

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH 20, 1902.

No. 12.



## OUR FRIEND THE ROBIN



THE Robin is a very common bird, and doubtless all are more or less familiar with it. This interesting bird is much the same wherever we find him, and he may be seen all over the United States, from Maine to California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Now and then in winter we run across Robins that did not go South in the fall, but stayed with us all through the winter; on bright days you will find them feeding, and as happy as birds can be, though the skies may soon send snow, and the air may be ready to chill.

The Robin's nest is usually made of small twigs with a mud lining, fastened somewhere in a tree. The bird comes North early in March, and remains until late in the fall. Robins begin nest-building almost the first of the birds. They do not always build their nests in the same way, but usually there is considerable mud about them; for this bird is something of a mason. Olive Thorne Miller says she has seen a Robin's nest made of the white flowers of life-everlasting. The bird had woven the stems together for the framework, and the little clusters of blossoms were left outside for ornament.

The latter part of June the young birds of the first brood, with some of the old males, each night resort to a roosting-place. This habit is a peculiar one, and one with which many are not familiar; so we will say a few words about it. Mrs. Robin remains on the nest during the night, as she is busy hatching the second brood; but it seems that Mr. Robin and his oldest children prefer to have each night an evening party, with plenty of company. Mr. Bradford Torrey has written considerable upon this characteristic of the Robins. Toward the end of summer some years ago, he saw what looked like a daily trip back and forth of small companies of Robins. A friend in a near-by town had observed a similar thing; and they talked the matter over, and decided that the birds must have a resort somewhere. Later, on learning that another bird-lover had discovered a Robin roost, Mr. Torrey kept a sharper eye upon the Robins he had seen. Every evening, shortly before and after sunset, he saw them flying, by twos, threes, or even by the half dozen, all going toward one place. At last he found the place where they roosted overnight,—an isolated piece of swampy wood, a few acres in extent, covered with a dense growth of gray birches and swamp white-oaks, with a sprinkling of maples and other trees.

Having found their nightly resort, whenever

it was so he could, he set himself, a trifle before sundown, to count the number of Robins that gathered there. The first night he counted three hundred fly by the place where he was. The next time, in less than an hour he counted over one thousand. At another time he counted over twelve hundred; and at a still later date, fourteen hundred.

Why do the Robins congregate thus at night? Is it the husbands going off to the nightly club, and leaving the wife at home alone? Do they, as men sometimes do, have a night of it out in their own company? If so, the lesson is not a good one. But before we believe such an idea, we should ask the Robins themselves. How can we do this? do you say?—Easily enough. Mr. Torrey undertook the task. He entered the wood early in the evening, and took a sheltered position where, as the Robins flew by him, or alighted for a moment in the trees just across the brook, they would have the sunlight on their breasts. Then when they came near enough for observation, he noted whether it was an old bird, or a streaked, spotted bird, lately out of the nest. He counted fifty-seven birds altogether, forty-nine of which were surely young birds, and only eight were old birds. So it seems that the fathers do not run away from home at night, after all. But the young birds, who have but lately left the nests, thus assemble to keep one another company.

But why do the young birds thus congregate? What motive draws them together? It can not be that they are afraid of the dark. Why, then, does not each one sleep on its own feeding-grounds, alone, or with a few neighbors for company? Why fly two or three miles, twice a day, simply to pass the night in a common roost? I can give no answer, only to say that it is probably their love of society that brings them together in this manner each night.

And this is not so strange an explanation. Sociability is a common mark throughout nature. The family, which is but one aspect of the social instinct, is not by any means confined to the human race, but is to be met with everywhere throughout the animal kingdom. Even the plants produce seed, in the greater number of instances, by cross-fertilization, the pollen of one plant fertilizing the anthers of the other.

The only explanation of the fact that there is a universe, the only explanation we can give for the fact that there is anything outside of God himself, lies in this—that God himself is governed by this same great law of associating others with himself. And thus he has bound up the world and the universe into one associated whole. As in the human body we have the sympathetic system, which puts all parts of the body in touch, so that if one member suffers, the

others suffer with it, so in the world of nature, each part is co-ordinated with every other part. We can not wantonly destroy the birds without increasing the bugs and worms, and thus decreasing the amount of food we otherwise should have. Similarly, no man can live an evil life, and prevent the retribution which shall thereby be visited upon him; and he can not so live without leaving about him an influence that mars and destroys. On the other hand, no man can live a good life but the world shall be made the better for it.

The birds associate for help and protection. Men sometimes associate for that which will leave them none the better, and often much the worse. Here, again, we can learn a lesson from the birds. To have our hearts as light as those of the birds, to have our associations as pure



A ROBIN ROOST

as theirs, we must live a life as true as theirs.

"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."

L. A. REED.

## EXPERIENCES WITH "HUMMERS".

Did you ever hold a live humming-bird in your hand? Well, I have held several of the wee, wee creatures. Did you ever look into a humming-bird's nest? Well, I have peeped into several of the tiny, downy affairs.

Two of the nests contained eggs; one con-

tained young birds. The eggs were as small as an ordinary garden pea — perfectly egg-shaped. Can I describe the young of the humming-bird? — No; impossible. I can only say that they are the smallest bird creatures I ever saw in my life.

How did I contrive to get hold of a live humming-bird? — One hot afternoon in June I was sitting in a garden reading. A few yards away stood a large bunch of brilliant carnations. Now if there is anything on which a hummer dotes, it is pinks. Suddenly I heard a loud hum near by. I looked toward the carnations, and, sure enough, there were two humming-birds hovering over the flowers.

I watched their movements for several minutes with great interest. Presently I observed that one of the birds appeared to be entangled. Its tongue, or long, needle-like beak, was caught in some manner in the petals of a large pink. The little fellow kept fluttering around in a helpless way, but could not liberate itself.

Instantly I dropped the book, and ran over to the bed. The other humming-bird darted away like a shot. I very softly took the tiny prisoner in my hand, and then gently liberated it. For half a minute or more I held the trembling, fluttering creature in my hand. I wish I could describe the beauty and brilliancy of its plumage. Silk, velvet, and the delicate tints of the rainbow are the only adequate words. Finally I released the prisoner. In a flash he was out of sight.

One good fright was enough. Neither bird ever came back to the carnations again, at least not that season.

On another occasion I was out in an orchard. I noticed two humming-birds flying around a certain apple-tree limb. As I approached, they became more excited. When within a few yards of the tree, I noticed a young bird sitting on a nest. He was almost grown. Not wishing to frighten the little chap, I stopped abruptly. But he darted away. However, his wings were too weak for sustained flight, even of so small a body, and down he sank fluttering, falling into a big tuft of tall grass.

He was perfectly helpless, so I very tenderly picked him up, and placed him back on the nest. To my surprise and amusement he did not attempt to escape, but stood up boldly, and looked at me in a saucy, defiant way. The parent birds were buzzing around me like angry bees; but when they saw that I did not harm their offspring, they both alighted near the nest.

A large clump of wild currants stood in one corner of the yard. I noticed two humming-birds almost constantly hovering around the bush among the yellow flowers.

I went out one afternoon, and secreted myself in the clump, in order to observe more closely the actions and peculiarities of the birds. One was the largest humming-bird I had ever seen, and its plumage was simply gorgeous.

