

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. L.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Christ 'Is Born in Bethlehem

It was midnight in Judea,
And beside a quiet stream,
There were watchful shepherds seated,
Pondering o'er some holy theme.
'Twas the coming Son of David
Thrilled their hearts and woke their
tongues;
'Twas the name of the Messiah
That inspired their prayers and songs.
Lower, lower, lower,
Each reverent voice became,
As his glory they repeated,
And breathed his holy name.

O'er the hills in old Judea
Hovered an expectant throng,
Till a new-born baby's wailing
On the breeze was borne along.
"Joyful tidings! joyful tidings!"
Spoke an angel voice to them,
"For to-day the Son of David,
Christ, is born in Bethlehem."
Nearer, nearer, nearer,
Came the angel as he spoke,
And the whole celestial company
Into joyful chorals broke:—

"Unto us a Son is given,—
Wonderful! the Prince of Peace!
Unto us is born a Saviour,
And his reign shall never cease!"
O, the blessed, blessed tidings
Echoed o'er and o'er again,—
"Glory, glory in the highest!
Peace on earth; good will to men!"
Higher, higher, higher,
Rose the glad, triumphant strain,—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Peace on earth; good will to men!"
MRS. ELIZABETH ROSSER.

When God Makes Christmas Presents A Christmas Story

Just why Julius Adler's parents saw fit to name him after a Roman conqueror would be hard for me to tell. Perhaps they admired Caesar's genius, and thought his very name would one day inspire their young son to mighty deeds. However that may be, the boy was "Julius," and never in the wide world did heroic name rest so ill on boyish shoulders. For he was not a conqueror; he was a complete failure—a perfect specimen, a model of his kind!

If nature had only given him a *mind*, he told the minister, things would have been all right. But as it was, there was no use in talking success to him! He'd read "success" books, dozens of them, and they didn't fit his case at all. They were written, he asserted positively, for people who had latent possibilities all wrapped up in themselves, that needed only a few strings cut, and a little unrolling done, and lo! there were Fame and Fortune with scarce an effort. As for him, he had a miserable little brain, with no possibilities at all!

I don't deny that Julius's brain was "miserable," the way he used it,—any brain would be,—and for a fact it was small. But at the same time it was fair of quality, and he need not have worried. A vest-pocket chronometer often keeps

far better time than the great steeple-clocks—if you treat it right.

But Julius didn't see the philosophy of that. He simply clung to the one morbid idea that because he didn't have a steeple-clock brain, therefore he was doomed to failure.

None of us young people liked "Jule," as we called him. We couldn't bear his shrinking, funeral-faced ways; so when we had parties and things, we naturally left him out. Of course we were sorry for him, now that he was getting on toward twenty, and old enough to show some life and spirit; but what good would inviting him to things do? To go where others were gay and jovial, only made him more miserable. He seemed

his wife did their best to entertain Julius. They took him around to see the sights; visited the great stores, decked out in splendor and filled with holiday throngs; went to the best concerts; frequented the art galleries and the museums; and, in short, went wherever an atmosphere of cheerfulness abounded, and things were such as would make a boy's heart light and glad. Surely all these things ought to warm up a chunk of ice, they thought; and it really did seem a wonder that Julius didn't thaw out a mite. But, no! He didn't care to go, or see, or hear. Everything bored Julius. Nature hadn't given him a *good brain!* and, poor boy, that was all he could think of.

The entertainers soon saw there was no virtue



The Angels' Song.

Pease, peace on earth! O wondrous song,
Sweet song of angels fair and blest:
My soul is sick of strife and wrong,
O sing to me, ye angel throng,
Your song of peace, and let me rest.

Peace, peace on earth, good will toward men,
Bright beam the opening heavens afar,
Methinks I hear that song again,
And see the wise men now as then,
Follow with joy the beaming star.

Peace, peace on earth. What song so sweet
As this that told our Saviour's birth?
It led the shepherds to his feet;
O sing to me that song complete:
"Good will toward men, peace, peace on earth."

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

to feel himself a victim to the spite of nature, and there was no help for it.

He was getting worse and worse, too. The doctor at last began to warn Mr. Adler. "If that boy doesn't quit his worrying, he'll lose his mind, sir! You'd better see to it that he has something to take his attention off himself."

So, as the holidays were coming on, the lad was sent on a visit to his brother Fred in Boston town.

Fred was not named after any conqueror; but he had striven with circumstances, and become a successful and respected artist—the pride of the family and of many friends. Of course he and

in perseverance with him; so Fred went back to his work on a new painting, leaving the brother to shift for himself.

Now, Julius liked the studio. He enjoyed watching his brother paint, and moreover in the studio he was out of the way of "visitors;" so it came to pass that he spent a good part of his time there. Pictures, as nothing else, seemed to draw him out of himself; for like his brother, he had a strong artistic temperament.

And there the new painting began to interest him. In it a young man was sitting at a study-table covered with books. Across it a learned

old professor sat in the attitude of listening intently to some question the youth was asking. In the face of the young man was perplexity; in the face of the old, encouragement, wisdom, and love. It was called, "The Training of the Prince."

Julius learned that in countries where kings live, the princes and princesses are provided with teachers to accompany them, play with them, work with them, and study with them at all times, so to help and guide them continually that they may become great men and women.

"Ah!" thought Julius, "perhaps if I could have such a training,—if I could have some one always on hand to help me that way, answer my questions, and show me just what to do,—I could be something, even yet." So he went on with his dream, painting bright pictures of what he could do and what he could be, till he was all aglow with enthusiasm. But soon again came the thought, "You can't have the teachers, you know," and back he was thrown on his old despair. He was again a victim of nature's spite, feeling worse than before, utterly forsaken and wretched!

"I'm going home in the morning," he burst out. "I just can't stay here any longer."

"Why, Jule!" said Fred, "going to leave us on Christmas day! Surely you'll stay to-morrow?"

But Julius could not be persuaded. He packed his things, and prepared to take an early train for Willowby.

That night being Christmas eve, the little family, Fred and his wife and child, gathered around the fireplace, played some simple games, and told stories, while the sad-faced brother sat back in a cozy corner, looking on gloomily, but not caring to join them. By and by the hour of retiring came, and Fred took down the old Bible to read the "chapter,"—this time the fourteenth of John. By the flickering light he read those familiar words where Jesus comforts his disciples. "Let not your hearts be troubled," and all down the page till he came to the promise of the Teacher, the Comforter, which Christ would send to teach all things, and abide forever, that men's joy might be full.

"What!" thought Julius, listening intently, "what is that about a Teacher to teach you all things? Why, that fits the painting to a T, surely." And all at once the parallel of the chapter and the picture burst in on his mind with irresistible force. Was it possible that his air-castles could be real! Was it possible there was a Teacher for him? Eagerly he asked Fred to read the chapter again. The brother and his wife were surprised at the interest of his tone. What could it mean?

In the fire Julius's imagination traced over the "Training of the Prince," glorified and real. He himself the prince—a prince of the house of David, an heir together with Christ! Across the table, with a look on his face of ineffable love, wisdom, and kingly might, sat the greatest Teacher the universe knows, the Spirit of God—the Comforter. Ah, now he saw it all! Like the kings of the earth, the King of kings has provided for the training of the princes and princesses who one day will wear the crowns. It mattered not about the small brain now, the King would make up for it. With its healing balm, the reality of Christianity swept in over his mind, filling it with peace and content.

