

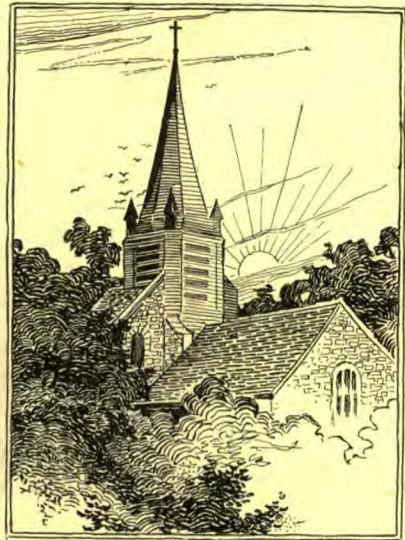
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

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No. 40.



Vespers

FROM yonder steeple, gray above the trees,
No bell is calling yet to praise and prayer,
But all the world is hushed in heavenly peace,
And noiseless chimes are pulsing on the air.
Beside the garden fence the poplars wait
With lifted hands of worship, grave and high.
A robin on the branches by the gate
Swings dark against the sky.

The far-off fields are purple now and dim,
Where shadows creep across their upland slope.
Sudden and sweet rings out the robin's hymn,
A golden orison of love and hope.
Light thrills go trembling through the clustered trees,
As angel feet were passing o'er the sward,
And saintly lilies, swaying to the breeze,
Bow down before the Lord.

Ring out, pure chimes, across the bowing green;
The world has heard your message, ere ye spake.
Sing on, sweet chorister, in leafy screen,
Till holy moonbeams thro' the branches break.
Above the shadowed eastern hill-crest far,
Unseen a silent acolyte has trod,
And lighted on His altars, star and star,
The vesper lamps of God.

— Mabel Earle.

What Shall We Read?

EDUCATION is but a preparation of the physical, intellectual, and spiritual powers for the best performance of all the duties of life. The powers of endurance, and the strength and activity of the brain, are lessened or increased by the way in which they are employed. The mind should be so disciplined that all its powers will be symmetrically developed.

Many youth are eager for books. They desire to read everything that they can obtain. Let them take heed what they read as well as what they hear. I have been instructed that they are in the greatest danger of being corrupted by improper reading. Satan has a thousand ways of unsettling the minds of youth. They can not safely be off guard for a moment. They must set a watch upon their minds, that they may not be allured by the enemy's temptations.

Satan knows that to a great degree the mind is affected by that upon which it feeds. He is seeking to lead both the youth and those of

mature age to read story-books, tales, and other literature. The readers of such literature become unfitted for the duties lying before them. They live an unreal life, and have no desire to search the Scriptures, to feed upon the heavenly manna. The mind that needs strengthening is enfeebled, and loses its power to study the great truths that relate to the mission and work of Christ,—truths that would fortify the mind, awaken the imagination, and kindle a strong, earnest desire to overcome as Christ overcame.

Could a large share of the books published be consumed, a plague would be stayed that is doing a fearful work upon mind and heart. Love stories, frivolous and exciting tales, and even that class of books called religious novels,—books in which the author attaches to his story a moral lesson,—are a curse to the readers. Religious sentiments may be woven all through a story-book, but, in most cases, Satan is but clothed in angel-ropes, the more effectively to deceive and allure. None are so confirmed in right principles, none so secure from temptation, that they are safe in reading these stories.

The readers of fiction are indulging an evil that destroys spirituality, eclipsing the beauty of the sacred page. It creates an unhealthy excitement, fevers the imagination, unfits the mind for usefulness, weans the soul from prayer, and disqualifies it for any spiritual exercise.

God has endowed many of our youth with superior capabilities; but too often they have enervated their powers, confused and enfeebled their minds, so that for years they have made no growth in grace or in a knowledge of the reasons of our faith, because of their unwise choice of reading. Those who are looking for the Lord soon to come, looking for that wondrous change, when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption," should in this probationary time be standing upon a higher plane of action.

My dear young friends, question your own experience as to the influence of exciting stories. Can you, after such reading, open the Bible and read with interest the words of life? Do you not find the Book of God uninteresting? The charm of that love story is upon the mind, destroying its healthy tone, and making it impossible for you to fix the attention upon the important, solemn truths that concern your eternal welfare.

The nature of one's religious experience is revealed by the character of the books he chooses to read in his leisure moments. In order to have a healthy tone of mind and sound religious principles, the youth must live in communion with God through his word. Pointing out the way of salvation through Christ, the Bible is our guide to a higher, better life. It contains the most interesting and the most instructive history and biography that were ever written. Those whose imagination has not become perverted by the reading of fiction will find the Bible the most interesting of books.

Resolutely discard all trashy reading. It will not strengthen your spirituality, but will introduce into the mind sentiments that pervert the imagination, causing you to think less of Jesus and to dwell less upon his precious lessons. Keep the

mind free from everything that would lead it in a wrong direction. Do not encumber it with trashy stories, which impart no strength to the mental powers. The thoughts are of the same character as the food provided for the mind.

The Bible is the book of books. If you love the word of God, searching it as you have opportunity, that you may come into possession of its rich treasures, and be thoroughly furnished unto all good works, then you may be assured that Jesus is drawing you to himself. But to read the Scripture in a casual way, without seeking to comprehend Christ's lesson that you may comply with his requirements, is not enough. There are treasures in the word of God that can be discovered only by sinking the shaft deep into the mine of truth.

The carnal mind rejects the truth; but the soul that is converted undergoes a marvelous change. The book that before was unattractive because it revealed truths which testified against the sinner, now becomes the food of the soul, the joy and consolation of the life. The Sun of righteousness illuminates the sacred pages, and the Holy Spirit speaks through them to the soul. To those who love Christ the Bible is as the garden of God. Its promises are as grateful to the heart as the fragrance of flowers is to the senses.

Let all who have cultivated a love for light reading, now turn their attention to the sure word of prophecy. Take your Bibles, and begin to study with fresh interest the sacred records of the Old and New Testaments. The oftener and more diligently you study the Bible, the more beautiful will it appear, and the less relish you will have for light reading. Bind this precious volume to your hearts. It will be to you a friend and guide. MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Why God Answers Children's Prayers

THAT the Lord does answer the prayer of childhood, no one who has faith in God, and has observed the matter, will for a moment doubt. I have often been impressed with the readiness with which such prayers are answered. There is a reason for this, and it is found in connection with the truth that whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. The innocence and simplicity of childhood are the best representation of Christian character that we have about us. Until it has been deceived, the child trusts and believes unquestioningly.

The custom of teaching children a routine prayer, which they are required to repeat without knowing the meaning or expecting any answer is likely to lay the foundation for faithless prayers in days to come. When a child has been taught about God and the privilege of prayer, his mind at once goes to the throne of grace for relief in trouble, and he expects it to come. And we are thankful to know that such prayers are heard.

Not long ago a little fellow saw that his mother was in trouble. He looked at her with deep pity. "Is you sick, mama?"

"Yes, child, I am real ill."

"I will pray for you," he said, at once; and down he dropped upon his knees. "Please, God, make mama well. Amen." With the sweet assurance of faith he looked up and said, "You is well, now, mama, isn't you?" And sure enough she was.

I can not tell how many such cases have come under my notice, but they are many. God loves the prayers of childhood because they are genuine. He would love our prayers if they were so. One little boy of six said, the other day, "Mama, see this ugly wart on my hand. Can you get it off?"

