

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

VOL. L.

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## Their Word of Honor

THE president of the Great B. railway system laid down the letter he had just reread three times, and turned about in his chair with an expression of extreme annoyance.

"I wish it were possible," he said, slowly, "to find one boy or man in a thousand who would receive instructions and carry them out to the letter without a single variation from the course laid down. Cornelius,—” he looked up sharply at his son, who sat at a desk close by,—“I hope you are carrying out my ideas with regard to your sons. I've not seen much of them lately. The lad Cyrus seems to me a promising fellow, but I'm not so sure of Cornelius. He appears to be acquiring a sense of his own importance as Cornelius Woodbridge 3d, which is not desirable, sir—not desirable. By the way, Cornelius, have you yet applied the Hezekiah Woodbridge test to your boys?”

Cornelius Woodbridge, junior, looked up from his work with a smile. "No, I haven't father," he said.

"It's a family tradition; and if the proper care has been taken that the boys should not learn of it, it will be as much a test for them as it was for you and for me, and for my father. You have not forgotten the day I gave it to you, Cornelius?”

"That would be impossible," said his son, still smiling.

The elder man's somewhat stern features relaxed, and he sat back in his chair with a chuckle. "Do it at once," he requested, "and make it a stiff one. You know their characteristics; give it to them hard. I feel pretty sure of Cyrus, but Cornelius—” He shook his head doubtfully, and returned to his letter. Suddenly he wheeled about again.

"Do it Thursday, Cornelius," he said, in his peremptory way, "and whichever one of them stands it shall go with us on the tour of inspection. That will be reward enough, I fancy.”

"Very well, sir," replied his son, and the two men went on with their work without further words. They were in the habit of dispatching important business with the smallest possible waste of breath.

On Thursday morning, immediately after breakfast, Cyrus Woodbridge found himself summoned to his father's library. He presented himself at once, a round-cheeked, bright-eyed lad of fifteen, with an air of alertness in every line of him.

"Cyrus," said his father, "I have a commission for you to undertake, of a character which I can not now explain to you. I want you to take this envelope,"—he held out a large and bulky packet,—“and without saying anything to any

one, follow its instructions to the letter. I ask of you your word of honor that you will do so.”

The two pairs of eyes looked into each other for a moment, singularly alike in a certain intent expression, developed into great keenness in the man, but showing as yet only an extreme wide-

"Go to office of W. K. Newton, Room 703, tenth floor, Norwalk Building, X Street, reaching there by 9:30 A. M. Ask for letter addressed to Cornelius Woodbridge, Jr. On way down elevator open Env. No. 2.”

Cyrus began to laugh. At the same time he felt a trifle irritated. "What's father at?" he questioned, in perplexity. "Here I am away uptown, and he orders me back to the Norfolk Building. I passed it on my way up. Must be he made a mistake. Told me to obey instructions, though. He usually knows just about why he does things.”

Meanwhile Mr. Woodbridge had sent for his elder son, Cornelius. A tall youth of seventeen, with the strong family features, varied by a droop in the eyelids and a slight drawl in his speech, lounged to the door of the library. Before entering he straightened his shoulders; he did not, however, quicken his pace.

"Cornelius," said his father, promptly, "I wish to send you upon an errand of some importance, but of possible inconvenience to you. I have not time to give you instructions, but you will find them in this envelope. I ask you to keep the matter and your movements strictly to yourself. May I have from you your word of honor that I can trust you to follow the orders to the smallest detail?”

Cornelius put on a pair of eyeglasses, and held out his hand for the envelope. His manner was almost indifferent. Mr.

Woodbridge withheld the packet, and spoke with decision: "I can not allow you to look at the instructions until I have your word of honor that you will fulfill them.”

"Isn't that asking a good deal, sir?”

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Woodbridge, "but no more than is asked of trusted messengers every day. I will assure you that the instructions are mine and represent my wishes.”

"How long will it take?" inquired Cornelius, stooping to flick an imperceptible spot of dust from his trousers.

"I do not find it necessary to tell you.” Something in his father's voice sent the languid Cornelius to an erect position, and quickened his speech.

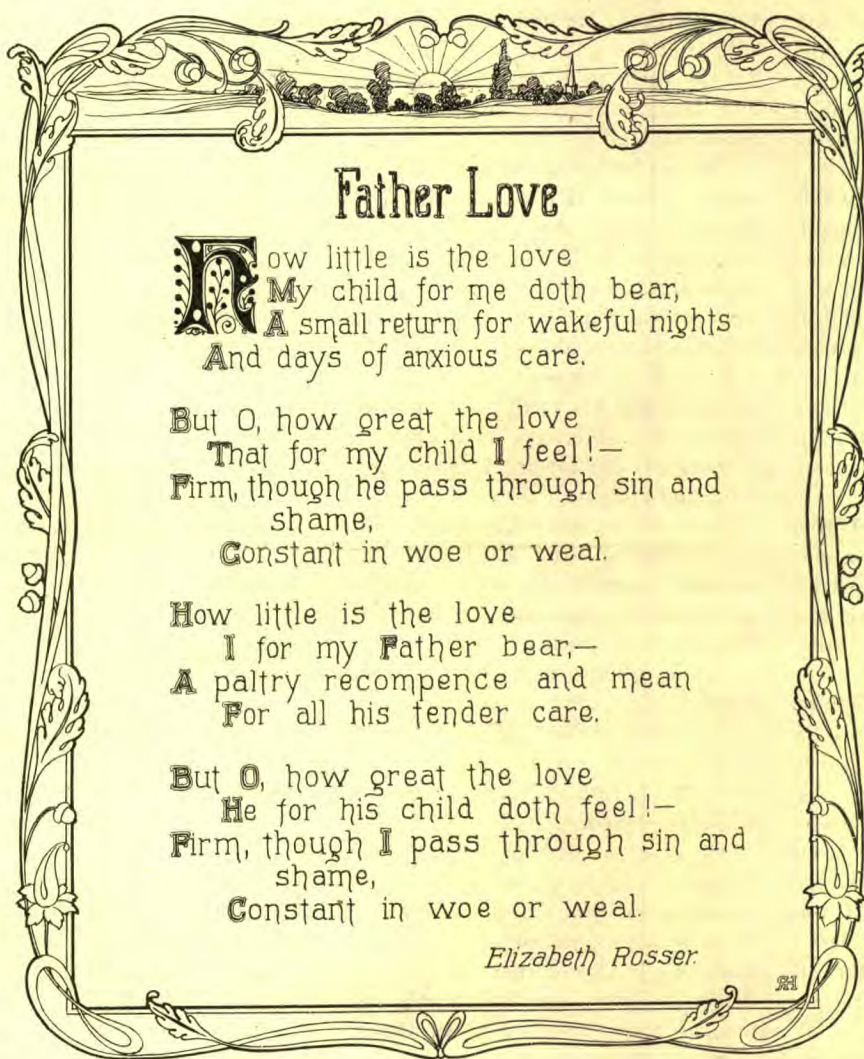
"Of course I will go," he said, but he did not speak with enthusiasm.

"And—your word of honor?”

"Certainly, sir.” The hesitation before the promise was only momentary.

"Very well. I will trust you. Go to your room before opening your instructions.”

And the second somewhat mystified boy went out of the library on that memorable Thursday



## Father Love

How little is the love  
My child for me doth bear,  
A small return for wakeful nights  
And days of anxious care.

But O, how great the love  
That for my child I feel!—  
Firm, though he pass through sin and  
shame,  
Constant in woe or weal.

How little is the love  
I for my Father bear,—  
A paltry recompence and mean  
For all his tender care.

But O, how great the love  
He for his child doth feel!—  
Firm, though I pass through sin and  
shame,  
Constant in woe or weal.

Elizabeth Rosser.

awakeness in the boy. Cyrus Woodbridge had an engagement with a young friend in half an hour, but he responded, firmly:—

"I will, sir.”

