

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

VOL. L.

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At the Burning Ghat

ONE may see the smoke ascending almost constantly, day or night, from the Hindu *gehenna*, near any of the large Indian cities. Like the *gehenna* of the Jews, it is a place of total destruction, only here the bodies of the human dead are consumed into ashes. The Jews practiced burial, and only the carcasses of animals, and the bodies of criminals, were cast into the fires of *gehenna*, always burning beyond the city walls. The Hindu burning *ghat* is usually by a river-side. Special sanctity attaches to the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, and I am told that the dying are often carried long distances in order that the last rites may be performed on the banks of the sacred streams.

No more favored closing of a life could be wished for, according to Hindu tradition, than that the end should come within the mystic boundaries of Benares, the holy city, and that the ashes should be scattered upon the breast of *Ganga Ma*,—Mother Ganges. One may see the old and infirm, with the light of life fading from the eyes, waiting their turn to pass out into the darkness. It seems all so gruesome, and yet so business-like. When the end comes, the body is covered with the grave-cloth, and borne to the place of burning on a stretcher, or *charpoy*,—a corded couch that serves as a bed in life and death. It is then placed upon a pile of faggots, and covered with bundles of wood, and the torch is applied. The watchers may have to feed the flame with fresh fuel from time to time in order to complete the work.

The Benares burning *ghat* is said to be always a busy place. In times of special sickness, in all the great cities of India, the disposition of the dead is a pressing question. During one such time I visited the chief Calcutta *ghat*, in the Nintollah district, and was surprised to find how small an area it comprised, and how expeditiously the work could be done. With friends bringing in bodies of those who have died of all manner of diseases, waiting their turn for the performance of the last rites, one marvels that disease is not more generally spread among the living.

The Mohammedan in India buries his dead. The Parsee exposes the body to the vultures on the towers of silence.

In joy or grief, the Oriental is more demonstrative than his Western brother. It is indescribably saddening to me to hear the wailing

cry of sorrow from some home darkened by death, when I know that the mourner knows nothing of Jesus and the hope of the resurrection. All the world is a house of mourning, but death seems ever nearer in the stricken East. While millions are dying every month in the darkness, no one who knows and appreciates the Light of Life can be indifferent to the needs of these distant fields.

W. A. SPICER.

Our Antipodes

IN many ways the Chinaman, by the mere accident of being born on the opposite side of the earth, seems a being full of contrariety. In forecasting what he would do and say, one is most safe in judging that he would speak and act just the opposite of what we ourselves would. What he says would never occur to us to say,

his to receive you. If he hands you anything, his etiquette dictates that he use both hands. Instead of good-by he says, "Walk well," or, "Walk slowly," while the departing guest replies, "Please be seated."

The Chinese book begins where ours ends, and ends where ours begins. He reads from top to bottom. His "footnotes" are at the top of the page, or in the body of the text, while the title is put into the margin. The edges are uncut; and are supposed to remain so, since the paper is printed on only one side, the interior pages being left blank. In bookkeeping, his debit and credit accounts are not side by side; but one above the other, each occupying half the page.

Neither men nor women wear gloves, but their sleeves are so long, falling over the hands, as to be used as muffs in cold weather, and often so large as to answer for pockets. Both men and



SCENE IN THE BENARES BURNING GHAT

and what we would say would be entirely foreign to him.

Who of us would think of laughing, as a Chinaman does, when he tells of the death of his father, or mother, or brother, or sister? and what American bride would think of wailing as if for the dead, as does every genuine Chinese bride at her nuptials? We say, "How do you do?" when greeting a friend; the Chinaman asks, politely, "Have you eaten your rice?" and so it may not seem strange that he regards his stomach as the seat of his intellect. Instead of shaking your hand, he clasps and shakes his own; and while you, upon entering, remove your hat, he puts on

women wear their hair long, but the men shave the front part of the head. The women as well as the men wear jackets and trousers. Many men also wear long robes. We blacken our shoes, while the Chinamen blackens only the top and whitens the sole.

Black is mourning with us; with the Chinese, white, gray, and blue. Red is to them a sign of rejoicing, and is used on wedding and festal occasions. Babies are carried on the back, and a Chinese gentleman or lady readily accepts the same position on being landed from a boat through the mud. Most of the small boats are "manned" by women. Women smoke with the men, and

men fan themselves the same as the women do.

The needle of the Chinese compass points to the south, and instead of saying northwest, etc., the Chinaman, true to his contrariety, says west-north, etc. His names are turned backward, a surname such as Mr. John Brown appearing as Brown John Mr. He turns his fractions upside down, and reads sixths four, instead of four sixths. With him man is the beast of burden, and a coolie may often be seen carrying a load of pigs.

But with all these differences, seemingly so great, one God is Lord and Father over all. For both the same sun shines, and the same heavens pour forth their blessings. The world's waves of sorrow, sin, and woe beat against them as against us. Our need is theirs—the Son of man, the Saviour of the world. Let us live and act in the consciousness that by creation and redemption all men are the children of God, and that we have a divine commission to seek and save those who are straying from the Father's home.

J. N. ANDERSON.

Hongkong, China.



What Travelers Are We!

WHAT travelers are we —
The homiest of us —
Each night far worlds to see!
To be transported thus,
Without a thought or care
Of danger anywhere,
Through spaces all aglow
With suns we do not know,
With worlds created new
Just shining dimly through
The mysteries of blue!

You may have seen Cathay,
I may have seen Japan; —
But what are these, I pray,
To travelers who can
Sweep nightly through the skies
With this old world we know,
And lift bewildered eyes
Where worlds by thousands show! —
To Jupiter and Mars,
To bright, surpassing stars,
To our attendant moon
Shining its silver noon,
To deeps that have no bound
That any ship can sound —
To sail through such a sea,
What travelers are we!

—Mary A. Mason.

Unquestioning Faith

In the city of Capernaum a nobleman's son lies sick unto death. In vain his father has tried to save him. A messenger comes with hurried steps to the mansion, and asks to see the nobleman. He tells him that he has just come from Jerusalem, and that there is in Galilee a prophet of God, declared by some to be the long-expected Messiah. His work has awakened an intense interest in the city of Jerusalem, the messenger says, and crowds follow him wherever he goes. It may be that he can heal the child.

As the nobleman listens, the expression of his countenance changes from despair to hope. Determined to leave no means untried to save his child's life, he decides to go himself to see this prophet. The hope born in his soul strengthens as he prepares for his journey. Before the day dawns, he is on his way to Cana of Galilee, where Jesus is supposed to have gone. The journey is long and the road rough, but nothing can deter the anxious father.

Finding Jesus, he beseeches him to come to Capernaum and heal his son. "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," Jesus

answers. To a certain extent, the nobleman did believe, else he would not have taken the long journey at that critical time. But Christ desired to increase his faith.

With heartbroken entreaty the father cries, "Sir, come down ere my child die." He fears that each passing moment will place his son beyond the power of the Healer. But his faith is yet imperfect. Desiring to lead him to perfect faith, the Saviour replies, "Go thy way; thy son liveth."

"And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way." Assured that the death he has dreaded will not come to his son, the nobleman does not ask any question, nor seek any explanation. He believes. Over and over again he repeats the words, "Thy son liveth."

And the power of the words of the Redeemer flashes like lightning from Cana to Capernaum, and the child is healed. The nobleman shows his faith by not insisting on the presence of Jesus, and immediately the power of Satan is rebuked. The dying boy feels the joy of restoration.

