY

## Conclusion of Chapter X—Volcanoes

§100. VOLCANOES have their origin largely from the same source as do earthquakes. The internal heat evolved from the coming together of various chemicals, also water and previously burned limestone, ignite large fields of coal and oil; and as a result the most intense heat is produced. When this combination occurs in mountainous districts, especially where they are formed by "upheaval" (see Section 75), the lava, which is produced by the melting together of rock and different ores, in connection with mud, water, fire, smoke, and cinders, finds an egress between the upturned layers of rock, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

§101. When not in a state of active irritation, the internal portion of a volcano fills with hot mud, water, and molten lava. The internal pressure of this substance is estimated at one hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch at a depth of only one hundred feet. Through this viscid mass the heated gases rise, bursting on its surface with a force sufficient to throw great globules of liquid from thirty to forty feet into the air.

§102. In times of moderate action the outburst of cinders from Mt. Vesuvius occurs every three to ten minutes; but in a period of eruption they are almost incessant. According to Sir William Hamilton, the cinders rose to a height of ten thousand feet, or nearly two miles, at the eruption of 1779. This volcano, being situated in the midst of civilized nations, is one of the best known on the earth to-day; but it is insignificant when compared with the mighty spouters of South America and the Indian Archipelago. The largest volcano is that of Kilauea, Hawaiaian Islands, which is always active. There are several in South and Central America that are constantly burning; and since the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, the lofty peak of Popocatepetl, which towers some 17,550 feet to-



No. 3. Volcano.

ward the heavens, has never ceased to belch forth its huge volumes of fire and smoke.

Before the year 79 A. D. Vesuvius was not known to be active. That year occurred its famous eruption, which destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. So great was even the concussion of the air, that the ceilings at the Palace of Portici, at the foot of the mountain, were destroyed. Sand and ashes fell in such quantities as entirely to bury from sight those

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.

ancient cities. Connected with this eruption was a drenching rain, caused by the condensation of the steam and vapors that came gushing from out the crater's fiery throat. The sand and ashes, being thus converted into mud, flowed into every nook and corner of streets and buildings, preserving these cities and their inhabitants for the inquisitive eye of coming generations. Paintings on the walls, dishes and cooking utensils on the shelves, lady and servant, master and slave, were alike buried instantly where they were when the volume of sand and debris fell upon their unsuspecting city. Bread still in the oven, fruit undergoing the canning process, and manuscript with the writing yet legible have been exhumed. From 1139 to 1307 Vesuvius remained dormant; also between 1500 and 1631 it was apparently extinct; the interior of its crater becoming grown over with rich vegetation. At its eruption in 1779, Sir William Hamilton says that a huge red column of liquid lava mixed with stones was projected to a height of ten thousand feet.

§103. All volcanic eruptions are remarkably similar in their conduct. Immediately preceding the eruption loud subterranean thunders are heard, and earthquake tremors felt. Fountains and springs recede into the earth, while the ground heaves and swells amid an ever-increasing sound as of muffled thunders beneath. Soon a dense cloud of smoke issues from the crater, and spreads out like a gigantic umbrella, enveloping in midnight darkness the cities and villages beneath. But this darkness is only momentary; for immediately follows the terrific roar and the lurid glow of the blood-red torrent of lava that falls in death-dealing floods over the adjacent territory. An oppressive stillness and feelings of foreboding generally precede these occurrences. Horses become restless; herds return from their pastures, bellowing and bleating, as if seeking the protection of man; while insects cease their hum, birds disappear within the quiet of their leafy homes, and all nature seems to portend the coming of some great and terrible event.

§104. Occasionally masses of lava are ejected in the form of huge cannon balls, twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. These, by their rotation, assume a globular form. By cooling off they become solid externally but cellular within.

## THERMAL SPRINGS

§105. Thermal, or hot, springs are found most frequently in volcanic regions, for the reason that their origin is similar to that of volcanoes. In Geyser Cañon, north of San Francisco, there is a region of hot springs and fissures emitting steam strongly impregnated with sulphurous fumes. The waters of these springs have a temperature of 206°. Near Clear Lake is Borax Lake, holding borax in solution, and having a deposit of the same on its bottom. Salt springs occur in nearly all parts of the world, generally containing from ten to thirty-five per cent of pure salt.

