

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. L.

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## Through the Orange Free State

It was with an experienced Basuto driver and a South African "buggy," in times of peace and under the most favorable circumstances for observing the life of the land, that I made this journey through the Boer Republic. Having spent a number of weeks in the vicinity of Aliwal in 1894, I felt less a stranger when I went again to that border village in September, 1898. Aliwal is a quiet country burg, lying on the south bank of the Orange River, where it forms the boundary-line of the very southernmost point of the Free State. Being the railway terminus, it holds some importance as a trading center, between Cape Colony, Basutoland, and the Free State. It is also something of a health resort, having warm mineral springs and a pleasant climate.

The river here cuts deep into the sandy soil between the hills of the Free State on the north and the Colony on the south. The high river banks are joined by a splendid span named "Frere Bridge," after Sir Bartle Frere, one of the early English governors of Cape Colony. Aliwal lies scattered along the south bank above and below the bridge, while on the Free State side there is only a little square sheet-iron shanty, inhabited by the lone customs collector. From the shanty at the north end of the bridge there is a gradual ascent to the westward, reaching up to the plains and high hills through which the Orange cuts its way. After crossing the bridge the road to Basutoland climbs over a rocky bluff to the eastward. In sight of this road, a mile or more above the village, stands a stone gristmill, with its mill-race and turbine, while farmhouses occupied by Dutch and English are seen here and there on each side of the river.

It was only natural that the Boers should seize this convenient border village, which they did soon after the war began. From here they pushed on south through Burghersdorp to Stormberg, where a few hundred of them dealt such a signal blow to the British under General Gatacre on the tenth of December, 1899. Aliwal was left by the Boers only after the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith, having been held by them four months. Though having ample time to destroy them, the Boers left both the village and the beautiful Frere Bridge undamaged to the advancing British army.

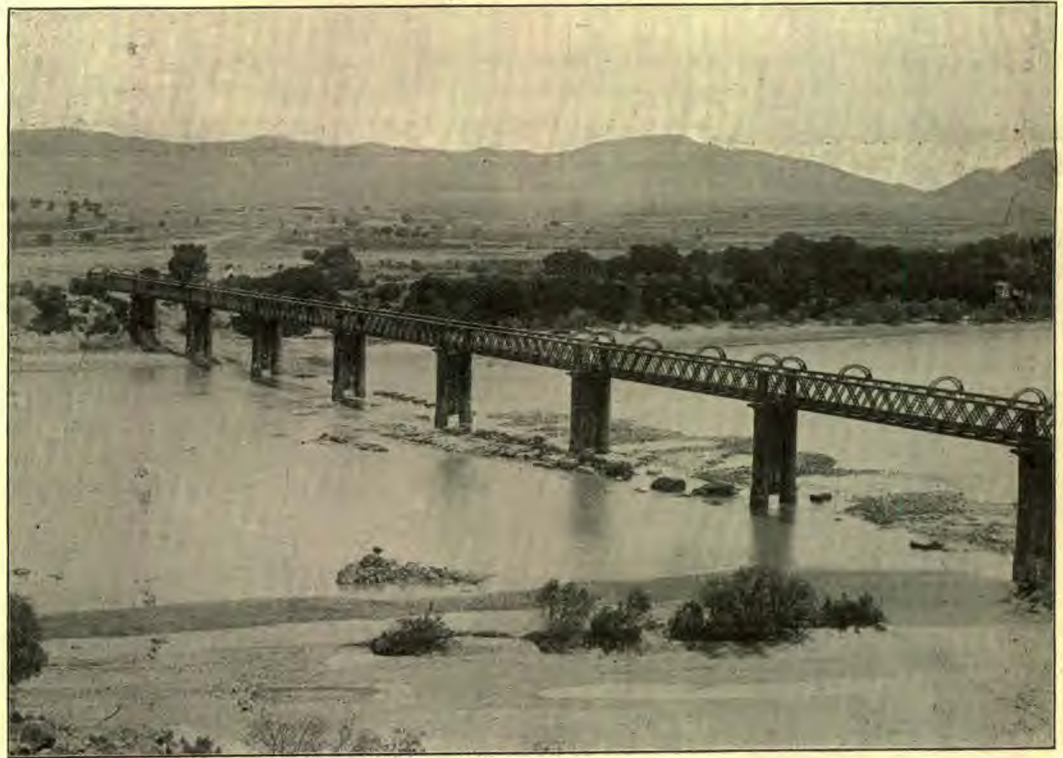
One bright morning a little more than a year before the thrilling scenes of this war began, I was hurrying around the quiet streets of Aliwal securing the provisions necessary for the long journey into Basutoland. It was nearly nine o'clock, and I had directed my friend Kalaka, the driver, to go on over the bridge, where I would overtake him. Crossing the smoothly flowing river on this still September morning, one could not but feel the impressive peacefulness of the place,—the village behind, the farmhouses above and below, the mill and the river, all

uniting to form a picture of calm content. There had been no recent heavy rains, so only a little stream wound its way along through the wide river-bed sixty feet below the solid roadway of the bridge.

I was soon on Free State soil, and in a few minutes' time, while talking, we were ready to start. Our "buggy" was simply a cart with two wheels, heavier and stronger than those of an ordinary lumber wagon, strong springs carrying the box with its single seat, and a tent top, which was not raised on this trip. My bicycle was fastened to the rear of the cart, and my satchel strapped onto a small rack behind the box. Several little sheaves of oats fastened against the inner side of the dashboard served to balance our cart so that the tongue would not weigh too heavily upon the necks of the horses. Our two gray Basuto ponies, though in bad flesh

"Where neither tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount  
Appears to refresh the aching eye;  
But the barren earth and the burning sky,  
And the blank horizon round and round,  
Spread — void of living sight or sound."

The roads are made by one wagon following another over the veld until the trail becomes slightly smoother than its surroundings. Ant-hills are crushed by heavy wagons, and stones remain where nature placed them, to be hit or missed according to the vigilance of the driver. Three hours of traveling after this fashion brought us within sight of Rouxville. As we approached from the hilltop two miles distant, the sight of this little village with its tall poplars and willows was cheering indeed. It stands alone in a wide-spreading valley, and has no protection, natural or otherwise. No Boer *commando* would ever attempt to hold this dorp against a superior



THE ORANGE RIVER BRIDGE

on account of the continued drought, were tough and sure-footed.

From Aliwal through the southeast corner of the Free State the road makes a constant ascent, leading directly up into the Maluti Mountains of Basutoland, which are among the higher ranges of the Great Draken Berg. This part of the Boer State is hilly, and, like most of South Africa, treeless. Small bushes grow here and there; and in dry seasons, sheep and goats, kept here in large numbers, feed upon the leaves. The soil is fairly good, being a reddish or dark, sandy loam. But for the irregularity of rains and the abundance of locusts, fine crops of wheat and other grains might be produced. As it is, one rides for miles over naked hills and plains, possibly seeing one or two little patches of wheat or barley where a fountain is found. The following lines illustrate well the prevailing barrenness of this land:—

force, its threescore houses being entirely at the mercy of an enemy. However, it will be historic; for it has been taken, retaken, and taken again, being now occupied by the English, after being twice forsaken by the Dutch.