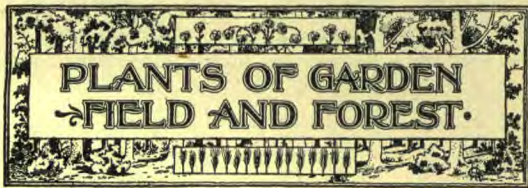
"No, Norman, I can not."

"Can God take it off?"

"Yes, he can if he will."

"I will ask him," replied the child, and he at once carried out his purpose. The next day he triumphantly held up his hand, and said, "See, mama; it's gone." And there was no trace of a wart. He prayed at another time for each member of the family, especially for his brother, who was a little larger than he. But his prayer contained this reservation: "But don't make him any stronger, please, for he's most too much for me now." We are often inclined to smile at the simplicity of children's prayers, and at the unvarnished human nature they display; but this does not disqualify them in our Saviour's sight. Let the children pray. Let us be more childlike when we pray.

G. C. TENNEY.



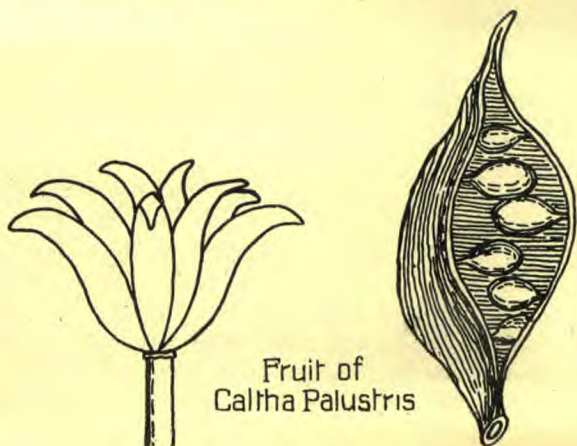
Caltha Palustris

Marsh Marigold

DIFFERING widely from the larkspurs and the aconites, is the innocent Marsh Marigold, whose showy yellow flowers deck the marshes in spring. Doubtless nearly all who live near marshy places are acquainted with this plant, as it is usually common in such localities. It is often, but erroneously, called cowslip.

The stem, which is from one to two feet high, bears one or more rounded or somewhat kidney-shaped leaves, and a few flowers. Corolla absent. Calyx yellow, about one and one-half inches across. The flowers are followed by a cluster of pods, each containing many seeds. Let us examine one of these clusters carefully, and see what we can learn from it.

Each pod is a simple pistil, since it contains but one cavity, or cell. By opening the pod we find that it quite closely resembles a small leaf-blade with its margins turned inward and united to form a closed case, called the ovary. The line which corresponds to the united margins of the leaf is called the ventral suture, since it is always on the inner side, or the side which faces the center of the flower. The line on the opposite, or outer side, corresponding to the midrib of the leaf, is called the dorsal suture. The seeds are borne along the ventral suture. All simple pistils



Fruit of
Caltha Palustris

are formed on the plan of the one just described, while a compound pistil consists of a number of simple ones united.

One of the chief purposes served by fruits of all kinds is the development of seeds to produce new plants. It is therefore necessary that some provision be made for the escape of the seeds from the ripened ovary, and we find that this is provided for in various ways.

There are many fruits which do not open at maturity for the purpose of scattering their seeds. Such fruits are said to be indehiscent. Fleshy fruits, as apples and pears, stone fruits, including peaches, plums, etc., and many of the dry fruits, are of this class. Their seeds are liberated only by decay of the surrounding tissues, or by the various animals that feed upon the fruits.

Some fruits open in various ways, but without any regularity. Others split open along certain lines. Fruits of this class are said to be dehiscent. They usually contain several or many seeds.

The pods of the Marsh Marigold differ from those of leguminous plants, such as peas and beans, in that they open only along the ventral suture. A fruit of this kind is called a follicle. The peonies, larkspurs, and milkweeds have similar fruits.

The young plants of the Marsh Marigold are often boiled for "greens," but care should be taken that some poisonous plant is not mistaken for this, as cases of severe poisoning have arisen in this way.

Paeonia Officinalis—Common Peony

The beauty and splendor exhibited by many members of the Crowfoot Family culminate in the magnificent peony, with its great, showy



Marsh Marigold.

flowers of various colors, sometimes single, but often very double.

The leaves are large, ternately decomposed, and the leaflets coarsely divided. Each stem bears but one flower, which opens in spring. The fruit consists of downy, leathery pods, containing many large, somewhat fleshy-coated seeds.

There are many species and varieties in cultivation, some having smaller flowers than *Paeonia Officinalis*, while others have very large flowers. *Paeonia Moutan*, the famous Tree Peony of China, is a shrubby plant two or three feet high, with flowers six or more inches across, and of various colors.

Questions

1. Describe the Marsh Marigold.
2. In what places does it grow?
3. What is its character?
4. What is a simple pistil?
5. What is meant by the ventral and dorsal sutures?
6. What is meant by indehiscent fruits?
7. What are dehiscent fruits?
8. What is a follicle? How does it differ from the pods of leguminous plants?

B. E. CRAWFORD.

El Hafed

UPON the banks of Indus long ago
El Hafed dwelt, with modest wealth content.
His orchard trees their weighted boughs
hung low;
His grain-fields caught the sunbeams' golden
glow;
His money was for honest gain well lent;
A gentle wife sat 'neath his roof-tree's shade,
And happy children in his garden played.

There came one day, within his door to rest,
A Persian priest, El Hafed's countryman;
And, as he entertained his welcome guest,
The conversation, howe'er it began,
Always on diamonds, ere it ended, ran.
"One diamond, though no larger than your
thumb,
Would buy your fields and orchards, fair and
wide,"
The priest declared; "of many such, the sum
Would make you lord of all the countryside."

El Hafed listened long; and as he heard,
His acres shrank; he felt that he was poor.
To discontent his tranquil soul was stirred,
Until his heart with envious longing burned,
And all his slowly gotten wealth he spurned.
And to the priest he said: "Now tell me where
Others have found these gems in richest
store,
And I will journey far to seek them there."

"Where rivers deep o'er beds of white sand flow,
"Twixt mountains high—there are the dia-
monds found."
So spake the priest. In anxious haste to go,
His host disposed of orchard, house, and field
To one content with sure though moderate
yield;
And soon 'twas known through all the country
round
El Hafed to the diamond-fields was bound.

Long years he wandered, and in many lands;
Looked on the pyramids, and later trod,
Always with searching eyes and empty hands,
The regions hallowed by the Son of God.
He passed to Europe; where proud rivers flow
'Neath mountain crags crowned with eternal
snow
His quest he urged, in valleys far and nigh
Sought vainly for the diamond's flashing
eye.

At last he stood by Barcelona Bay.
Heart-broken, weary, hungry, bowed with
care:
Gazed long where sunlit waters stretched away,
Whose calmness seemed to mock his own
despair.
"No more for wealth I long; but peace I crave,"
El Hafed sighed, and sought it 'neath the
wave;
And the blue sea smiled on above his grave.

One day there came again the Persian priest,
El Hafed's countryman and former guest,
And sat within the door to rest himself,
And glancing idly round the room, espied
A gleam of light from something on a shelf.
"And has El Hafed then returned?" he cried,
"With wealth to purchase all the countryside?
Yon diamond's flash betokens prosperous
quest."

