

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Thanksgiving Thoughts



HERE can be no condition of life such that we can afford to be unthankful. And as this is the time of year when all the world professes to make thanksgiving, the Christian can hardly afford to be outdone in appreciating the good things that have come to him. It has been a good summer to most of us; and now, as we are about to settle down to a snug winter, we ought to have in our hearts a strong tide of appreciation flowing out toward the great Giver.

It is true that Thanksgiving comes at a time when all the world wears an aspect of melancholy; but it is only an aspect.

True, the leaves are gone; but as they went, under the stem of the old leaf grew the bud that will open in leaf next spring. To be sure, the flowers are gone; but before they went, they gave birth to seeds that will bring the flowers that will appear next season; and, hidden away in the earth, there are multitudes of roots and tubers and bulbs that will reveal new life when the warm days come again.

As I meditate upon these things, my thoughts go to a favorite retreat just a little way out of the city,—The Willows, as I have named it. It is one of nature's quiet nooks, untouched by the evils of the world. Most of us can find such a spot somewhere near by,—a place where nature seems in happier mood than in other places,—a spot where she has had her way more fully than in others. Here one can find the first birds in the spring; and in this spot the spring flowers are a week ahead of the season. Here there is more sunshine than in any other place. A brook runs near by on its way to the lake, and along its bank grows a great clump of willows.

I have found strange birds here that I could not find anywhere else. And here, in their time, grew countless masses of asters and goldenrod and ironweed. Of course the butterflies came. I have sat in the fall sunshine, and watched them hours at a time, flitting hither and thither, their lustrous wings changing color in the brilliant sunlight; while others rested on the aster blooms, their great orange and black wings, spotted with silver, slowly opening and shutting while they drank the nectar of the flowers.

And the bumblebees, how they bumbled! Here, too, were digger-wasps and blue-flies and spotted flying beetles—a large variety of nature's beautiful and curious children.

But they are about all gone now. And if I should take you there with me this Thanksgiving day, and you should look at the naked trees, and the dry, dead weed-stalks; if you should hear the ice cracking on the lake, and feel the cold wind sweep down the frozen bed of the brook, doubtless you would ask me to come away from the cheerless place.

And it would be a dreary place indeed to you, but it could never be quite that to me. Yonder in the bare branches is a deserted bird's nest, the very sight of which brings to mind, with a rush of grateful thanks, the happy times we had here, the birds and I, all last summer. I know they will return next season—even now on warm days a few of them may still be seen. And the old, brown relics of weeds remind me of the asters and goldenrods and blue ironweed blossoms; and these, in turn, make me think of the butterflies and the bumblebees, and, in short, of all the blessed things I have enjoyed here through many a blessed day.

It is much this way in our lives. There may come cheerless times for him who does not enjoy life and God's blessings as they are given. But though Thanksgiving comes at a comparatively dreary time of the year, it is so only in a relative sense. If the good things are not flowing into our hands in such a steady stream now, it is nevertheless a good season for memories. Let the day be a sort of reminder of the things that have been, and of others yet to come. If we have not appreciated the blessings as they were bestowed, let us now "catch up" by giving thanks for all that has been, and all that we hope may be.

Although the melancholy days have come, as the poet has sung, and though they be the saddest of the year, they can never be wholly sad to us, or very melancholy, while our hearts are full to bursting with memories of the goodness and blessings that have followed, are following, and shall, please God, follow us to the end of the days.

For such let us make a glad Thanksgiving.

L. A. REED.

Good Words of Counsel—III

"Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." Prov. 4:23-27.

It is perfectly natural for the feet to follow the eyes. One of the principal offices of the eyes is to direct our course. Bicycle riders know how difficult it is to avoid colliding with an object upon which they fasten their eyes. Almost invariably our feet will take us to the object at which we look. It is, therefore, very essential that our eyes look at the object which we wish to reach, or take the direction we wish to pursue.

The Saviour illustrates the importance of this by saying, "If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." While it is true that we have two eyes, it is also true that they both see the same object, both are naturally focused at the same point, and the same image is received by both. If it were otherwise, if one eye saw the footpath and the other the street, we would fall into the ditch. By the united testimony of two eyes, the feet are safely guided. But if there were continually two paths and two sets of objects presented, our feet would suffer great entanglement.

So in every kind of pursuit, success depends upon our having but one



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object in view, and keeping that object always before us. Pausing in our course to gaze on this, that, and the other thing, will only fill the body with darkness, and insure our defeat in any worthy pursuit. The object upon which the Christian's eyes are to be fixed is Jesus. Thus the heart becomes fixed in the contemplation of a perfect life, and almost irresistibly we are drawn toward him.

"Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."

We have frequent occasion to recall the remark that our "hindsight is better than our foresight." The reason we are reminded of this impertinent observation is because we do not exercise our foresight as much as we do our backward view. But how can we anticipate our future steps?—"By taking heed thereto according to thy word." The Christian need not walk in darkness. Here is a promise: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6. We read that "the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" but,

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

The marginal reading of the text is: "Ponder the path of thy feet, and all thy ways shall be ordered aright." When about to take a certain course, we should stop to ponder sufficiently to ascertain what the word of God says about it. We should know how it will affect our relation to him. If we lack wisdom, it will be given if we ask. James 1:5. Too often worldly prospects and appearances lead young people, and older ones too, to jump hastily at chances that present themselves, without stopping to consider what the result will be in their spiritual and eternal interests. Wisdom is thoughtful, and God has a chance to speak to the one who has the patience and good sense to wait to hear his voice.

G. C. TENNEY.



My Thanksgiving

Too great the sum of my year's good to reckon,
So many memories sweet and tender beckon:—
Of glad white days when hills and fields of clover
With tiny crystal stars were covered over;
Of young, new days, when maples swung their
tassels,
And feathered things in tree-tops built their
castles;
When gold and purple flags the iris flaunted,
And all the whole, wide outdoor world was
haunted
With sweet expectancy; then June—bright
comer—
And all the gold fulfillment of the summer;
The mellow peace and hush of autumn's reigning,
Those days before she went, of tender feigning
That summer had returned, and joy must fol-
low,—
When opal haze she left on hill and hollow.
O, this, dear Christ, to-day, is my Thanksgiv-
ing—
I thank thee for this whole sweet year of living!

—Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

Diamond Diggers

DURING the June vacation I paid a visit to the alluvial diamond fields some forty miles from Kimberly. The country is flat and uninteresting, yet many people live there in the hope of some day making a fortune.

The life of the average "digger" is not one to be envied. Many of them have large families to support, and digging is a very precarious way of earning a living. There is little or no comfort in his home. Most of the houses are built of corrugated iron, and lined with canvas. They generally contain two or three rooms, with a mud "lean-to" for a kitchen.

There is no occupation whose results are more uncertain than that of the diamond-digger. To-day, fortune may favor him, and everything will look bright. In a week or two he will not know where the next loaf of bread is to come from. He spends his time in digging, washing, or sorting, with the help of native boys. For a while all may go well. Perhaps he finds a small stone or two every week, and the future looks bright. But one day luck turns, and for weeks and months he will not find enough to pay his boys. "But does he not stop digging?" you may ask. By no means; for the diamond-digger has wonderful hope and perseverance. "You never know your luck," is his favorite expression. Hope predominates, although he may sometimes get discouraged. Men will live from year's end to year's end hoping and working for a fortune that never comes.