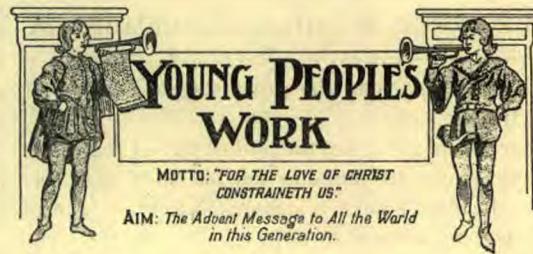
"Fred," he said, in a voice that was strained to keep back the joy he felt, "Fred, if you don't mind, I think I won't go home in the morning!"

"Why, God bless you, brother!" exclaimed Fred, "nothing can make me happier than to know that you will stay." The others added their heartfelt thankfulness to Fred's, and then wishing him good night, they left the boy sitting by the fire.

"I think," said Fred, as they mounted the stairs, "I think Julius has received a Christmas gift from God to-night."

And Julius had. Often since then I have seen the lad go to the hardest kind of study, and work with the confident air of one who is sure of success. He worked just as if he felt the presence of the Great Teacher by his side, ready to help him do that for which his natural powers are inadequate. And he succeeds, as he only can to whom God gives success. He doesn't claim success on his own merits, either, but says plainly that God gave him a Christmas present once, and he has it yet.

EDISON DRIVER.



The Week of Prayer

THE Week of Prayer for this year has been appointed to be held December 20-27.

There are many urgent reasons why Seventh-day Adventists should at this time devote a few days to special Bible study and fervent prayer. And there are good reasons why all our young people and youth should take an earnest, active part in this season of devotion and consecration to the Master.

Prayer is communion with God. The place of prayer, no matter where, or how humble, is the audience chamber where Jesus and humanity meet. Prayer subdues the spirit, softens the heart, anoints the eyes, and brings the whole being into sweet harmony with God.

The coming week of prayer, if observed in God's way, will bring wonderful blessings to the cause of Christ. It will give us new and larger views of the Lord's plan for saving sinners, and will fill our hearts to overflowing with God's love for sinners. This will lead us to make a new consecration of our lives and our money to the work of saving sinners.

The week of prayer should bring a new spiritual life to the church. It should start a revival and a reformation that will lift the people of God onto higher ground. It should cause the worldly to sever the ties that bind them to the world. It should lead the selfish to share their blessings with their fellow men.

All this will greatly strengthen the missionary cause of this people. The ranks of workers in every department will be increased. Many more will go abroad into the needy, neglected fields so white for the harvest. A larger stream of our money will flow to those fields. These results must follow the week of prayer before us.

The hour has struck for a larger work to be done. The call for help from many lands is loud and imperative. We are not answering these calls as we should.

The Lord has not only opened the whole world to us, but has gone before us, and made such preparation for us that the people are pleading with us for more messengers. The situation is marvelous. We do not appreciate it. Once we had to work to gain a foothold in these countries by hard struggles. No one knew us, no call came for us; but this has all been changed. The work we have done in foreign lands has opened to us vast fields white for the harvest.

The readings for the coming week of prayer should be of special interest to our young people. The general subject of all the readings will be Service. The specific features of the subject that will be presented in the readings will be: Saved for Service; Open Doors for Service; Preparation for Service; True Motive for Service; Consecration of Means to Service; Definite Aim for Service; Macedonian Calls to Service.

Let me suggest that all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR make an earnest effort to attend all these readings. If possible, secure a copy of the readings, and give them careful study.

For our own personal awakening, for the uplifting of the church, and for the salvation of a lost world, every believer in the third angel's message should enter most heartily into the services of the week of prayer. We invite the INSTRUCTOR family to join us in this. And we wish every member just the blessing and help needed now.

A. G. DANIELLS.

Encouraging Reports

Two active Societies have been organized in the Maritime Provinces. The one at Halifax has seventeen members, and the St. John, New Brunswick, Society reports fourteen members. Both of these hold weekly meetings, and take up the studies published in this Department. It is most encouraging to note that these young people have caught the real spirit of this movement, for they seem to realize that holding young people's meetings is not all there is to the young people's work. The secretary of the Halifax Society says: "Some of our members have been visiting the sick in their homes and in the different institutions, taking with them fruit, flowers, and literature. Others have sold papers. Thirty-nine *Signs and Reviews* have been sold; 913 pages of tracts, and 393 papers distributed; two copies of 'Patriarchs and Prophets,' and one copy of 'Looking unto Jesus' sold. Six yearly subscriptions for *The Life Boat* have been taken. Three dollars and thirty-one cents was collected, and \$2.00 of it used in renewing a club of the INSTRUCTOR for the young people on the island of Barbados. The interest in our meetings is very good, and still increasing."

The members of the Society in St. John are nearly all children. They have taken ten orders for *The Life Boat*, and have sold twenty-five copies. Some of the older members have distributed over one hundred copies.

We are all glad for every evidence that the Young People's work is coming to mean service. The avowed "aim" of this organization will yet be achieved, and "The Advent Message to all the world in this generation" be accomplished. Let the young people and children everywhere join in this grand final missionary crusade.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Bethlehem

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The Everlasting Light;
The hope and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God, the King,
And peace to men on earth!
For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

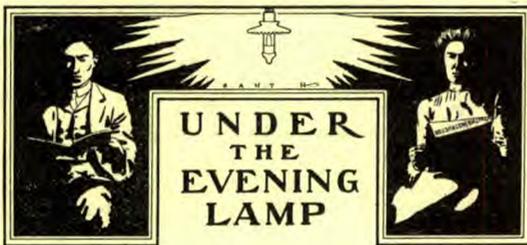
O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great, glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

—Phillips Brooks.

The Weekly Study

(December 21-27)

THE Weekly Study is again omitted, that the young people may join with the church in the closing services of the week of prayer. In the next issue the regular studies will be resumed.



To-Day

O NIGHT of nights! O night
Desired of men so long!
The ancient heavens fled forth in light
To sing thee thy new song;
And shooting down the steep,
To shepherd folk of old,
An angel, while they watched their sheep,
Set foot beside the fold.

It was so long ago;
But God can make it now,
And as with that sweet overflow,
Our empty hearts endow.
Take, Lord, these words outworn,
O, make them new for aye,
Speak — "Unto you a child is born,"
To-day — to-day! to-day!

— Jean Ingelow.

An Australian Christmas

CHRISTMAS is the one holiday universally observed throughout Christendom. Wherever a knowledge of the Saviour of man has gone, and in all places where the beautiful story of his birth has been told, gifts are bestowed by friends upon one another, and especially upon the young, in commemoration of the gifts of the wise men to the infant Messiah.

This pretty custom, harmless, perhaps even commendable in itself, has been carried to great extremes. The day once set apart to religious services and reminders of Bethlehem's triumph, has now largely been perverted to selfish gratification. Among the many reforms in which we trust the INSTRUCTOR readers are having a large part, is the excellent one of giving on Christmas to the Saviour and his work on earth, which course certainly has the precedent set by the "wise men from the East."

