

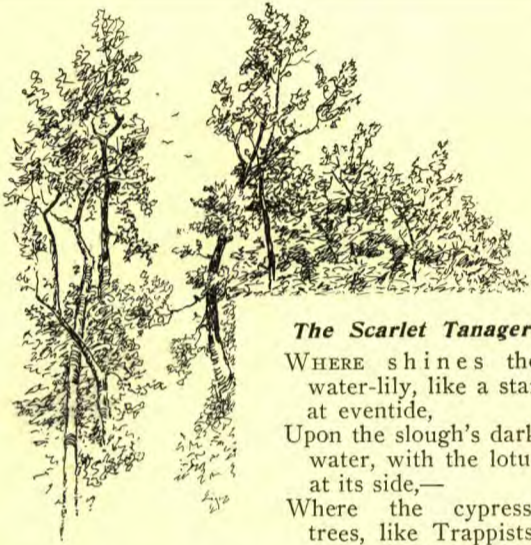
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 30, 1902.

No. 43.



The Scarlet Tanager

WHERE shines the water-lily, like a star at eventide,
Upon the slough's dark water, with the lotus at its side,—
Where the cypress-trees, like Trappists, stand silently all day,

And the boles of giant oaks uplift in colonnades of gray—
There often with his flute-song, when the dew is on the leaves,
The tanager, a scarlet flame, his web of beauty weaves.

O', the deep woods know his coming; all still, all still to hear,
And the lily and the lotus breathe, softly, "He is near,"
As he glows, a splendid flower, on a golden-dappled screen,
With his image in the water like a ruby set in green,
Ah, then his magic, crystal flute is blown among the leaves
Until my heart is captive in the web of song he weaves.

—Selected.

The Wild Canary

THE two birds often called "wild canaries" are not really canaries at all. One is the Yellow Warbler, and the other is the Goldfinch. There is considerable difference between the two birds, but both have a great deal of brilliant yellow in their plumage.

The Yellow Warbler, as it flies, seems to be all over yellow; but at closer range is found to have on its breast many fine reddish-brown stripes; its mate is olive-yellow.

There is a large bird, in appearance somewhat like the blackbird, that is too lazy to build a nest of its own, and so lays an egg or two in any nest it finds convenient. But the Yellow Warbler is one of the few birds that does not believe in bringing up Cowbirds, for that is the name of the lazy bird. If a mother Cowbird lays an egg in the Warbler's nest, since he is too small to throw out so large an egg, the Warbler simply builds another nest over the first one, and thus covers the intruder. And if another cowbird egg is laid in the new nest, the Warbler builds a third story.

A bird-lover once found a Warbler's nest which had been half overturned by a storm. As it had become partly torn from its fastenings, the parent birds had abandoned it and the eggs that were in it, and built another nest a little distance away. The bird-lover straightened the nest back into place, secured it firmly, and then watched to see what the birds

would do. They looked at the nest and the eggs therein,—their own nest and their own eggs. They seemed much excited about the matter, and chattered over it considerably. The mother bird could not sit in two places at the same time, so finally the father took his place on the other nest. The two birds sat on the two nests until all the birds had hatched, and it was a large family that they then had to care for.

The other yellow bird, the Goldfinch, is also called Thistle-bird and Lettuce-bird. Besides his plumage of yellow, he has black wings, tail, and cap. His mate is olive-brown.

The Goldfinch is a delightful singer. He flies in waves up and down, and gives forth a cheery little warble as he goes over each airy little wave.

It is not until late July, or even August, that these birds build their nests. At that time they are on the lookout for any soft lining materials, and will frankly accept any bits of colored worsted or string you may care to give. The

We had a homely knowledge of their habits, however, and knew about how deep they burrowed while hibernating; and on the afternoon of my story three of us had gone to the lake, or rather to the wide, muddy bog that bordered it, bent on capturing a boat-load of big turtles. An old bayonet affixed to the end of a short pole, and a spade with a long handle made up my equipment for turtle-hunting; but in addition to spades, my two fellow hunters, Alfred and Willis, were provided, one with a strong hayfork, the other with a grapnel hook lashed to the end of a stout ash sapling.

For safety's sake, too, we had each an old pair of snow-shoes. For although the mud of the bog was now slightly frozen over, the deep sloughs beneath were still dangerous. The lake itself had not yet frozen. We were therefore able to cross over from our shore to the bog in a boat—an old craft that had long been common property among the boys for fishing excursions.

Our *modus operandi* can be conjectured from our outfit. Having put on our snow-shoes, we began searching for turtle signs, and prodding deep into the mud with the bayonet. When touched with the point of the sharp weapon, under such circumstances, the burrowing turtle would stir slightly, thus differentiating itself from a sunken log or root. When the reptile was located, the task of unearthing it was begun with spade and grapnel.

But afternoons are short in November. We had secured no more than three turtles, if I remember right,—big, muddy, semitorpid creatures that lay on their backs like flat stones in the bottom of the boat, hardly stirring,—when the approach of sunset warned us to set off for home. We were rowing back across the upper reach of the lake, when directly in front of us we saw a flock of four loons, which we had already noticed, sailing to and fro, several times that afternoon.

"It's queer they haven't gone yet," said Alfred. "They always leave here earlier, before it gets so cold."

All four of the loons were swimming down across our course,—great, handsome birds,—and one of them, turning its head toward us, uttered the short, singular laugh characteristic of loons. We noticed, however, that two of them were much smaller than the others, and that one of



THE YELLOW WARBLER

Goldfinch puts thistle-down in the nest an inch deep, and so makes for his little ones a fine feather bed.

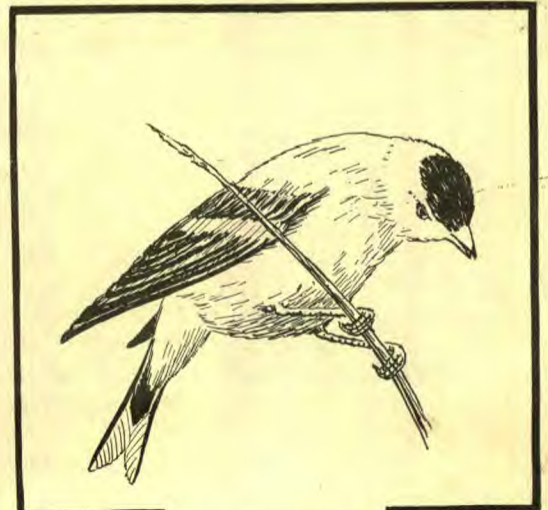
L. A. REED.