Dining here, we hastened on, leaving the post-road for a shorter cut, toward Bushman's Kop, some thirty miles distant. An hour brought us to the first mountain, extending for several miles along the course of our journey. Fatherly old Kalaka had many stories to tell of the time when this mountain and all the district around it were taken away from the Basutos by the Boer farmers. In the valley through which we were now passing, the road began to be cut by the deep *dongas* eaten into the yielding soil at the foot of almost every mountain and across the plains right down to the bank of all the rivers in South Africa. With perpendicular sides, eight, ten, or even twelve feet in depth, these holes make the

country exceedingly difficult to cross, and render a night journey most unpleasant and dangerous.

Living on our road was a French family whom Kalaka had known for many years, and at their home we hoped to find lodgings for the night. At nine o'clock we drove into the large grove of willows surrounding the farmhouse, and were soon made welcome by Mrs. Bisseux and her two manly sons. This family are old residents of the Free State, being descendants of early French missionaries. Receiving every kind hospitality that night in her home, the following day's travel over miles of prairie-like hill-country brought us at sunset to Bushman's Kop. This place has only a country store, a blacksmith shop, and a sort of wayside inn. It gets its name from a commanding hill once inhabited by some of the Bushman race.

From this place the traveler has in full view the serried peaks of Basutoland, called the "Switzerland of South Africa;" and the chilly air, even of a September morning, reminds him that he is nearing a region of snows. The last few miles of our journey were rougher than what had preceded; and as we started up a long incline toward a ridge where a man and several boys were plowing, we noticed two road tracks, one on the right appearing preferable. Some small stones were laid across the right-hand track, and the driver, avoiding the stones, chose this side. A wire fence stretched along the top of the ridge, with a gateway across the road. The plowmen were beyond the fence at the left. As we were about to open the gate, we were met by these men, who quietly explained in Dutch that we were trespassing by driving on the veld, and must wait until the owner was sent for. Our protestations of innocence were in vain, and the determined look on the face of this sturdy Dutchman gave us to understand that we must settle with the owner, who, we soon learned, was the *landrost*, or sheriff, of that district.

To avoid unnecessary delay, Kalaka, who could speak Dutch, proceeded to the sheriff's, a mile or more over the hills, escorted by one of his young sons, who was among the plowmen. An hour later he returned, poorer by a five-shillings' fine. From this place a few minutes' drive brought us to another fence, where stood a little corrugated iron hut, guarded by a native customs collector, who wore as black a face as men have even in Africa; and here we passed out of the Boer Republic into the land of the Basutos.

J. C. ROGERS.

### The Landing at Jaffa

THE landing most dreaded by timid travelers in all the world, probably, is at Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem. This is the Joppa of ancient Scripture, from which Jonah set sail on his rebellious and ill-fated trip to Tarshish. The Mediterranean is as uncomfortable a sea in these days as it was in the times of the prophet, and very often the waves run high off the historic little town. There is no harbor for a craft larger than a rowboat, and the steamers that transport pilgrims to Jerusalem must often anchor two or three miles from shore.

Large boats, rowed by a dozen evil-looking Arabs, come out to meet the steamer; and while some of the boatmen keep their craft from being dashed to pieces against the hull of the steamer, others seize the passenger round the waist, and half drag him down the gangway ladder at the opportune moment when the rowboat, lifted on the crest of the wave, is nearest to the deck. It is an exciting and unpleasant means of disembarkation, but is the best attainable until the crafty sultan allows a harbor for large boats to be built at Jaffa. This harbor several foreign companies have offered to build, but the rapacious Abdul-Hamid II has not yet been offered a large enough sum for the concession which would so greatly benefit Palestine.—*Selected.*



### Prescience

It comes in the hush of dawning,  
When heaven and earth are gray,—  
A murmur of far-off music  
Drifting near with the day;  
Warm, in the heart of storm winds,  
Blossoming, under the sleet,—  
The promise of unknown blessing  
Waiting for me at His feet.

Noonday and night I hear it,  
Under the brooding sky,  
As if an angel had whispered  
His message in passing by,—  
Tender, as when men knew him  
In the breaking of the bread;  
Holy, as when his blessing  
Rested on Mary's head.

Will it be joy that waits me,  
Veiled in the morrow dim?  
Will it be peace in labor,  
Drawing me close to him?  
Gift of an added blessing,  
Or crown of a sacred loss?  
The light of his face transfigured,  
Or the shadow under the cross?  
—*Mabel Earle, in Well Spring.*

### Making God Glad

EVERY one who loves God should be happy to make the heart of the great Creator of the universe glad. Here is a text that shows it is in the power of every child of his, young or old, to do this: "My son, be wise, and make my heart glad, that I may answer him that reproacheth me." Prov. 27: 11.

This is a direct appeal from God to every son and daughter of his. Whatever the circumstances, however apparently adverse they may be, the Lord expects us to be loyal to him, to maintain righteous principles, to act discreetly, wisely, as his children should. Remember, young friends, that every time you do wrong, you give the adversary occasion to reproach God.

You are familiar with the story of Job. He had given himself to the Creator, to represent him in the earth. God loved Job. He had caused blessings to abound toward him. All that Job did prospered, because God was with him, and had surrounded him with his protecting care as with a hedge.

But Satan accused Job before God. He maligning every motive. He watched him as a caged lion watches, anxious to seize upon him. "Doth Job fear God for naught?" he asked, sneeringly.

What joy it must have been for God to present Job's case to Satan! For Job had so loved and obeyed the Lord that in the hour when the prince of darkness was railing upon him, the Lord could maintain his cause.

Because the earth is more corrupt and sinful than in the days of Job, we have an even greater opportunity for loyalty to Heaven, and causing the Lord to be glad because of the upright lives and sterling characters we present to the world.

T. E. BOWEN.

### A Twice-Told Tale

IN an obscure corner of a little unknown paper my eyes fell not long ago on an old, old legend; and as it has come back to me over and over since then, it has seemed each time to bring a message of love and charity to our fellow men, which is well worth thinking of.

It told in quaint phrases of three aged pilgrims along the road of life, who met one winter's day at the crossing of the roads, and paused a moment to talk. Each man was old and bent, gray and heavily laden; for each carried two big sacks, one hanging before him, the other slung behind his back.

"You seem heavily laden, friend," the first traveler said, as the second staggered wearily under his load.

The bleak-faced old man replied, "Yes, and the longer I carry my sack, the heavier it grows; but," with a smile of satisfaction crossing his wrinkled face, his wicked old eyes gleaming, "you see it is worth all the trouble of carrying it, for in here I put every one of the sins committed by the people I know, and though my load grows bigger and heavier every time I turn it over to look at it, yet it is a great satisfaction to me to know how much worse every one else in the world is than I am myself. The sack behind me is not very heavy; for into it I toss all the good deeds of my friends, and I soon forget all about them."

