

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST 21, 1902.

No. 34.



Mother's Song

O, SING me a song like mother's,
When I am glad and gay,
From glittering earthly pleasures
To call my soul away.
And let the words be pleading,
A song of pardoning love,—
Of Jesus and the angels
In the harping choir above.

O, sing me a song like mother's,
When I am sad and lone,—
A song of the tender mercy,
Like a rainbow 'round the throne;
And let the words be hopeful,—
A song of strength and love,—
'Till I seem to hear the chorus
Of the shining choir above.

O, sing me a song like mother's,
When I go down the
vale,
While earth fades in
the distance,
And its joys and
hopes shall fail.
The last earth-sound to
reach me
Be that song of keep-
ing love,
Till I hear the song
triumphant
Of the white-robed
choir above.
ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Liberty in Christ

"BEHOLD what man-
ner of love the Father
hath bestowed upon us,
that we should be
called the sons of God."

John can not find
words to describe the
great love that God has
bestowed upon us. He
can only call upon us
to behold it. That God
should consent to let
his only begotten
Son come to a world
all seared and marred
with the curse, to walk
a man among men, and
to suffer death by cru-
cifixion,— does not
this bear eloquent wit-
ness to the power of
God's love?

God's love is as high
as heaven and as broad
as eternity. Why was
it bestowed on us?—
That we might be
called his sons. "But,"
says the young man, "I
am not ready to be a
Christian. I have not
yet sown my wild oats."

I once spoke to a company of prisoners. One of their number was a young man who had just been graduated from college. During his school life he had studied hard, and he had planned to have a good time after his graduation. He came in contact with evil companions; a crime was committed; they were brought before the court; and this young man was imprisoned for seven years. A sad result of his sowing of wild oats!

Young man, are you one of those who believe in sowing wild oats? Remember that the harvest time is coming, and that as you have sown, so you will reap. No frost will blight the crop, no storm blast it, no cankerworm destroy it. You are sure of a bountiful yield. If you spend your time in idleness, in amusement, in self-gratification, you will reap a harvest of sorrow. When adversity comes, you will find that the service of Satan is indeed bitter.

As I was pleading with a young man to turn to the Saviour, he said: "I am not ready. This

band of music would be broken up should I leave it. I am needed in this circle of society. And besides, I want my liberty." But he did not know of what he was talking. There is no liberty save that which has been brought to us by Christ. We can find in sin nothing but slavery. What was Adam after he had disobeyed?—A captive to sin, his dark future illuminated only by the promise of the Saviour to come.

Those who think that a surrender to Christ means loss of liberty are in bondage to the worst of all tyrants. Satan binds them in chains of darkness, and exults in their ruin. And yet they talk of liberty! Liberty to sin, when the wages of sin is death!

Christ gives us all the blessings we enjoy. The beautiful things of nature are the work of his hands. Every breath we draw is an evidence of what we owe to divine power. But where is our devotion, our love for God? Many who profess to serve him are Christians in name only.

God has done so much to make it possible for us to be free in Christ, free from the slavery of wrong habits and evil inclinations. Dear young friends, will you not strive to be free in Christ? You point to this and that professed Christian, saying, We have no confidence in them. If their lives are examples of Christianity, we want none of it. Look not at those around you. Look instead at the only perfect pattern, the man Christ Jesus. Beholding him, you will be changed into the same image.

Will you not try to show those with whom you come in contact the better way, even the way which leads to the city whose builder and maker is God? If you walk humbly with God, the Holy Spirit will be your efficiency. As you let your light shine in good works, those with whom you associate will see light in your light. Let not your light grow dim; for this is dangerous not only to your own soul, but to the souls of others. Keep your light burning brightly. Be cheerful, hopeful, and steadfast. Gather



"AND LET THE WORDS BE PLEADING, A SONG OF PARDONING LOVE"

grace and strength, daily becoming more trustful and hopeful. Pray and watch and work, lest the day of the Lord come on you as a thief in the night. Duties and responsibilities will increase with success. Satan will try to divert your mind from Jesus. He will try to make you believe that you will not reap what you have sown. Listen not to him. Make God supreme. Hide self in Christ. Welcome the Saviour into the heart as a cherished guest. You can do nothing without him, but with him you can do "all things." He is the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. He is invincible, and those who work in his strength will be more than conquerors. MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Be Ye Perfect

JESUS, Master, can it be,
I shall ever perfect be,—
Not a stain without, within,
Pure and spotless, white and clean?

Always ready to obey
Whatsoever thou dost say,
Daily striving to fulfill
Without questioning thy will?

Just to take, and murmur not,
As thou sendst my earthly lot—
Patient shouldst sore sickness be,
Calmly leaving all with thee?

May I never, Lord, be heard
To speak one complaining word,
But with cheerful, happy song
Glorify thee all day long.

AGNES H. BROWN.

A Sensible Suggestion

"IF I could only be of some use in the world, or fill some place in it," cried Frances, impatiently, "I would not complain."

"Well," suggested Cousin Patty, "making beds is very useful work, and your mother seems to need some one to fill the place of mender-in-ordinary to the family. Why not begin where you are? I never saw anybody willing to be of use who couldn't be used right where he stood. And as for filling places—did you ever think that you are put in your own place so as to fill it? This business of wanting to climb out of your own place before you've filled it, to go hunting for an empty one somewhere else, never did seem sensible to me. Start right in to be of use, and you'll be useful, never fear."

It was a sensible suggestion. There are many useless people excusing themselves to-day by saying that they would rejoice to be of use—somewhere else. Our own place, after all, is the only one we can ever fill. The moment we fill it full, we shall overflow it into wider bounds. Mending and making beds, running errands, doing chores—the large careers begin by these small usefulnesses, and widen irrepressibly as the man and the woman develop into broader activities. "Begin where you are" is common sense. As a matter of fact, we can not begin anywhere else. Only from what we are can develop what we shall be—only from where we stand can the first forward step be made. Shirking and complaining belong together. They are a poor pair of twins to have about, and the sooner we turn them out of doors, and determine to be thoroughly useful in our own present place, the better.—*Well Spring.*

"It is a marvelous power that is ours in the privilege of prayer. We may reach up our hand, and take gifts out of heaven. We may call down legions of angels to defend and protect our own souls and the souls of our friends. We may bring out of heaven all blessings, all comfort, all peace, all joy, all strength. Why, then, shall we remain weak and faint and impoverished, and be defeated and perish, when we might pray, and get all the grace we need for the asking? Marvelous and infinite are the possibilities of prayer."



The Story of Our Matabele Mission Some Progress Is Made

THE Sabbath dawned bright and clear. The sun shone out as if to cause the travelers to forget the discomfort of the heavy rains of the few preceding days. It rarely rains in that part of South Africa at that season, but more than eight inches of water fell while they were in camp. All participated in and enjoyed the Sabbath-school and meeting. The dinner consisted of beans and guinea-fowl, which might have tasted better if it could have been cooked with clear water. The muddy water added little to its flavor.

Again inspanning, they hoped to resume the journey; but scarcely had they traveled six miles when a new disaster overtook them. The ox-wagon stood level with the axletree in mud, and no amount of whipping and screaming seemed to make any impression on the animals. An hour was lost in this way; then an effort was made to draw the wagon backward. After breaking the chain several times, this too was given up as a hopeless task. Then with a jack they raised the wagon, and filled under the wheels with stones. About the length of the wagon was passed, when down it went again, apparently deeper and firmer than before. This was repeated three times, with the same result. Cold, tired, wet, and muddy, some went to bed, hoping to get warm, while others still worked in the mud-hole, making a road of stones. And thus they continued for ten hours, almost all this time at night. When finally the wagon was extricated, they were able to go only about six miles, and this over deep mud-holes, when all were so worn and hungry that they stopped for a quick breakfast, and lay down to get some rest, if possible.