The hot springs of Napa Valley, California, are thus described by Professor Forest Shepard:

"Within the space of a half-mile square are from one to two hundred openings, through which the steam issues with violence, sending up columns of dense vapor to the height of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. The roar of the largest of these can be heard for a mile or more. Many of the openings work spasmodically, precisely like a high-pressure engine, throwing out occasional jets of steam, or volumes of hot, scalding water, some twenty or thirty feet high."

## GEYSERS

§106. For years the geysers of Iceland were a

wonder of the world. The largest of these, "The Great Geyser," has a nearly circular basin, fifty feet in diameter and four feet deep. In the center is a well eight or ten feet in diameter and seventy-five feet deep. Through this perpendicular tube, hot water is continually bubbling over into the basin. When the basin is full, the water becomes agitated, loud explosions like subterranean thunder are heard, steam escapes in large quantities, and finally a column of boiling water is thrown with violent force some two hundred feet in the air. Following this a deafening rush of steam is ejected, and a terrible explosion terminates the phenomenon.



BEEHIVE GEYSER

§107. The geysers

of Yellowstone Park, in our own country, are now regarded as the finest in the world. The "Beehive Geyser," represented in the illustration in full action, throws a column of water to a height of over two hundred feet, playing once in about twenty-four hours.

## QUESTIONS

Describe an eruption of a volcano, and give its cause. Give the history of Mt. Vesuvius and its eruptions. Describe and give the cause of hot, salt, and mineral springs. Describe the cause and action of a geyser. Do these all spring from local or from one universal cause?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

## THANKSGIVING DAY

A SACRED pause amid the din  
And turmoil of a world of care,  
The rush of life, the grinding mart—  
And lo! a nation bowed in prayer.  
Lord, put our worldly fears away,  
And grant a true Thanksgiving day.

A resting-place, at which the past  
And present once again unite,  
To hold communion, close and sweet,  
With olden dreams of fond delight.  
Let not a grief-worn memory stay  
In sight on this Thanksgiving day.

A mount apart, whose summit gleams  
Above the vapors sharp and clear,  
Above the poisonous mists of earth,  
Within a heavenly atmosphere.  
Lord, meet us there, we humbly pray,  
In holy love Thanksgiving day!

—Exchange.

THE public character of a man is the tinsel worn at court; his private character is the service of gold kept at his bankers.—Sir T. Overbury.





### OUR STUDY

This week, on Feeding the Hungry, is very practical. The suggestions it contains may be carried out with good results in many places, and where this would be impossible, other plans for doing the same work will come to those who study the situation carefully. The work of feeding souls can not be neglected by any who profess to be followers of the Master. He has a work for every one. Be ready, as you study, to "speak a word in season to him that is weary," and then, when you meet with the other young people of your company, tell them of the blessing received in so doing. Nothing encourages like hearing the good experiences of others.

### FEEDING THE HUNGRY

(November 24-30)

#### SCRIPTURE STUDY—

1. Feeding the five thousand. Mark 6.
2. Command to distribute bread to the hungry. Verse 37; Isa. 58:7.
3. Experience of the prodigal son. Luke 15:16.
4. Reproof of false shepherds. Ezekiel 34.
5. Spiritual significance of "feeding the hungry." Prov. 10:21; James 1:27.

There are two kinds of hunger,—the physical demand for food and the spiritual demand for truth. God creates both varieties.

Hunger is a cry of the system for nourishment, whether it manifests itself mentally, morally, or physically.

Satisfying genuine hunger of either soul or body is, therefore, a divine ministration.

When Christ said, speaking to his disciples of the hungry multitude, "Give ye them to eat," this command did not apply to those people alone: it includes every individual similarly situated, with whom Providence brings us in contact.

When we impart to others either spiritual or physical bread, our own will be multiplied as a result.

We are to deal our bread to the hungry. See Isa. 58:7. The original significance of the word "deal" is to "divide," or "distribute." Which will result in the greater blessing,—to distribute some of our *own* bread, or that which belongs to others? Either bread would certainly satisfy hunger; but we fail to receive the highest blessing when we do not impart of our own. There is a ten times greater blessing in sitting down and having a personal talk, Bible study, and prayer with some hungry, discouraged soul, than in giving him a tract. On the other hand, if we have not spiritual bread of *our own* to divide with such a person, it is far better to give him bread belonging to some one else—bread in the form of a tract—than to send him away hungry.

When the prodigal son was famishing spiritually and physically, there was no one near him who was willing to give him even husks. Is it possible that some one may be living near you, some one whom you meet every day, who is just as hungry as was that prodigal, and that Christ has been saying to you for weeks and perhaps months, "Give ye them to eat," and your hearing has been so dull that you have not heard the command; and so this person carries his heartache and soul-hunger with him day after day, while you have not given him even husks, to say nothing of the pure milk of the word?