My intercourse with many of the diggers set

me thinking of some of the lessons we might learn from their life,—lessons which, taken to heart, would make many of us turn to diamond-digging, but of a different kind.

The world is a vast diamond-field, and we may all be diggers in it. A great deal of soil is sometimes turned over and washed before a diamond is found, and the same thing may happen in our experience. The blood of Christ will wash these diamonds; and how bright they will shine among the surrounding débris! Many will be rough and dirty stones, but just as the acid cleanses and brightens the earthly diamond, so will trials and temptations, overcome through the blood of the Lamb, cleanse and brighten these precious jewels.

Many are unwilling to leave their pleasant homes to become diamond-diggers for the Lord. They do not care to bear inconvenience. I wonder how many would leave home if they were sure of finding a "Koh-i-noor" in some desolate place? But there are not enough "Koh-i-noors" in the world to buy a man's soul. It took the life of God's Son to purchase that,—and shall we be too indifferent to mine for souls bought at such a price?

Many of the Lord's diggers get weary. They are sometimes heard to say that they feel like "giving up." Day after day they work, yet see no results, and their faith grows weak. O, do not give up! Hope on, and, like the diamond-digger, have faith that some day, perhaps to-day, you will find a diamond. Maybe you will have to turn over a lot of soil, but God's word will not return unto him void.

Digging for God is a wonderful privilege. The ones who found the Koh-i-noor probably felt proud to think that it adorned the crown of the sovereign of one of the greatest nations of the day; but we all have the privilege of finding diamonds for the King of kings, who will some day make up his jewels from among those who love him on the earth. May each reader of the INSTRUCTOR have a part in finding them for him.

AMY INGLE.

The Charm of Self-Control

WHEN Bessie went from her city home to her Aunt Margaret's place in the country, she carried the pleasing conviction that she was a model young woman. Such conceit seems odious in the telling, and Bessie would not have owned that she held it—but she did. Perhaps it may be counted in her favor that she expected and hoped to make her "ladylike accomplishments" useful, and was willing to impart any of her gifts and graces to any one who seemed qualified to receive them.

But on the first evening of her visit her self-satisfaction was threatened. She had flung herself over, rather than into, a chair, and Aunt Margaret glanced at her, and drew herself up.

"Don't sprawl, dear," she said, with gentle decision.

This to a girl who had been complimented more than once on the "unstudied charm" of her attitudes! Bessie flushed, but she only said: "I'm afraid it's natural, aunty."

"It's natural to be graceful, too, if one schools herself to have it so," Aunt Margaret answered.

There the matter dropped. Probably Bessie forgot the reproof; but it was recalled to her twenty-four hours later, when Aunt Margaret brought to an unexpected conclusion a story of her own girlhood.

"Bessie," she said, abruptly, almost in the instant when she finished the tale, "has any one ever called you ill-bred?"

"Certainly not!" the girl blazed out.

"But doesn't it show ill breeding to be inconsiderate, as you are, of other people's nerves? You have dandled your foot and twisted that trinket, and even drummed with your fingers while I have been talking. If I had been a nerv-

ous person, which happily I am not, your fidgeting would have driven me frantic. Setting aside any question of discourtesy to me, why don't you cultivate repose? It's more attractive—and more restful—than this perpetual motion."

"Cultivate repose? I never thought about it."

"I suspected as much," rejoined Aunt Margaret, grimly.

Then she went on to say that very few persons know how to sit, much less how to sit still; that this deficiency argues ill-breeding or "slackness" or want of self-control; that if one permits one's self to shuffle or lounge or fidget, one is in danger of losing the mastery over one's body, and of falling into "a slovenly habit of mind."

It seemed to Bessie that Aunt Margaret's conclusions carried her a little too far; but the girl perceived, too, that in days when "liberty" is the general watchword, restraint may be all the more an individual duty. Therefore she dropped a few of the habits and mannerisms she had taken into the country, and began to practise certain other modes of behavior. It is not recorded that society or her own family finds her less charming because of the change.—*Companion*.

Why a Baseball Curves

No doubt every boy would like to be able to explain the reason for the unbattable curved balls that he has seen shot from the pitcher's hand. The pitcher simply holds back one side of the ball with his fingers as it leaves his hand. This gives it a whirling motion. As it whirls through the air, it packs the air in front of it more closely than the air at either side, or above or below. It is easier for the ball to go to the right or left, or upward or downward, because there is less friction from the air. So the ball gradually edges away from the point where the air pressure is greatest, and by giving it a rotary motion upward or downward, or to the right or left, as it leaves his hand, the pitcher can curve it in any direction he wishes, and the curve deceives the batter as to where the ball is going to pass him, so that he strikes in the wrong place.

One thing the curved ball teaches us is that things are not always as they seem, and we need to keep our eyes open as we go through life. There are "curved balls" in other places than on the baseball field. The little cigarette that looks so innocent, the lottery ticket or prize package, and the sparkling "tonic" that some one tells you is a harmless drink, are all curved balls that deceive in the end.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World*.

In the Laboratory

ONE autumn morning, when I entered the laboratory, I saw on the table, amid flasks, beakers, and test-tubes, a branch of blazing maple leaves and a round, red apple, with broad, rosy streaks upon its underlying ivory surface.

"A bit of plain nature among your scientific tools," I said.

"Yes," the chemist answered, "the apple is a work of nature,—that is, of the great Master-chemist, whose ways we are slowly finding out; yet some man has learned one of those ways so that he helped bring it to perfection.

"This beautiful, choice fruit never would have grown upon a wild apple-tree, had not some man, long ago, pruned away the branches of the young tree which bore a wealth of pink-flushed blossoms and red-cheeked fruit, fair to the eye but of bitter flavor, and grafted the bare stump with a bough from a chosen tree.

"It seems to me a great miracle, that by which the bitter juice of a common wild apple is transformed into the delicious flavor of a Gravenstein or a Red Astrachan, and the humble material is raised up and redeemed. But God knows how to work the miracle, and he can work greater. He can lay his hand upon a lowly life and raise it up; he can make a shepherd boy into a king.

and a fisherman into an apostle. He can touch a youth splitting rails, and make of him the leader of his people.

"To our lives, also, God can do great things, if we will let him. If we will bear the loss, the pruning, the cutting away of the worthless, he will graft into us the higher life, that our little existence may be redeemed and lifted up into a beautiful, living thing, which shall bring forth much fruit." — *S. Alice Ranlett, in Well Spring.*



Our Brothers in Darkest Africa

AFRICA as a continent has seemed to have more of the curse, caused by the fall of man, resting upon it than almost any other portion of the globe. Disease, plagues, and war have been prevalent in the land ever since it has been known to civilized man. From the time when the Lord sent the plagues upon the Egyptians, because the wicked Pharaoh would not obey his command, Africa has seemed to abound in trouble; and we can not look for peace until the "King of Salem, which is, King of peace," shall come again. Our duty is to do all in our power to prepare the inhabitants of this darkened land for the coming of our King.

Let us take a glimpse of the field. In the north there is Egypt, with Tripoli, Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco. Their population is made up of Arabs, Greeks, Jews, Syrians, Armenians, and negroes, and save for one or two workers in Egypt, we have no one upholding the truth of God there. Then there are the West Coast, and the Sudan in the interior, with no one proclaiming the message of Christ's coming. The Hausas (inhabitants of the Sudan) are an intelligent people, who have written and preserved the history of their country. They weave strong and beautiful fabrics for their clothing, and are lovers of peace, but they are followers of the Mohammedan religion, and very superstitious. They live in walled cities, some of which are of considerable size.

