

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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No. 9.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A VINEYARD OF OLDEN TIME

COME, turn the hands of your clocks back a little over two thousands years. We'll visit a vineyard among the hills by that grand old river that flows from Galilee—the Jordan.

It is a crisp morning in September, the time of the grape harvest. Towns and villages have given forth their life to the country; and now as we pass hurriedly along, we see tents and verdant booths in the groves by the way. On the morning air floats the sweet chant of Hebrew song, and blue columns of smoke rise where maid and matron prepare the morning meal.

Here is the vineyard we seek. This hedge of thorns growing so thickly over a stone fence is a splendid protection from wild bears and jackals; and even the little foxes, cunning and nimble though they be, need the patience of Job, and the perseverance of Elisha to get inside. In fact, it reminds us of the hedge which God planted around Job's place, so thick that even Satan had to keep out. The foxes do get through this one sometimes, however, and a merry time they have then. Not content with one bunch, they nibble at this cluster and that, till great damage is done.

Do you see those women and children among the high-staked vines? They are the poor and the feeble. The law of Moses declares: "Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger." That is why these folks are here. They are gleaning where others have gathered. See what great bunches they have in their baskets, some purple and some yellow! The immense clusters of the yellow grapes make us think of that great cluster the spies brought back to the waiting people; and, strange to say, they are of the same variety. Look at that little girl,—she has found a bunch so large that she asks the woman by her side to pick it, lest it slip from her fingers.

used to store away the crops. I wish we had time to go through all the rooms, and indeed to take dinner with the owners; for we should learn many curious things. But time flies—let us take a peep at the wine-press.

It is here, near the tower, under great fig-trees which cast such refreshing shade. Both press and vat are square holes cut in the solid rock, one lower than the other, so that the juice will run into it as the grapes are mashed. Just now these men are drawing off the juice into earthen jars, and bottles made from the skins of sheep and goats. Notice that the juice is clear and limpid, having settled overnight. Some of it will soon be heated, sealed in the jars by means of wax or pitch, and then buried in the cool earth to keep sweet and fresh till wanted for use. Some will be boiled to a sirup, and eaten as we eat honey. Still other will be fermented, and made into strong wine and vinegar.

It is now time for work to begin in the press. Several gatherers have arrived with baskets of clusters. The women and children always carry the baskets on their heads, without the aid of their hands to balance them; but the men carry a heavier load on their broad shoulders. Basket after basket, the grapes are handed to the man who stands by the press, and empties them in as the treaders are ready for them. All along one side of the press you notice a matting, on which the treaders may stand when tired. But just now they are holding to straps which swing from a beam,

and treading away, barefooted, amid the spattering juice and slippery skins. A muddy stream of greenish tint soon makes its way into the vat below; and now and again a thirsty picker, coming in, will take up the gourd dipper, and sample the cool, sweet fluid.

Now we must take our leave. We go through the gate in the hedge; wind in and out among the orchard and vine-clad hills; step over babbling brooks lined with ferns; stop here and there to pick a fragrant blossom, or listen to the peaceful cooing of the turtle-dove; and a sense of peace and contentment steals over us, and we exclaim, Was there ever a land like this!

Alas, It Brought Forth Wild Grapes!

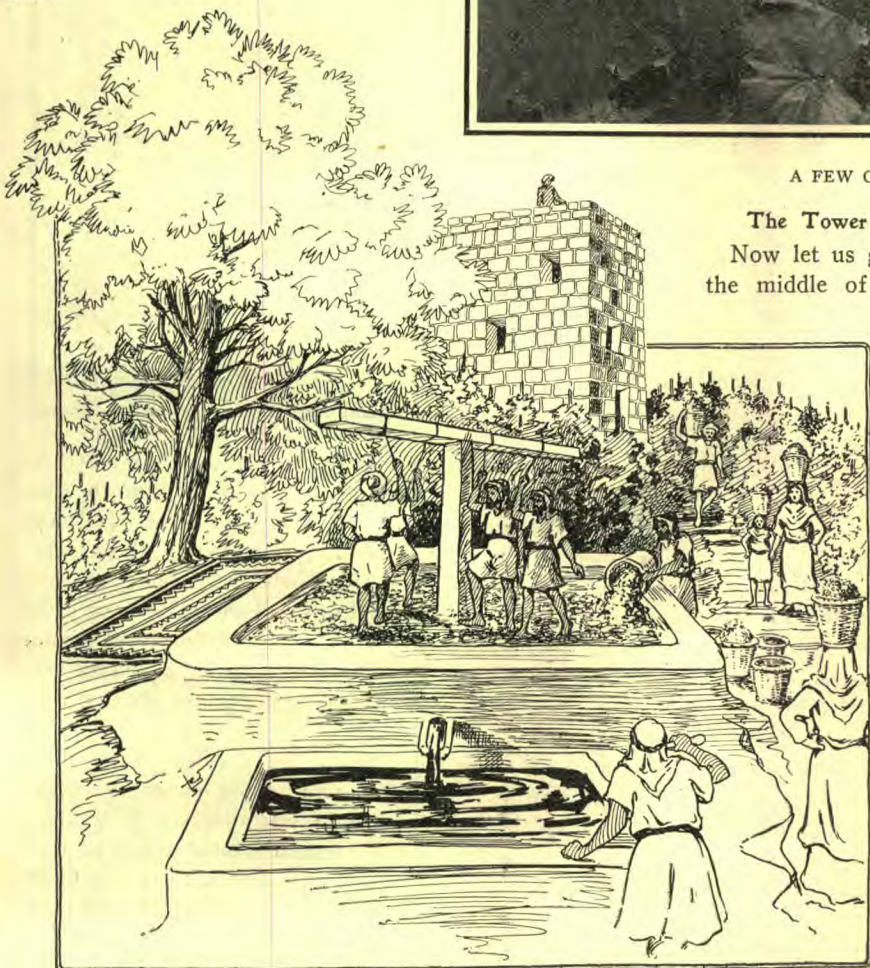
Though God had indeed made it a delightful land, the joy of the whole earth, a place in which to show forth his love and power,—though he had fenced it with his own presence, cleared it of nations as men clear a field of stones, planted it with the choicest vine, and set in the midst of it his own strength as a mighty tower, still—it brought forth wild grapes! He had planted Israel as a missionary nation for the whole earth; and it had disappointed him, it had failed alto-



A FEW CLUSTERS

The Tower and the Wine-Press

Now let us go up to the tower in the middle of the vineyard. How beautiful! you exclaim. Yes, it is lovely indeed, as it rises from the sea of vines and trees; but don't think that it was built for ornament. No, no! as the Lord "is a strong tower" for the protection of his people, so this tower is a protection to the vineyard. The vine-dressers live in the top, from which they can watch the whole place, while the lower rooms are



THE WINE-PRESS AND TOWER

gether to bring forth good fruit. Now he said: "I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and I will break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down: and I will lay it waste: it shall not be pruned nor digged; but there shall come up briars and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it."

