

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. L. BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST 7, 1902. No. 32.

## FIFTY



THE Bible contains many instances of the use of the number *fifty*. When Abraham pleaded with the Lord for Sodom, he said: "Peradventure there be *fifty* righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the *fifty* righteous that are therein?" Gen. 18:24. Gradually he reduced this number to ten. But, alas, there were not even five ready to heed the warning, and leave the doomed city.

In the services of the past dispensation, Pentecost was to be observed *fifty* days after the offering of the "wave sheaf" — the "first fruits of the harvest." And every *fiftieth* year was to be a year of jubilee, of which it was said they should "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you." The period of servitude in the priesthood of the sanctuary was fixed from thirty to *fifty* years. Num. 4:3; 8:25.

When the wicked king Ahaziah sought to arrest Elijah, he "sent unto him a captain of *fifty* with his *fifty*, and he went up to him: and, behold, he sat on the top of an hill. And he spake unto him, Thou man of God, the king hath said, Come down. And Elijah answered and said to the captain of *fifty*, If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee and thy *fifty*. And there came down fire from heaven, and consumed him and his *fifty*." This was done also to the second captain and his *fifty*. When the third captain with his *fifty* came, he pleaded with the prophet for the life of himself and his *fifty*, and the Lord told Elijah to go with him, and not be afraid of him. 2 Kings 1:9, 11, 13.

When Elijah was to be taken up by a whirlwind into heaven, "*fifty* men of the sons of the prophets went, and stood to view afar off." 2 Kings 2:7. And after Elijah's ascension the sons of the prophets said to Elisha: "Behold now, there be with us *fifty* strong men; now let them go, we pray thee, and seek thy master: lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley. And he said, Ye shall not send." 2 Kings 2:16. From what follows it appears they urged the prophet to let them send until he was "ashamed," and then he told them to send. After three days' search they found nothing, and he said to them, I told you not to go.

In the New Testament the

number *fifty* is used in the record of our Saviour's feeding the five thousand with the five barley loaves and the two fishes. "He said unto his disciples, Make them sit down by *fifties* in a company." Luke 9:14. And again the Lord said to the Jews: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad. Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet *fifty* years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." John 8:56-58. *Fifty* years,—the age of the maturity of the priests when they would naturally be supposed to possess calm, far-seeing wisdom. But what was *fifty* years compared with the more than eighteen hundred years back to Abraham's time — and long before his time?

*Fifty* years — half a century — when passed, and when considered by events in order as they have occurred, seems like a much longer period than when we connect at once the present with *fifty* years ago. *Fifty* years ago the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR made its first modest, unassuming appearance. It was printed on a hand-press — the first press owned by Seventh-day Adventists — at 124 Mount Hope Ave., Rochester, New York, being published as a monthly at twenty-five cents a year. The first number had just been sent out through the mails when the writer with seven others heard and accepted the truths of the third angel's message, in meetings held in the same building where the INSTRUCTOR was first issued.

Well do I remember the days when Sister Anna White, sister of Elder James White, with the limited means then in hand, labored earnestly and prayerfully to make the INSTRUCTOR a success. The Lord has truly blessed those who have sought to make the paper a safe guide to the youth. Many souls will be seen in the kingdom who have been helped on in the heavenly way by the wise counsels given in this excellent paper.

When the life of Brother Bates was written, and appeared in the pages of the INSTRUCTOR, it was a glad time for the youth and children. When, in 1872, Elder James White came to San Francisco, and obtained for me free access, for years, to the gardens and descriptive library of the then famous "Woodward's Gardens,"

many a happy hour was spent there in study, and in writing articles for the INSTRUCTOR about rare flowers, plants, minerals, and animals.

It has been a matter of the deepest interest to me to watch the growth of the INSTRUCTOR; but above all, the growth of the paper in merit has afforded the greatest pleasure. I unhesitatingly pronounce the INSTRUCTOR the *best paper* I know for the youth of this evil time.

That the richest of Heaven's blessings shall rest upon it, and upon those who shall still be the instruments in the hands of the Lord in furnishing spiritual food for the lambs of the flock; and that when the glorious jubilee day shall come, the INSTRUCTOR family, with the redeemed from all ages, may be gathered to their eternal home, is the desire and prayer of —

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

### A Backward Glance

PAUL, the apostle, instructs us: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in

### A Reverie

A HALF a century! and can it be  
That fifty years have come and passed away  
Since that eventful day in 'fifty-two  
Which marked my birth, and I the task began  
Of seeking here my mission to fulfill?

A half a century! I then was small,  
And feeble were my efforts at the best;  
But kind hearts ministered unto my needs,  
And passing years brought fresh supplies of strength,  
And thus I grew.

The fragrant flowers of hope  
Adorned my rugged path on either side,—  
Bright roses, crimson-hued, and lilies fair,  
And sweet forget-me-nots, implanted deep  
By loving hands long since released from toil.

My mission here is sweet. I visit both  
The palace and the home of poverty.  
I whisper peace to troubled hearts. I bear  
The cup of free salvation unto him  
Who is athirst. I shed the light of truth  
On souls who grope in darkness and in sin.

A half a century! my mission here  
Must sometime close, and I must cease to be.  
My efforts are but transient; their results  
Will be enduring as eternity.  
Speed on, O Time! and bring the joyful day  
When those for whom I live, and who accept  
The truth I bear, shall all be gathered home  
To sing the song triumphant, which will swell  
And echo sweetly through eternal years.

MRS. M. A. LOFER.



Christ Jesus." Phil. 3:13, 14. It is one of the peculiarities of the Christian's position, that he always has something to look forward to; but this does not prevent his casting a glance backward, at times, when there is something in his experience which it is important to think of, or a pleasure to recall.

A point of this kind occurs in the history of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Founded August 9, 1852, it will open its eyes, on that date, in the year 1902, on the fiftieth anniversary of the time when it began to occupy the important field in which it was destined to make its presence and power felt in connection with the cause of God in the earth.

We were then connected with the office of publication, in Rochester, N. Y., where this enterprise was started, and were well acquainted with the feelings and motives that prompted the hearts of those engaged in the publishing work to launch this new enterprise in the cause, for the sake of the children and youth among us.

It was early seen that the young were the hope of the church; and the youth were the source from which the friends of truth were to draw the defense and strength of our aggressive message, in the years to come, and thus prepare the way of the Lord. Hence the necessity of an organ to acquaint the young with the principles of the faith, make them intelligent in regard to the teachings of the word of the Lord, and filling their hearts with the missionary spirit, lead them to follow in the steps of "Elijah the prophet," who was predicted to appear in the last days, to turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers, before the great and dreadful day of the Lord should come. Mal. 4:5, 6.

With a spirit which never says, "Fail," the people rallied, and established this enterprise upon an unwavering basis, and bade it go forward on its heaven-born mission. At such a crisis, any evident lack in such a work as this in the earth must have caused in the heart of any one who understood what was necessary to be done in the world, before the Lord could come in his glory, a sense of a lack, and a failure, in some degree, of the providence of the Lord, in preparing his way for his coming. On the other hand, when we could see the work in behalf of the young going on, in the manner foretold, it was calculated to beget confidence and courage, and revive faith that the Lord was preparing his way.

Thus the work accomplished by the INSTRUCTOR had its place, and has tended in no small degree to the furtherance of the cause. And thus it has reached a period of fifty years in this service. How much good it has done during all these years of its ministry, probably must be left for eternity to reveal. But we congratulate this agency on the years it has been able to continue in the field, and the work it has been able to accomplish in the world. U. S.