The watchers by the bedside mark with bated breath the conflict between life and death. And when in an instant the burning fever disappears, they are filled with amazement. Knowing the anxiety of the father, they go to greet him with the joyful tidings. He has only one question to ask, When did the child begin to mend? They tell him, and he is satisfied. He believed when he turned his face homeward; now his faith is crowned with assurance. A holy atmosphere surrounds him, and as he looks upon his son, healed of all disease, spiritual life sanctifies his soul. He is converted. With the simple faith of a little child he receives the great gift of the kingdom of heaven. The same power which restores the child to health, banishes unbelief from the father's heart.

What a witness Christ has in this nobleman! He had asked for the life of his son, not expecting to receive anything himself. But he realized that a great power had taken possession of his soul. He recognized Christ as the physician of the soul as well as the body. Overjoyed, filled with peace and gladness, he exclaimed, To-day is salvation come to this house. Spiritual life, with all its transforming power, was breathed into his soul, and he proclaimed in Capernaum the wonderful power of the Saviour.

In our work for Christ, we need more of the unquestioning faith of the nobleman. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." By faith we behold God in his promises, and are armed with stability. The Christian knows in whom he has believed. He does not only read the Bible; he experiences the power of its teaching. He has not only heard of Christ's righteousness; he has opened the windows of the soul to the light of the Sun of righteousness. He has a knowledge which can not be wrested from him. The one who trusts his Saviour implicitly finds the gates of heaven ajar and flooded with glory from the throne of God.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"Ma, I Must Speak!"

A BUSINESS meeting was being held in a certain place (no matter about State), and the party spirit ran very high. Those present accused one another and justified themselves in a quite unbecoming manner. There were present in the meeting a Christian lady and her little daughter, a child of some four or five years, who had been brought up in the truth.

As the meeting continued, and charges and counter-charges were made by the contending parties, this little girl grew restless, and turned to her mother, and whispered, "Ma, I must speak!" The parent immediately hushed the child; and told her it was no place for her to speak, and that she must keep still. On this the child quieted down, while the accusing element

in the meeting seemed to rise higher and yet higher.

Shortly the child turned again to her mother as if to rise to her feet, while she repeated her request with greater emphasis, saying, "MA, I MUST SPEAK!" The mother, now in a very decided manner, told her that she must keep quiet; that this meeting was no place for a little girl like her to say anything. And so for the second time she was compelled to remain silent.

But the wrong spirit that ruled in the house had full sway, and there was no little excitement and confusion. The child now for the third time pulled her mother's arm, and with greater earnestness than before urged her request, saying, "MA, I MUST SPEAK!" The mother, now feeling that the Spirit of the Lord was moving on the child, dared object no longer, and she answered by saying, "Well, you may speak." The little girl immediately arose to her feet, and spreading out her hands, as if entreating those present, said, in a clear voice, "Let brotherly love continue," and then at once sat down.

The result of this little speech was like suddenly turning on a number of electric lights in a dark room. The meeting immediately broke up, and the contending element left the house reprovéd and ashamed. All felt that they had seen a beautiful fulfillment of the scripture, "And a little child shall lead them."

G. W. AMADON.

Ice-Flowers

AMONG natural formations which have attracted general attention because of their beauty, says *Pearson's Magazine*, snow crystals will well repay a close examination; and nowhere are they to be seen in more perfect and varied form than in the Engadine, where they are popularly known as ice-flowers.

They bud, if I may so express it, with the first sharp breath of frost, casting their fragile tendrils into a hundred delicate forms wherever a suspicion of humidity can be transformed into a glittering jewel.

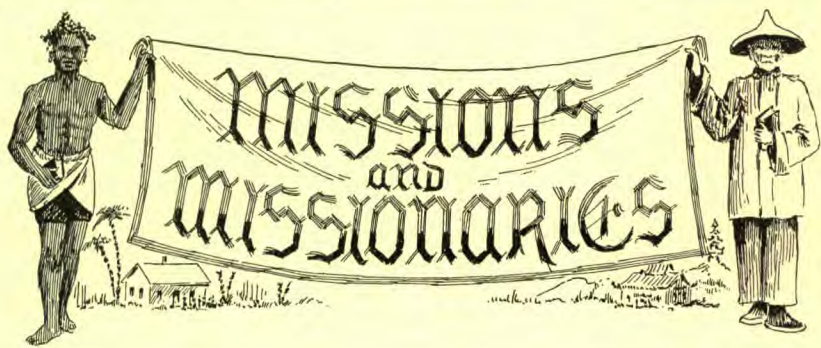
The first effect of frost everywhere is in the form of an ice-flower, so that these delicate structures are to be met with at home under many conditions, and notably in the beautiful tracings of frost on window-panes, where, however, the flower is not able to achieve individual perfection. On tree and bush the effects are much more satisfactory, and ice-flowers, beautiful and varied in form, can be examined at leisure.

But, after all, these give us but a faint idea of the beauty and delicacy of the ice-flowers of the Engadine, where the air is clearer and purer, and where conditions conspire to favor their growth. Indeed, what strikes the observer at once is that nature has been to them a kind and skillful horticulturalist, displaying their beauties to the best advantage by a charming setting of mountain-girt lake, under calm and cloudless blue skies.

Probably few persons realize how much of the beauty of the surface of the snow in the Engadine is due to the enrichment of the network of crystals which covers it.

But a mist for a few hours is absolutely necessary to their formation, and I know few sights more lovely than this gray curtain first covering everything, and then gradually dissolving, leaving a landscape glittering with hoarfrost.

One of the delights of the Engadine is to take a walk in the morning, and watch the growth of the ice-flower. This is always quite possible when there is a suspicion of moistness in the air; for then you can see the icy particles—floating, iridescent, feathery points—in the clear light of the morning; and settling here and there, on any projecting point, on the snow-carpet of the ice-crust, forming the first fairy-like foundation—a skeleton of crystal—of the flower, which grows so rapidly that one can watch it taking shape and attaining perfection.



A Remarkable Story of Conversion

(In a recent number of the *Christian Endeavor World*, Katherina Stephanova Tsilka, the native Christian who was kidnapped with Miss Ellen M. Stone by brigands in Bulgaria, gave the following graphic account of her conversion. It is suggested that selections from the story might be profitably read at the Missionary Sabbath (December 13) meeting of the various Young People's Societies.)

I WRITE this at the request of Dr. F. E. Clark, who thought that the story of my conversion may be of help to those who labor for the salvation of the lost ones in sin.

The history of missionaries shows us how many and various ways God uses in bringing the sinners to himself. The following incident explains how God saved me, and through me the whole family.

Bansko, the town near which Miss Stone and myself were captured by brigands, is the place where my parents live, and where I was born.

In the days of my early childhood, father was considered by the natives an educated man, because he knew how to read and how to write. Being a priest's son and also one with whose singing the Greek church prided itself, he was highly esteemed by the ignorant and pious villagers. No matter what he did, it was considered all right because it was done by him.

One day I heard him talking to a group of men the following: "Yes, it is time that our women should begin to learn something. I want my daughter to become a learned woman, to know how to write her own letters to her husband when she is married, and not go to the priest to write them for her, the way women do here. I want to open her eyes into a new world, a world of knowledge and education, that she may bless me when I am dead. Next fall I have decided to send her to school. Folks may make fun of her now, but O, when she comes out with an erect head, how they will envy her! Yes, she goes to school next fall."

Early one morning in the month of October I started for school with a piece of wood under my arm (for it was the custom that each child should bring a stick of wood every morning, and thus keep the fire going in the schoolroom) and a slice of bread in my hand. Father and mother stood at the gate, and with pride in their hearts watched me disappear. I never before was in a schoolroom, and wondered what it was like.