It was evident that the company must have more animals, as at the rate they had gone from Mafeking, the ox-wagon was making but slow progress.

On Sunday afternoon they made another start, soon reaching a little village. To their surprise, they found two oxen for sale; and although it was Sunday, and the owner did not care to break that day by selling to them, yet as he needed the money as badly as they needed the oxen, a bargain was finally made, and they were soon on their journey again, better equipped.

Monday morning was clear and cold. A heavy frost had fallen during the night, and it required some courage to start at four o'clock, with almost everything still damp from the recent rains. An extra dish—boiled pumpkin—awaited them for breakfast this morning, and it was relished by all.

There was little to break the monotony of their journey outside of three or four experiences similar to that of being stuck in the mud, unloading the wagons, dragging them out, reloading, soon to pass through the same ordeal again. These experiences only caused the missionaries to draw nearer the Lord, and seek his guidance at every step of the way. Family worship morning and evening was enjoyed by all, and in the most difficult times was not neglected.

Better things were in store for them. On Wednesday morning they came into such a beautiful country that all exclaimed, with one accord, "How grand!" They could scarcely resist the temptation to stop where they were, and go no farther. The roads were good. There were flowers on all sides. Even the trees were laden with blossoms, and the air was fragrant

with sweet perfume. There was plenty of timber of all kinds, and wild fruit trees were seen in every direction,—plum, orange, fig, and many small fruit shrubs which they did not know. Even the breakfast this morning seemed good—venison, birds, pumpkins, and porridge.

Near the close of the week they passed through another Kafir city very early in the morning. The natives were going in every direction to work on their farms. The country all around the place looked like a field of Kafir corn. The city was more than a mile in length, and contained more than six thousand inhabitants, all natives. The streets were quite clean, and some of the houses not to be despised. The name of the city was Rammontso, near the Notawana River.

They were now in the country where lions and tigers were troublesome, and they had to take some precaution to keep them at a distance. As they camped for the night near a Kafir settlement, they heard the tigers scream. One scream followed another, when all the dogs in the village—and they were not a few—began to bark. When they were quiet again, no tiger was heard.

The next Sabbath they camped near a mud-hole, as this was all the water they could find. They dug a large well, hoping it would fill; but there was not enough water for that. So from the mud-hole they had to get their supply of water for cooking, bathing, and for the animals, and they were grateful that they did not have to spend the day entirely without water. The frequent rains, although rendering the roads almost impassable, provided them with water.

They held their Sabbath-school at the same hour that it was held at home. The Lord came very near as they studied the precious lessons of trust from the life of Christ as given in the book of Luke. After the Sabbath-school they had a prayer-meeting, and the remainder of the day was spent in reading, singing, and talking over the many blessings they had thus far received on their journey. ESTELLA HOUSER.

"Love Me Too!"

"LOVE me too!"

The speaker was a little dark-haired maiden, and her big brown eyes were welling up with tears. She was one of the deserted child-wives of India's shadowed households. Lame and helpless, from a diseased knee-joint, and so, useless as a slave to him, her husband had turned her out upon the roadside to die. The pitiable little crouching figure drew the attention of a police officer, who brought her to the nearest Christian mission hospital, where now she was being tenderly and speedily nursed back to health.

It was the hour of evening prayer, and the doctor, Miss Sahiba, had lifted upon her knee the baby of the ward, also a deserted girl, whose mother, having vainly tried to sell her for twenty rupees, had left her behind as a worthless impediment. The little child-wife hungrily watched the gentle caresses of the white hand on the wee brown head that nestled confidently on the missionary's shoulder, and slipping off the hospital bed, she crept up to the pair. Taking the good doctor's hand in hers, she laid it on her own bare head, and uttered the cry, "Love me too!"

"Love me too!" It is the cry uttered or unexpressed of each little sufferer who enters our wards. . . . Yet it must not be imagined that parental love is rarely shown by the Indian or Chinese father or mother. Far from this being the case, intense love for their children is exhibited again and again; and an apparent want of affection and tenderness in nearly all cases may be traced not to callousness or cruelty, so much as to ignorance, gross superstition, and bondage to caste and custom. The children's lives are cursed by the same blight that envelops their parents.—*From "Between Life and Death" by Irene Barnes.*



Asking the Way

Boys in earnest ask their way
Through the problems of to-day,
Just as boys have always done,
Who have earnestly begun;
Just as boys must always do
Who would battle safely through.
Men of action, who have won
In the races nobly run;
Men of honor, who attain
Place and glory without stain;
Men of will and men of might,
Who have championed the right;—
These were, not so long ago,
Eager boys, who sought to know;
Earnest boys, who asked the way,
Step by step and day by day.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

Habit

I WALKED, one beautiful morning, in the Vale of Life; and the part where I walked was called Youth. The country thereabout was very beautiful; the sky was of the purest blue; the grass was greener than elsewhere, and studded with a greater profusion of wild flowers. The trees were laden with luscious fruit, and full of singing birds. Clear streams, in whose depths played pretty speckled fishes, flowed through the pleasant meadows; and rabbits, lambs, and other gentle creatures raced about in the joy that Youth gives to all.

In this beautiful place I saw a youth lying asleep in an arbor by the way. Going toward him, I noticed that he was bound by cords as fine as silk. I took his hand, and called to him, "Awake, my son, awake! Cast off these cords that bind thee. Call on the name of thy Father, and be made free."

But he only laughed at me, and bade me go my way.

"I have no fear," said he, "that cords as light as these will ever prove any hurt to me. I can break them at any time I desire, if ever I *do* wish to be rid of them," and he turned from me to sleep again.

But even as I left him, I saw an evil spirit reach out from the vines of the arbor, and strengthen the bonds on the boy, as a great spider might entangle a foolish fly.

At noon I found myself in that part of the Vale called Labor; and here were fields of grain, flocks and herds, laden ships, glowing forges, and the ceaseless roar of machinery.

And here again I saw the Youth I had seen in the morning. The fine cords that had bound him had become heavy, and he was still asleep. Taking his arm, I cried out to him, "Awake! awake! Call upon thine Elder Brother, and he will strengthen thee, and thou shalt be made free."

But I seemed to him as one that mocked. "Have no fear for me," said he; "I am a man and my own master. These bonds I can cast off at any time that it shall seem good to me." And he turned and slept again; and I called to him: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Thou art as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast."

But he only said: "They have stricken me, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

And again I saw the evil spirit busily and stealthily adding to his bonds, and strengthening them.

When it was evening, I was at the farther end of the Vale, in a place called Age. And here the singing of the birds of morning had ceased, and the flowers were gone. The busy toil of noon

was over; for the grasshopper was a burden, and every man had his staff in his hand for very age.

And here again I saw the Youth I had found asleep in the morning, the strong man I had failed to rouse at noon. But the cords had become fetters of iron. And I said to him, "Flee from the wrath to come; to him that is joined to all the living there is hope."

"I have found no place of repentance," said he, "though I have sought it earnestly, with tears. For me there is henceforward but a certain fearful looking forward unto judgment."

And the evil spirit no longer hid himself; for his work was done. AUNT BETTY.