Besides these countries, there are East Africa and much more of Central Africa. These we will not consider at present, but will take a brief glance at the needs of the South African field. This is generally regarded as not very large; but when we consider what it includes, we see something of the vastness of the territory comprised in the name "South Africa." First of all, there is Cape Colony, with Natal, Basutoland, the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, Zululand, Pondoland, Griqual, and Rhodesia, including Matabeleland, Mashonaland, and Khama's country, and numerous others of less importance. In all these colonies we have only eight white laborers who are working for the natives. In addition to the millions of natives in South Africa, there are thousands of Dutch people with scarcely a worker, besides the English. With a field so needy as this before us, can we remain unmoved?

In the native work, our white workers can not expect to do it all; but we need central mission stations, where the natives can be trained, educated, and then sent out to the kraals (native villages), there to teach their own people the truth. It is next to impossible for the older natives to receive such a training, but the children and young men and women are glad to learn, and it is much easier to reach them than their fathers and mothers. You know we often find it so with those in our own home country; that is, after people are brought up to believe one thing, it is hard for them to change their views. This characteristic is much more marked in the African than in their white brothers and sisters.

But while the young Africans are much more easily influenced in the right way than their elders,

it is also true that they are especially susceptible to evil influences. They are generally taught that the white man is above them, and therefore they must respect him. As a result, they think that everything he does is desirable, and seek to follow him, and in that way have learned many evil habits, such as smoking and drinking and others even worse. Not long ago, when speaking to one of the native boys, he said to me, in his broken English, "I want learn read English. Zulu no good; English ways better." This was a boy who had lived in the English cities for years, and had learned a little of the language. I taught him for several months; and as he wished to learn to read English, we used the "Gospel Primer" as our text-book. He came regularly at the appointed hour, although the only time that he could come was after the day's work was done, and I know that he was often tired. He asked a great many questions, and in that way I could tell him many things about the Saviour, his love, and the plan of salvation. It always seemed to do him good, although he could not understand all that I said, as I could speak to him only in English.

The natives live in villages, or native settlements, and it is here, or near them, that we should have our mission stations, so the children can go to a suitable school. Often their parents are not willing for them to come, but after they once have a taste of better things, it is hard to influence them to stay away. Some will run away from home, and come to our school; but others remain with their parents, and endure real persecution, thus upholding the standard of truth by their lives.

Our first native workers have just lately been sent out. They go and hold schools in the kraals for a few months, and then return to the home station. In this way they gain an experience of their own, and still keep in touch with the white workers. If we only had more of these workers, we would be very thankful; but we must first have more training-stations where they can be educated.

Besides the African natives, there are thousands of East Indians and Arabs in South Africa who come here to find employment. As yet nothing whatever has been done for them by our people.

With these thousands of souls dying in darkness and sin, sinking into Christless graves, can we remain silent and unconcerned? There is a far greater work to be done than many of us realize. Where there is now one worker in the field, there should be one hundred. God calls upon young men and women to give their lives to this work; calls them to leave home and loved ones, and devote their whole energies to saving souls in this benighted land. And not only in this country; for this is only one of the many very needy fields. Look also at India, Japan, China, South America, and the islands of the sea. From all these countries comes one great cry for salvation; but where are the workers and money with which to carry on the work? "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore

the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." And let us answer our prayers by giving our lives to this work.

Besides the great need of more workers, and of money with which to carry forward what has already been begun, we who are in the field need the prayers of our brothers and sisters in America. Let us all come up to the help of the Lord; let us lay our lives, our means, all that we have, upon the altar of God, and thus hasten our Saviour's coming. If God's people as individuals and as Sabbath-schools and churches will do this, we shall see the message go with much greater rapidity than it is now going, and we shall enjoy much more of the blessing of the Lord.

"Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of truth deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's name."

EDNA L. REASER.

Cape Town, South Africa.

THERE is a society of Christian Endeavorers in Fen-cho-fu, China, where so many missionaries were martyred two years ago, consisting of sixteen members. The society has seven committees. Their names show the practical outgrowth of true organization for service: (1) On preaching the



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gospel; (2) on cheerful giving; (3) anti-foot binding; (4) anti-opium; (5) on temperance; (6) on Bible study; (7) on charity. Is there not food for reflection in this list, drawn up by young people who have been rescued from heathenism?

A Thanksgiving

BECAUSE our Pilot is the Lord who spareth
The eager soul that dareth;
Because the waves have not engulfed forever
The sailors' bold endeavor;
Preserved from shoal and reef and harbor bar,
Thanks to the Hand that guideth us thus far.

Thanks for the ruling calm the Father sendeth,
Whatever fear attendeth;
Thanks for the Strength unseen that never faileth,
And in the storm availeth.
Thanks for the rift of stars, the gleam of light,
The cheering message spoken in the night.

So sail we on — upborne and yet upbearing,
Across the waters faring;
Glad that o'er all delight and all disaster
Our Lord is ever master;
Glad that all things are his — the restless sea
With all its grief and joy, no less than we.

— Frank Walcott Hutt.



Three Workers for Fields Abroad

IN the early part of the present year, the Battle Creek Young People's Society gave some study to the support of our mission work, and as a result, a large portion of the Society agreed to undertake systematic part in the work by giving at least ten cents a week for this purpose.

At the first it was expected that whatever was raised would be given to the general fund of the Mission Board. The executive committee, however, felt that it would give definiteness to our effort, and add greatly to the interest in the plan, if we should undertake to support one of our own number in a foreign field. The suggestion was passed on to the Society itself, and was very cordially approved. It soon came to pass that one of our number, Dr. J. M. Keichline, a graduate of the medical college here, class of 1902, had opportunity to go to the Syrian field, to which his heart turned with eager desire. Accordingly, we set apart our weekly mission offerings for the purpose of helping our fellow-member into his distant field.

It is now expected that Dr. Keichline will take his long journey in the near future. Our fund has grown to about \$240 at this writing. We hope not only to send this worker to the Syrian field, but to provide for his support till his work shall care for itself. We shall then hope to assist some other soul, fired with missionary zeal, into the great, needy fields afar.

Dr. Keichline will probably be accompanied on his journey by Dr. Vohan Pampaian, a native Armenian who completed his medical course in the same class. This brother hopes to return to his own people.

On Sabbath, the 15th instant, Miss Marcelia Walker sailed from New York on her way to Sumatra, East Indies, where she will join Elder R. W. Munson and his family. Miss Walker was a Sanitarium nurse, and her presence will be missed from our Sabbath afternoon Young People's meetings. But how encouraging will be her presence with that one family in far-off Sumatra!

H. E. OSBORNE.

In Everything Give Thanks

THE young people who are privileged to live in this generation are blessed above all young people of previous generations; for to them will be granted the opportunity of witnessing the final triumph of God's truth in the earth.

We love this work, our hearts are knit to it, and yet how frequently we find ourselves bemoaning our lot, discontented, because circumstances in our lives have been such that we must be separated from *this work*, or anxiously looking forward to a time when we *may* have an active part in the work for the Master.