On reaching the big, clumsy gate of the school, I heard the yells and screams of the boys playing in the yard. I stood outside and feared to enter, for I was as afraid of boys as I was of buffaloes. My cousin, who also was playing, happened to spy me. He walked to me, and with an air of protectorship led me through a crowd of boys, who now stopped playing in order to see who I was, and what was my business in a boys' school.

I was taken in to the teacher, but he, instead of giving me a welcome, looked at me in disgust. "Want to be a learned woman, eh?"

After making a few more similar remarks he seated me on a bench already filled with dirty, giggling boys, who, in order to make room for me, had to squeeze so hard that the little ones among them began to squeak like mice.

Here I stayed for many days in perfect misery. In the absence of the teacher the rogues would pull my hair, tear my book, and tease me in many other ways known only to mischievous boys. And

in the presence of the teacher I was not any better off, for his manners and appearance used to make me shiver.

On reciting our lesson he would seat himself on the back of a bench (for there was no chair), with a book in one hand and a stick in the other.

"Now," he said, addressing me, "let us see

how many sticks you deserve."

Of course, at such an encouragement all the knowledge of the lesson deserted me.

"Pruss, pruss," went the stick over my body.

After putting my bruised fingers into my mouth, and soothing them with the warmth of my breath, I would start to recite again, only again to fail.

I then thought to myself, "Oh! the way to knowledge is very thorny." And in my childish mind I thought I was to blame, and each day made new resolutions that if I passed over to-day's lesson fifty times, over to-morrow's I shall pass a hundred. I did so until the lips of my mouth would chatter off the lesson like a windmill.

In this tedious way I succeeded to recite before the teacher (though I had no idea what I was reciting), but still the hateful man refused to be satisfied. He seemed to be on the watch all the time to find some accusation against me.

One time in his absence he left an older child to write down on his slate the names of all who did not behave. When the teacher returned, the slate with the names was handed him.

He read one name at a time and giving the punishment. Some of the faulty were put to stand on one foot; others were whipped with the ruler, and to others he pulled the ears. Was I not thunderstruck on hearing my name among the names of the culprits? I knew I was as quiet as a kitten, for I was afraid of the boys.

The teacher waited not for justification; he at once ordered the whole school of boys to come around me and spit at me.

Now this was too much. I endured beating, endured threatening and bad words; but such a disgrace, and that undeservingly, I shall not stand. I was aflame. My whole nature rebelled. I felt my eyes quiver in their orbs. The boys were coming nearer and nearer; and, while the teacher was urging them to hasten, I took advantage of his distraction, and like a tigress jumped over benches, boys, and out of the door I flew.

Once on the street, I was safe. I ran and ran, where, I knew not until I found myself in the market-place. Here I sat down and rested. My heart was jumping like a frightened bird. I waited here until it was time for the school to let out, so that my parents may not suspect me of running away from school.

That night I went early to bed, not to sleep, but to think. "To that fiendish place I don't go, even if I have to die. I can't make my feet enter that place anyway, even if I tried. Father may carry me there by force, but can he do it every morning? What shall I do? Now I must choose between going back there or remaining an ignorant woman all my life."

In the midst of such cloud and darkness a thought flashed through my mind—"Is not there a school up-town, where Maria and Landra go, and they say it is like heaven there? O, but it is a Protestant school, and people say that all the Protestants will go to the 'bad place' when they die. I wish they were not called Protestants. Anyway, I shall go there to-morrow, and see what it is like; but I must be on the watch that they don't stamp my forehead." It was believed that the Protestants put an invisible stamp on the forehead on any one they could get hold of, and in the next world claimed him their own.

According to my plans, the next morning I

started for school as usual. Not knowing where the Protestant school was, and fearing to ask anybody, I stood on the main street, and watched to see some Protestant child going to school. Very soon a little boy came along, and I followed him from afar.

On reaching the humble little building, I said to the boy, "As you go in, tell the teacher to come out; I want to see him."

Presently, squeaking shoes were heard and a masculine cough, and then a smiling face of a young man appeared before me.

"What do you wish, little girl?" he said in the most gentle and sweet way, as he bent down to me.

I was stunned, I was dazed, at such kindness.

He appeared before me like an angel. I loved him all at once.

After recovering from the shock I said, "I want to come to your school."

Taking me by the hand, he led me into the schoolroom, gave me a book, explained what was to be my lesson, and then seated me in a desk next to a girl.

Here I felt at once at home. As to the name "Protestants" and the stamp business, they entirely disappeared from my mind.

I could not put my mind to study right away, for there were so many interesting things about the room to be inspected. There was an iron stove, such a wonderful thing, for I never saw one before. At one end of the room stood a table and a chair for the teacher. The table was covered with a Turkey-red calico, which took my fancy. There were many windows, which made the room light and sunny. The teacher was dressed differently from our Bansko men, and he also used a different dialect from that of ours.

After inspecting him from head to foot, "Who is he?" I whispered to the girl next to me.

"Don't you know? He is Mr. So-and-so, and is sent here by the missionaries to teach us how to read, to write, and how to be good."

"Yes," I said in my heart, "this place is like heaven—everybody looks so cheerful," and I myself felt so happy that I could hardly keep quiet in my place.

When the little bell on the table tinkled, and the children stood up all in a row to walk out home, I was awakened as from a pleasant dream into a dreadful reality. All my joy disappeared.

"What shall I do now? People know whose child I am. I must not be seen walking with Protestant children, for then everybody shall know where I have been." So I took a round-about way, and went home. I said nothing to my parents that night, nor the next, nor the third; but tell I had to, and the sooner the better, for they will find it out for themselves, and then where would I be?

I broke the news first to mother, for I feared father.

She opened her eyes wide, bit her lips, and said: "Child, what have you done? Your father will chop off your head if he knew it. Don't you know that you are ruining his reputation and good name by mingling with Protestants?"

I felt sorry, but not in the least repentant of what I had done; for the very thought of the Provoslov teacher made me shiver.

"Mama," I said, "kill me if you will, but to that tyrant I don't go. And as to that heaven-like place up-town, I shall die if you don't let me go."

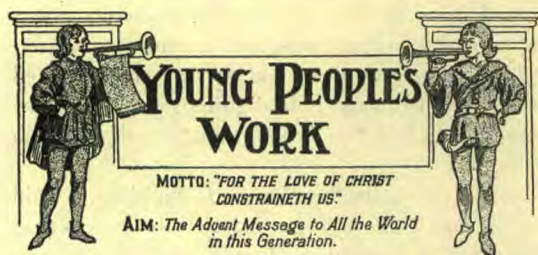
The next morning she told father of my adventure, and he became furious!

"Am I not the boss of this house? How dare she do such a thing without my permission? Oh, oh! whipping, whipping for such a head like yours."

"Father, but it is very, very nice there. I can learn so easy and quickly there I feel like it, and the teacher —"

"Sst! My word is law," interrupted he. "I

(Concluded on page 6.)



A Hospital Experience

THREE years ago a few of the young people employed by the Pacific Press Publishing Company began semimonthly meetings at the county hospital, or infirmary, twelve miles distant. At the beginning of this year these were discontinued; and as I had been away from the city almost constantly since, I had no opportunity of visiting the place or renewing my acquaintance with the inmates. Last Sabbath I took a bundle of papers and started out. After distributing the papers, and finding but few familiar faces, I was about to leave, when I saw one gentleman whom I had often met, and who at once recognized me. I went up to him, and after a little talk began to question him in regard to those whose faces I missed.