Was ever prophecy more sure? How soon the change came! To-day the traveler walks over the sunburned plains and the desolate hills of that most desolate of lands, and exclaims, Behold here a page in God's lesson-book for men! They planted disobedience and selfishness; and now behold its fruit—ruin and desolation! Shall we not learn a lesson from this vineyard of olden time?

EDISON DRIVER.

NEVER FAIL

THERE is a brave, sweet-tempered knight
Whose name is Never Fail.
His trusty sword is Do the Right;
I Will, his coat of mail.
And naught his purpose can withstand
When once he says, "I'll find a way."

To be on time with Never Fail
Is just to learn the way,
Like him, each little height to scale,
All through the busy day;
And never let an hour go by
Without a nobly said "I'll try."

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

THE BLESSING OF LABOR

ONE of the first laws of the being is that of action. Every organ of the body has its appointed work, upon the development of which depends its strength. The normal action of all the organs gives vigor and life; inaction brings decay and death.

God placed our first parents in Paradise, surrounding them with all that was useful and lovely. In their Eden home nothing was wanting that could minister to their comfort and happiness. And to Adam was given the work of caring for the garden. The Creator knew that Adam could not be happy without employment. The beauty of the garden delighted him, but this was not enough. He must have labor to call into exercise the wonderful organs of the body. Had happiness consisted in doing nothing, man, in his state of holy innocence, would have been left unemployed. But he who created man knew what would be for his happiness; and no sooner had he created him, than he gave him his appointed work. The promise of future glory, and the decree that man must toil for his daily bread, came from the same throne.

To-day thousands are sick and dying who might get well if they would; but imagination keeps them sick. Self-made invalids, they think that to work would make them worse, when work is just what they need to make them well. Without labor, they can never improve. When the body is inactive, the blood flows sluggishly, and the muscles decrease in size and strength. Rising above their aches and pains, forgetting that they have aching backs, sides, and heads, they should engage in useful employment. Physical exercise, and a free use of air and sunlight,—blessings which heaven has abundantly bestowed on all,—would give life and strength to many an emaciated invalid.

When not actively engaged in preaching, the apostle Paul labored at his trade as tent-maker. Before he accepted Christianity, he had occupied a high position, and was not dependent upon his trade for support. But among the Jews it was customary to teach children a trade, however high the position they were expected to fill, that a reverse of circumstances might not leave them incapable of sustaining themselves. In accordance with this rule, Paul learned the

tent-maker's trade; and when his means had been expended in advancing the cause of God and in his own support, Paul resorted to his trade in order to gain a livelihood. Although feeble in health, he labored during the day in serving the cause of Christ, and then toiled a large part of the night, and frequently all night, that he might provide for his own and others' necessities.

Work is a blessing, not a curse. Diligent labor keeps many, young and old, from the snares of him who "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Let no one be ashamed of work; for honest toil is ennobling. While the hands are engaged in the most common tasks, the mind may be filled with high and holy thoughts.

Drowsiness and indolence destroy godliness, and grieve the Spirit of God. A stagnant pool is offensive; but a pure, flowing stream spreads health and gladness over the land. No man or woman who is converted can be anything but a worker. There certainly is and ever will be employment in heaven. The redeemed will not live in a state of dreamy idleness. There remaineth a rest for the people of God,—a rest which they will find in serving him to whom they owe all they have and are.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS

ONE of the most important things to be learned by boys who expect to become real men, is to see. Few people have ever learned that God gave them their eyes to use. I don't mean that they are blind, but that they do not see one-tenth part of what they should see. Men spend thousands of dollars every year for books that tell them things they could learn for nothing if they would use their eyes.

In one of our talks, you remember, we spoke of the great importance of learning to think, and of how few people do learn thus to use their minds. I believe we decided that the sooner we learn to think, the better is our chance of becoming men. Now, I wish to say the same thing of seeing, only to make it more emphatic if possible; for of what value is the ability to think, if one can see nothing to think about? Ruskin has truthfully said that there are a hundred men who can talk well where there is one who can think, and that there are a thousand men who can think to one who can see. So you can readily see what a vast advantage you will have if you only begin to use your eyes.

God has placed all manner of beautiful and interesting things about us, for our pleasure, and to teach us of him. Do we show our appreciation very well when we do not even see them? Many men travel thousands of miles every year to see wonderful sights, when they would find just as wonderful things in their own back yards if they would only look.

Thousands of persons used to go to hear Agassiz lecture on a grasshopper, or something else as common, and go away and say, "How wonderful!" when they might have learned the same things for themselves if they had used their eyes.

Some time ago, as I was walking through a pasture with a young man, I happened to remark: "A brown-winged hawk ate one of mother's chickens on that stump a few days ago." In some surprise he asked how I knew. I asked if he did not notice the feathers we had walked over; and he answered: "I do now; but how do you know whose chicken it was? and how do you know it was not a skunk or a mink or an old owl?"

I replied that skunks and mink do not make themselves conspicuous by getting on a stump to eat their prey, while a hawk does, that he may see anything that may approach. Owls do not care, for they work in the night. There

are feathers on the stump as well as on the ground, so I know the chicken was eaten there. None of our near neighbors have chickens the color of this one, but mother has, so I know where it came from. All the feathers show they were wet by the rain two days ago, but they were not under the heavy snow of two weeks ago, or they would be matted into the grass more. I know the kind of hawk, because here is one of his wing-feathers."

Instead of wasting time cooped up in the house playing games, get out and study spiders, ants, birds, flowers, trees; in short, see everything you can, and as well as you can. Be much with nature. Don't try to ramble over too much ground. Mary Treat saw enough under some maples near her home to make her famous, though hundreds had probably visited the same place, and seen comparatively nothing.

You will be helped greatly in learning to use your eyes if you will carry a magnifying-glass in your pocket, and use it every day. For twenty-five or thirty cents, you can get one that will answer nicely for this purpose.

You may not be able to buy books to read in your spare time, but God has given you the best and most interesting book in the world,—the wide, beautiful book of nature,—and he allows, yes, urges, you to use it freely.

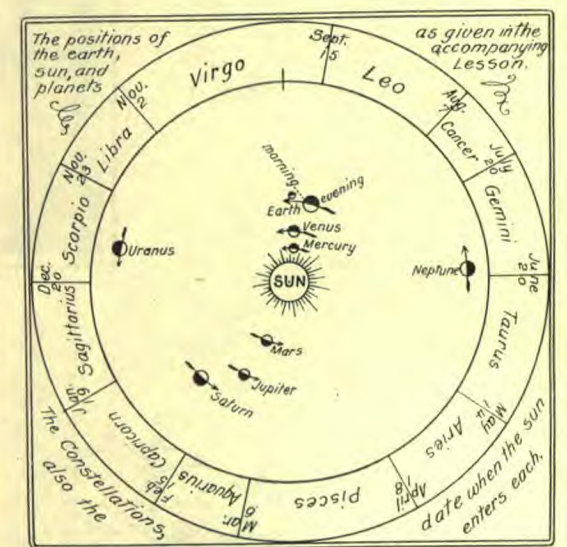
FLOYD BRALLIAR.