But how few of us realize the influence of the things which we term "little" in life, upon the development of that very character which will fit us for usefulness. When Joseph was ruthlessly torn from his father, and sold by his brethren to the caravan of Ishmaelites on their way to Egypt, the future looked dark and forbidding. What could he do, alone and friendless, a despised and helpless slave in a strange land? But note his words of cheer and hope when, years later, he made himself known to those same brethren: "Be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life." Who sent him into that strange land?—Not his brothers,

but God, who knows the end from the beginning, had permitted this experience to come upon Joseph, bitter as it seemed to that beloved and tenderly cherished son of Jacob, because he had a great work for him to do in the plan of salvation. He was to be the saviour of his people.

There can scarcely be one young man or young woman to-day who is placed in a less promising position, one less conducive to preparation for the Master's work, than was Joseph as he took that lonely ride to Egypt, or languished in the darkness of the prison's dungeon. But in all these things God was preparing him for the great work before him.

Study the experience of Moses. The decree condemning the Hebrew children to death brought sadness and sorrow into many homes in Egypt, and yet that very decree was used by God for the training and education of the future leader and deliverer of his people. Moses did not understand why, when yet a mere boy, he must be separated from parents whom he loved, and take his place in the palace of the king, surrounded by heathenism and superstition. But God was preparing him for service. "At the court of Pharaoh, Moses received the highest civil and military training." Angels revealed to Moses the great work to which God had called him. But *after* his call he was to spend forty years of preparation in the mountains. Naturally "man would have dispensed with that long period of toil and obscurity, deeming it a great loss of time. But infinite Wisdom called him who was to become the leader of his people, to spend forty years in the humble work of a shepherd. . . . Shut in by the bulwarks of the mountains, Moses was alone with God. . . . Here his pride and self-sufficiency were swept away. . . . He became patient, reverent, and humble, 'very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth,' yet strong in faith in the mighty God of Jacob."

We follow him further. God's people are delivered. At Hazereth in the wilderness a bitter experience awaited him, caused by the disloyalty and murmurings of Miriam and Aaron. But the experience in Midian, "the spirit of humility and long-suffering there developed," prepared him for these trying times. Had those forty years of solitude in the wilderness been left out of his life, Moses' usefulness would have been crippled, if not destroyed.

Little did William Carey know, as he roamed among the lanes and haunts of Whittlebury Forest, gathering specimens of plants and animals, that he was gaining an education that he would need in far-away India. Much less, as he copied the first Greek characters that fell into his hands, and carried them nine miles to one who could teach him what they meant, did he know that he was laying the foundation for the acquisition of the many Oriental languages and dialects with the use of which he became so wonderful an adept. And even his early struggles with poverty, teaching school by day, cobbling or making shoes at night, and preaching on Sunday, were the very experiences that fitted him to stand stanchly at his post in India when all his sources of income seemed entirely cut off.

David Livingstone, who by "plain living" and "high thinking," working as a spinner in the summer, and studying in Glasgow in the winter, meanwhile picking up as much of carpentry and other useful trades as possible, was being prepared for a far greater place in the great harvest-field than his own heart ever conceived.

And so the lives of many noble missionaries who went to the front in the early days of missions, when heroic character stood out so prominently, reveal the fact that the home training, frequently the poverty, the struggle for education, and the unswerving purpose manifested through it all, revealed the character that was

later able to prevail with God and man in some of the darkest and most difficult places in the earth.

As we take this view of our circumstances, we can rejoice in every new experience, whether it be in the most simple home duties, in business to which we seemed clearly called, or in some humble place in the Master's work, knowing that a loving Heavenly Father is fitting us to occupy that place in the living temple that will glorify him. Truly "all things work together for good to them that love God." Then "in everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." ESTELLA HOUSER.

I ENVY not the twelve; near to me is He;
The life he once lived here on earth he lives
again in me.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

The Weekly Study

Timothy, a Youthful Disciple

(November 30 to December 6)

ONE interesting topic for the weekly study will be found in the life of Timothy, a youth of New Testament days, and in the instruction which, through him, Inspiration has given for the youth of all time. There is little direct material for the study outside of the epistles to Timothy.

The following outline is suggested:—

Early Training.—2 Tim. 1:5; 2 Tim. 3:14-17; Acts 16:1, 2.

Introduction to Work.—2 Tim. 3:10 (margin), 11; Acts 14:1-22; 16:1-5.

Instruction to Youth.—1 Tim. 4:12-16; 2 Tim. 1:6-8; 2 Tim. 2:3, 22-24.

There are so many lessons for youth especially in the two epistles to Timothy, that the study may be made most profitable.

In 2 Tim. 1:3, 4, the apostle Paul, a veteran of the army of the Lord Jesus, shows how great an interest the Lord takes in the youth; for it was the Spirit of Christ in the apostle that led him to have so great a burden for the young worker. And, too, as the apostle longed to see his son in the gospel, so Christ longs for the time when he shall see those for whom he died within the city of God.

"Stir up the gift of God," or as the Revised Version suggests, Stir into flame the gift. 2 Tim. 1:6. Just stir into flame that spark of love and devotion. Pray, study, do something for somebody, and in the very exercise and expression of love the flame will glow and rise higher.

It was a time of confusion, when many were departing from the faith. Subtle heresies were being introduced. In these days that false philosophy began to creep in which led to the papacy in full. Verse 19 gives the secret of the clear vision to know the right way amidst perils and difficulties: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." The man ignorant of many things that the educated may know, if sin is but put away, can see truth more clearly than the learned man who hides sin in his heart. Not with the head, but "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness."

Are the young people remembering that they have a work to do in helping to prepare for the week of prayer, to make it a time of spiritual refreshing by winning any wandering youth to God? And prepare also for the missionary offering, which ought to be larger than ever before.

W. A. S.

It is not place, but love, which makes neighborhood.—*Christopher Wordsworth.*



ruly Thankful¹

Poor little Honora Mullaly

At the close of the Thanksgiving day,
Was standing in front of her alley,
A watching some children at play.

Her dress was a wonderful garment,
All patches from shoulder to hem;
And her hat and her shoes,—well, I beg you'll
excuse
Any further remarks about them.

But little Honora Mullaly
Had a face just as bright as could be,
And no flower in meadow or valley
Was ever so pretty as she.

So thought an old woman, who, passing,
Stopped a moment to smilingly say,
"Why, bless your dear heart! I am sure you
have had
A very good dinner to-day."

"Yis, indade," said Honora Mullaly,
"I did; for my friend, Mrs. Brown,
Had a hape of sweet taters that Sally,
Her daughter, baked lovely and brown,

"Wid—O ma'am! if you could but have seen
it!—
The fattest and foinest of hins!
And they give me the gizzard and neck of that
hin,
And all of the sweet tater skins!"

—Selected.

Meenie's Thanksgiving

MEENIE'S back was aching badly, and big tears stood in her blue eyes as she gazed out into the alley. The day was cold, and the wind blustered through the narrow street as if in a tempest of passion. Papers whirled hither and yon, a piece of tin hanging loose on the house opposite clanged a noisy protest, the children shouted and yelled in derision, though their tattered garments were scant defense against the cold. A group of sparrows were chattering and quarreling over a crust of bread, vanishing as a hungry-looking cat skulked hurriedly across the area, only to renew the debate more vigorously when their enemy had disappeared. There was nothing very cheery in the prospect,—“Nothing but walks and windows and cobwebs—all of it broken and dirty,” as Meenie said, in a tired little voice.



"YOU THERE, MEENIE?"