My first question was, "Where is Mr. M.?" This gentleman had been the librarian of their little reading-room when we first began meetings, and it was always his delight to keep things clean, and prepare for our services to the best of his ability. The reply was, "Mr. M. is dead." As he told me this, I thought of the growing weakness of the poor man; how he had given up his work as librarian, and had been taken to a ward in the hospital department, where the dear Lord had used a few texts of Scripture and a broken prayer to lead him to accept his Saviour.

I then asked for Mr. R., who all his life had been an irreligious man, and yet had at times given evidence of a real conviction of sin, and had requested prayers. For more than a year he had been reading the *Signs of the Times* regularly. At first he did not care for it because it came in a club with others, but when it was sent to him personally, together with a letter from a missionary-hearted sister, his attitude toward it was entirely changed, and the last time I saw him, he told me that he was living a Christian life. He is also dead.

I then asked for Mr. S. This gentleman had been led to renew his consecration to the Saviour two years ago. The reply was that Mr. S. also had gone to his long home. How glad I was that my last talk with him had been about his soul's salvation, and that he had expressed an anxiety to meet his Master.

As I listened and pondered, my heart was led to praise our dear Father for the blessing he had added to the feeble efforts put forth at the county hospital, and the thought occurred to me, How many of our young people would gladly enter upon such work if they knew how easy it is! We are commanded to sow by the side of all waters. Dear young friends, is not here an opportunity for you? H. H. HALL.

Reasons for Thanksgiving

WHEN I call to mind how deep down in sin I have been, and that I have been rescued through the instrumentality of a mother's prayers, and saved from a sinful, selfish life,—renewed, physically, mentally, morally,—I believe I have great cause for thanksgiving. After this wonderful experience, God guided me into the medical missionary work, and led me, after only about one year's training, to the consideration of the Mohammedan field. He gave me many evidences by which I knew that he had a work for me there, among which was the privilege of associating with those who were able to help me in preparing for work in that field.

Another thing for which I am truly thankful

is that God gives me the desire to carry the gospel to those who have never heard it. For he has said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We can not meet all classes of people by remaining at home, so we must go where they are,—in prison, in the slums, and in the distant and difficult parts of the world.

Early in the past summer the Battle Creek Young People's Society took into consideration the support of a worker in some needy field. As I had signified my desire to go to Syria, my support was suggested, and finally decided upon. This has been a great encouragement to me; for I am sure the prayers of the young people in this church will follow me, and this gives me much more courage and enthusiasm than remaining at home would.

My earnest prayer is that I may be used of God to the salvation of souls in every walk and condition in life. We can not be too reserved and ethical in the work of God, but must be humble and obedient in the Master's hands. Then we may be able to take those by the hand for whom Christ died, however steeped in degradation and sin, and lift them up by giving them a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

I sincerely hope that other Young People's Societies may be encouraged to assist in the work for the many needy fields by their prayers and means, and thus hasten the coming of Jesus to this sin-darkened earth.

J. M. KEICHLINE, M. D.

December Study of the Field

Suggestive Program for Young People's Meeting

(December 7-13)

1. SINGING, No. 716, "Christ in Song."
2. Scripture Reading: Isa. 6: 5-8; Matt. 28: 18-20; Jer. 1: 6-9, 17-19; Isa. 55: 8-12.
3. Season of prayer in which several take part in short, earnest petitions in behalf of missions and missionaries. Ten minutes.
4. Singing, No. 510, by children.
5. Synopsis of Protestant Missions in China. Five minutes. (See *Review* of October 28.)
6. Needs and Possibilities of Porto Rico. Three minutes. (See *Review* of October 28.)
7. Tongan Manners and Customs. Five minutes. (INSTRUCTOR of November 13.)
8. Singing, No. 664, "Behold the Bridegroom," two stanzas.
9. A Doctor's Experiences in Africa. (See "Story of Our Matabele Mission," in INSTRUCTOR of November 6.) Told by some younger boy or girl. Five minutes.
10. A New Era in Adventist Missions. (See "Story of Our Matabele Mission," in INSTRUCTOR of November 6.) Let some older member of the Society give the places entered since 1895, especially those recently entered by our workers (see *Review* of November 25 and current number of the INSTRUCTOR), while several boys and girls, previously selected, step to the map in turn, and locate the places.
11. Collection.
12. Singing, No. 390, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go."
13. Benediction.

NOTE.—Whenever practicable, bring the younger boys and girls into the Young People's meeting, and give them some part in it. This will interest them, and will early inspire them with a love for mission work. Children always enjoy a map exercise, and this may be made a pleasing feature of the program if well planned beforehand. This suggestion applies to those So-

cieties that do not have a junior department. And where such a department exists, the two may be brought together occasionally. If preferred, the leader may substitute for the children's exercise, interesting anecdotes from Sister Anderson's articles, "A Trip to Canton" (see late numbers of the *Review*), or instances showing that the earth is ripe for the gospel message (gleaned from reports in the *Review*). Selections from the article, "A Remarkable Story of Conversion," on page 379 of this paper, may be used in place of any of the other topics, if so desired. Let those taking part in five- or three-minute talks make thorough preparation, so as to confine themselves to the limited time.

CAROLYN A. HATHAWAY.

MISSION NOTES

IN spite of all the Boxers and fighting and massacres, the Chinese seem more eager than ever to read God's Book for themselves. During the first eight months of this year more than three quarters of a million volumes were sent out from the British and Foreign Bible Society depot at Shanghai into all parts of China.

A MOHAMMEDAN artillery officer in Morocco was won to Christ through reading the Scriptures. He became a colporteur, and worked diligently to circulate the book among his countrymen, who denounced and persecuted him. At last he was attacked by a band of fanatics, and maltreated so severely that he died last August. His relatives tried their utmost to persuade him, before his death, to return to the Moslem faith, but in reply to their entreaties "he spoke only of Jesus."

AN English lady missionary, writing of Chinese schoolgirls, says their games are exactly like games at which English children play, except that in "battledoor" they use their feet instead of their hands. "Knuckle bones" is played exactly as boys play it in England, only they use stones. "Hunt the slipper" is also just the same. The Chinese, too, have the most beautiful swings—and such kites! They know no end of riddles, both spoken and written, and they have all kinds of puzzles.

A MISSIONARY in the Zanzibar district tells of the simple faith of the native Christians. During a time of great drought last December the chief called a meeting of the people to pray for rain. There was a company of three hundred and sixty persons gathered together, including the chiefs of two villages. After singing and an explanation of the conditions of prevailing prayer, the chief, who was a Christian, offered the first prayer. He was followed by two pagan chiefs. There was great solemnity throughout the entire meeting. On the morrow the clouds gathered, and an abundant rain fell in the course of the next two days.

NOR many boys and girls at the age of ten have advanced very far in the work of translation; but in an old report of the Bible Society, two children are mentioned who assisted in translating the Bible. They were the children of a missionary who translated the Bible into the Accrs, or Gã, language, spoken on the Gold Coast, West Africa. In writing to the Bible Society, this missionary said that he was assisted by his two children, a boy of eight and a girl of ten, in the final reading and comparing of the manuscript of his Gã translation with the original Hebrew and with the English. The boy, he says, had just managed the Hebrew reading, though he could only read slowly, and both the children were very much interested in the work as book after book was prepared.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Queer

A clock can run, but can not walk;
My shoe has a tongue, but cannot talk;
A comb has teeth, but has no mouth;
A north wind blows the smoke straight south.

Bottles have necks, but have no heads;
And pins have heads, but have no necks;
And needles have to hold their threads
Right in their eyes—how it must vex!

If I were needle, comb, or shoe,
I never should know what to do.
My head is really in a whirl;
I'm glad I am a little girl.

—Exchange.

Her Dream

"ONLY two more hats to make," sighed a little half-starved native, as her fingers deftly wove the palm back and forth; "then I shall have a few days' rest until *tio* (uncle) comes back from the city."