#### A Sketch of the Editorship of the Youth's Instructor

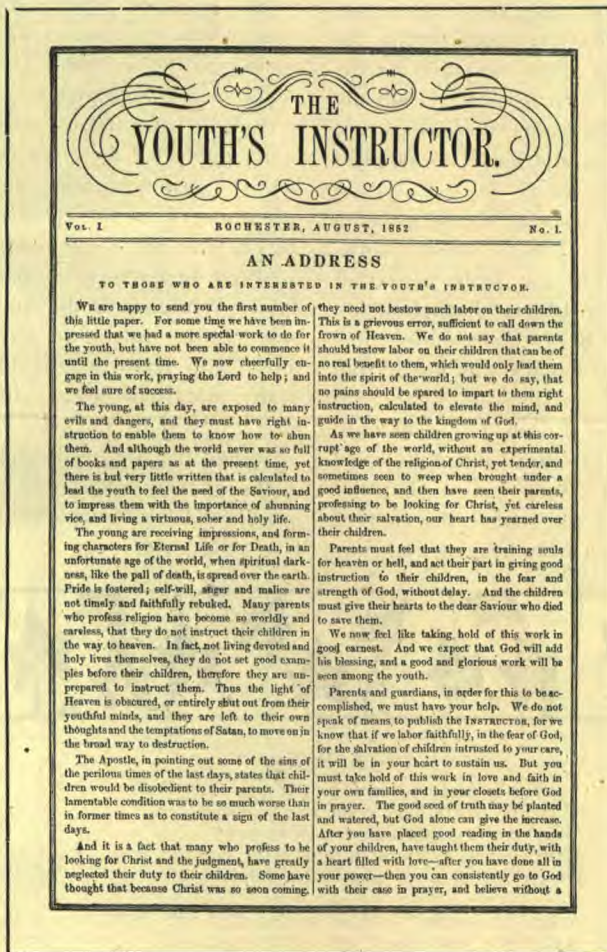
THE first number of this paper was printed at Rochester, N. Y., in August, 1852, fifty years ago; and the well-known Elder James White was editor as well as manager and financial backer. This was Volume I, Number 1. The size of the pages as they appear in the bound volume are about six and one-half inches by ten inches, and there are eight of them in the first issue. The first number was made up of general articles, letters, and Sabbath-school lessons on "The Sabbath," "The Law of God," and "The Ark of the Testimony." The lesson on the law was illustrated by a large tree, with two main

branches representing the principles of love to God and love to man; and the ten precepts were each represented by ten smaller limbs, four coming out of the first large branch, and six out of the second. As a matter of history it may be of interest to state that this illustration was designed and engraved by Elder Uriah Smith, editor of the *Review* since 1853, and this woodcut is now preserved among the engravings in the vaults of this Office.

The INSTRUCTOR continued as a monthly, with no material changes until January, 1854, when Miss Anna White, a sister of Elder James White, took charge of the paper, and edited it for eleven months. Then death by consumption closed her valuable labor.

The burden of preparing the INSTRUCTOR for the increasing number of young readers now rested again on Elder White; and he, though pressed down by poor health and the burdens of the cause, faithfully discharged this duty for over three years, or until December, 1857. In the meantime in 1855, in the month of October, the *Review* Office was moved to Battle Creek, Michigan, since which time the INSTRUCTOR has been published in this city.

In January, 1858, G. W. Amadon began work



FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF FIRST INSTRUCTOR

on the little paper, and acted as editor until June, 1864, a period of six and one-half years.

In the month of July of this year Miss Adelia P. Patten (the wife of Elder I. D. Van Horn, of this city) became the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, and for a period of five years bestowed unremitting care on the paper. It was from her pen that a full series of original Sabbath-school lessons was first prepared for the children of Seventh-day Adventists.

In June, 1869, Brother G. H. Bell, so widely known as teacher and author among us, was called to the editorship of the INSTRUCTOR. He was a wise teacher of the young, and for several years the paper had the benefit of his rich experience in teaching the Bible and the sciences. He furnished excellent Sabbath-school lessons for young and old, and the paper more than ever became a household necessity. But failing health caused him to sever his connection as editor of the paper in the early part of 1871.

It was during Professor Bell's editorship that the INSTRUCTOR began to be issued twice a month. This was largely on account of the lessons it contained for Sabbath-school study.

March 1, 1871, Miss Jennie R. Trembley was chosen as editor, and Miss Elmina R. Fairfield as assistant. Both were young ladies of good education and rich Christian experience, and the INSTRUCTOR prospered under their charge. Sister Fairfield continued her work only one year, when consumption claimed her as its victim. The other sister continued her labors a while longer, when poor health also compelled her to retire. After 1871 a monthly edition only was issued. Sister Trembley's labor on the paper ceased in the spring of 1873.

In December of this year the name of Jennie A. Merriam appeared in the editorial head of the INSTRUCTOR. She had been connected with the Office for some time, and was in every way fitted for the position. Indeed, she had sole charge of the paper for months before her name was published as editor. About this time, illustrations began to be more frequently used.

In September, 1875, the name of Mrs. M. J. Chapman was published as editor of the INSTRUCTOR. She was an old school-teacher and excellent compositor, so proof-reading and editing were not new things to her. At this date the paper had many contributors, and was edited with much ability. Sister Chapman served her readers most acceptably for over four years, until the latter part of 1879. In November, 1878, Miss Mary A. Davis's name was added as assistant editor, and in that capacity she put in one year of very faithful work. During the year 1879 a weekly edition also began to be issued, and a much better grade of paper was used, which set off the illustrations to better advantage.

In the issue of Dec. 3, 1879, the names of Mrs. M. K. White and Miss Jennie Merriam appear as editors; but the first name was removed after a year's labor, on account of poor health, while that of Miss Merriam remained as sole editor until February, 1881. Sister Merriam had already served as editor, so was better prepared than ever for this responsible position. The monthly edition of the INSTRUCTOR was discontinued in December, 1880, and since then it has always been published as a weekly.

From Feb. 16, 1881, the INSTRUCTOR had no visible editor for the rest of the year, but the issues were carefully brought out by one who wrote over the initials "E. B." This was Volume XXIX, and many young persons connected with the *Review and Herald* were contributors. At this time the INSTRUCTOR was emphatically a Sabbath-school paper.

Jan. 25, 1882, the name of Miss Eva Bell (daughter of Professor G. H. Bell) appears as editor, and thus it stood until the close of the next year. In February, 1883, an editorial staff consisting of Mrs. Eva Bell Giles, Adolph B. Oyen, and Miss Winnie Loughborough, appears in the prospectus of the paper.

Jan. 2, 1884, the name of Mrs. M. J. Chapman again stands as editor, with Miss Winnie Loughborough as assistant; and together they toiled and wrote and jointly edited the INSTRUCTOR for six long years, until the close of 1889.

In the issue for Jan. 1, 1890, the INSTRUCTOR appeared with the name of Winnie Loughborough as editor, and four persons as "editorial contributors." These were Mrs. Chapman, Percy T. Magan, J. O. Corliss, and Fannie Bolton. There was no further change in the editorship of this year except that the name of Winnie Loughborough became that of Mrs. Winnie L. Kelsea; but the volume is a fine one, as may be seen by examination.

During the year 1891 the name of no one



stood as editor of the INSTRUCTOR, but, instead, the names of M. B. Duffie, P. T. Magan, J. O. Corliss, and Fannie Bolton appear in the prospectus as "editorial contributors." It may not be out of place to state that the first in this list was the real editor, and it is also a pleasure to add that the volume is a very readable one.

For the years 1892 and 1893 there were no names appearing as editors, though the frequency of certain well-known initials make it quite apparent who were preparing the INSTRUCTOR for the many readers. Very valuable articles at this time were also written by F. E. Belden, A. Kunze, Myrta B. Castle, C. B. Morrill, E. C. Keck, and others.