Meenie was what the boys of the alley tersely rubbed "a tie-in." Poor little girl! A year ago she was racing, quarreling, playing, with the most sturdy of them. Now she was looking down upon the boisterous group with bitter rebellion in her little heart, and angry tears in her eyes. Why should she have suffered the accident which left her poor spine all twisted and hurt? What had she done more than the others, that she should be tied down and in, helpless as a baby? And the rebellion and the tears grew bigger and bigger as she gazed and pondered.

Just as the tears were threatening to fall, the door of her room was pushed open, and a dirty little face peered timidly in.

"You there, Meenie?" queried a small voice. Meenie turned her head slowly, still lost in the misery of her own thoughts. Then her face brightened.

"Yes, I'm always in. Come on."

"I've got suthin'. Want to see?" and the in-

truder advanced boldly, with a tightly clenched fist held behind him.

"What is it?" demanded Meenie. "Lemme guess first. Marble?"

"Nop," with a delighted chuckle.

"Picture?"

"Nop."

"Buzzer?"

A contemptuous shake of the head.

"I dunno. Lemme see now."

The newcomer advanced a grimy fist, and slowly unrolled the dirty fingers, disclosing a bran new dime. There was a gasp of wonder, delight, astonishment.

"Bud," whispered Meenie, in an awed voice, "where'd you get it? Ain't it a beauty! My! but it's fine. What are you going to do with it? Ole Nan'll whip you if she catches you not giving it to her."

"Ole Nan ain't going to catch me, though. Nobody saw me pick it up. I was a racing Jim Flannigan down the alley, an' I caught my toe on sumpin', an' down I goes; an' when I rolled over to get up, there lay the dime a shinin' an' a shinin'. I grabbed it, an' nobody saw it but me. I just wish I had all of 'em I could carry."

Meenie reached out her hand and touched the coin with one finger. "What you going to do with it?" she again demanded.

"Guess 'gen," and

Bud's eyes danced with roguish delight.

"No, I'm tired guessing," as her back gave a twinge. "'Sides I never guess right. What are you?"

Bud reached over and whispered in her ear. A flush of pleasure spread over Meenie's face, and she leaned back in her chair, and gazed at him with shining eyes.

"O Bud! how buchiful!"

"Yep. I've got to go now, but you just wait. We'll have the greatest Thanksgiving you've ever seen. You think up things to do, an' we'll do it."

It was only a week till the great day. Thanksgiving day in Halsted Court passed just the same as any other holiday in the year,—men drinking, women washing, gossiping, scolding; children playing, quarreling, crying,—the monotony broken occasionally by shrieks, and the sounds of crashing glass from some house where tempers had risen, and drink flowed too freely, ended probably by the rush and clatter of the patrol, which carried off the unfortunate victims of appetite and passion.

But this day was to be different for one small soul at least. Bud had found a whole dime, and (blessings on the generosity of his small heart!) had confided to her that she, Meenie, was to spend it all for Thanksgiving. What should she buy?

This was the problem which Meenie propounded excitedly to the sweet-faced deaconess who had found her out, and was doing all she could to make life more beautiful for the little sufferer. They discussed the question, pro and con, and finally decided that Bud and the birds, the dear little sparrows which had helped Meenie through many a dreary day of suffering, chirping gaily at her window-sill, should share the treat. The wonderful dime was taken from its hiding-place, and given over to the care of Deaconess Grey, who was admonished to be "awful keerful 'bout spending it, and to git jest as much as ever you can with it."

Dear little Meenie! She little thought that her dime, exhibited that evening in a crowded

church, accompanied by a recital of its history by Deaconess Grey, would bring her many, many times its worth. But she bade Bud attend the feast the next morning, and be ready to hang the birds' dinner outside her window for her.

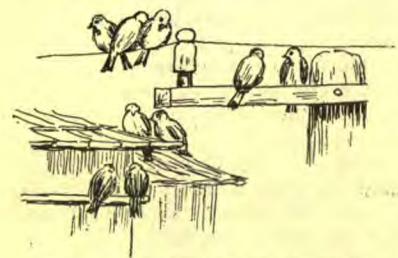
They had a beautiful time the next day,—Meenie, Bud, Deaconess Grey, and the sparrows. The first three had a dinner which made Bud roll his eyes in ecstatic glee, and execute a genuine waltz around the room, while Meenie sat lost in speechless admiration as Deaconess Grey spread a snowy little cloth over a board placed on two chairs, and then set upon it, the



"A BOARD PLACED ON TWO CHAIRS"

contents of her basket,—bread and butter; hot baked potatoes, plump and mealy; rice as white as snow; a quivering mound of crimson jelly; pudding, nuts, oranges—an array such as the two children had never seen.

They had great fun after dinner, nailing a board on the window-sill, upon which a branch from an evergreen tree was fastened. Deaconess Grey had brought some grain with her, and this they scattered on the board, with some crumbs. Then they fastened little strips of meat and pieces



"THE DEAR LITTLE SPARROWS"

of bread and potato to the evergreen, and all three sat down to watch the result. It didn't take the sparrows long to find it out, and what a scolding, fussing, twittering, chirping bunch they were. Bud had to fill up the board and tree three or four times before the hungry crowd got

¹ Reprinted by special request.—Ed.

enough; and then one fat, saucy fellow insisted that he was yet starving, and chirped for more.

That night Meenie added to her evening petitions, "Please, God, I'm very glad you let us have such a nice Thanksgiving. Thank you for letting Bud find that dime—and please let him find some more." ANNA CLIFF WHITE.

Betty's Way

It helps Betty. You might try it some time, unless, of course, you don't need any help—perhaps you like to wipe dishes! Betty—dear me, how Betty doesn't like to! Although now it isn't nearly as bad, since she made a play of it. It's almost fun now.

When you are ten years old, you can make a play out of almost anything. That is the advantage of being ten years old. You will be surprised how much it helps—ask Betty.

"Come, girls—dishes!" mama calls, after tea. In the mornings and at noons there are the lessons, and mama washes them herself.

"Dishes! Dish-es! Call for volunteers!" and two volunteers appear. Glory is the older, and washes; Betty wipes. She waits until the drainer is full of glasses and spoons. Then she begins.

"Oh, dear," she says, "how many debts I owe! I must begin right off, and pay 'em up. It will never do to let this go on any longer! There, there's one debt paid a'ready. I begin to feel a little relieved. And that one's paid, and that one, and that one! I'll work ve-ry hard, and p'raps some day," sighing, "I'll be out of debt!"

She wipes away busily, a little scowl between her eyes. The tumbler debts, the spoon debts, the cup debts, are all paid. The plate and saucer ones come next, and she settles them.

"Why, I'm getting along beautifully!" she murmurs, presently, and the scowl is certainly smoothing out. There is a breathless last minute or two, and then a shout of triumph,—*"Done!"*

The towel waves, Betty dances on her toes, the Gray Princess wakes up and purrs her congratulations. Great times!

"Oh," breathes Betty, "it feels so good to be out of debt!"—Annie H. Donnell.

November Days

Who said November's face was grim?

Who said her voice was harsh and sad?
I heard her sing in wood-paths dim,
I met her on the shore so glad,
So smiling, I could kiss her feet;
There never was a month so sweet.

October's splendid robes, that hid

The beauty of the white-limbed trees,
Have dropped in tatters; yet amid
Their perfect forms the gazer sees
A proud wood monarch here and there,
Garments of wine-dipped crimson wear.

In precious flakes the autumn gold

Is clinging to the forest's fringe;
Yon bare twig to the sun will hold
Each separate leaf, to show the tinge
Of glorious rose-light reddening through
Its jewels, beautiful as few.