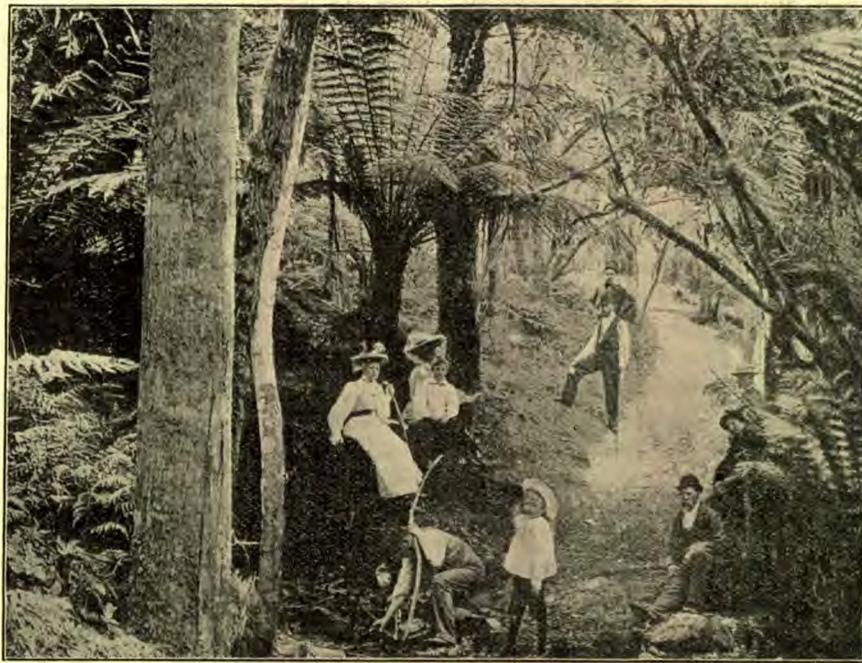
As to the exact day on which Christ was born, we need not be concerned. There is no command for its observance, as there is for the Sabbath, neither can any one be sure that the day now observed is the correct one. Indeed, the only thing about it of which we may be reasonably sure is that the day now recognized as the birthday of Jesus is *not* the right one. In Luke's record we read that there were "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night." Now we may be quite sure that in the latitude of Palestine they would not be thus engaged on the night of the twenty-fifth of December.

But it was of the day in Australia, not in the northern hemisphere, about which we set out to write. Being on the opposite side of the earth as regards both latitude and longitude, Christmas here is different in many respects from Christmas in America. In the first place, it begins about fifteen hours earlier, as this land is west of the world's day-line. Another thing that seems very odd to all who have been reared in a cold country, is to have Christmas come in midsummer. The day corresponds to the twenty-fifth of June in America and England, as far as seasons are concerned, and is therefore often very hot. Instead of going skating or coasting, the people go to the seaside or to the country to spend the day. Thousands of children may be seen playing in the sand

on the beach, which extends for miles in the southern suburbs of Melbourne. Many in this great city go to the mountains for the cool shade and sparkling spring water which are there found in striking contrast to the barren plains and waterless deserts of the Australian interior.

Our illustration shows a typical Christmas scene at Fern Tree Gully, a beautiful resort about twenty-eight miles from Melbourne. The place takes its name from the giant fern-trees which grow at the sides of the little mountain stream its whole length of about three miles. But they are by no means confined to this place, being found in many of the gullies of the Dandenong and Dividing ranges. These fern-trees are some of nature's wonders. Never being frozen, they continue to grow from the top for hundreds of years, the brown, hairy stem, or trunk, often a foot or more in diameter, appearing entirely lifeless up nearly to its top. A little fern tree is seen in our picture just behind the ladies in the center of the view. Another one much taller will be noticed immediately to the right of the small one mentioned; but the picture was not finished high enough to show much of its wide-spreading top. The older trees are from forty to sixty feet high, and many of their trunks are covered with green parasites of various kinds, which are quite common in this country. A very small fern-tree is shown in the lower right-hand corner.

In Australia, as in England, the day after Christmas is called "Boxing day," and is everywhere observed. Originally it was set apart as the day for giving presents, or "Christmas boxes," as many call them. When this was done, it was intended to make the twenty-fifth of December a



AN AUSTRALIAN CHRISTMAS SCENE

religious day entirely, followed by the feasting, merrymaking, and giving of presents the next day. But now in England and Australia the days are both largely used as days of drunkenness and gluttony. Like Thanksgiving day in America, the religious features have to a great extent been forgotten, and consideration is given only to the natural inclinations of the human heart.

All who are likely to forget the real meaning and object of Christmas should read Isa. 9:6. This passage gives a beautiful prophetic announcement of the first Christmas morning, and the names properly belonging to the child then born. The seventh verse tells of the endless peace and justice of the throne thus established.

H. E. SIMKIN.

The Gift of a Friend

A CHILD's first sorrow comes when he learns that he is not understood. And when that child has become gray-haired and feeble, he looks back

over his life, and sees that his greatest sorrows have been those caused by the misunderstanding of the world. Men do not understand, men do not pity. The cry of the common heart is a cry for sympathy.

The sweetest note of the Christian music is "Immanuel" — "God with us!" The supreme message of the manger — for in it is the whole gospel — is that God was incarnate in humanity. Henceforth this is to be an ever-newer earth; for into it has come an understanding and sympathizing Friend of man.

No more can we sob away our lives in loneliness. No more can we sorrow and suffer alone. No more have we a high priest who can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. The birth of Christ has brought to every heart, no matter how sore or how sinful, a Friend who knows us, pities us, loves us.

Ring out! ring out, glad bells, to every aching, lonely soul, the good tidings of great joy, "Jesus knows!" — *Well-Spring*.

Missionary Women in Persia

"THE greater number of contributors to the support of women missionaries in far countries have not seen and can not know at what a cost of self-renunciation and discomfort and deprivation and peril to health, life, and limb the missionary pursues her calling," says John Kimberly Mumford, who, in a late number of the *Youth's Companion*, gives the following graphic picture of the life of women missionaries in Persia: —

"Broadly speaking, there are two phases of the missionary woman's work in the East, — first, at the stations in the large cities, and on the road.

"This latter is called 'village work,' or 'itinerating,' or 'touring,' according as the period passed in each town or huddle of mud huts or tents be long or short.

"In northern Persia, which has great altitude, and hence bitter cold and snows, suggestive of upper Canada, the missionaries, like the nomad shepherds, pass the winter months in the towns. The time is taken up with healing the sick and helping the poor, who are a multitude, teaching the ambitious and holding religious meetings.

"When the heaviest of the snow has gone, and the spring floods in the rivers have subsided, they start out into the mountains, to wander about until fall, from village to village, from camp to camp, a great part of the time among half-tamed people to whom robbery and

murder are only pastimes.

"Shortly after arriving in the city of Tabriz, in the month of May, I paid a call at the mission house. There was a ponderous wooden door, opening in one of the mud walls which make up well-nigh all the outward show of a Persian town; a long walk through an inclosure, the vegetation of which was most grateful to the sight, past some tidy brick school buildings, and up to a wicket gate which gave approach to the yard and doorway of the hospital.

"A native servant answered the summons of the bell, and took our cards to the missionaries, who could not then receive us, for the good reason that within the building at the time a score or more of native women awaited medical treatment, and listened meanwhile to the reading of Bible stories and explanation of the Christian beliefs. While we stopped at the door, others, heavily robed and veiled, came down the long walk and passed in, bound upon like errands.