"On your honor?”

"Yes, sir.”

"That is all I want. Go to your room, and read your instructions. Then start at once.”

Mr. Woodbridge turned back to his desk with the nod and smile of dismissal to which Cyrus was accustomed. The boy went to his room, opening the envelope as soon as he had closed the door. It was filled with smaller envelopes, numbered in regular order. Infolding these was a typewritten paper, which read as follows:—

"Go to the reading-room of the Westchester Library. There open Env. No. 1. Remember to hold all instructions secret. C. W., JR.”

Cyrus whistled. "That's funny! It means my date with Harold is off. Well, here goes!”

He stopped on his way out to telephone his friend of his detention, took a Westchester Avenue car at the nearest point, and in twenty minutes was at the library. He found an obscure corner and opened "Env. No. 1.”



morning, to find his first order one which sent him to a remote district of the city, with the direction to arrive there within three quarters of an hour.

Out on an electric car Cyrus was speeding to another suburb. After getting the letter from the tenth floor of the Norwalk Building, he had read:—

"Take cross-town car on L Street, transfer to Louisville Avenue, and go out to Kingston Heights. Find corner West and Dwight Streets, and open Env. No. 3."

Cyrus was growing more and more puzzled, but he was also getting interested. At the corner specified he hurriedly tore open No. 3, but found, to his amazement, only the singular direction:—

"Take Suburban Underground Road for Duane Street Station. From there go to *Sentinel* office, and secure third edition of yesterday's paper. Open Env. No. 4."

"Well, what under the sun, moon, and stars did he send me out to Kingston Heights for?" cried Cyrus, aloud. He caught the next train, thinking longingly of his broken engagement with Harold Dunning, and of certain plans for the afternoon which he was beginning to fear might be thwarted if this seemingly endless and aimless excursion continued. He looked at the packet of unopened envelopes.

"It would be easy to break open the whole outfit, and see what this game is," he thought. "Never knew father to do a thing like this before. If it's a joke"—his fingers felt the seal of "Env. No. 4"—"I might as well find it out at once. Still, father never would joke with a fellow's promise the way he asked it of me. 'My word of honor'—that's putting it pretty strong. I'll see it through, of course. My, but I'm getting hungry! It must be near luncheon-time."

It was not; but by the time Cyrus had been ordered twice across the city and once up a sixteen-story building in which the elevator service was out of order, it was past noon, and he was in a condition to find "Env. No. 7" a very satisfactory one:—

"Go to Café Reynaud on Westchester Square. Take seat at table in left alcove. Ask waiter for card of Cornelius Woodbridge, Jr. Before ordering luncheon read Env. No. 8."

The boy lost no time in obeying this command, and sank into his chair in the designated alcove with a sigh of relief. He mopped his brow, and drank a glass of ice-water at a gulp. It was a warm October day, and the sixteen flights had been somewhat trying. He asked for his father's card, and then sat studying the attractive menu.

"I think I'll have"—he mused for a moment, then said, helplessly, with a laugh—"Well, I'm about hungry enough to eat the whole thing. Bring me the —"

Then he recollected, paused, and reluctantly pulled out "Env. No. 8," and broke the seal. "Just a minute," he murmured to the waiter. Then his face turned scarlet, and he stammered, under his breath, "Why—why—this can't be —"

"Env. No. 8" ought to have been bordered with black, judging by the dismay its order to a lecture-hall to hear a famous electrician caused. But the Woodbridge blood was up now, and it was with an expression resembling that of his Grandfather Cornelius under strong indignation that Cyrus stalked out of that charming place to proceed grimly to the lecture-hall.

"Who wants to hear a lecture on an empty stomach?" he groaned. "I suppose I'll be ordered out, anyway, the minute I sit down and stretch my legs. Wonder if father can be exactly right in his mind. He doesn't believe in wasting time, but I'm wasting it to-day by the bucketful. Suppose he's doing this to size me up some way; he isn't going to tire me out so quick as he thinks. I'll keep going till I drop."

Nevertheless, when, just as he was getting interested, he was ordered to go three miles to a football field, and then ordered away again without a sight of the game he had planned for a week to see, his disgust was intense.

All through that long, warm afternoon he raced about the city and suburbs, growing wearier and more empty with every step. The worst of it was, the orders were beginning to assume the form of a schedule, and commanded that he be here at 3:15, and there at 4:05, and so on, which forbade loitering, had he been inclined to loiter. In it all he could see no purpose, except the possible one of trying his physical endurance. He was a strong boy, or he would have been quite exhausted long before he reached "Env. No. 17," which was the last but three of the packet. This read:—

"Reach home at 6:20 P. M. Before entering house, read No. 18."

Leaning against one of the big white stone pillars of the porch of his home, Cyrus wearily tore open No. 18—and the words fairly swam before his eyes. He had to rub them hard to make sure that he was not mistaken:—

"Go again to Kingston Heights, corner West and Dwight Streets, reaching there by 6:50. Read No. 19."

The boy looked up at the windows, desperately angry at last. If his pride and his sense of the meaning of that phrase, "My word of honor," as the men of the Woodbridge family were in the habit of teaching it to their sons, had not both been of the strongest sort, he would have rebelled, and gone defiantly and stormily in. As it was, he stood for one long minute with his hands clenched and his teeth set; then he turned and walked down the steps away from the longed-for dinner, and out toward L Street and the car for Kingston Heights.

As he did so, inside the house, on the other side of the curtains from behind which he had been anxiously peering, Cornelius Woodbridge, senior, turned about and struck his hands together, rubbing them in a satisfied way.

"He's come—and gone," he cried, softly, "and he's on time to the minute!"

Cornelius, junior, did not so much as lift his eyes from the evening paper, as he quietly answered, "Is he?" But the corners of his mouth slightly relaxed.

The car seemed to crawl out to Kingston Heights. As it at last neared its terminus, a strong temptation seized the boy Cyrus. He had been on a purposeless errand to this place once that day. The corner of West and Dwight Streets lay more than half a mile from the end of the car route, and it was an almost untenanted district. His legs were very tired; his stomach ached with emptiness. Why not wait out the interval which it would take to walk to the corner and back in the little suburban station, read "Env. No. 19," and spare himself? He had certainly done enough to prove that he was a faithful messenger.

Had he? Certain old and well-worn words came into his mind; they had been in his "writing-book" in the early school-days: "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Cyrus jumped off the car before it fairly stopped, and started at a hot pace for the corner of West and Dwight Streets. There must be no weak places in his word of honor.

Doggedly he went to the extreme limit of the indicated route, even taking the longest way round to make the turn. As he started back, beneath the arc light at the corner there suddenly appeared a city messenger boy. He approached Cyrus, and, grinning, held out an envelope.

"Ordered to give you this," he said, "if you made connections. If you'd been later than five minutes past seven, I was to keep dark. You've got seven minutes and a half to spare. Queer orders, but the big railroad boss, Woodbridge, gave 'em to me."

Cyrus made his way back to the car with some self-congratulations that served to brace up the muscles behind his knees. This last incident showed him plainly that his father was putting him to a severe test of some sort, and he could have no doubt that it was for a purpose. His father was the sort of man who does things with a very definite purpose indeed. Cyrus looked back over the day with an anxious searching of his memory to be sure that no detail of the singular service required of him had been slighted.

As he once more ascended the steps of his own home, he was so confident that his labors were now ended that he almost forgot about "Env. No. 20," which he had been directed to read in the vestibule before entering the house. With his thumb on the bell-button he recollected, and with a sigh broke open the final seal:—

"Turn about, and go to Lenox Street Station, B. Railroad, reaching there by 8:05. Wait for messenger in west end of station, by telegraph office."

It was a blow, but Cyrus had his second wind now. He felt like a machine—a hollow one—which could keep on going indefinitely.