Ted's Luck

"If Ted Morris doesn't have the luck!" exclaimed Phil Carter, coming in from school, and throwing his books on the table.

"What is it now, Phil?" asked Aunt Grace from her wheel-chair by the window.

"Why, Ted's plan won the prize in our drawing class! I had set my heart on having it."

"What prize?"

"O, I forgot you didn't know! Professor Harcourt is offering prizes every month in one class or another. This month it was for drawing. I didn't try for any of the others; but I'm good at drawing, and thought I was sure of that prize at least. Ted doesn't like drawing, and I do. It's just his luck!"

"Not quite so fast, Phil. You say Ted is always lucky?"

"Always. He never fails to win. He is so sure he will succeed. That is the aggravating part of it."

"Maybe there's a reason for what you call luck, Phil. Look and see if you can not find it. I suppose he is just as lucky at play?"

"Y-e-s. He's poring over his old books most of the time; but when he does play, he wins every time."

Aunt Grace gave a peculiar smile.

"What is it?" asked Phil.

"I was thinking of Ted's luck. How much time did you spend on your drawing? What was it?"

"A plan for a schoolhouse; we have architectural work this term, and it was a beauty. It had a cupola, and a roof garden for stormy days. I felt sure I'd win."

"And I suppose you were very careful to have your measurements exact, your windows just above each other, your staircases and closets in the best places?"

"Why, I don't know as to that. But I do know I made a fine front, and I guess the rest was all right."

"And did Ted guess his was all right?" was the next question.

"I never knew Ted to guess at anything. Everything has to be just so with him. But I had the handsomest plan."

"And yet Ted won. Suppose you watch Ted closely for a week, Phil, and then tell me what you think of his luck."

"All right," and Phil went off with Aunt Grace's questions still in his mind. He would watch Ted now to some purpose. Was it possible—

Next morning Phil waited at the corner for Ted to come up.

"Have you got those problems?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes, every one of them!" replied Ted, exultantly. "They kept me home from gym., but I was bound to conquer them."

Phil gave a quick thought to his own wasted evening, which he had not even spent at gym., and his own half-worked problems. Was that the secret of Ted's luck—his determination to conquer all obstacles? Of course he deserved a good mark after grinding all the evening.

After school the boys were going over to the

woods after arbutus. Phil wondered if Ted would go.

"Of course I will! I was up an hour earlier this morning and put in good time. I have earned some fun now."

Was it a sense of well-earned freedom, or was it simply luck, that made Ted such a favorite with his companions? He found the first arbutus; he won the race home.

"Well, Phil, what about Ted's luck?" asked Aunt Grace, a week later.

"Why, it isn't luck at all; it's just hard work," replied Phil. "He just bones right down to a thing until it's done, and then he plays just as hard as he has worked."

"And has no conscience to spoil his fun by reminding him of some neglected duty," said Aunt Grace, softly.

"That hits me, auntie, and I know it. But I'm going to try Ted's way, and see if I can't have luck, too."

"If you spell luck 'w-o-r-k,' you will succeed," replied Aunt Grace.—*Selected.*

To Provide a Summer's Pleasure

A GOOD way to provide a summer's amusement and pleasure is to take a tub or half-barrel, and set it in the shade of a tree not too near the house, and yet in sight of a window or porch. Keep this full of water all the time. If you do not allow them to be frightened, you will be surprised to see how many birds of various kinds will come there for their daily bath. All through the hot, dry summer afternoons your free bath will be in constant use. It will be an unfailing source of pleasure to watch the little creatures splash, and flutter, and primp, and plume their feathers. Sometimes they will come singly, sometimes in troops. A piece of board kept floating in the water will be a great help to the birds in their bath.

This seems a little thing to do for the birds; but it pays, provided one loves them, and desires to cultivate their acquaintance. It costs time and trouble to procure young birds and make pets of them; but by providing a free bath-tub for their use, we gain their good will, and they will nest nearer us the next year. They will not make the least objection to our studying their habits; and they will act "natural." The birds are the materialization of some of God's thoughts, and surely we should wish to become acquainted with them. FLOYD BRALLIAR.

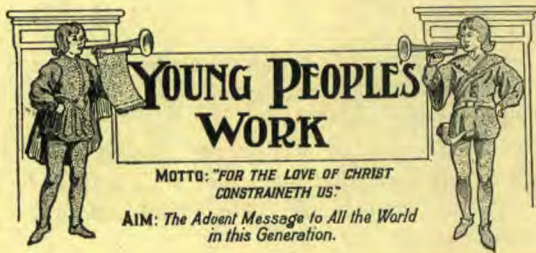
Sparrows' Nests

JOHN is a young collegian, and thinks it a mark of superiority and broadness to dabble in many new theories and isms; "investigating for himself," he calls it.

"There are fragments of truth everywhere, and I like to assimilate what suits me," says John, complacently. "To some minds there might be danger of being carried away with such things, but all my training and grounding have been too solid for that."

Uncle Isaac's eyes twinkle, but he shakes his head. "Makes me think of our old court-house," he observes, slowly. "Pretty strong court-house that was, too,—solid foundation, and built up of stone well laid. It had a slate roof. Practically fireproof we called it, and we were all so certain of its qualities that when a fire broke out in the middle of the town, nobody thought it worth while to move books out of the court-house.

"But a lot of sparrows had built their nests at the top of it for years,—bits of straw and rubbish,—and when the sparks began to shower down pretty lively, there was a blaze started that had eaten its way up under the roof before any one could stop it. All the good foundations and walls didn't save it from ruin inside. The flimsy little sparrows' nests were a bit of danger tacked onto the strength, and they finished it."—*Well Spring.*



Does This Mean You?

THE following earnest words are taken from a letter written to the editor by a young friend, who is spending her college vacation in Chicago—not in pleasure-seeking, but in earnest service for the Master. As she becomes acquainted with the opportunities, sees the lack of laborers, and realizes a little of the work to be done, not only in Chicago, but all over the world, she longs to have others of our young people join those who are carrying forward this work:—

"It is a sad state of things when work in large cities and in the conferences has to lie idle, the people just waiting for some one to come to them. I am more and more convinced that we have something that the world wants, something they are looking for; and when they see it properly, become acquainted with our work, and find that we have it, they will seize it. Many are doing this very thing. I need not tell you that I am heart and soul in this work, that I can not see anything else in life but this. I do not mean this Chicago work in particular; I mean in this message of salvation to a lost world. And I want to do everything within the range of my talents and powers to help. That is all. I can not do anything more that I can do, neither can any of our young people; but they are not doing one tenth of what they are capable of doing, if only they had the spirit to work."

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XVIII—God's Gift

(August 24-30)

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.

Jesus is God's gift to us.

As our Creator, Jesus made this earth, and all things in it. He made man in his own image.

He is also the sustainer—the upholder—of all things. All things exist, and stay in their places, by his power. We can not draw a breath or move a muscle without him.

As our Redeemer, he bought man, and man's property, out of the hand of the enemy, at the price of his own precious life-blood.

As our Example, he lived a perfect life here on earth, to prove that we can do the same thing.

As our Sacrifice, he died on the cross, making a complete atonement for all our sins. He bore our sins on the cross. Justice is satisfied, and we are released.

As our High Priest, he now ministers in the presence of God for us, offering the merits of his own life and death in our behalf.

As our Judge, he will acquit us, and present us faultless to his Father.

As our King, he will soon come in the clouds of heaven to take us to himself.

As our Brother, he will divide all his riches and honors with us.