For weeks nine-year-old Neena had been working early and late to finish the task left her when her uncle went away. For weeks she had had scarcely enough food to sustain life; for they were very poor, and the uncle felt that he was more than burdened by having to care for her at all. Most of his time was spent over the gambling-table, and his earnings and hers generally went for tobacco and rum.

At last her task was finished, and she sighed again, this time with satisfaction, as she viewed the large pile of beautiful straw hats in the corner of the *bohio*. She was bright enough to know that if the dealers treated them fairly, her work would bring a neat little sum.

"But there," she exclaimed, "what's the use of thinking about being treated fair? They believe in getting all they can, and uncle does, too."

After eating a crust of bread and a banana, she curled up in her hammock and went to sleep.

While she slept, she dreamed that she was being carried to the seashore. As far as her eyes could see was the blue ocean, and tossing upon its waves were many vessels. In the distance was a reef. Many of the vessels were sailing toward it; and as they struck the rocks, they were dashed in pieces. Others approached it, but their guides turned them aside in time to save them.

In the midst of the dream her uncle called her to get up and prepare for a journey. This was a surprise; for she had never been away from the mountain village. She rose obediently, however, gathered up the hats, and mounted the pony, with her uncle. After traveling the rest of the night, and part of the following day, they entered a city on the coast. For the first time, she saw the beautiful ocean, the vessels large and small, the reefs, and the huge billows, as in her dream. Only one thing was lacking—she did not see the vessels driven upon the rocks.

After a deal of quarreling on the part of the seller and the buyer, the hats were disposed of, and the coins tied up in an old handkerchief; then, leading the little girl by the hand, the uncle

started out to beg. Under threat of punishment, she was compelled to shut her eyes, while he led her from house to house, crying, "*Ciego*" ("blind")!

Finally, after laying in a supply of rum and tobacco, he prepared to start for home; but when he looked for Neena, she was not to be found, so he went on without her. But where was Neena?—She had found friends to whom she opened her heart, and a home was found for her among Christian people. One day as her mistress was telling her the story of the "Storm of Galilee," when Jesus spoke to the waves, saying, "Peace, be still," she related her dream in the mountains.

Then the Christian woman saw an opportunity to impress a lesson upon the mind of the child, and told Neena what she saw in the dream for her. And Neena seemed to understand, and to wish to guide her life away from the rocks of sin.

Surely God has had a care for the little native girl!

MRS. IDA FISCHER.

An Unhistoric Dark Day

THEY were sitting before the fire reading.

"Candles were lighted in the houses," read Jimmy. "The fowls retired to roost; the cocks were crowing all around as at the break of day; objects could not be distinguished but at very lit-

do, and we don't want father and mother to think we neglect things," said conscientious Jennie.

Fifteen minutes later they were both sound asleep, and only the old clock was left to make a noise in the farm kitchen. But the clock was not so faithful as usual. Something was wrong with it. In the middle of the night it stopped, and no ticking was heard for five hours. Then, without any apparent reason, it began again, as watches sometimes do.

The house was very still in the morning and the two children slept heavily. Jennie woke up first, just in time to hear the clock strike.

"Jimmy, Jimmy, wake up!" she cried. "It's seven o'clock."

They had always been early risers at the farm, and seven o'clock seemed very late to them. Jimmy jumped up like a shot. He hurried to do the chores, and Jennie hurried to get the breakfast. It was a dull, cloudy day, and not a glimpse could they get of the sun. Jimmy went to his weeding, like the faithful farmer boy he was, and Jennie was very busy about the house till the clock struck twelve. Then she called Jimmy in to dinner. They were very merry at dinner, and ate a long time.

"How dark it is!" said Jennie, when the meal was fairly over. "It must be going to rain."

They hastened out to scan the sky, but no rain-cloud was to be seen, only the gray mist that had covered the sun all day.

"Why! Why-ee!" cried Jennie, in astonishment. "The chickens are going to roost. Jimmy, it's another Dark Day!"

Jimmy ran into the house, and brought out the book. He had to hold it close to his eyes to see in the dim light.

"Yes!" he cried excitedly. "It's just the way it was then. We're having another Dark Day. Hooray! Go and look at the clock."

"A quarter past one, reported Jennie. "Jimmy, we'll have to light a lamp. Oh, I wish—I wish—that it was night, so that mother would come."

"Nonsense!" said Jimmy, although his own hands trembled queerly. "It's only living history over again. Don't be a coward, Jennie. Just think how grand it is to be

alive on such a wonderful day."

"Don't go out to weed again!" begged Jennie. "Stay in the house with me."

So Jimmy stayed, and although he wouldn't have liked to own it, he was glad to stay. He even wiped the dishes, "for company," he said. At two o'clock a rattle of wheels was heard, and a buggy drove into the yard.

"It's mother!" cried Jennie, joyfully, and ran out, dish-cloth in hand. Mother got out with her arms full of packages and a beaming smile. But she looked at father queerly when she saw what the children were doing.

"Why, Jennie," she said, "haven't you got your supper dishes done yet?"

"Supper!" cried Jimmy and Jennie. "Why, ma, you mean dinner! Did you come early because you thought we'd be afraid? We might have been if we hadn't read about the other



SOME LITTLE FOLKS IN PORTO RICO

tle distance; and everything bore the appearance and gloom of night."

"Well, so they do every night," said Jennie. "That's not wonderful."

"Oh, but this was in the daytime!" said Jimmy. "The darkness began about ten o'clock in the morning, and lasted all day long. The histories all tell of it, and call it the Dark Day. It was May 19, 1780."

Jennie's only answer was a great yawn, for she did not care for history as Jimmy did. The two were keeping house alone. Father and mother had gone to stay all day and all night. Jimmy and Jennie had celebrated by sitting up very late.

"How jolly it will be not to have anybody call us in the morning!" said Jimmy. "Let's sleep as late as we want to for once."

"Oh, no, let's get up early. There's lots to

Dark Day in the history last night," they finished, cheerfully.

"Early! Dark Day!" Mother looked up in astonishment. "What are you children thinking of? What time do you think it is?"

"Two o'clock in the afternoon," chorused Jimmy and Jennie, pointing to the clock.

Then mother laughed. Oh, how she laughed! The table fairly shook till all the supper dishes rattled.

"It's almost eight o'clock at night! The old clock must have stopped. O father, father, did you ever hear of anything so funny?"

But Jimmy and Jennie did not think it so very funny. It was not till years after that they saw much amusement in their unhistoric Dark Day.—*Bertha E. Bush, in Youth's Companion.*

The Book

THE book I love in winter-time is printed black and white,
A book to read before the fire upon a chilly night;
A tale of high adventuring, a tale of woe and joy,
With many pictures intermixed, the kind that suits a boy.
A ship, a cruise, a lad at sea, a purpose to defend,
And everything to come aright before the story's end.

But when the summer-time is here, I love another book,
Not told upon a printed page, but gurgled by a brook,
And whispered by the eager pines, and thundered by the sea,
And gossiped in a dialect by every passing bee.
There is no story in the world which I have ever seen
To equal nature's volume, where the leaves are all of green.

The book is ever open at the most exciting page,
To suit the reader old or young, of any taste and age;
The pictures are in colors fair, the plot is ever new—
However wild or wonderful, you know it all is true.
The book will last a lifetime long, and best of all,
My friend,
Each summer 'tis "continued," and it never has an end!

—Selected.

How to Lose a Situation

THE boy who cultivates the following habits is sure to lose his place in a short time, and be out on the street looking for another job:—

Get down to business twenty minutes or half an hour after the rest of the clerks are there, and the work of the day is in full swing.