Where short-lived wild flowers bloomed and died,

The slanting sunbeams fall across
Vine-broideries, woven from side to side,
Above mosaics of tinted moss.
So does the eternal Artist's skill
Hide beauty under beauty still.

And if no note of bee or bird

Through the rapt stillness of the woods
Or the sea's murmurous trance be heard,
A presence in these solitudes
Upon the spirit seems to press
The dew of God's dear silences.

And if, out of some inner heaven,

With soft relenting, comes a day
Whereto the heart of June is given,
All subtle scents and spicery
Through forest crypts and arches steal
With power unnumbered hurts to heal.

—Lucy Larcom.



First Lessons in Geography

Lesson XII

THE map on this page shows the earth as it was after the flood, and as it is now. There were some lakes and rivers then that have since been filled up, or have dried away; and some islands have sunk into the sea, and others have been built up; but those are about all the important changes that have taken place in the earth's surface since the flood.

Notice that there is one long chain of mountains, which extends from the southern point of South America to the northern part of North America. It has a small break in the northwestern part of North America. You will see on the map a chain of islands extending from the northwestern part of North America in a circular direction around the Bering Sea to Asia. These are the Aleutian (a-leu'-shan) Islands. They are simply mountains sunken in the sea, so that only their tops are above the water. The chain then begins as a range of mountains in Asia.

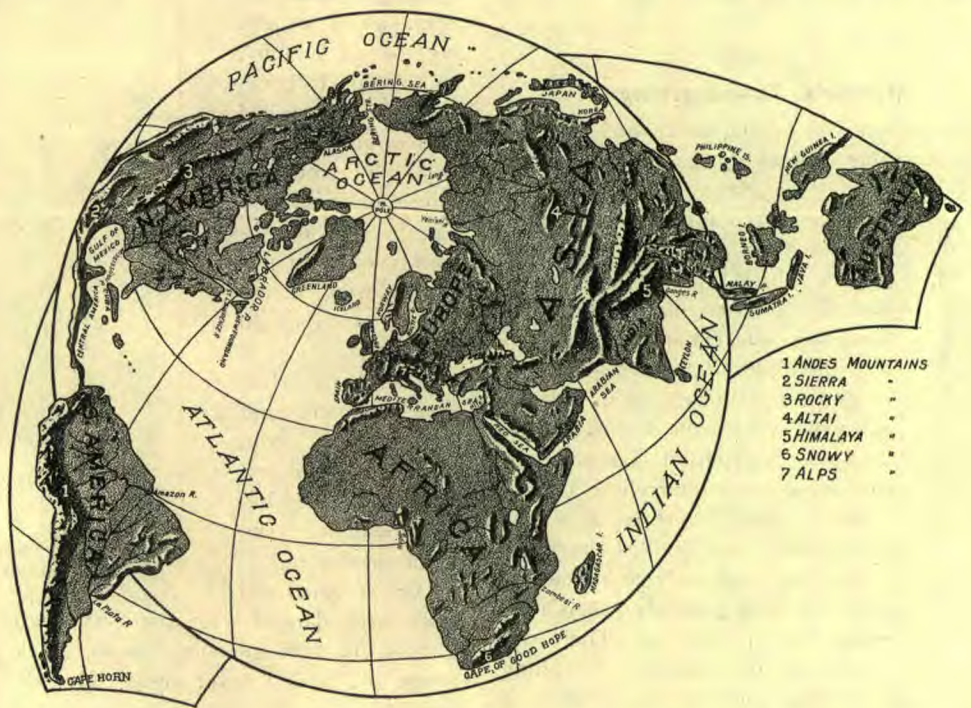
The ridge is again broken in Asia, part of it running to the southeast point, and the other branch running into the southern part of Europe, and crossing the Mediterranean Sea at the Straits

REVIEW.—How many grand divisions on the western continent? Name them. How many on the eastern continent? What are they? What water is north of the western continent? What water lies between the two parts of this continent? What water lies west of this continent? What sea is between Europe and Africa? Between Asia and Africa? For what is it noted in the history of the children of Israel? Name the six continents. Which is the smallest? Name all the oceans, and tell where they are.

Lesson XIII

The mountains forming the world system are not in one long, high ridge. They lie in many ridges, or folds, near one another, and run in the same direction. We call the whole ridge of mountains from the southern part of South America to the northern part of North America the Cordilleras. This ridge is divided into two great divisions. These divisions are the Andes of South America and the Cascades, Sierra Nevada, and Rocky Mountains of North America. There are smaller ridges and systems that we will study later.

Does it not seem strange that so much of the earth is covered with water, or with mountains, so that it is not fitted for man to live in? This is so there can not be so many wicked people living in the earth at once. God saw that the more he gave to men, the more wicked they became. At the time of the flood he changed the earth, so that the wicked might be shaken out of it. Job 38:13. When the earth is made new, it will be



of Gibraltar. It there passes with wide breaks through the west coast of Africa, down to the southern cape. The other branch of the great fold passes to the southeastern part of Asia, then crosses to Arabia, and then into Africa, passing down the east coast to the southern cape. The highest mountains in the world are in Asia, where the World Ridge makes its turn toward Arabia.

The mountain chains give shape to the bodies of land and direction to the rivers. As you will notice, most of the land of the world lies in three large bodies. Two of these are very large; the other is much smaller.

The land lying on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean is called the Western Continent, or the New World. The land lying on the eastern side of the Atlantic Ocean is called the Eastern Continent, or the Old World. Each continent contains large bodies of land, which we call Grand Divisions. Sometimes these grand divisions are also called continents. Is it not wonderful that the flood made such great changes in the earth?

changed again, so the whole earth can be inhabited, for there shall be no more sea.

REVIEW.—What large peninsula on the northeastern coast of North America? On the northwestern coast? On the southwestern coast? On the southeastern coast? What large rivers in North America? What rivers in South America? What rivers in Asia? In Europe? In Africa? What large peninsula on the southeastern coast of Asia? On the southern coast? On the southwestern coast? What peninsula on the southwestern coast of Europe? On the northwestern coast? On the southern coast? On the southeastern coast?

FLOYD BRALLIAR.

I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE SABBATH SCHOOL



THE YOUTH'S LESSON

X—The Continual Service

(December 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: In Synopsis.

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. 7: 25.

Synopsis

God's gift of his Son to save man, and man's acceptance of that gift by faith, is the essence of the gospel. John 3: 16. Everything is embraced in this,—the forgiveness of sins (Gal. 1: 3, 4), abundant life (John 10: 10), and complete victory over Satan (Heb. 2: 14), who will finally be destroyed through the power of Christ.

All this was included in the promise of a Saviour, which was given to our first parents in the garden of Eden. Gen. 3: 15. Jesus not only made himself one with humanity, by taking upon himself sinful flesh, but through his life of righteousness he made provision for us, that we may live the same life that he lived. Rom. 8: 3, 4; Gal. 2: 20.

This complete gospel was preached in Israel's time (Heb. 4: 2), through the service of the sanctuary, the central idea of which was the indwelling presence of God: "Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them." Ex. 25: 8. The divine presence was manifested in the holy of holies, over the mercy-seat, and between the cherubim. Ex. 25: 21, 22.

Nothing but sin can make a separation between God and his people. Isa. 59: 1. If man had not sinned, God would have walked and talked with him as in the beginning. This separation was overcome in the typical services by the offerings of gifts and sacrifices; and so a continual fellowship was established between God and man.