All this is only the beginning. Study all the names of our Wonderful Jesus. Truly he is the "I AM" to us,—the "All in All."

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift! Gladly we crown him Lord of all.

Outline

God gave his Son to us. John 3:16.

Jesus is our Creator. John 1:1-3; Col. 1:12-16.

He upholds all things. Col. 1:17; Heb. 1:3.

He is our Redeemer. 1 Peter 1:18, 19.

He is our Example. 1 Peter 2:21; 1 John 2:6.

He is our Sacrifice. Heb. 9:14; John 1:29.

He is our High Priest. Heb. 4:14.
He is our Judge. Isa. 33:22; John 5:22.
He is our King. Rev. 19:16.
He is our Brother. Rom. 8:29, 17.

Battles between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XIX—Jesus Gives Back to God

(August 31 to September 6)

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.

After Jesus had lived his perfect life here among men, he died on the cross for our sins. But it was impossible for death to hold him.

God raised him from the dead. He stayed with the disciples forty days after the resurrection. Then he went to heaven, to be our High Priest before the throne of God.

Before he went away, he told his disciples that he was going. He said that he would get a place ready for them. Then he would come back for them. His disciples watched him as he went away. And while they were watching, he sent back word that he would come again, in like manner as he went away.

His people saw him go. They will see him come again. He has been in heaven for more than eighteen hundred years.

He has the place all ready, and he has sent his people word to get ready.

The place is ready for the people, but the people are not ready for the place.

We must tell every person in the world about this wonderful Saviour, and his soon coming; and when every one knows about it, so all can be ready who care to go, he will come again.

Outline

Christ died on the cross for our sins. 1 Cor. 15:3.

He was buried, but rose the third day. 1 Cor. 15:4.

He was with the disciples forty days. Acts 1:1-3.

Then he went to heaven. Luke 24:49-51.

The disciples saw him go. Acts 1:9-11.

He promised to get a place ready, and then return. John 14:1-3.

All will see him when he returns. Rev. 1:7.

His people will be looking for him. Heb. 9:28.

He told his disciples to tell every one this good news. Mark 16:15.

When this is done, he will come. Matt. 24:14.

From Pomona, California

It is with deep interest that I have noticed the many encouraging reports from our Young People's Societies.

The presence of Brother Yarnell, our enthusiastic church-school teacher, was a valuable aid in the organization of our Society in Pomona, which took place October 12, with a membership of twenty-four. We are also grateful to have with us, as superintendent, Dr. Bond, who manifests a heartfelt interest in the young people.

The meetings of our Society are held at the church on Sabbath afternoon. Preceded by a song service, the program as outlined in the INSTRUCTOR is found both interesting and profitable. Sometimes at the close of this service a company of our young people visit the sick, and cheer them with song, reading, and prayer.

At present our Society is contributing to the fund being raised to build our new dispensary for medical missionary work in San Francisco. We are glad to see the active interest manifested by two of our younger members in the work with the *Signs of the Times*. Already we know of one reader who pronounces this paper the best she has ever seen, and through its weekly perusal is willing to read books on kindred subjects.

It is the duty of one of our members to supply two paper racks in the post-office and station with clean literature as often as they are emptied. Another leaves the *Signs* each week at two of the most practical to make, and a great variety missionary trip to an adjoining town with reading-matter to fill a paper rack at that place.

As this church has taken its full quota of "Christ's Object Lessons," our Society has an excellent opportunity to gain an experience in this work. We rejoice in the privilege of being co-workers with heavenly intelligences, and in the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." What an inspiring thought!

MRS. PAULENA PRICKETT.



Black and White Figures (Concluded)

THE articles already described are the ones most practical to make, and a great variety of patterns may be secured by varying them to suit the taste or requirements. They are not the only ones that can be made, but in the others there are no new principles involved, so it will not be necessary to describe them in detail.

Alternate black and white rings that extend entirely around the base are very pretty on small work. The edges of the rings, however, must be serrated. To make them smooth it would be necessary to change all the threads on one circle; and if this is done, the two circles of warp will be crowded apart, and there will be a crease between the black and the white. If you will refer again to Fig. 20 in last week's paper, you will see on the end of the piece where the work was begun, a white ring, with the inner edge serrated, while at the other end is a black ring with serrated inner edge. It will not be necessary to make the notches as deep as here shown, however. If each alternate thread is changed, the remaining ones will be sufficient to bind the circles of warp together. In this way the change from black to white, or vice versa, will be made in working twice around the base.

Short, pointed stripes of one color, inserted in a ground of another, is a pretty pattern, and not difficult to make. If the stripes are spiral, it will be well to use both the regular and the forward stitch, so that each alternate circle of stripes may curve in the opposite direction.

Squares that contain but two or three threads each, can be made without serrating the edges. But there is a great deal of work about making squares in this manner, and the end will not justify the means. By serrating the edges, however, the making of squares presents no great difficulty.

Some of the figures described I have never seen except in my own work. They are all that I have ever tried to make; but I feel sure that if one masters them, he will know enough about weaving horsehair to be able to trace any simple design that he cares to undertake. The weaving of one's initials or monogram would be a task of no great difficulty. The best way to do this would be to mark the design on the base before beginning to weave. This would serve as a guide, and the worker would then know just where to change the threads from white to black or from black to white. You may not be able to follow every line exactly, for there is no middle ground between threads of wool. Each must occupy its allotted place; but unless both warp and wool are unusually large, it will not be necessary to go far from the mark.

The most beautiful piece of woven hair work I ever saw was a riding-whip, and next week I will tell you how to make one. If you are fortunate enough to secure hair of such a bright variegated sorrel color as that used in weaving the whip to which I refer, there is no reason why you should not make one every whit as good. If you do not have such hair, you can substitute what you do have. In the articles to be described hereafter, I will deal with them as if woven of one solid color, and leave my readers to follow whatever design they choose.

J. EDGAR ROSS.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

What a Boy Can Do

A boy can make the world more bright
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence an influence has as sure
As speech — oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme:
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be —
What grander, more sublime?

— Crusader.

Children of India at Play

It is said that the children of India do not have as playful a childhood as do our own children. That is true. Boys and girls in India must grow up quicker, and be at work. Little girls must leave school, and be married off and settled down at about the age of twelve. The joys of a long and happy childhood of preparation for usefulness in life are surely cut short.

But the little folk of India have their happy time, after all, however short the years. No brighter eyes nor more pleasant faces can be found anywhere in the world. There are games and romps over field and hill, and trees to climb. In the cities, marbles and kite-flying are the chief delight of the boys. The kites of India are generally four-cornered ones, without tails. In the late afternoon and evening, during the kite season, the sky above Calcutta is full of bobbing kites. The flat roofs of the houses are the playground. A part of the game in kite-flying, I believe, is to saw one another's strings in two, by crossing them in the air. Watching from the roof of our mission house in Bow Bazaar, I have noticed that men as well as boys fly kites.

The little girls like to play with dolls,— English dolls dressed like *memsahibs*, as the European ladies are called. I can not say just how they play with them. Perhaps they often hang them on the walls as ornaments. At any rate I know the little ones in our girls' school expected each a doll at the end of the year, a very cheap one being thought a grand prize.

You would heartily enjoy watching our children at the Karmatar Orphanage school, in the play hours. The favorite game, I think, is *ghoolie dunda*, played very much as the American boys' game of tip-cat, with a small stick as a bat, and a sharp-pointed block as a ball.