Soon the birds came around, but they did not seem in the least alarmed by my presence. The larger one came very near, and actually flew against my face. Holding up my hand, the bird flew straight into it. I instantly closed my fingers, and held him a prisoner. His plumage was brilliant beyond description. As the beautiful captive did not seem to resent my familiarity, I examined his coat carefully before giving him his freedom.

I had still another experience with a hummer. On a bright summer day one flew through an open door into a room where I was sitting. Quick as a flash the bird discovered its mistake. It dashed against a window-pane with all its might, and dropped on the floor. I hastily picked it up. It seemed quite dead. But as I held it in my open hand, silently sympathizing over its fate, the bird suddenly revived, and flitted out through the open door before I could wink.—*J. Mayne Baltimore, in Birds and All Nature.*



#### THY FATHER CALLS

WANDERER! wanderer! turn thee again!  
Wander not farther in byways of sin.  
Over the hills and the valleys why stray  
Ever with strangers, and farther away?

Lonely, so lonely, so hungry at heart,  
Ever unsatisfied, roving thou art.  
Listen! — so far away — what sweet sound falls?  
Gladness! — but list! 'tis thy Father who calls!

Hasten o'er rocks, O so rugged! to go  
Homeward, now homeward, — he loveth thee so!  
Tarry not! tarry not! will not your choice  
Lead thee to follow that sweet, wooing voice?

Prodigal, listen! "Come back, O my child!  
Wander not farther in deserts so wild!"  
Feastings await thee; the angels will sing  
Jubilant anthems of peace to their King.

Listen! far off o'er the hills and the dells  
Hear the sweet voice — in thy spirit it dwells;  
Will thy sad heart to its pleadings be dumb?  
'Tis the grieved voice of his love crying,  
"Come!"

B. F. M. SOURS.

#### LIVING FOR CHRIST

It is a solemn thing to live, because we are not our own, but the Lord's, bought with the blood of his only begotten Son. Think of the estimate God has placed on us! When we were ready to perish, he sent his Son to die for us, that we might have an opportunity to regain what has been lost by sin. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This infinite sacrifice connects us with God. Satan can not hold us if we will accept Christ as our hope, our life, our personal Saviour. The spotless, sinless Son of God has borne our sins in his own body on the cross, that we might live unto God. When we truly receive Christ, we live his life, not our own. Our highest aim is to do his will, and represent his character.

Christ bore our sins that we might live unto righteousness. We were as sheep going astray, but he came from the heavenly courts to bring us back to the fold.

He died to make it possible for us to keep the law. But all are left to make their choice for themselves. God forces no one to accept the advantages secured for him at an infinite cost.

A large number of God's subjects have taken their position under the banner of rebellion; but God has not treated them as they deserve. They have declared of Christ, "We will not have this man to reign over us;" but the Lord's hand of love is stretched out still. Men have become bondmen of Satan, but the Lord is entreating them to enlist in his army.

Christ lived on this earth the life he desires his disciples to live, — a life of unselfish service. Let his children remember that he has a work for each one of them to do. He has given them talents, which they are to hold and use for him. But do we appreciate the privilege thus placed within our reach for blessing those around us? Do we use our talents to the best advantage? Are not many of us asleep, doing nothing to save our fellow men? Is not the Bible, God's great text-book of education, superficially read, and therefore superficially understood and superficially practiced?

Time is fast passing. Let us remember that while life is ours, we are under the solemn responsibility of working for God. Let us throw aside our narrow, selfish plans, and do our very best to accomplish the work God desires to have accomplished. Let us give the invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and

eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Let us think of the sacrifice Jesus made to obtain our redemption. Let us study how we can most intelligently work for him. We have been bought with a price; therefore let us do all in our power to glorify him who has purchased us. God calls upon us to go to those in error, and point them to the right way. It is not only the ordained ministers who are to do this work. Ministering angels will co-operate with all who will labor unselfishly for the Master.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### TALKS WITH OUR BOYS

To the boys who have decided to use all their powers, all their time, and all their opportunities to the best possible advantage, and to make of themselves all that God would have them be, I wish to whisper a secret: To carry out your decision will require long and persevering effort, and many times you will feel like giving up. You will meet plenty of people who will be ready to discourage you, and make light of your efforts; therefore it is better to say little about your intentions, especially to any but those who are sure to be a help to you. In general I would say, Don't tell such things without a good reason for so doing. It is always safe to confide in father and mother, and best of all, to tell your Saviour all your desires. If you make him your confidant, you will find that when the dark times come, you can go to him, and he will have help for you.

Have you noticed that some people never undertake anything without telling every one they know all about their plans, and not only so, but boasting as if they had already proved a success? This makes failure harder to bear — and such people usually fail.

Sometimes in the summer we see rising a cloud that looks as black as ink. It rolls and foams and rushes on at a mad rate. For a while everything is rattle, bluster, and flurry, but there are seldom more than a few drops of rain; even if rain does fall, it often does more injury than good. But when we see a cloud that hangs low in the west, and pushes up slowly, gradually covering the whole heavens, heavy with its freight of blessing, we expect a gentle rain, and plenty of it. Such rain is a real blessing.

So don't be in too great a hurry to tell what you *intend* to learn, or even what you know after you have learned it. *The power of an engine lies not in the steam it has given off, but in the supply yet in the boiler.* When you have something of real value, something that will be a blessing to others, God will give you the opportunity to impart it. And don't fail to use it then: that would be as great a mistake as to talk too much, or to become puffed up with little learning.

Don't be in too great a hurry to attempt to do things, especially before the public. First be sure that you can do well what you wish to do. So many people are trying to gain the attention of the public, only to prove dismal failures, that it is a relief to see some one who is a worker, and yet who is not obtrusive. The world is always looking for men of real worth; there is little fear that such will be overlooked long.

To sum up, I would say: Set your aim high; go to work to reach it; and make some progress every day. Lose no time, neglect no opportunity, but say little or nothing about what you are doing.

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

#### THE STORY OF AN AMBITION

He was called Bartholomew Beals, or "Bardy" Beals. He was a bookkeeper, and used to live in Ashleyville. He happened to read, one day, that Lincoln and Horace Greeley and several other celebrities had picked up most of their learning by using the odds and ends of time for reading and studying, and he thought it a fine idea.

Soon after this he ran across another article, which stated that Grote, the famous English his-

torian, was a banker by occupation, who conducted all his historical study out of bank hours.

"Splendid!" thought Bardy. Why, he had been fond of history himself, in school! He went to work at eight o'clock, had an hour's nooning, and stopped work at five. Doubtless he had more time of his own than most of those other men had had. Yes, he would study history. He might be the subject of a magazine article himself in a few years.

One noon Bardy went down-town and bought the Chautauqua Course Greek history, looked it over that evening, was pleased with it, and put it in his bookcase, saying, "I'll read that all through some evening when I feel like it."

The next noon he bought "Pictures from English History," spent another delightful evening skimming it through, and put it on his shelf beside the Greek history, remarking to himself that he would certainly read the "Pictures" more carefully some morning, when he was fresh and felt like it.

He began to feel very learned now. He bought Liddell's "History of Rome," and rather looked down on people who had no taste for such things.

At birthday time Bardy's mother gave him Ridpath's "American History" for a present. She was so proud that her boy loved history, the dear, believing mother! Bardy was greatly pleased with his gift, and set it up on his shelf with a fresh determination to try to get about reading some of those books. They did look attractive there in the case, and so scholarly!