When the Hunters Were Hunted

ABOUT thirty years ago a notion had gained belief that turtle oil was a potent remedy for rheumatism; and a self-styled doctor, living in my native town, who knew how to trim his sails to catch the popular breeze, had offered a number of the boys of the village a dollar a quart for all the turtle oil that they could procure for him.

As boys, we did not trouble ourselves with the medical question. It was an attractive offer, and our undivided attention was fixed on the dollar.

The only drawback was that the offer came in November, so late in the fall that the turtles at the lake had all gone into winter quarters in the mud of the bog, and could no longer be captured sunning on the logs, or by night upon the long sand-bank where they laid their eggs.



THE GOLDFINCH

the two lagged about fifty feet behind the rest as they swam.

"Those two are this year's young ones," said Willis. "Perhaps they were late hatched, and aren't large enough to fly far yet."

"Oh, yes, they are!" said Alfred. "A loon can fly, if only there is room to rise from the water, by the time it is half-grown."

We had come up quite near the lagging one by this time, and wondered why it did not dive. Instead, it seemed to be making frantic attempts to swim, yet did not progress fast, and the others were as evidently swimming slowly to allow it to keep near them.

"Why, I believe something's the matter with that young loon!" said Willis. "He can not swim much. Let's catch him."

Thereupon Alfred and I plied the oars smartly, while Willis steered the boat, and after pulling for two or three hundred yards we came close upon the lagging loon, wondering all the while that it did not dive.

It continued struggling ahead on the surface till Willis steered the boat close alongside, calling out to Alfred to catch it. The young loon then made a great effort to rise, but Alfred, dropping his oar, seized it by one wing, and pulled it into the boat.

We then saw that something was wrong with its feet. They were not properly webbed, but looked like clubfeet, little deformed masses of red flesh and bone.

The instant it felt Alfred's grip, it uttered a wild, harsh cry; and that cry of distress affected deeply the two old loons. They were fully fifty yards ahead, but they turned instantly, with similar wild cries, and seeming to stand erect in the water, they flapped their powerful wings, and came directly toward the boat.

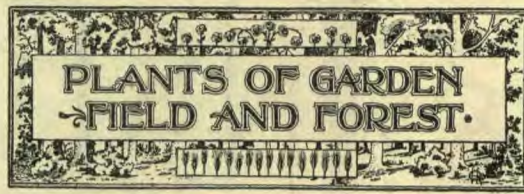
So far from being alarmed, however, we thought it a rather good joke at first, and made ready to strike them. But the loons had a mode of attack which we had not reckoned on. They came near the boat, and with their wings threw water over us and straight in our faces, as boys, while swimming, sometimes dash water at one another, striking it with the palms of their hands. One who has never seen loons throw water with their wings can have little idea of the force with which they propel it, or the quantity they can throw. We were quite blinded and drenched by it, and they kept a constant stream of it coming, making the whole lake resound to their outcries.

On a warm summer day this would have been a mere lark; but on that cold November night such a drenching was really a serious matter. To add to our discomfort, too, while dodging about in the boat, trying to fend the cold douches from our faces, Alfred had his foot gripped by one of our captives. The reptile held fast, despite vigorous kicks, and altogether we were in a bad way.

Willis and I had seized hay-fork and bayonet to repel the attack, but the loons seemed to know their advantage. They did not come within reach, but continued drenching us, driving whole bucketfuls of that cold water over us.

I do not believe there remained a dry thread in the clothing of any one of us, and our assailants kept bombarding us till Alfred threw the young loon out on the lake. Then he had all that he could do to free his boot toe from the turtle. Willis and I secured the oars and paddled away. We had been fairly worsted; and I remember that we were so cold and our teeth chattered so badly that we left our turtles in the boat overnight, and ran home as fast as we could to get warm.

These four loons remained in the lake that fall till the evening of the first day of December. On the morning of the next day the club-footed young loon was seen in a small mill-pond a quarter of a mile south of the lake. The other three loons had gone. The lake froze over for the winter that night.—C. A. Stephens, in *Youth's Companion*.



Nothing Venture, Nothing Have

SAID little Morning Glory,
"I'm sure I see a string!
I wonder where 'twill lead me
If I should climb and cling.
I can not see its ending,
But I can reach the top,
I'm sure, if I keep climbing,
And never tire or stop!"

Said Morning Glory's brother,
"You foolish little thing,
To risk your life by trusting
To such a slender string!
You'd better come with me, dear,
And twine around this jar;
You'll not get tired and dizzy
If down so low you are.

"T is better far and safer
Than climbing up so high;
You'll never reach the top, Meg,
No matter how you try!"
But little Morning Glory
Just shook her dainty head
At such advice, and bravely
Climbed up the string, instead.

Up, up she went, till, presto!
She reached a shining nail
And twined all round about it.
So, when there came a gale,
She weathered it quite safely,
As back and forth she swayed,
Unharmed by all the tumult,
And not at all afraid.

Alack! Her timid brother
Lay prone upon the ground
Beside the jar so slippery
That he had twined around!

"I see," he moaned, "'tis wisest
To start out with a zest,
E'en though the task looks dangerous,
And always do one's best!"
—Selected.

The Magnolia Family

THOUGH this family of plants is not a large one, its members are by no means small or unimportant, all of them being either trees or shrubs, and some even giants of the forest. In this respect, they differ widely from the members of the Crowfoot Family, which we have been studying for several months past, and among which we found not a single tree nor shrub.

We love the small plants for their delicate beauty, their fragrance, and many of them for their usefulness in various ways, but in the trees we find qualities not possessed by the tender herbs. We admire them for their majestic stature and enduring qualities. We love them for their dense, spreading foliage, in whose cooling shade we may find shelter from the burning rays of the sun, as well as for their practical value in providing us with fuel, shelter, furniture, and other necessities of life.

To this small family of plants, botanists have given the long scientific name *Mag-no"li-a'ce-a*. They all have bitter, aromatic bark, alternate, simple, mostly entire leaves, and usually large, showy flowers. Some are highly prized as ornamental trees, not only for their flowers, but for their foliage as well.



Flower of *Liriodendron Tulipifera*

The flowers are solitary, and the sepals and petals of a similar color. The stamens are numerous, and the pistils two or more. In fruit the carpels cover an elon-

gated receptacle, forming a sort of cone, with only one or two seeds in each carpel. As stated in a previous lesson, a carpel is a simple pistil; that is, a pistil having but one cell, or cavity, in which the seeds are produced.