The Lenox Street Station was easily reached on time. The hands of the big clock were only at one minute past eight when Cyrus entered. At the designated spot the messenger met him. Cyrus recognized the man as the porter on one of the trains of the road of which his grandfather and father were officers. Why, yes, he was the porter of the Woodbridge special car! He brought the boy a card which ran thus:—

"Give porter the letter from Norwalk Building, the card received at restaurant, the lecture coupon, yesterday evening's *Sentinel*, and the envelope received at Kingston Heights."

Cyrus silently delivered up these articles, feeling a sense of thankfulness that not one was missing. The porter went away with them, but was back in three minutes.

"This way, sir," he said, and Cyrus followed, his heart beating fast. Down the track he recognized the "Fleetwing," President Woodbridge's private car. And Grandfather Cornelius he knew to be just starting on a tour of his own and other roads, which included a flying trip to Mexico. Could it be possible —

In the car his father and grandfather rose to meet him. Cornelius Woodbridge, senior, was holding out his hand.

"Cyrus, lad," he said, his face one broad, triumphant smile, "you have stood the test,—the Hezekiah Woodbridge test, sir,—and you may be proud of it. Your word of honor can be depended upon. You are going with us through nineteen States and Mexico. Is that reward enough for one day's hardships?"

"I think it is, sir," agreed Cyrus, his round face reflecting his grandfather's smile, intensified.

"Was it a hard pull, Cyrus?" questioned the senior Woodbridge, with interest.

Cyrus looked at his father. "I don't think so—now, sir," he said. Both gentlemen laughed.

"Are you hungry?"

"Well, just a little, grandfather."

"Dinner will be served the moment we are off. We've only six minutes to wait. I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—" the old gentleman turned to gaze searchingly out of the car window into the station—"that another boy's word of honor isn't —"

He stood, watch in hand. The conductor came in and remained, awaiting orders. "Two minutes more, Mr. Jefferson," he said. "One and a half—one—half a minute." He spoke sternly: "Pull out at 8:14 on the second, sir. Ah —"

The porter entered hurriedly, and delivered a handful of envelopes into Grandfather Cornelius's grasp. The old gentleman scanned them at a glance.

"Yes, yes—all right!" he cried, with the strongest evidences of excitement Cyrus had ever



seen in his usually quiet manner. As the train made its first gentle motion of departure, a figure appeared in the doorway. Quietly, and not at all out of breath, Cornelius Woodbridge 3d walked into the car.

Then Grandfather Woodbridge grew impressive. He advanced, and shook hands with his grandson as if he were greeting a distinguished member of the board of directors. Then he turned to his son, and shook hands with him also, solemnly. His eyes shone through his gold-rimmed spectacles, but his voice was grave with feeling.

"I congratulate you, Cornelius," he said, "on possessing two sons whose word of honor is above reproach. The smallest deviation from the outlined schedule would have resulted disastrously. Ten minutes' tardiness at the different points would have failed to obtain the requisite documents. Your sons did not fail. They can be depended upon. The world is in search of men built on those lines. I congratulate you, sir."

Cyrus was glad presently to escape to his stateroom with Cornelius. "Say, what did you have to do?" he asked, eagerly. "Did you trot your legs off all over town?"

"Not much, I didn't!" said Cornelius, grimly, from the depths of a big towel. "I spent the whole day in a little hole of a room at the top of an empty building, with just ten trips down the stairs to the ground floor to get envelopes at certain minutes. I had not a crumb to eat nor a thing to do; and could not even snatch a nap for fear I'd oversleep one of my dates at the bottom."

"I believe that was worse than mine," commented Cyrus, reflectively.

"I should say it was. If you don't think so, try it."

"Dinner, boys," said their father's voice at the door, and they lost no time in responding.—*Grace S. Richmond, in Youth's Companion.*

#### The Rose and the Violet

ONE eve, to while away the hours,  
I sauntered forth among the flowers.  
Some fluttering there seemed to be,  
The cause of which I paused to see.  
Beside me grew a regal rose,  
Whose beauty all the wide earth knows.  
As queen of flowers, Rose seemed to say,  
To all who were beneath her sway:  
"Cease now this talk, and list to me,  
To-morrow morn, you know, will be  
The time for flowers, or Children's Day.  
I mean to make a grand display.  
For this day did I long prepare;  
I've gathered perfume from the air,  
I've deeper blushed, when'er the sun  
Peeped from the clouds, as if in fun.  
Of all the flowers around me here  
There is not one will be my peer.  
They'll place me far above the rest,  
Because, you see, I'm gayer dressed."

A whispered sneer fell on the air  
From those who thought themselves more  
fair;

But, far below the Rose's throne,  
A Violet spoke in modest tone:  
"I'll wait to-morrow's rising sun,  
Happy, if but God's will be done."  
Thus, any sphere content to fill,  
The Violet ceased, and all was still.

Ere one short hour had passed away,  
A petal of the rose so gay  
Broke from the stem, and fluttered round,  
Then fell in silence to the ground.  
The Rose in sadness moaned all night,  
And strove to hold her petals bright,  
But when the sun lit up the sky,  
And Violet ope'd her deep-blue eye,  
Lo! at her feet the boastful Rose  
Had fallen to her last repose;  
But that day in God's house of grace  
The Violet held an honored place.

Let none, then, of to-morrow boast:  
To-day is all that's promised us.

MRS. IDA B. HIBBEN.



#### Some Things about Tonga

##### The Native Dress

ORIGINALLY the native dress consisted simply of a girdle of green leaves about eighteen inches wide, and a mat or strip of native cloth wound about the loins. At present they usually wear a strip of cloth about two yards long, wound about the loins, of any material or color the wearer happens to fancy. This is worn by men, women, and children alike. On special occasions the fine mat or fine native cloth is worn. The men wear a shirt on the upper part of the body; while the women wear a sort of loose "mother Hubbard," extending down to the knees. This is cut low at the neck, so that the chest, shoulders, and back are exposed, the exposed parts being anointed with oil. They are quite fond of wearing flowers, and spend considerable time in making girdles and neckwear of leaves, flowers, and barks, which they color with diamond dyes.

*Tapa*, the native cloth, is made from the bark of *tapa* poles, which grow straight up from ten to fifteen feet. The bark is stripped off, and the rough epidermis removed and dried. When the natives wish to make it into cloth, it is soaked, and then pounded out to a thin gauze, with a heavy wooden mallet about a foot long. These strips are rendered adhesive by a starchy tuber being rubbed over them, and then they are beaten together till the desired size and thickness is reached. The work is done by the women and girls, who work in companies, making the cloth in one large piece, which is divided when finished. I stepped one piece, which proved to be one hundred and fifty steps long and five steps wide. The click, click, click of the *tapa* mallets, keeping perfect time, and often accompanied with singing, is a pleasing sound.

They use a decoction made from barks of trees to dye the cloth. Part of the color is put on with a sort of stencil, and part by hand. It is very fashionable to wind immense quantities about the body. It is also used for bedding and funeral shrouds.

A very old torn piece of *tapa* or mat is worn on funeral occasions. The older and more torn, the more sorrow is expressed.

##### Native Houses

The typical native house is covered with thatch and inclosed with reeds. The frame is supported by large posts set in the ground. Earth is thrown up to raise the floor a few inches. It is covered with coarse mats, made from cocoanut and palm leaves. There is but one room. When desired, they curtain off another with a piece of *tapa*.

With a few exceptions, there are no chairs, table, or furniture of any kind. When you enter the house, they throw down a clean mat or sweep a place on the floor for you to sit down. It is a great breach of Tongan etiquette to stretch out the legs, and it becomes wearisome for those who are accustomed to sitting on chairs to sit on the floor, with the legs doubled up in this manner.

The meals are served on green banana leaves, and eaten with the fingers. They do not lay up stores for rust to corrupt and thieves to steal, but simply provide for their present necessity, taking "no thought for the morrow."

##### Education

There are public schools in all the villages, in which the children are taught to read and write their own language. So there are very few who can not read. There are also schools carried on by the different churches.