By Christmas time most of Bardy's friends and relatives had heard what a devoted historian he had become, and some of them set about encouraging such a desirable predilection. The brothers and sisters "clubbed together," and bought him a ten-volume set of Gibbon; a cousin sent him a Green's "Shorter History;" his father gave him a "Compendium of Universal History;" and his Bible-class teacher presented him with a copy of Carlyle's "French Revolution."

He had quite a library now. His mother was very careful about dusting the books; but after a while she began to suggest, very gently, "Bardy, dear, don't you think you ought to begin to read your histories a little bit?"

And Bardy would answer, cheerfully, "O, yes, mother, I'm going to. I haven't just felt like it yet, but I shall. You'll see."

That was twenty years ago. Bardy has that historical library yet. And Bardy knows just as much history as he did twenty years ago. At least, he does not know any more. For the time never came when he felt precisely like reading history, and he never thought he could read it if he did not feel like it.

He was always too tired or too busy or too something, and there were always such a lot of the popular new books around that he somehow got in the way of reading them instead.

Then mornings and evenings the other men on the train were reading the daily papers, and he would look peculiar reading history; and at noon a man likes to loaf a little, and look into the shops after lunch. It rests his mind.

Perhaps Bardy had never happened to hear that aphorism of the Southern preacher: "Anybody can do a thing he feels like doing, but it takes a true man to do a thing when he doesn't feel like doing it."—*Selected.*

Add to your friends' occasional thoughtlessness their countless kindnesses; subtract the things that grieve you from the things that prove their love—and then divide them into such minute particles that they can never come together again to disturb your peace, thus leaving the beautiful account clear; then multiply the outward manifestations of their good will by what they would do if they could; and you will find the world a cheerful place to live in.



A SECRET

WHAT makes the springtime of the year?  
Why, sunlight!  
Just sunlight!  
It makes the tender bud appear,  
It crowns the autumn with good cheer —  
Just sunlight!

What gladdens all this world of ours?  
Why, sunlight!  
Just sunlight!  
It paints the beauty of the flowers,  
It sets the rainbow in the showers —  
Just sunlight!

What if thy lot right hard hath been?  
Try sunlight,  
God's sunlight!  
Throw open wide thy heart of sin,  
And let his glorious sunshine in.  
Try sunlight!

Well Spring.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF FLOWERING PLANTS

THE vegetable kingdom has been divided by botanists into six distinct branches, beginning with plants of the most simple structure, and ending with those that are most complicated. In our present study, it is the last branch that we have to deal with. This includes about three fourths of all plant life, and almost all those plants that are of any special economic importance.

II. This branch is called *Sper-moph'ya* or *Phac'no-ga'mi-a*, sper-mophyta meaning "plants that bear seeds," and phænogamia "plants that bear flowers." These two characteristics distinguish them from all other forms of vegetable life. None of the other plants have flowers or true seeds.

12. The lower forms of vegetable life are propagated by spores, which are often produced in immense numbers. Spores are special reproductive cells which, after separation from the parent body, will, under favorable conditions, develop into new organisms. They are usually microscopic in size, and in quantity appear as fine dust. The fine powder from the puffball is made up entirely of spores.

13. Seeds, on the other hand, are not simple cells, but complex structures made up of many cells. A seed consists of a plantlet surrounded with a protective covering, with a supply of food material stored up either in the plantlet itself, or deposited beside or around it. In the bean this food material is stored up in the thickened seed leaves of the plant; while in Indian corn the little plantlet occupies only a small portion of the seed. Upon this stored-up food the plant must live until it has developed roots and leaves sufficient to enable it to take nourishment from the soil and the air.

14. When placed un-



Different forms of Spores, greatly enlarged.



Puffball, with Spores issuing from top.



Bean after sprouting. Seed leaves separated, showing the plumule.

der favorable conditions, as in moist, warm soil, or in water that is not too cold, the seed absorbs a portion of the moisture; this causes it to swell, and burst its protective covering, so that the young plantlet, or embryo, is set free to continue its growth until it reaches maturity. In whatever position the seed may be planted, as soon as germination takes place, the root-end of the embryo, usually called the "caulicle," always turns downward, giving off roots, which fasten it firmly to the soil, and at the same time furnish channels through which nourishment is absorbed, to be carried to all parts of the plant. The opposite, or stem, end always turns upward, and gets into the light as soon as possible. Continuing to grow, it gives off leaves and branches at the proper places, until the plant has reached its full development.



Young plant of Indian Corn, showing Stem turning upward and Root downward.

15. We may well ask, in wonder, Does the little plant never make a mistake, and send its roots upward and its stem downward? How does it know which way to find the light?

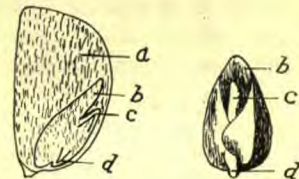
—No; it never makes a mistake; for it is directed by Him who does not make mistakes, but does all things well. The embryonic plantlet, inclosed within its prison-house, and buried beneath the soil, where not a ray of light penetrates the darkness, obeys the voice of its Maker, and at his bidding comes forth to the light to fulfill the purposes for which it was called into existence. What a lesson for man who, in his blindness and foolishness, loves darkness rather than light!

16. All the flowering plants are constructed on one general plan, or type, so that the parts of one plant correspond to the parts of every other. All have root, stem, and leaf, which may be either simple or branched. In most cases they also bear flowers and seeds, though the flowers may not be produced each year. The century plant, for example, blossoms only once in about a hundred years.

17. Of all these parts, root, stem, leaf, flower, and seed, there are many different forms and sizes in the different species of plants, each form having its own particular name. These various forms, together with their names, will receive further consideration when we come to a more definite study of individual plants.

18. The flowering plants have been divided into a large number of natural orders, or families. Some of these orders contain plants of great economic importance, including our common grains, vegetables, and trees, of field, garden, orchard, and forest. In our future studies we will consider the chief characteristics of the more important of these orders, and under each order the life, history, habits, and uses of representative species.

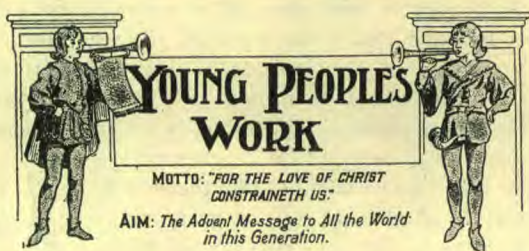
B. E. CRAWFORD.



Section of grain of Indian Corn, as seen from the edge.  
a Food material.  
b Cotyledon.  
c Plumule.  
d Caulicle.  
The figure at the right shows the embryo removed. Lettering the same.