"You are a very foolish old fellow to bother with other people," the first speaker said, nodding his head wisely as he spoke. "I do not fill mine that way. See," pointing with a complacent smile to the sack in front of him, "into this front sack where I can see them all the time, I carefully store away all my own good deeds, and they help to keep me in a good humor with myself. Just see how full it is! There is a penny I gave to a beggar not long ago; by and by, if I keep looking at it and telling of it, it will grow into a dime, and then maybe into a dollar, and people will all see what a good, generous fellow I am. In this sack behind me," he added, carelessly, pointing over his shoulder, "I drop all my little misdeeds. I can not see them, you know, so I very soon forget all about them," and as he peered at the dingy penny on top of his load, he smiled in a well-satisfied way.

The third traveler, a clear-eyed old man, had not spoken yet, but had stood leaning on his staff, listening to the others.

They now glanced interrogatively at him, and setting the immense sack before him, he spoke, his pleasant voice ringing out cheerily over the world of glistening snow: "Once, long ago, I tried each of your sacks in turn for a while; but, comrades, I found they did not pay. They soon grew so large they shut out all God's bright sunlight, and were so heavy they bowed me down so close to the earth that by and by I failed to see any of the beauties in this wonderful world of ours. Then, one day, with the dear Lord's help, I threw them both away forever, and I now carry two that seem to grow lighter and easier to carry the fuller they become. Whenever I grow sour in temper, and am tempted to think this world an evil place, I straightway go through my front sack, and it soon drives away all my discontent."

"But what do you carry? What is this wonderful load of yours?" the other two cried.

With a sudden look of earnestness crossing his beaming old face, the aged pilgrim replied: "My sack is filled to overflowing with the good deeds of the people I meet along the way. It would astonish you to know how many I pop in each day, for I find them lying around thick wherever I look; but as many as I put in, there is always room at the top for more."

"And this sack hanging so limp behind you?" the first traveler said, in a low tone.

With the wrinkles and smiles running criss-cross all over his face, the old man replied in a tone of profound satisfaction: "That is the very best sack of all to carry through the world. Into it I drop all the evil I hear of people; and that it may not linger near a moment, I have cut the entire bottom out of the sack, so it soon falls through and is lost."

As I read the quaint little story, it seemed to me the old man with his cheery face and bottomless sack sent a good message to us all,—a message telling us how much wiser and happier we would be, how much better this busy world would be, if we kept before our eyes constantly the good deeds of others; and if into a bottomless sack behind our backs we toss all their mistakes and evil deeds.—*Young People.*



### Spring Song

Now willows have their pussies,  
Now ferns in meadow lands  
Hold little downy leaflets,  
Like clinging baby hands.  
Like rosy baby fingers  
Show oak leaves 'gainst the blue;  
The little ones of nature  
Are everywhere in view.

There's purring in a sunbeam  
Where Tabby's babies play.  
The hen is softly brooding;  
Her chickens came to-day.  
Up in the crimson maple  
The mother robin sings;  
The world is full of caring  
For little, helpless things.

—From "Songs of Happy Life."

### The Robin's Food



ANY who cultivate small fruits, such as berries, grapes, cherries, and the like, are greatly prejudiced against the Robin, thinking the bird destructive to their crops.

But, as a matter of fact, fruit forms but a small part of the Robin's bill of fare, and whatever he does eat, he more than pays for by the large number of injurious worms and insects he devours. All through the spring, when the insects are at work to do our fruit and vegetables all the damage they can, Mr. Robin spends most of his time catching them. He eats a great many himself, and besides there are the little ones to be fed.

And what a quantity the little birds seem to need! How many worms do you think a young Robin will eat? One man experimented on some Robins he had captured, and he found that each bird required sixty-eight worms a day. If these worms were laid end to end, they would make a line fourteen feet long! If we were to eat as much in proportion to our size, it would be necessary for us to devour seventy pounds of meat a day, and drink five or six gallons of water.

The Robin eats bugs, spiders, earthworms, many grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars, and even wasps; he destroys the March-fly larvæ, so injurious to the grass in the hay-fields, and will also eat the army-worm. We ought to allow him a few cherries and apples in return for all his useful work; but he will eat much less of the cherries if you will provide a few Russian mulberry bushes, whose fruit ripens at about the same time as the cherries, and which Robin and many of his friends dearly love. Professor Bruner has well said: "He is a poor business man who pays ten dollars for that which he knows must later be sold for fifteen cents or even less. Yet I have known instances where a Robin, which had saved from ten to fifteen bushels of apples, worth a dollar a bushel, by clearing the trees from cankerworms in the spring, was shot when he simply pecked one of the apples that he had saved for the ungrateful fruit-grower."

Although over half of the Robin's food in summer is made up of bugs, insects, larvæ, etc., he is also particularly fond of wild fruit; and where there are plenty of wild berries, he will linger as long as they last. Indeed, if there are enough of the dried berries for the winter, he will not go South at all.

Robins become very tame if well treated. A family in Michigan observed a pair of these birds which nested close to their house for fourteen

years. It was plainly to be seen that they were the same birds; for they were very friendly with the family, but not so with strangers. One day a man passing the house picked up one of the young birds just out of the nest, which was fluttering about on the ground as a young Robin will. The moment he picked up the young bird, the parents uttered loud cries of alarm and distress until they had brought all the Robins in the neighborhood to their assistance. They scolded, and cried, and flew at the intruder, who, as they thought, was trying to rob them of their baby. A member of the family heard the noise, came out of the house, claimed the Robin, and the man handed it over. As soon as the little bird was in the hands of the person they knew, the birds ceased their cries. Not only the parents of the bird, but all the Robins, seemed to understand that the little thing was safe.

*Description.*—Upper parts blackish-brown; under parts reddish-brown; throat striped black-and-white; corners of tail white. Length, ten inches.

### The Cardinal Grosbeak

Another interesting bird which may be seen in winter as far north as New Jersey, Ohio, and part of Illinois, is the Cardinal. In my part of the country he is usually called by the simple name of Redbird. By some, I understand, he is called the Virginia nightingale. He is to be met with all over the Southern States, and as far north as southern New England and New York. He is quite common in central Illinois. He is a beautiful bird, easily seen for his brilliant plumage, which is of a magnificent red color. He has a conspicuous crest, or topknot. The throat is black, and there is a band of the same color around the beak. His mate is much duller in color.

Although easily seen, the Cardinal knows pretty well how to take care of himself. I have followed the bird for many a mile, trying to get one good glimpse of him through an opera-glass; but he was afraid of me, and I could not get within gunshot of him, though I had no gun, and sought to do him no harm. But at Jerseyville, where birds seem to be well treated, I have observed him often; and several times in Springfield he has alighted quite close to me, and poured forth his melodious song.

When nesting, the Cardinal is said to be something of a fighter. If a snake comes about, he rouses the whole neighborhood of birds, bringing them to help defend the nest. They will fly at the snake with loud cries, and even attack it if it does not leave.