But he who dwelt there calmly made reply:
"That is no diamond; 'tis a stone I took
From out the sand beside the garden brook.
One day I led my camel down to drink;
And, as I waited there upon the brink,
This point of light flashed out and caught my
eye;
I had forgotten that I laid it by."

Forth to the brook in haste the Persian came,
Followed his host; and, as they stirred the
sands
Lo, other gems more precious than the first,
Kissed by the sunlight, into splendor burst
Or unresponsive lay within their hands.
El Hafed's garden held within its bound
The wealth he sought afar, but never found.
Its owner made himself an honored name,
That still is read upon the scroll of fame.

Why "point a moral" when there is no need,
Since 'tis so plain that "he who runs may
read"?

—Susan E. Gammons, in *Christian Endeavor World*.



Luther Burns the Pope's Bull

WHEN Luther nailed his theses to the door of the Wittenberg church, neither he nor anybody else had any idea whereunto this thing would grow. The pope, when news of the matter first came to him, laughingly treated it as the squabble of some jealous monks, and turned aside to his favorite pursuits. When the dignitaries of the church at length realized how great a fire this little spark had kindled in Germany, and how it was threatening to spread through all Europe, and destroy the vast edifice of papal claims, it was too late to quench it. Three years had passed since the posting of the theses. Luther had become increasingly bold in his opposition to the corruptions of the Roman Church, and the decision had been reached that he must be excommunicated as a heretic, and that all possible means must be used to secure his utter destruction.

But Luther was not at all daunted by these preparations. On the contrary, he was roused to more active and strenuous contest with the evils in the church, and with those who upheld these evils. Pamphlet after pamphlet from his busy pen issued from the press, each dealing heavy blows against his adversaries. Finally he determined to burn all his bridges behind him, and so to defy the papal power as to make it impossible that he should ever be forgiven. On the morning of Monday, Dec. 10, 1520, the following notice appeared on the bulletin-board of the University of Wittenberg:—

"All friends of evangelical truth are invited to assemble about nine o'clock at the church of the Holy Cross beyond the city wall. There, according to ancient, apostolical usage, the godless books of the papal constitutions and the scholastic theology will be burned, inasmuch as the presumption of the enemies of the gospel has advanced to such a degree that they have cast the godly, evangelical books of Luther into the fire. Let all earnest students, therefore, appear at the spectacle; for it is now the time when antichrist must be exposed."

There were then nearly a thousand students at the university, and they, together with many of the townsmen, turned out to witness the promised spectacle. Near the church named in the notice was an open square, and during the recent visitation of the plague it had been the custom to burn there infected clothing and other articles. Here a pyre was built. Luther, dressed in the robes of a doctor of theology, solemnly placed on his pyre a number of books, including the Decretals, on which imprudent forgeries the power of the papacy had been built up, and the Canon Law, by which its authority was chiefly supported. A master of arts of the university came forward, and lighted the fire; and when the pyre was well ablaze, Luther threw into it the pope's bull of excommunication, saying in a loud voice: "Because thou dost trouble the Holy One of the Lord, may eternal fire consume thee."

In a book that many doubtless have read, "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," after an account of this scene it is added: "Not a word broke the silence until the last crackle and gleam of those symbolical flames had ceased, and then gravely but joyfully we all returned to our homes."

Just the contrary was what really happened. Those who have seen several hundred college students in New York or Philadelphia, celebrating a football victory, can imagine pretty well what was done. Doctor Luther and some of the sober citizens very likely returned home "gravely but joyfully;" but students of the sixteenth century were very much like those of the twentieth, and they broke into noisy and irrepressible demonstrations of rejoicing.

First they gathered about the pyre and sang dirges, and danced while the books were being consumed. Then it occurred to them that it was a pity to have only one bonfire, where material was so abundant, so they scoured the city for books written by Luther's opponents, and finally collected a wagonful. These they brought to the square, where they were burned with all the



MARTIN LUTHER

fantastic exercises that the ingenuity of the students could suggest. So uproarious were the students that on the following day when he delivered his university lecture, Luther felt constrained to administer a public rebuke.

For to him, and to all who realized the gravity of the occasion, this was no frolic, but a solemn religious ceremony, and at the same time a declaration of war against the greatest power in the world. It was an announcement that the Reformation could not be stopped, indeed, that it must go much farther. And at no hour in Luther's life does he appear to better advantage, never did his courage seem higher, never did he so unmis-

takably stand forth as the hero of the German nation, as on the day when, by this significant symbol, single-handed, he defied the powers that were gathering to crush him.—*Selected.*

A Tedious Job

WHENEVER a new United States treasurer is appointed, all the money in the Treasury has to be counted afresh. If this were not done, the new incumbent could not give his receipt in full for all the cash in Uncle Sam's coffers, as he is obliged to do. The silver is reckoned by weighing it, while the gold coin is counted. The paper money is likewise counted, every bit of it, all of the bundles being opened, and duly resealed after ascertaining that the contents are correct as represented by the label on the outside.

The counting is a tremendous job, occupying sixty experts for two or three months. Nearly always it has come out exactly correct, but one of Mr. Roberts's predecessors was obliged to refund three cents that was missing, and in another case nineteen dollars had to be made up by the treasurer, some weeks elapsing before the lost dollars were swept out of a corner of a vault.—*René Bache, in the Christian Endeavor World.*

A Lesson from the Chicken-Yard

IN our back yard we keep a few chickens. When a hen hatches her brood of chicks, we put them all into a small coop by themselves. Thus they are easier watered and fed, as the coop is so made that the larger chickens can not get in to take all the food from the little ones.

Our greatest trouble is in the watering. We put the water into a small can, so that the little fellows can reach it. If we place the can outside the coop, the larger chickens soon upset it; if we nail the can fast, the water becomes foul; and if we put it inside, the hen upsets it. At last we arranged a sliding board in the front of the coop, which lowers upon the edge of the can, and holds it in place, thus preventing the hen inside from upsetting it, or the chickens outside from getting at it.

But there is one old hen which thinks that can must be moved inside, so that all can get a drink at once. To attain this result, she gets into it with both feet, and scratches it about, and upsets it, with the consequence that all go dry for a while.

Presently I am out looking after the little chickabiddies, and hear them "Peep-peep!" for a drink. I look in, and see that the can has been scratched off into an almost inaccessible part of the coop, upside down, and all the chicks dry. "You naughty old hen!" I say, "I gave you plenty of water only half an hour ago. I've a notion to let you go thirsty." But no; I have compassion upon the suffering chicks and the careworn Biddie, and renew the water again and again during

the day.

Daily there is drawn for us a precious draught from the "wells of salvation;" but often, in our efforts at self-help, we upset God's plans for us, disdaining the offered water of life, and flurried, careworn, and thirsty, cry for help. Will God be less compassionate with his children who hunger and thirst after righteousness than I with the thirsty chicks?—No! He is more tender than the most loving earthly father, and his ear is ever open to the need of the least of his children.

E. L. PAULDING, M. D.

PLAYING with temptation will never conquer it.



Among the Young People in Ontario

DURING the six months that I have worked in Ontario, my efforts have been directed chiefly toward arousing and strengthening the interest to educate our children and youth. Children, youth, and parents showed their interest by uniting to sell as many of the "Object Lessons" as possible, hoping to see their industrial school started this fall.