In the year 1894, Volume XLII, Norris W. Lawrence was connected with the paper as the responsible editor, and it may be proper to add that for some time previously the INSTRUCTOR had the benefit of his judicious editorial supervision.

The INSTRUCTOR started out in 1895 with no visible editor, but in the issue for April 11 the names of J. H. Durland and M. E. Kellogg appear on the editorial staff. At this time there were useful write-ups in the INSTRUCTOR on the current topics of the day, and those over the initials "M. E. K." were often republished by other papers. This arrangement continued until Nov. 12, 1896, when J. C. Bartholf's name took the place of the second one above, and so remained until Oct. 14, 1897. At that time W. H. McKee took the place of M. E. Kellogg; and until April 13, 1899, the paper continued under the editorship of W. H. McKee and J. C. Bartholf.

Beginning with the year 1898 the INSTRUCTOR was published for more than fifteen months as a twenty-page "Illustrated Weekly Magazine;" but this form not generally proving acceptable, the paper resumed its former size.

April 20, 1899, we have the final change in the editorship of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. The prospectus for this date presented the name of Adelaide Bee Cooper as editor, with the names of M. C. Wilcox and Alberta L. Little as "corresponding editors." The corresponding editors, however, were immediately changed for a stanch advisory committee consisting of Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, A. T. Jones, and W. C. Sisley. In May, 1901, however, this committee disappeared, Sister Henry's name having been previously removed at the time of her death.

So at the present time, and for the past three years, the name of Sister Cooper stands (and we trust may stand) as the efficient editor of this peerless youth's paper.

In closing this sketch it may be of interest to state that during the fifty years' existence of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, there have appeared from the pen of Mrs. E. G. White for this paper *three hundred and eighty-eight articles*. Probably there are more, as the Office lacks just six volumes of having a complete file.<sup>1</sup>

G. W. AMADON.

#### Personal Reminiscences of the Youth's Instructor

My first introduction to this excellent paper was in the autumn of 1877. I think it was a monthly then. A godly minister long since fallen asleep, Elder A. H. Hall, of northern New York, was visiting in connection with tent-meetings then being held in Wellsville, N. Y., by

Elders B. L. Whitney, deceased, and M. H. Brown, now of Oakland, Cal.

Although living more than five miles from the place where the tent was pitched, my parents heard of the meetings, attended, and became much interested. Brother Hall came to our home to instruct them further in the truths of God's word; and as was customary in those days for Seventh-day Adventist ministers, he had with him samples of books, tracts, and papers printed in Battle Creek.

Although only a small boy at that time, I was much pleased with the copy of the INSTRUCTOR he showed us as he was leaving; but some of my readers may imagine my surprise and disappointment when, after asking for our subscription, which father was not yet ready to give, he put the paper back into his satchel, and took it away with him. Probably it was the only copy he had, and he wished to show it to others, but my disappointment was such that I never forgot the incident. The circumstance has led me to give copies to those likely to be interested in them whenever I have had opportunity since.

Soon after this we received the paper regularly with the *Review*, as father and mother were baptized, and joined the Wellsville church, organized that year.

In 1882 I was in the South Lancaster Academy, or in the school held in the church, which afterward merged into the academy. Readers of the INSTRUCTOR who live near there, as well as many laborers in various parts of the world who have at one time or another attended that excellent school, will remember the old cemetery near the "middle village," on the east side of the railway. I visited it early one Sabbath morning in winter. The interesting inscriptions on

been changed to a weekly. You may conclude that I did not give the editors, who were still the same as when I wrote my first article, any hint that I was its author, and I have no idea that they ever recognized in me the writer of that unprintable essay. Soon after that I remember arrangements being made for an "Australian edition." Each week after the regular run was finished, we set the date four weeks ahead, and inserted the words just quoted in the date-line. These were sent off early to catch the boats which carried them to Australia for the use of our first missionaries in what then seemed that far-off island continent in the southern hemisphere. I little thought then that I should ever be reading the paper in Australia.

An interesting incident occurred here in Melbourne a few weeks ago, which I am sure will please all who love the paper. A postman, in the red coat and blue trousers and cap so familiar in all British countries (called on his round to deliver American mail at the residence of Brother and Sister Hennig, who came here from Missouri last year. Seeing by the nature of their mail that it came from the same place as the INSTRUCTOR, he asked if they had copies of the paper, or could get him some. He wished to get the address, so he could send for it. They told us of his request, and we gladly furnished copies for him. He was very glad to see them, saying, "That is the best young people's paper I have ever seen. It is filled with gems of thought."

I was surprised a few weeks ago to learn that the paper celebrates its fiftieth birthday this year. It has now been published half a century. Those who read it when it was first issued, have now passed middle life. But, unlike many other papers for the young, the INSTRUCTOR does not lose the interest of its readers as they come to mature age. On the contrary, those who read it years ago are among its warmest friends now.

I am sure all unite in wishing it "many happy returns of the day." May its usefulness still increase, and may it continue to fulfill its great mission as a true Instructor to the youth until the time when our Father shall take all his children home to himself.

H. E. SIMKIN.

Melbourne, Australia.



"HE HATH MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN HIS TIME"

the ancient tombstones, one of which was almost entirely encased by the trunk of a large tree which has grown over it, impressed me as an interesting subject to write about for publication. Without telling any one of my plans, I wrote my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. It was hurriedly and very poorly written on both sides of the paper, and it is perhaps needless to add that it did not appear in print. I think I am correct, however, in saying that it was the only article I ever sent to that or any other paper that was rejected. I mention this for the encouragement of young people who have literary aspirations, but have failed to see their first matter appear. Try again, making improvement each time, and you will surely succeed.

Three years later I had the privilege of connecting with the Review Office, and helping to print the INSTRUCTOR, which by that time had

thought as to their place and purpose in life. But the Lord loves us so much that even the little, common details of our daily lives are regarded by him. Even so small and apparently unimportant a matter as the numbering of the hairs of our heads is of sufficient importance to him to demand his thought and care.

Now it is just like God to plan our lives for us, not only in a general way, but also in details: and so we are told that "the Lord has his eye upon every one of his people: he has his plans concerning each." "Not willing that any should perish," he is planning eternal life for every one of us. And in his planning, being able to see the end from the beginning, he is able to plan perfectly, and in such a way that there need be no mistake if his plans are properly followed. To this end he has given his word, containing all the great principles of life: he has

<sup>1</sup> IN order to complete its set of files, the INSTRUCTOR wishes to obtain a copy of Vol. IV; V; XV; XVI; XVII, and XXXVI. Any one who has one or more of these volumes, complete and in good condition, with which he is willing to part, is invited to write at once to the INSTRUCTOR.



sent his Holy Spirit to make plain the word to our understanding, to prompt us in time of temptation, to warn us of danger, to direct us in all our ways. And so we find it written, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

How important, then, that we learn very early to be led by the Lord, to be influenced by his Spirit, to recognize his leadings; for by so doing we shall be able to live lives of purity and uprightness from childhood, as did Jesus. We shall be kept from many so-called "little evils" that mar an otherwise beautiful life. And not only may we ourselves be kept by the power of God, but we may also by this be used to win others to him. Through our little acts of kindness and love, of interest and sympathy, of helpfulness and care, all prompted by the love of Jesus, the Lord himself is honored, our friends and associates are blessed, and even the coming of the kingdom, where Jesus himself will reign, is hastened. Thus very little children by these very little things, trifles in themselves, are helping bring about one of the most glorious events this world has ever known. At the same time their own characters are being made perfect, ordered by the Lord from day to day. Indeed, trifles make perfection, but perfection is of so great importance to our Heavenly Father that not only has he given the Lord Jesus for this purpose, but will, if need be, send every angel of heaven to our aid in order to bring it about.