But wary as the Cardinal is, he will become quite tame if well treated. A lady once had one of these birds in a cage with a pair of the little green parrots called "love birds" from their habit of putting their bills together as if kissing. Apparently the Cardinal did not approve. After watching the loving little birds a while, he seemed to lose patience, and dashed right down between them, driving them apart. Then he went back to his perch. This he kept up; and whenever the two parrots began their caresses, down the Cardinal would drive again. He never disturbed them at any other time, or about anything else, but that one thing he would not tolerate.

The song of the Cardinal is a "rich, rolling whistle," impossible properly to describe. He is a great singer. Some birds sing only during the nesting season, but the Cardinal sings all through the year. When, during the summer, the mother bird broods upon the nest, he often

sings to her by the hour, and at the same time sees that no harm comes near. And when bleak winter has come, he still sings his merry notes. More than once, when the afternoons were sharp and biting cold, just as the day was fading, I have heard his clear, merry whistle. It plainly said to everybody, "Three cheers! three cheers! three cheers!" Cold weather could not make him gloomy; he was not worried; he was singing. God give me freedom from care like the Grosbeak. God give me a mood to make well of things as he does. And God help me to face drear aspects with a heart as glad as his, and a tune as cheery.

L. A. REED.

### The Birds of March

CHICKADEES, woodpeckers, nuthatches, brown creepers, juncos, and others of our winter birds, are still with us during the month of March, but our keen interest in them begins to wane when the time comes for the summer residents to begin to arrive.

"Pretty soon, pretty quick!" calls the robin in the garden on a bright March morning, and, sure enough, "pretty soon" the prophecy is fulfilled, and familiar notes are heard in the green meadows, and from the bare trees.

The bluebird, with "the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back," as John Burroughs so aptly puts it, greets us early in the month, and the song-sparrows are not far behind. To a casual observer they are not much unlike the English sparrows in appearance, but the song-sparrow has streaks of black and brown on his whitish breast and sides, his wings are shorter, and his tail longer, than those of his English cousin. The principal difference between them, however, is one of spirit, and this is expressed in their notes. Instead of the noisy,



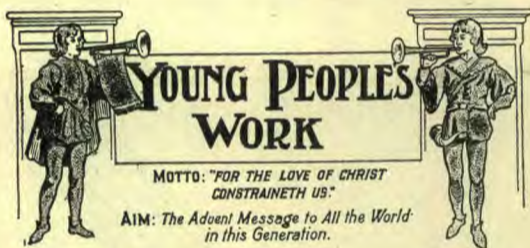
scolding chatter of the English sparrow, the song-sparrow pours out his free, joyous soul in a song so sweet and cheery that it makes one ashamed of any but courageous thoughts and high hopes to hear it,—a little song, just one high, clear note, three times repeated, and followed by a sort of cadenza.

Early in March, also come the purple grackles, or crow blackbirds. What a stir and a breeze they make as large flocks arrive together, and clamor and creak (I know of no more musical words with which to indicate their calls) in flapping companies among the tall trees, or walk proudly about the lawns! The grackles are over twelve inches long, a little larger than the robin, which measures ten inches. They are glossy black all over, but their backs shine with iridescent colors in the sun. The red-winged black-

birds appear at about the same time. They are not so large as the crow blackbirds. The general color is black, but on the "shoulders" are gleaming epaulets of scarlet, edged with gold.

Soon after the tenth of the month, a near relative of these blackbirds appears,—the meadow-lark. The meadow-lark is about the length of the robin. The upper parts are brown, mottled with black; the breast bright yellow, with a conspicuous black crescent on it; there are yellow stripes over the eye and through the crown. He is most easily identified, however, by the white of the outer tail feathers, which is very noticeable when he flies. Like their relatives the blackbirds, the meadow-larks are walkers, and one may often see them walking in the bare March fields. If you draw too near, there will be a flapping of wings, a sudden sailing flight, and off goes your bird to alight on a fence-post, very likely, with a nasal call, "Peent!" This is not at all like the song, which is a high, clear whistle, unusually sweet. Some one has syllabled the notes, "I see you — can't see me," which is very good English for it.

During the last ten days of the month you may have the fortune, if you will take a walk along a quiet road late in the afternoon, to catch a glimpse of a rather dimly marked and pale-colored sparrow, that will fly ahead of you from one low bush to another, showing, as he flies, a white feather on either side of his tail. You may see him at any time of day, but if your hour is late afternoon, he will probably treat you to a delightful song, sweet and loud and clear,—a really soul-stirring performance. This is the vesper-sparrow, so named from the fact that he usually chooses this late hour of the day for his service of song.—*Sunday School Times.*



### Importance of the Young People's Work

"THERE are three things that should be accomplished by the Young People's Societies:—

"1. They should give the young people an opportunity for work and for testimony.

"2. They should teach the young the needs of missionary work in all lands.

"3. They ought to establish the young in the doctrines we teach, so that they can prove them clearly from the Bible.

"Unless these objects are attained, unless the young people do become versed in these things, the Young People's Societies are accomplishing little if anything."

These sentiments were expressed by James H. Chapman, president of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, at Willard Hotel, Chicago, in a Young People's Missionary Rally, at which various denominations were represented, on February 22.

This simple statement expresses the true object and aim of our own work as young people. The light that we have, being so far in advance of that of other denominations, should be spread with much greater earnestness; and in view of the trust God has committed to this people, and the fact that he has given to the young the work of pushing this message, our efforts to become efficient in work at home, in knowledge of the needs in all lands, and in an understanding of the truths of the Bible, should be as much greater than the efforts of the young people of other denominations as our work is more important than theirs.

The speaker called special attention to the third point,—that of teaching the young, from

the Bible, the doctrines taught by the denomination. This certainly is an important matter; but if important for the Baptists, why not much more important for Seventh-day Adventists? But some, the speaker said, object to making the Young People's Societies study classes; yet, he declared, there is no other way by which they can learn except by study. If individuals are not sufficiently interested to study, they may not be expected to receive much real benefit from the meetings. Young People's Societies in the church are not for social entertainment; they are to have a perceptible influence for good upon its members. If this is not accomplished, the Societies might as well be discontinued.

Another speaker presented the matter of securing a good missionary library in every society; and I believe it would be profitable for our own Young People's Societies to consider this, especially where the church has no library. The speaker upon this subject dwelt at length upon the need of missionary books and papers for all young people; and said that one work which members can do is to interest other young people in reading and subscribing for such publications.

Let us, as Seventh-day Adventist young people, consider these things carefully, and not be behind in any way. Let us study to show ourselves approved unto God. RUPERT C. SPOHN.

### Studies in the Message

#### Lesson II—The New Order of Beings

(March 30 to April 5)

DESIRING to enlarge the circle of joy and love, God said to his Son: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," who will appreciate the divine character, and reflect the beauty of our glory, and so increase the happiness of the universe. The plan was to place these new beings in a home of their own, and allow them to develop a tried character, in full view of all creation, that when they should be exalted to heaven, all would see the wisdom of the divine plan.

So the earth was formed, and man was created, and placed upon it. The new atom-world shone with the light of God's favor, and sparkled with joy and gladness. "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." But the rebel prince and his outcast followers looked on with envy and hatred. With remorse they viewed the peace and innocence of Eden. Forever shut out from all part in the sweetness of life,—the joy that comes from making others happy,—they determined to drag down these favored ones to share their misery.