WHAT we are in our homes is a test of what we are really. The way we act to those nearest and dearest to us is the true test of our behavior in the great world of men.—*F. B. Meyer.*

WE are very apt to measure ourselves by our aspiration instead of our performance. But in truth the conduct of our lives is the only proof of the sincerity of our hearts.—*George Eliot.*



### "ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR FRANCE"

Is the battle-cry of the Iowa Young People's Societies. The members of the Des Moines Society read that extremely interesting article in the *Review* of January 7, entitled "The Tarn, France." As they thought over the call for means made by Professor Wilkinson, who went last year from Union College to labor in that neglected field, the Spirit of the Lord impressed their minds with their responsibility in answering the call. They have entered upon the work with commendable zeal. The Des Moines Society started the list with a liberal contribution, and are now appealing by letter to all the other Societies, and to the young people of every church in the State, to contribute to the fund. If the young people in Iowa rally to this work as it is their privilege to do, there is no question but that the entire amount will be raised. The effort will certainly bring rich spiritual blessings to the workers. It is a definite move toward the actual carrying out of the aim of the young people's organization,—"The Advent Message to all the world in this generation."

Why should not the young men and young women throughout our ranks feel the joy of the message in their own hearts, and with steady purpose share in the burdens of the hour? Can not the young people in each State band together in a missionary enterprise of this kind? Certainly none of us wish to expend all our resources of means, time, and strength in the home field. Why shall not our young people extend a strong, helping hand to the "regions beyond," that are giving to us the Macedonian cry? What is more fitting than that the young people in the home field should actively engage in the support of the work in which one of their number is engaged in a far-away land? We need not undertake impossibilities, for that will result in discouragement; but it is not an impossible thing for the young people in each State to lift a very appreciable load in a needy mission field. To our young people everywhere, we say: "Who knoweth whether *thou* art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

### THE TEN-CENT-A-WEEK PLAN

Was presented to the Battle Creek Young People's Society on Sabbath, March 1, by Elder I. H. Evans, after a short general talk on the privilege and blessing of giving. At the close of the service it was suggested that there might be many present who would like to express their approval of this plan, and their desire to adopt it themselves. Accordingly, a call was made, and exactly one hundred responded. Plans will be laid for securing the names of these, and either visiting them regularly or taking up their contributions at the weekly meeting; also for enlisting the interest of others in this plan.

It was suggested by the speaker that this large company might easily raise a thousand dollars a year for missions. While at first thought this seems like a large sum, we believe that if all will co-operate heartily with the simple plan outlined, this, and even more, can be raised.

The objection is sometimes heard that "ten cents a week is such a trifle for missions," and in one way this is true; nevertheless the sum total of ten cents a week, every week in the year, from every Seventh-day Adventist, would far exceed any total yearly offering in our history. Then,

too, it should be remembered that there are always some in every company to whom the giving of even so small an amount is not possible; while others, by the exercise of a little self-denial,—and it is self-denial that sweetens our gifts,—can spare more. The majority of our young people, however, could easily co-operate with this plan; and if all would do so, heartily and faithfully, "as unto the Lord," the result would be not only an increased fund to carry the gospel into the needy fields beyond, but a rich blessing for the workers at home.

### STUDIES IN THE MESSAGE

#### How to Study These Lessons

FIRST: Read the lesson story.

SECOND: Try to recall or find scriptures in proof of each statement.

THIRD: Study the questions and texts.

FOURTH: See how many missing links you can supply.

LAST, but by no means least, give the lesson to some one else. You will *keep* only that which you *give away*. If you fail to find the proof for any point, let us hear from you. But let us dig in God's mine of truth. May the great Teacher himself give each of you first the ear to hear his word, and then the tongue of the learned.

Yours to know more of God and his dear Son,  
LUTHER WARREN.  
400 West Fifty-Seventh St., New York City.

#### The First Battle

(March 23-29)

AWAY back in the eternal ages, before the creation of this earth, the Heavenly Father had an associate, his dear Son. By him God created heaven and the angels, the worlds and their inhabitants. The universe was lighted with the joy of a million worlds. Harmony and happiness reigned everywhere. But there came a time when a note of discord was sounded. Lucifer, the "light-bearer," the choirmaster of heaven, renounced allegiance to the Prince of Life, and rebelled against the government of heaven.

Then the peace of the universe was broken, and there was war in heaven. Under the plea that it was necessary to fight for their liberty, the rebel prince succeeded in drawing one third of the angels under the standard of rebellion.

Only one result could follow such a battle. Satan and his sympathizers were cast out of heaven. All the universe watched the struggle with intense interest. Of course the great Creator could at once have taken back the life that had been given on condition, since it had been forfeited by disobedience. But if this were done, some might be held back from disobedience merely from fear of the consequences.

God desires only the happy service of true love. So it was decided to let the strange seed of sin fully develop, that it might be recognized as the hateful thing it is, and that every creature might know that obedience and happiness are bound together, and that any other path must lead to sorrow, pain, and death.

#### Questions

1. Who was before all things?—God and his dear Son. Col. 1:12-17; John 1:1-3.
2. Who created Lucifer (now Satan) and all the angels?—God's dear Son. Col. 1:16.
3. Who made *all* the worlds?—God and his dear Son. Heb. 1:1, 2.
4. Where was the first battle fought? Rev. 12:7.
5. Who were the leaders? Rev. 12:7.
6. Who is the dragon? Rev. 12:9.
7. Who is Michael? Dan. 10:21; 12:1.
8. How many of the angels joined Satan's rebellion? Rev. 12:4.
9. What was the result of the battle? Rev. 12:4, 7-9.
10. What was the secret of Lucifer's rebellion? Isa. 14:12-14.

11. Why were not Satan and his angels at once destroyed?—It is God's plan to let things develop. "Let both grow together until the harvest." Matt. 13:24-30, 37-43.

### WINNING SOULS

A STRANGE reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relation to God. It is felt alike by the converted and the unconverted. Very often the gay young girl, whose heart is running over with mirth and fun, and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied, that she wants something better, purer, and higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who is talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion.

The other has no thought of the kind. She even has a faint, undefinable dread that any effort on her part would be received coldly or be the subject of ridicule. So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance, but have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ, who might have won a soul to him, has been silent, ashamed, afraid.

What wonder if to that faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn himself, and is gone; that, seeking the Spirit, it finds him not, and calling, there comes no answer? Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty?—*Selected.*

### FROM JOPLIN, MISSOURI

THE outlook for our Young People's Society at Joplin is most encouraging. At present our membership numbers thirteen,—ten resident and three associate members,—though nearly twenty-five attend the weekly meetings. Most of these take part in the testimony service following the study. We meet on Sabbath morning, immediately after Sabbath-school, and take up the study outlined in the *INSTRUCTOR*. We have found these studies very helpful; especially have the missionary studies caused us to realize something of the needs of the great fields abroad, and of our duty toward them. We now have a Missionary Map of the World, and this will no doubt add to the interest in the field studies.

One of our number teaches the church school; another regularly disposes of a number of the *Signs of the Times*; and still others are engaged in other lines of work. A number of tracts and papers have been distributed, and a sum of money has been sent to help forward the work in Kentucky. A few weeks ago the young ladies of the Society formed a sewing circle, to earn money for mission purposes. Nearly all the members take an active interest in this work.

Our residence membership was recently increased by the three children of Brother Munson, our missionary in Padang, Sumatra. A letter written by Miriam, the elder girl, in behalf of herself and her two brothers, stated that they wished to join our Society; and when the matter was brought before the young people, they gladly united in welcoming them as associate members. These children say they will be glad to co-operate in the work of the Society; and we hope that their membership therein may be not only a source of strength to them, but an inspiration to us.

Knowing that the time has come in which there is to be an advance all along the line in carrying the "Advent Message to all the world in this generation," I pray that as young people, we may awake to a sense of our responsibility in keeping pace with the message, and reflect upon the sad consequence of neglecting our God-given duty at this time.