Gladly, then, let us take up even the trifling duties of life, remembering that though we may be small in stature and young in years, the Lord regards us as workers together with him, and has given the word, "Be ye therefore perfect."  
N. W. LAWRENCE.

### Two Birthdays

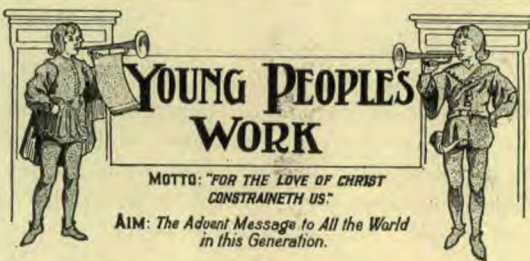
ON the ninth of August, 1852,<sup>1</sup> the birthday of the INSTRUCTOR, I was born among the green hills of Vermont. Being so closely related as to be twins, I have always felt a peculiar love for, and interest in, our youth's paper. I ask for only a little space in which to express my warm congratulation to my beloved contemporary at having been called of God to so useful a field, and at the success with which it has hitherto filled its divinely appointed mission. May the blessing of our Heavenly Father still attend its work with even greater power for good. Having started out together in life, I still cherish the hope that our earthly paths may terminate together in the glorious appearing of our Saviour.  
Sydney, Australia. MRS. ELSIE L. TENNEY.

### What a Sister Is

No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence — what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care — can anything be more tender? Who would live without a sister? A sister — that is, a sister in fidelity, in help, in love — is almost an angel in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice. She is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home.

To every brother she is a light and life. Her heart is the treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a vast friend — a charitable, forgiving, tender, though often severe, one. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is as open as day, and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sister, no sister's love. We feel sorry for the home circle that is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble one. It is hers to persuade to virtue, to point wisdom's ways, and gently to lead the way.—*Classmate.*

<sup>1</sup> The day of the month does not appear in the date-line of the first issue of the INSTRUCTOR; but no doubt it was remembered and noted by those who had to do with getting out the first number.



IN ourselves the sunshine dwells,  
IN ourselves the music swells;  
Everywhere the heart awake,  
Finds what pleasures it can make;  
Everywhere the light and shade  
In the gazer's eye are made.

—Lowell.

ATTENTION is once more called to the matter of the channel through which reports intended for publication on this page should come. For many reasons it is better that they should be sent to the general office, at 705 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn. By so doing the Secretary is immediately acquainted with the working condition of the various societies, and can often give help by advice and suggestions. Therefore we say again: Address all reports of the work of the Young People's Societies to Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, 705 Northwestern Building, Minneapolis, Minn. And report often.

### Pointed Questions

1. ARE YOUR Young People's Society's meetings growing in spiritual interest and missionary enthusiasm? or is there a tendency for things to become formal, with the indication that sooner or later there will be a disintegration of the work?

2. Are you as young people engaged in actual missionary work? or do you merely meet together to sing missionary songs, pray missionary prayers, and express missionary sentiments? Is there *individual* and *actual* missionary work *in progress*?

3. What are you doing in your Society to make bona-fide temperance reformers of every member? Are you giving the trumpet a certain sound on the cigarette question, which is carrying down so many thousands of youth to their graves every year, and sending other thousands to the insane asylum? Every Seventh-day Adventist young man and young woman should be an intelligent agitator and true reformer along the lines of the tobacco vice and cigarette smoking.

4. What are the members of your Young People's Society doing to place our literature before the people, in the sale of "Christ's Object Lessons," other small books and pamphlets, as well as the *Signs of the Times* and the *Life Boat*? Are there not suitable persons in your Society who would, with a little encouragement, gain a valuable experience by taking hold of this work?

5. Are the older members of your Young People's Society alive to their opportunities of holding informal meetings and doing personal work in the jails, prisons, almshouses, hospitals, and other institutions that may be situated near them?

6. What is your Society doing along the line of missionary correspondence? Our young people should write letters that will tell for time and for eternity, and not waste time and postage-stamps in writing mere sentimental letters or idle chit-chat. Correspondence is a grand avenue to reach the souls of men and women.

7. Are you, as young people, improving your opportunities to help in your own home neighborhood in times of sickness, distress, and death? These valuable occasions to reach our fellow men should not be allowed to pass by unimproved.

8. What are you doing to build up the Sabbath-school,—to make it interesting to its members and attractive to outsiders? And what are you doing to encourage those who are without

to attend your Sabbath-school as well as to attend the Young People's meetings?

9. Are you planning in the meetings of your Society to do anything toward encouraging your members to hold cottage meetings the coming winter? This is an opportunity to reach many people, and affords valuable training.

10. What are you doing to hold up before all your members the principles of reform in eating and drinking, that they may become examples of physical reform in their own lives, and channels of communicating these truths to the world?

These questions are recommended to the prayerful consideration of every member of our Young People's Societies. May He who "hath begun a good work in you" give to each one a firm purpose of heart not to rest until he can answer them in a way that will be acceptable in the Master's sight.  
W. S. SADLER.

### Battles between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

#### Lesson XVI—The Heirship Property

(August 10-16)

HOW TO STUDY THESE LESSONS.—(1) Read the lesson story; (2) try to recall or find scriptures in proof of each statement; (3) study the texts; (4) see how many missing links you can supply; (5) give the lesson to some one else. You will *keep* only what you *give away*.

The promises were made to Abraham and his children. But Jesus was the child of Abraham. So if you are one of Jesus' children, *you* are a child of Abraham, and one of the heirs to this earth.

This earth is heirship property; but none of the heirs will come into possession till the youngest child in the family is of age; then all will have an equal share at the same time.

The people of this world—the children of Satan—claim this earth. But the claim is false. The rightful heirs wander as strangers in their own country. But a change is near. Even now a warning is being sent to all foreigners to "move on," for the rubbish is to be cleared from the homestead by fire, and it is to be repaired, before the heirs take possession. This warning is sent in love; for a way has been provided by which all strangers may be, not only adopted, but "born" into the royal family, and have a part in the inheritance.

Have *you* been born again? Then don't sell your birthright. Tell others how to make sure of eternal riches.

#### Outline

The promises were made to Abraham and his children (seed). Gal. 3:16.

Christ's children are Abraham's children. Gal. 3:29.

So all Christians are heirs.

But the promise is not fulfilled to *any* till *all* are ready. Heb. 11:1-40, 39, 40.

Now the heirs wander as strangers. Heb. 11:9, 13.

The earth will be burned. 2 Peter 3:10.

Then a renewed earth will be given to the heirs. 2 Peter 3:11-15.

Foreigners can become a part of God's household. Eph. 2:19.

But they must be born into the family. John 3:3-7.

Don't lose your birthright. Heb. 12:16.

"WORK drives away depression, whets the appetite for food, invites sleep, promotes digestion, strengthens the muscles and sinews, gives free circulation to the blood, stimulates the intellectual faculties, provides the comforts of life, develops all the powers which it brings into exercise, transforms stupid ignorance into brilliant genius, fills the world with works of art and literature, and develops the resources of nature. Nothing can stand before work."





### Some Bible Trees

A MIGHTY ship upon a shoreless sea,  
No sail, no helm, no anchor safe had she;  
And yet securely o'er the swelling flood,  
Rode on the vessel built of ———.

One of twelve rods that lay before the ark,  
Hid from the eyes of man all through the dark,  
Bore buds, blooms, fruit, a wondrous sight to see.  
Those rods were gathered from the ———.