Among the most interesting members of the family are the many species of Magnolias. Some of these are called "umbrella trees," because of the manner in which the leaves are crowded in umbrella-like clusters at the ends of the branches. Others are called cucumber trees, from the resemblance of the young fruit to a cucumber.

Magnolia grandiflora, the Great-flowered Magnolia of the South, is perhaps one of the best

known and most highly prized species. It is a splendid tree, with coriaceous (leathery), oblong or obovate, evergreen leaves, shining

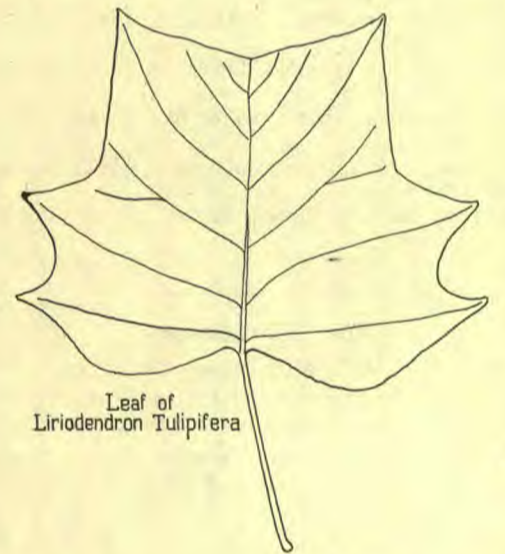


Flower and Leaves of *Magnolia Grandiflora*

above, and usually of a rusty cast below. The flowers, which appear in spring, are white, from six to nine inches across, and very fragrant. The Magnolia is said to be the only perfectly evergreen species.

The wood is soft, spongy, and of little value.

Another interesting member of the group is the Tulip Tree (*Liriodendron Tulipifera*), a tall, handsome tree growing in rich soil, more abundant in the West than in the East. It is often planted for ornament, and is probably the most widely distributed member of the Magnolia Family.



Leaf of *Liriodendron Tulipifera*

The leaves are of a peculiar shape, appearing as if cut off at the end, and cordate, or heart-shaped, at the base. The flowers are green, yellow, and orange, fragrant and very showy, in shape closely resembling the common garden tulip flower. The sepals are three in number, the same as in the Magnolias, but they are reflexed, as will be seen from the illustration. The blossoms appear late in spring.

The tulip tree is much valued for its timber, from which is produced a white, soft lumber, much used for inside work and for cabinet making. The tree itself and the lumber made from it, are called "whitewood," and sometimes, but erroneously, "poplar" or "white poplar."

B. E. CRAWFORD.

I WONDER why it is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back!—Henry Drummond.



Jonah — Ancient and Modern

THERE WAS a man named Jonah, many centuries ago;
To Nineveh God called him, on a mission sad to go,—
To warn the wicked city, its impending doom to teach,—
But, instead, he went to Joppa, for he didn't want to preach.

He paid his fare to Tarshish, in the boat lay down to sleep;
But because his heart was evil, a great storm rose on the deep,
And Jonah was cast overboard, amid the angry waves;
A great fish swallowed him, and thus preserved him for three days.

Poor Jonah there repented, and he prayed with pleadings sore;
And soon he found himself released upon a friendly shore.
At God's command he went and preached; the truth was unalloyed—
"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall surely be destroyed!"

But Nineveh repented, the death angel went his way.
Then Jonah became angry,—for what would the people say?
He made a booth, in which he sat, and wished his life were done.
A friendly gourd crept over it, to shield him from the sun.

A worm destroyed the gourd, which Jonah scarcely could forgive;
He wished all Nineveh were dead, but that the gourd might live.
"Dost thou do well thus, Jonah, to be angry for the gourd?
Are not the souls of Nineveh more precious to the Lord?"

But Jonah counted o'er and o'er his trials, one and all;
The problem he found easy, for the number was so small.
Had he sought to count his blessings, he'd have found, ere they were solved,
Arithmetical progression which infinity involved.

How many modern Jonahs from the call to duty flee,
Then chafe at rising storms they cause on life's tempestuous sea.
Or, after doing duty, they for hope can find no room,
Although their efforts may have saved a city from her doom.

They seek their booth disheartened, there to count their trials o'er;
And they truly find more comfort in the gourd about the door
Than they do in trusting God to save the souls so deep in sin.
Are you a modern Jonah? *Work*, and leave results to him.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

How Pins Are Made

THE familiar expression, "Oh, it is not worth a pin," gives an idea of the small value commonly attached to this useful little article. Yet it is of so much actual worth that much study has been put upon it by men of inventive genius to make machinery for its improvement and manufacture, and even the time and talent of grave legislators have been given to it.

The almost universal use of pins, in some form, may be traced to the most remote antiquity. The earliest shape was probably that of the natural thorn, the same as is now used by the people of upper Egypt in fastening their clothing.

Later, bone and wood were made to serve the same purpose, by being whittled into the

form of a meat-skewer. Very early, however, bronze pins without heads were in use by civilized nations. But as late as the sixteenth century, the ordinary domestic pin was of so crude a nature that the English Parliament passed a law requiring those imported for English use to be "double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank," and the "shank to be well shapen, the points to be well and round filed, canted, and sharpened." From this we learn that the pins of that day were not so fine as those now in common use. It appears that they consisted of a shank with a separate head of fine wire twisted round and secured to it. All this required much work, and made pins so expensive that they were purchased for Christmas and New-year's gifts. But sometimes the stock ran low at the stores, and they were not obtainable. Then a sum of money with which to buy them, when they could be purchased, was presented instead, and was known as "pin-money."

This finally grew into the custom of requiring a young man to settle upon the lady he intended to marry the yearly amount of pin-money she was to be allowed after marriage. Many allusions to this strange custom are still to be seen in old English documents. This custom, however, created a difficulty; for the pin-makers took advantage of the popular demand to raise the price of pins, when the ladies made loud complaints that the pin-money did not go as far as it ought in purchasing pins. Therefore, in 1543, Parliament interfered, and made a law that pins should not be sold for more than six shillings and eight pence for a thousand. At the present value of money, that would be about one dollar and sixty cents; but at that day it was nearly twice this amount.

For some reason, however, the price of pins was again raised, and we read of Abigail Adams stating, in "Familiar Letters," June 15, 1715: "The cry for pins is so great that what I used to buy for seven shillings and sixpence are now twenty shillings, and not to be had for that."