When sent on an errand, waste as much time as you can on the way, and do not get back to business again any sooner than you can possibly help.

Do not take any interest in your work, and never try to do anything quickly and neatly.

When instructed respecting your duties by your employer, be rude in your answers.

Watch the clock instead of your work, that you may be ready to quit on the first stroke of the bell.

When serving a customer, let him see by your inattention and careless manner that you do not care whether he makes a purchase or not.

Watch your employer; and when his back is turned, waste your time.

Spend your evenings on the streets and in the saloons rather than in study and self-improvement.

Ask for an advance in wages at the end of the first month.

Impress the head of the firm with the fact that you know how to run the business a great deal better than he does.

If a few of these rules are followed, you will get your discharge at the end of three months.—*Selected.*

(Continued from page 3.)

say you shall not go, and you are not to go."

A low, square table was placed on the floor, and the family called to dine. I refused to go, but the strong arms of my father brought me there by force. All began to eat except I.

"Eat," said father, "eat."

"I can't; my heart is broken," whispered I.

Supper-time came. Again I refused to eat.

"I shall beat you; do you hear?"

"Beat me," I said; "beating is not worse than death, and I shall die; I prefer to die than live such a hard life."

The next morning I remained in bed, for I felt weak; and again I refused to eat. The same thing followed, and the next day.

Now my mother was alarmed, for I heard her pleading with father to let me go.

"Please let her; this won't make her a Protestant. She is only a child. You see, she has just as strong will as you have; she is your daughter. She is making herself sick; she will die; and then you will never forgive yourself!"

"Oh, oh!" he groaned. "We shall suffer from that girl; she is so wilful! Let her bury her head," meaning, "Let her go, but with a curse." "Yes, let her go there; but, if I see you walking on the street with a Protestant or bringing one home, you shall remember it."

At this I jumped out of bed; I was no longer sick. Taking a piece of bread in hand (for I could not wait to eat), I ran to school. That day I was one of the happiest girls in the world.

The teacher lost no time. Through me he saw his chance in influencing the whole family, which was very opposed to the true Christianity. He often talked to me, and one time said that he was coming to see my parents. "Please, please, don't; father won't let me come to your school if you come to our house." He only smiled at that.

One holiday morning the gate opened, and both mother and I looked to see who it was. Seeing that it was the Protestant teacher, we both flew and hid. The poor man knocked several times, and, having no answer, walked into the room, and sat himself by the fire.

Very soon father's voice was heard.

We trembled; we feared for the young man.

Father was stunned on finding such a man in our house, but before he could get angry, the teacher had won him by his gentle ways. On parting, father even invited him to come again; and he did come, and often, too.

The young teacher now felt that as long as I remained under the family influence and superstitions, I shall never become a Christian. So he began to work very tactfully to send me to a missionary boarding-school.

"Yes," he said; "it is beautiful there. You become a nice, educated woman, and, more than that, pleasing to God."

But there was father again; he would not consent to let me go three days' journey away from home; and besides, it was not customary for girls to go away from their own town.

In spite of these difficulties I lost no hope in getting his consent. I worked hard three months. I shed tears. I tried to be good. I prayed, for the teacher told me that I must pray about it.

With the convincing words of the teacher and my own pleadings finally I succeeded. One beautiful morning in September, after a long and rough ride over mountains, the boarding-school was reached. Teachers as well as pupils looked so nice, and spoke very kindly to me. The building looked like a palace. I was bubbling with inward joy.

"Such good souls I never saw before," I often thought to myself. Somehow I could not understand why were they called Protestants when they were so good.

Prayers were held morning and night. The girls would get up and speak of the joy and love of God in their hearts. I began to feel uneasy,

wicked, a craving to be good. I would often hide myself, and make the sign of the cross over and over again, and pray to God to make me good.

The teachers would often talk to me on religious things; but somehow I stood stiff, for I thought they wanted to make me Protestant. But the Christian living of those young women was convincing me day by day that their religion was a religion of power.

One day, while in class in the recitation-room, in walked an old, gray-haired man, a missionary. He talked to us, and after that asked us to kneel down and pray. The Spirit of God must have inspired that prayer, for then and there I gave myself up to God. My heart was now burdened for my dear ones at home. I wanted to write to them, but somehow felt I could not express myself. So I sent them all the pamphlets of Christian truths given to me. Having no books whatever in the house, mother devoured those booklets. There were only three women in the town who knew how to read, and mother was one of them.

Yes, my mother read them over and over again. The Spirit of God did the blessed work, and soon after that she was persecuted most bitterly by father for her Christian stand. She prayed for her younger children, and now every one of her family is a child of God, some of them already in the field, and some preparing for the ministry.

All this, dear friends in America, is a result of your prayers and pennies. You have sent us missionaries to lead us to God and to life eternal.

A Neglected Opportunity

ONE who has recently visited the Philippines, and taken note of the religious condition in the islands, has written the result of his observations, making a strong appeal to the Protestant churches of America to awaken to the situation, and send out an army of workers to carry the light of the gospel to the natives. The article appeared in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of October 22. After speaking at some length of the dangers that threaten liberty of conscience, of religious assembly, and of religious opinion, he says:—

"The solidarity of Rome must be broken. It is now much disturbed, but this condition will not be permitted to continue long. This is the moment for the Protestant Church to hurry its forces into the field, and hold the ground for civil and religious liberty. The door will soon close. The world will have a right to demand of American Protestantism why it did not hold the Philippines for religious and civil liberty, if it fails to measure up to the situation.

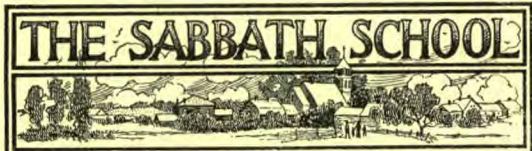
"Conditions are rapidly forming for Rome's supreme hour. This will come when the people are enfranchised, and led by the priesthood to the polls and voted solidly to carry out the dictates of the Archbishop of Manila, who has always ruled the Philippines, and will effectually do so again when the civil government is turned over to the natives. The régime of the past to smother liberty is one of the darkest pages in human history. Ostracism, dungeons, confiscation of property, banishment, secret murders, false accusation, and execution on trumped-up charges,—all have been common in the Philippines to intimidate those who were disposed to drift away from Rome. At this time these ignorant and superstitious people are confronted with the awful curses of excommunication, refusal of marriage and holy sepulcher, to intimidate them and keep them in line. Those who hunger for liberty have no leaders, none to bring to them the consolations of religion, no support in their tendencies to become truly liberty-loving people, and so Rome will soon be able to drive all those who are hoping for something better than this strong hand back again into helpless and hopeless bondage."

The writer asks, "What are the Protestant churches doing to meet this situation?" and answers, "Almost nothing." In Manila there are a

few missionaries, but "out in the provinces there is not one to a million natives." He says, further:—

"All northern Luzon, the region having people of the highest racial development in the archipelago, including the Tagalogs, and of the highest material development, comprising probably three millions of people, there is *only one missionary outside of Manila*. . . . Southern Luzon has been given to the Presbyterians and the Baptists, together with the southern islands. But in all those multitudes, . . . there is not one missionary to millions of natives."

The situation set forth in these paragraphs is one that ought to awaken in the hearts of the young people who truly love the hope of the soon coming of our Lord Jesus, a desire to do something to give this message to our neighbors in the Philippines,—not in the hope of breaking "the solidarity of Rome," but of giving to all an opportunity to become free in the Lord, and to prepare to welcome him with joy at his appearing.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XI—Oppression in Egypt; Birth of Moses

(December 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: EX. 1: 6-14, 22; 2: 1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: "They shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them." Isa. 19: 20.