In this field there are about one hundred youth who should be receiving a training for God's work. A few realize the need of this training, and anxiously await the opening of a school where they can get it. More do not realize the need, and require a work done for them at their homes to show them its vital importance. If encouraged and wisely directed, the Young People's Society work might be the means of doing this for these youth.

With this object in view, I advised the Sabbath-school and church officers to encourage the forming of Young People's Societies, and assist the youth to make them what these societies should be. In April a society was organized at London, and has since held weekly meetings with some good results. In July one was started at Belleville, which I trust is doing good work. I believe our youth in Toronto have also organized. I encouraged these young people to take up studies on the Rise and Progress of the Message, Our Missions and Other Missions, besides the regular INSTRUCTOR lessons. The London Society has begun this work, having a mission study one week and a Bible study the next. I hope other societies will follow their example, and that all will keep at it.

At our June camp-meeting it was my privilege to conduct meetings for the young people. Before camp-meeting closed, with but one or two exceptions, all acknowledged themselves children of God, some giving their hearts to him for the first time, and several were baptized into Christ. Dr. Paulson was with us two days, and his heart-searching words and work inspired all to a better life.

It would be hard to find more intelligent young people anywhere than those of Ontario. My constant prayer is that God will inspire them with a sense of their possibilities and opportunities. Here is a text that inspires me: "One thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus." R. V.

JOEL C. ROGERS.

Battles Between Truth and Falsehood

STUDY PREPARED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

Lesson XXIII—God Rules

(October 12-18)

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.

In the long struggle between Christ and Satan, our Champion has always been the victor. Not once has Satan triumphed. Sometimes it might seem, for a while, that the prince of evil was having things his own way; but God has made all things work to the good of his children, and the glory of his own name.

As god and prince of this world, Satan claims

the power and right to set over the nations the men of his choice; but he has never succeeded in placing on the throne any other than the man of God's choosing.

God "raised up" the cruel and unprincipled Pharaoh, to the throne of Egypt. He was one of Satan's servants, but he was compelled to do service for the great Ruler. Like Satan, his master, he could do nothing against the truth, but must work for it.

When God can use them best, he sets up the basest of men as rulers; but when they no longer serve his purpose, Satan is powerless to keep them a moment on the throne.

In the days of Daniel, God gave the dominion of the earth to Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. This man finally yielded to God, and was used to send a knowledge of the true God to all peoples.

Succeeding kings failed to carry out God's purpose, and were removed. When Babylon could no longer be used to his glory, God gave the dominion to Cyrus the Persian.

Cyrus did not know God, but God knew him, and called him his servant a hundred years before Cyrus was born.

All down through the ages God has arranged the nations and their rulers with reference to the best good of his children. And just as truly as he ruled in Babylon, Persia, and Rome, just so surely is he ruling in England, China, and the United States.

We shall see this more fully in succeeding lessons.

Outline

In the first battle Christ was victor. Rev. 12: 7-9.

All things work for good to God's children. Rom. 8: 28.

God sets up kings, and all rulers. Dan. 2: 20, 21; Ps. 75: 6, 7.

He sometimes exalts the worst men. Dan. 4: 17.

God raised Pharaoh to the throne. Rom. 9: 17.

God gave the earth to Nebuchadnezzar. Dan. 2: 37, 38; Jer. 27: 5, 6.

Cyrus was God's servant, though he knew it not. Isa. 44: 24-28; 45: 1-4.

We plead with God for a perfect kingdom. Matt. 6: 10.

In the days of the present intermarried kings, we shall see the answer. Ps. 2: 1-12; Rev. 11: 15; Dan. 2: 44.

Notes

As the purchase of the blood of Jesus, every man is dear to God. God overrules to place each person in the best position to be saved. God loves every person, whether slave or ruler.

Neither men nor demons can do anything but good to God's children. They may intend to harm them, but God overrules it, and makes it work for them, instead of against them.

God is power.

God is wisdom.

God is love.

Not until his power, wisdom, or love can be successfully impeached, can anything but good come to God's children.

Every person is free to choose whether he will serve God or not. But if we choose not to serve him, he will make our evil deeds to praise him. To the proud sea waves God says, Thus far, then stop; to the wrath of man or demon he commands, As far as it will glorify me, but no farther. Ps. 76: 10.

Every child of God is surrounded by a charmed circle, that no power in earth or hell can break. No knife is sharp enough to cut through it; it can not be pierced by the most powerful cannon; not even a frown or a harsh word can enter this circle, unless God opens the "hedge," and lets it in. And when he does this, it is because

the intended harm will be the greatest blessing. Ps. 32: 7; 34: 7; Job 1: 9, 10; Ps. 27: 1-5; 31: 20; 3: 5, 6.

Never did Satan plan a more Heaven-daring sin than when he led Herod, Pilate, and the chief priests to condemn and put to death the innocent Redeemer; but never did he so fully work for the glory of God and the good of his children. Acts 4: 24-28.

As surely as we connect with the conquering Jesus, we shall be continual victors. He causes us always to triumph. We are more than conquerors through him that loved us. Do you have this experience? If not, why not? Surely it were a shame and a pity to be beaten by a conquered foe. 2 Cor. 2: 14; 1 Cor. 15: 57; Rom. 8: 37.

MISSION NOTES

AMID all the unrest and rumored changes in China, railway construction goes steadily on. At the beginning of this year, one hundred miles of the Shantung Railway had been completed; five hundred and forty miles of the Imperial Railway of north China; the Shang-hai-Woosing Railway, eleven miles long; the Lu-Han Railway, running out from Peking to Chengtingfu, one hundred and sixty miles; and the Great Central China Railway has been completed from Hankow, on the Yangtse River, one hundred miles toward Peking. Thus there are in China about eight hundred and fifty miles of railroad.

SOMETIMES young people are discouraged from devoting their lives to the foreign missionary work, by those who look upon it as "burying their talents," or "consigning themselves to obscurity," or "confining their power to a limited sphere." A young missionary who recently went to China, and who passed through such an experience before going, writes: "It may be that the work in this beautiful, attractive, and crowded district is limited, as some have said to me; but as I have gone over it, and looked into the unoccupied valleys where work could be done, I am convinced that it is limited only by the strength of one man, and the hours at his disposal."

THE name of Bishop Schereschewsky is widely known. For more than thirty-five years he has been engaged in the work of Bible translation; and his Chinese version in "Easy Wenli" (a Chinese dialect) he thinks will be ready for the press early in March. For twenty years he has sat in the same chair, having suffered a paralysis of his lower limbs, toiling at his translation work with a vigor that requires two scribes to keep pace with him. He wrote out his translation of the entire Bible in Roman letters on the typewriter, though having the use of only the front finger of each hand. The work occupied him eight years.—*Bible Society Record*.

A MISSIONARY in one of the Northwest provinces of India relates the following instance of the starting of a mission school through the action of a Hindu priest: Shortly after her return to India, a Hindu priest sent for her, and asked her to teach his five daughters to read and write. She said she would do this if he would permit her to teach them of Jesus, too. He consented to this, but said she must come every day. This, she told him, she could not do, unless he gave her a room for her school, and gathered in other girls. She says: "To this he consented. So now we have between twenty and thirty high-caste Brahman girls learning day by day of the true God, under the very wall of the idol temple."



Helen

I'm just one of Jesus' dear little girls,
With a little round head covered o'er with brown
curls.

I have one little forehead, and two little eyes,
And one little nose of diminutive size.

I have two little ears, and two little cheeks,
As plump and as pink as a nice rosy peach,
I have one little mouth, and one little chin,
And two little arms at my shoulders begin.