OVERHEAD NATURE STUDY

THE accompanying diagram presents a comprehensive view of our solar system; that is, of our sun and his attending planets, as they will be related to one another about March first. Bear in mind that all the worlds are revolving about the sun in the same direction, but not all at the same rate of speed.

Those nearer the sun than Earth (Venus and



Mercury) not only have less distance to travel to complete their yearly journey around the sun, but they travel in their respective circuits more rapidly than Earth. Consequently their years are correspondingly shorter, according as their paths lie nearer that orb. The worlds whose paths lie beyond the course of Earth travel correspondingly slower in their journey about the sun, as their distance from the sun is greater than ours.

We should become so familiar with these worlds, not only as represented on the chart, but in the heavens themselves, that we shall know just when to expect their visits, where to look for them, be able to recognize them by name when we see them, and tell which way they are traveling, and how long they will stay with us.

While we can not, with our other duties, promise a study of this kind exactly on time each month, we will try to prepare these diagrams from time to time, so that our class may keep up with the changes constantly going on in the heavens, also to help you obtain some of the rudiments of this, the most beautiful and ennobling of all sciences.

In the early evening, stand facing the south, and so hold the accompanying diagram that if you were really standing on the sphere marked "Earth," at the point indicated by the dotted line marked "Evening," the sun in the diagram would be at your right hand, or to the west, which is actually the case.

Now how many of the other planets are you in a position to see? Uranus is certainly out of sight; for the whole earth is between you and him. Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are all in the far distant west, millions of miles beyond the sun, and so also out of sight. Venus, which twice during the past winter so beautifully bedecked our evening sky, has, in company with Mercury, passed in between us and the sun, and now sinks in the west even before the sun withdraws his shining; so we can not see either of these planets. Neptune alone is above our evening horizon; but unfortunately Neptune, like Uranus, is so far away from our little world that without a good telescope we need not expect to make his acquaintance. Thus we have nothing whatever to see in the planetary line from our evening point of view. But this will not long be the case; for "the world moves," and so do all the other worlds. Lay the diagram carefully aside until March 15; then get up just before daybreak, and observe the eastern heavens. If you are sharp-eyed, and the weather is clear, you will be rewarded by getting the first glimpse of Venus as she begins her rôle as a morning star. You may also catch a glimpse of Mercury, as he will be at his greatest eastern elevation above the sun, March 16. It will pay you to watch for him, as he is so near the sun that but few have ever obtained a good look at him. He is in too much of a hurry to stay long, and you will have only four or five chances to see him before he leaves.

Venus does not travel so fast, and also gets farther away from the sun, so we can see her plainly. March 20 she will be at her brightest.

In making your morning observations, hold the diagram so that you may imagine yourself standing on the earth at that point marked "Morning," with the sun to your left, or in the east, and you will see where to look for these worlds of light. If you are acquainted with Saturn, you will see him also, very low down in the eastern sky, just before the sun rises; but he will look much smaller than when we saw him last as an evening star. This is because he is so much farther away than during the summer evenings.

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

OUR THOUGHTS

THAT which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings, or its woes,
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly,
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And after you have quite forgot,
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove, or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair,
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and molding fate,
God's system is so intricate.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



FROM week to week our hearts are made glad to receive the encouraging reports from the Young People's Societies that are organized and at work. It is with special pleasure that we call your attention to the report this week from our school at Healdsburg, California. Though it is a little long, we feel sure that you will agree with us that there is not a line to spare. And we are glad for the opportunity that this work affords for those in our schools, and those who can not attend them, to come into closer touch with one another. The work is one and the same, whether it is carried forward by a large, well-organized company, or by a small group in some country place, or even by one or two working almost alone; and the same God of all blessing and help is watching to bless every one who will enlist in his army for service.

A REPORT AND AN APPEAL

FROM recent reports we learn that in eighteen Conferences a beginning has been made in the young people's work. One Society has also been organized in England, and one in Jamaica. Some of the Societies are small, but are doing good work. Nearly all that have been heard from are using, in their young people's meetings, the lessons in the INSTRUCTOR. The members of these Societies are doing almost all kinds of missionary work. A list of some of the things that the young people are actually doing, may be a help to some of the more recently organized Societies:—

1. Distributing literature on the envelope plan.
2. Visiting, and reading, and singing for the sick, the lonely, and the aged.
3. Piecing quilts for the poor.
4. Selling the *Life Boat*, *Signs*, and *Good Health*.
5. Holding branch Sabbath-schools.
6. Jail work.
7. Writing missionary letters.
8. Sending out literature.
9. Distributing papers and tracts.
10. Christian Help work.
11. Canvassing for small publications.

A number of conversions are reported as the direct result of the young people's work. In places where the work of the Society has been most successfully carried on, the churches are beginning to feel the impetus of the movement, and seem to have awakened to new life.

Once more we wish to appeal to our young people everywhere to consecrate themselves to the Lord. We have again reached the time when the message is due, "Choose you *this day* whom ye will serve." There is no time to delay longer. Once more we quote the definite call in the words of the Testimonies:—

"Young men and young women, can not you form companies, and as soldiers of Christ enlist in the work, putting all your tact and skill and talent into the Master's service, that you may save souls from ruin? Let there be companies organized in every church to do this work. Will the young men and young women who really love Jesus organize themselves as workers, not only for those who profess to be Sabbath-keepers, but for those who are not of our faith?"

"Let young men and women and children go to work in the name of Jesus. Let them unite together upon some plan and order of action. Can not you form a band of workers, and have

set times to pray together, and ask the Lord to give you his grace, and put forth united action? You should consult with men who love and fear God, and who have had an experience in the work, that under the movings of the Spirit of God, you may form plans and develop methods by which you can work in earnest for certain results."