THOS. W. LEWIS.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

APRIL

LITTLE girl! Little girl! Little girl!  
Don't you hear me calling from the meadow by  
the brook,  
Where violets are peeping up in every sunny  
nook;  
Where bluets brave are standing, with their faces  
to the sky,  
Watching for gleams of sunshine through the  
clouds that scurry by?

Little boy! Little boy! Little boy!  
Don't you hear me calling from the pussy-willow  
tree,  
Where the robins and the pussies live in peace  
and harmony,  
While the drowsy woodchuck wakens from his  
quiet winter nap,  
And frisky squirrels dance in time to wood-  
pecker's tap, tap?

Little girl! Little boy! Little girl!  
Come, I'll tell to you a secret that my sister May  
told me:  
There's to be a grand May party down beside the  
old oak-tree!  
All the sweet spring flowers are com-  
ing, and the brook and birds  
will sing,  
And the little girl shall be May Queen,  
and the little boy May King.  
Little boy! Little girl! Come  
and see!

— Selected.

## LITTLE DORCAS

"COME, Dorcas," said grandma;  
"I'm going to do my mending, and  
you'd better get your stool and sewing,  
and keep me company."

"Yes, grandma; what shall I sew  
to-day?"

"Why, I think Polly Margaret  
would look the better for a new dress.  
Here is a piece of pink-sprigged  
calico I saved for that very purpose."

"O, thank you, grandma!" said  
Dorcas. "Now, if you will please  
do one more thing for me——"

"And what may that be?" asked  
grandma, smiling. Well she knew the  
request that was coming.

"Tell me a story."

"Very well, dearie. What shall it  
be about?"

"About a little girl, please,— a little  
girl like me,— O, you *don't* know any  
story about a little girl named Dorcas,  
do you, grandma?"

"Indeed I do; and a beautiful story  
it is, too. This Dorcas lived many,  
many years ago, in a country very far  
from here. When she was a little girl like you,  
I am quite sure she was loving and obedient;  
and she learned to sew, as you are learning. I  
think her kind mother taught her, though the  
story does not tell us; perhaps it was her grand-  
ma."

"Did she make dresses for her dolly?"

"I do not know whether she or any of her  
playmates had dollies. If they had, be sure they  
were not at all like yours, but probably of wood,  
and you might not think them pretty."

"Poor little Dorcas! Then what did she sew,  
grandma?"

"Well, I think she helped make the coats and  
dresses for her little brothers and sisters. But  
as they grew up, and learned to make their own  
garments, Dorcas, who was now a woman, looked  
about her, and saw many widows and orphans  
who needed clothing; for poverty and want  
were in the world then just as they are now.

"So day after day she sewed for them, and  
the poor of her city loved her dearly for her  
kindness. But there came a day when the be-  
loved Dorcas fell ill; and though many prayed  
for her recovery, she died. After she was  
dressed ready for the tomb, her friends laid her  
in an upper chamber.

"Now there was a good man named Peter in  
a town near by; so they sent two men to him,  
asking him to come to them in their trouble.  
When he came, they took him into the room  
where their dear friend was laid. And all the  
widows stood about him, weeping, telling Peter  
of her good deeds, and showing the coats and  
garments she had made for them.

"Peter put them all gently out of the room,  
and kneeled down and prayed; and turning to-  
ward her, he said, 'Dorcas, arise.' Then she  
opened her eyes, and sat up. Peter took her by  
her hand, and helped her to her feet, and, calling  
her friends, presented her alive."



LITTLE DORCAS

"O grandma! weren't they glad?" asked  
Dorcas.

"Indeed they were; and I have no doubt she  
went right on making coats and garments for  
the poor."

"Grandma, do you think I can ever grow to  
be like that other Dorcas?"

"I *know* you can, my dear. If you love the  
Lord Jesus so that you will do kind works for his  
poor, you will be loved by them, just as she was.  
And though, when he sees fit to give you rest  
from your labors, there may not be a Peter to  
take you by the hand, and bid you arise, yet  
when 'the Lord himself shall descend from  
heaven with a shout, with the voice of the  
archangel, and with the trump of God,' you will  
be among those who will hear his voice, and  
come forth, to be 'ever with the Lord.' And  
some day—who can tell?—you may know that  
other Dorcas."

AUNT BETTY.

## DICKIE'S SECOND THOUGHT

DICKIE had just come. So, of course, he had  
to look at everything on the place. It took him  
the most of the day; for there were the chickens,  
and the geese, and the turkeys, and the pigeons,  
and the bees, and the pigs. There was old Dan  
in the stable, and there were the plow-horses,  
and the frisky colts in the meadow.

Late in the afternoon Dickie, his tour of in-  
spection ended, sat down on the side porch to  
rest.

"Well," asked Uncle Jack, "what do you think  
of us?"

"I think everything is splendid," said Dickie,  
"except ——." He paused. He did not wish  
to be impolite.

"Except what?" said Uncle Jack. "Not I?"

"O, no!" answered Dickie, quickly. "Not  
you, Jonas."

Grandmother, who was looking over the top  
of her knitting-needles, and grandfather, who was  
looking over the top of his newspaper,  
both smiled.

"Jonas is not pretty on the outside,"  
said Uncle Jack; "but," picking Dickie  
up, and swinging him to the rail of the  
banister, "let me give you a piece of  
advice, youngster. It doesn't always  
do to make up our minds too fast,—  
about human beings or other things."

Dickie thought of the big, awkward  
hired man in shabby blue overalls, with  
a fringe of wild hair under his wide,  
broken straw hat. He had a great  
beard, too, and there was a long scar  
beside one eye. Dickie said nothing,  
but he did not believe that he should  
change his mind.

Next morning, after breakfast, Jonas  
stopped his horses outside the kitchen  
window in the lane.

"I thought p'raps," he called in, "the  
boy'd like a ride atop of my load."

"Will you go with Jonas?" Uncle  
Jack asked Dickie, with a twinkle in  
his eye.

Dickie hesitated only a minute. What  
boy could refuse the lofty seat on all  
that mass of sweet-smelling hay, even  
though Jonas were his companion? He  
went.

They had not gone far up the road  
when they overtook a little bent old  
woman, who walked with a limp along  
the dusty side-path.

Jonas pulled in his horses.

"Good morning, Mrs. Green," he said.

"What's that you've got,— a letter? I'm going  
past the office, if it'd be any accommodation."

Every wrinkle on the old face smoothed out a  
little.

"Well, now, if that ain't good!" she cried.

"I can get right back to my work."

Big Jonas lumbered down off the hay, and  
took the letter.

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Green," he said, "I'll  
be careful of it."

The little old woman chuckled.

"I won't worry," she promised, "not a mite."

After the horses had started again, Dickie  
stole a sidewise look at Jonas. The ugly scar  
was toward him.

Jonas caught the look, and said, in a tone of  
apology: "Mrs. Green is too old and too poorly  
for such walks in the sun. She's getting up in  
her years, Mrs. Green is, and she hasn't any of  
her folks around to do for her."

Dickie told this to Uncle Jack later in the day. "I suppose," said Uncle Jack, "Jonas didn't tell you who it is that chops her kindling, and carries her coal, and 'does' for her, without being any of her folks."