"The lips of the righteous feed many." Prov.

10:21. If you have been doing this, you have had Christ's miracle of multiplying the loaves repeated in your Christian experience again and again.

"The mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness." Prov. 15:14. If you have had no experience in feeding others with wisdom, more than likely you have had some experience in feeding them on foolishness; and if so, you have no doubt already discovered that the gift has been multiplying in your hands until you have the ability to impart more foolishness than you ever thought of when you began to break that kind of bread to others. *What we divide to others multiplies in our hands, whether it be sense or nonsense.*

#### A CHAPTER OF WARNING

Ezekiel thirty-four is a chapter that we should read and re-read until we become fully awakened by its trumpet call to the work of feeding others. The second verse pronounces a woe upon those who feed *themselves* instead of the flock. After you have prayerfully read the fourth verse a number of times, ask yourself whether there is a possibility that it applies to your own case; for if it does, the tenth verse, which shows that your opportunities will soon be taken away, will erelong apply equally well.

Think of the terrible state of mind that some Christian workers can drift into, as described in the eighteenth verse. They not only take advantage of the opportunities that this cause affords them, but they foul the residue with their feet; that is, they trample the principles underfoot. They speak lightly of reforms provided by God himself to fit his people to stand secure when pestilence shall come in like a flood.

#### SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

Thousands of wealthy persons are sickening and dying because they are feeding on that which is not bread, in the form of unwholesome and non-nutritious food, even though it may be very expensive and palatable. Why should not the Young People's Society get up a tasteful, neat, and wholesome health dinner, and then invite the best young people in the community to partake of it? It will not begin to require the same effort to do this that it would to organize a successful football team. Can we not begin to do as much for the Lord as other young people are doing for the devil?

A few months ago we prepared just such a dinner in our Chicago branch sanitarium, and then extended written invitations to nearly fifty students and teachers in the Chicago University. Among those who attended were several of the leading educators in America; and the good that was accomplished by this effort can not be related in a few short words.

We shall be glad to correspond personally with any who would like to undertake something of this kind, and give them the benefit of our experience, with suggestions as to the best methods. Another thing our Young People's Society can do, which would be less difficult, but which has in it just as great a blessing, would be to get up a Thanksgiving dinner, or if there is not time for that, then a Christmas dinner, for those in the immediate vicinity whom you have reason to think are not able to assume the expense of an extra good meal at home. Rare tact will need to be manifested in order that the guests may not come to the conclusion that you regard them as beggars; the sensible poor are very sensitive on this point.

If there is some poor widow in your community who is suffering for the necessities of life while you are enjoying plenty, then you will understand why your spiritual experience has been so unsatisfactory; for the highest manifestation of true religion is *not* in psalm singing, not speaking in meeting, not even in being secretary of the Sabbath-school, nor in leading a meeting with prayer. These are all *symptoms* of religion, but a person may do *all* these, and yet be as destitute of true

religion as the mountains of Gilboa are of dew and rain. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted [or uncontaminated] from the world." James 1:27.

#### A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

An experience in the earlier days of our Chicago medical missionary work illustrates the wonderful possibilities that may be hid away in a bowlful of hygienic soup. We have now more than half a dozen well-equipped institutions in Chicago, but at that time we had only a little basement room in the criminal center of the city, on Custom House Place. But we were permitted to use each day the spacious mission rooms of the Pacific Garden Mission just adjoining, in which to serve our penny-a-bowl soups to the vast army of starving men stranded here after the World's Fair.

Dr. Kellogg would spend every Sunday in the work here, going about on various errands of mercy, doing all in his power to relieve the terrible distress everywhere so prevalent. While the men were eating their soup and bread, he would stand on the platform, and plead with them, often with tears, to satisfy their equally famished souls with the bread of life, which, if they partook of it, would satisfy their hunger of soul. And the invitation, I am glad to say, did not fall altogether on dull ears or calloused hearts.