The government has what they call a college for the sons of chiefs. Here some sciences and mathematics are taught. English is also taught, but they do not learn sufficient to be of any service to them. They are very apt at music, have good voices, and love to sing. They have a good brass band connected with the school.

The Bible and a few other books have been translated into the language. They do not care to read much. Perhaps it is because of their meager literature.

E. S. BUTZ.  
*Nukualofa, Tonga.*

#### "A Man Named John Wesley"

IN one of her lectures, Frances Willard told the story of a young nobleman who found himself in a little village away off in Cornwall, where he never had been before. It was a hot day, and he was thirsty, and his thirst increased as he rode up and down the village streets seeking in vain for a place where something stronger than water could be had.

At last he stopped, and made impatient inquiry of an old peasant who was on his way home after a day of toil.

"How is it that I can't get a glass of liquor anywhere in this wretched village of yours?" he demanded, harshly.

The old man, recognizing his questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap and bowed humbly, but nevertheless there was a proud flash in his faded eyes as he answered, quietly: "My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts," and with that the old peasant walked on.

It would be interesting to know just what the nobleman thought as he pursued his thirsty way. But what a splendid testimony was this to the preaching of John Wesley! For more than a century the word that he had spoken for his Master had kept the curse of drunkenness out of that village; and who can estimate the influence for good thus exerted upon the lives of those sturdy peasants? What nobler memorial could be desired by any Christian minister?—*M. C. Hazard.*

DR. JOHNSON, a well-known medical missionary who has spent a long time in China, tells some curious things about the practices among the Chinese. "The first task of a Chinese medical student," he says, "upon entering the Imperial College at Shanghai, is to learn the three hundred 'life spots' in the human body. A 'life spot' is supposed to be a place through which a needle may be passed without causing death. The Chinese believe firmly in demon possession, and their doctors do a great deal of stabbing and prodding, making holes for the purpose of letting out the evil spirits that are causing the sickness. I was called to see one poor fellow who was dying of jaundice, and counted over eighty punctures in his chest and arms. When a criminal is executed, the native doctors are nearly always on hand, to secure portions of the body to use in compounding their medicines. Different parts are believed to be specifics for different diseases."

THE vastness of the population of China may be inferred from the striking statement of Professor Giles, at Columbia University, New York City, that "if the Chinese should begin to file past a given point to-day, the procession would never end, as the next generation would begin to pass on as soon as the present had gone by."

THE Standard Oil Company sends its flickering lights throughout the length and breadth of Asia, and laughs at the difficulties that must be overcome. There will be thousands of households lighted by that oil to-night in the villages of Asia where the true light has never shone.—*Robt. E. Spear.*





### Missionary Effort

As soon as you have decided that God has surely called you to be a worker with him to save the perishing, the first thing is work, moved and overseen by the Spirit. God has given you something to do to-day,—“Go work to-day in my vineyard.” “For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel.” “So then, as we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of the faith.” Gal. 6:10, R. V.

Your work, then, will naturally begin among your associates in your home church; for the church is the house of Israel, and this is especially the vineyard where you are asked to work. You will find work to do like that which Jesus found daily. The members of the household of faith whom he first helped were his mother and his brothers and sisters. He had quick understanding in the work which his Father had sent him to do, so he anticipated his mother's wants, and she did not always have to ask him to do things that needed doing. If you want to know the real, actual, common names of the things he found to do at home, your question will be answered by finding what there is to do in your own home. While some customs and ways of Bible times were different from ours, the necessities of daily life were the same. God gives you opportunity, and the time to do the duty is immediately. O, how many times we pass by on the other side of these duties, forgetting that the same opportunity never comes twice. If you refuse to give the cup of cold water when the thirsty traveler is passing, he goes on, never to return with that opportunity, but carries it to somebody who will gather the harvest of blessing intended for you. And what is the blessing?—“Ye have done it unto me.” “Well done, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Jesus knows what it is to give bread to the hungry; for often, in childhood and youth, he divided his own scanty meal, or gave the whole of it to another, carried water from the spring under a burning sun to refresh the stranger; and put his own clothes upon one who was in need of them. So he knows the joy it will bring to us.

The highest type of missionary work is service. And it must be service at home; for wherever the child of God is, or wherever he is sent, there is his home, and there he must work. If you do not serve others where you are now, you certainly can not be ready to serve when you are sent to another place. You know that Jesus “took upon him the form of a servant;” so, learning to serve your fellow men for their salvation should be your highest ambition in life.

I will suggest some ways of missionary service at home. Your father is a hard-working man, rising early and working late to provide a home and its comforts for his family. His hair is becoming gray, and his strength is lessening with the cares of life and added years. You are in the strength and vigor of youth. He has been in the habit, as most fathers are, of arising with the first break of day to build the fire for the morning meal, leaving you to sleep till breakfast is ready. Tell him to-night that you want him to rest in the morning, and that you will get up to build the fire. The joy that will come to his heart when he sees that you have a care for him and an interest in his welfare, will help him forget his weariness, and his rest will be

sweeter. When the morning fire is kindled, you will find other chores that father has always done. Perhaps there are horses to be fed, stables to be cleaned, and cows to be brought up from the field. And don't forget mother. Bring in wood enough for the day, fill the water pails, and get the vegetables from the garden or cellar.

If you start the day in this helpful way, never forgetting the morning prayer before leaving your room, you will find many opportunities all through the hours for loving service. How many daughters who read these lines are in the habit of rising as early as mother does, to help and cheer her with the thousand pressing duties of the new day? Can you tell why you should not do this? Do you need more rest than she? Has she not often let you know, by gentle word or look, that she longs for your help? Is she not doing scores of things each day that you ought to do? She does not always want to be asking you to do little things which you yourself should notice, and your willing hands should do without asking.

As you work thus for others, God will give you a word in season to speak to him that is weary. Isa. 50:4. “Tell to those nearest and dearest to you what Jesus is doing for you, as opportunity offers. See to it that you are drinking deeply from the wells of salvation (John 4:14); then you must tell of His joys. He puts his words into your mouth (Isa. 51:16), even fitting them into your lips (Prov. 22:18), to be spoken to the weary.”

J. C. ROGERS.

### A Missionary to Ancient Egypt

(November 16-22)

THE study of Bible characters will be most helpful to us if we keep ever in mind the thought of learning how we may better serve our own generation, as they did. The story of their lives is written for our learning “upon whom the ends of the world are come.” We desire to be missionaries for God at home and abroad. Then let us follow the missionary side of the lives of some of the young people of Bible times.

It is suggested that we take Joseph's life as the topic for this week's meeting. First, let some member prepare (or find) a map showing the location of the countries concerned in the story and their relation to the ancient world. It would be a good thing for our young people to become accustomed to using a map in all their historical reading and Bible study. Make the facts of history live over again before your eyes, as it were. Far too many read these things as though all were unreal and fanciful, and fail to see that Bible characters lived in a world as real and as full of bustle and life as the world is to-day.

The story of the missionary Joseph—he was a foreign missionary too—may be divided as follows:—

*Home Life and Training.*—Genesis 37.

*Witnessing in Obscurity.*—Genesis 39 and 40; Acts 7:8, 9; Ps. 105:16-19.

*Made a Witness before All the World.*—Genesis 41-47; Ps. 105:20-22.

The study may be assigned to one or to three members. But all should study the subject so as to be prepared to suggest helpful lessons in the meeting.

It will be easy to sketch very briefly the special points in the story that have missionary lessons. Of course only the briefest possible outline of the story of Joseph can be attempted; but note all along how naturally the lad who was faithful and cheerful found some way of serving, and how one lesson prepared him for the next.

What a different story this might have been had not Joseph had a spirit that led him to find out how he could help people who looked sad. Gen. 40:7. Love teaches the way, and seeks the

way of service. See how much a young people's band may do to brighten sad faces in your community.