It is certain that here is a definite call to our young people to do a certain work. The success of this movement requires that they commit themselves definitely to it. It is a call to activity, — a call for burden-bearers. There should be a clear enrollment of those whose hearts respond to the call that is made, and who are willing to enlist in active service. If you are interested in this movement in any degree, write to your State Sabbath-school Secretary, or to the undersigned at 705 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn. MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

MARCH STUDY OF THE FIELD

Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting

(March 8)

1. OPENING EXERCISES.
2. Bible Reading: Reasons for Awakening to Active Service. (See outline below.)
3. Remarks by the Leader: An Awakening Needed. (See suggestive outline.)
4. Field Study:—
 - (a) The work in Europe and Asia Minor. With a good map of the world, let some one outline the trip described by Brother Dail and Elder Conradi, pointing out the location of our churches, noting the difficulties in Constantinople, the work among the churches in Asia Minor, the calls from Macedonia, and the visit to Smyrna. (The outline of Elder Conradi's visit will continue for several months, and may be followed in several meetings with interest.)
 - (b) The condition of the work, and call for help from the South American mission field.
 - (c) The message in Belgium, Holland, and Finland.
 - (d) The items of progress from India, Japan, and Australia.
 - (e) Map exercise. (Let the leader or some other individual point out on the map the different fields mentioned in the March study, calling for volunteers to give some item of special interest or need, also the names of the workers in each field called for. This will give a good idea of the scope of our work and our knowledge of the same. In this exercise it would be of interest to call attention to the unentered fields also.)
 - (f) The Missionary Heroine. (This little incident from the life of Mrs. Judson is worthy of repetition. All may not have read it.)
5. Closing Exercises.

NOTE.—Material for the field study will, as usual, be found in the current number of the *Missionary Magazine*. Fields can sometimes be dealt with more fully by referring to back numbers.

We are indebted to the *Christian Endeavor World* for the outline of the address for the leader, which has been adapted to our need. If this little outline is followed, do not fail to make the thoughts your own before passing them on.

Reasons for Awakening to Active Service

1. The great commission. Mark 16: 14-20.
2. The last message. Rev. 14: 6-9.

3. Extent to which it will be preached. Matt. 24: 14.
4. Time in which we are living. Matt. 24: 32-35.
5. Power for service. Acts 1: 1-8.
6. Event immediately to follow preaching of message to all the world. Matt. 24: 14, 29-31; Rev. 14: 14-16.

An Awakening Needed

The topic of our Bible study to-day implies that we have reached a time in this world's history when there should be a great awakening along missionary lines. It also implies that many of us are asleep in regard to missions. Is that too harsh a statement to make?—No; for if we Seventh-day Adventists were wide-awake on this subject, we should know more about missions, and give more, and pray more, and go more.

How many here can tell who has the oversight of our own missionary work in the distant fields? In what parts of the world has the message been planted? Can you name twenty-five of our own leading missionaries? Who were ten of the world's greatest missionaries during the last century? and where did they work? How many have ever read ten missionary books treating on different phases of general missionary work, or the lives of some noted missionaries, or on missionary incidents? Do you read regularly and thoroughly our own missionary journal, the *Missionary Magazine*? An answer to these questions will betray our real interest in the world-wide work and the extent of our information on the subject.

Are you regularly laying aside a definite portion of your income for missions? An excellent plan is to keep a record of all your expenditures, and regularly compare your gifts to the world-wide work with personal expenditures. These will show, again, how definitely our interest in missions has taken shape.

Next, does the carrying of this gospel of the kingdom to earth's remotest bounds form a part of our earnest and persistent prayers? Are our prayers all for ourselves and our personal family interests? or do we carry upon our hearts an interest in the giving of this message in that way that will bring the speedy return of our Lord? Do we really long to see it go quickly in Europe, in China and India, in Japan, and the islands, in Africa and South America? or do we give it little thought? A conscientious answer will show the place that the return of our Lord, and the giving of the gospel to the world in preparation for that event, occupy in our prayers.

And, finally, what is your duty and mine in connection with this work? Why should not the larger number of us dedicate our lives to carrying this gospel to the most needy fields,—India or China or Japan, Latin Europe or Africa or South America? Have we ever honestly considered this question in the light of the great need, the nearness of our Master's return, and the binding obligation upon each of us who know this truth to hasten it to earth's remotest bounds? If the question were decided in the fear of the Lord, many of the little experiences that come to us from day to day would be looked upon, not as crosses, but as precious opportunities to gain a broader experience for the great work before us.

A candid answer to these questions will place a different phase upon our connection with this work.

The study of the field to-day brings to us some of the calls that are coming continually from those who stand at the front. It also shows some of the blessedness of going with our Lord where there is greatest need. Let us consider our relation to this work to-day in the light of the soon return of our Lord.

E. H.

Do what is worthy of reward, and desire none.

FROM HEALDSBURG COLLEGE

EARLY in the present school year we organized our College Missionary Society. Our purpose was to study mission fields and the lives of missionaries, to distribute our literature through the mails and from house to house, and to gain an experience in lines of practical missionary work as the way might open in this vicinity.

Instead of taking an hour outside of our regular school session for our meetings, we decided to use the chapel hour on Thursday morning of each week for this purpose. Our programs have been of unusual interest, and have been enjoyed by the whole school. Miss Gertrude Grainger, who, with her parents, spent several years in Japan, gave us an interesting picture of that field, its needs, and opportunities for work; Elder Hibbard told us of city mission work in Chicago; Elder Loughborough spoke of the development of our publishing work; and Professor Rine gave a particularly inspiring talk on what Healdsburg College has done, during the sixteen years of his connection with the school, to prepare workers for the field.

We take a club of twelve copies of the *Review* to be used in the college home, so that our students may all have an opportunity to know of the progress of the cause. We are also taking one hundred copies of the *Signs of the Times*, one hundred of the *Life Boat*, forty of the *Sentinel*, and sixty of the *Pacific Health Journal*. After our general program, we separate into divisions to wrap and address the papers, and to report to the division leaders the work done during the week. There are fourteen of these divisions. Several of our students have used the paper in house-to-house work. The *Health Journal* and the *Life Boat* sell readily, and are appreciated. Others deliver the *Signs* to regular subscribers.

In connection with the work of the Society, Elder Hibbard, with student helpers, has been holding meetings at Windsor, six miles away, on Sabbath and Sunday afternoons. Brethren in the church, who are interested in this work, have furnished conveyances, and a company consisting of a teacher or older student, as leader, and of several students to assist in the singing, have gone there regularly. A good interest has been aroused by this work, and some definite results have already been seen, one family having accepted the truth. A similar work will be begun in other small towns in this locality.

One of our vacation days was improved by our young men in providing for the poor in our locality; about thirty spent the day in the woods cutting wood. A similar work was done last year, and proved a great benefit to many needy families. Last year our Society assisted two worthy students to attend school, and we are helping in the same work this year.

When our work was fairly started, we were asked to organize the young people of our church into a Young People's Society, in harmony with the recommendation of the General Conference. Since many of the young people in our church are not students in the school, and could not attend the Thursday morning meetings, we decided to do this, making the College Missionary Society a branch of the same. We organized according to the plan suggested, but did not settle definitely upon departments of work, preferring to let these develop as the need was found to exist; and to appoint for leaders of these departments those who, by their willingness and faithfulness in voluntary service, proved their fitness for the work.