One day a sorry-looking specimen of humanity, whose haggard face revealed the imprints of sin, stood leaning against a center post, being too weak and famished to stand without such assistance. For a time he gazed longingly at the fragrant soup that the others ate, and finally asked the doctor if he would not give him a bowlful, as he did not have the penny to pay. His request was immediately granted. That man was Tom Mackey. The night before, in the mission, he had resolved to end the miserable life of sin that he had been in for nearly forty years; but now his physical hunger and destitute condition were such as to cause him almost to give up in utter despair, and resume the life that he had resolved to leave the night before. The bowl of soup and a kind word started him on the right road, and he at once began to work for others. He opened up a number of missions, and in less than four years he was in charge of the Star of Hope Mission, then one of the most successful missions in Chicago. It is safe to say that God has used Brother Mackey to preach a gospel of salvation that has been accepted by thousands of men who, from a human point of view, were incurable. When he was converted, he could read scarcely a word, but since then he has learned a large part of the Bible by heart. Do any of you suppose that Dr. Kellogg regrets giving to that jewel in the rough—that prodigal son—a penny's worth of soup? You may never see such results from your efforts in feeding the hungry, but God has said, "*Give ye them to eat,*" and it is our duty to obey that injunction, whether we see results or not.

#### SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Name and describe two kinds of hunger. Who causes both? What may those be doing who satisfy hunger?

2. Why does the command, "Give ye them to eat," apply to every follower of Jesus? How may it be obeyed?

3. In what ways may we distribute bread to the hungry? In order to feed another, what must one have?

4. How is it possible to feed starving souls with undesirable bread? Give some of the warnings of Ezekiel 34, as related to this topic.

5. Notice the encouraging incidents in this lesson, and if possible relate one of which you know, in the experience meeting following the study.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.





## THANKSGIVING

SPRING and summer all gone by,  
Birds and flowers and sunny sky;  
Winds have shaken all the leaves  
From the pretty maple trees;  
What comes next for pleasure, pray?  
Why, the glad Thanksgiving day!

O the pumpkin pies and cakes  
That my grandma always makes!  
Tells us stories good and true—  
How the children used to do;  
Says be thankful while we play  
On the good Thanksgiving day.

For 'tis God who gave us all  
Good things ripening in the fall,—  
Apples, rosy-cheeked and round;  
Yellow pumpkins on the ground.  
See! he opens wide his hand,  
Feeds all creatures in the land.  
Give the Giver thanks, I say,  
On the glad Thanksgiving day.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

But the reason they can follow the example of their parents, and imitate them, is because they belong to them—they have the same nature. The little chickens could never learn to swim, no matter how hard they might try to follow the example of the ducks and swans. And the young ducks could never mount up like the eaglets, no matter how much they might stretch and spread their little wings in imitation of the old eagles.

And so it is only *the children of God*, those who have his own nature, who can copy the pattern, and be and do as he is and does. What things soever he doeth, these *the Son* also doeth in like manner. We are to be imitators of him, as his dear children.

So it is not enough for us to see the Pattern, to learn what Jesus did when he was a little child, and then try to imitate him. We must have his divine nature before we can copy the Pattern, and grow like him. And we can get

God has chosen you that you should grow into his own beautiful image. He has shown you the pattern like which you are to grow, and has given you his Holy Spirit that you may "be strong, and do it." Do not disappoint him, but "grow up into him in all things," to the praise of the glory of his grace. EDITH E. ADAMS.

## A SONG OF THANKS

FOR sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,  
For sweets of the flowers and gold of the wheat,  
For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea,  
O Father in heaven, our songs rise to thee!

For parents who care for us day by day,  
For sisters and brothers, for work and for play,  
For dear little babies, so helpless and fair,  
O Father! we send thee our praise and our prayer.

For teachers who guide us so patiently on,  
For frolics with mates when our lessons are done,  
For shelter and clothing, for every day's food,



IN DISGRACE

## COPY THE PATTERN

IN his word God says to us, "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children." The word here used is the Greek word *mimic*. You know what it is to imitate, or mimic, another,—it is to do just what you see him do.

Have you not seen your little baby brother or sister imitate your mother or father, or try to do all that they see you do? All young animals learn by mimicry,—by imitating their parents. This is the way that the little birds learn to fly, and the baby ducks to swim. The old birds show them what they should do, and the young ones follow their parents' example.

this only by the gift of his own Holy Spirit.

Of the boy Jesus we are told that "the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him." So may the grace of God be upon you, dear children, his Spirit filling you, and his hand over you, to form you into his perfect image, in all things like the Pattern he has shown you.

The words of King David to his son Solomon, who was about to build a magnificent temple for the Lord, are for each one of you also: "Take heed, now: for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary: be strong, and do it."

We bless thee, our Father, the Giver of good.