This is made very plain in "Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 352-354: "The daily service consisted of the morning and evening burnt-offering [Ex. 29: 38-42], the offering of sweet incense on the golden altar [Ex. 30: 7, 8], and the special offerings for individual sins . . . Every morning and evening a lamb of a year old was burned upon the altar, with its appropriate meat-offering, thus symbolizing the daily consecration of the nation to Jehovah, and their constant dependence upon the atoning blood of Christ. . . . In the offering of incense the priest was brought more directly into the presence of God than in any other act of the daily ministration. . . . The incense, ascending with the prayers of Israel, represents the merits and intercession of Christ, his perfect righteousness, which through faith is imputed to his people, and which can alone make the worship of sinful beings acceptable to God. Before the veil of the most holy place was an altar of perpetual intercession, before the holy an altar of continual atonement. By blood and by incense God was to be approached,—[these were] symbols pointing to the great Mediator, through whom sinners may approach Jehovah [Heb. 10: 19-22], and through whom alone mercy and salvation can be granted to the repentant, believing soul. . . . The showbread was kept ever before the Lord [Num. 4: 7], as a perpetual offering. Thus it was a part of the daily sacrifice. . . . It was an acknowledgment of man's dependence upon God for both temporal and spiritual food, and that it is received only through the mediation of Christ."

These offerings were continual offerings,—there was no intermission,—just as the breast-plate of judgment was a continual memorial (Ex. 28: 29, 30), and the light of the lamps was a continual light. Lev. 24: 2. Thus the service performed was a continual service, representing the continual intercession of our High Priest in the sanctuary above (Heb. 7: 24, 25), and the continual, or abiding, presence of this Saviour in every heart that will open the door and permit him to enter. John 15: 4, 5; Rev. 3: 20.

Questions

1. What is the essence of the gospel?
2. How much is embraced in this?
3. What relation does the gift of Christ sustain to forgiveness of sin?
4. For what purpose did Christ come? John 10: 10.
5. What was made sure by his death in the flesh? Heb. 2: 14.

6. In what promise was this gospel first taught?

7. How did Jesus make himself one with man?

8. What provision did he make by which we can live the same kind of life that he lived?

9. Give scripture showing that this gospel was preached in Israel's time.

10. Through what service was it preached? What was the central idea in the sanctuary service?

11. Where was the presence of God manifested in this service?

12. What alone can separate between God and man?

13. By what was this separation overcome in the typical service?

14. Through these offerings what was established?

15. What constituted the daily service? What was symbolized by these services?

16. What was represented by the incense?

17. What stood before the veil of the most holy place? What before the outer veil?

18. What was represented in these continual offerings?

19. What is the significance of the continual service of our High Priest? Heb. 7: 24, 25.

20. What gracious promise does he make to the one who will open the door of his heart to his presence?

21. How continual will be his presence? John 15: 4, 5.

A String of Pearls

My days fall silent as the falling flowers
One after one forgotten, slipping past.
Yet God shall ask the record of their hours
Before his throne at last.

As pearls drop downward from a broken cord,
They slip asunder, aimless, heedless—lost.
What reckoning shall I give thee, O my Lord!
Of their uncounted cost?

What cord shall hold them safe in shining band?
How shall I link them firmly, one to one,
A circlet to be given to thy hand
When all their tale is done?

Joy can not keep them on its glittering,
Gossamer thread, snapt in the lightest breeze;
Hope and desire grow weak, and loose the string:
I can not trust to these.

One only thread is strong, and sure to last
Till thou shalt ask their reckoning there above;
Weave thou the threefold strand, and hold them fast
With faith and work and love.

—Selected.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

X—Israel Comes to Egypt

(December 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Gen. 46: 1-7, 29-34; 47: 28-31; 50: 24, 25.

MEMORY VERSE: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. 6: 17, 18.

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

Before the birth of Isaac, God had told Abraham that his seed should be a stranger in a land not their own. But he also made the promise that after they had been there a certain time, he would bring them out again.

When Jacob, on the way to Egypt, came to Beersheba, one of the places where Abraham had built an altar, and proclaimed the name of the Lord, he stopp'd there to offer sacrifices. And God met him there, and told him that his children should be greatly multiplied in Egypt, and that he would bring them out again when his time came.

You will remember that Abraham was anxious that as God had called him out, so his seed should

be kept separate and distinct from all the nations of earth. This is why Joseph chose for them the land of Goshen, that they might not be mingled among the heathen Egyptians, and in time become a part of that nation. He wanted them to be kept a separate people who should worship the true God, and be his witnesses to the heathen around them.

Shepherds were disliked by the Egyptians, because in that land they were a low and ignorant class, who kept the cattle of the rich, and did not own their own flocks and herds, as the children of Israel did. Joseph gave this as the reason for keeping his brothers apart from the Egyptians, and giving them the rich and beautiful land of Goshen for pastures for their flocks.

Jacob saw Joseph in great honor (as his boyhood's dreams foretold), and all his children well provided for, before he died at the age of one hundred and forty-seven years, after being seventeen years in Egypt. In making Joseph swear that he should not be buried in Egypt, but with his fathers in the cave of Machpelah, in the promised land, Jacob was showing his faith that God would fulfill his promise to give them that land for an everlasting possession.

Joseph lived ninety-three years in the land of Egypt. He was in great favor with Pharaoh and all the Egyptians, and had riches and honor. But he did not care anything for the treasures of Egypt; he desired only to be counted among the people of God. His two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, were counted among the tribes of Israel.

Joseph's hope, like Jacob's, was in the promise made to his fathers. He knew that God would bring his people out of Egypt, as he had promised, and he made them promise to take with them the coffin containing his bones, that he might go with them into the promised land, and share in the inheritance.

"By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones." Through all the years of Israel's stay in Egypt, the bones of Joseph were with them as a reminder of God's promise to deliver them, and a witness that "he is faithful that promised."

Questions

1. How did God tell Abraham that his seed should go down into Egypt? Gen. 15: 13. What promise did he then make about them? Verse 14.
2. To whom did God repeat this promise, and at what time? Gen. 46: 1-4.
3. Who went with Jacob into Egypt? How many of the children of Israel were there all together? Verse 27.
4. Where did Joseph go to meet his father? Why had he chosen the land of Goshen for them? Verse 29.
5. What did he tell his brothers to say to Pharaoh? Verses 33, 34. Why did he not want them to mix with the Egyptians?
6. How long did Jacob live in Egypt? How old was he when he died? Gen. 47: 28.
7. What did Jacob make Joseph swear before he died? Verses 29-31. Why was he so anxious to be buried in Canaan with his fathers?
8. When Joseph was dying, what did he tell the children of Israel? Gen. 50: 24. What were they to do with his bones? Verse 25. What did he show by this?
9. How many years did Joseph live? Gen. 50: 22. How much of this time was spent in Egypt? What token did the children of Israel always have with them that God would visit them, and bring them out of Egypt?

LET each one who stands facing the future with the radiant brow of youth, bring his life under the power of the supreme desire to do the Father's will.—John Henry Barrows.

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We are glad to have this week an article from one of our younger workers in South Africa, Sister Edna Reaser, who, with her parents, went to that field a little less than two years ago. We hope her example in writing for the INSTRUCTOR, giving a brief glimpse of the field, what is being done, and the needs of the work, will be followed by other young people who are in the fields abroad.