In addition to the department carried on at the college, we have two other departments organized at present,—the Christian Help work, under the supervision of Dr. G. H. Heald, and the Mission Department, with Brother McCord in charge. Brother McCord has had a wide experience in the field, especially in city mission

work, and enters into this work heartily. Our mission is in a hall down-town, and was fitted up by our young people. Two meetings are held each week, and already some outcasts and dissipated ones have been converted, and are being helped to lead a better life. Notices of the opening of the mission and its work have been posted, and invitation cards have been scattered among the people. The attendance is usually very good, and we feel sure the Lord is richly blessing this branch of the work.

Our college orchestra has rendered invaluable help in our meetings, praising the Lord with instruments as the congregation praise him in song. We also make frequent use of the cornet and violin in our gospel meetings, and the subduing influence of the Spirit of God seems to accompany the efforts of these consecrated players.

Elder A. C. Bourdeau spent one Sabbath afternoon with us, telling us some of the thrilling experiences connected with the opening of our work in Central Europe. Recently Elder Loughborough gave us a most interesting account of how the work began in California, and of his connection with it. His story of how the Lord by his providence opened the way for the entrance of the truth, and guided those who had been impressed to come to this field, seemed almost too wonderful to be true, and we listened to it with hearts full of gratitude.

As we have heard from these pioneer workers the story of the consecration and self-sacrifice of those who were connected with the rise of the message, we have been inspired with greater zeal and devotion to the cause which our society represents, and we feel to join heartily with our young people similarly organized in declaring our aim to be, "The Advent Message to the world in this generation."

JESSIE O. BARBER.

UNION COLLEGE

SOME weeks ago I received a letter from the editor of the *INSTRUCTOR*, requesting that we send a report of our college work to that paper. We take great pleasure in doing this, since a large proportion of the *INSTRUCTOR* family are those who either have been, or should be, receiving an education in some one of our educational institutions. Union College stands for the education and training of all young men and women of sober minds and willing hearts. The curriculum is broad enough to take in every phase of work in which Christians should be engaged. It does not stand as a competitor with the world in the acquirement of a worldly education, but as a school where the pupil may obtain the knowledge of God in every branch of study that is taken up. We do not exclude those not of our faith, provided they are willing to comply with the regulations which govern those attending the school.

In connection with the school there is a missionary society, conducted in the English, German, and Scandinavian languages. The interest in these several divisions of missionary work is very gratifying indeed; in fact, almost every phase of missionary work is carried on as far as it is possible in the school. The foreign missionary work is considered, and a goodly number are preparing themselves especially for work in distant fields.

Just at this time the Special Course of eight weeks, for the training of workers, is in progress. There are thirty-one members of this class who have come fresh from the field. They have brought an excellent spirit with them. It is gratifying indeed to see so many who are giving themselves wholly to the work of the Master. We trust that as they go out into the field, they may inspire many others who have not as yet joined our school family, to come and take a short course of training with us.

L. A. HOOPES.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

CAN YOU?

CAN you make a rose a lily — just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall?
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?
Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest,
Or make one feather on robin's breast?

Can you build a cell like the bee, or spin
Like the spider, a web so fine and thin?
Can you lift a shadow from off the ground?
Can you see the mind or measure a sound?
Can you blow a bubble that will not burst?
Can you talk with echo and not speak first?

Oh, my dear little boy! you are clever and strong,
And happy and busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as any boy can
To do big things like a grown-up man!
Look at me, darling! I tell you true,
There are some things you never can do.

—Selected.

TRUE TO MOTHER'S TRUST

PROMPTLY at four o'clock of a blustery March afternoon, the door of the little country schoolhouse opened, and a line of children filed out.

"O Rob! look at the mill-pond," said Phil, a brown-eyed boy of twelve, who led the line.

"Whe-e-e!" exclaimed Rob.

"Now for a good skate," cried Phil. And away the two boys rushed. With a bound they cleared the fence, and soon reached the edge of the pond, which had frozen with that smooth "glare" so pleasing to the eye of a skater.

It took but a moment to don their skates, and soon the boys were curveting gracefully over the ice.

In a few minutes Phil glided up to Rob, and said, "I oughtn't stay here any longer."

"Oh, don't go, Phil! Why can't you stay?"

"Father went to mill today, and he'll not be home till late, and there'll be all the chores to do."

"Yes, but you can skate a while, and then get home in time to do them," pleaded Rob.

"No, I know mother. She would begin to do the chores herself; for she always likes to have things attended to before dark. Then there is the colt to lead out to water. So I'll have to go," he said, slowly. "Mother says she can always depend on me, and I'd hate to disappoint her," he added.

"Well, I suppose you'll go," said Rob, in disappointed tones, as Phil began unclamping his skates.

For a moment Phil lingered, watching his companion. "The ice looks so tempting. Couldn't I spend just half an hour longer here? It is not every day one can find ice like this,—and this is likely to be the last, too," he thought, regretfully. But soon he turned resolutely away, whistling bravely; and when he reached the main road, he

struck a sturdy gait, which soon brought him in sight of home. Somehow there was an air of loneliness about the place, which made him think mother was not there. The curtains were down; and as he drew nearer, he saw a piece of paper tacked on the door, which he knew meant a note for him.

"Dear Boy," he read; "Mother was called away this afternoon. Your little cousin is ill, and Aunt Kate wished me to be with her. I could not have gone, but I knew I could depend on you. Father will not be home till late. Don't let yourself be lonely, but remember God will take care of you. MOTHER."

Phil felt the warm blood in his cheeks as he thought how he had been tempted to disappoint his mother's trust. More than once that evening he was grateful for his victory at the mill-pond.

of oats, did the other chores. By the time he reached the house, it was quite dark. What a lonely feeling came over him as he entered the cold kitchen! But it seemed much more cheerful when the lamp was lighted, and the fire burning. Phil busied himself by cracking some nuts, and studying his arithmetic lesson for next day; but in spite of his efforts, the hours did seem long. It was not until nearly nine o'clock that he heard the squeak of the sleigh runners on the drive, and the well-known voice of his father as he called, "Whoa!" to the horses at the door.

Catching up the lantern, Phil ran to help put out the horses. After looking Billy over, his father said, "You did just the right thing by the colt, my boy. Before long he would have become so discouraged that he would not have tried to hold his head up, and then he would have strangled to death."

It was not until the next afternoon that Phil saw his mother; and then, big boy as he was, she kissed first one rosy cheek and then the other, saying, "I hope I may always be able to depend on my boy, and that he will always be true and trustworthy."

VINA M. SHERWOOD.



THE BIGGEST YET!

"DUMPKINS"

"SEEMS to me, Willis," said mama, soberly, "I haven't seen Freddie here for several days."

"No, you haven't, mama," returned Willis, dropping his eyes, and digging the gravel with his toe. "He lost his sand-lizard while I was there, and he said 'twas my fault. He said I left the box open. I s'pose he thinks I ought to give him my sand-lizard, but I won't."

"Did he really say he thought you should, Dumpkins?" asked mama, sitting on the porch seat, and looking down seriously upon Willis's clouded face.