For waking and sleeping, for blessings to be,  
We children would offer our praises to thee;  
For God is our Father, and bends from above  
To keep the round world in the smile of his love.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

\* "WHEN every little hand  
Shall sow the gospel seed,  
And every little heart  
Shall pray for those in need,  
When every little life  
Such fair, bright record shows,  
Then shall the desert bud  
And blossom as the rose."





### A SECOND TRIAL

It was commencement at D— College. The people were pouring into church as I entered. Finding the choice seats already taken, I pressed onward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy, and on the very front row I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said: "My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; but just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers. "But," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nose-gay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one with red hair; that handsome one with brown, wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not,—they are dark blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?" she asked, eagerly.

"I see him," I said; "he's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he's beautiful," she replied, with artless delight, "and he's good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mama died. Here is his name on the program. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"He thought at first," she continued, "that he would write on 'The Romance of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound these long words had, coming from her childish lips! Her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on her memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

"But then," she went on, "he decided that he would rather write on 'Historical Parallels,' and he's got a real good oration, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the combinations of actors and forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find a turn of Destiny's hand.'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those

sonorous words rolling out of the smiling mouth.

The band, striking up, put an end to the quotation and to the confidences.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks. She touched up the flowers, manifestly making the offering ready for the shrine.

"Now it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed in her eagerness to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet, and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved brother as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips were blue, as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a sonambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Poor little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face,—a strong, determined look,—and on the funeral silence of the room broke the sweet child voice: "'Amid the combinations of actors and forces that make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find a turn of Destiny's hand.'"

Everybody looked to see. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt, but she did not see. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her. She was too absorbed to feel the caress; and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man, sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his 'piece' now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr.

— would now deliver his oration on "Historic Parallels."

"'Amid the combinations of actors and forces which,'" the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and the all sat stone-still, as if fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger. The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring back the smile into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets, intended for the valedictorian, rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.—*Our Dumb Animals.*



### HEALING THE CENTURION'S SERVANT INTRODUCTORY

*Preceding Events.*—The prominent events in the Saviour's life since the preceding miracle,—the healing of the withered hand,—were—

1. The wide-spread fame of Christ. Matt. 4: 23-25; 12: 15-21.

2. Choosing of the twelve. Luke 6: 12-19.

3. Sermon on the mount. Matthew 5, 6, 7.

*NOTE.*—This was the beginning of the second period of his Galilean ministry.

*Main Reference.*—Luke 7: 1-10.

*Other References.*—Matt. 8: 5-13.

*Bible Story of the Miracle.*—"After he had ended all his sayings in the ears of the people, he entered into Capernaum. And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and at the point of death. And when he heard concerning Jesus, he sent unto him elders of the Jews, asking him that he would come and save his servant, and saying, Lord, my servant lieth in the house sick of the palsy, grievously tormented. And they, when they came to Jesus, besought him earnestly, saying, He is worthy that thou shouldst do this for him; for he loveth our nation, and himself built us our synagogue. And he saith unto them, I will come and heal him. And Jesus went with them. And when he was now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends to him, saying unto him, Lord, trouble not thyself; for I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee, but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man set under authority, having under myself soldiers, and I say to this one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. And when Jesus heard these things, he marvelled at him, and turned, and said unto the multitude that followed him, Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven: but the sons of the king-



dom shall be cast forth into the outer darkness: there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth. And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And the servant was healed in that hour. And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole." (The foregoing is an interwoven story of the miracle, gathered from Matt. 8: 5-13 and Luke 7: 1-10, but in the exact language of the Bible.)

Place.—Capernaum.

Circumstances.—At the conclusion of the memorable sermon on the mount, as Jesus was entering Capernaum, he was met by a delegation of the elders of the Jews, bearing a request from a Roman officer concerning the affliction of one of his servants. It appears that this Roman officer was unusually friendly to the Jewish cause; for these Jews told how he had built for them a synagogue, and seemingly urged this upon the Master as sufficient reason why his request should receive particular attention. The centurion, when he knew the Saviour drew near his house, sent messengers to him, expressing a sense of unworthiness to have the Master come into his house, and requesting Jesus simply to speak the word,—thereby giving evidence of such faith in Christ as to draw from the Son of God the remarkable statement: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

Great Lesson.—The personal, visible presence of Jesus is not essential to the healing of either soul or body. The divine word is the cleansing, healing, and saving agent. Jesus' word of healing power is abroad in the world, and all who will by faith connect themselves with the divine Healer may experience its benefits.