“The marked prosperity which attended everything placed under Joseph's care was not the result of a direct miracle; but his industry, care, and energy were crowned with the divine blessing. Joseph attributed his success to the favor of God, and even his idolatrous master accepted this as the secret of his prosperity. Without steadfast, well-directed effort, however, success could never have been attained. God was glorified by the faithfulness of his servant. It was his purpose that in purity and uprightness the believer in God should appear in marked contrast to the worshipers of idols,—that thus the light of heavenly grace might shine forth amidst the darkness of heathenism.”—“*Patriarchs and Prophets.*”

“The integrity, the simple trust, the noble nature of the youth, bore fruit in the deeds of the man. . . . There are few who realize the influence of the little things of life upon the development of character. . . . The formation of a noble character is the work of a lifetime, and must be the result of diligent and persevering effort. God gives opportunities; success depends upon the use made of them.”—“*Patriarchs and Prophets.*”

The population of ancient Egypt is put by scholars at from five to seven millions. This was the manner of life: “Drunkenness was a common vice among the young; and among the upper class generally pleasure and amusement were made, ordinarily, the ends of existence. False hair was worn; dyes and cosmetics used to produce an artificial beauty; great banquets were frequent; games and sports were in vogue; dress was magnificent; life was passed in feasting, sport, and a constant succession of enjoyments.”—*Rawlinson's Ancient Egypt.*

Joseph's world was very like our own. God sets us here as witnesses, to let the world know that there is something higher to live for than selfish pleasure. Study to see how the principles that made Joseph successful in Egypt may be applied to the work we young people have to do now.

The first missionary to Ireland, Patrick, was carried captive by pirates into that land while still a youth. He served a heathen chief as herdboys. There the Spirit of God brought conviction to his heart. He later escaped to his own land, Scotland, where he seemed to hear voices from Ireland calling, “We beseech thee, child of God, come and again walk among us.” Believing God called him to evangelize the Irish people, he returned to that country, and a great work was wrought. He established schools, which sent out missionaries to many parts. He died about the year 493.

Why should not our Young People's Societies take special interest in canvassing every member of the church for the *Review*? Every family should by all means have this, with its good instruction and its weekly record of progress in all lands. Plan also for an organized effort to take subscriptions in the neighborhood for the *Signs, Good Health, or the Sentinel*. Our societies can do much to help the tract society. In this work let us not plan to work independently, but help in the regular tract society work. All our papers can be sold by single copy, just as many are selling the *Life Boat* so successfully. It is a good season of the year to push the literature.

W. A. S.

A SOUL occupied with great ideas best performs small duties.—*James Martineau.*





# CHILDREN'S PAGE

### In School and Out

IN school the busy children bend  
Above their many tasks, and know  
What pleasant, sure rewards attend  
Their earnest work and zeal,—and so  
All day the long school hours they fill  
With trials of strength and tests of skill.

And afterward, when school is out,  
They seek the school-yard and the street,  
And with a merry laugh and shout,  
In many a dextrous game compete,  
And join together with a will  
In trials of strength and tests of skill.

But when school-days are over, and  
The world has need of them, they go  
Their different ways on sea and land,  
And, like true men and women, show  
Unconquered zeal as they fulfill  
Life's trials of strength and tests of skill.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

### Where Does Oil Come From?

"WHERE does oil come from, Grandpa?" asked the Boy.

"Yes, please tell us about it," said the Girl, closing her book.

"And what's a 'go-devil'?" the Boy demanded.

"Petroleum," said Grandpa, stirring the fire, and adding a few lumps of coal, "depends on the flood, much the same as coal does. The oil we burn, and with which we sprinkle our streets to make them hard, comes from the plant and animal life that existed when Noah was hewing out the timbers of the ark. When the flood came, great masses of dead creatures were washed together, and covered with mud and rocks and clay, which hardened into stone. Then hundreds and thousands of years passed. Slowly the oils that were in the dead matter collected in pools, which grew larger and larger, till many of them were at last good-sized ponds of petroleum. Now when the well-borer sends his drill into one of these underground ponds, he is said to 'strike oil.'

"Of course, all over the oil in these ponds there is a great deal of gas,—coal gas and the like,—under high pressure, like the steam in an engine boiler. When the well is drilled, therefore, and reaches the oil, this great pressure forces the oil up the pipe, so that it spurts above the ground, and makes a 'gusher' well. After the pressure of the gas is somewhat relieved, the oil no longer flows of itself, and the well is called a 'pumper.'

"By and by the oil gets pretty low, and the owners see that it will soon give out unless something is done to better things. So they call around the 'nitroglycerin,' or 'go-devil,' man. He comes, bringing some long, round cans of greasy stuff in his wagon, and proceeds to let them down with half a mile, more or less, of string to the bottom of the well. When he thinks he has enough of the explosive lowered for this time, he calls, 'Look out!' to his fellow workers, while he himself drops the heavy iron bar, called a 'go-devil,' into the mouth of the pipe. Then he himself 'looks out,' and waits. It takes quite a while for the 'go-devil' to go down the long well, but by and by it strikes; and then there is an earthquake, and a minute later great streams of mud, oil, and rock shoot from the pipe with tremendous force. The owners and the 'go-devil' man then examine the well to see if the 'shooting' was a success."

"What does it do, if it is?" asked the Boy.

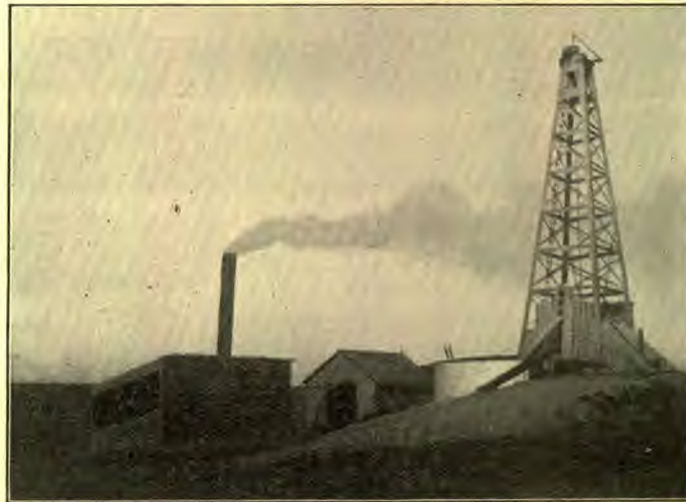
"Why, the explosion breaks things all up down there in the rock, and if there are any more ponds of oil near, it breaks holes into them so that the oil will flow into the first pond. Sometimes it takes many trials to get a good flow, and sometimes it can not be had at all. Then the well is abandoned, and a new one drilled in another place.

"How do they know there is any oil there in the first place?—Well, in oil regions there is generally a film of oil floating on the surface of the water, or else a smell of gas coming up through seams and cracks in the rock. These things indicate the presence of oil somewhere underground. At first people did not know what the oil on the water was, and it is said that the Indians of New York used to collect and sell it as medicine to the white men. The white people, of course, thought the wonderful 'Indian oil' a cure for almost everything. Some other time I may tell you more about that, but now it's time for bed."

EDISON DRIVER.

### Pancho

PANCHO is his every-day name; but when visitors come to see him, we always tell them that his name is Bonito Pancho Sierra, for he is a little Spaniard of royal blood, and his surname



A "PUMPER"

was given him in honor of the Honduranian president, while Bonito signifies that he is our dear little pet.

Pancho is only about three years old, but he has already become quite a traveler, and has had many experiences, which, I am sure, would be very interesting could he relate them. He was born on the coast of Honduras. I do not know his earliest history; but I suppose a man with a gun came along one day, shot his mother, and, not heeding in the least his piteous cries, carried him and his small sister away across the bay to the little island, where we bought him. At first Pancho did not like the idea of living in captivity, and would scream if we even touched his chain. But after a short time he became more docile, and would run around and catch the big spiders and roaches. The spider was a very delicious morsel for him, but he would always bite off the head of a roach, and cast its body away.