Marbles are called *ghoolies*, and the Indian boy shoots the marble by holding it with the thumb and forefinger, bending it back like a catapult, and then letting go suddenly. They aim very surely, too.

Sometimes, on visiting Karmatar, I would find it the fashion on the playground to favor bows and arrows. Then every boy and girl, even to the babies four, besought the *mem* for the strings

about her parcels from the city, for use as bow-strings. Then again the cry was for slings. This form of amusement had to be somewhat severely kept down; for Juman, a little lad who came into the family from the wide world, where he had fought his way alone, could throw stones so far as to endanger heads on the village road. By piercing a joint of the green bamboo, which is easily cut, the boys make very effective squirt-guns, and sometimes, I fear, the water flew where it ought not. Boys will be boys, the world over, and it is a very nice thing to know just where to stop.

An interesting game is managed after this manner: The children join hands, and form a circle. One of their number remains outside, and comes up to the circle as the *rajah*, or king. The children challenge him:—

"Rajah, rajah, where are you going?"

"To bathe," he answers.

"Come into our tank," the children in the circle cry.

"There is but little water."

"Throw some money into it," they respond.

The boy throws a stone into the circle, and is allowed to enter. Then he dashes about, trying to find where hands are so loosely clasped that he can break out, saying, as he is held back, that he will tell their uncle, or tell their aunt,



ON THE PLAYGROUND AT KARMATAR

and so on, naming, if necessary, all the many relations that compose an Indian family. At last he breaks out, and all the members of the circle take after him to catch the running *rajah*.

You could not help loving the Indian boys and girls. Amid all the evil influences of that heathen land, I believe many of them will yet be trained into useful workers in this cause that we love.

W. A. SPICER.

The Life Story of Bobby Fuzzy

THE first that Bobby Fuzzy knew was that he was curled round in a place that was so small that it squeezed him. "I don't like this at all," he thought. He wriggled and squirmed until, when he rubbed his head very hard against the wall that was all around him, he rubbed a hole through the wall, and crawled out. All around him was a beautiful, cool green.

He rubbed his head against the smooth green, and somehow he rubbed a piece off, and tasted it. It was good. Then Bobby forgot everything except that he was hungry. How fast he did eat!

There were other small caterpillars on the leaf, all nibbling. Soon the leaf was nibbled all over,— tiny nibbles that did not go all through, but only took the under side. The caterpillars were too small to bite through. Bobby walked all over it, looking for something to eat. He saw a long, narrow stem, and at the end of it there was another leaf, that tasted just as good as the one he had left.

One day Bobby felt sick. He could eat nothing. He fastened his feet to the leaf and held on. Now and then he raised his head, and turned it first one side, and then the other. All the morning he stood there, and nearly all the long, warm afternoon. "I feel," said Bobbie, "as I did when I was fast in that small round house. I pushed then, I'll push now." Just then the skin on Bobby's head parted, and Bobby pushed his head out. Under the old skin was a new suit of fur. "I feel better," said Bobby. Then he crawled out of the old skin, carefully drawing out each little foot, and leaving the skin fast to the leaf. For a while he rested. Then he began to eat. He could eat faster than before; for his mouth was larger.

Three times after this Bobby changed his skin. The third time he ate all the soft fur, or hair, that was on the old skin. The last time he did the same thing again.

Bobby grew very fast. He was so strong that he could even eat a way through the big, thick midrib. It was very pleasant in Bobby Fuzzy's world, with just enough sunshine to make it warm.

One day a cold wind blew through the trees. "Ugh!" said Bobby, and shivered a little. "I think I don't wish to eat any more," said Bobby. "I am so very sleepy. I think I'll go to sleep." He walked all along the limb, looking for a place that suited him. Out on the end, where two twigs grew close together, he stopped. "I think I will make my bed here," he said.

Then, from his mouth, he drew fine, silk-like threads, and fastened them back and forth between the two twigs. Then he spun them round and round, over himself, until he was all covered. By the time night came, there was no Bobby Fuzzy to be seen, only a small, brown cradle, that swung to and fro as the wind moved the branches.

After that it grew very much colder. The leaves of the tree turned to beautiful reds and yellows. Then a cold wind came. The leaves fluttered to the ground. Soon the tree itself was bare,— only here and there, on the twigs, were little, hard, brown buds. But Bobby Fuzzy did not feel the cold. All through the long winter he slept safe and warm in his cradle.

By and by the warm winds blew again. The buds on the trees swelled and burst. Inside the tiny hard buds were fresh green leaves.

One very warm day, Bobby Fuzzy waked,

"Oh!" he said, sleepily, "I've slept long enough. It's too warm in here." As he had done so long ago in the small round house, Bobby Fuzzy pushed again,—pushed until he pushed his head through the end of the cradle he had made. Then he crawled carefully out. On the branch he stopped to rest.

"Somehow I feel as if I were different from what I was when I went to sleep," thought Bobby. And so he was. He had gone to sleep a fuzzy caterpillar. Now, in place of the small, fat feet, he had long, slender legs, with tiny hooks on the feet to help him to hold fast. His body was more slender, and covered with something soft and beautifully colored. He had two eyes that were made of many smaller eyes close together, so that he could see up or down or sidewise. Most wonderful of all, he had four beautiful wings, covered with the same soft down, and spotted and marked with bright colors.

At first the wings hung moist and limp at his sides, but soon the sun dried them, and Bobby raised them over his back, and shut and opened them very slowly. Just then a breeze came, and somehow, he did not know why, Bobby let go his hold of the tree. But he did not fall. He flapped his wings, and found that he could stay in the air. Soon he was flying straight up toward the beautiful blue sky.

Then he looked down, and saw something very bright and beautiful. He flew toward it. It was a lily. Bobby unrolled his long tongue, and put it away down into the heart of the flower. Through it he drew the sweet honey. From one to another he flew. Then he would take long flights far away over the fields.

One bright summer day, Bobby felt suddenly dizzy. He flew to a white lily near, and stopped. "I'm sleepy," he said. He put his head down close to the flower. When the last sunset rays touched him, he was still there, and when morning came, he had not moved. His bright, brief, joyous butterfly life was over, and he slept among the flowers.—*S. S. Times.*



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX—Sodom and Gomorrah

(August 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 18:1-8, 17-33; 19:1-3, 12-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6:21.

(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 in the words of Scripture.)

The first time that Sodom is spoken of in the Bible, when Lot left his uncle Abram and "pitched his tent toward Sodom," we are told that "the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly."

The next time we hear of Lot, he was living inside this wicked city. But he was not happy there. Peter says that he was "vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked. For that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul with their unlawful deeds."

At last the Lord could no longer leave these wicked cities of the plain to spread their evil influence over the earth; for they would soon have made the whole world as bad as it was before the flood.

Jesus said that his people are the salt of the earth; they keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt. Many wicked are spared for the sake of a few righteous, in the hope that they will be saved through their good influence.

God would have spared the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah if only ten righteous persons could have been found in them to influence them for good.

The apostle Paul, in Heb. 13:2, tells us not to be "forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." This is what Abram and Lot did. They did not know that the men whom they treated with such courtesy and hospitality were angels. They entertained strangers with the same kindness whenever they had the opportunity.

Lot knew that in that wicked place no strangers would be safe in the street all night. Some harm would be sure to come to them before morning. This is why he pressed them so earnestly to go home with him.