#### STUDY OF THE MIRACLE

A Certain Centurion.—Let us not be too hasty to judge a man from his occupation or profession. This Roman soldier was apparently living up to his best light. His humility is shown in that his estimate of himself was far below that of his neighbors, as well as by his own sense of unworthiness. This centurion was a generous man, having built a synagogue for the Jews; he was a loving man, for the Jews said, "He loveth our nation;" and he was a conscientious man, as is seen in his tender solicitude for the welfare of his servant. Roman servants were slaves, and ordinarily greatly abused. The narrative of this miracle contains a great lesson concerning the interest Christians should take in their hired help, and those who assist them in various ways.

He Loveth Our Nation.—Matthew would seem to convey the idea that the centurion came in person to Christ. This is probably an interchange of characters, which is commonly met with in history and daily occurrences. Luke calls attention to the fact that it was the elders of the Jews who came to Christ. This Roman officer had succeeded in overcoming the prejudices of the Jews against the Gentiles, as well as that of the conquered against their conquerors, and had won the respect of the community as well as of the elders of the Jewish Church,—a striking illustration of how the most stubborn prejudice may be overcome by a consistent life. We believe this instance is unprecedented in Jewish history.

When the Jews pleaded the centurion's worthiness and generosity as a reason why Christ should heal his servant, they showed how little they appreciated the basis of Christ's love, and that Christ did not heal people because they were worthy, but because they were *needy*; yet he said nothing to these Jewish friends of the Roman soldier, for he had already read the heart of the centurion, and knew his sincere faith and true humility, as was afterward shown when he sent still other friends, saying, "I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof."

W. S. SADLER.

(Concluded next week.)



### PARABLE OF THE IMPORTUNATE NEIGHBOR

(November 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 11: 1-13.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 139-149.

1. During what part of Christ's ministry was this parable given? Where was the Saviour at this time? Note 1.

2. Note what other parables were given in connection with that of the Importunate Neighbor. What gospel writer *only* records these parables?

3. One day the disciples came and found Jesus praying. What effect did this have upon them?

4. Who had taught them to pray before this?

5. How did Christ answer their request?

6. When did the Saviour first give the Lord's prayer? See sermon on the mount; note 2.

7. What do you find in this prayer to show how often it should be offered? Compare verse 3 with the corresponding verse in Matthew 6.

8. From the fact that Jesus *repeated* the Lord's prayer, what neglect does this show on the part of the disciples?

9. How did he then illustrate the lesson that he desired to teach them?

10. In this parable who are the actors?

11. What is the time of the scene?

12. What aid does one ask of his friend?

13. For whom does he ask it? What compels him to ask?

14. What answer does the friend (?) at first make? Are these the words of a friend? How is he spoken of in verse 7?

15. What finally influences the man "from within" to give the loaves? How many does he give?

16. What is the meaning of the word "importunity"?

17. In the parable how many times does the neighbor ask for bread before his request is granted?

18. What lesson does Christ teach from this circumstance?

19. What reward is there for those who ask, seek, and knock?

20. In what way is the character of our Heavenly Father a contrast to that of the selfish neighbor?

21. How did this neighbor give? How does our Father give? Eph. 3: 20.

22. What kind of giver does God love? 2 Cor. 9: 7.

23. This parable teaches two very important lessons. What are they?

#### NOTES

1. The parable of the Importunate Neighbor belongs to the second series of Christ's parables. These were given during his ministration in Perea, beyond Jordan. A brief description of Christ's work at this time is found in "Desire of Ages," pages 588, 589. The following is an outline of the parables of Christ:—

#### FIRST PARABLES

During Ministry in Galilee.—Sower; Seed; Tares; Mustard Seed; Leaven; Hidden Treasure; Pearl of Great Price; Net; Householder.

Close of Ministry in Galilee.—Parable of Unmerciful Servant.

#### SECOND SERIES OF PARABLES

During Ministry in Perea, beyond Jordan.—Good Samaritan; Importunate Neighbor; Foolish Rich Man; Barren Fig Tree; Leaven and

Mustard Seed repeated; Great Supper; Lost Sheep repeated; Lost Drachma; Lost Son; Unjust Steward; Dives and Lazarus; Pharisee and Publican; Wicked and Slothful Servant.

At Feast of Tabernacles.—Parable of Good Shepherd.

#### THIRD SERIES OF PARABLES

Last Week of Christ's Ministry.—Parable of the Laborers, in the way to Jerusalem; Parable of Two Sons, Vineyard, and Marriage of King's Son, given the last day of Christ in the temple; Parable of Fig Tree, Ten Virgins, and Talents, given to disciples on Mount of Olives.