His sister, Panchita, went to live with a lady just across the street. This lady did not rise very early in the morning; and nearly every day before her mistress was up, little Panchita would untie her string, and run across the road to call on Pancho. I believe her main object in coming,

however, was to get her breakfast; for the first thing we would see of her, she would be on the top of a bunch of bananas, or plantain, which were hanging in the kitchen, and deliberately helping herself, without so much as a "By-your-leave." When caught, she would put both little arms around our necks, and act so loving that we could not find it in our hearts to scold her.

Many happy days did Pancho and Panchita spend in this way, but there came a day when Pancho had to bid farewell to his little sister, his native land, and the bright, warm sunshine and balmy breezes in which he had played all the days of his babyhood, and go into a little, square box, and out onto the big steamer, and across the blue waters. He soon made friends with the captain and mate, and with all the passengers. Only the Chinese steward, Yang Fung, was a little suspicious of him, and in taking him to his berth, carried him at arm's length. He was scarcely comfortably settled before the motion of the ship made him very seasick.

There were other pets on board more accustomed to the rolling billows. First, there were Beer and Bottle, two cats which the captain had received from a man in La Ceiba, in exchange for a bottle of beer, hence their names. They were fat and sleek, and were fed at each meal by captain, mates, passengers, and steward, each one in turn coming on deck with something for them, until at last the surfeited animals had to turn away for want of a place to put it. Then there was a fat little squirrel, with a bushy tail, that sat and nibbled all day; and Kruger, a rough-looking cur, with his hair bristling out in every direction, running about on three wabby legs. He always made me think of the Slough of Despond, for no matter how much you put into him, he was never full, and he looked as if he might have come out of just such a place. Kruger had been rescued by the captain of the ship, and taken on board in New Orleans. One time during a hard storm he fell from the deck, breaking three of his legs, and nearly killing himself. But the ship's carpenter mended his legs next day, and he

finally recovered. One other pet there was on board, a little white-faced monkey, a near relative of our own Pancho, I suppose. He was on his way to Washington, to live with one of the senators there, and at that time was traveling in company with the United States consul.

After a five-days' voyage, Pancho, having somewhat recovered from his recent illness, arrived in harbor in New Orleans, where he was taken in a hack up to Hope Mission. Going along the streets every one who looked our way began to smile, and I wondered what was the matter. It did not occur to me then that the monkey was rather a curious object to those not accustomed to him.

After a few days' rest in New Orleans, Pancho resumed his travels by rail. On the train, the porter, not knowing there was live-stock in the box, asked us to let him take it away, and so give us more room; but we thanked him kindly, and told him we were very comfortable. Before we reached Chicago, however, Pancho began to resent his confinement, and barked as hard and as loud and as long as such a little fellow could. A happy pet he was when he reached home, and could once more turn somersaults on the floor, play peekaboo, have his daily bath in the wash-



bowl, and don his nightie when bedtime came.

Since coming here [to Battle Creek], he has displayed a taste for music, and will sit quietly by the hour, while some one guides his fingers over the keys of the organ. He has a disposition of his own, however, and if one attempts to do the playing himself, he is angry in a moment.

He is not very strong, and is subject to pneumonia. Last winter, indeed, he came near dying from this cause, but was cured by a hot bath.

Though over two thousand miles from home, he displays no signs of homesickness, and we hope he will live to a good old age.

WINIFRED HOLMDEN.

### Listening to Hear What God Speaks

WHAT child who has heard the old, sweet story of the boy Samuel,—how he went in and out in the temple, ministering to the aged priest, and how in the night the Lord himself called him by name,—has not wished that he, too, might hear that gentle voice speaking to him, just as a loving father would speak to his little son? But did God love Samuel more than other children? Was he the only child to whom God speaks?—No! He speaks daily to children of every age, calling them to listen to his word. How does God speak?—In many ways. The heavens declare his glory; the earth tells of his life and his love; and by his own Spirit he speaks to the heart, counseling against sin, inviting all to come to him. But Samuel listened,—he was ready to hear, willing to obey. If we are like him, we shall be surprised to know how often and how plainly God will speak to us.

### Manners for Boys

#### ON THE STREET

KEEP step with any one you walk with.

Hat lifted in saying, "Good-by," or, "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car, or in acknowledging a favor.

Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask her whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd, or public place.

#### IN THE HOUSE

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated; also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

#### IN THE DINING-ROOM

Never play with knife, fork, or spoon.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

Eat as fast or as slowly as others, and finish the course when they do.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

These rules are imperative. There are many other little points which add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.—*Selected.*

"Good habits are not made on birthdays. The workshop of character is every-day life."



### First Lessons in Geography

#### Lesson IX

WE can scarcely understand how much the flood changed the appearance of the earth. Before the flood, most of its surface was land, so it was all in one great body. It was made this way in order that all of it might be inhabited; for, "He created it to be inhabited." But God would have it inhabited by righteous beings.

When men delighted only in evil, this arrangement was changed; and when the earth was broken up by the flood, about three fourths of it was covered with water. The larger bodies of water, as we have learned, are called Oceans. Name them. The other fourth was left in large bodies, or masses, of land. These are connected on opposite sides of the world, and form two great bodies, often called the Old World and



A CORAL REEF

the New World, or the Eastern Hemisphere and the Western Hemisphere.

Both hemispheres are divided into irregularly shaped masses called Continents. In the eastern hemisphere there are three continents. Their names are Europe, Asia, and Africa. A narrow strip of land that connects two continents is called an Isthmus. The Isthmus of Suez joins Africa to Asia.

In the eastern hemisphere is another continent called Australia. It lies in the Pacific Ocean, far from the other continents. Australia is the smallest of the continents.

In the western hemisphere there are two continents. We call them North America and South America. They are connected by the Isthmus of Panama.

Of course in the breaking up of the earth, the shore-line did not break straight. In many places the land projects into the water, and in others the water runs into the land. But "He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end." "Will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bounds of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it can not pass it?" So while the shore of the sea may change, God has made it, and he alone can change it.

In some places the land runs out into the sea for miles and miles, and is often narrower where it joins the mainland than it is out in the ocean. We call such a strip of land a Peninsula. Where these jutting points are smaller, and are only a point of land extending into the sea, they are called Capes. A cape is also called a Headland. Many peninsulas are very large, containing thousands of square miles of land.

In many places, arms of the water extend into the land. These are sometimes large and sometimes small. We call them Seas, Gulfs, Bays, etc. There seems to be no rule for naming them. They are really all alike.

REVIEW.—How much of the earth could be inhabited when it was first created? What has changed it so much? How much of the earth's surface is now covered with water? Into how many great masses is most of the land divided? What do we call these? Name the continents in the old world. What is an isthmus? What isthmus joins Asia and Africa? Name the continents in the New World. What isthmus joins them? Who formed the seashore? Describe it. What is a peninsula? What is a cape? What are seas? Gulfs? Bays?

#### Lesson X

You have often played on the bank of a river after the water has been high, and have noticed how the banks have been washed away. Here you will find a place where the ground was hard, or perhaps there were stones to turn it aside, and it projects out into the river. A little farther along, the current has struck the bank, and has washed in till it has made an arm of water into the land. If you will look along the bank for a few rods, you will see little capes, bays, gulfs, peninsulas, and, in fact, all the forms of land and water we have spoken about. If there is no river near, follow along some creek or brook, and you will see the same things.

If you look far enough, you will find places where the water has washed around some land, and has left it entirely surrounded by the water. Such a body of land is called an Island. As the oceans were forming after the flood, large bodies of land were often broken from the coast in this way. Usually there are several islands near one another, forming a group. Since the flood the winds and waves have often formed islands by breaking capes and peninsulas from the shore. Some islands are low, and have had a great deal of sand washed over them.