A prince, without a blemish, loved and fair,  
Was noted for his wealth of flowing hair;  
Rebellious, his great father's heart he broke,  
And died at last, while hanging from an ———.

Despised because he was a publican,  
Although a just and honorable man,  
To see his Saviour he ran on before,  
And climbed the branches of a ———.

Cursed for its barrenness, in one short day  
Its beauty and its glory passed away,  
Blighted from inmost heart to outmost twig,  
It stood a marvel. 'Twas the ———.

Within a city built not by men's hands,  
On both sides of a crystal river stands,  
Beyond the toil, the sorrow, and the strife,  
Throughout eternity, the ———.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

### A Pet Calf

THE accompanying picture is from a photograph of a calf belonging to one of our friends in the West. The pet was sold, and the proceeds were devoted to helping our Chicago work.

This animal seemed to have been a favorite with the members of the family, but they were willing to part with it, in order that some one here in Chicago might be made a little happier.

Are there not others who are willing to part with some of their pets for the sake of helping humanity?  
DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

### Choosing a Vocation

DOLLY, dear, you could never guess what I've been doing this week, could you? I thought not! Well, I've been choosing a vocation. That's a big word, isn't it? I don't suppose you'd guess what it means, so I'll tell you: it means the kind of work you're going to do all your life. I'm getting to be a great girl now,—I was eight



THE MISSIONARY CALF

years old last Sunday, you know, and I thought it was time I made up my mind what I was going to be. So I asked mama what she was going to work at, and she said she had some sewing to do in the afternoon. Then I helped do the dishes, and when mama had swept the rooms, I dusted, and helped set things to rights.

After the dinner work was done, mama took up her sewing, and I asked for some to do, and she gave me a towel to hem. I worked very carefully, and it took me a long time; but when it was finished, mama said it looked very well. I told her I thought I would be a seamstress, but she advised me to try some other work before deciding.

On Monday morning, when mama got ready to wash, I helped carry the water to fill the boiler. She let me rub out some of the easy pieces, too; and they *did* look so white and pretty when I spread them on the green grass to dry,—for I am not tall enough to reach the line. In the evening as I carried them into the house, I noticed the *sweetest* odor on them, and I asked mama if clothes always smelled so when they came in from out-of-doors. She said they did, and I said, "Then I think I will be a laundress." But mama thought I'd better try something else yet.

Tuesday was the *loveliest* day,—bright and sunny, yet not too warm to work in my garden. The morning-glories and scarlet-runner beans were tall enough to need strings; the poppies were too thick; there were so many pansies in bloom that I picked a beautiful bunch for grandma; and I had to borrow papa's pruning-shears to trim my rose-bush.

Over in my vegetable garden I had to do a lot of hoeing to keep ahead of the weeds; there were tiny pods on the peas, and the beans were just pushing their pale-green elbows through the ground. The lettuce was so large that we had a bowlful of the tender leaves dressed with lemon-juice for dinner. By Tuesday evening I had just about made up my mind to be a gardener.

But on Wednesday mama baked, and I helped at that, too. Mama had set her bread sponge the night before, and she gave me a little piece of white dough and of brown. I made a tiny loaf of each, and put them in my little baking-pans. Then, while they were rising, I made two cunning little pies, one of gooseberries, the other custard, and a panful of fruit-crackers. O, how good they all looked when I took them from the oven!

In the evening I put them in a basket, with a pretty picture-card and a bunch of pansies, and took them over to lame Susy Allen. I wish you could have seen how pleased she was, 'specially as it happened to be her birthday. Wednesday night I was *sure* I would be a baker.

Thursday morning mama had *such* a headache! After breakfast she lay down; and as soon as I could, I went into her room, and bathed her head until it felt better; then I darkened the room, and went into the kitchen. I washed the dishes, and swept the floor as quickly and neatly as I could, and was just going to get my story-

book down to have a good read, when I missed Nelly and Ted from the porch, where they had been playing. Looking out, I saw them going down the field, Nelly carrying a basket, and Ted stopping here and there to pick the gay wild flowers among the grass. So peeping into mama's room, and finding her asleep, I put on my sunbonnet, and went out into the field. We played around a good while; and when we came in, bringing a great sheaf of wild flowers, we



GOING DOWN THE FIELD

found mama better, and dinner nearly ready. That day's work made me sure I wanted to be a nurse.

O, how it was raining when I got up Friday morning! Not a single speck of blue anywhere. We three children stood by the window after breakfast, and looked out at the pouring rain; and I'm not sure that there were not some drops falling inside the window as well as out.

But mama always has something for us to do; and now she asked, "Why not play school?" So I set out three dining-chairs for desks, and three stools for seats. We each had a slate and some colored pencils, and our first lesson was drawing some of the blossoms we had picked on Thursday. Then we learned to spell their names with Ted's letter-blocks, and compared their colors with Nelly's color-tablets.

Mama had cut from advertisements in a farm magazine, pictures of twelve cows and twelve hens, and pasted them on squares of pasteboard. I gave the cows to Nelly to start a dairy, and the hens to Ted for a poultry yard; then what fun they had learning to count them!

After dinner it was still raining, and we reviewed our lesson for next Sabbath. When bedtime came, I was sure I would be a teacher when I grew up.

But on Sabbath morning I told mama I didn't know *what* I would be; for I had tried six different kinds of work, and I liked each just as *well as any other*.

Then mama kissed me, and said, "Suppose that for a few years you should just be my little minister."

And I guess maybe I will; for a minister is one who serves, and that is what I'm trying to do.  
AUNT BETTY.

"A LITTLE bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,  
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;  
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,  
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way."





### Healing

"HE touched her hand; and the fever left her."  
 He touched her hand as he only can,  
 With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician,  
 With the tender touch of the Son of man;  
 And the fever pain in the throbbing temples  
 Died out, with the flush on brow and cheek;  
 And the lips that had been so parched and burning  
 Trembled with thanks she could not speak;  
 And her eyes, where the fever light had faded,  
 Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim;  
 And she rose and ministered in her household.  
 She rose and ministered unto him.

—Selected.

### A Crown That All May Wear

CHEERFULNESS is a great crown, and they who wear it are kings.

Others may be richer, wiser, and more beautiful, but these are they who make the world brighter. They carry sunshine and good cheer wherever they go, and pass with a smile lightly into hearts that are barred to wealth, wit, or beauty. Those who wear the crown of cheerfulness are fitted to influence others, and to lead them to higher and better things. They make their churches seem brighter, happier, and better to worship in by their presence; they make religion a sweeter thing; and the words of God fall softer and more potent from their lips.

We should practise cheerfulness at every opportunity, till it becomes a habit. We should fight against every influence that tends to keep back the cheery "Good morning," and its smile. Life has no time for gloom—much less a Christian life. Christ, the Great Teacher, taught no gloomy doctrine. His were the good tidings of great joy, filled with sunlight, and birds, and lilies, and little children; and his gospel is just the same to-day. True Christianity is still as bright as the morning.

EDISON DRIVER.

### Unselfishness

HAVE you noticed the Lombardy poplar? It draws its branches up around itself so as to cast little more shade than a telegraph pole, and no bird seeks a nest under its closely drawn leaves. It is a good type of a selfish person.

Across the way is a beautiful maple. From its sweet heart, sap flows every spring, giving delicious food to its owner. Its broad branches make homes for many birds; and children play, and travelers rest, under its generous shade. When frost comes, its harsh touch only makes the maple more beautiful, with its crimson and gold. Even adversity is turned to the good of others by the maple. What a type of unselfishness!