When we think of the slow process by which pins were made at that time, the high price is not so great a wonder. Then, one man drew out the wire by hand, another straightened it, a third cut it, a fourth pointed it, and a fifth ground it at the top for receiving the head, which was made by one man, and put on and soldered by a second, while a third whitened the pins, and a fourth stuck them into papers.

All this work, except the whitening, is now done almost as quickly as one can wink his eye. The ingenuity of man has brought into use machinery by which brass wire of suitable size is passed from a reel into a little steel aperture, where it is seized and straightened, as it moves along to be cut into proper lengths. It is here caught between jaws, with enough of the end protruding to form the head. Against this, a steel concave punch is driven with sufficient force to shape the head. The pin then passes on, and drops, point first, into a small slit, where it hangs with many others by the head. Here a revolving steel roller with file-like teeth works against the points, rounding, pointing, and polishing them very neatly. As each point is finished, the pin is pushed on out of the way, and falls into a vessel standing under the machine.

But it is not yet as "bright as a new pin;" the silvery look that new pins have is lacking. So the "cleaning," or "coloring," process must be performed. The pins are first boiled in weak beer, which removes all the grease and dirt. They are then arranged in layers in a copper pan, alternating with layers of grained tin. The whole is covered with water, sprinkled with bitartrate of potash (cream of tartar), and boiled for several hours.

By this process the brass pins become coated with a thin deposit of tin, which gives them their bright appearance. They are then washed

in clear water, and put in a barrel containing dry bran or fine sawdust, and the barrel is revolved until the pins are completely dry. After winnowing, the pins are finished, and ready for the papers in which they are sold. The pins are now dropped into a hopper, which passes them to a steel plate with as many slits in it as there are to be pins in a row. The pins drop through the slits, and hang by the heads, the same as when they were to be pointed. The machine then presents the folded and crimped paper in which the pins take their places in straight rows.

This seems like a long process for the production of so small a body as a pin. But the work is all done much more quickly than it can be told. There are mills in different parts of the world, some making ten millions of pins a day, others seventeen millions, and from that up to twenty, and even thirty millions of pins daily. It will be readily seen that except much study had been given to the invention of pin machinery, these useful little articles would have cost a great deal, and would not have been as common as they now are, nor would a common comfort have been brought within the reach of the poorest of people. This is but another illustration of the proverb, "There is no excellence without labor," and it applies in small things as well as in greater. MRS. J. A. CORLISS.

Acrostic

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Prov. 9:10.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Ex. 20:12.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Prov. 4:14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord. Lev. 19:30.

Owe no man anything, but to love one another. Rom. 13:8.

Understanding is a wellspring of life unto him that hath it: but the instruction of fools is folly. Prov. 16:22.

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord. Lev. 19:32.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase. Prov. 3:9.

Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Luke 13:24.

If ye love me, keep my commandments. John 14:15.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Matt. 7:21.

Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. James 4:7.

Thou shalt not go up and down as a tablebearer among thy people." Lev. 19:16.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth.

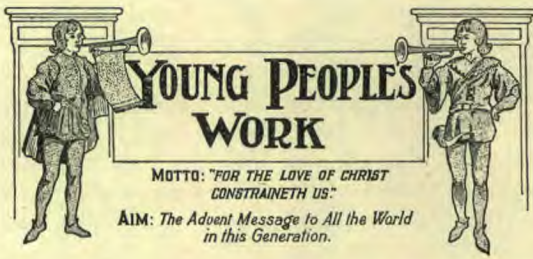
Use hospitality one to another without grudging. 1 Peter 4:9.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. 11:28.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. Matt. 11:29.

Magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. Ps. 34:3.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. Eccl. 12:1.



LORD, teach us the lesson of giving,
For this is the very next thing;
Our love ought always be showing
What offerings and fruit it can bring.

There are many who know not thy mercy,
There are millions in darkness and woe;
Our prayers and our gifts all are needed,
And all can do something, we know.

— Selected.

Definite Prayer for Missions

THE regular second Sabbath service to-day is a call to definite prayer for our mission fields, and the workers who are bravely struggling alone in the dark corners of the earth, waiting for reinforcements, which we must soon send them. It is a call also for prayer to the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest. We who remain at home are called just as much to give our all to this service as are our missionaries who stand at the front. The work is one. Those who go into the fields give their lives to this great work, and we who remain at home must do the same, that our brethren at the front may be sustained by our prayers and by our gifts.

If this is the attitude we take toward this closing work, very quickly the sound of the message will be heard in every quarter of the earth. The appeals from our brethren, and the needs with which we are familiar, are the calls to prayer.

May the young people appreciate their privilege of co-operating with the Master in supplying this great need.

E. H.

All the Way from New Zealand

GOD is moving upon the hearts of the children and youth in other lands to band together for service. A very cheering letter comes from New Zealand, telling of the work of a faithful young man, who probably knew nothing of the organized movement of the young people in this country. He wrote the following letter to Sister J. H. Baker, the Sabbath-school secretary of that conference. Personally, I feel very grateful for the privilege of reading this letter, and I feel sure that the young people in this country will enjoy sharing it with me:—

"For some time I have felt that I have not been living as good a Christian life as I wished to do, and in order to do better work for the Master myself, and to try to encourage some of the older children to give themselves more fully to Jesus, I proposed to them that we should make a kind of Sunshine Band, and try, with God's help, each week to be loving and kind to our brothers and sisters; to be prompt in obeying our parents; to try to speak pleasantly to all we meet; always be ready to do a good act; and always try to be cheerful and uncomplaining; in short, to make everybody around us as happy as we can. After I had explained all this, I asked all who wished to join in, to try and carry out these resolutions, to hold up their right hand; and all but five or six of the smaller ones held up their hands at once.

"We report each Sunday to one another. I must say that I have had some very encouraging reports from the children. Some found their work a pleasure instead of otherwise, as they used to think it. And with some the work that used to take a long time to do, they can do in very much less time. The first time I called on them for their report, of course they were a bit

awkward at telling how they got on. In fact, they were rather too shy, until I led out with my report. The first week I must say was a blessed week to me. I felt that Jesus was with me all day long, and I must say that I could praise the Lord for his tender care over me. It was really good to see the children's faces,—they were beaming with happiness. I am sure that they received a blessing as well as myself.

"I believe that the Sunshine Band is proving a blessing to me already; for I am anxious to have a good report to take to the children every Sunday. One girl said last Sunday that whenever she thought of the Sunshine Band, nothing seemed a trouble to her. Of course that is just a name I picked out to call it by. I have heard of Sunshine Bands, but what they are I do not know. I do hope that we may shine more brightly, so that we may bring more sunshine into the homes of the people in this place, and wherever we may go."