"No, he didn't say," answered Dickie.

"I suppose not," said Uncle Jack.

Then he walked out of the room, and left Dickie wondering who it was he meant. Could he mean Jonas?

When Dickie came into the house at supper-time, he said: "I asked Jonas how did he hurt himself on the eye."

Uncle Jack laughed.

"Did you? Well, no doubt I asked a few questions myself when I was a boy."

"You did," said grandmother.

"What did Jonas say?" asked Uncle Jack.

"He said that something fell on him there once when he was running away from a barn that was on fire."

"Did he tell you that the barn belonged to a man who had cheated him out of his money, and told mean lies about him, and that he was saving that man's horses and cows from the fire when the beam struck him?"

"Why, no!" said Dickie. "Was he?"

"Jonas is a foolish man," said Uncle Jack.

"He has a bad habit of leaving out the best part of his stories."

After Dickie had been a week on the farm, he announced, one day, rather shyly: "I think Jonas is an awfully nice man."

"You do!" said Uncle Jack. "I thought you said that he was the one thing in the country that wasn't nice."

"But that was when I first came,—that was the first day. You know a good deal more in a week than you do the first day."

"Very true," said Uncle Jack; "still, Jonas is not a beauty."

"But it doesn't matter," protested Dickie, eagerly, "what you look like, if, whenever people think about you, they think about being kind, and looking out to help folks. I think God likes to look at Jonas, and so do I."—*Sunday School Times.*

### A SPROUTING WOOD-PILE

CARL and Annie Thurston lived in Pasadena, California, where geraniums grow as high as small trees. The Thurston's kitchen window was screened from the driveway by a hedge of red geraniums, which grew as high as the roof.

The hedge had been there a good many years, and the old stalks were very thick and woody. They were bare, too, and Mrs. Thurston decided that all the old woody part must be cut down, to give the young stalks a chance to grow up. So one January morning she set Ling, the Chinese boy, to cutting them down, and told Carl and Annie to carry them away. They were busy and happy. They knew that their mother always had trouble to get good, dry kindling-wood, and as they dragged away the old stalks, Carl said, "Let's break them up into short pieces, and pile them up to dry for kindling-wood."

Annie agreed, and they found a nice, dry place near the barn where they could pile them. When the pile was done, they called their mother, and showed it to her very proudly. Their mother said it was a good idea, and when it was dry, it would make very good kindling. But it did not get dry.

There were nearly two weeks of pleasant weather after that, and the kindling began to look almost dry enough to use, when one Monday morning a soft, gray cloud spread over the blue sky, and the rain began to fall very gently. There was no thunder nor lightning nor wind, only the steady rain-drops; but Carl and Annie settled themselves for two or three days indoors.

They did not think of their kindling for several days, but when they did see it, each one

looked at the other, and wondered why they didn't think to bring it in when the rain began.

"Well, it'll have to dry all over again, that's all," Carl said.

The next day the clouds were all gone, the town was as bright and fresh as a good washing could make it, and the tops of the mountains were just whitened with snow. In the afternoon the children drove with their mother down to Los Angeles to spend a few days with their aunt; and when they drove back the next week, they brought their cousin George with them.

They took George out to see their wood-pile, but they were as much surprised as he at what they saw; for from every joint in the old, woody stalks a tiny, fresh green leaf was growing. They ran to bring mother, and what a laugh they all had over their kindling-wood that had sprouted!

"Poor old stalks!" she said. "I think we ought to encourage them. If you children would like, you may plant them between your own little garden and the orchard, and have a hedge of your own."

So the boys took Carl's little spade and hoe and dug up the earth, Ling stretched a cord, to help them get it straight, and Annie planted the old stalks; and now there are two geranium hedges on the Thurston place, instead of one. But they had to buy their kindling-wood.—*Fannie L. Brent, in Youth's Companion.*



### DIVISION III — ASTRONOMY

#### Chapter XXII — The Stars: What Are They?

§ 220. FROM the earliest dawn of recorded history the stars have been the constant study of the human race, and through them God has ever spoken to men of his love and tender care. The more we study the handiwork of God as manifested in the heavens, the more we realize the greatness of him who made us, and the more we sense our nothingness before him with whom we have to do. This was the experience of David as expressed in Ps. 8: 3, 4: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

§ 221. The myriads of stars are, with four or five exceptions, blazing suns like our own; only the vast majority of them are many times larger than the star which we call our sun, and which lights our earth. Our sun is only a star, and comparatively a small one at that. Were all the stars as small as our sun, the light of many of them would be lost in the depths of space, millions of miles before its faintest gleam could reach the planet on which we live. They appear small because of the immense distance through which their light has to travel to reach our earth.

§ 222. In speaking of the completeness of his forgiveness, our Heavenly Father says, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." O, the blessedness of that thought! How far has he removed our transgressions?—As far as the east is from the west. How far is that? Is it twelve thousand miles, or half-way round this little world of ours?—No, a thousand times no! East and west are relative terms. Astronomically speaking, east is that part of the heavens toward which we are moving, while west is that point in the depths of space from which our earth is passing.

§ 223. Would you not like to be able to tell in just what direction our earth is moving in its journey around the sun? It is a pretty little point in astronomy, which you will often wish to make use of, so we will tell the fact now, and

explain the *why* when you become better able to grapple with these problems. They are all easy if we take them one at a time, and master them as we go along. Always remember that when the moon is at its first quarter,—any almanac will tell you when that comes each month,—it is exactly behind the earth in her onward path. By noticing in what part of the heavens the moon is on that particular evening, you can point out the exact relative west at that time, or the direction from which we are moving in our course among the stars. Again: when the moon is at its third quarter, it is exactly ahead of our earth; and should it stand still, we would soon smash into it. This would be at that time the relative east, or direction toward which we are traveling. Now to grasp the idea of how far the Lord has removed our transgressions from us, let the mind run out into the immeasurable depths of space, considering our world as a mere speck in the great universe of God, and you will have some faint conception of the fullness of redeeming love.

§ 224. "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names. Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite." Yes; he who "hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names, . . . for that he is strong in power; not one faileth." We have no conception of their number; for with every increased power of the telescope, a corresponding increase in the stars is brought to view; therefore it is useless to speculate regarding how many there are. God knows. We do not. Jeremiah tells us that "the host of heaven can not be numbered;" and the Lord challenged Abraham to tell their number if it were possible.

§ 225. Before the invention of the telescope, the camera, and the spectroscope, infidel scientists boastfully taunted believers in Bible truths of being ignorant and unscientific. They claimed as one unanswerable argument against the inspiration of the Bible that Paul knew not the mistake he made when he said, in 1 Cor. 15: 41, that "one star differeth from another star in glory." "For," said they, "had Paul been a scientist, he would have known that all stars shine alike, and differ not in glory."

§ 226. How foolish seem our boasted criticisms against God's word, after he draws back the veil from before our eyes, and allows us a little deeper glimpse into the mysteries beyond. Those stars, which to men's eyes appeared but mere "candles of the sky," are now known to be mighty suns, each with its retinue of planets. "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" asks God. Arcturus is a sun like our own, and we shall soon learn where to locate him. His sons are the worlds that journey around him, their great center, the same as our earth and her sister planets revolve about the sun.