From the foregoing outline it will be seen that the Saviour gave three important series of parables—in Galilee, in Perea, and in Jerusalem, respectively. There are also several minor parables, which he gave at other times; but this outline includes all those given during these three periods of his ministry.

2. The sermon on the mount was the ordination sermon for the disciples. Early that morning the Saviour had set them apart and blessed them, and in the sermon that followed, he taught the Lord's prayer. The disciples must have forgotten this, and probably had neglected to pray; and when, several months later, they asked Jesus to teach them how, he repeated the prayer that he first gave them.

#### PARAGRAPHS FROM THE LESSON HELP

1. The selfish neighbor in the parable does not represent the character of God. The lesson is drawn, not by comparison, but by contrast. A selfish man will grant an urgent request, in order to rid himself of one who disturbs his rest. But God delights to give.

2. Our prayers are not to be a selfish asking, merely for our own benefit. We are to ask that we may give. . . . In the parable the petitioner was again and again repulsed, but he did not relinquish his purpose. So our prayers do not always seem to receive an immediate answer; but Christ teaches that we should not cease to pray. Prayer is not to work any change in God; it is to bring us into harmony with God.

3. God does not say, Ask once, and you shall receive. He *bids* us ask. Unwearingly persist in prayer. The persistent asking brings the petitioner into a more earnest attitude, and gives him an increased desire to receive the things for which he asks.

It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—*Horace Bushnell.*

ONE ought to talk only as loud as he lives—a rule which would deprive some people of the privilege of shouting.—*J. Wilbur Chapman.*

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No. 1, Chicago Express, to Chicago.....	9.23 A. M.
No. 3, 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.





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.

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

The gem can not be polished without friction, nor the man be perfected without trials.  
 — Chinese Proverb.

MONDAY:

"It is as easy to stop one's self half-way down a greased slide as to stop the consequences of a lie or a sin after one has set them going."

TUESDAY:

Mine be the reverent, listening love  
 That waits all day on Thee,  
 With the service of a watchful heart  
 Which no one else can see.  
 — A. L. Waring.

WEDNESDAY:

A great many people are trying to make peace. But that has already been done. God has not left it for us to do; all that we have to do is to enter into it.—Moody.

THURSDAY:

It requires more magnanimity to give up what is wrong than to maintain that which is right; for our pride is wounded by the one effort, and flattered by the other.—Colton.

FRIDAY:

"Only a step at a time! It may be the angels bend o'er us,  
 To bear us above the stones which wound our feet by the way;  
 The step that is hardest of all is not the one just before us,  
 And the path we dread the most may be smoothed another day."

SABBATH:

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

EVERY-DAY COURAGE

EVERY little while the papers and magazines call attention to lives saved by the efforts of others, often those who are young in years. A sixteen-year-old girl plunges into sixty feet of water to rescue a drowning schoolmate, and holds her head above water till both are rescued; another, a child of ten, saves a drowning boy; an elevator boy, at imminent risk to his own life, runs his elevator again and again to the upper floors of a burning building, till all the dwellers thereon are brought to a place of safety; the young son of a millionaire owner of dynamite works stands on the wooden roof of a building filled with explosives, and loses his life in the brave though vain endeavor to avert the disaster that must follow if the flames have their way. We read—the world reads, and admires the bravery, the cheerful courage, the forgetfulness of

self, that have stood out so brightly in the trying hour.

Yes, courage is a fine thing, and worthy of admiration. And the saving of life—can there be anything nobler than this? The Saviour gave the unselfish spirit that puts the welfare of another first, even to the extent of giving up of life itself, as the supreme test of love. To save life—that is the call that brings the physician hurrying to the bedside of the wounded or the sorely stricken; ordinary cases must wait when that call is given.