It is the simplicity of this work that is most commendable, and appeals to me most strongly. Formality was so lightly regarded. It was simply a banding together for mutual encouragement in every good work. How genuine were the efforts to "carry out" the resolutions! How genuine were the blessings received!

What this brother has done can be done by many of our young people scattered throughout our churches. Gather together the young people and the children. Plan for a week of Christian service, in which each one shall have a part. Encourage one another with a report of the work done, the victories gained, and the blessings received. Plan together, pray together, work together; and the whole problem of the Young People's work is solved.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

November Study of the Field

Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting (November 2-8)

1. OPENING SONG.
2. Scripture reading and prayer.
3. Study of the Philippines:—
 - (a) Geographical.
 - (b) Religions.
4. The Burmese. (A paper.)
5. Geographical study of Newfoundland.
6. Three-minute reports:—
 - European General Conference.
 - India.
 - Japan.
 - Trinidad.
 - Bermuda.
 - St. Kitts.
 Summary of Sabbath-keepers reported during the month, churches organized, and fields from which reports are received.
7. Closing exercises:—
 - Prayer season for definite fields.

NOTE.—There is such an abundance of material this month that we have chosen only a few of the fields for the Suggestive Program. In some of the societies the entire hour might be profitably spent on one field,—the Philippines or the European General Conference, for instance. Ofttimes more real knowledge will be gained by focusing our research on one field than by considering so many only briefly. Make it a point always to gain some definite knowledge as a result of your missionary meeting. Enlist as many in the exercises as possible. Give every one something to do.

E. H.

From Roden, Manitoba

WE organized a Young People's Society in February, with a membership of twelve; two others have been added since, so we now have fourteen members. We hold our meetings every

Sabbath evening, using the lesson which is found in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. Each member takes part in the study. We are all trying to do what we can to get the truth to our neighbors. Some of our members have given away books and papers, and have had some good talks with the people. Most of the members intend to take their number of "Christ's Object Lessons," and sell them. We have used our missionary map, and think it makes the study of the fields much plainer. We can go to our map, and see just where our workers are.

JEANIE RAMSAY, Sec.

WILLIAM CAREY is called the father of modern missions. About the year 1792 he offered to go to India, but met with much opposition from his Christian brethren and others.

Speaking in a meeting at one time on the duty of Christians to the heathen, an old minister said to him: "Young man, sit down. When God wishes to convert the heathen, he will do it without your help or mine." Sidney Smith sneeringly called him "the consecrated cobbler," but the saintly Andrew Fuller encouraged and helped him. Fuller said: "There is a gold mine in India as deep as the center of the earth. Who will venture to explore it?"

"I will," said Carey, "but you must hold the ropes." His watchwords through life were: "Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God."

Carey was especially gifted in the ability to acquire new languages, and was an untiring worker. He translated the Scriptures into several Indian languages. He died triumphantly in India, June 9, 1834, aged seventy-three years. At his death all the flags in India were hung at half-mast.

Getting as We Give

A LITTLE fellow, who had noticed that his mother put only five cents into the contribution box on Sunday, said to her, on the way home, as she was finding fault with the sermon, "Why, mama, what could you expect for a nickel?" There was sound philosophy in the criticism, too; for it is a pretty well established fact that we get out of things in this life just what we put into them.

The degree of profit is determined by the degree of investment. One who contributes ten cents, from the same income, toward the preaching of the gospel, is pretty sure to get twice as much good out of the same sermon as the one who contributes a nickel. The size of the contribution, or what is apt to be the same thing, the measure of the sacrifice, determines the measure of spiritual expectancy and receptivity. One actually gets more of the same gospel for ten cents than he would for five.

In filling a vessel with water in a given time, quite as much must be allowed for the size of the neck of the bottle as for the size of the stream in which it is immersed. On the human side of the analogy, receptivity represents the neck of the bottle; and receptivity can hardly be more accurately measured than by the spirit of sacrifice that lies back of it. We get according as we give, and this is true whether we go to the shop, the school, the place of business, or the house of God.—Selected.

THE circulation of the Bible in the Philippines during the first six months of this year shows an increase of fourteen thousand copies over the circulation during the corresponding period of last year.

BIBLE colporteurs in Bolivia have recently sold during six weeks, although subjected to keen opposition and threatenings of imprisonment, eight hundred and fifty-two copies of the Scriptures or portions of the Scriptures.



Water-Ways



I LIKE to hear the waters
 Splash, splash;
 And I love the "darning-needle's"
 Dash, dash;
 And the cat-o-nine tails growing
 In the marshy current, flowing
 Where the water-lilies, glowing,
 Flash, flash.

Lily-pads, in fancy forming
 Boats, boats,
 While from each a green-stem "painter"
 Floats, floats,
 Moored to arrowheads, low bending,
 Where the dreamy current, wending,
 Lifts its voice in softly blending
 Notes, notes.



"I LOVE THE DARNING-NEEDLE'S
 DASH! DASH!"

And I like to hear the green frogs'
 "Quirk! quirk!"
 While behind his leaps the grasses
 Jerk, jerk;
 And I love the sunfish, gliding,
 Where, by slimy log, down sliding,
 Wary crabs and turtles, hiding,
 Lurk, lurk.

But I love the red-winged blackbird
 Best, best;
 And the fisher-bird's blue-mottled
 Crest, crest;
 Or the wild-fowls' lonely sighing
 In the reeds, when day is dying,
 Mingled with killdee's weird crying,
 "Rest, rest."

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

A Strange Messenger

WHEN James Townsend was all at once discovered to have been defaulter in the bank where he had been for years a trusted employee, when he had been tried and convicted in a court of justice, and when he had saved himself from the penitentiary only by going out of the world by the terrible path of suicide, the earthly consequences of his crime were by no means covered with his poor body in the grave. They fell with crushing weight upon the wife and children who had loved and trusted him, and cast over the threshold of the once happy home a dark shadow never to be wholly lifted in this world.

Harry Townsend was in his seventeenth year at the time of the dreadful tragedy which left him worse than fatherless. He was the eldest child and only son of the family, there being,

besides him, his two young sisters, Margaret and Dorothy. He was a bright, manly boy, more than usually quick at his books, and known as the best scholar in the preparatory school where he was fitting himself to enter college the following year. Now, alas! all his cherished plans for the future must be given up. With the burden of a helpless household thrown upon his young shoulders, there could be no further thought of school.