"We went away, and on the following day were

bidden to dinner at the mission. Arriving, we were shown into neat living-rooms, carpeted after the Eastern manner, but fitted with the furniture and decorations of an old-fashioned American home. All about the plain place was evident the familiar New England neatness, a cleanliness comforting after the tangled, noisy, malodorous bazaars and the dirty streets through which we had come. Birds were singing among the trees in the garden.

"Dr. Bradford" somehow suggests a professional-looking gentleman, preferably of middle age, with a gray beard and a stock. I found some difficulty in reconciling the name with the presence of a tall and most gracious young lady.

"She conducted me through the establishment, which, I believe, was a gift to the mission board from the former owner, an American.

"There was a small but neat and well-stocked dispensary, arranged similarly to those in some of the smaller hospitals at home. In the wards, upon shining cots, were child patients, their yellow skins showing a deeper yellow, and their big, dark eyes bigger and darker against the white linen. They were, for the most part, victims of typhoid fever, sufferers for the sin of municipal dirtiness.

"I wondered what they were thinking — those who were old enough to think; how it seemed to be taken out of the filthy places some of them called home, out of the dampness and the pestilential stench, and without money and without price to be laid in these cleanest of clean beds, under the ministrations of such women as these.

"The Oriental is acquisitive. He loves dearly to get something for nothing, but he is human, and I thought the knowledge of these things being done for him out of the unselfishness which is the foundation of the despised Christian faith must needs provoke a wavering in his mind as to the preferability of Mohammed's gospel. I said as much to the mission doctor.

"Well, they are grateful," she said. "More so, I think, than some of the patients in charity hospitals at home; for these people expect so little, and being cured seems such a magician's work to them, that they are overwhelmed with what is given, and given freely. How much of our teaching do they absorb along with the medicine? That is hard to say. Not much of dogma, perhaps, but more of the spirit, I think, than can very well be measured.

"The promulgation of a faith in Persia, where its own beliefs are so deeply ingrained, is necessarily slow work at best. There is the training of centuries to overcome, and ignorance such as prevails here makes always an unreceptive ground; but much of the old superstition and intolerance are disappearing, and friendly appreciation and intelligent interest are taking its place. That is a result worth having worked for.

"The time passed here in the station is recreation time, in a way," she continued, "for here the people come to us. In the other branch of the work we go to them, and the way is very rough and very long. But they need help so badly!"

"Through the Kara Dagh

"When I called at the mission a week later, to take leave before departing from Tabriz, I was told that Dr. Bradford had gone away to the north, on a tour of some months through the Kara Dagh Mountains, accompanied by one other missionary woman and a single servant.

"A tour through the Kara Dagh Mountains" sounds like a summer trip through the Alps or the Highlands, or some hills nearer home. But it is not the same.

"The Kara Dagh — Black Mountains — is an impregnable sort of rampart, lying across the northern border of Persia, between the Caspian and the Black Seas. Its ravines and crags are peopled with more races and representatives of more creeds than anybody has ever been able to enumerate, and when the tribes are not fighting

collectively with the soldiers of the shah, they are burning villages and killing one another, either in reprisal for recent wrongs or in the prosecution of feuds centuries old. Among their fastnesses they hardly acknowledge an imperial sway. Their local law is the old one that 'he shall take who has the might, and he may hold who can.'

"To the traveler entering these parts, arms are essential; the look of them is deterrent. The tales you may hear from the missionaries of adventures with this gentry would make a very exciting volume. But except in the very roughest and out-of-the-way regions, the missionary women who have once been over the road are recognized and deferred to. Even the robbers let them pass, and indeed from the time they reach the mountains, they are too busy doctoring the sick to find time to be robbed.

"Eternal vigilance is necessary, none the less, and at nightfall, after a day of surgical work and dispensing of medicines, the missionary woman has to go about her quarters, whether in camp or under roof, and chain up and lock up everything, from her medicine-chest to her horse's feet. If this precaution were neglected, the expedition would be doomed to terminate then and there.

"The equipment is meager at best. Beds, blankets, sleeping-bags to keep out the tarantula and as many of his minor kindred as may be, rain-coats, and plain cooking utensils, are all packed in two *mafrashes*, or carpet-trunks, and lashed to the sides of a pack-horse.

"On the top of them the attendant rides, usually; for to cut the ropes of the pack-animals of a caravan, whether great or small, and stampede them off into the hills, or to loose the lashings and lighten the horse or mule of his burden under cover of the darkness, — these are favorite tricks of the Persian robber.

"When the woman doctor from the mission has once become known through the hill country, her coming is awaited like the advent of spring or the harvest-time. The sick are brought, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on litters, sometimes on camels, to the village where it is known she will halt.

"When she arrives, her work is ready for her. The lame, the halt, the blind, the fever-stricken, the dropsical, the paralytic, all are waiting, the sickest laid in rows just outside the door. Men, women, and children come running from the fields, begging to be cured of their infirmities.

"One missionary woman skilled in medicine reported two hundred patients a day, with forty operations on the eye alone, during the space of three weeks. All the work was performed in the most unwholesome of surroundings, and with the minimum of antiseptic safeguards; sometimes with the rain pelting in on her through the gaping roof, and two inches of viscous mud on the floor of what her patients called a dwelling.

"And when the afflicted of one settlement have been set to rights, there is the road again, with the killing heat and dust, the insufferable hills, the swamps, the torrents to ford, and the gentleman in the gully scowling along the sights of a first-class modern rifle (the wonder is how he came by it), and demanding sugar for his tea, money, jewelry, or whatever may go to make a respectable profit from so fair an opportunity.

"Then follows more of the sick and the loathsome, for they are everywhere in Persia. So on, month after month, until snow comes and drives the travelers from the roads, and the nomads down from the mountain ranges, into their lowland huts, which all summer long have stood tenantless.

"It is not golf, and it is not surf-bathing, and it is not moonlight sails or a cruise up and down the panoramic coast of Norway; but the missionary woman, coming back to the station, writes it down in her diary as 'a blessed summer,' and over the frowning heights of the Kara Dagh is a trail of good deeds."

On the Hills of Bethlehem

ON the bleak hills of Judea,
When the night had settled down,
With its calm and holy quiet
Over meadow, field, and town;
While above the bright stars glistened,
Of the gloom the only light,
Hardy shepherds watched in patience
By their flocks so meek and white.

Quietly the sheep browsed near them,
And when satisfied, lay down
Side by side in woolly winrows,
On the hillside bare and brown;
Till at last the whole flock, gentle,
Rested at the weary feet
Of the shepherds, holding converse
In low voices strong and sweet.

On this scene the gates of heaven
Suddenly were opened wide,
Pouring a celestial radiance
O'er the rugged mountain-side;
And the shepherds' awe-struck faces,
Lifted to that wondrous light,
Shone with glorious reflection
Of the heavenly glory bright.

Then a form of matchless glory
Flashed upon the dazzling scene,
And the face of God's own angel
Bent above with smile serene;
While in voice to match his beauty,
Terrible but wondrous sweet,
He addressed the startled shepherds,
Trembling at his shining feet: —

"Fear ye not! Good news I bring you!
Christ the Lord is born this day,
Down below in David's city,
Cradled in a manger's hay."
Then a host which followed after,
Like the angel, pure and bright,
Raised a song whose wondrous music
Reached from earth to realms of light, —

"Glory! Glory in the highest!
On earth peace! Good will to men!"
Thus they sang the hallowed anthem
On the hills of Bethlehem.