§ 227. These stars do differ one from another in glory; for there are, shining in the depths of almost boundless space, not only white suns, like our own, but red suns, green suns, orange-colored suns, and so on. Many systems of worlds have two, three, and four different suns, and frequently each of a different color. Imagine a period of red days caused by the shining of a red sun; followed by a period of green days, whose emerald rays interlace and play among the shadows of the red, as the green sun mounts to the zenith, and the red sun sinks from sight. Perhaps before the faint rays of this sun fade in the distant sky, the bright-orange of a third sun would arise to vie with the green rays of the sun holding supreme control. Varied and beautiful would be the face of all nature were such the case; and yet with such beauty God paints the heavens of more than one system of worlds. As we study concerning these distant worlds, do we not feel anew the longing for the glad day when we shall behold them?

DR. O. C. GODSMARK.



### PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS

(March 29)

MEMORY VERSE: "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 25: 1-13.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 405-441.

#### Synopsis

"Christ with his disciples is seated upon the Mount of Olives. The sun has set behind the mountains, and the heavens are curtained with the shades of evening. In full view is a dwelling-house, lighted up brilliantly, as if for some festive scene. The light streams from the openings, and an expectant company wait around, indicating that a marriage procession is soon to appear. In many parts of the East, wedding festivities are held in the evening. The bridegroom goes forth to meet his bride, and bring her to his home. By torchlight the bridal party proceed from her father's house to his own, where a feast is provided for the invited guests. In the scene upon which Christ looks, a company are awaiting the appearance of the bridal party intending to join the procession.

"Lingering near the bride's house are ten young women robed in white. Each carries a lighted lamp, and a small flagon for oil. All are anxiously watching for the appearance of the bridegroom. But there is a delay. Hour after hour passes, the watchers become weary, and fall asleep. At midnight the cry is heard, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.' The sleepers, suddenly awaking, spring to their feet. They see the procession moving on, bright with torches and glad with music. They hear the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride. The ten maidens seize their lamps and begin to trim them, in haste to go forth. But five have neglected to fill their flasks with oil. They did not anticipate so long a delay, and they have not prepared for the emergency. In distress they appeal to their wiser companions, saying, 'Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out.' But the waiting five, with their freshly trimmed lamps, have emptied their flagons. They have no oil to spare, and they answer, 'Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.'

"While they went to buy, the procession moved on, and left them behind. The five with lighted lamps joined the throng, and entered the house with the bridal train, and the door was shut. When the foolish virgins reached the banqueting hall, they received an unexpected denial. The master of the feast declared, 'I know you not.' They were left standing out in the empty street in the blackness of the night.

"As Christ sat looking upon the party that waited for the bridegroom, he told his disciples the story of the ten virgins, by their experience illustrating the experience of the church that shall live just before his second coming." — "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 405, 406.

#### Questions

1. In this parable to what is the kingdom of heaven likened? What does this expression mean? See note.
2. When will the kingdom of heaven be like ten virgins with their lamps? Matthew 24 shows at what time the word *then* applies.
3. What was the character of these virgins?
4. What did they do? Whom do they represent? See Quotation 1.

5. What do the *lamps* represent? See Quotation 2. What is the *oil*?
6. While the bridegroom tarried, what did the virgins do?
7. What startling cry awakened them?
8. When was it made? How did it affect the virgins?
9. In their confusion, what did the foolish say to the wise?
10. Why had their lamps gone out? Whose lamp does Job say shall be put out? Job 18: 5, 6.
11. Seeing that the oil represents the Holy Spirit, what is meant by the lamps of the foolish going out?
12. What answer did the wise virgins make?
13. While the foolish went to buy, what happened?
14. Who were ready to receive the bridegroom?
15. Where did they then go?
16. What prevented the foolish from entering?
17. What piteous appeal did they make?
18. What sad answer was given them?
19. With what solemn warning does the Saviour close the parable?
20. What comparisons can you make between the experience of the ten virgins and that of the church at this time? Read the Quotations on the lesson.

#### Note

The phrase, "The kingdom of heaven," occurs only in the Gospel of Matthew. It is found there about thirty times. Mark and Luke always say, "The kingdom of God," which means the same thing. This last term occurs in the New Testament over seventy times. The two expressions more commonly refer to the work of the gospel in the earth, but sometimes to the future everlasting kingdom.

#### Quotations from the Lesson Help

1. "In the parable, all the ten virgins went out to meet the bridegroom. All had lamps, and vessels for oil. For a time there was seen no difference between them. So with the church that lives just before Christ's second coming. All have a knowledge of the Scriptures. All have heard the message of Christ's near approach, and confidently expect his appearing. But as in the parable, so it is now. A time of waiting intervenes, faith is tried; and when the cry is heard, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him,' many are unready. They have no oil in their vessels with their lamps. They are destitute of the Holy Spirit." — Page 408.

2. "The two classes of watchers profess to be waiting for the coming of the Lord. They are called virgins because they profess a pure faith. By the lamps is represented the word of God. . . . The oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit." — Pages 406, 407.

3. "The class represented by the foolish virgins are not hypocrites. They have a regard for the truth, they have advocated the truth, they are attracted to those who believe the truth; but they have not yielded themselves to the Holy Spirit's working. They have not fallen upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, and permitted their old nature to be broken up. This class are represented also by the stony-ground hearers. They receive the word with readiness, but they fail of assimilating its principles. Its influence is not abiding." — Page 411.

4. "The ten virgins are watching in the evening of this earth's history. All claim to be Christians. All have a call, a name, a lamp, and all profess to be doing God's service. All apparently wait for Christ's appearing. But five are unready. Five will be found surprised, dismayed, outside the banquet hall." — Page 412.

5. "The coming of the bridegroom was at midnight,—the darkest hour. So the coming of Christ will take place in the darkest period of earth's history." — Page 414.

If we would live with Christ in heaven, we must let him live with us here.

(Continued from page 8.)

in its influence, for it has gone beyond the United States and Canada. Thirteen years ago no such organization was known outside of these countries; but to-day there are similar movements, under different names, in Great Britain, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, French-speaking Europe, Australasia, South Africa, Japan, China, India, and Ceylon.

The World's Student Christian Federation unites all the Christian Student movements of the world. It includes over fifteen hundred student Christian organizations, with a total membership of seventy thousand.

It would be difficult to estimate the vast influence of this movement on the world-wide extension of the gospel of Jesus. We dare not say that it has ever had a parallel in the history of the church since Pentecost. But the fact that it has arisen at this time in the world's history is evidence to us that God is awakening his people, and preparing the world for that last message of mercy which must go to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, and then shall the end come.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE!

WE regret to say that the Ideal Home Work Company, whose advertisement appeared in the INSTRUCTOR a number of times early in the year, has failed to give our readers satisfaction in its transactions; and we would advise no further application to this house for materials for carrying on its so-called "home work."

"THE COW PEA" is the title of the latest publication issued by the Experiment Farm of the North Carolina State Horticultural Society at Southern Pines, N. C. This pamphlet discusses the value and uses of the cow pea. Readers who desire a copy will be supplied free by addressing the superintendent of the experiment farm, Southern Pines, N. C.

PEOPLE who will persist in carrying chips around on their shoulders must not complain if they get knocked off occasionally.