After all, there is nothing useful or ornamental in character that is more desirable than unselfishness. There are as many types of selfishness as weeds in a garden. Some people are generous yet selfish. I remember a lady who had done great things in philanthropy. She would give away money freely, but was very careful of herself. Everything in the house must contribute to her happiness. A child hardly dared tread on the stairs if she had the headache. If a friend cared for any one who had disagreed with her, that friend was dropped.

There is the selfishness that flaunts itself in your face like the coarse mullein stock, or is so disagreeable you keep away from it as from the Canada thistle. Sometimes a boy teases his sisters, or takes the cake from the pantry, or eats the strawberries that were intended for tea; and the family learns to guard against his selfishness

as the farmer against the more deadly weeds.

Open-and-above-board selfishness gives its own warning, but there is another like the harmless little nettle hidden among the wild flowers; you do not recognize it until you feel its sting. This kind of selfishness makes a young lady open the car window enough to cool herself, regardless of the baby over the way who is taking cold with every breath. At the same time the young lady looks with scorn on the traveling man who has piled up his valises on the opposite seat while a lady is standing near.

There is one thing about unselfish people,—they get more than they give, as a rule, leaving out the added happiness that comes from forgetting self. It is a law of nature that giving brings its own increase. Two little springs came up side by side in the heart of a greenwood. "I shall stay here and take care of myself," said one little rill; and it soon became stagnant and dried up with the summer heat. "I can at least water the wild flowers under the trees," said the other brook; and it slipped through the tangled grass, out into the meadow beyond, where it was met by another tiny stream, and soon together they were turning the wheel of a busy mill.

Each one naturally has a selfish heart. Only keeping near Christ, who pleased not himself, will keep us unselfish. Is it not well, then, for us to take pains to acquire the fruits of the Spirit—the graces that adorned the life of the Master?—*Myra Goodwin Plantz, in the Young People's Weekly.*

### Photographing a Hawk's Nest

ONE day last April I took a long tramp through the woods, and found three nests of the red-tailed hawk, or hen-hawk—large platforms of sticks placed high in tall trees. For some time I had wanted a photograph of a hawk's nest showing the interior. Usually they are in straight trees without strong, spreading limbs, which might give a chance to climb out for a side view. But one of these nests was in a huge, spreading mountain oak, affording an unusual opportunity. The tree grew from the foot of a high ledge of rock, and by climbing a small oak on its summit I could see the two large, dirty white eggs lying upon their bed of bark and hemlock twigs. But who could get up that fifty feet with a camera? I knew I could not, but I thought I might find some stout boy who could.

The first one I brought gave up after he had spiked his way ten feet up with climbing-irons. A few days later another volunteered, and after I had showed him a little about using the camera, we climbed the mountainside, and saw the great bird sail from the nest and circle overhead with angry screams. First I thought I would try to surprise the hawk on its nest, and get a picture of her. As the bird always flew before I could get anywhere near the nest, I screwed the camera up in the small oak, covered it with leaves, then withdrew, holding the end of the long tube, and lay flat behind a rock, and had the boy cover me with boughs, and go off. There I lay perfectly still, peeping through the boughs at the nest, ready to squeeze the bulb upon the return of the hawk. After much circling, she alighted on a neighboring tree. I could see her gazing intently at my covert, and I fairly held my breath as I anxiously awaited her decision. I am afraid she saw me through the boughs, for she sailed away, and did not return. I lay there over an hour, when through cramp and hopelessness, I gave it up.

Then I called the boy. Having buckled on the climbers, and slung the camera over his shoulder, foot by foot he ascended the tree. The trunk was too thick to grasp, so he had to hold on by the rough bark, in which it was as hard to get secure footing with the spikes. I feared he would give out, but he kept bravely on till he was won at the first crotch. It took then even more courage

to crawl out on the sloping fork, with only empty space below him, but he did it, and reached the desired spot, a little above the level of the nest and ten feet to one side. There were the eggs, and white down clinging to the sticks all over the nest and fluttering in the breeze. Both the hawks were hovering and screaming high overhead.

Would he, though, have the nerve to stand for half an hour at that dizzy height, balancing himself with one hand, and adjusting the camera with the other? He went coolly at it, following my directions step by step. First I had him screw a bolt into the limb near his head, then take the camera from the case, adjust the clamp, and then screw clamp and camera to the bolt. Thus he went on till all was ready for a timed exposure. "Squeeze!" I shouted. The shutter clicked and the lense was open. "Squeeze!" again I called in two seconds, and another click told that the picture was taken. In the same way I had him take three more, to make sure of a good one.

Everything went well, except that after the second exposure the rubber cloth fell to the ground. There was great danger of fogging the plates without it, so I climbed down the ledge and got it, tied it around a stone, and tried to throw it up to him. I am not much of a pitcher, but my second throw sent it straight, and holding to the branch with one hand, he made a splendid catch with the other. Backing down, then, to the crotch, he climbed the other fork to the nest, and gave me an accurate description of the way it was built.

It proved very hard to get down the trunk, especially with the camera. So I coiled the rubber tube, and threw it up over the fork. With this he let down his burden, and at last got safely down himself, hot and tired, but justly proud of the difficult achievement, his first experience in photography. All four of the pictures proved good, and will give pleasant reminders of the experience on the mountainside.—*Herbert K. Job, in Companion.*

### The Tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog

THIS is the tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog,  
 Who lived in the midst of the country of Bog.  
 Of brothers she numbered one hundred and four;  
 Of sisters two hundred—or possibly more;  
 No matter. Whatever the total might be,  
 She never was lacking for playmates, you see.  
 So hide-and-go-seek and pom-pom-pull-away  
 She played in the mud and the water all day;  
 For water and mud were the young Wogs' de-  
 lights:  
 They frolicked there, dined there, and slumbered  
 there nights.  
 Miss Polly was vain—though we hardly would  
 call  
 Her face or her figure attractive at all.  
 Like most of her family, be it here said,  
 She was seven twelfths tail, and the rest of her  
 head.  
 Yes, Polly was truly exceedingly plain—  
 But the tail was the thing that was making her  
 vain!  
 Her father cried, "Shame!" and her mother  
 cried, "Fie!"  
 Her brothers said, "Goose!" and her sisters said,  
 "My!"  
 And dreadful misfortunes would happen, they  
 vowed,  
 To the Wog who was acting so silly and proud.  
 But the more they entreated and threatened and  
 warned,  
 The more their advice and their efforts were  
 scorned,  
 And Polly went wiggling and wriggling about—  
 Such airs! You would think she was some spec-  
 kled trout!  
 But, O! she encountered a terrible fate,  
 Which just as a moral I'll briefly relate:  
 She kept growing ugly! But that's not the  
 worst—  
 She swelled so that one day she suddenly burst!  
 And, alas, she was changed to a common green  
 frog.  
 What an end to the tail of Miss Polly Wog Wog!  
 —*Edwin L. Sabin.*





## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### VII—The Call of Abraham

(August 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 12:1-7; chapter 13.  
MEMORY VERSE: "This promise is unto . . . as many as the Lord our God shall call." Acts 2:39.

(The chapter given as the Lesson Scripture is the lesson to be studied. Read this every day, and think over it until you know just what it teaches. Then the following notes, which should be read several times, will help to a fuller understanding of the lesson. Lastly, go over the questions carefully, and be sure that you can answer each one in the words of Scripture.)

God made Adam to be the head of the human family, that he might teach the knowledge of God to the multitude of his children. But Adam fell into sin, and his children departed from God and worshiped idols.

Then God cleansed the earth by the flood, and began again with one good man—Noah. But Noah's children were not the servants of God, as he was, and soon men began again to worship false gods, the works of their own hands.