He sought employment in vain from one business house to another. Some dismissed him with cool politeness, others treated him more kindly, but none gave him any tangible encouragement beyond mere good wishes. He began to realize, with a bitter sense of humiliation and injustice, that his father's disgrace stood a barrier between him and any honest work.

Almost in despair, he confided his troubles to Miss Lawton, his Bible-class teacher, and it was through her influence that he was at length given a situation by the firm of which her own father was the senior member. His duties were not particularly defined; but it was understood that he was to be a sort of general assistant in the office, turning his hand to whatever might be required of him, according to the needs of each day. He was kept very busy, but he was quite too grateful for work to feel any questionings as to the kind or amount of it. His highest ambition was to perform his tasks as faithfully as possible, and so prove himself worthy of confidence.

All went well until a fateful day when the cashier found his accounts short by the sum of two dollars, and—to preclude the possibility of a mistaken entry—a two-dollar note which he had particularly noticed on account of certain marks upon it, was discovered to be missing from the cash-drawer. He was in a quandary. Among those who had access to the drawer, it was impossible to harbor suspicion of any except—could it be young Townsend? The cashier asked himself the question only mentally, but it was echoed aloud by the bookkeeper, to whom he confided his perplexity. The two agreed to say nothing for the present, but to keep a sharp lookout.

Three days passed with no solution of the mystery, while unsuspecting Harry went in and out as usual. At the end of that time a second discrepancy appeared. The cashier consulted the manager, ending his account of the loss with:—"I hate to think it, Mr. Marlow, but really I can't help fearing that young Townsend is at the bottom of this."

"Not a doubt of it!" quickly answered Mr. Marlow, who was less disposed to take a hopeful view of human nature than the cashier.

"But he has seemed such a fine boy. I was growing quite fond of him."

"I know—I know! But it's in the blood. I tell you, Kane, I'm a strong believer in blood. Like father, like son."

"What shall we do?"

"Best to keep quiet a little longer. Give him his rope, and he'll be sure to hang himself with it. You've no proof yet, you know."

But when, after about the same interval as before, a third note was lost from the till, both Kane and Marlow went at once to Mr. Lawton, who had been confined at home by a slight illness. They found the old gentleman sitting with his daughter in his library, and at once laid the case before him, strongly recommending Harry's arrest on suspicion of the theft.

Indignant tears sprang to Miss Lawton's eyes as she listened.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you must be mistaken. I am as sure of Harry's innocence as of my own."

"Your sympathy does you credit," answered Mr. Marlow, smiling, "but the facts remain to be accounted for. This money has been systematically subtracted. It is impossible to suspect any one else."

"Yet I know there must be some other explanation!" she persisted. "Dear father, for my sake, do not consent to blast the future of this boy who has already been made to suffer so cruelly through no fault of his own!"

"I will not, Mary," answered Mr. Lawton, gently; then turning, he said: "I think, gentlemen, we must wait. It is a most troublesome mystery, but I shall still hope for some other solution of it."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lawton," said Marlow, "but I fear you are making a mistake."

"Then I must risk the consequences of it," rejoined the old gentleman, with quiet decision.

There are other ways of accusation than by means of spoken words, and Harry, rendered over-sensitive by his previous experience, began to feel, without understanding why, the chill atmosphere of distrust which enveloped him. It seemed to him that his orders were given in a constrained manner; that even while bending over his work, he could feel the stab of cold and critical glances.

At length, when he could bear it no longer, he went to the manager.

"Mr. Marlow," he said, "will you kindly tell me if I have offended you in any way?"

Mr. Marlow looked at him keenly in the face for a moment without replying. Then he said: "Your own conscience should be able to answer that question, Townsend," and turned again to his ledger.

More perplexed and distressed than before, Harry determined to speak to Miss Lawton. Very gently, though with much reluctance, she told him the story of the missing money. The boy listened in perfect silence, and when she had done, he asked: "Do you think I took the notes, Miss Lawton?"

"Harry, I know you did not."

Then, for the first time, Harry burst into a tempest of sobbing and tears.

"My dear boy," said Miss Lawton, when he could again hear her, "this is a cruel trial, but you must bear it as you have already endured so much. Do your work faithfully, and trust God that, sooner or later, your innocence may be proved. Remember that my confidence in you has never once faltered. And remember, too, who it was that blessed those of whom 'all manner of evil' should be said 'falsely'!"

"I will try," said Harry.

But, with all his resolution, the high-spirited boy found his life bitter beyond expression. The slow days passed, with no clew to the lost money. Only the thought of his mother and sisters held him from throwing up his situation, and seeking to lose himself somewhere out in the wide world.

It was one of his regular duties to remain in the building every evening until ten o'clock, when the night-watchman came to take charge. Some of his saddest hours of discouragement were those spent in the loneliness of the half-lighted office, whose dark corners seemed peopled with shadows such as overhung his own young life.

One evening, as he sat motionless at the desk, he heard a tiny rustling sound, and, looking down, saw a little mouse emerge from a corner, and run here and there over the floor. His first impulse was to spring up, close the door, and hunt the small intruder to its death. But with the thought came another as swiftly: Is not the mouse like me? God made us both, and gave us room in his world to live happy. Shall I, who feel myself crushed by unjust suspicion, set my own foot on the innocent little creature? He remained perfectly still, and the mouse, gradually gaining confidence, ventured to gather up some crumbs only a few feet from his chair. At the step of the watchman, however, it scurried quickly away.

Next evening the mouse reappeared with increased boldness. It scanned the silent figure at the desk with its small, bright eyes, and, apparently convinced of its peaceful intentions, gambled freely about the room. Night after night its visits were repeated, and Harry found himself awaiting them with strange and growing interest.

Remembering to have heard that mice are fond of sweet sounds, he essayed a few soft notes on a harmonica which he chanced to carry. The effect was almost magical. The mouse assumed a listening attitude, gradually approaching nearer and nearer, as if under a charm. Harry grew oddly fond of his little guest, and the nightly musical entertainment grew to be a welcome recreation after a long and trying day.

Having observed that the mouse always disappeared behind an old chest filled with papers and seldom disturbed, it occurred to Harry that it might, perhaps, have a nest there. Accordingly, while waiting, one evening, for the watchman, he lighted the gas jets above the chest, and softly moved it a few inches from the wall. The mouse sprang out in a fright, and Harry was just reproaching himself for having indulged his curiosity at the expense of his little friend's peace of mind, when his quick eye caught sight of a fluffy mass of lint and tattered paper.