As it came, the vision vanished.
In an instant all was still, —
Angels gone; the light departed;
Hushed the song upon the hill.
But the shepherds, awed and wondering,
What it all should mean to them,
Left their sleeping flocks, and hurried
Down the hills toward Bethlehem.

Filled with guests was David's city;
Far and near, they all had come,
Till each inn possessed not even
Room for but another one.
Then came Joseph, worn and weary,
But was forced to turn away
With his wife, and seek a shelter
In the stable on the hay.

Near them soft-eyed kine were feeding
Close to beasts of burden pressed,
But the place was sheltered, quiet,
And it furnished needed rest;
So they tarried, and a manger
Served for couch until the morn,
And 't was there the King of Heaven,
Christ, the Son of God, was born.

There his mother fair caressed him,
As alone a mother may,
And when hushed to slumber, laid him
In the manger on the hay;
There the raptured shepherds found him,
As the angels told them when
They had sung triumphant anthems
On the hills of Bethlehem.

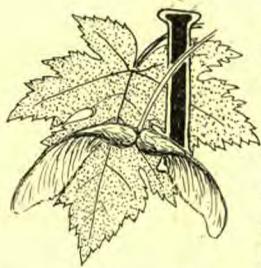
All they'd witnessed, told the shepherds,
Ere with joy they did depart;
And the story Mary cherished,
Pondering within her heart.
So may we the same sweet story
Ponder o'er each year, as when
Angels sang their joyous anthem
On the hills of Bethlehem.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

"It is foolish to say that one needs to be acquainted with sin in order to avoid it. All the knowledge one needs of any form of evil, that he may keep clear of it, is the knowledge that it is evil."

C H I L D R E N ' S P L A N G E

LEAVES FROM A MAPLE TREE

I WAS a tiny seed, with two wings. The wind whisked me off the twig where I had been growing, bowing and bending with every breeze, and carried me far from my Mother Maple. I fell in a soft, mossy spot on a sunny bank sloping toward the great river. The sky was not always bright, though, nor the bank always sunny; for soon it began to rain,—oh, *how* it rained! If I had not been caught between the roots of a wild rosebush, I should certainly have been washed down into the river. Then I knew the rainy season, of which Mother Maple had told me, had begun. After a while the nights grew colder, and I thought I would surely freeze. But a soft, white blanket was spread over me, and I slept, warm and snug, for a long time.

When I woke, I began to stretch myself, and presently sent a white foot down into the earth, and a crumpled, green hand up into the air.



"A WHITE FOOT INTO THE EARTH"



The sun was shining, and all the land was sweet with spring. It seemed a happy thing to be alive, and I lifted up my fluttering hands in praise. I was a Little Tree.

How I loved sweets! I reached about with my tiny root-mouths, and supped up all the sweetness I could find. I loved to live by the rosebush; for she, too, was sweet, and when she was covered with bloom, the bees and butterflies hovered about



"MIGHT HAVE NIPPED ME OFF"

her all day. Then, too, if it had not been for the protection of her sharp thorns, some hungry creature might have nipped me off, and I should never have grown up to tell this story.

But by and by I grew taller than the bush, and then the deer used to browse my leaves and tender twigs in the spring; but I did not care, for I knew they could not harm me, and soon I was a great Forest Tree.



Years and years I grew on the beautiful river bank, and host after host of winged seeds I had sent out, until I stood in a grove of soft maples. At last I was cut down, sawed into logs, rolled into the



"SAWED INTO LOGS"

river, and floated down stream to a great, noisy mill, where I was cut into pieces two and one-half feet long, sawed into thin boards that tapered from the center toward the ends, bound with



h o o p s, had two heads put in,—and I was a Barrel.

"N o w," I thought, "I wonder what I shall be used to hold. I hope it will be sweet, or, at least, pure and good. I would be willing to carry flour or salt, but if I should be filled with rum or beer, I should feel terribly."

I had quite a while to think of it; for I was loaded, with hundreds of others just like me, upon a ship that sailed off down the Pacific Coast. By and by I came to a factory full of sweet smells, where I was filled, and to my joy, I was a Barrel of Sugar.



Away, away to the north and east I was sent, to a place so cold that it would have frozen the sap in my veins, if it had not long ago dried out of me. Here, after lying for some time in a warehouse, I was taken into a store, where parcels of sweetness were dealt out from me to dozens of people. As the grocer

weighed out the last pound for a pleasant-faced young lady, I asked myself, "What next?"

As if in answer to my question, she said to the grocer,—

"And, please, Mr. Jones, send up an empty barrel."

So her parcels were packed into me, and I was carried to her house, and set in a corner of her kitchen.

"What in the world will she use me for?" thought I. "I shall never again carry anything so good as my last load, I am sure." And this remark shows how little an empty barrel may know.

But what I did not know, I was soon to find out. It was dusk when I was taken from the kitchen to the dining-room. I knew it was the dining-room, though I had never been in one before, by the pretty round table and the shining dishes in the cabinet. But if the table was "set," it seemed that I was the one to be fed—such a queer meal, and so much of it—parcels and packages of every shape and size.

"You'll never be able to get all these things in that barrel, Patty," said a gray-haired lady, doubtfully, looking first at the table and then at me.

"Huh! I should *say* not!" cheerfully echoed her young brother, sniffing with undisguised long-



"AND THEN THE UNPACKING BEGAN"

ing the neat little packages of wholesome sweets that formed a pyramid on one corner of the table.

"Here, you rascal!" cried Patty, gaily, "you're not to touch, taste, nor handle, sir!" whisking the goodies out of reach. "Bring some old papers, please, and the hammer and nails, and we'll proceed to show how everything's going to find a place. Everything *must*," she added, soberly, to her mother; "there isn't a thing here that these children or their dear mother can spare. I only wish there were twenty times as much."

Patty worked while she talked, and one by one the bundles were being placed in me. Sometimes they had to come out again, and once every single

thing was taken out, and all packed in again, more closely than before.

"Dear old Barrel!" said Patty, as she and the Boy put in the last things, squeezed them down, and nailed the head in place,— "dear old Barrel! you don't look very stout, and you have a heavy load and a long journey; but you'll be very careful, won't you, and not fall apart, but take everything safely to the mother and her boys and girls?"

So I was packed, until, what with the parcels, what with the love and good wishes patted down among them, and especially, what with the happiness I was to carry to that pioneer family I had heard so much about, I was sure my hoops would burst. And then I was a Christmas Barrel.



As I was loaded on a west-bound train, "Dear me!" thought I, "I do believe this is the sweetest load I've carried yet; and I'm sure somebody is going to be very glad to get me."

At last I was rolled from the cars, at the depot of a city very near the spot where I had grown long before; and the very next day I was put on a wagon, and carried out into the country.

It was dark when I was taken from the wagon, at the door of a little cabin that reminded me of the homes of the settlers who built about me when I was a Little Tree.

Here I was met by an expectant group of boys and girls, whose jubilant spirits could hardly be held in check until the owner of the team had driven off.

"O, what a big barrel!"

"It won't come in at the door!"

"Yes, it will, too! There was no room to spare though."

"Please open it right away, papa!" came a chorus of voices, as the door closed.

"Papa is cold and hungry, children; wait till he has had his supper," said their smiling mother.