I have two little hands, with five fingers on each;
A chest, and a trunk, from which my legs reach
My two little feet,—and so I don't fall,—
With ten little toes; and now, that is all.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.



Grandma's Scissors

It is a great many years since
grandma's scissors got into mis-
chief; but if you will all keep
still, I will tell you how it hap-
pened. Sadie Chaplin and Ma-
mie Royce were cousins. They
had a wonderful playhouse. It was grandpa's old
corn-crib. Here, one day, they were busily at
work, washing their dishes and rocking Jemima
and Jerusha, the rag-dolls, to sleep, while
the little sisters, Ettie and Hattie, looked on. All
at once Mamie said, "Sadie, just see how my
hair falls in my eyes; you cut it off."

"Well, run and get grandma's scissors, and
I will," said Sadie, glad to do anything to help
her young cousin out of trouble, and with no
thought of doing wrong.

Away ran Mamie. Grandma was dozing, and
the shining scissors were lying on a chair by her
side. If grandma had wakened, I suppose they
would never have trotted off to get two dear little
girls into trouble; but she didn't, and pretty soon,
snip, snip, snip! they went into the golden-brown
locks, which soon fell in a sorrowful heap on the
floor, leaving an ugly zig-zag line all the way
across the forehead. It was a naughty trick
the scissors had done; but you see they couldn't
help it,—Sadie held them so tight, and pressed
them so hard.

"That feels better," said Mamie. "It won't get
in my eyes any more. But let's go in the house.
You take Ettie, and I'll take Hattie."

But what was the matter? Aunt Nan looked
angry. Sadie had never seen her angry before,
and she was frightened. Something surely was
wrong. It must be the hair. Yes, that was it,
for auntie's eyes were on the trimmed locks.
Sadie felt like a culprit, and wished she had
stayed at home.

"Who cut your hair, Mamie?" asked Aunt
Nan.

"Sadie did," Mamie replied, but she didn't tell
that she had asked her cousin to cut it; she let
her mother think that Sadie was all to blame, and
Sadie was too timid to tell her she was not.

"What a naughty girl you are!" said Aunt
Nan; "you have done a dreadful thing. You
ought to be ashamed of yourself." Poor Aunt
Nan! She had been a long time coaxing those
stubborn locks to grow.

Sadie was so ashamed that she didn't want to
go any place very soon. But, you see, it was
all grandma's scissors. If it hadn't been for
them, the golden-brown locks would have stayed
on Mamie's head, and Aunt Nan wouldn't have
scolded.

So Sadie thought. Shall I tell you the rest?
Sadie and Mamie had grown and married. Years

had silvered their hair. Aunt Nan, now nearly
ninety years old, came to visit her niece, and was
taken ill, and Mamie was sent for.

The sick one grew better, and then what a
time the reunited cousins did have talking over
the days of their childhood!

"Do you remember my cutting off your hair?"
said Sadie.

"Yes," said Mamie, and I told you to do it!"

"Well, I never knew that," said Aunt Nan;
"I was very angry at you, Sadie, when I saw
how you had spoiled Mamie's hair. I am glad
to know you were not to blame."

And Sadie felt happy, too, to be vindicated at
last. It is so painful to be thought in the wrong
when one is not.

How careful we ought to be not to let blame
rest on others that belongs on ourselves. Don't
you think so, little ones?

S. ROXANA WINCE.

Tommy's Surprise

ONE night after Tommy was ready for bed, and
had on his clean, white nightgown, he climbed up
in mama's lap, and asked for just one story more.
Mama drew her chair up by the grate, and held
Tommy close in her arms, and he reached out his
two little bare feet to the fire. The big coals



"ONE OF JESUS' DEAR LITTLE GIRLS"

shone out, and made the room warm and light;
and Tommy was very happy, and waited as still
as a mouse for the story to begin.

"A very long, long time ago," said mama, there
was a beautiful grove of big, big trees. Their tops
reached up higher than any trees you ever saw,
and their branches reached out farther. Every
day they drank in the sunshine and grew bigger
and bigger. Everything all around them was
very bright and pretty.

"But one day the wind began to blow, and the
rain came down more and more, till the lakes
and rivers spread over everywhere and covered
the trees all up; and it kept thundering and light-
ning, and the ground shook so hard that moun-
tains were shaken all to pieces, and great stones
sent flying into the air.

"The grove of big trees had all been blown
down, and a great mountain of dirt was heaped

up over them. How do you suppose the trees
felt? They were jammed in tight, and squeezed
hard under the big mountain, and it was dark,
very dark in there. And I suppose they thought,
'We can never work any more; we shall never
see the sunshine again.'

"And there the trees lay for years and years
and years—oh, a great deal longer than any one
who lives upon this earth can remember. But
one day, way down in the ground under the
mountain, came a great crashing, tumbling, rum-
bling, grumbling noise, and next there was a big
hole in the mountain that reached clear down to
where the trees were, and the sun could shine
in on them once more!

"But if you had looked in there for the trees,
you could never have found them; for they had
all been broken up, and jammed tight together,
and turned black and hard, till they looked more
like a big black rock. And when the men who
made the hole saw the shining stuff, they said:
'Here it is, here it is!'

"And the black, shining stuff said: 'What's
that? what's that? Oh, light! it's daylight! My!
Who ever thought we'd see daylight again?
Why, we've been shut in here years and years
and years! We want to get out and look around.'

"Then the men took their big iron tools, and
began breaking it up into pieces. They loaded it
into little carts, and drew it out into the bright
sunshine. The black, shining stuff looked at the
men, and said: 'See those trees growing there on
the mountain! They look like bushes. When we
were trees, we used to reach ever so much higher
than they do. Oh, how changed everything is—
except the sunshine! That looks just as it used
to. But we want to do some work again.'

"And pretty soon a man came and bought it.
He brought a big load of it here on the cars for
us to burn in our grate."

Then Tommy opened his eyes and said:
"Mama, was it coal?"

And mama said: "Yes. And when it turns
red and hot, it is giving back the sunshine it
drank in so long, long ago, when it was tall green
trees."—*Selected.*

From the Heart of the Mountain

"GRANDMA, do tell us a story," cried the chil-
dren one rainy afternoon.

So grandma took off her spectacles, smiled at
the children, and said, "Yes,"—as grandmothers
generally do.

"I want a true story," cried little Bess.

"A story with a meaning," said Herbert.

"A story that will help us," said Mary.

"A story with a name," said Carrie.

"How can I please you all?" asked grandma.

"Let me see,—I will call it 'From the Heart of
the Mountain.'

"Deep down in the heart of the great moun-
tain dwelt the ore. It was heavy and rough and
ugly and useless, but it was quite satisfied with
itself. The great, silent rocks upheld the frame
of the mountain on which the tree and grass and
flowers grew, and the earth on the mountainside
was always preparing food for the plants, which
sent out their roots in search of something to eat.
Only the ore did nothing. It merely filled the
little galleries in the rock in which it had been
shut long before, and was of no use to anything.

"But one day strange sounds came to it from
the outside of the mountain,—steady and re-
peated blows, followed occasionally by loud
noises, as if the rocks themselves were being

broken. Day after day the sounds grew nearer, until even the central rocks, in the midst of which were the ore galleries, began to tremble. Soon the sound of men's voices could be heard.

"It is you that they are seeking," said the rocks to the ore, "and it is for your sake that we are broken, and scattered far and wide."