#### SHORTHAND BY MAIL

YOUR spare time can be well improved by studying shorthand, and this can be done at small expense to you by taking a mail course at your home. We are using "The Rogers Compendium of the Graham System of Shorthand," a method arranged especially for home study, and giving an epitome of a system of shorthand acknowledged to be the best, the briefest, and the most complete. The only presentation of Standard Phonography in which all shorthand outlines are written as first learned, thus greatly abbreviating the work on the part of the student. A complete course in thirty lessons, illustrated by facsimile notes, with key. The correction of all students' papers given special attention by experts. Reasonable tuition rates. If interested, write for full particulars. Practicing stenographers wishing to prepare for rapid reporting work should secure the last twenty lessons.

FIRESIDE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

#### SOLID THROUGH TRAINS OF

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**

WIDE VESTIBULE COACHES  
and PULLMAN SLEEPING  
CARS BETWEEN

Battle Creek and Chicago, Buffalo,  
New York, Philadelphia,  
Toronto, Montreal, Boston

For time-tables, descriptive matter, and information, apply to any representative of the company.





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.

SISTER HATTIE SUMERIX, of Trowbridge, Mich., wishes to thank all who have responded to the call made by Brother Moore in the issue of February 13 for papers for her little "Sabbath-school in the woods."

We note with interest that the Young People's Societies of Iowa have decided to raise a thousand dollars for France. It can be done, and done easily; for where the people, young or old, have a mind to work, God has a mind to add his blessing to their efforts; and his blessing maketh rich.

### IMPORTANT!

SABBATH-SCHOOL secretaries are urged to give special notice to the change in the lessons to be made next week. Look the classes over carefully, and if additional copies of the INSTRUCTOR will be needed, order early, that all may be supplied on Sabbath, March 27.

### A SPECIAL NUMBER

THE April issue of the *Life Boat* will be a special prisoners' number, and a supply will be sent to all the penal institutions of the land for distribution among the inmates. We shall do all in our power, and we trust the Lord will help us, to make this issue an especially helpful and instructive one to the prisoner, but we shall need money to defray the expense of publishing the large number necessary. We trust that all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will recognize in this an unusual missionary opportunity, and will send at least a small offering for this purpose. Address 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

### THE NEW SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSONS

BEGINNING with the first Sabbath in April, there will be another department in our Sabbath-schools, or rather, the old Intermediate department will be restored. This is in harmony with the action taken by the Committee of the Sabbath-school Department of the General Conference at its first meeting, when it was decided to prepare two series of lessons on Bible history for the children, each to cover a period of three years. The first, or Primary lessons, will be for children from seven to nine years inclusive, and will be printed in the *Little Friend*. The second, or Intermediate, series will be for children of ten, eleven, and twelve years. These will appear in the INSTRUCTOR, together with the regular Youth's lessons for older young people, thus making two lessons in each paper instead of one, as formerly.

The Intermediate lessons for the coming quarter cover the history recorded in the first two chapters of Genesis. The youth's lessons will be an adaptation of the senior series, as heretofore.

### THE STORY OF THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

THE Student Volunteer Movement, the quadrennial convention of which was held in Toronto the last few days of February and the opening days of March, has been brought to the attention of the public everywhere through the secular and religious newspapers.

The story of this movement among the young people of the higher institutions of learning throughout the world, is not only interesting and inspiring, but marks one of the epochs in the history of missions during the nineteenth century.

As many of our young people have been educated in our own colleges and academies, and so have not come in contact with this movement, a brief outline of its origin and rapid progress up to the last convention will probably be of interest.

During the opening years of the last century the foreign missionary enterprise in America took form under the shadow of the historic hay-stack near Williamstown, Massachusetts, where a few students of Williams College had taken shelter from a thunder-storm. There they prayed and planned for the unevangelized nations until the clouds broke away, when they dispersed with those prophetic words, "We can, if we will."

At that time the idea of foreign missions was a debatable question, and their little organization was practically a secret society, because public sentiment was hostile to foreign missions.

The present movement, though similar in many respects, began under more auspicious circumstances. Heathen lands were open, and the Macedonian call had begun to sound; but there was a dearth of laborers, and a lack of information on this all-important question. Few college-trained young people considered the foreign field a place to use their talents, and so there was a dearth of educated men.

At Princeton, New Jersey, was the home of a

set men to thinking and praying; and, one by one, alone with their Bibles and with God, the question of their life-work was settled. At the close of the conference one hundred of the two hundred and fifty young men assembled had signified that they were "willing and desirous, God permitting, to become foreign missionaries." And this for several years was the pledge of the movement, and was signed by thousands of young people.

The step which had been taken at Mt. Hermon was heralded quickly all over the country, and there was a unanimous expression among those interested in this enterprise that the missionary spirit which had manifested itself with such power at Mt. Hermon, should be extended to other institutions. Two young men from Princeton spent much of the following year in preaching the new crusade among the colleges and universities of the United States. One hundred and sixty-seven were visited; and when the term closed, twenty-two hundred young men and women had taken the volunteer pledge.

Two years later experience demonstrated the necessity of the movement taking definite shape, and a few representatives met at Northfield, Massachusetts, and a simple organization was effected. Thus the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions came into formal existence, and since that time it has been an important factor in the increasing interest in the world-wide work which we see on every hand.

The chairman, Mr. John R. Mott, who presided at the last convention in Toronto, has been identified with the movement from its beginning; and his consecration to, and sanguine faith in, the realization of their motto, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation," are indeed inspiring.

The development of this organization has been continuous from the beginning. During the past



Photograph of the old Sanitarium and Hospital, with double mount, seven by fourteen inches, suitable for framing. This is the finest photograph ever made, and every one will be pleased with it. Price, fifty cents, postpaid. Address Retail Department, Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich.

returned missionary, where a few young men whose hearts God had touched with the great need, were wont to meet for prayer and counsel. A few of these attended the memorable conference of college students which was held at Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts, in 1886, where they had been invited by Mr. D. L. Moody to spend four weeks in Bible study. Nearly two weeks passed before the subject of missions was mentioned. But one of the young men from Princeton had come from a home whose members were praying that this summer school might be marked by a great missionary revival. He, too, had been praying for weeks; and believing that from this gathering God would call at least a few college men who would consecrate themselves to foreign service, he called together the young men who were thinking of the fields abroad, and twenty-one responded. They began to pray that the spirit of missions might pervade the conference, and that the Lord would separate many men unto this great work.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, the editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*, and Dr. Ashmore, a returned missionary from China, added fuel to the little flame already kindled by their ardent appeals and convincing argument that "all should go, and go to all." This was the keynote which

four years about nine hundred higher institutions of learning were visited, and more than five thousand young people enrolled in missionary study classes. Through its influence young people are not only enlisted in this great work in the regions beyond; but those who do not see their way clear to go abroad, are awakened to the need, and shown how they may form a base of supplies, as it were, at home. It certainly can not be denied that through this movement, college men and women are becoming intelligent concerning the world's appalling spiritual need, and their privileges in connection with it. Does this mean naught to the young man and young woman to-day who is a student of prophecy, and knows from God's word that the great work to which these young people are giving themselves will be accomplished?

Not only are students being aroused, but the Christian church has been moved by this offering of young people for service abroad, as earnest young men and women have come before its members to voice the convictions which mean so much to them, and to plead for a like sacrifice of the means and prayers that are needed to make their own gift of life effective.

The movement has been even more far-reaching

(Concluded on page 7)