But God's watchful care was over his children. Man was warned, and angels were sent to protect him from danger. Only one restriction had been placed on the rulers of Eden. In the center of the garden were two trees,—the tree of life and the tree of death. Of the one they might freely eat; the other was to be left entirely alone. This was to be the test of their love and loyalty. Not a blot marred the perfection of man's glorious kingdom. They were in open communion with the Father and his dear Son. Every day brought an increase of knowledge and joy. Glad songs of loyal praise ascended to the great Creator for all his kindness and love.

#### Questions

1. What new creation did God propose to his Son? Gen. 1:26.
2. How large a dominion was given to man? Gen. 1:26; Heb. 2:6-8.
3. What home was prepared for him? Gen. 2:8-10, 15.
4. What was the only test of man's love? Gen. 2:17.
5. How did other created beings show their joy at man's creation? Job 38:4-7.
6. How many created beings are permitted to watch men? 1 Cor. 4:9.

### Prayer, Plans, Pains, Anticipation

THE main thing about a meeting is its atmosphere. The arrangement may be ever so ample, the plans ever so perfect, and yet the meeting fall short of its full measure of helpfulness. Given the arrangements and the audience, we must still have proper atmosphere to make the meeting a spiritual success.

Every leader wants this kind of meeting, and every leader can have it. Preparation in various ways is essential, of course. A good meeting means prayer, plans, pains, and more prayer.

But there is one preparation which in no little degree determines the success of your meeting. You may pray and plan and work earnestly; yet, if this preparation is lacking, your meeting will miss the mark. It is the preparation of anticipation. If you expect a good meeting, you will be likely to experience a good meeting; for your prayers, your plans, and your pains are determined by your expectation. If you are faithful, your meeting will be fruitful.

Your meeting is an event,—an event not for your little honor, but for your largest helpfulness,—an event that, no matter how many times you may lead, will never come again. Anticipate it in its blessing to each member. Anticipate it so heartily that you will seek to bring under its influence those who come seldom or never. Get others to look forward to it with you. Anticipate the presence and power of God. We can do very well at times with a leaderless meeting. We never can do at all with a Lord-less meeting.

And, when your hopes have been realized, and your meeting has been a benediction, and has become a happy memory, anticipate God's power and your part with hope as great and faith as full when your brother leads.—*Selected.*

### Extracts from Letters

DELLA WALLACE, DES MOINES: "We have two new Young People's Societies organized, and prospects for one at Atlantic. I feel greatly encouraged about this work in Iowa. We are encouraging the movement to have the young people in Iowa raise the one thousand dollars called for by Professor Wilkinson to begin the work in France. The Society here in Des Moines has started it, and will enlist all the other Societies in our State in the work."

C. H. BATES, PUEBLO, COLO.: "We are having very interesting young people's meetings. We did hold them on Friday evening, but have changed the time to Sabbath afternoon, as this will accommodate more of our members. We try to make the meetings as interesting as possible, and at the same time educational and spiritual."

BERTHA TYLER, REEVE, WIS.: "We are a band of young people living seven miles southeast of Clear Lake. Last year the number attending our meetings was larger than at present, but we hope to see more coming in again. A short time ago we sent for fifteen Membership Cards, and twelve have been signed. The lessons in the INSTRUCTOR are just what we need, and I believe that much good will result from their study."

"To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to pray and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors,—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace."



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Little Gardeners

Willis:—

I'm going to have a garden, Fred,—  
A garden full of roses,  
And pinks, and pansies, mignonette,  
And other pretty posies.  
And when the plants are full of bloom,  
My basket I will heap,  
And, selling them in yonder town,  
A crop of pennies reap.

Fred:—

I think I'll have a garden, too:  
I'm going to plant potatoes,  
And peas, and beans, and salsify,  
And carrots, and tomatoes;  
And when they're grown, I'll sell them for  
As much as they are worth:  
I'll have my pockets brimming full  
Of money for the Fourth.

Willis:—

I know a better plan than that,—  
I learned it from Aunt Mary.  
You know that in a far-off land  
She was a missionary:  
And to the heathen children there  
She taught the way to live;  
And to that work my garden-plot  
Most willingly I'll give.

Both:—

O, yes; we'll plant our garden-plots  
With useful plants and flowers,  
And God, who giveth all, will send  
His sunshine and his showers;  
And on such little boys as we  
His blessing rich will rest,  
Although our offering may be small,  
If we but do our best.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

## Queer Storehouses Built by Little People

If one will look in the meadows and hazel thickets of the States, bordering the upper Mississippi, he will see many curious, well-beaten highways leading in all directions. These are not over an inch and a half wide, and are usually arched, and thus protected, by grass and leaves; but they are, nevertheless, regular highways, and are better kept than many public roads. No ruts nor débris are allowed in them.

Here is one that looks as if it is more used than the others, so we will follow it. We wind in and out among the mountains and hills (tussocks of grass), always keeping on the low ground; and when we reach a low, flat prairie, we cross it in a straight line. At short intervals, roads branch off the main thoroughfare; and from these, in turn other roads branch till there are highways leading in every direction.

Our road becomes less and less plain as we follow it, though it still bears evidence of much use, till at last it ends under a jack-oak tree, where the acorns lie thick on every hand. We turn, and follow it back; and after winding in and out for a hundred yards or more, we come to a place where the path runs under a large tussock of hazel brush; but on the other side it emerges, and leads here and there in the hazel thicket. If we cared to follow it, we might go all over the field, and never come to an end, as the roads of the whole community are connected; so we will examine this apparent tunnel. On looking closely, we notice that there are a number of roads entering this same clump of brush from various directions, and that there is considerable dirt lying about, which has been taken

from the holes. This must be the headquarters of something. We will investigate.

Carefully, and with considerable effort, we cut away the sod and brush following one of the roads. When we get into the middle, we find under the largest brush and heaviest roots a great nest made of grass, hair, and feathers; and out jump half a dozen large bobtailed bull mice, which disappear down the road so quickly the eye can scarcely follow them. It is late autumn. Had we looked a month earlier, we should have found one or two families of babies.

Removing the remainder of the sod, we note the work it has taken to build it all, roads included. Why so much work?—The home was placed under the largest bush the mice could find, that no skunk nor fox could dig it out. The roads were built in order that the mice might be better hidden, and that nothing might be in the way when they must run for their lives.

As we think of all this, and admire the workmanship of the roads, a mouse comes running

we will look further. Finding another hole, we follow it a foot or so in a tunnel sloping obliquely downward, and soon reach another room. This is egg-shaped (the first was more shallow and oven-shaped), and is full to overflowing with acorns,—a gallon or more. Though there are not so many acorns as there were thorn-apples, this store represents a large amount of work, when one remembers that they were carried, one at a time, at least a hundred and fifty yards.