"But I have no opportunity to do brave things; I have no chance to save life," some one says. Did you ever stop to think that it often requires as great or greater courage to keep faithfully doing some little duty, day after day, as to win, in some supreme moment, the applause of the world? That this is so is a fact that is recognized by thoughtful persons the world over. A hundred years ago, and more, a rich French baron founded a "prize of virtue," to be given only to the poor, and never to any one who applied for it—since humility is one of the highest virtues. Not long ago this prize was given to two blind sisters, who live, with their invalid mother, in a tiny village in central France. The story of their humble lives is most pathetic and touching. Both were born blind, but this did not hinder them from having a happy childhood. They were always busy, and singing about the poor little rooms of their home from morning till night. They early learned to help keep the small rooms in spotless order. At last the father died, the mother fell ill, and the little family was about to be broken up. A home was offered the girls, but their mother must be sent to the poor-house. But the loving girls would not consent. "Let us try a while longer," they said to the magistrate of the little village. "Let us do our best, and then, if we fail, we will do as you think best." Never idle, now they worked more busily than ever. They learned to wash, a kind-hearted neighbor telling them when the clothes were clean. During the day they washed for the neighbors, and cared for their mother; at night they learned to spin,—and, working thus day and night, they were able to support themselves, and brighten their mother's declining days.

At last their case was brought to the notice of the French Academy, and the noble sisters were rewarded with the gift they would have chosen had they ever thought of such good fortune—a little home, and an income sufficient for their modest needs.

But though in this one instance the bravery and self-sacrifice of these two blind girls was rewarded, there are hundreds and thousands of instances just as deserving that never come to the notice of the world,—that are never rewarded, except by Him who notes the fall of the humblest bird, and before whose eyes no loving, unselfish deed ever goes unapproved. And is not that the sweetest reward of all?

No opportunity to save life? Every day such an opportunity is given to each one—an opportunity to save life for the kingdom of heaven. Often those who would risk their earthly life to save another, will shrink, and hesitate, and finally lose altogether the priceless opportunity to speak a word in season to some weary soul,—to hold out the hand of comfort and good cheer and friendly sympathy that shall be as a life-line to draw him to the One in whom is his only hope of safety.

So while we admire the brave deeds of others, let us not waste our time in wishing for some such chance to show what we would do. It is wiser to do the every-day things that call for courage in small measures, many times repeated, and to pray that our eyes may be quick to see those whose lives are in peril, and our tongues no less quick to speak the word that shall be to them a savor of life.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

THE duties of the private secretary of the Chief Executive of this country are by no means light. The November number of *Success* outlines them to its readers as follows:—

The position of secretary to the president of the United States is an arduous one. In the rendering of its multitudinous services, it calls for the business qualifications of a methodical and systematic clerk in the performance of the daily routine of official work, and the finesse of a practiced diplomat in meeting and satisfactorily adjusting situations which naturally come before him as an intermediary between the president and an assorted public, each individual of which believes himself entitled to a portion of the president's time and interest.

The task of handling and answering the White House mail is in itself no small one, the president receiving from two hundred to one thousand two hundred letters a day. Important or not, each of these communications receives due attention, the secretary carefully sorting and classifying them; presenting some to the personal attention of the president, referring others to the department or person to which each properly belongs, while all receive courteous acknowledgment from the president's representative.

The secretary is also required to meet and dispose of the numerous visitors who call on the president at times not set aside for his public receptions, and whose business ranges all the way from that relative to the appointment of a supreme court judge or the governor of a turbulent territory, to the obtaining of the presidential autograph for a schoolgirl's album.

To deal with this heterogeneous mass in such a way as best to serve the ends of both business and courtesy, while economizing his own time and easing the strain on the president's personal attention by selecting the really important from the trivial quest,—sorting the grain from the chaff,—giving offense to none, and sending all away with pleasant words and smiling faces, requires endless resources of tact and good judgment.

The secretary is also expected to keep at his fingers' ends the details of all the official business of the executive office, and the president is likely to send for him frequently each day to consult him regarding official engagements which have been made by him, to seek information and advise with him upon some matter under consideration, or, at a moment's notice, to bring papers and data demanding immediate attention.

ANOTHER DOLLAR

For the India Mission fund is received this week from Mrs. James Johnson, of Everly, Iowa. We are glad that this important fund is remembered so generously, and hope the entire amount lacking,—about nine dollars,—may be made up before the new year.

Mrs. Johnson also sends the *INSTRUCTOR* for one year to two public institutions. You will remember that when sent to libraries, schools, reading-rooms,—in fact, all public institutions,—the *INSTRUCTOR* is supplied for only fifty cents a year.

THE *Teachers' Sanitary Bulletin*, published monthly by the State Board of Health at Lansing, Mich., and furnished free to all teachers and others interested, is a publication that ought to be read by all heads of families, as well as all who have young people under their care. The July issue, devoted to a consideration of the "Infectiousness of Milk in Tuberculous Cows," is of more than ordinary importance. No one who reads it will feel like ignoring the facts it presents or the precautions it recommends. Send for a copy to the State Board of Health, Lansing, Mich.