Noah's family were saved in the ark for his sake, and God would have saved the family of Lot also if they would have let him. But when Lot warned them, "he seemed to them as one that mocked." Although Lot's wife left the city with him, yet her heart was behind in wicked Sodom, even when she saw that it was so bad a place that God was obliged to wipe it off the face of the earth, in order to save the world. So she did not obey the angel's command: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee." She was changed into a pillar of salt—turned into ashes, like the people who stayed behind in Sodom—a warning to all not to look back, but to press onward in the way of salvation.

When Jesus was speaking about his second coming, he said it would be as it was in the days of Lot: "The same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed." And then he gave the solemn warning, "Remember Lot's wife." If our hearts and our treasure are in this world, we shall then perish with the rest of the ungodly, even though we may have outwardly made a start from "the City of Destruction."

Lot had gone to live in Sodom for the sake of worldly gain, but he lost everything that he had. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

By turning the cities and the people of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, God made them an example, so that all might see what will at last be done with all who live unholy lives.

Questions

1. When is Sodom first spoken of in the Bible? What are we told about it? Gen. 13:12, 13.
2. Where was Lot the next time we hear of him? Gen. 14:12.
3. Was Lot happy in Sodom? Why not? 2 Peter 2:8.
4. Who came to Abram's tent in the form of men? Gen. 18:2. How did he treat them? Verses 3-8.
5. When God told Abram about Sodom, what petition did he make? Verses 23, 24.
6. What did God promise him? Verse 26. How small a number of righteous people would have saved Sodom? Verse 32.
7. What are God's people called because they preserve the earth? Matt. 5:13.
8. Where did the angels go when they left Abram? Gen. 19:1.
9. Who met them at the gate of Sodom? What did he ask them to do? Verses 1, 2.
10. Why did Lot not want them to stay in the street?
11. What did the angels send Lot out to do? Verse 12.
12. How did his family treat his warnings? Verse 14.
13. What did the angels say to Lot in the morning? Verse 15.
14. What did they do to hurry him when he lingered? Verse 16.
15. Tell what the angels said when they brought them out of Sodom. Verse 17.
16. Who disobeyed, and what was the consequence? Verse 26.
17. What did God do as soon as Lot was out of Sodom? Verses 24, 25.
18. What were these wicked cities turned into? To whom are they an example? 2 Peter 2:6.

SAVE this paper to study the lesson for Sabbath, September 6. Two lessons for both the Intermediate and the Junior division are printed in this number of the INSTRUCTOR, as one paper will be omitted. The next paper will contain the lesson for Sabbath, September 13. See note on page 8.

X—The Birth of Isaac

(September 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 21:1-20.

MEMORY VERSE: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them. . . . I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." Isa. 41:17, 18.

(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 in the words of Scripture.)

One day when God was talking with Abram, he said to him, "Thy name shall no more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee." Abraham means "father of a multitude."

And God said unto Abraham, "As for Sarai thy wife, thou shalt not call her name Sarai, but Sarah shall her name be." Sarah means "princess," and God said of her: "She shall be a mother of nations; kings of people shall be of her."

At this time Abraham was ninety-nine years old, and Sarah was nearly ninety. They had waited patiently for nearly twenty-five years for God to give them the child he had promised. Now they were so old that there was no hope of their ever having a child, except as the special gift of God.

But Abraham was "strong in faith, giving glory to God," believing "that what he had promised, he was able also to perform." And Sarah also "judged him faithful that had promised." So at last God rewarded their faith by giving them Isaac, the child of promise.

The name Isaac means "laughter." His mother was very happy when at last, after all the years of waiting, she held him in her arms. She said, "God hath made me to laugh, so that all they that hear will laugh with me."

But there was one bitter drop in Sarah's cup of happiness, and it came from her own wrong act of giving her maid to Abram for a second wife. Hagar and Ishmael were not glad when Isaac was born. Ishmael had been looked upon as the heir to all Abraham's riches, but now he was set aside by Isaac.

Isaac was about three years old when he was weaned, and his father made him a great feast. Ishmael's conduct during this feast made Sarah see that there would be no peace for Isaac as long as Ishmael stayed there. This was why she told Abraham to send him away. Abraham did not know what would become of the lad if he should turn him out of his home; but after God had talked with him about it, and promised to care for Ishmael, he was quite willing to let him go. Once before Hagar had been in trouble in the wilderness: God had comforted her then, and he did not forsake her now. When Ishmael was dying of thirst, "God heard the voice of the lad."

There is no moan of pain, no cry of need, that God does not hear. His loving Father heart is always touched with the needs of his creatures. He is the only one who can supply these needs, so every cry of trouble is a cry to him. He told Job that the young ravens "cry unto God" for their food. Also the young lions when they "roar after their prey," "seek their meat from God." And if he hears the cry of the ravens and the lions, will he not much more listen to the cry of his human children when they are in trouble?

God opened Hagar's eyes so that she saw a well of water. God himself is "the fountain of living waters," and he is able to open rivers in dry places to give drink to those who thirst. If our eyes are opened by faith to see him ever with us everywhere, we shall know that we have in him an abundant supply for every need.

Questions

1. What change did God make in the names of Abram and Sarai, and why? Gen. 17:5, 15.
2. What special promise did he make them when he first called Abraham? Gen. 12:2.
3. How many years did he keep them waiting? Gen. 12:4 and 21:5.
4. Who named the child that was at last born to them? Gen. 17:19. What is the meaning of this name?
5. What did Sarah say when Isaac was born? Gen. 21:6.
6. Were there any who did not rejoice with her? Tell the reason.

7. What did Abraham do when Isaac was weaned?
8. What did Sarah see during this feast?
9. What did she ask Abraham to do? How did he feel about it?
10. Tell what God said to Abraham about the matter. What did he promise to do for Ishmael?
11. What did Abraham give to Hagar and Ishmael when he sent them away?
12. What did Hagar do when the water was spent?
13. How did God comfort her? What did he show her?
14. What did God then promise to make of Ishmael? Verse 18.
15. Where did he dwell? What did he become? Verse 20.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IX — The Dream

(August 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 2:30-35.

MEMORY VERSE: "Behold, God exalteth by his power: who teacheth like him?" Job 36:22.

Questions

1. What humble acknowledgment did Daniel make to Nebuchadnezzar concerning the secret which had been revealed to him?
2. For what purpose had Daniel been entrusted with the secret? Notice marginal reading of verse 30.
3. Besides making Nebuchadnezzar to know his own heart, whom did the secret reveal to him? Note 1.
4. What did Nebuchadnezzar see in his dream?
5. In what position was this great image?
6. What is said of its brightness? What of its form?
7. From the fact that the image had a head, arms, trunk, legs, and feet, what must it have represented?
8. Which part of the image was of fine gold?
9. Of what did the breast and arms consist?
10. What composed the trunk? Describe the legs and feet.
11. Which part of the image was the most glorious? Which the strongest? Which the weakest?
12. What else did Nebuchadnezzar see in his dream?
13. How did the stone come to be?
14. What did it do?
15. Where did it smite the image first?
16. What other parts did it then break in pieces? Compare verses 35 and 45.
17. How completely was the image broken up?
18. What became of its dust?
19. What did the stone then become?
20. Where was this great mountain?
21. What encouragement is there for every youth in these experiences of Daniel and his fellows in the court of Babylon? Note 2.