But we have not found our hazelnuts yet. We hunt for some time, and finally, after following a tunnel a yard or more, and getting at least a foot below the surface, we find the top of the royal storehouse—an oval pocket. We uncover it carefully, pausing a moment to admire its treasures,—rich, brown nuts, all of a size, all perfect, and packed so tightly that at first they must be removed one by one. This pocket has more than a bushel of nuts in it,—not one small one, not one that is bad. After the nuts are removed, the room walls stand as firmly as if they had been built up by a mason, and the dents of the hazelnuts make it look as if it had been molded.

I have described one of the many such storehouses that I have dug out. This was on a hill, and was one of the most typical I have ever seen. Sometimes they have several small pockets containing nuts, instead of one large room; and very few as well stocked as was this. Once or twice I have seen nuts and acorns mixed in the same room, though this is unusual, and must mean that a lazy, slovenly mouse lives there; for the supply is always small in such cases. Corn is also often stored up in this way, as are also oats, weed-seed, etc.

Truly we can say, with the wise man,  
"All things are full of labor."

FLOYD BRALLIAR.



I'M GOING TO HAVE A GARDEN, FRED!

down one with a hazelnut in his mouth. So intent is he on his business that he does not see us till he is so near that we have a good look at him. When he sees us, he drops his nut, and scampers off. But no matter. We begin to look about, and soon notice a hole leading underground. We follow it a few feet, and there under the blue-grass sod find a large room arched with a perfection that the best mason in the world could only equal, and with a drain running from its lowest part. This is almost full of thorn-apples, laid in perfect order, and fitting so closely that we can scarcely get them started out. Not one is wormy or inferior in any way. These are placed near the surface, so they will freeze; otherwise they would rot before spring. But our mouse had a hazelnut in his mouth:

## Little Scotch Granite

BURT and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them.

He was small, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland, and his voyage across the ocean.

In his studies he was as far advanced as they were; and the first day he went to school, they thought him remarkably good.

He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten, if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly; "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others whisper, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate-pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"O, we all whisper," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule. Nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I shall say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"O, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night, if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time, the boys all saw how it was with him.

He studied hard, played with all his might during play-time, but, according to his own account, he lost more credits than any of the others.

After a few weeks the boys answered, "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to.

Yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but he said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them, nor "told tales," but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just to hear this sturdy, blue-eyed boy tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked of him, and loved him, even if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite" because he was so firm about his promise.

At the end of the term Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry; for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, a great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher.

"And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy,—the one really the most conscientiously perfect in his deportment,—among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so low on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—*Selected.*

#### The Runaway

A LITTLE white cloud was sailing high,  
A little white cloud in the wide blue sky.

She hurried along, nor dared to stay,  
This little white cloud was running away!

The sun went down, and the stars came out;  
The little cloud saw them all about;

And they frightened her so, the shining train,  
She cried herself into a shower of rain.

—*Harriet Brewer Sterling.*

#### Some Old Houses

At the entrance to the harbor of San Pedro, in California, lies a little island known as Isla de los Muertos, or Dead Men's Island. It is composed of layers of sand and clay full of fossil shells.

A long time ago these mollusks were living on the old sea-bottom; and when they died, their shells became buried in the sand and ooze, and covered with the accumulating sediment. At the present time, the sea in storms is undermining the island, and the fossil shells are washed out, and mingled with the shells of living mollusks in the rock-pools which surround its base.

It is here that a curious and interesting thing takes place, and the oldest houses of which I have any knowledge are to be found. The little hermit crabs, hunting for empty univalve shells in which to make their homes, seize the fossil

ones as readily as the living, and scurry off, bearing upon their backs houses so old that, compared with them, the ancient ruins of human habitations were built but yesterday.

And these little houses of the hermit-crabs, although so old, are not in ruins or decay, but as strong and perfect to their minutest detail as when occupied by their original owners.—*Selected.*

#### An Old Vine

A SHORT distance from the ancient San Gabriel Mission near Los Angeles, California, is a noted and historic vine. It is known to have been growing there a hundred years ago; and how much older it is, no one can tell. At present it spreads over an arbor which contains three thousand square feet; but it has been known to spread over three times this area. Its roots extend across the street on either side, and a considerable distance into the adjoining blocks, which is a fair indication that the top would have grown as far, had it not been cut back at times.

The trunk comes up in three parts. Their combined circumference is too large for a full-grown person to reach around. That this old vine has not outlived its usefulness, in spite of its age, is plainly indicated by the fact that it recently bore a crop of five tons of excellent grapes.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



#### Division II—Astronomy

##### Chapter XXIII—Stars: Their Distances and Size

§ 228. OF the eight hundred thousand catalogued stars recognizable to the ordinary observer, few are near enough to our planet to enable us to gain any adequate idea of either their size or their distance. The immensity of space is incomprehensible to mortal man. Never until this mortal shall have "put on immortality," shall we comprehend the vastness of God's created universe.

§ 229. As figures mean comparatively little in dealing with these great distances, we will illustrate simply. Suppose our earth reduced to a sphere the size of a marble one inch in diameter, with all the other worlds, and suns, and all distances reduced to the same scale. That would make our sun a ball only nine feet in diameter; and to have the distances in proportion, the marble would be placed about sixty rods from the ball. With the whole universe brought down to this small scale, how far away do you suppose Alpha Centauri, the very nearest star (not planet) would be? (Remember that Alpha Centauri is only about one third, or perhaps one half, as far away from us as are the rest of the stars). In order to have the illustration proportionately correct, the ball representing this star would have to be placed fifty thousand miles from the marble that stands for the earth.

§ 230. To fix this illustration a little more firmly in mind, suppose you were required to build a world the size of ours out of marbles an inch in diameter. Begin with one, placing the distance of the nearest star at fifty thousand miles; then add another, and place the star fifty thousand miles farther away; then another, and place the star still another fifty thousand miles farther away; and so keep on, adding fifty thousand miles to the distance of your star for every additional marble required until a world the size of ours is builded. How far away, then, will Alpha Centauri be? Can you grasp the distance? Can you comprehend it?

§ 231. Light travels, to be exact, at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. There are 86,400 sec-

onds in twenty-four hours. Counting three hundred and sixty-five days to the year, we find that it will require the light shining from Alpha Centauri three years and seven months to travel the distance between him and us. This interesting star is seen low down in the southern heavens in the early evenings of May and June.

§ 232. The brightest star—we are now speaking entirely of stars, not planets—of all in the heavens is Sirius, the dog-star. It lies to the south and east of Orion, and may be seen during the early evenings of January and February. It is more than six times as far away as Alpha Centauri, and its light requires twenty-two years to reach our earth. This star has a diameter of twelve million miles, and is three million three hundred and seventy-five thousand miles farther from our sun than we are.

§ 233. According to our measurements, the most magnificent star, as far as size is concerned, is Arcturus. This bright star, which is nearly over our heads in June, is so far away that the light by which we shall see it during the coming summer started on its journey toward our earth in 1721, soon after Watt discovered the power of steam, and Franklin flew his historic kite. If the inhabitants of those distant worlds depend upon the light reflected to them from us for their knowledge of the events occurring upon this earth, they would not as yet have learned the story of our national independence, or the history of Napoleon and the French Revolution.