"It is the nest, sure enough!" said he to himself.

He stooped low over the chest, intending to push it carefully back. The bright light illuminated the aperture, and the boy started with a cry! Again he bent low, the veins throbbing in his forehead, and his eyes almost bursting from their sockets. He was not mistaken—the soft outer envelope which the little mouse mother had prepared for her babies was made of bits of bank-note paper!

It was a strangely excited boy whom the manager found waiting for him next morning.

"Will you please, Mr. Kane, please step this way, Mr. Marlow?" asked Harry. "I have something to show you."

The surprise, the congratulations, the handshakings which followed, can better be imagined than described.

The three lost bills were there, plainly to be distinguished by their fragments, but when Mr. Marlow proposed fitting the bits together with a view to their redemption, Harry cried, earnestly: "Must the nest be spoiled, sir?"

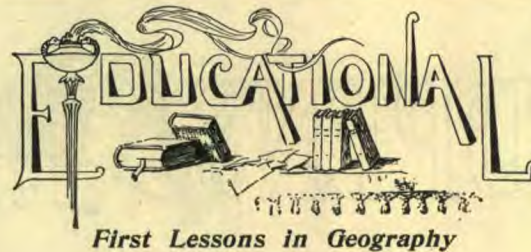
"We can't afford to raise more till robbers," was the smiling answer.

The boy's face fell.

"That's true," he said, "but—the mouse trusted me!"

Low as the words were spoken, they reached the ear of the sharp, stern man of business, and for a moment an unaccustomed moisture dimmed his eyes.

"Dear Harry," said Miss Lawton, when he told her the wonderful story, "God sent you deliverance by a strange messenger. Your impulse of kindness toward one of the most insignificant of our Father's dumb children, brought a marvelous reward."—*Weekly Magnet.*



Lesson V

THE earth was now a beautiful place. Great trees, much larger and more beautiful than any we have now, waved their bright leaves and cast a pleasant shade. Flowers of every variety and color grew in countless numbers, making the air like a perfumed garden. Lovely fruits and sweet nuts grew in abundance. Everywhere the ground was carpeted with richest green. Thus you see the earth was all ready, like a beautiful house, for some one to live in it.

On the fifth day God made fish to live in the water, and birds to live in the trees, and fly in the air. On the sixth day he made all kinds of animals. Many of them were much larger than any that now live on the earth. Along the banks of the rivers, and on the shores of the seas, lived animals from fifty to sixty feet long, some of them having the power of flight. All these great animals were very gentle. There were lions, elephants, and all the principal kinds of animals we have now; but they were all to live on the grass and the herbs of the field. The earth then was free from any curse of sin, and produced many times more food than at present; and in time the woods, the fields, the air, and the water were to be filled with multitudes of living beings, all of which were to live happily together, and be an honor to their Creator.

Finally the crowning work of all creation was made—God created man in his own image. As man came from his Creator, he was tall and beautiful. His face shone with the light of God, and he was clothed with a garment of light. He was very intelligent, and was to talk with the angels and with God. He was to be king over the fish of the sea, the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air. He was to train them, and they would love and obey him. They would all have worked for him, as the dog and the horse do now, yet not because they were afraid of him, nor because he had trained them so to do, but because they loved him. All the animals were brought to him, and he named them.

When man sinned, all this changed. The trees began to die, and the earth did not produce so much food as before. Animals that had lived on grass and herbs now began to eat other animals. Wicked men also began to kill the animals and eat them. As sin increased, and men went deeper into wickedness, its effects were seen on the animals. They changed in nature and appearance, and some of them began to eat others. At the end of two thousand years, men had become so sinful that God destroyed the earth by the flood. We will next study the flood, and its effects on the earth.

QUESTIONS.—What was the condition of the earth at the close of the fourth day? What was created on the fifth day? On the sixth day what other animals were created? Who else was made on the sixth day? Who was to train and rule the animals? Were they all to obey him? When did the animals learn to eat meat? Why was the flood brought on the earth?

Lesson VI

The earth itself had been placed under man; but when man sinned, Satan took this power, and though God has never allowed him to use it as he wishes, man no longer rules the earth.

The first thing that Adam and Eve noticed after they had sinned was that the light that had clothed them was taken away, and the air grew chilly. This made it necessary for them

to have clothes. God gave them coats of skin, thus teaching them that now their very life was dependent on death.

As we have already learned, the axis of the earth pointed north and south. The whole universe is made on a definite plan, and the directions are not man-made devices, but were made by God himself when he made the universe.

We can tell directions by the stars. There is a star called the North Star that is directly north. We can find this star by the Big Dipper. The two stars that form the outside of the bowl of the dipper always point toward the north star. (Notice the picture.) Ask your teacher to show you the north star. In the woods most of the moss grows on the north side of the trees. On the western prairies grows a weed called the "northern pointer" because its leaves mostly



THE BIG DIPPER AND THE NORTH STAR

point north and south. But we usually tell directions by the sun or by the compass. The compass is a magnetic needle so balanced on a pivot that it moves freely in every direction. No matter which way the compass is placed, it always points north.

When the earth was created, its directions were the same as those of the rest of the universe. The sun shone on all parts of the earth for twelve hours every day, so there was no winter. There was neither snow nor ice, but tropical plants grew in all parts of the world. A tropical plant is one that will not live if the frost strikes it.

After man's sin the earth began to grow old; and when he became so very wicked, God determined to destroy it with a flood. Then God changed the axis of the earth so that now it does not point exactly north and south, compared with the universe. "All the foundations of the earth are out of course." The air grew cooler, and the water that had always been in the air condensed, and fell as rain, pouring down in torrents for forty days and forty nights. The water that had been on the inside of the earth broke out; for the "fountains of the great deep were broken up." The waters covered the whole earth till the mountains were out of sight, and the soil was washed from the rocks, and many of them were carried far from where they had been.

When the water flowed out from the interior of the earth, the weight of the water on its crust caused it to be crushed in places; and as great masses of the earth's crust fell inward, they filled in this opening. About the edges of these breaks the earth was pushed up in great wrinkles, or folds, that we call Mountain Chains. The water rushed into the lowest places, and filled them up, and formed the oceans. Ps. 104:6-9, margin. An Ocean is a very large body of water. There are five oceans—the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian, the Arctic, the Antarctic. They are all connected into one great ocean, and most of our mountain chains lie parallel to their coasts and near to them.