Places that were the most wicked, suffered the most during the flood. Where men had built their grandest cities and palaces, and had brought gold and silver to worship their false gods, there are now the most desolate places. Many of them lie in the bottom of the ocean. Where there were mountains, their tops sometimes rise out of the water in the very middle of the ocean, and form



CORAL ATOLL AND ISLAND

islands. We call such islands Oceanic Islands. Sometimes these mountains were entirely covered with water; but millions of tiny animals, each making a little limestone shell called Coral, lived on them; and as, year after year, new shells were added, the top of the mountain finally rose above the water, and became an island. Such



islands are often horse-shoe shaped, or even ring-shaped. We call them Atolls. The waters wash sand and soil over them, and seeds of palm-trees and other plants have taken root, and grow there. Most coral islands are found in the Pacific Ocean.

But we must not think that everything now is just as it was when the waters of the flood dried away. Since then the winds have uprooted trees, torn great rocks from their places, and driven sand and pebbles against rocks till their sides are worn in peculiar shapes. In storms at sea, the waves beat against the shore, and wear away the hardest stone. In some places these have been broken and carried into the sea, till it is dangerous for a ship to come near the shore. As we near the end, we may expect these storms and winds to increase.

REVIEW.—Where can we find capes, bays, peninsulas, etc.? What is an island? How were the islands along the shore of the ocean formed? Why do we sometimes find islands far out at sea? What are coral atolls? How were they formed? How have the winds and the waves changed the earth since the flood? FLOYD BRALLIAR.



## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### VIII—The Vision of the Ram, the Goat, and the Little Horn

(November 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Dan. 8: 1-14, Revised Version.

MEMORY VERSE: "And he said unto me, Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." Dan. 8: 14.

"In the third year of the reign of King Belshazzar a vision appeared unto me, even unto me Daniel, after that which appeared unto me at the first. And I saw in the vision; now it was so, that when I saw, I was in Shushan the palace, which is in the province of Elam; and I saw in the vision, and I was by the river Ulai. Then I lifted up mine eyes, and saw, and, behold, there stood before the river a ram which had two horns: and the two horns were high; but one was higher than the other, and the higher came up last. I saw the ram pushing westward, and northward, and southward; and no beasts could stand before him, neither was there any that could deliver out of his hand; but he did according to his will, and magnified himself. And as I was considering, behold, an he-goat came from the west over the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground: and the goat had a notable horn between his eyes. And he came to the ram that had the two horns, which I saw standing before the river, and ran upon him in the fury of his power. And I saw him come close unto the ram, and he was moved with choler against him, and smote the ram, and brake his two horns; and there was no power in the ram to stand before him: but he cast him down to the ground, and trampled upon him; and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand. And the he-goat magnified himself exceedingly: and when he was strong, the great horn was broken; and instead of it there came up four notable horns toward the four winds of heaven. And out of one of them came forth a little horn, which waxed exceeding great, toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the glorious land. And it waxed great, even to the host of heaven; and some of the host and of the stars it cast down to the ground, and trampled upon them. Yea, it magnified itself, even to the prince of the host; and it took away from him the continual burnt-offering, and the place of his sanctuary was cast down. And the host was given over to it together with the continual burnt-offering through transgression; and it cast down truth to the ground, and it did its pleasure and prospered. Then I heard a holy one speaking; and another holy one said unto that certain one which spake, How long shall be the vision concerning the continual burnt-offering, and the transgression that maketh desolate, to give both the sanc-

tuary and the host to be trodden under foot? And he said unto me, Unto two thousand and three hundred evenings and mornings; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed ["justified," margin]." Dan. 8: 1-14, Revised Version.

#### Questions

1. When was this vision given to Daniel?
2. How long was this after the vision of Daniel 7?
3. Where was the prophet at this time?
4. Where were the scenes of the vision located?
5. What was the first object that appeared in the vision?
6. How many horns did this ram have? What peculiarity did Daniel notice about the horns?
7. What was the power of this horn? How did he act?
8. While Daniel was still beholding, what appeared on the scene? From what direction did the goat come? What was especially peculiar about him?
9. How did he attack the ram? With what result?
10. How was the weakness of the ram manifested?
11. Why was not the ram delivered out of his hands?
12. What effect did this have upon the he-goat? In the height of his power what happened to the great horn? What appeared in its place?
13. What further developed from one of these horns? How extensive was his power? How did he treat the host of heaven?
14. How much further did he go in his evil course?
15. How did he interfere with the established religion and place of worship?
16. What was given into his hands? Verse 12. Why?—Through transgression.
17. Just at this time what did Daniel hear? What was the burden of the one who spoke? (Note the question which the angel asked.)
18. What reply was made to Daniel?

#### Notes

As the interpretation of this vision is given in the remaining part of the chapter, and will form the basis of the lesson for next week, the time may be profitably spent this week in becoming perfectly familiar with every detail of the vision. The main point is the rise and work of the little horn, especially in its attitude toward the worship and service of God, as connected with the sanctuary and its services.

The Revised Version of this chapter is used as being in some respects more clear than the Authorized Version. The text is printed in the INSTRUCTOR for the benefit of any who may not have a copy of the Revised Version at hand.

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### VIII—The Famine

(November 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 41: 47-57; 42: 1-20.

MEMORY VERSE: "In thee shall all nations be blessed." Gal. 3: 8.

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

The famine that God had warned Pharaoh about was sore in all lands, and not only in the land of Egypt. The fame of Egypt's storehouses filled with grain had gone into all countries. And as "all countries came into Egypt for to buy corn," they would learn why the Egyptians had gathered such a store when the earth was bringing forth by "handfuls" year after year. Then they would hear about the God of Joseph, and how he had warned them, and taught them what to do, and thus many people of all lands would be led to trust in him. These would become missionaries to carry the good tidings—the gospel—back to their own lands.

Do you not see that in sending the famine, God was working to bring the true heavenly bread of life to all the people of the earth? This is what the people found when they came to buy the corn of Egypt. And so the promise began to be fulfilled that all the nations of the earth should be blessed in Abraham's seed. For

Joseph was a child of God, and therefore a true son of Abraham.

Perhaps Jacob's sons had heard of the great ruler who had saved the land of Egypt by his wisdom, but they little thought that he was the brother whom they had sold as a slave. God had overruled their wicked act, to save their own lives; for Egypt was the only place where they could go to get corn. Does not this again remind you of Jesus, who was rejected by his brethren, but exalted by God to save them and feed them with the bread of life?

In the life of Joseph, God was giving the children of Israel a wonderful object-lesson to teach them of his great plan to save the world through Christ, the true seed of Abraham, even though he should be despised, rejected, and cast out.

When Joseph's brothers sold him, they said, "We shall see what will become of his dreams." But now they bowed themselves before him, with their faces to the earth, just as he had seen in his dreams, without knowing that the dreams were then being fulfilled, and all they had done had only helped to bring them to pass. But Joseph remembered, and he saw how God's hand had led him all the way, that he might fulfill his own purpose.

#### Questions

1. How did the earth bring forth in the seven years before the famine? How much corn did Joseph gather? Gen. 41:47. Where did he store it?
2. Where was the famine felt? Who came to Egypt to buy corn? Verse 57.
3. What would the people be sure to learn when they came to Egypt? What was God's purpose in sending the famine?
4. Who came from Joseph's old home to buy corn? Gen. 42:5. Did all his brethren come?
5. Did Joseph's brothers know him when they saw him? What did they do?
6. What did Joseph think of when his brethren bowed before him? What had they said about his dreams?
7. How did Joseph treat them? What did he say they must do before he would sell them any corn? Verses 15-17.
8. What did he at last allow them to do? Verses 18-20. What did he do to make sure they would come back?