(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.)

God told Abraham not only that his seed should go into Egypt, but also how long they should stay there, and what would happen to them during that time. He said: "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years." He also said to Jacob, when he was on the way to Egypt, "There will I make of thee a great nation."

Our lesson this week shows how these words of God came to pass. For the children of Israel increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them. This led the Egyptians to fear them, and afflict them, as God had said.

But this did not lessen their numbers; for "the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." Hard work does not kill people, but makes them strong and healthy.

So Pharaoh tried a different plan: he made a cruel decree that every baby boy should be thrown into the river. But God used this very decree to work out his own purpose, and raise up a deliverer for Israel.

The eleventh of Hebrews tells us that "by faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw that he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment."

During their long stay in Egypt many of the Israelites had left the worship of the true God, and now worshiped the idols of Egypt. But there were still some faithful ones among them, who loved and trusted God, and waited in faith for him to bring them out of their hard bondage, and take them to the promised land. These were looking for him to raise up a deliverer for them.

When Moses was born, and his parents saw that he was an unusually fine child, they hoped and trusted that he was the one chosen of God to deliver Israel. His mother did at last put him in the river, but in such a way that he could not be drowned. And God sent Pharaoh's own daughter to find him, and opened her heart to the beautiful boy, so that his life might be spared. Then his mother was able to bring him up openly without fear, and money was given to her to provide for him. How precious were those few years that Moses spent in his mother's home,

and how carefully she must have taught him of the God of his fathers, and of the work that was in store for him as the deliverer of Israel!

Moses stayed in the court of Pharaoh until he was forty years old. He was a great man, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." He might have sat upon the throne of Egypt, and ruled over that great kingdom. But he looked for a better country, the land that God had promised to his fathers. This, we have learned, is the beautiful new earth, for which we also look. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Moses at first made the same mistake that Abraham and Jacob had made. He tried to get for himself what he knew God intended for him. He knew that God had chosen him to deliver Israel; and so, when he saw an Egyptian taskmaster ill-treating a Hebrew slave, he killed the Egyptian. Then, thinking that his brethren understood that God had set him over them, he interfered when he heard two of them quarreling. But they were angry, and said, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?" just as Joseph's brethren said when he told them his dreams.

The life history of Moses, like that of Joseph, is an object-lesson of Christ. What things in the life of Christ does this week's lesson bring to your mind? Satan knew that the time was drawing near for God to deliver his people from Egypt, and he expected that he would raise up a man to lead them out. So he put it into Pharaoh's heart to kill all the baby boys, just as he afterward moved Herod to kill all the infants so that Jesus should be slain. But all that Satan can do only helps forward the work of God.

Questions

1. How long did God say that Abraham's seed should stay in Egypt? Gen. 15: 13. What did he say should be done to them there?
2. What did God tell Jacob he would do for his seed while they were in Egypt? Gen. 46: 3. How was this promise fulfilled? Ex. 1: 7.
3. Of what was the king of Egypt afraid when he saw their numbers? What did he first do to try to keep them from increasing? Verse 10. What was the result of this? Verse 12. What does this show about hard work?
4. What command did Pharaoh afterward give? Verse 22. Who had a son about this time? Why did she not do as the king commanded? Ex. 2: 2.
5. What did Jochebed do with Moses when she could not hide him any longer? Verse 3. Who found the child? Verse 5. Tell how he was given back into his mother's care. Verses 7-9.
6. Where did Moses go to live when he was old enough? Verse 10. Why did he, when he was grown up, refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter?
7. How did he try to help his brethren? Verses 11, 12.
8. What happened the next day? Verses 13, 14. To what place did Moses flee?
9. Tell what parts of the life of Jesus were foreshadowed in the life of Moses.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XI—Taking Away the Real Presence

(December 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: In Synopsis.

MEMORY VERSE: "But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God." Heb. 10: 12.

Synopsis

In Jesus all the services of the sanctuary found their fulfillment. "The whole worship of ancient Israel was a promise, in figures and symbols, of Christ." Every time one of the people brought his offering to the priest, he showed by that very act his faith in the promised Messiah. So that the service itself was a promise to the people that the Seed, about which we have already studied, would come in the fullness of time, to make an offering of himself for sin. All their services pointed them to this event.

Jesus himself associated the temple with his own body. John 2: 19-21. He is the eternal Priest, or a priest forever. Heb. 5: 4-6; 7: 24. He is the real sacrifice. Heb. 7: 26, 27; 9: 28. There came a time in the history of the Jewish people when Christ was lost out of their services; these then became mere formalities, and were an offense to God, Isa. 1: 10-18,

From our last study we learned that the service of the sanctuary was a continual service. This continual service found its fulfillment in Christ, who is a priest "after the order of Melchisedec" (Heb. 5: 10), whose priesthood was a continual priesthood. Heb. 7: 1-3.

In the ancient service the priesthood changed (Heb. 7: 23); but in the fulfillment of the type, Jesus is the only priest, because he continueth forever. Heb. 7: 24. The same is true of the offerings. In the type the priests offered continually and repeatedly the same kind of offerings; but Jesus made one offering, or a continual offering, for sins, when he offered himself. Heb. 10: 1, 11, 12. The very fact that the priesthood and sacrifice of Christ are *continual*, is the assurance that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Heb. 7: 24-27.

In the Revised Version, Dan. 8: 11-13, instead of "daily sacrifice" we find the expression "continual burnt-offering." But "burnt-offering" is a supplied word, probably inserted here because the expression "the continual burnt-offering" occurs so frequently in the directions concerning the sanctuary service. From our study thus far we find that the word "continual" in the eighth chapter of Daniel has a broader meaning than simply the burnt-offering. It includes the essential feature of the whole service; and that essential feature is a present Christ, a living Saviour, our continual high priest and our continual offering for sin, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

To offer up such a sacrifice demands that union with Christ which we have already studied—the union of divinity with humanity, "the mystery of godliness," Christ manifest in the flesh,—whereby the church becomes the body of Christ (Eph. 1: 22, 23), and each individual a member. 1 Cor. 12: 27. Now, in taking away the continual (Dan. 8: 11-13), which the papacy was to do, we have a temple without Christ (1 Cor. 3: 16), a priesthood without Christ, a sacrifice without Christ, and a church without Christ. But this changes the worship of God into idolatry, and substitutes paganism for Christianity, while retaining the names and forms of Christianity. This is just what the little horn, the papacy, has done.

Questions

1. In whom did the services of the sanctuary find their fulfillment?
2. What in reality, then, was the worship of ancient Israel?
3. How did the people show their faith in the Messiah?
4. How did Jesus associate himself with the temple?
5. Who is the real Priest represented by the priests of the earthly sanctuary?
6. Who is the real Sacrifice?
7. What made the service of the sanctuary an offense to God?
8. What kind of service was maintained in the sanctuary?
9. In whom did it find its fulfillment?
10. How does the priesthood of Christ differ from the priesthood of the sanctuary service?
11. How do the offerings differ?
12. What assurance do the continual priesthood and the continual sacrifice give us?
13. What is the significance of the expression "the continual" in the eighth chapter of Daniel? What does it include?
14. How only can we offer up such a sacrifice?
15. What is the result of this union?
16. What does the church thus become? What does the individual become?
17. What, then, is the result of taking away the continual?
18. What does the worship of God thus become? What is substituted for Christianity?
19. What power has exactly fulfilled these specifications?