"But the ore did not disturb itself. It kept quite still.

"Nearer and nearer came the sounds, until the walls of the galleries were broken in, and the rough, ugly ore was brought to sight.

"What a rich vein!" cried the miners, as they tore out the ore with their pickaxes, and loaded it into tram-cars, and sent it forth to the light of day. And the rough, dark lumps lay in heaps in the sunshine, and reflected no ray of light. The insects hummed gayly around them, but the tiniest could have found nothing in them to eat.

"Then the ore was put into a car, and was carried many miles from its old dwelling to a place where great fires roared and glowed, and men hurried to and fro. It was taken to the door of the furnace, and thrown in. Oh, how hot it was inside, and how the fierce heat searched it through and through, until the darkest and hardest piece had become soft and yielding!

"Then it was taken out. It had become so gentle now that it went wherever it was led, and lay in one great mass of pure silver, reflecting the sunlight and the blue of the cloudless sky. All the other things which had been mixed with it, making it dark and ugly, were gone,—driven off by the great heat,—and for the first time it knew its true beauty.

"Surely this is all," it thought.

"But no, this was not enough. It was made into bars, and taken away again,—far, far away, to a place where a great machine was clanking and stamping the livelong day. Into this the metal must go. It shrank and shuddered, but it was no longer as hard and stubborn as when it was in the rock galleries, and it yielded with better grace. But oh! the heat of the furnace was not so hard to bear as the blows of this great machine, which cut it into circles, stamped them all alike with letters and images, and dropped them in great piles of shining coin. And now, at last, the metal was ready for its work in the world."

"Is that where the little dimes really come from, grandma?" asked Bess.

"Yes, darling, it is really so. And now, Herbert, can you find the meaning?"

"I think so, grandma," replied Herbert.—*Sunday School Times.*

Blossoms

LITTLE ONE, little one, morning is here;
Sunbeams are dancing in play and good cheer;
Over the face of the rivulet—see!
Ripples and sparkles are laughing at thee.

This is a blossom of beautiful day,
Noontide is coming, but yet far away;
Eventide, too, like ripe apples of red,
Waits for the west till the harvest has sped.

Dear little blossom, stop rubbing your eyes!
Daylight will bring you its wonted surprise.
Over the fields do the yellowbirds sing,—
Get up, you darling! and climb in your swing.

O the sweet blossoms of jubilant day,
When the bright stars are all silvered away!
Wee ones, and dewdrops, and birds in the sky
Tell of the summer to be by and by.

B. F. M. SOURS.

PUT a seal upon your lips, and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again, and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—*Professor Drummond.*



That's the Way

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow.
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly—slowly—at the first,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power.
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Boston Rivals Germany

NOTWITHSTANDING that Germany possesses the most extensive laboratories in electrical engineering in the world, situated at Darmstadt, Karlsruhe, and Charlottenburg, and another is being planned at Aix la Chapelle, Boston has a spacious structure well under way, which is intended to be a rival institution. Even France and Great Britain have nothing that will compare with the Reichsanstalt, the imperial physico-technical institution at Charlottenburg.

But the American institution will illustrate the difference between Yankee practise and German theory. It will be known as the Augustus Lowell Laboratory of Electrical Engineering, in honor of Augustus Lowell, who has rendered it valuable services. Situated in the Back Bay district of Boston, it is a wide, one-story brick structure, covering forty thousand square feet of land. It will be closely related to the great electrical testing departments at Pittsburg and Schenectady, but will be superior to them in that it will combine features of the German laboratories; namely, a room devoted to the maintenance and investigation of the standards of electrical measurements, and also laboratories for special research.

The building will contain five important departments: the power room and main laboratory, special research rooms for the study of German methods, the standardizing room, the lecture room, and the workshop.

The power room consists of a hall three hundred feet long, and contains six permanent dynamos, whose engines aggregate over one thousand horsepower. These permanent dynamos will furnish current for light, motive power, and experimental service. They will be situated at one end of the long hall, while the testing of electrical apparatus in detail will be carried on by smaller dynamos, movable to any part of the room by means of a ten-ton crane.

Of considerable interest to scientists will be the standardizing room. Although the United States has recently established at Washington a bureau of weights and measures, it has but an imperfect system of standardizing electrical apparatus, in comparison with the German Reichsanstalt.

The lecture room is in amphitheater style, with a seating capacity of three hundred. It connects with the power room and laboratory by a system of double tracks, in appearance like a narrow-gauge railroad running across the lecture platform. Moving tables, however, instead of trains, will run upon these tracks, for use in lectures.

Among the important experiments to be tried will be that of a reproduction of the system of lighting five neighboring cities from a central

power house. Everything will be in miniature, reduced according to the scale, and the students will be able to watch the generating of the electric current and its passage to the cities. The apparatus necessary for the experiment requires three men several hours to set up, and five men three quarters of an hour to take apart. But the machinery is so arranged before being taken to the lecture room, and removed afterward, that one lecture follows another without interruption.

Another interesting experiment will be the transformation of a coal pile into the light of an electric lamp. To do this out of seventy per cent of the energy of coal, according to the present process, only about five per cent appears as light. The experiment will deal with producing more illumination from a given quantity of coal, with the least possible waste.

At the present day electricity acts a prominent part in manufactures, and in these, as well as in electrical lighting, heating, and transportation, the testing process must enter. So the erection of this institution will be of untold value to the country at large. CAROLYN HATHAWAY.

At the Bottom of the Well

IN an engineering magazine, lately, a most interesting account was given of the great artesian well of Grenelle, Paris, which took ten years of continuous work before water was struck, at a depth of seventeen hundred and eighty feet. Accidents were not wanting. The patience of the engineers was somewhat severely tried when, at twelve hundred and fifty-nine feet, over two hundred feet of the boring rod broke off, and fell into the excavation in such a manner that it took fifteen months to recover it. But the drilling went on, in spite of all discouragements; and to-day a flow of nine hundred thousand gallons of water a day from the eight-inch bore proves the value of keeping at the enterprise.

There is nothing exciting about well-digging. It is not like gold-mining; it is just plain drudgery, and the clank of the drill has nothing stirring in it. Luck may find a diamond field, but patience alone can dig a well. Also, there are more wells than diamond fields in the world, and there always will be. The power of patient labor is a power that we all need to possess, if we would succeed. The secret of success lies very near the quality of "keeping everlastingly at it," as the old phrase goes. If the boring rod breaks, most of us give up. That is where we make a mistake. He who is willing to take fifteen months of solid labor to get hold of the broken piece, and clear the way for yet more persistent drilling, is the man who wins. The truth lies at the bottom of the well of Grenelle, that "it's dogged as does it," or, in more polished phrase, "Perseverance conquers all things;" and the earlier in youth we learn this truth, the better for ourselves, for our work, and for the world.—*Selected.*

SWALLOWING PINS.—Despite the fact that they possess no nutritive value, it is true that pins are sometimes swallowed. Recent elaborate investigations made by a famous scientist of Vienna, Dr. Alfred Exner, on dogs, cats, pigeons, frogs, and turtles, reveal some curious facts. As a result he claims that sharp-pointed bodies rarely do any harm in the alimentary canal. The secret lies in the fact that, here as well as everywhere else, nature, by a wise provision, protects the delicate membranes from injury. Whenever a sharp-pointed body comes in contact with the stomach or intestinal wall, the mucous membrane contracts and puckers and becomes tough and hard, so as to resist any impression by the sharp body. The membrane will also form a little pocket, and withdraw itself in such a way as to push the pin along. Perforation of the intestinal wall is rare.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—Jacob's Dream

(October 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 28.