Willis looked uneasy. "Dumpkins" was what papa called his "bad-weather" name. He wriggled, but looked up frankly to mama.

"No," he said. "Freddie only made me feel as if I ought to. But Uncle Jack's just finishing that beautiful wire cage

with a glass door for my little Jinks, and how could I give him to Freddie just because his Jimmy got away while I had the box in my lap, and forgot to shut the door?"

"That's true, Dumpkins, dear," returned mama, with suspicious sympathy. "I dare say you will enjoy Jinks in his new home quite as much as Freddie would."

That night Uncle Jack brought the new cage home. Such an airy, beautiful cage it was, strewn with fresh white sand, and with tiny branches snugly fitted in. Jinks was delighted with his new quarters, but Willis watched his antics silently. In the morning mama saw him chasing a fly for Jinks, and shortly afterward both Jinks and Willis disappeared.

About noontime there was a whistle, a loud,

buoyant, joyous whistle, sounding up the side-porch path, and a moment later Willis came into the sitting-room.

"Mother!" he cried, tossing his hat and smiling, so that he was nearly all teeth and dimples. "What do you think? Fred found Jimmy on the big rose-bush as snug as you please, and he said he called me twice to tell me, only —"

"Only you were Dumpkins," finished mama, serenely.

"Ye-es," said Willis, reluctantly. "But, mama, listen. We put Jimmy in the cage with Jinks, and they're tickled to pieces with the house and each other. We're going to let them live in it together, and Fred keeps them one week and I the next. Isn't that a jolly plan?"

"It is," said Uncle Jack's voice in the doorway. "I didn't grudge the time I put on the making of that cage when I saw you offer it, Jinks and all, to Freddie."

"Yes," admitted Willis. "I knew I never should be happy till it was good-by Dumpkins, so —"

"Good-by Dumpkins it was," said Uncle Jack. — *Lillian L. Price, in Youth's Companion.*



LITTLE THINGS

Ah, the world's little things, how great they are!
How the June day would miss the daisy's star!

With what soft grace the wild rose's cheek is prest
Against the pasture's gaunt, forbidding breast!

And we can well believe the rocks are glad
To be with little clinging lichens clad.

What heart among us could afford to let
The spring go by without the violet?

How keen our joy to welcome, as we pass,
The old earth's ways, her new upspringing grass!

A traveler hastening through the starless night,
Is glad to see the little glowworm's light.

Though tired and late, he slacks his hurried tramp
A moment by the tiny silver lamp.

A learned scholar leaves his darling books
To watch with thrilling heart and eager looks

The velvet softness of the summer dark
Embroidered by the firefly's golden spark.

Ah! the world's little things, how great they be!
How rich, how manifold, their ministry!

A little love oft proves a potent leaven.
A baby's hand leads many a heart to heaven.
— *Selected.*

GOSPEL WORK IN THE CHICAGO HARRISON STREET POLICE STATION

EVERY Sunday morning a little band of medical missionary students, and other workers from the Life Boat Mission and the Life Boat Rest, go to Harrison Street Police Station for the purpose of holding gospel services with the prisoners. These services consist in singing and prayer, and usually a short Bible reading, followed by a brief exhortation. In order to reach all the prisoners, it is customary to hold about four such services in different parts of the building. In passing from one division to another, some of the workers remain behind to do personal work with any who seem interested. This is allowable except in the criminals' corridor.

During a recent Sunday morning visit at the Station, thirty-two prisoners were talked with personally, and twenty-seven of these expressed a desire to be remembered in prayer. In one of

the cells was a girl who had been in the depths of sin for eight years, a professed infidel, having never been taught to believe in God or heaven, who said, "But if there is such a being as the God in whom you believe, pray for me, that I may believe also." One man sixty-five years of age was converted in his cell; and an old woman who had lived an irreligious life for eighty years, expressed a desire and determination at once to make her peace with God, and to live her few remaining years for him.

During another Sunday morning visit, after the usual song service with the prisoners in the criminals' corridor, one of the workers told in a most impressive manner the old story of the prodigal son. He closed by saying: "Now, friends, we can not open these bars, and give you liberty; we can not give you what is perhaps the desire of your hearts; but we have come to offer you something better. Peter of old said to the poor cripple who held out his hand for alms, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.' And so this morning we bring you this loving Saviour, and invite you in his name to 'rise up and walk.' We can not come and talk with you personally, but we shall be glad to pray for you. Is there not a man here who will hold out his hand as an indication that he desires the prayers of God's people?" With one accord, and, as it seemed, moved by a single impulse, five hands were extended through the bars; and then, amid

A HEAVEN TO GO TO HEAVEN IN

ONE who lives in this world without receiving in his soul the great thoughts of God, as conveyed to him in the Bible and nature, would be incapable of receiving the thoughts of God if he were taken over into heaven. Therefore we see that it is not an arbitrary decree that keeps sinners out of heaven. God gives us as large an installment of heaven as he can intrust us with each day. By and by he will transplant us into heavenly soil; and then we shall have in full what now we enjoy only in part.

We are to get accustomed to the atmosphere of heaven now. One who is out of harmony with what God is trying to do for him to-day, would be still more miserable if he should be allowed in heaven. God makes all things work together for good to the Christian here below; in fact, he surrounds us with just the heaven that is best adapted to our present condition. Perhaps some will say that this might be true if Satan were destroyed: such forget that he started on his sinful career over in heaven,—but yet it *was* heaven. If the Lord could maintain a heaven while Satan was in it, he certainly can manage a heaven on earth for his children, even if Satan is alive.

Those who finally enter the kingdom of heaven will not cease to sin because Satan is dead, for sin broke out there in the first place: it will be because their *disposition* to sin will have been everlastingly cured. We are here to get thoroughly sick of sin,—to get the notion of working



SCENE IN HARRISON STREET POLICE STATION

the audible sobs of these men, some one began singing:—

"O soul! hast thou forgotten the tender word
and sweet,
Of Him who left behind him the print of bleeding feet?"

'I never will forsake thee; O child, so weary
grown,
Remember I have promised never to leave thee
alone!'

No, never alone! No, never alone!
He has promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone."

A copy of the *Life Boat* was, as usual, left in each cell; and as these men pass to the State penitentiary, as will no doubt be the fate of some of them, it is to be hoped that this little journal may serve as a message of constant goodwill and fellowship from the Christian workers who stand at the head of this missionary effort. Who can tell the results of thus faithfully sowing the seeds of the comforting gospel of Christ in the hearts of these prisoners, who, young though many of them are, have yet lived to experience that "the way of the transgressor is hard"?

DELLA HINSHAW.

contrary to God taken out of our heads.

It is all right to tell sinners about the heaven that we are to have by and by, but it is worth more to introduce them to the heaven that they may have now if they will only yield to the divine Spirit that dwells within each human soul.