May not Job have referred to this very matter of the time required by light to travel to other systems of worlds when he, in the depths of his sorrow, desired that the light of the day in which he was born should be forever blotted out? See Job 3. It is a fact that if the inhabitants of these distant systems of worlds behold, by means of light, the scenes of sin and wretchedness caused by the fall of Satan, then even now our world's history, from its very first creation, is somewhere to be seen in all its fullness.

§ 234. That Arcturus is a sun, and has a system of worlds revolving about him, is evident from the statement in Job 38:32, where the Lord inquires, "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"—his planets being his "sons," as the ancients regarded our solar planets as the sons and daughters of the sun itself. Reference is also here made to his onward movement among the stars. "Canst thou guide?" Arcturus is emphatically a runaway star. He is rushing southward, bearing down upon us at the enormous rate of fifty miles a second. The stars all have an onward course of their own, some going in one direction, some in another, with rates of speed averaging from one to thirty miles a second. All is activity, life, motion. Sirius is traveling onward at the rate of fourteen miles a second; while our sun moves onward toward a point located in Hercules with a speed of sixteen miles a second.

§ 235. It is only by the power of God, that these great suns, with their accompanying worlds, speed onward at such terrific rates, each in a different direction, yet clash not one against another. "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth." Isa. 40:26. Arcturus is one million times as large as our sun, and gives out five hundred and eighty-five thousand times as much light. Why, then, does he look so small to us? Consider, if you can, his great distance. Our sun is only 93,000,000 miles away; while Arcturus is estimated as being 149,730,000,000,000,000 miles away, and the amount of light we receive from him is diminished exactly as the square of the distance from us increases. DR. O. C. GODSMARK.

2005 Magazine St., Louisville, Ky.

THE heavens proclaim the goodness of God.



## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### I—The Beginning

(April 5)

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." John 1:1-3.

"For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, . . . who is the beginning." Col. 1:16-18.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, . . . the first and the last." Rev. 1:8, 11.

(The Scripture texts are the lesson to be studied. Go over these carefully every day, until you know just what each one teaches. Then the following notes will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Read them carefully several times. Lastly go over all the questions, and be sure you can answer each one in the words of Scripture.)

This is the first lesson written for us in the Book of God. If we would learn anything rightly, we must begin at the beginning. So God takes us right to the beginning: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

He who thus created all things is the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the One "whose name is called the Word of God,"—the Word who was in the beginning with God, and without whom was not anything made that was made.

Jesus called himself "the Beginning of the creation of God." Everything that has ever been created, in heaven, in earth, in all the worlds, had its beginning in him, and came forth from him. So when we read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," we know that it was in *Jesus*; for "God created all things by Jesus Christ."

"Alpha and Omega" are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. So when Jesus says that he is the Alpha and Omega, he means that he is the Alphabet of God. All words are made up of the letters of the alphabet, put together in different ways; so this is but another way of saying that Jesus is the beginning and the ending of the Word of God.

Before we can learn to read, we must know the alphabet. So if we would learn to read aright the books of God,—the great book of nature, as well as his Holy Word that we call the Bible,—we must know God's Alphabet, Jesus Christ.

A word is a spoken thought. God's Word is the expression of God's thoughts. It is through Jesus that God makes known all his thoughts; this is why he is called the Word of God.

In what we call the book of nature, Jesus, the Word, has written out the thoughts of God. In this beautiful earth, with its green, flower-decked carpet, the home of millions of living creatures—insects, birds, animals, and human beings; the sea, "wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts;" the blue heaven with its floating, fleecy clouds, and countless host of stars,—in all God's works, we see his thoughts unfolding. And the first lesson in this great, beautiful book, as well as in the Bible, is that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

If we would know the truth about all the living things on the earth, the plants and the animals, we must remember that all their life and power and wisdom and beauty come from Christ. He is the beginning and the ending of all things; so now, just as at the beginning of the creation,

every blade of grass, every plant and animal, has its beginning in Jesus. When we learn this, we shall know that "in him *we* live, and move, and have our being." Thus everything that we see will remind us that God is with us, and this will give us power to do the things that please him.

#### Questions

1. What is the first thing that the Bible tells us about God?
2. What did he create?
3. By whom did he make all things?
4. Of what is Jesus, therefore, the beginning?
5. What is Jesus called in the first verse of the Gospel by John?
6. What are we there told about him?
7. What are words for?
8. Why is Jesus called the Word of God?
9. What are words made up of?
10. What names given to Jesus show that he is God's Alphabet?
11. Then what must we do if we would rightly read the books of God?
12. Where has Jesus written God's thoughts for us to read?
13. Where does everything that we see in nature come from?
14. What does it all teach us?
15. What will it help us do when we know that God is with us?



### I—The Gospel of the Kingdom

(April 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12:13.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Rev. 14:6-16.

#### Synopsis

In the fourteenth chapter of Revelation is given a brief statement of the gospel message to be preached just before the second coming of Christ. The message itself sheds light as to the time when the movement will take place,—the hour of God's judgment. The gospel has been preached in all ages: there is only one, and it is everlasting. But in this message, that part of the gospel is emphasized which can be proclaimed only in the last days; for only then is it true that the Judgment has come. In this very hour the controversy over the commandments of God comes to its climax. Shall the Creator be worshiped or his creatures,—the beast and his image?

"No such message has ever been given in past ages, and this one contains God's final warning to the whole world. No more are to follow. No more invitations of mercy are to be given after this one has done its work. What a trust! Those who understand and receive this message will be kept from being swept away by Satan's delusions."—*Testimony 31*.

#### Questions

1. How extensively is the gospel to be preached just before the coming of the Lord?
2. What gospel is it? What is said of it in Gal. 1:7, 8?
3. What does the fact that the angel was *flying* show? Read Ps. 147:15.
4. Who unites with him in doing this work? See note.
5. What warning is given? In what power is it proclaimed?
6. What time is announced?
7. Who is commanded to be worshiped?
8. What message follows the first?
9. Why is Babylon fallen?
10. Concerning whom does the third angel give warning?
11. What terrible threatening is pronounced against every man who worships the beast and his image?

12. At the very time, then, when the whole world are commanded to worship their Creator, what powers are evidently seeking for the honor that belongs to him alone?

13. How does the third angel close his message?

14. From the fact that the saints are spoken of as "they that keep the commandments," what is shown as regards the real point of controversy between the Creator and these other powers?

15. What event is closely connected with the settlement of this question? Rev. 14:14.

16. What words show that the Son of man comes as a king?

#### Conclusion

17. Whose worship does this gospel message demand?

18. What is the exalted position of our Creator? Read Jer. 10:10-12.

19. If the gospel, then, restores the Creator's kingdom, by what name should it also be known? Matt. 24:14.

20. Who only can belong to this kingdom? Matt. 18:4.

#### Note

In speaking of this angel, "Testimony 31" says: "Here is shown the nature of the work of the people of God. They have a message of so great importance that they are represented as *flying* in the presentation of it to the world." Read Ps. 68:11.