MEMORY VERSE: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Ps. 23: 6.

(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.)

When Jacob fled from his home because of the anger of Esau, he must have felt sad and discouraged. He left behind all that was dear to him, and his sin seemed to have separated him even from God. It was then that God, who comforts all who mourn, appeared to him for the first time, as he lay in the desert with a stone for his pillow.

The first thing that God showed Jacob was a ladder—a way reaching from heaven to earth. This taught him that though he had sinned, he was not cut off from God, but there was still a way by which God could bring him blessing and help. You know who this Way of salvation is: Jesus said, "I am the Way." So this beautiful ladder of light was God's way of revealing the Saviour Jesus to the sinner Jacob. He descended from heaven to earth, and ascended from earth to heaven, to make a way by which God can reach down to fallen man, and lift him up to heaven.

And then, on this beautiful ladder, Jacob saw the angels of God ascending and descending. Jesus said: "Ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." He is the only Way by which every good and perfect gift from above cometh down to earth. The angels can come to minister to us only through his Cross, which has bridged the gulf of separation between fallen man and God. So every blessing that we have comes to us through Jesus Christ.

Above the ladder, Jacob saw the Lord, the Father of lights, from whom comes every good thing, the Source of every blessing. And for the first time in Jacob's history God spoke to him directly. He revealed himself as the God of Abraham and Isaac, and confirmed the blessing already given through Isaac.

Notice the promises that God made to Jacob, and you will see that they are the very same that were first given to Abraham: the land, the Seed, and the blessing of the whole earth through that Seed. What a comfort to him in his lonely wanderings must have been the promise, "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

Notice what Jacob said, when he awoke: "The Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." God had been with him all the time; but as he slept, God "opened his eyes" for a few moments, so that he might see what was going on all around him. Then he knew that the place he was in was made holy with the presence of God, and radiant with angels who were passing to and fro on heavenly ministries.

But that place which Jacob named Bethel, meaning "the house of God," was no different from any other place, only it was there that his eyes were opened. Of every place we may say, as Jacob did, This is the house of God; this is the gate of heaven; for "do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." Wherever we are, there is Jesus, the Way that reaches up to God, the Gate of heaven, through which all God's blessings may come to us. May God open the eyes of the children in our Sabbath-schools, so that they may not be like Jacob when he "knew it not," but may "worship the Lord," as he did when his eyes were opened.

When Jacob said that he would give to God a tenth of all that he received from him, this was not a new thing; for we are told that Abraham paid tithes to the priest of God. He recognized the plan of God that men should keep him in mind as the Giver of all by returning to him a tenth part of all their possessions.

Questions

1. What did God do for Jacob when he was asleep in the desert?
2. What did he see in his dream? Gen. 28: 12. Where was the ladder set up, and how far did it reach?
3. Who is the only Way from heaven to earth? Then who was this ladder to teach Jacob of? What words of Jesus show this? John 1: 51.
4. Who were going up and down on this ladder? What is the work of all the angels of God? Heb. 1: 14. Through whom alone can the angels of God bring his blessings to this earth?
5. Who was above the ladder? Where does every good thing come from? Through whom does it come to man?
6. What promise did God make to Jacob? Verses 13-15. Tell in what these promises were like those made to Abraham.
7. What did Jacob's dream teach him? What did he say when he awoke? Verses 16, 17.
8. Is there any place where God is not? Then what is every place? Verse 17.
9. What did Jacob do when he found that God was there? Is it necessary to go to any special place to worship God? Why not?
10. What vow did Jacob make? Was he the first one who had paid tithe? What does God say about the tithe? Lev. 27: 30.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III—The Interpretation

(October 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 7: 19-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." Dan. 7: 27.

Questions

1. Concerning what part of the vision did Daniel seek to know the truth?
 2. What especially impressed him in the appearance of this fourth beast?
 3. What did Daniel behold this beast do?
 4. What evidence of great power did this beast have? Did any of the other beasts have the same evidence?
 5. What became of three of the horns? Compare verses 8 and 20.
 6. What finally became the center of power of this fourth beast?
 7. What war did Daniel see this power carry on?
 8. How long did this war prevail against the saints?
 9. At that time what power was given to the saints?
 10. Of what did they take possession?
 11. What, therefore, is the result of that war? Who gains the victory?
- Now note the interpretation:—
12. What is the fourth beast?
 13. How does it compare with other kingdoms? In what respects is it different?
 14. What are the ten horns? What is the little horn with a great mouth?
 15. How does this little horn come into power?
 16. Against whom does he speak?
 17. What people feel the effect of his work?
 18. What change does he think to make?
 19. In fact, how long does he control the times and laws?
 20. What event cuts off his dominion?
 21. Who are "they" that take away his dominion? To what end is it taken away?
 22. What then becomes of the kingdom and dominion which have for so long been in the hands of men?
 23. Will there be any other dominion besides this one?
 24. How did this vision affect Daniel?
 25. Why did he feel as he did?
 26. What did he say about it? What can we learn from this? Note 1.
 27. What of the vision do you not understand?

Notes

1. This vision of chapter 7 should not be so hard for us to understand as for Daniel, for we are living in the very last days of its fulfillment. And yet Daniel has set for us a wonderful example which we shall do well to follow. Notice that the vision troubled him. Now most people tell their troubles to others, but Daniel "kept the matter." About two years later (compare Dan.

8: 1 and Dan. 7: 1) he had another vision, and "none understood it." Dan. 8: 27. Now what did he do? Notice that we find him seeking the Lord and studying his Bible. Dan. 9: 2, 3. The experience of Daniel 9 occurred very soon after that of Daniel 8, and later on (Daniel 10) he set apart three weeks for special consideration of what the Lord had shown him. What was the result of this quiet communion with God?—Christ himself appeared to Daniel, who alone saw his Saviour (Dan. 10: 7), and this vision was given for the express purpose that he might know what is to befall us in the latter days. Verse 14. Shall we not follow his example, and seek the Lord to know what these things mean? This is the only way to find out.

2. Notice how definitely the meaning of the vision in Daniel 7 is explained. The interpretation is so clear that there can be no possible doubt as to the time of its application, and the things to which it applies. What is there in the chapter to show that we are living in the time of the fulfillment of this vision?

The Border of His Garment

I was alone that day,
Alone, though in a throng;
I had no voice to pray,
No heart for song.

The blessed Christ drew near;
I crept a little space;
But, ah! the day was drear;
I found no place

To make my wistful plea;
I did not raise my eyes.
Would he have grace for me?
Attend my cries?

One trembling hand I thrust
Forth from my woful neck;
I touched because I must,—
Ah! would he heed

That finger on the hem
Of his long, seamless robe?
His was the diadem
Of all the globe.

Immediate, swift, a thrill
Came from his life to mine;
He owned my fainting will!
"Lord, I am thine!"

And thus upon my way
I walk in utmost peace.
From sin, from fear, this day
I've found release.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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"BE not too busy with thy work and care
To look to God — to clasp thy hand in his,
Miss thou all else, but fail not thou of this;
Thou needst not all alone thy burdens bear;
Listen and wait, obey, and learn his will,
His love and service all thy life shall fill."