It is true that we are to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb when we stand on the sea of glass, but it is our privilege to rehearse it now. And it is high time, too, that we were beginning to learn a few snatches of it; but we shall not be likely to practice it unless we know it as a matter of personal experience.

The young person who has learned to do whatever he does "as unto the Lord," and not to man, will enjoy such happiness in this service that the cheap temptations of sin will lose their fascination; and he will experience the truth of that divine statement, "The kingdom of God is within you."

Of one thing we may rest assured,—the Lord will never trust us with a heaven outside of us until the principles of heaven have blossomed in the soul.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

(March 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "For I say unto you, That unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him." Luke 19:26.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 25:14-30.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 325-365.

14. For the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

15. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

16. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

17. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

18. But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

19. After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

20. And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

21. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

22. He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

23. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

24. Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed:

25. And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

26. His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed:

27. Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

28. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

29. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

30. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Synopsis

It was midnight. Christ was upon the mount of Olives with his disciples. He had just been giving them the signs of his coming, and had bidden them watch and be ready. A second time he repeats the warning, "Watch therefore." Then in a parable he shows what it means to watch for his coming. No time for idle waiting, but one of diligent working! As a man traveling into a far country, Christ was about to depart from this earth to heaven. The disciples, his own servants, were before him, and to them he was delivering his goods. While he should be absent, they were to trade with his goods, double their talents, that when their Lord should return, they might give to him his own with profit. "After a long time," says Christ, "the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them." It has indeed been a "long time," and the Lord of those servants is soon to come. What

about your talents, my young friend? Have you doubled them? or is that one little talent hidden in the earth, where it can benefit neither God nor man?

Questions

1. To what does Christ again compare the kingdom of heaven? See note.

2. Who is this man? Who are the servants? What are the goods? See quotations 2 and 3.

3. How many talents were given to the servants? How were they apportioned?

4. Then what did the man do?

5. What did the servant who received five talents do with the same?

6. The one who received two talents did what? What became of the one talent?

7. When does the Lord come to reckon with his servants? What does the Bible call this time of reckoning? Read Heb. 9:27.

8. What glad words are said to the one who has gained five talents?

9. What is said to the one who has doubled his two talents? (Notice that the same words are spoken to both.)

10. What excuse was offered by the servant who had one talent, for not improving it?

11. Of what was he afraid? See quotation 1.

12. What did the lord call this servant? Says one: "A slothful servant is a withered member of the body, a barren tree in the vineyard, an idle drone in the hive: he is good for nothing."

13. Instead of hiding the talent, what ought this servant to have done? Why?

14. What did the lord therefore command concerning the misimproved talent?

15. What comforting words are spoken of every one who has made a right use of his talents?

16. What warning is given to those who do not improve them?

17. In the great day what is done with the unprofitable servant?

Note

The kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of God mean the same thing. A Bible explanation of what this is may be seen by comparing Luke 9:2 and 6. Here we read that the disciples were sent out to preach the kingdom of God; but when they departed, they went through the towns preaching the gospel. This shows that preaching the kingdom of God, and preaching the gospel, is one and the same thing.

Quotations

1. Notice the following explanation of verses 24-30: "Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee [*he professes to be acquainted with his lord*], that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed: and I was afraid [*afraid of what? — That all my improvements would not be mine, but that you would claim them*], and went and hid thy talent in the earth [*where neither God nor man can be benefited by it*]; lo, there thou hast that is thine. The lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed: thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. . . . Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath [*made a right use of my goods*] shall be given, and he shall have abundance [*for I can trust him, knowing that he will make right improvement of what is lent him*]; but from him that hath not [*trusted me*] shall be taken away even that which he hath. [*I shall deprive him of what he claims as his; he shall forfeit all right of trust; I shall take away his talents, and give them to one who will improve them*]." See "Testimony," No. 32, page 38.

2. "The man traveling into a far country represents Christ, who, when speaking this parable, was soon to depart from this earth to heaven. The 'bondservants' (see Revised Version), or slaves, of the parable, represent the followers of Christ. We are not our own. We have been 'bought with a price.'" — "Christ's Object Lessons," page 326.

3. "To his servants Christ commits 'his goods,' — something to be put to use for him [*"Every man hath his proper gift of God."* 1 Cor. 7:7]. He gives 'to every man his work.' Each has his place in the eternal plan of heaven. . . . Not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than is the special place designated on earth where we are to work for God." — *Id.*, pages 326, 327.

4. "Those to whom rewards are given will impute no merit to themselves for their diligent trading; they will give all the glory to God. They speak of that which was delivered to them, as 'thy pound,' not their own. When they speak of their gain, they are careful to state whence it came. The capital was advanced by the Master." — "Testimonies," Vol. II, pages 284, 285.

5. "In dispensing his gifts, God has not dealt with partiality. He has distributed the talents according to the known powers of his servants, and he expects corresponding returns." — *Id.*, page 282.

SPECIAL NOTICE

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the *Advocate of Christian Education* should be sent to H. M. Mitchell, Treasurer of the General Conference, 267 West Main St., and not to Berrien Springs, as directed in a recent number of the INSTRUCTOR.

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WEST-BOUND.

No. 9, Mail and Express, to Chicago	12.15 P. M.
No. 7, Limited Express, to Chicago	7.10 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	7.50 A. M.
Nos. 9 and 75, daily, except Sunday.	
Nos. 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	4.14 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.



WAS HE THE SON OF A KING?

AMONG the victims of the Reign of Terror in France,—that "Red Terror" which proclaimed that there was no God in heaven, and which set up the dripping guillotine as the emblem of liberty, and made earth a bloody shamble,—it is hard to decide who was the most innocent and helpless sufferer of all. Yet in the end all readers agree, I think, upon the supreme pathos of the little dauphin's fate. Born a mighty prince, surrounded by homage and luxury from infancy, nurtured tenderly by a passionately loving mother, and endowed with unusual intelligence and sweetness of character, this loving and lovable child, only seven years old, was taken away, after his father's execution, from his mother and his little sister (afterward the Duchesse d'Angoulême), never to see them again. From the despair and terror of this last parting, little Louis was brought to conditions more miserable still. His keeper, a brutal Jacobin cobbler, named Simon, beat and ill-treated him, made him drunk, taught him blasphemous oaths and bad language, and sought to corrupt his mind and disease his body.

At night, when the exhausted child fell asleep, the cruel cobbler would cry out in his ear, and wake him with a start, until at last his nerves gave way, and he gradually fell into an imbecile condition. Simon beat him upon the face in such a way as to leave two noticeable scars. For the last six months of the captive child's life he was silent, stupefied, dying by inches of scrofula. His keepers had been changed at the time of the fall of Robespierre, and the new ones were kinder than Simon had been; but the boy never revived, and died, a physical and moral wreck, not quite two years after Marie Antoinette had clasped him, in that despairing parting, in her arms.