At the tower of Babel, God divided the human race into different families, or nations. From one of these nations he called out a man of faith named Abram, so that he might teach him, and make him the father of a race of good men, who should teach all the nations of the earth about the true God. He wanted to separate Abram from all idolaters, so that he could bring up his family to love and fear God.

When God called Abram, "he went out, not knowing whither he went." He knew that God was leading him, so he followed on, trusting in the Lord. When he came to Canaan, God said that he would give him that land. But it was then full of wicked idolaters, and God did not give Abram any of the land. Yet Abram trusted the promise, and waited in faith for God to fulfill it.

As Abram went from place to place, wherever he pitched his tent, he built an altar, and offered sacrifices, and prayed to the Lord, and taught the people round about him of the true God. These altars were left standing; and whenever people saw them, and asked what they meant, they would hear about the God of Abram. So he was a missionary; he taught the heathen wherever he went.

In the strife between the herdsmen over the pasture-land, Abram showed his unselfish character. Being the older man, and the one whom God had called and given the land, he had the right to choose. But he did not think of himself; he let Lot have the first choice.

Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom, although he knew that the men of Sodom were very wicked—worse than those from whom the Lord had called them.

In another part of the Bible (Rom. 4:13), we are told that God promised Abram that he should be "the heir of the world." So we see that God was talking about the whole earth, when he promised to give Abram all the land that he could see. Yet he did not give him, during his earthly life, "any inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." Acts 7:2-5.

Abram understood this promise of God, and he knew that it was not this present world, but the world to come, that he was to have for an everlasting home. So he looked for "a better country," and "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God,"—the New Jerusalem that God has prepared for the new earth.

All the promises were made to Abraham and to his seed. The seed of Abraham is the same as the seed of the woman of which we have learned; for the Bible tells us plainly that the Seed of Abraham is Christ. "And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."

Abraham is the father of all who believe; so if we believe in Jesus, we are his children, and sharers in the promise of the new earth for our everlasting home. But if we would dwell with him there, we must be willing to give up all that we have in this world,—to leave our country, our kindred, and our father's house, if God

should call us,—that he may lead us to that better country promised to Abraham and to his seed.

#### Questions

1. When the nations had departed from God after the flood, what did he do to keep the knowledge of himself in the earth? Gen. 12:1-3.
2. What three things was Abram called away from? Verse 1.
3. What did God promise to do for him? Gen. 12:1, 2.
4. What land did God lead him into? Who went with him?
5. What promise did God make after they reached Canaan?
6. What did Abram build, and for what purpose?
7. What led to a separation between Abram and Lot? Chapter 13:5-9.
8. How did Abram settle the trouble?
9. Which place did Lot choose? Why was this a foolish choice?
10. What did God do after Lot had left Abram? Verse 14.
11. How much land did God promise to give him? Rom. 4:13.
12. What did Abram look for because of this promise? Heb. 11:10, 16.
13. What will be done to the earth before it is given to him? 2 Peter 3:10.
14. Who is the Seed that God promised him? Gal. 3:16.
15. May we have any share in God's promises to Abram? Gal. 3:29.



### VII—Babylon's Wisdom Exposed

(August 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 2:1-13.  
MEMORY VERSE: "Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee from these things that shall not come upon thee. They shall not deliver themselves." Isa. 47:13, 14.

#### Questions

1. When did the events described in the second chapter of Daniel take place?
2. About how long had Daniel been in Babylon at this time? See note 1.
3. What effect did Nebuchadnezzar's dreams have upon him?
4. Upon whom did he call for help? For an explanation of "astrologer," "sorcerer," and "Chaldean," see "Great Empires of Prophecy," page 8.
5. What did he ask his wise men to do?
6. In reply, what did they offer to do? Note 2.
7. Notice Nebuchadnezzar's answer. What did he threaten them if they would not reveal not only the dream but the interpretation also? On the other hand, what did he promise them?
8. After they had again urged the king himself to tell his dream, what did he then know of a certainty?
9. What did he see that they had prepared for him?
10. How did the Chaldeans try to excuse their inability to tell the dream?
11. What reflection did they then cast upon the king?
12. Who only did they say could reveal the dream?
13. Yet what did they acknowledge would prevent the gods from making it known? See note 3.
14. How did the acknowledgment affect the king?
15. What decree did he therefore send forth?
16. Who were included among the wise men at this time?
17. What does the prophet Isaiah say concerning Babylon's wisdom and knowledge? Isaiah 47.
18. What was to come upon Babylon because of the multitude of her sorceries and enchantments? Verses 9, 14.
19. When this trouble should come upon Babylon, who would not be able to save her?

#### Notes

1. Daniel was taken captive to Babylon in the third year of Jehoiakim's reign. From Jer. 25:1 we learn that the fourth year of his reign was coincident with the first year of Nebuchadnezzar's reign. How, then, could the events described in Daniel 2 take place in the second year of Nebuchadnezzar's reign, after Daniel

had been in Babylon at least three full years, and had entered upon his fourth? History explains this conundrum: "In the year 607 B. C., Nabopolassar [the father of Nebuchadnezzar] associated Nebuchadnezzar with himself, as king, on the Babylonian throne. . . . The same year, 'in the third year of the reign of Jehoiakim [607 B. C.] king of Judah came Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon unto Jerusalem, and besieged it.'—"Empires of the Bible." Thus Nebuchadnezzar had ruled two years conjointly with his father, and had entered upon the second year of his reign alone when he had the dream.

2. "But the king had not asked for any interpretation. What he wanted was to know what he had dreamed. If he had himself known the dream, he could have made an interpretation for it as easily as they. . . . He therefore said to them again, 'The thing is gone from me.' Then he demanded of them that they should make known to him both the dream and the interpretation."—"Great Empires of Prophecy."

3. "When all these together declared that none but the gods could tell this thing that was wanted, and that the gods were not near enough to men to allow this to be understood from them,—this was nothing less than to confess that their whole profession was a fraud. And this was further to confess that all their conjurations, divinations, magic, sorcery, and 'revelations' in times past were simply a fraud and imposture upon the king and the people. When this truth flashed upon the mind of Nebuchadnezzar, and he clearly saw that he and his people, and their fathers before them, had been systematically and continuously duped by these men, he was so disgusted, humiliated, and outraged that he thought the only fair thing to do was to wipe from the earth at once this whole combination of impostors."—"Great Empires of Prophecy."

4. "The dream was taken from him [Nebuchadnezzar] that the wise men, by their claimed understanding of mysteries, should not place upon it a false interpretation. The lessons taught in it were given by God for those who live in our day."—Testimonies.

5. The gods of Babylon did not dwell in flesh; the God of Israel does. Daniel was sent to show Nebuchadnezzar the true God. All the heathen religion, wisdom, and knowledge of Babylon could not save her or her pretended wise men. On the other hand the wisdom of God saves to the uttermost. It was the fact that the God whom Brother Booth worshiped could save him from the wild beasts, that startled those natives of Africa. Their gods could not do that.

#### A Sample Testimonial

"FROM the examination I have been able to give the work, I must say that there is nothing that I or any one else could say in favor of Mr. Rogers's presentation of the Graham System that could be considered extravagant by one who has made a like examination. . . . Mr. Rogers has brought order out of chaos. . . . It is the best arrangement for the study and acquirement of Graham Stenography that I have ever seen."—RUEL SMITH, for twenty years Official Stenographer of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court, Bangor, Me.

For a limited time we are offering our advanced course of thirty lessons by mail, including two bound text-books worth \$2.15, for only \$5. Our method of teaching "the best shorthand extant" by the use of "The Rogers Compendium" may surprise you.

FIRESIDE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

#### SOLID THROUGH TRAINS OF

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.