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## The Fourth Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement

THE gathering together of so large a number of young people bent upon the accomplishment of one purpose,—the evangelization of the world in this generation,—was singularly prophetic.

In this great convention, four hundred and sixty-five educational institutions, of all classes, were represented, by twenty-two hundred and sixty-nine students and two hundred and twelve professors. The entire registered delegation reached twenty-nine hundred and fifty-five, including students, professors, missionaries, mission board secretaries, editors, and representatives of religious and missionary journals.

If the vast crowds that thronged the great Massey Music Hall of Toronto at every session, regardless of wind, slush, and rain, may be taken as an evidence, these young people appreciated the rare privilege which this great gathering afforded.

### Opening Meeting

The entire meeting was marked by a deep sense of the presence of God. The first meeting was entirely of a devotional character. Mr. Robert E. Speer, of the Presbyterian Mission Board, gave the opening address. It was made very plain that if all received the blessing which they should from this convention, it would mean an outgoing of self. "Every higher hold on Christ means a letting go of the earthly." He spoke with great earnestness upon the need of a continually surrendered and humble heart. Some, I am sure, will lead holier, purer, more devoted lives, as the result of that service.

In the opening session, proper, of the convention, which followed this devotional service, Mr. John Mott, the chairman, made this significant statement: "This convention is a mighty protest and challenge to the anti-missionary spirit of indifference and unbelief now so prevalent in many churches. I believe this convention will incite the church to greater immediate efforts for the heathen world."

Every phase of missionary work was treated, from the missionary's qualifications to the great Macedonian calls, which are sounding to-day from every quarter of the globe, bidding the church to answer in this generation.

How significant the following statements in the light of the prophetic word:—

"The fields are white, the time is short. Send volunteers full of faith power."—*India*.

"One million student leaders of four hundred million people suddenly awakened. Pray."—*China*.

"North China calls, 'Fill up the gap; victory ahead.'"

These are some of the messages from distant fields that were read at the closing session of the convention.

The spirit of immediate action, of going forth

to-day in these opened fields, lest to-morrow should be too late, pervaded all the plans. Surely God is using this movement to arouse those who are faithful to him to do the great work that must be done in gathering out a people for his name from every nation.

### Sectional Conferences

Besides the general meetings which were held morning and evening in the large hall, sectional conferences were held each afternoon. These were rather informal meetings, taking up the fields, the kinds of workers needed, and the agencies at home. One interesting feature of this class of meetings was that each one had the privilege of hearing from the field, or studying the line of work, in which he was most interested.

The report of the executive committee showed that about nine hundred institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada had been visited during the past four years, and forty-seven hundred and ninety-seven students had been enrolled in three hundred and twenty-five mission-study classes. One striking fact in connection with this was that the sale of missionary literature had largely increased, and students were the principal purchasers,—an indication of the real strength of the interest of the higher educational institutions in missions.

Up to the present time, nineteen hundred and fifty-three student volunteers have actually sailed to the foreign field, under fifty different missionary societies. Twenty-seven of the forty-six leaders of the movement are among these, and nine more are under appointment or have applied to the boards. Of the remainder, four are still in preparation.

During the convention the need of larger resources to carry the work forward more extensively during the next four years, was presented; and in a remarkably short time these volunteers, as an earnest of their devotion to the work to which they have consecrated their lives, pledged sixty thousand dollars. This was later raised to seventy-five thousand.

### Spiritual Resources

It is impossible to outline any of the excellent addresses, but one on the abounding resources of the Christian church was most remarkable. The material wealth of Germany, Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, was contrasted with the meager giving of the Christian church. Then, compared with what the church might do with all these resources at her command, was shown her vast spiritual resources,—that if she accepted the power of God, which awaits her demand and reception, a far greater work could be accomplished than all the world's wealth could ever do without it.

The closing session was a most interesting one. A number of speakers addressed the meeting. One gentleman from Toronto reported the immediate results of the convention in his church. In their morning service that day they had pledged a sum sufficiently large to support one worker, with the expectation that they would soon be able to support a second, in some needy field. More than twenty other churches were considering the same thing.

### Two Significant Statements

Two significant statements of the convention I must mention. "The man and the hour are made to meet." In this great time of awakening among the nations, when fields are ripe everywhere to the harvest, God is laying upon hearts whom he can trust the great work he would have them do. Literally, "The call of the hour is answered by the coming of the man." Was it not so in the beginning of the century, when Carey and Marshman and Duff were called to India, and all down through the years? God raised up William Miller for the work that his hour demanded. Shall we not to-day seek God, that he may make plain to us our place in his

plan, and then give power that we may not cross that plan, but fall into line?

Then, again: "This is an intense age, and the non-Christian nations are intense nations,—a different form of intensity besides that of fever heat and development. An intense nation is a nation whose people are absorbed." Is this different from the word that came to us ten years ago: "Intensity is taking hold of every earthly element"? What we witness among those who do not even see in the word that this gospel shall be preached in all the world in this generation, because it is the last generation, is truly an earnest of what God will do with us and for us when we yield ourselves unreservedly to him and his work. Can we longer hold back any part of the price? ESTELLA HOUSER.

### Some Things Heard at the Convention

HAVE you ever taken time to draw back from the world's pleasure to say, My precious Lord Jesus?

Are you right with God to-day,—so right that his presence is the most real thing in your life? Has your prayer-life been a real thing to you to-day?

No greater proof can men give of the hold that Christianity has upon their lives than their willingness to go to the ends of the world to propagate it.

The goal of history is the redemption of the world.

To make Jesus Christ known to every creature should be the commanding purpose of every Christian.

The Master Mind plans, the Master Will directs, and when he gives the command to the body, "Go," every member must respond. If it does not, it indicates that it is a paralyzed and lifeless member, that the communication with it and the head is not complete.

If the love of Christ constrains you and me, the need of the unevangelized will have the same claim upon us that it did upon our Lord.

Of this great need no Christian should be in ignorance in these latter days. The information at hand is adequate, and any student who claims to be educated should know the world-wide need.

If the Christian experience remains living and fruitful, it must go out in activity to the world. The "Lo, I am with you always," is conditioned on the "Go ye; teach all nations." The individual who disregards this command is sure to wither and decay.

The true Christian has been redeemed by, lives in, and exists for, a missionary Saviour, whose command he professes to obey.

If spiritual life does not flow out in streams of blessing and power to the unsaved, it becomes sluggish and stagnant.

A more serious question than, How can the heathen be saved without the knowledge of Christ, is, How can we be saved if we fail to make him known to the world, to the unsaved, those who know him not?

If every Christian realized the sacredness of his stewardship, the work could be speedily accomplished.

The world's evangelization is the greatest work in the world.

"It may be too late, quite too late, to set right mischief once done, to avert consequences, to stop the working of the evil that we have set in motion. But it is not too late, it is never too late, to come back to God. If you can't be what you might have been, yet you can still be something that Christ will love and value,—a humble, penitent soul. If you can not serve God as you might have done,—yea, if you have done harm that you can never undo,—yet you can still give him what he values more than all service,—a will surrendered to his will; and in return he will give you everlasting life."