I must confess that, at first, when I thought the dauphin had died thus in his prison, I never could bear to read his story. It was too terrible, too hopeless,—this anguish of a little, tender child. But soon I learned that there was a strange sequel, which put a different aspect upon it all. This story is, briefly, that the child who lived those last sad months in the prison was not killed by ill-treatment, but suffered from a disease of long standing, which would have brought him to the grave in spite of any care; that it was not the dauphin at all; and that little Louis—though Simon's treatment had indeed made his mind a blank for a while—was rescued by the substitution of this sick child, and taken safely to America, where he soon recovered his reason, and lived a long, useful, and happy life.

Now, at first sight this seems impossible. Would Robespierre, having sent the king and queen of France to the guillotine, allow the heir to the throne to escape? Why should he go to America if he did escape? Why did not his uncle, Louis the Eighteenth, when he came to the throne, hunt up the true heir? and so on, through many other natural questions. But the story, as it goes on, answers each question so well that we can not help being impressed by it.

In the first place, it was the fall of Robespierre that opened the way for the child's escape. It is a fact that the very night of his triumph over Robespierre, the republican leader, Barras, went to the prison to see the child, and that the next day he changed the keepers. Suddenly, just after this, no one but the new keeper was allowed to see the boy for some time, and all the attendants in that part of the prison were also changed. A friend of Barras, it is proved, went to America on a secret mission about this time. A doctor who had seen the dauphin before this, was called

in to attend the sick child, and did not recognize him; he imprudently said so, and died very suddenly and mysteriously just afterward. The child's death, in 1795, was at first kept a secret, and the body was buried hurriedly with no one about who could identify it. The young Duchesse d'Angoulême, the only surviving member of the family of Louis the Sixteenth, never believed that her brother had died in the Temple; and it is said on good authority that Josephine, Napoleon's queen, who had known Barras intimately in Revolutionary days, asserted in 1814 that the dauphin had escaped, and was living in obscurity. So much for the French side of the story.

The American side is even more interesting. In 1704, in the times when New England was struggling with the Indian wars, a band of savages attacked the town of Deerfield, in Massachusetts, and carried away captive the Reverend John Williams and his family to Canada. All the family were ransomed and brought back in the end, except one daughter, Eunice, who married an Indian chief. Her daughter, Mary, married an English surgeon; but their son, Thomas Williams, cast in his lot with his grandfather's tribe, married an Indian woman, and brought up his large family in Indian fashion. In his wigwam, however, there was one strange inmate,—a fair-haired boy, entirely unlike the other children, whom report said had been brought to the little Indian village by a Frenchman, and given into Thomas Williams's care. It is certain that every six months a sum of money was sent from some source to Williams for this child.

The boys of this Indian family were an object of interest to the Williams family in Deerfield, and they offered to help in their education. Thomas accordingly sent two of them—his eldest son, John, and the fair-haired boy, who was known as Eleazer—to Massachusetts to be educated. John's bills were paid by the relatives, but a remittance came half-yearly to Eleazer through an agent unknown. John would not study, and had to be sent home; Eleazer was very intelligent, and became a great favorite. He told his friends in New England that the first years of his life were a blank to him; and that the Indians said he was an idiot when brought to them, but that he had recovered his reason by diving from a high rock, at thirteen years of age, and striking his head so violently as to become insensible. When he again became conscious, his mind was restored.

Still, he had a few mysterious memories. He said he had been in great pain in his childhood, only he could not remember how it came. He had two scars on his face, which were connected in his mind with something painful that had happened to him. By all accounts, he was a most truthful and high-minded lad, and it astonished no one when he decided to study for the ministry. The Indians of the tribe were all Roman Catholics, but Eleazer became an earnest Protestant. He studied for his chosen work until the war of 1812 broke out. Then he became superintendent-general of the Northern Indian Department, in the service of the United States. He fought on the American side at Plattsburg, and was wounded. General Lewis Cass became very friendly to him, and wrote of him to the Secretary of War: "He is a gentleman of education and talents, and can render important services to the government and the Indians."

But Eleazer Williams had no political ambitions. His services to the Indians were to be of a higher kind. After the war he finished his studies, and, after ten years of missionary work among his people, he was ordained in 1826, and took up the work at Green Bay, on the Indian reservation. He had married a beautiful and amiable French girl, who was related to the French general, Jourdan. In his little home, bare and plain, he also welcomed his aged Indian foster-mother, and cared for her until her death.

In 1841, when Louis Philippe was on the throne of France (a king elected by the people, and therefore apparently secure of his title aside from the fact that he descended from the Bourbons), he sent his son, the Prince de Joinville, to America. To the surprise of everybody, as soon as the ship reached America, the prince, with only a small retinue, went to western New York. It was given out that he was on a hunting trip. He sought out the Protestant missionary, Eleazer Williams, and invited him to a private interview at his rooms in the hotel at Green Bay. At that interview, so the clergyman asserted, the prince informed him that he was not an Indian, but a Frenchman, and the son of a king. He then asked him to sign a document, which Williams read over, written in parallel columns of French and English; it was an act of abdication, with this condition: that a large amount of property should be made over to the signer as a compensation for the loss of the throne. Although dazed and wondering, the clergyman utterly refused to sign. The next day the prince sought him out again, but received another refusal. Then they parted, de Joinville showing unusual respect, as to one of equal or superior rank, and saying, "Though we part, I trust we part friends."

The Indian missionary had no thought whatever of claiming a kingdom. He did not even tell his wife about it at first, but from that moment he became anxious to find out his true history. No further light came to him, however, until 1848, when a letter came from Baton Rouge, stating that a Frenchman, named Bellenger, had made a deathbed confession of having brought the dauphin, son of Louis the Sixteenth, from France years before, and placed him among the Indians at the north. This seemed to complete the chain of evidence, and Eleazer Williams, from that day, firmly believed himself to be the dauphin. He realized entirely, however, that as a Protestant and an obscure missionary in a far-away land, he had no possibility of ever getting his royal rights; and he never attempted to press them. He went on with patient zeal in his work of the ministry, and lived and died a consistent Christian missionary, content among many privations, and useful and beloved among his people. The testimony of all who knew him is conclusive that he was not one who would have made any claim he did not thoroughly believe to be true, or describe in detail an interview such as the one with de Joinville, which had never taken place. He died in 1858, aged seventy-three.

Was he, then, Louis the Seventeenth, the Dauphin of the Temple prison? The question is one of those puzzles which history sets forth, but does not solve. For my part, I believe that the dauphin escaped, and did not die in his dreary captivity; and I like to think that, far from that royalty which had been so fatal a possession to his parents, the lovely boy whom Marie Antoinette had so loved became a noble man, lived a useful, consecrated life, untroubled by storms of state, and died in peace and honor.—*Priscilla Leonard, in the Well Spring.*

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