ACCURATE and careful detail, the minding of the common occasions and small things, combined with general scope and vigor, is the secret of all the efficiency and success in the world. It is only thus that any disciple will become efficient in the service of his Master. He can not do up his works of usefulness by the prodigious stir and commotion of a few extraordinary occasions. Laying down great plans, he must accomplish them by great industry, by minute attention, by working out his way as God shall assist him.—Horace Bushnell.

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### A Morning's Lessons

DAINTY violet in the grass,  
Do not hide, pray, as I pass.  
Lift your pretty head yet higher;  
I'll not harm you, but admire,  
For you teach a lesson sweet,—  
Humility, a grace complete.

My robin redbreast, from your throat  
My soul doth learn a sweeter note;  
Your grateful praises say to me:  
"The loving Father cares for thee;  
Thy food and shelter he will give,  
Upon his bounty thou shalt live."

O tiny brooklet! as you go,  
I catch the music of your flow,  
While, softly singing, day by day,  
You run rejoicing on your way.  
Dear brooklet, to my heart you've sent  
A precious lesson of content.

O little, busy honey-bee,  
So happy-hearted and so free,  
While gathering sweets from flower to  
flower,—  
Improving every passing hour,—  
Thou worker with the willing mind,  
Your lesson is not hard to find.

A still, small voice thus speaks to me,  
In rippling brook and honey-bee,  
In robin's song and flower's smile  
(My heart waits reverently the while),  
As in the morning hours I've trod  
Fair nature's courts with nature's God.

ELLA CORNISH.

### Good Words of Counsel

#### I

To one who is just starting out on the journey of life, the mottoes given in Prov. 4:23-27 are excellent for guidance in forming and protecting the character.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." The word "heart," though it occurs about a thousand times in the Bible, rarely, if ever, refers to the principal organ of the circulation of the blood, but always to the affections and moral and spiritual faculties. The heart is a treasure-chest: "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh." It is also likened to a fountain: "For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries," and all evil words and deeds. Thoughts are born, or produced, in the heart. These crystallize into words, deeds, and results. What the thoughts are to be will be determined by the principles dwelling in the heart. And the character of the thoughts will determine the character of the life.

While it is true that mistakes will sometimes spring from accidental or momentary forgetfulness, or from defective knowledge, many of the misdeeds and wrong words which we are apt to excuse because, "I didn't think," or, "I forgot," are really the fruit of evil principles, which dwell deep in our hearts. Evil-speaking and evil doing can not spring from right principles, even by accident. The accident is brought about by a failure to guard the evil principle as closely as one intends to.

The only way that we can exclude evil from our lives is to have it thoroughly taken out of the heart by the grace of Christ. Then we must keep the heart with all diligence. Evil suggestions, like the germs of disease, are all about us. They seek by every means to find a lodgment in the heart. Through the eyes, the ears, the appetite, evil seeks an entrance to the heart. Once

admitted, it is sure, sooner or later, to appear in the life. If we want the life to be pure and sweet, we must guard well the fountain. We must, as the margin of the text reads, keep it "above all keeping."

G. C. TENNEY.

### Daniel Purposed

WHEN only about fifteen years of age, Daniel, with his three companions, was severed from home associations, and placed in a heathen court, where he was surrounded with sin and iniquity. All this, however, affected him not; for he had learned to trust in his God, and he *purposed in his heart* that he would not enter into the defiling practises of the sinful people about him.

The test first came upon the point of appetite. The king of Babylon arranged for the diet of his students. Flesh and wine were thought by this ruler to be suitable food for young men. Daniel and his companions had been taught differently. They requested simple food, with only water to drink.

These boys were not ashamed of their principles. For ten days, both menus were provided. The king's allowance was brought by the steward, also the plain, nourishing diet they had requested. They ate the latter, and left the former from actual choice, and God blessed their decision. Thus daily a lesson was afforded their companions. No doubt their "queer" ways were made the subject of ridicule; but be that as it may, that *purpose* prevailed.

These boys chose what Mary, of Bethany, chose,—the good part. They chose God, and his ways. They were not fanatical, they were not narrow-minded, neither were they selfish and exclusive. By choosing these noble principles of God, they were by them made into principals—chief men in the great realm of the then greatest of earthly kingdoms.

When a man chooses God, he has made a glorious choice. He never knows the great purposes his choice has in mind for him. Circumstances of momentous import to individuals and to nations may be in the plan of God so to arrange as to bring his loyal ones to that place where the holy principles shall shine forth in all their luster and beauty. Thus God wrought for Daniel and his companions.

God gave the king a very important and impressive dream, then shut it away from his memory. Daniel's class of wise men and diviners were called by the king, who demanded of them not only the interpretation, but the dream itself. They parleyed and murmured until the wrath of Nebuchadnezzar was kindled against all the wise men, and he issued a decree that they should all be slain. The executioners sought Daniel for death. He requested admittance into the presence of the king, and asked that a little time be granted him, and he "would show the king the interpretation."

Young believer, notice the intrepid faith of this loyal youth. His life was at stake; but with calm confidence in God, whom he had chosen, whose Spirit dwelt in him, he made the solemn promise to the king to tell him all that he had asked. What a beautiful exhibition of faith! Daniel knew that he did not know the secret; but he knew his God knew, and he also knew that, if it was for the good of humanity that the dream should be known, with its divine interpretation, God would not withhold it from him.

In humility Daniel and his companions prayed earnestly, and the dream was revealed to him in a night vision. How they rejoiced and praised the living God, whose dwelling *is with flesh*. It is worthy of notice that after the secret was revealed, Daniel took none of the glory. Hear his noble words as he stood before the king, before relating the dream, "But as for me, this secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living, but for the intent that the interpretation may be made known to the king."

In all this experience are valuable lessons for the youth of to-day, as well as those who are older. When iniquity prevails, when a thousand different forms of enchanting allurements are set to draw the young away from God, it is possible now, as then, to *choose*, to *purpose*, to adhere to the principles of right, firmly and uncompromisingly taking our stand upon them. Do not expect temptation to be removed. It will never be *easy* to do right in this present evil world. God sustained Daniel while he was a young man, and he will sustain every youth now who makes him his choice. Have you, young reader, like Daniel, *purposed* in your heart ever to do the right?

"Dare to be a Daniel!  
Dare to stand alone!  
Dare to have a purpose firm!  
Dare to make it known!"

T. E. BOWEN.

### Human Interest

"I WISH I had something to occupy my leisure—something in which I could get thoroughly interested," said Miss Gabrielle, drawing her wrap about her to signify that her morning call was ended. "I draw and paint a little, and did a good deal of it at one time, but one gets tired of filling one's home with amateurish pictures, even though they are one's own. My music is very much on the same order. One year I studied law, and really enjoyed it for a while, but there was no object in keeping it up. It's the same way with most pursuits."

"Did you ever try getting interested in folks?" asked the grandmother, quietly.

She was a plain little woman in a print dress, and Miss Gabrielle did not consider the suggestion seriously.

"Oh, I never could be a philanthropist, if that's what you mean," she answered, carelessly.

The grandmother did not explain; it would have been useless. But she knew what Miss Gabrielle and many another like her spend a lifetime without knowing—that an interest in humanity is all that makes any pursuit worth while. Wealth, art, learning, are worth attaining only for some benefit they are to bestow, and an interest in "folks" is all that makes even life itself enjoyable or valuable.—M. C. Hazard.

### Take the Fruit I Give You

TAKE the fruit I give you, says the bending tree;  
Nothing but a burden is it all to me.  
Lighten ye my branches, let them toss in air;  
Only leave me freedom next year's load to bear.

Do my waters cheer thee, says the gurgling spring,  
With the crystal coolness 'tis their life to bring?  
Leave me not to stagnate, creeping o'er the plain.  
Drink for thy refreshment; drink, and come again.

Can I yield you blessing? says the friendly heart;  
Fear not, I am poorer, though I much impart.  
Wherefore should ye thank me? Giving is my need.  
Love, that wrought none comfort, sorrow were, indeed.

—Lucy Larcom.

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