So I stood in the middle of the floor, greatly admired and wondered over, while the father ate his supper, which was much shortened out of regard for the impatience of the young folks. Perhaps, too, he might have been a little curious himself to see what I held.

"Here's the hammer, papa!" cried one of the boys.

"Here's the ax, papa!" cried the other.

"It is pretty late; don't you think we might wait until morning? The children really ought to be in bed," said mama.

"Ah, well, Christmas comes but once a year," said papa; "and such a Christmas as *this* is not apt to come *that* often. I think we had better open it to-night;" and he looked questioningly at mama, who was smiling mischievously, for she was only trying them.

So they all stood around me while my head was taken out; and then the unpacking began,— and what was there they didn't find in me! School-books, story-books, picture-books, song-books, paper and pens and pencils, pins and needles and thread, toys and games for the boys, dolls and silk scraps for the girls, dishes, quilts, and (relief for that burden of the pioneer mother's heart), *clothing*, were taken out amid delighted "oh's" and "ah's" from the children, while the mother looked as if she didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

But the chief delight and admiration of young and old seemed to be a pretty, green-enameled, iron doll-bedstead, with its mattress, blankets, sheets, and cunning little pillows. And oh! the dolls that were to occupy it! They were enough to satisfy the heart of any little girl-mother, especially the blue-eyed beauty in really, truly, long baby-clothes.

Well, all good times must come to an end, and so did theirs, for that night; for the children had to go to bed at last, with shining eyes, and tongues that could hardly keep still, while the happy father and mother put my contents away,— not all back in me again, for they never have been all back in me, although I still stand, as a table, an honored article of furniture in the cabin.

But I am always spoken of as
"THE BARREL"

AUNT BETTY.

Christmas Carol

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And the song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Aye! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.
— J. G. Holland.

Never Outgrown

WINIFRED was a timid little girl, and it was with thought of her need of encouragement in times of childish fear that her father wrote on the fly-leaf of the Bible which he gave her on her eighth birthday the verse, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

It was a favorite verse of her father's. He had gone to the war when a mere lad, and had been in battle and lost an arm. He told Winifred that the verse had always done him good, and he thought that it would be a good one for her.

Winifred looked at her father's empty sleeve, then read the verse again, and thought that if that verse could make her worthy to be a soldier's daughter, she would gladly learn it.

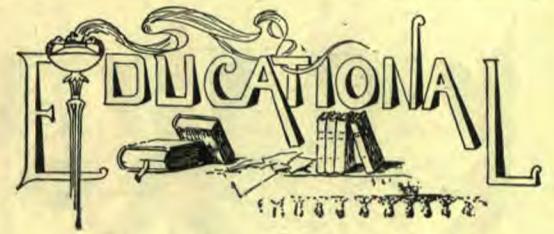
"What time I am afraid!" There were times enough and things enough to cause a little girl to fear. There was darkness, and there were dogs, and there were men who looked wicked and dangerous. Winifred recited the verse very often, and it gave her comfort. She said it to herself many hundreds of times, and meantime the years passed, and the little girl became a woman and a mother.

"The things to be afraid of changed as I grew up," she said. "The occasions for fear were other than those that troubled me when I first learned the verse. But I made the discovery that the verse expanded as the girl grew into the woman; and it was just as good to inspire moral courage as it once had been to help me to go to bed in the dark."

"It is not the only verse of the kind," suggested the friend to whom she related the experience. "It is one of the constant discoveries of those who have learned to love the Bible, that as they outgrow the conditions that first brought them comfort from it, the Bible grows with them, and proves adequate for their needs."

"I know that has been true in my experience," said Winifred. "The fears of the girl and the fears of the woman have found their help in that trust of which the psalmist wrote, and that love that casteth out fear, about which St. John told."
— Selected.

"Two years ago the Moravians gave up mission work in Greenland that they had carried on since 1733; and now only a few hundred of the people there are still heathen, while these are mostly in parts of the country that are almost impossible to reach."



First Lessons in Geography

Lesson XVI

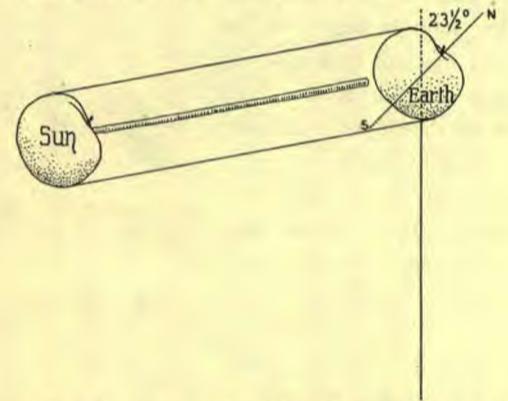
SINCE there has been a change in the earth's axis, there have been four seasons in the temperate zones. This is because there is more light on some parts of the earth at certain times than at others. To illustrate: Place a pencil through an apple; then put the apple on an upright stick, so that the pencil is tipped twenty-three and one-half degrees from the perpendicular. (See illustration.) This apple, we will say, represents the earth, and the pencil represents the earth's axis.

Now put another apple on the table to represent the sun. Light moves only in straight lines; so we will put a straight stick in this apple, reaching from it to the first apple, to represent the rays of light that come from the sun to the earth, and reach past the other pole. Of course, there are many rays from the sun, but one stick may be used to represent all of them. Move the stick to any position on the apple that represents the sun, and notice that the results are the same.

The apples should have been placed so that the north pole is pointing away from the sun. Now we have winter north of the equator and summer south. Move the earth-apple one fourth of the way around the sun, taking care that its axis points in the same direction all the time. Now you will see that the sun's rays fall on all the earth every day. When the real sun's rays fall on the earth in this way, it is spring north of the equator and autumn south.

Now, move the apple another quarter of the way around, and notice that the sun's rays reach only one end of the earth-apple. When this is so, it is summer north of the equator and winter south.

Again move the earth-apple another fourth of the dis-



tance around the sun-apple. Now, the sun shines again on all the earth, and it is fall north of the equator and spring south. Then move the earth-apple the rest of the way around the sun-apple. Now the sun falls as it did at first, and we have winter again.

As this change in the position of the earth's axis took place at the flood, and will not be righted till the earth is made new, God tells us that as long as the earth stands, summer and winter shall not fail to come in their season.

REVIEW.—In what zones do we have four seasons? Name these seasons. Tell what causes them.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—It is intended that this lesson should be made largely an oral one. Use the illustration given, or some other simple arrangement of objects, till the idea is grasped. Do not attempt to enter too much into detail in this grade.

Lesson XVII

We learned in our last lesson that there has been a change in the position of the earth's axis since creation. This change causes a difference in temperature on different parts of the earth's surface. And this, in turn, makes the seasons, and also causes the winds to blow.

Try to drop a piece of tissue-paper or a bit of down on a hot stove. What happens? What causes it to rise? In the same way the hot air in the torrid zone rises. There the sun shines straight down, and makes the air very warm, and this warm air rises. The air at the poles is always cold and heavy. This is because the sun does not shine straight down there, and part of the year it does not shine there at all. When the rays of the sun do touch the poles, they shine at an angle of twenty-three and one-half degrees; so the earth there never gets quite warm.