### The Fiftieth Anniversary

WITH this number the INSTRUCTOR completes its fiftieth year; and as is fitting, its columns this week are filled with words of greeting, loving reminiscence, and expressions of hearty faith in, and good wishes for, its future.

Probably not one of those who worked so faithfully in preparing the early numbers of the paper had any thought that it had so many years before it. God alone knew the place it must fill, and for how long a time. But those who have noted its work during this period, who remember the pleasure derived from its regular visits, and who recognize its influence in their lives, cannot but acknowledge that the Lord had a place for this agency in his closing work in the earth, and that he directed those who began to publish the paper, and has guided those who have carried it forward.

We can look only a very little way into the future, and can tell nothing of what it holds—except by the light of the prophetic word. But that word shines as a lamp, clear and steadfast. And those who, by its light, read the meaning of the events that are so rapidly making the history of the nations to-day,—who note the increase of crime of every kind; the appalling disasters by wind and fire and flood; the frequency and horror of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; the stupendous preparations for war in these days of lauded "peace;" the public unrest and secret fear that are laying hold of men's hearts,—rejoice to know that these things are but the signs that show that His coming is near, who will establish the kingdom of peace, and rule the earth in righteousness.

To such the picture is not all dark. They see a brighter side,—how in every land, no matter how remote, or difficult, or attended with perils, true-hearted men and women, impelled by the fear of God and the love of souls, are pressing forward to fulfill the Great Commission. And when it is given,—when the gospel of the kingdom is preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations,—then will the end come. Till that glad day, may the INSTRUCTOR stand, as it has stood during fifty years, for the proclamation of the message of the second advent of our Lord, and may its voice be blessed in the glorious work of proclaiming the gospel of the kingdom.

The time will not be long, dear young friends. Meanwhile will you not work for the paper, treat it as a friend, pass it on to others to read, and above all pray for its success? Every one who has received the light of God's truth holds that truth in trust, and will be held accountable for the use he makes of it. Responsibility measures with opportunity. May each one of the INSTRUCTOR readers be faithful in the high calling of God, and so do his work that he may have a part with the redeemed when the Lord shall come.

### Why the Instructor Does Not Grow Old

FIFTY years does not seem like a very long time when one has lived it; and yet in the allotted period of threescore years and ten, it is a long step toward the conclusion of an earthly life. But fifty years has not told seriously on the age of the INSTRUCTOR. It is still a youthful instructor as well as an instructor of youth. Its clean, pretty face bears no wrinkles. Its greeting smile is as fresh as ever. There are no "silver threads among the gold;" no abatement of vigor or natural force; no decline of spirit or vivacity. Its original parents have mostly fallen asleep. Its contemporaries are growing old; and even the old earth, with all nature, waxes old like a garment, and is about ready to be folded away. But our beloved INSTRUCTOR still seeks the society of boys and girls, and reckons itself to be one with them.

From the standpoint of the natural feelings, there is something sad about growing old. We are apt to regard those whose hairs are white, whose knees tremble with age, with pity as we think that life with them is almost spent. But this sadness is born of earth, and does not pertain to God. With him nothing grows old. Infancy and age are not conditions of a perfect state. Therefore we do not inquire how old our Heavenly Father is, nor how old are the angels of the heavenly courts. God's word is like himself; it is not affected by time. The promises of God have lost nothing by three or four thousand years of constant use. They are as complete, as fresh, and as powerful as ever, and even more precious as we near their consummation. Virtue and purity are immortal. Such a character as Christ manifested never can perish. "He that hath the Son of God hath life." "The outward man" grows old and perishes; but eternal youth lives where Jesus reigns, so that the "inward man is renewed day by day."

This is why our dear INSTRUCTOR is blessed with perennial youthfulness. Divine things or qualities do not grow old. It is a comfort to old pilgrims to realize that this fleeting, troubled state is not their life. This is the land of decay and death. Over there, when both soul and body fully bear the divine image, the unfolding of the eternal ages will ever quicken and expand the volume of an unending life. When his path begins to descend to the dark valley, the weary pilgrim does not look backward with a yearning desire to tread again the paths behind him, but sees light, life, and glory beyond.

G. C. TENNEY.

### For the Ingathering

EVER since the tenth of June the children have been playing they were at a "summer resort," and taking a "fruit breakfast" for their health. Of course their health is all right; but as their pretty "fad" saves cooking, and does no harm, we indulge them in it.

And now the raspberries are here, some capping the tall bushes in the garden with their tempting sweetness, and others drooping their heads like pendant corals along the rail-fences. Though we value these wild berries as my childhood fruit, and for their rare flavor and aroma, we leave them mostly for the poor and strangers who come among us, as God has told us to. Before they are gone, up in one sandy corner around the pine stumps we will go blackberrying.

Ah, God is good to us this year in all manner of fruits for the temperate zone; and so with reverent hearts we pick, and eat, and can for the winter, not forgetting to give the "first fruits" unto him, in cans labeled with name, variety, etc., to show at the "Harvest Ingathering" next fall, and then to be packed securely in light, strong barrels, and sent to our city missions, or countries where they do not raise berries yet.

AUNT PHEBE.



### WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

DATE OF THE CORONATION.—During the second week in July it was announced that the coronation of King Edward would take place between the 8th and the 12th of August. The general outline of the program of the procession will be followed, as far as the king's strength will admit. The second day's procession will be omitted, and the ceremony itself so shortened as not to exceed one hour.

NEW PENSION RULING.—During the last hours of the late session of Congress, a bill was passed granting a pension to all veterans who served first with the Confederate forces, and afterward with the Federal army, provided they entered the latter before Jan. 1, 1865. Deserters who re-listed, and were granted honorable discharge, will also be pensioned under this bill. It is estimated that the pension rolls will be increased about \$4,000,000 by this provision.

WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS CLOSED.—For perhaps the first time in its history the grounds of the White House are closed to the public. The order was asked by the contractors, and was designed chiefly to shut out the relic-hunters who have thronged the place in such numbers as to become a nuisance. The charred joints and rafters removed by the workmen show that not all the woodwork was destroyed when the British soldiers set the building on fire on Aug. 24, 1814.

OUR NEW CHINESE MINISTER.—Wu Ting Fang, the popular Chinese ambassador to this country, has been recalled, and Sir Lian Chen Tung, a graduate of Yale University and reputed to be an able and dignified gentleman, has been appointed his successor. It is said that Mr. Wu, who is a lawyer by profession, will be asked on his return to Peking, to "codify European and American laws for the guidance of the Chinese government." Sir Tung is secretary of the Chinese embassy to the coronation of King Edward.

COLLAPSE OF THE CAMPANILE.—After standing for a thousand years, the historic Campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, fell early last month, carrying with it a corner of the royal palace. The tower was known to be unsafe, and a preliminary fall of stones within it warned tourists, shopkeepers, and workmen, who fled; so there was no loss of life. The theory is advanced that instead of falling, the ancient tower really crumbled. A thick red dust, which spread like a hanging cloud above the city, was produced by its collapse. The Venetians mourn the loss of the Campanile, which was "their eye, their dial, their pivot, about which the whole life of the city swept. A watchman in the gallery night and day for hundreds of years observed the sea for the approach of the argosies that made Venice rich, or the raid of the enemies that wanted her destruction. Even now, in this modern day, the base of the tower was the city's center of activity. . . . This Campanile was founded in 888, restored in 1329, provided with a marble top in 1417, and in 1517 was crowned with the figure of an angel nearly sixteen feet high." The foundation piles were of ten-inch white poplar, covered with layers of oak plank, upon which was cemented trachyte from the Euganean Hills. There is talk of taking a subscription to duplicate the Campanile.