Notes

1. Two things in this lesson show that by this experience the king of Babylon was to learn who the true God is, and what he does. In making the secret known to him, Daniel made him acquainted with the One whose name is Secret (Judges 13:18), and Nebuchadnezzar at once acknowledged God to be a revealer of secrets, and a Lord of kings. It is God's work to reveal secret things. Sometimes he does this by parables (Matt. 13:35), sometimes by dreams (as in the case of Nebuchadnezzar); but in whatever way God reveals himself, his secret is only "for them that fear him." Moreover, that Nebuchadnezzar should by this same experience be made to know his own heart, again connects him with the One whose mission it is to reveal the thoughts of the heart. Luke 2:35. That One is Christ; and wherever his work is carried on, men take sides, and the thoughts of their hearts are revealed.

2. "If the curtain could have been rolled back, men would have seen the heavenly universe looking with admiration upon these youth, who, amid temptation and moral corruption, made God their trust. . . . All heaven rejoiced. These representative youth are an illustration of the unanswerable question, 'Who teacheth like him?' For the youth of this time who will read the will and purposes of God, these Hebrew youth are a testimony of what all may become when connected with the living God." "His [Daniel's] life is given us as a bright example of what man

may become, even in this life, if he will make God his strength, and wisely improve the opportunities and privileges within his reach." — *Review, June 10, 1899.*

X — The Interpretation

(September 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 2:36-49.

MEMORY VERSE: "If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness: then he is gracious unto him, and saith, 'Deliver him from going down to the pit.'" Job 33:23, 24.

Questions

1. Who gave Nebuchadnezzar his kingdom? Who gave him the victory over Jehoiakim? Dan. 1:2.
2. What else did God give him?
3. How great was his kingdom?
4. What part of the image represented him?
5. What was the significance of the breast and arms of silver?
6. What did the brazen trunk of the image signify?
7. How extensively was this third kingdom to rule?
8. What parts of the image represented the fourth kingdom?
9. What was the character of this kingdom?
10. What shows that this kingdom was not to continue to be universal?
11. What did it mean that the feet were part of iron and part of clay?
12. What further interpretation did Daniel give to the iron that was mixed with clay?
13. From the fact that Daniel speaks of these universal kingdoms according to their order, and not according to name, what may we conclude as to the importance of historical facts in connection with this interpretation? Note 1.
14. How much of the history of the world did the great image represent?
15. What is to be the end of it? What does this show as to the character of the men composing its kingdoms? Ps. 1:4.
16. What kingdom is to take its place?
17. When is this kingdom to be set up?
18. What represented this kingdom in Nebuchadnezzar's dream?
19. Inasmuch as the stone smote the image to powder, what similar part will the kingdom take which the stone represents?
20. How long will this fifth kingdom continue?
21. What did Daniel say of his interpretation?
22. How did Nebuchadnezzar receive this revelation? This revelation was an answer to what thoughts of his?
23. What confession did he make to Daniel?
24. Instead of being destroyed with the wise men of Babylon, what positions were given Daniel and his companions?
25. In conclusion, what was the secret which the Lord made known to Nebuchadnezzar through his servant Daniel? Note 2.

Notes

1. "The purpose of this dream is not to reveal in advance the history of the world. It certainly did all that, but this was simply a necessary step in the greater revelation of the final outcome in the contest between opposing principles. The dream was not given primarily to make it clear that there would be four universal kingdoms, which would rise one after another, but to show the temporary character of all the world-kingdoms (that did rise one after another), and to reveal the nature, the time of setting up, and the eternal duration of the fifth kingdom the kingdom which the God of heaven would establish." — *Senior Lesson Pamphlet.*

2. The secret which was revealed to Daniel in a night vision was not simply the then unknown facts of the world's history,—indeed, Daniel did not reveal to Nebuchadnezzar even the names of the four kingdoms set forth by the image. In Nebuchadnezzar's mind a question had arisen as to what should become of his kingdom. God answered that question, and showed him that God would set up a kingdom not only in the place of Babylon, but in the place of all the kingdoms which should follow Babylon, and this kingdom, in contrast with the others which fell, should stand forever. In other words, Daniel showed Nebuchadnezzar that it was God who gave him his power, and that the same God would take it all away. Nebuchadnezzar accepted Daniel's "sure interpretation," and said, "Of a truth it is, that your God is . . . a Lord of kings." By this confession the king of Babylon surrendered to the King of the universe, but not completely. He still had much to learn.

(Continued from page 8)

has been making with the indentation the instrument recorded as the star crossed the meridian. Thus he can tell to the fractional part of a second the gain or loss in the time of the clock, and it is readjusted, or "set," as we say, to the unvarying time of the star.

The time is taken from this observatory for a large section of the country, reaching as far west as the Pacific Coast, north to Winnipeg, east to Chicago, and southwest to Kansas City, Missouri. The time is sent out each week-day at ten in the morning as well as nine at night. From the Washington University in St. Louis the time is sent out over extensive railroad systems to the south. In the East the Naval Observatory at Georgetown Heights, in the city of Washington, is the center of the time service, and, indeed, time is sent out from this observatory over the whole United States.

The great clock in the Naval Observatory is called the Master Clock. By means of the repeating-apparatus, the time is repeated over eighteen different circuits to the various parts of the country. New York City automatically repeats the time to all points east and north; Chicago and Cincinnati repeat to all points west and southwest; Richmond, Augusta, and Atlanta to all points south. . . .

Truly it is a wonderful time in which we live. All nature joins man in the working of his miracles, and even the eternal stars in their marvelous sweep through the glittering night are willing to give us an answer far down through the infinite spaces of God to our oft-repeated question: What time is it?

Scientific in Arrangement; Clear in Presentation

"It is generally conceded by the best writers of all systems that none compete with the Graham; but after twenty-five years of practical work in teaching and writing the Graham pure and simple, I can candidly say that my experience during the past year in teaching from the advanced sheets of 'The Rogers Compendium' has convinced me that there is no good point in any way connected with the Graham system that has not been touched and fully presented in this volume. The book on every page shows unmistakable evidence of years of careful work in collecting and collating these points,—points which seem to have been suggested by various writers, teachers, authors, and editors. . . . It is scientific in its arrangement, and clear in its presentation; and for brevity and legibility as well as thoroughness, it will not have a rival for many a year." — *Prof. J. H. Haughey, Berrien Springs, Mich.*

As an excellent method of advertising, we are, for a limited time, offering an advanced course of thirty lessons in Graham shorthand (including \$2.15 worth of bound text-books) for only \$5. Deducting the actual cost of carrying on the course, we shall have only \$2.10 for correcting thirty lessons. This amount, however, we will refund if, after taking the course, YOU are not satisfied that we have given a thorough course. Adapted to writers of all Pitmanic systems. Complete course for beginners, \$15.

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*

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

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.

Special to Every One

As announced in last week's paper, no INSTRUCTORS will be given out next Sabbath. The present issue contains *two* lessons for the Junior division, *two* for the Intermediate division, and *two* studies for the young people's meetings,—one each for Sabbath, August 30, and Sabbath, September 6. *This paper should be preserved*, in order that the lessons for Sabbath, September 6, may be studied.

As before explained, this omission is made each year at the time of the Michigan camp-meeting. We trust all will take note of the matter, and that no confusion may arise therefrom. The next paper will be dated September 4.

How We Set Our Watches by a Star

THE following interesting description of the way the world's time is accurately determined is taken from an article by W. S. Harwood, in *St. Nicholas* for January:—

While we know a good many things about the mysterious in our modern life, yet perhaps many do not know much about one of the very common acts of their life—the setting of their timepieces. Whenever you are in doubt as to whether your watch is keeping good time or not, you set it by a star. You might have a sundial, and try to set it by that, or you might have an hour-glass, and let the sand run in and out of its cone-like sections, or you might try to keep your timepiece in good running order by the rising and the setting of the sun, as recorded in the almanac; but any one of these methods would, in these days of precision, be apt to throw you out of gear with the rest of the world. You couldn't catch trains on such time, and the tardy-list in the schools would be black with names if boys and girls attempted to go to school on such time as this.