If you try to take a can out of a pail of water, you know how the water will run in to fill the place where the can was. So the cold air at the poles flows in to fill the place where the hot air in the torrid zone rises. As it is always hot in the torrid zone, the cold air from the poles always flows toward the equator. There are so many things on the land to stop these winds that they are usually found only on the ocean. "The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits."

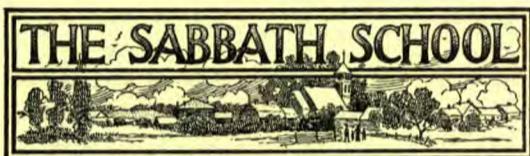
If you have ever been standing in a wagon when the team started up quickly, you will remember that you found it hard not to be thrown down, because you

could not start so quickly. So the cold air at the poles is not moving very fast toward the east. As it comes south to where the earth is moving very rapidly, it can not keep up. So these winds, instead of blowing south in the northern hemisphere, blow southwest; and in the southern hemisphere they blow northwest. These winds we call Trade-winds. They blow in the temperate zones, and in the same direction all the year.

The hot air that rises in the torrid zone sinks to the earth again, just as your piece of tissue-paper fell to the floor as soon as it was away from the heat of the stove. So the air flows back again to fill up the place where the cold winds came from. These winds nearly always blow on the ocean, usually from the northeast. They are called Counter Trade-winds, and have a great effect on the climate. So it is plain that Solomon understood how the Lord makes the wind blow to keep some parts of the earth from getting too cold, and other parts from getting too hot.

REVIEW.—What effects have been made on the earth by the change in position of the earth's axis? Why is it warm in the torrid zone and cold at the poles? What are trade-winds? From what directions do they blow? What are counter trade-winds? In what zones do they blow?

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—Do not attempt to be too technical in this lesson. It is intended to teach that God has provided a way to regulate the temperature in the earth. See that the pupils are able to explain the cause of winds, and know in what direction they blow, as well as their names. F. BRALLIAR.



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—Review

(December 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE.—Acts 7:2-35.

In the word of God we have a review lesson that covers just the ground of this quarter's lessons. Instead of going over all the chapters that we have been studying, let us take this one chapter in the New Testament, that the Spirit of God has given us, for our review. If you study it carefully during the week, it will bring fresh to your minds the history that we have been over. Beginning with the promise to Abraham, it takes us through the history of Israel in Egypt, down to the call of Moses to be their deliverer.

1. Where was Abraham living when God first appeared to him? Acts 7:2. Where did God lead him? Verse 4.

2. How much of the land did God give him? Verse 5. Yet what had God promised?

3. What did God tell Abraham about his seed? Verses 6, 7. What son was born to Abraham? To Isaac? Of whom was Jacob the father? Verse 8.

4. What wicked thing did the sons of Jacob do? Verse 8. What did God do for Joseph in Egypt? Verse 11.

5. What came over the lands of Egypt and Canaan? How did this affect Jacob's family? What did they hear? Verse 12. What did Jacob therefore do? What took place at the second visit? Verse 13. What did Joseph do for all his kindred? Verse 14.

6. When Jacob died, where was he buried? Verse 16. Tell why he wished to be taken back to Canaan?

7. What took place in Egypt when the time drew near that God had promised to bring the children of Israel out? Verses 17-19. Who was born about this time? Verse 20. Why was he not killed, like the other baby boys?

8. What kind of man did Moses grow to be? Verse 21. What did he do when he was forty years old? Tell why he had to flee from Egypt. Where did he go?

9. How long did Moses stay in the land of Midian? Tell how God called him to go again to Egypt. What had the people refused? Yet what did God do?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII—The Real Presence Restored

(December 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: In Synopsis.

MEMORY VERSE: "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith." Heb. 10:37, 38.

God sent his Son, our Lord Jesus, to do for us what we were not able to do for ourselves. He lived a life of righteousness, and that righteousness is counted ours by faith.

This is the gospel, the good news of salvation. God's provision to save man from sin, and give him eternal life, is nothing more than that about which we have studied during the quarter—Christ in the flesh.

Paul, writing to the Romans (chapter 1:16) says: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that

believeth." Writing to the Corinthians, he says, "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, . . . but unto them which are called, . . . Christ the power of God."

But this gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes. Sinners are saved—made righteous, or justified by faith, in Christ, the power of God. This is righteousness, or justification by faith. And every one who is justified enjoys the presence of Christ in the heart. John 15:5, 7; Rev. 3:20. He comes to take up his abode with the sinner who believes.

So in taking away the continual, the real presence of Jesus, the papacy took away the very life of the gospel, and substituted a self-made righteousness—righteousness by works, for the righteousness of God, or righteousness by faith. This we have seen from our former lessons.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century was an attempt to restore this fundamental doctrine of Christianity. The statement of the historian of the Reformation, D'Aubigné, is significant: "The church had fallen because the great doctrine of justification by faith in the Saviour had been taken away from her."

The teaching of the Scriptures on the subject of justification by faith was both the cause of the Reformation and the power which wrought for the Reformers. This very truth brought light to Luther's soul. Three times in his experience, while seeking for light, God spoke to him through the words, "The just shall live by faith." The third time they were brought to him so forcibly was when he was making that memorable ascent of Pilate's Stair on his knees; and he arose in amazement, and fled from the place. His heart was stirred. From this time forward this truth burned into his life. It became not only the power of God to save Luther, but the power of God to reform the church. Says D'Aubigné: "This mighty word . . . proved a creating word both for the Reformer and for the Reformation. It was by it that God then said, 'Let light be; and light was.'"

In our day a message is to be given announcing the fall of the church (Rev. 14:8), and a call is to be made for a separation from this fallen church. It is but a continuation of the work to which God called Luther, and its keynote is the same—"The just shall live by faith." It is clear, then, that the purpose of the third angel's message—the message against the beast and his image—must be to make ready a people prepared for the coming of the Lord, by restoring the continual, which the horn, the papacy, has taken away. This means the experience of the real presence of Christ in the heart, the experience of the doctrine of justification by faith.

Questions

1. Why did God send Jesus into the world? Rom. 8:3.
2. What is God's provision to save man called? Then what is the gospel?
3. What was the inspired definition of the gospel, given by Paul to the Romans?
4. What other term does inspiration use identically with the gospel?
5. To how many is the gospel the power of God unto salvation? How alone can the sinner be justified? Then in reality what is the gospel?
6. What is the experience of the justified one? Then what did the papacy do in taking away the continual?
7. What does the historian of the Reformation say was the cause of the fall of the church? What fundamental truth of Christianity was the power that wrought in the Reformation?
8. How was this truth burned into Luther's soul? For further information see "History of Reformation," Vol. I, pages 186-198. What significant statement does the historian make concerning this scripture?
9. What special message has been committed to the last church?
10. What relation does our work sustain to the work of the Reformation? Then in reality what will be accomplished by preaching the third angel's message?

Better Than Ever

(Continued from page 8)

write a number of other little nature stories for the children. And Mr. Bralliar, who has already told you the story of some of his pets, promises to write the history of a pet sand hill crane and a number of other animal stories. He will also write "Some Curious Things about Our Common Plants"—a series of simple articles for the younger readers, the object of which will be to get the boys and girls to open their eyes and see the remarkable things all around them.