QUESTIONS.—Who was to have ruled the earth? Why does he not rule it now? Why did the earth grow old? Did man make the directions? Name them? How can we tell directions? When was the earth thrown out of joint with the rest of the universe? What followed? What are the oceans? Name them. What is a mountain chain? How were most of them formed? Where are most of them found?

FLOYD BRALLIAR.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—Joseph in Egypt

(November 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 39.
MEMORY VERSE: "I will bless thee, . . . and thou shalt be a blessing." Gen. 12:2.

(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.)

In our last lesson we learned that Joseph was sold by the Ishmaelites to Potiphar, one of the officers of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. He did not waste his time mourning, though it was a bitter trial to him to be separated from his father, knowing how Jacob would grieve for him. But he put his trust in the God of his fathers, and did with his might all that his hands found to do.

God was with Joseph, and made everything that he did to prosper, and blessed the house of Potiphar for his sake. Potiphar saw this, and gave him charge over all that he had. So Joseph was a witness to the true God in that dark, heathen land. He was doing the work that God intended Abraham and his seed to do when he called him out. His promise was, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." This was seen in the history of Joseph, who was an object-lesson of Christ, the true Seed.

But Potiphar's wife was angry with Joseph, because she could not get him to do wrong. He never forgot that God was with him, and when he was tempted, he said, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" So Potiphar's wife told a falsehood to her husband about Joseph, and he was put into prison and kept in hard bondage. "Whose feet they hurt with fetters: he was laid in irons." Ps. 105:18.

But God was with Joseph in the prison, and the keeper soon saw that he was not like one of the common prisoners. Here, just as in Potiphar's household, he did with his might whatever work he found to do, and soon he was put over all the prisoners, "and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it."

God was preparing Joseph for a very great and important work, and the training that he received as a slave and a prisoner was the very best he could have to fit him for it. Joseph did not see all this at the time, but he trusted that God was leading him, and worked at whatever came to hand, without murmuring at his hard lot. No doubt he sometimes thought of his dreams, and wondered how they could ever be fulfilled.

Joseph was not wrapped up in his own troubles. All that he had suffered had given him tender sympathy for others, instead of making him selfish. He was quick to see when others were in trouble, and to try to help them, as we see by the way he spoke to the butler and the baker. He did not know that this kind action would open the door of his prison, and set him over all the land of Egypt.

Joseph pointed Pharaoh's servants to the true God, the only one who could help them in their trouble. The Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and this is what gave him wisdom to interpret their dreams. In all this God was working for the good of Joseph and all the children of Israel, as our next lesson will show us.

Questions

1. To whom was Joseph sold by the Ishmaelites? Gen. 39:1. What did Joseph bring to Potiphar's house? What was God's promise to Abraham and his seed? See memory verse. What position did Potiphar give to Joseph because of this? Verse 6.
2. Who tempted Joseph to do wrong? How did Joseph meet temptation? What did she do because he refused?
3. How was Joseph at first treated in the prison? Ps. 105:18. What did God do for him there? Verses 21-23.
4. What did Joseph do in the prison? How did he show his kind interest in the prisoners under him? Gen. 40:6, 7.
5. Why were Pharaoh's officers so sad? What did Joseph say to them?

6. Tell the butler's dream. Verses 9-11. How did Joseph interpret it? Verses 12, 13. What did Joseph ask the butler to do when his dream should come true? Verse 14.
7. What was the baker's dream? Verses 16, 17. Tell the meaning of it. Verses 18, 19.
8. When and how did both these dreams come true? How did the chief butler show his gratitude to Joseph?

9. What does the pope claim to be?
10. Show from the Scriptures what he is in reality.
11. What term does inspiration apply to this system of wickedness?
12. With what is it in direct contrast?
13. Show how it differs from the "mystery of godliness."
14. Upon what experience does each one depend?



VI—The Kingdom of Antichrist

(November 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Inserted in synopsis.
MEMORY VERSE: "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God." 1 John 4:2.

Synopsis

We have already learned that the little horn of Dan. 7:25 represents the papacy. By comparing this text with 2 Thess. 2:3, we find that both refer to the same system. One exalts itself above all that is called God or is worshiped, while the other, showing the same self-exaltation, seeks to change the law of Jehovah. No power would attempt to change the law of another, without assuming authority over the power whose laws he would change; and this the papacy has done, as we shall see in our later lessons. The entire vision of the seventh chapter of Daniel is a prophecy of the work of the little horn, the man of sin, who attempts to establish a kingdom with himself as king, while pretending to be loyal to the kingdom of God.

Last week we saw that the papacy does not acknowledge that Jesus is come in the flesh, but puts itself (humanity), in the place of God (divinity). 2 Thess. 2:4. This is the spirit of antichrist. 1 John 4:3. The religion of ancient Babylon taught the same thing. Dan. 2:11. But they made no attempt to hide their opposition to the God of heaven. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, the three Hebrews, were urged to worship the gods of Nebuchadnezzar, and the golden image which he had set up in defiance of the true God. In modern Babylon the real character of their false doctrine is hid under the cloak of religion. The head of this system of iniquity sits in the temple of God, receiving the homage due to God. 2 Thess. 2:3, 4. He is called "the vicegerent of the Son of God;" "King of kings, and Lord of lords;" "Another God upon earth," etc. By carefully reading Rev. 13:2 with Rev. 12:9, you will see whom he really represents in his deceptive work. The dragon gives his seat to the papacy, and this dragon is "that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan."

This system of iniquity is called the "mystery of iniquity" (2 Thess. 2:7), in contrast with the "mystery of godliness" (1 Tim. 3:16), which is "Christ in you, the hope of glory." Col. 1:27.

Note How These Two Mysteries Differ

The "mystery of godliness" is	The "mystery of iniquity" is
The revelation of Christ in the flesh.	The revelation of self (which is in reality the revelation of Satan) in the flesh.
The exaltation of Christ. Christianity. A belief in God.	The exaltation of self. Paganism. A belief in self.

The one is based upon the doctrine of justification by faith, while the other is based upon the doctrine of justification by works.

Questions

1. What is represented by the little horn of Dan. 7:25?
2. What name does the apostle Paul apply to this system of iniquity?
3. Give some of the characteristics which identify this "man of sin" with the little horn of Daniel's vision.
4. What is the real object of the vision of the seventh chapter of Daniel?
5. How do you know that the term "antichrist" refers to the same system of worship?
6. In what essential feature did the creed of Babylon differ from the true religion? Dan. 2:11.
7. How complete was the distinction between the religion of ancient Babylon and the true religion? Give proof of this.
8. How does modern Babylon attempt to deceive the world?

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