No; you must set your watch by a star, if you wish to be up with the times these days.

Out of the vast number of stars in the heavens, and visible to the eye at night, and out of the much greater multitude that celestial photography is bringing forth on its negatives, there are some six hundred that may be depended upon, stars that have so long been watched by the astronomers that they are known to be practically invariable.

For about two centuries most of these six hundred stars have been under the critical eyes of the astronomers, who have measured their exact places in the skies again and again. It has thus come to be known that these stars cross the meridian of any place at certain times every night. The meridian of any place is the line the sun crosses there at noon—an imaginary line from pole to pole, directly overhead, dividing east and west. The times when the stars so cross the meridian are predicted by the astronomer years in advance, and tables are

made which are exact to a small fraction of a second. After the astronomers, through long series of years of testing, found this out, it occurred to somebody that here was a perfect test for timepieces.

It is three minutes to nine o'clock at night. The official in charge of the Goodsell Observatory, Northfield, Minnesota, is preparing to send out the time to the people living in his section of America. For sixty seconds he rattles away on a telegraph instrument at his desk, spelling out the word "time, time, time;" then he waits an instant. Then he turns to his telegraph-key again. Eleven thousand miles of wire are open to him; he is ruler of them all. Every telegraph-instrument in all the vast territory of which the Goodsell Observatory is the center is silent; every operator has taken his hand from his key; throughout the whole length of these thousands of miles there is a strange silence.

The seconds are slowly ticking away. Above the head of the observer there is a great observatory clock. At precisely two minutes to nine, the wires are switched into a connection with the very clock itself, and all along the eleven thousand miles there is no sound but the tick, tick, tick of the observatory clock.

Something strangely solemn is in one's thoughts as he stands beside the observer amid the silent seconds while the clock ticks on. Whoever is listening at the wire along its course, waiting to set his watch, whether he be a railroad employee, or some man in a large jeweler's establishment, where the people go to get their timepieces regulated, knows the system, and knows that there is a sudden pause just before the exact stroke of nine o'clock—a broken beat in the ticking. Then all carefully note their timepieces as the clock in the observatory ticks the nine-o'clock second. They can tell to the second whether their watches are fast or slow or precisely right.

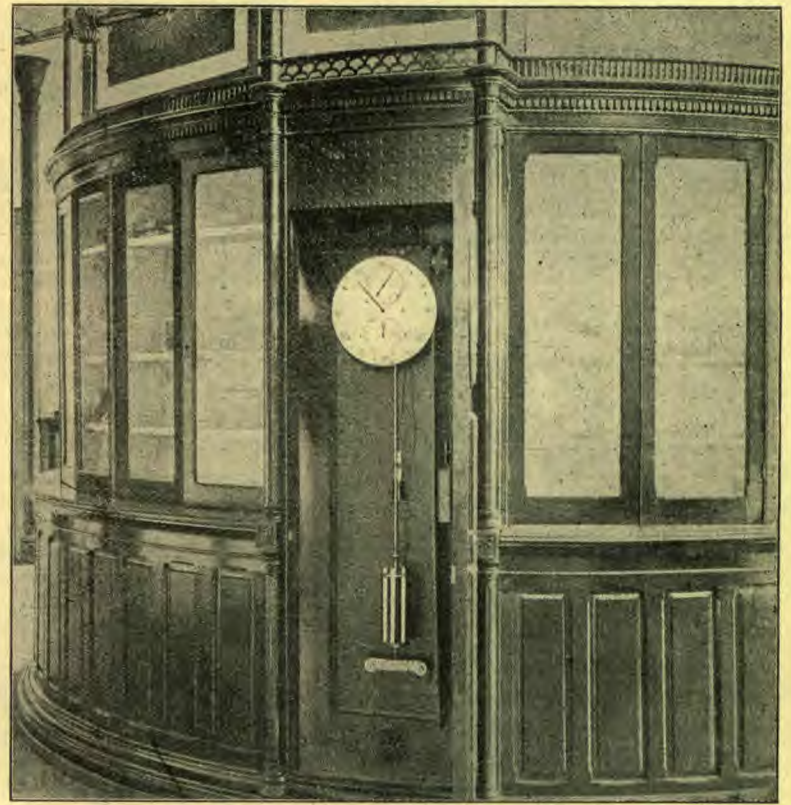
But the best-made clock in the world is not infallible; even our splendidly constructed observatory timepiece has its faults, and so somewhere there must be something to regulate even the regulator. This "somewhere" is in the sky, and the "something" is the silent clock-setting star in the far heavens,—something that never changes, that has no shadow of variableness amid the changes of earth, a second-hand on the dial of God. The astronomer picks out a star chosen from the six hundred. He knows by his catalogue the exact moment the star sweeps over its meridian at a certain time of night. The star has been on time, to the hundredth of a second, these many centuries.

Going into another room, the observer sits down at a telescope of medium size—perhaps five feet in length. It is so mounted that it can not be moved, like one of the great telescopes, but must always be pointed directly at the meridian, through a narrow slit in the roof of the observatory. In the telescope, just back of the eye-piece, is a series of very fine, thread-like wires. The observer has no step-ladder tall enough for him to stand on its top and draw a chalk-mark across the sky, a meridian line for the star to cross, so he must have these wires inside the telescope, serving the purpose of lines

on the sky. There are eleven of these wires, and the middle one is the exact meridian—when the star crosses that line, it is the precise instant of its meridian time, the time to a hundredth of a second which is recorded in the catalogue of stars.

The observer holds in his hand, as he sits below the telescope, the telegraphic key attached to a long wire running out into another room, where the wire is attached to a little instrument called the chronograph, that is, time-writer. The chronograph has a cylinder about a foot in length and perhaps six inches or so in diameter. This cylinder is covered with white paper, and when you look at it, you see many lines on it all running parallel to one another. Attached to a tiny framework is a fountain-pen, the point resting on the paper. The cylinder slowly revolves, and as it does so, the pen traces a line upon it. This line would be straight all the way around but for the fact that an electric connection is made with the clock, so that every second time the clock ticks it jars the pen, or interrupts it in its course, and it makes a little jog in the line.

The clock was set the night before, by the star when it crossed the meridian; but, for one reason or another, it may have lost or gained the fraction of a second. The observer at the eye-piece of the telescope watches the oncoming star with the very closest attention. The



THE OBSERVATORY CLOCK THAT TICKS A MESSAGE FROM A STAR

instant it comes into his field of vision, just as it begins crawling across the wires, he gives a squeeze to the telegraphic key. At the moment of this squeeze the fountain-pen, attached to the key by the wire, gives a tiny jump, and makes a slight bending in the line. As the star crosses each wire, the observer presses the key, so that there are eleven indentations made as the star crosses the field, and passes out of sight on its celestial way. It has not been stopped a fraction of an inch in its journey through space, but the observer has timed it in transit, and no matter how fast it may have been fleeing through the heavens, it has yet been closely watched by the man at the telescope until he could record its movements. As the star passed the sixth wire, the pressure for that line, its meridian line, registered the precise fraction of a second at which the star crosses the line. Then, as the clock has been marking its own time off on the cylinder second by second, the observer compares the time the clock

(Concluded on page 7)