Other Features

Under the subject-title, "Scraps from Nature's Book," Prof. J. S. Osborne will contribute a series of science and nature studies early in 1903. Dr. Reed will also give a series of nature studies, and B. E. Crawford will continue to write about "The Plants of Garden, Field, and Forest." In the future these last-named articles will be somewhat less technical than formerly, and so better adapted to the general reader, though the student will still find them of sufficient weight to bear study.

The general departments will be filled from week to week with bright, fresh articles, all of which will tell for Christian living and character building.

A Holiday Suggestion

If you read the INSTRUCTOR yourself, why not make it possible for some one else to have the same pleasure? What better Christmas or New-year's present could you make to your boy or girl friends than a year's subscription to the INSTRUCTOR—a gift that will remind them fifty-one times of your love and thoughtfulness, and be a source of pleasure and instruction all the year through?

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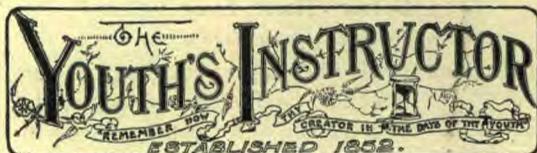
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Unto You Is Born This Day a Saviour

Now it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled. . . . And all went to enroll themselves, every one to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David; to enroll himself with Mary, who was betrothed to him, being great with child. And it came to pass, while they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

And it came to pass when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go, even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us. And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child. And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them. — *American Standard Revision, Luke 2: 1-20.*

Gifts for Jesus

THIS is the time of year when the thoughts of all the world are turned to gift-giving, in celebration of God's gift of his dear Son to the world. Is it not appropriate that at this time we should remember those less fortunate and happy than ourselves with some of the good things our Father has lent to us, even as the Wise Men of the East laid their gifts at the feet of the baby Jesus? "For inasmuch," he tells us, "as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

There is another way to bring a gift to Jesus during this Christmas week—to remember the

offering to foreign missions with a gift that shall be sweet with sacrifice, and cheerfully bestowed. It is the love that enters into our gifts that makes them of value—but let us not forget that true love always gives willingly of its best. God gave the best Gift in heaven to us; let us give to him our hearts, our lives, and all that we have.

BETTER THAN EVER**Special Features for 1903**

It is the constant aim of the publishers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR that it shall grow from year to year—not grow away from its readers, but increase in interest, helpfulness, and efficiency in its particular field. As we have tried to plan to attain this result during the coming year, we have been made to rejoice again and again at the willing response and hearty co-operation of those who freely put their time and thought and love into the work they do for the INSTRUCTOR.

A few of the special topics give an idea of what the INSTRUCTOR will be during the coming year:—

Our Servants the Words

For a long time we have wished for a series of articles on the study of words for the student boys and girls of the INSTRUCTOR family,—articles that should be instructive but not prosy, educative and at the same time bright and attractive. And now we are glad to announce that beginning early in the coming year, the INSTRUCTOR will give to its readers such a series, written by Prof. L. T. Curtis, of the Healdsburg school, who treats this somewhat staid subject in a delightfully original way.

Following are a few of the titles under which these articles will appear:—

- Why is a Horse a Horse?
- Etiquette of Words.
- The Dictionary as a Fashion Catalogue.
- Where Word Fashions Come From.
- Why Words Are Good or Bad.
- Making Words Our Servants.
- The Tyranny of Words.
- Overworked Words.
- Long or Short—Saxon or Foreign.
- Words in Overalls and Broadcloth.

For the Boys and Girls Who Make Things

Under the general heading "Around the Work Table," Edison Driver will make practical illustrations of some of the laws of physics, giving "a general understanding of matter, heat, sound, light, electricity, etc." That sounds rather like study, doesn't it? So the author says, but in the same sentence he adds: "But it must be play or nothing! Get a boy really interested in *making things*, and he will learn more science in an evening hour than could be drilled into him in weeks. Of course the general objection to making things is that it requires materials and tools not at hand. But work out a series of scientific diversions in which the pocket-knife, the old, dull saw, some pins, and a few sticks are made to fashion *real machines*, and you have the boy on your side every time. The boys who are helping me in my experiments grudge the time to eat, when a steamboat or a telegraph is being constructed."

Here are some of the subjects that will be considered by those who gather "Around the Work Table:"—

- How to Make an Electric Motor for Fifteen Cents.
- A Flying Machine from Old Tin, with a short sketch of the history of flying machines.
- What Can Be Done with a Microscope.
- Pyrography, or Burnt Wood Work.
- Simple Telephones—How to Make and Use.
- Knife-work in Soft Woods.
- How to Tie Knots—some string games.
- Bubbles and Balloons—a bubble game. What bubbles have taught the world.
- Steam: Its History and Application. How to make an engine in half an hour.

Through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy

Those who like to travel will enjoy this series, in which E. R. Palmer will take the INSTRUCTOR readers on a "personally conducted" journey through three of the most interesting countries of Europe. As he made the trip himself only last summer, he will be able to point out the most interesting features along the way, and keep you from missing anything you might wish afterward you had seen. These articles will not be a compilation of guide-book descriptions, but will tell the things the writer himself noted,—the things that interested him, and that will interest you.

In another vital point these articles of travel will differ from other similar articles—the primary object of the writer being to interest his readers in these countries as mission fields, in which they may one day have the privilege of witnessing for the Master by proclaiming the advent message.

Here are some of the subject-titles of these articles: The Cologne Cathedral, The Castled Rhine, Through the Alps, Lake Geneva, The St. Gothard Tunnel, The Strasburg Clock, and The German Battle-fields of the Reformation, including Worms, the Wartburg Castle, and Wittenburg.

The description of Rome will be of special interest, including, The Vatican; St. Peter's, and other ex-territorial possessions of the pope; How a Pope Is Chosen; The Roman Forum; The Coliseum; The Palatine Hill, or the Palaces of the Cæsars; and the Catacombs.

All these articles will be illustrated with views gathered by the author on his journeys.

Education From Soil and Seed

A series of twenty lessons in Agricultural Science, "intended to place before the youth some of the important things to be learned from the soil, which is the source of the world's wealth, and from the seed, which brings much of this wealth within our reach." These important articles will be written by Prof. J. C. Rogers, who has charge of this branch of instruction at Walla Walla College, and who has made the subject of scientific agriculture a special study for a number of years. "To this series I shall try to bring the best of what I have gathered from all sources," says Mr. Rogers; and we feel that it is not too much to say that the young people who read these articles will have most of the advantages that would be afforded by taking the study in school.

Missions and Missionaries

The subject of missions—what has been and is being done, the great need in the fields abroad, and the openings for consecrated workers—will be kept prominently before the readers of the INSTRUCTOR during the coming year. Those who have followed the thrilling Story of Our Matabele Mission will welcome the announcement that Miss Houser will write, sometime during 1903, The Story of Our Island Missions, bringing into the narrative something of the early history of missions in these islands, and showing how the faithful work of the pioneer missionaries has prepared the way for the giving of the last message.

Especially for the Children

All the children who know the Children's Page know and love "Aunt Betty," who has a little flock of her own, and so may be depended on to know what children need and like. In this number Aunt Betty tells the remarkable but true story of a maple tree,— "Leaves from a Maple Tree" (we surmise you have already read it, for we notice that the Children's Page is usually the first that is read),—and you will be glad to know that she will continue to write for this page all the year through.

"What the South Wind Did for Fuzzy Fluff," will be told by Minnie R. Stevens, who will also

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