THE Young People's Societies, the children's meetings, the church school—notice how these are represented this week in the response to the call that was made for money to send the INSTRUCTOR to a needy Sabbath-school. This is as it should be. The children and the young people have a work to do, and the special blessing of Heaven will rest upon them when they unselfishly and earnestly improve the opportunities that come to them to sacrifice for the Master.

Thanksgiving—Thanksgiving

IF one should ask the boys and girls of the United States to-day,—and perhaps some of their elders,—“What is Thanksgiving?” the answers would no doubt vary widely, according to the teaching, memory, and observation of those questioned. Most of them, however, would agree that the “Pilgrim fathers” and “good things to eat” were closely associated with Thanksgiving. Even those whose ideas of the former were hazy and ill-defined in the extreme would still have a very decided opinion as to the proper way of observing the day. For it has come to be that too often the real object of our national Thanksgiving is lost sight of in the festivities that have become a part of its celebration.

But Thanksgiving is more than a word; it is more than an occasion; it is vastly more than reviewing the year's bounties and blessings, and returning words of thanks to the Giver thereof. Thanksgiving, as some one has said, is *Thanksgiving*,—not a day, but a life; not a feeling for one day, but a rule of conduct for all days. As God fed Israel in the wilderness, sending them “corn of heaven” with each new day, so to us his mercies are “new every morning.” Day by day he gives our daily bread; to each the word of promise is, “As thy days, so shall thy strength be.” And as we have received, so should we give—daily praise for daily blessing; continual thanksgiving for continual receiving.

We need to be careful that we make no mistakes about the quality of our giving of thanks. You remember the story that Jesus himself told—how two men went up to the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. Steeped in self-satisfaction, the Pharisee lifted up his hands, and prayed “with himself,” offering self-righteous thanks that he was “not as other men.” But the publican, trembling, abased, not daring even to lift his eyes to heaven, had grasped the thought that God's love saves, and by praying for

mercy he showed true gratitude for the gift of salvation.

And this cup of salvation, provided by God the Father and Christ the Son, is the supreme gift to every man, woman, and child who breathes on this Thanksgiving day. It stands of right at the head of every list of blessings—this gift with which and in which are freely given to us all things. One who sets out to “count his mercies” usually finds himself in the plight of the little girl who tried to count the stars—they are numberless; but whatever else is added or omitted, the contemplation of the salvation provided at so great cost for the children of men, should awaken in every heart the grateful response that inspired the psalmist as he sang:—

“What shall I render unto the Lord
For all his benefits toward me?
I will take the cup of salvation,
And call upon the name of the Lord.
I will pay my vows unto the Lord,
Yea, in the presence of all his people. . . .
I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving,
And will call upon the name of the Lord.”

The Practical Side

Notice that David's ideas of thanksgiving are very practical—he *takes* the cup of salvation, in the first place. He honors the gift that has been provided by thankfully accepting it. Is it not the height of unthankfulness to neglect the cup of salvation?

But David did not stop with simply taking the gift. No one does who accepts it truly. He called upon the name of the Lord. He paid his vows to God in the presence of all his people. He offered the sacrifices of thanksgiving. And he who makes his Thanksgiving a matter of Thankliving will do the same thing. He will take the cup of salvation himself—but he will not keep it to himself. If he has received anything, he will realize that because he has received, therefore he has something to give—praise to God, help and tenderness and love to all who have not taken the cup of life, or who for any reason are in sorrow or need. His faith will be shown by his works. The “pure religion” of which James writes will be seen in his life. The fatherless and widows, the destitute, the naked, the hungry—these have a claim upon him that he hastens to fulfill.

In short, Thankliving is ministry—it is the Christ-life lived again, even the life of him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. It has been well said that the enthusiasm that does not reach the finger-tips amounts to little. So with the Thanksgiving that does not find expression in deeds. The question is a practical and a personal one for us to answer—to-day and all the days. Let us, as did David, “take the cup of salvation,” and then, by Thankliving, make our lives a constant song of praise to the bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift!

“O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth forever.”

Cause for Thankfulness

THE Sabbath-school in Bridgetown, Barbados, will be thankful, we are sure, at this season of Thanksgiving, to the generous friends who have made it possible for their club of the INSTRUCTOR to be continued. And all who have had a part in this work feel thankful for the privilege, and unite in the wish that another year may see brighter times for this little company.

Further gifts for the Bridgetown club are as follows:—

Amount recorded last week	\$6 03
Peter Jensen	1 00
Children at Butte, Montana	6 25
Y. P. S. at Hobart, Louisiana	65
The church school at Seattle, Washington	1 30

Total.....\$15 23

In looking the matter up, we find that this club expired last August, so in order to have the Sabbath-school receive the full benefit of the paper for another year, it has been decided to set the

date forward, having the year begin with the first issue in January, 1903, and continue one year from that date. This will require \$15.94, instead of \$11.50, as first announced; but the amount is nearly made up, and we are sure the balance will be forthcoming.

Another gift has been received this week for the Indian Mission Fund, which now stands as follows:—

Amount previously recorded	\$1 00
Peter Jensen	1 00
Total	\$ 2 00

If any have planned gifts for the Barbados school, we hope they will forward them just the same, to be applied on the fund that sends twenty-five INSTRUCTORS every week to India.

For Parents and All Teachers

“HURRY is felt everywhere—everywhere, it would seem, *except in the preparation of missionaries*. While men have been multiplying facilities for transportation, the church has let her children grow up without a knowledge of needy fields, without a desire to fill the calls for mission workers. . . . The result is that to-day, when all other things are in readiness to proclaim the last message, the human agent is wanting.”

These sentences are from a leading article in the November *Advocate*, “The Relation of Schools to Missions,”—an article that every Seventh-day Adventist who believes that this people is called to give a definite message to the world, ought at least to read. Other subjects of vital interest are considered under the titles: Free Schools, Christian Education Makes Workers, Why Not Require Home Study, Reasons for Christian Training in Childhood, etc.

The Sabbath-school department deals with The Incurable Boy, Faithfulness, Holding the Attention, An Ideal Convention, Personal Work, etc., besides the usual notes for the Intermediate, Primary, and Kindergarten teachers, and the Quarterly Summary of Sabbath-school Reports for the second quarter of 1902. The true Sabbath-school teacher, however, will not confine his reading to this department alone, but will find help for the lesson hour in all the pages of the magazine.

The *Advocate* is published monthly by the Educational Department of the General Conference. Price, fifty cents a year. Address all orders to *The Advocate of Christian Education*, Berrien Springs, Michigan.

“Home” Articles

BEGINNING with January, 1903, the *Signs of the Times* will publish an excellent series of articles by Dr. Mary Wood-Allen. She first speaks of the physical and mental changes in the child as he enters his teens; she then gives some remarkable statistics emphasizing the importance of careful training through this critical period; and an article is devoted to definite rules and suggestions to parents and teachers having to do with children at this time. How Brothers and Sisters May Be Helpful to Each Other is the subject of another talk, while Courtship, Love, Engagement, Founding a Home, and Parentage form the topics of others.

Every parent, teacher, and young person should carefully read the earnest practical words which these articles contain.

A MISSIONARY who was riding through a disturbed district in Koordistan, was told by a Koord that he would be in peril upon a part of his journey, because the country was full of brigands; “and,” said he, “they may take you for a governor, inspector, or traveler. But,” he added, “there is not a Koord in the country who would lift his hand against a missionary. If you are molested, tell them you are a missionary, and they will do anything for you you may ask.”