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To the Regions Beyond

THE last Sabbath but one in November was a memorable day in the missionary history of Seventh-day Adventists. The Lord has set his seal in a most remarkable manner to the effort to enlist the sympathies of this people in giving the message quickly to all the world. One conference after another has given liberally of its surplus tithe, until it is coming to be the sentiment that the larger part of the funds should be used in fields most densely populated, or in other words, our workers should be allowed to go to labor where the people are, and there be supported.

In the past the United States, with her seventy-eight million people, has had a monopoly of the laborers, while the fourteen hundred million outside of the United States have had only a paltry few. But this is to be reversed; and we thank the Lord for the privilege of living to see this time. The California Conference has set the pace in this revival, by giving her laborers the privilege of going to the needy regions beyond, where fields are ripe to the harvest, but where there is none to reap. And they will still be California workers, supported by the California Conference.

The event which made November 22 memorable was the missionary meeting conducted in the Tabernacle, in Battle Creek, Michigan, in which twenty-two persons who were to sail for the regions beyond took part. It was not a sad farewell service, but a joyous going forth to do the work that will speed the dear Saviour's return, and forever end "Good-by."

The larger number of the party were young people, young men and young women in the bloom of youth,—hopeful, buoyant, and full of courage, ready to spend and be spent that they may preach the gospel where Christ is not named. There is a deeper significance to this outgoing than that such destitute fields as Italy, Spain, Ireland, England, Africa, and India are to be supplied with laborers—far deeper! It means the beginning of that work which will speedily bring the end. It is a summons to those who are young to arise and gird themselves for service. "There shall be delay no longer." This little company that took passage on the steamship "Majestic" on the last Wednesday of November, 1902, is but an earnest of the army that will soon be hurrying to and fro among all the nations, announcing the glad tidings of the nearness of the advent of the Lord.

Who will be among this army?—Young people have an important part to act in this closing work. In the annals of modern missions, the young men and the young women have stood at the front. Indeed, our Saviour himself, while yet a young man, completed his earthly mission. Daniel, and the three Hebrew captives; Samuel, David, Paul, and Timothy were all young men. With the "love of Christ constraining, and the influence of the Holy Spirit quickening their impulses," is it strange that when God chooses to pour out his

Spirit upon all flesh, the first manifestations are through the sons and daughters?

When the young preacher, teacher, and shoemaker at Moulton had his own heart stirred with the needs of the unevangelized millions, we find him, courageous in his convictions, startling a meeting of ministers by asking, "Have the churches done what they should for missions?" And that forbidding reply, "Sit down, young man. When God is pleased to convert the heathen, he will do so without your help or mine!" Carey did not sit down, but with undaunted courage we find him next urging: "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." And with this one thing in mind, he pressed forward, overcoming opposition and discouragement, until he had, under God, achieved stupendous victories in heathen lands. A young man of twenty-two when the first missionary impulse stirred his heart, that impulse has arisen, and that influence spread, until he may indeed be called the "father of modern missions."

Adoniram Judson was but twenty-two years old when he resolved to devote his life to foreign missions. With a bright career of prominence, from a human point of view, held out to him as colleague to the pastor of a large church in Boston, he declined it for the purpose of carrying the gospel to the heathen in Burma. Jacob Chamberlain was nineteen years old when he turned his attention to the dark regions beyond. Livingstone was twenty-one when he determined in his heart to devote his time and talent to foreign mission work. When a mere lad, scarcely twelve years old, Coley Patteson was stirred to the very depths of his young nature by a sermon on the needs of Melanesia; and it was no surprise when, at the age of twenty-seven, he gave himself to that field, where he labored until life itself was yielded up for the people he loved. And so Robert Morrison at twenty-two laid his life on the altar of missions, although urged to look upon the special opportunities he had for usefulness in the home field. And there are hosts of others—pioneers in the work of missions.

Will this be less marked in the closing work of the gospel? Young people of every denomination are organizing for this very service, and the blessing of the Lord attends them; for we find the brightest and best of Christian young people offering themselves, refusing promising opportunities at home, that they may go to those who sit in darkness. Shall we do less?—No! The little party just sailed is but the first-fruits of an outgoing to the fields that will quickly encircle the earth with the last message of mercy, which will lighten the whole world with its glory.

E. H.

Our Mission Funds

At the time when this number of the INSTRUCTOR goes to press, more than enough money has come in to insure the club for the Bridgetown Sabbath-school one year from the first of January, 1903, besides a generous sum for the India Mission Fund:—

Recorded last week	\$15 23
Young people in Review Office	3 25
Company at Orient, Iowa	1 00
E. W. Graves	1 00
Ann Arbor Sabbath-school	1 00

Total.....\$21 48

As only \$15.94 is needed for the Bridgetown club, the sum remaining will be added to the India Mission Fund, as stated last week. This fund now stands as follows:—

Recorded last week	\$2 00
Surplus from Bridgetown fund	5 54
Loup City Sabbath school	1 19
Mrs. M. C. Mace	1 00

Total.....\$9 73

If the gifts continue to come in this week, as they have during the last few days, the amount for our India clubs will soon be made up.



IMMIGRANTS to the United States for the last year numbered 730,798, as compared with 562,868 for the preceding year.

At a recent spelling-match held in an American university forty per cent of the students missed twenty out of two hundred words. A young lady made the best record, missing only one word.

Two years ago, at the time of the Boxer uprising in China, thirteen adult missionaries of the American Board lost their lives. Seven of these were educated at Oberlin College, and two others had lived there while their husbands took the course. Now an appropriate Memorial Arch is to be erected at the entrance to the college campus, on one of the principal walks, "where hundreds of students will pass through it daily, and be inspired by its memory of heroism." Inside the arch, on bronze tablets, will be placed the names of these brave men and women, and a brief sketch of their lives and the manner of their death.

THE American penny is now used in Hawaii. Those who have always enjoyed the convenience of this little coin may wonder how any one could get along without it; but it is only lately that it has come into general use in the Western States. Heretofore, if one wished to buy a two-cent stamp, for example, he would receive, in change, another two-cent stamp and a one-cent stamp. Or if he wished to buy only a postal card, he would receive stamps for change. A recent postal ruling, however, provides that all change shall hereafter be given in pennies.

THE *Sunday School Times*, in one of its late issues, shows a row of closed doors, each bearing the name of some widely known firm or organization, under the suggestive title—"Some of the Many Doors That Are Closed To-day against Smokers of Cigarettes." Among these are the Union Pacific, Lehigh Valley, and Central railroads; United States army and navy; Western Union Telegraph Company; Morgan & Wright Tire Company; the Omaha schools; Wanamaker's; etc., etc. Of course in time the boy who smokes cigarettes shuts himself away from the chance of honest and honorable work; but the fact that men of as wide experience and opportunity to observe the effects of this vice on those who indulge in it, refuse to employ cigarette-smokers, should be a warning that every right-minded boy would be quick to heed.

"THE United States Census Reports for 1900," says the *Atlantic* for November, "show that out of a total population of 62,622,250 the number of persons returned as blind in both eyes was 50,568, or 808 to each million of population, which is in the proportion of one blind to every 1,238 inhabitants. This proportion, while less than in 1880, when there was one blind to every 1,032 inhabitants, is still enormous." Worse still, weakness of the eyes, often resulting in complete loss of sight, is on the increase. It is said that in the English public schools nearly twice as many pupils are wearing glasses as were ten years ago. Bad habits in reading and studying are in part responsible for this condition. This is a matter where statistics are a personal thing—to every one who reads, at least. They should remind one of the duty he owes to his own eyes,—not to strain them needlessly, to protect from dust, and to rest frequently when doing trying work. No one will take care of your eyes if you neglect or misuse them; therefore take care of them yourself.