The Story of Our Matabele Mission The Mission Located

ANXIOUS days of waiting! Would he grant their request? or had some more fortunate one been there before them, and secured the plot they desired? In a few days Dr. Jameson returned, and, to their delight, they learned that this tract of land had not been selected, and so it was theirs. Not only was this farm given them, but the doctor offered each of the brethren a farm, comprising in all six thousand acres, which were being sold at that time for four hundred and fifty pounds a farm, if they would only settle as self-supporting missionaries among the natives; for this class of workers was sadly needed.

July 25, 1894, both wagons were loaded, and started on their final journey toward the mission station. Although they tried to follow the road they had made on their last trip, it was necessary to do a great amount of chopping to prepare it for the long teams and heavy loads. Several times the wagons stuck fast, and had to be dug out. But after about three days' travel the missionaries reached the long-looked-for farm. The water was good, and altogether it was a very beautiful location. Elder G. W. Reaser, who has recently visited the farm, thus describes it:—

"The appearance of the mission farm was an agreeable surprise to me, as I had expected to see a barren, desolate region; but, contrariwise, although I arrived at the dry season of the year, I found the site of the homes on the farm very pleasing to the eye, as the view is extensive, and diversified with hills and valleys, kopjes, and an abundant growth of vegetation. In fact, as I wandered over the farm, it seemed to me that if this tract of twelve thousand acres were located in the suburb of any of the great cities of the world, it would be considered an almost perfect natural park. Its great variety of flowers and grasses in their season, its many species of trees, including two varieties of mammoth cacti, and a like number of varieties of trees bearing edible oranges, inclosed in a shell-like gourd, make it a place of interest to the botanist. Its picturesque, massive granite boulders, many of them so delicately poised that apparently a slight touch would send them to the bottom of the hillocks which they crown, but held firmly in position by the law of gravitation; its numerous specimens of animal life; its many species of birds of beautiful plumage; and its agricultural possibilities,—all these combine to make it a place of interest to the student of nature."

Several days were spent in staking off the farm. Then the next thing was to stock it with cattle, and for this purpose Brethren Druillard and Sparrow went to Buluwayo, where a sale was to be held the last day of July. A large number of cattle, some having formerly belonged to Lobengula, and the rest having been taken from the natives who did not give up their guns during the late war, were to be sold to pay the expenses of the war.

The brethren lost their way, and were two days in reaching the city; however, they were fortunate in finding lodging with some settlers, three of whom were Americans, who gave them a most cordial welcome, inviting them to stay with them

whenever they passed that way. More than one hundred head of cattle were purchased, and slowly driven back to the farm. Everything being now arranged so that the brethren who had taken farms for themselves could look after the mission farm until workers could be sent, and at the same time teach the people, Brother Druillard prepared to return to the Cape, Brother Wessels remaining to attend to some further business.

Since they had left Mafeking, a good coach line had been extended from that place to Buluwayo, so that his return journey was far more modern than had been his entrance into Buluwayo. The coach was a good American one, drawn by ten gray mules. They traveled at the rate of ten miles an hour, the animals being changed every hour. Nine days after leaving the mission, Brother Druillard reached his home at the Cape, glad to be with loved ones once more, but more than glad, rejoicing that the privilege had been accorded him of having a part in the great work of carrying the glorious gospel of the everlasting kingdom to these darkened minds, many of whom had the most crude ideas of a God when these missionaries went among them.

The next call was for workers from America, and this was soon to be supplied.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

Is It Self-Denial?

I WOULD be glad if I could say a word to interest any in the Harvest Ingathering Service. We held one last year, and it was so thoroughly enjoyed by both old and young that they wish to have another this fall. The schoolroom was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and flowers, and grasses, nuts, and berries. In front stood a table, and every one on entering the room was expected to bring some offering, and place upon it. The table was soon filled with all kinds of fruits, nuts, and fall products of the field and garden. So much was brought that the offerings had to be placed upon the floor. It reminded one of the descriptions we read in the Bible of the children of Israel bringing their offerings to the Lord. The canned and fresh fruit was sent to the sick at the close of the exercises, and the vegetables were sold or given to the poor. Besides these, \$3.60 was raised for the Matabele Mission. Some not of our faith took part in the offerings and the exercises, which were very simple, but such as to lead the minds of all to look to the Lord as the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and to remind us all of our daily obligation to him for the common blessings of life.

What a privilege it is for us to bring our offerings to One to whom we owe all things, even life and breath itself! We can say, with David, "All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." Can we consider it self-denial to give up a few harmful things, and bring the money thus saved to the Lord, who gives us all good things richly to enjoy? I do not doubt that all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR are abundantly supplied with good, wholesome food; so if they buy candy, pop-corn, soda-water, gum, or any such thing, they are spending their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not. It seems to me that all such things should be given up, not only for the month of September, but for always. We should eat for strength, and not for drunkenness; and do you, dear young people, use these articles for strength? If not, must it not be for drunkenness, and can it be self-denial to give them up for the Lord's sake? Let us "bind about our wants," and deny ourselves every unnecessary indulgence, that we may give to help forward the great work of carrying the gospel to all the world in this generation. If Jesus would have died to save even *one* soul, is there any sacrifice too great to make to help save, it may be, many souls?

MRS. NELLIE A. HONEYWELL.



WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD.

EVACUATION OF MARTINIQUE.—The Island of Martinique is soon to be evacuated at a cost of 3,000,000 francs, or \$600,000, on account of the eruptions of Mt. Pelée.

THE COAL STRIKE.—After nineteen weeks' duration it is reported that the coal strike will soon be brought to an end by the reopening of one of the largest mines in the disturbed region. Other mines will probably follow. Should the operators undertake to reopen with non-union men, and ship the coal to the markets, a strike of all union employees of the great anthracite-carrying roads would probably result.

PEARY RETURNING.—Lieut. R. E. Peary, who sailed on July 4, 1898, for the north pole, has reached Sydney, Nova Scotia, on his homeward voyage. No news of him had been received since August, 1901, when he was at Fort Conger. He did not reach the pole, but made important discoveries, which will greatly facilitate the undertaking for the next explorer. The instruments and library abandoned by the Greely expedition were recovered.

DEATH OF EMINENT GERMAN SCIENTIST.—Rudolph Virchow, author of the cellular theory of animal life, and the most eminent pathologist and medical discoverer of the age, died at Berlin, September 5, aged nearly eighty-one years. To him Berlin is indebted for its excellent sewerage system, its parks, markets, and the people's soup kitchens. On account of his great scientific achievements as well as his public benefactions, Berlin gave him a public funeral.

IMPORTANT GEOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS.—The Tamarack mine near Calumet, Mich., is one of the deepest in the world, extending 4,550 feet below the surface of the earth. President F. W. McNair, of the Michigan College of Mines, and Major John F. Hayford, chief of the computing department of the United States coast survey, will here determine the density of the earth. The mineral deposits of the Lake Superior region are also being re-mapped by geological experts.

UNEASINESS IN CHINA.—A recent communication from United States Minister Conger brings the information that China is on the verge of another uprising. The Chinese resent the heavy taxation and the presence of missionaries. A massacre of native Christians by Boxers is reported from Cheng-Tu-Fu, and the missionaries were being guarded by troops. Cheng-Tu-Fu is the capital of the province of Szechuen, and was surrounded by fifty thousand Boxers. It is feared that unless help is speedily sent, the city will fall into their hands, and a general uprising follow.

CAROLYN E. HATHAWAY.

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