

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## THE STORY OF OUR MATABELE MISSION The Outlook Brightening

The inroads which death had made in the ranks of our missionaries reduced the working force to such a small number that reinforcements were now imperative. For months Elder Tripp had called for help; and it seemed that, if help could have been provided, his life might have been prolonged. But He who doeth all things well, gave

compelled by the fever to flee for his life. For three years and a half he had stood faithfully at his post, picking up the work dropped by those who succumbed to the disease, often bearing burdens far beyond his human strength. But the Lord sustained him during these days with power from on high.

In June, 1898, the missionaries who had recovered from the fever had all returned to the farm, and work was resumed. The company was now composed of Brother and Sister Anderson, Elder Armitage and his little daughter, and Sister Tripp. Outside of building an orphanage for the children early in October, very little aggressive work was undertaken. With looking after the mission station, doing the manual labor connected with it, and caring for the thirty orphans that had been gathered in, the hands of the workers were more than full. They had to turn a deaf ear to more than one call, sometimes seeing the posts

sion work in Hausaland, and was ready to adapt the experience gained there to the needs of our little mission. Among the other members of the party were a doctor and his wife, a nurse, a teacher, and canvassers.

For various reasons the party were detained in South Africa several weeks, not reaching the mission farm until early in April. Of their arrival Brother Anderson wrote:—

"I can not describe the joy that filled our hearts when we reached the depot on the eve of April 4, 1899, and found so large a company to take up the work with us. I do not think I would have been more joyful if I had met my own father than I was to meet Elder Mead."

All found plenty of work awaiting them. For a long time the brethren had been anxious to open some out-stations, and had promised the natives that they should soon have teachers. News of the arrival of so large a party soon spread, and



DR. GREEN TREATING NATIVE BITTEN BY A SNAKE, THE NEW CHURCH, AND SCENES IN THE BRICKYARD

our brother rest. For some time he had longed to step aside and rest a while, and the loving Father permitted him to enter into that rest from which no one ever returns to take up life's duties again. While he sleeps, his work continues. His mute appeal now urged that the work so hastily laid down should be gathered up and carried forward by a larger corps of helpers.

To find the missionaries needed for this destitute field was no small task. Eight months passed before the company was selected. These intervening months were trying ones for the little company left behind. Work crowded in on every hand, but they were powerless to do all that was demanded of them. Brother Anderson was the only one of our missionaries who had not been

they had hoped to occupy, but were unable to enter because of the dearth of laborers, occupied by others.

While these heart-rending experiences were the portion of our brethren over there, in the States the Mission Board was busy seeking those whom God had called to take up this work, to go to the relief of the overworked missionaries. On November 30, 1898, a party of eleven set sail from New York on the steamship "St. Paul," bound for Matabeleland. The late Elder F. L. Mead, so well known throughout the States, with his family, made up a part of the company. Brother A. J. Chaney, now connected with the Natal-Transvaal Conference, was another member. Brother Chaney had been engaged for a number of years in mis-

the natives began to come in, inquiring when their teacher would be ready.

Very little time was lost in preparation. Just twenty days after they reached the mission farm, two out-stations were opened. The outfit for each station was not extensive, but the demand from these places could not longer be unheeded. Elder Armitage took one team with a small stock of goods for trading, and, accompanied by Brother Chaney and Brother and Sister Lloyd, went twenty-five miles north, to Kupavula, a point on the Burton farm. Here he pitched a tent, repaired two huts, and declared the station open.

Elder Mead and Brother Anderson, with some trading goods, went six miles south, to Inwhabena, on the mission farm, and pitched a tent. The sta-



tions were open only a short time before the brethren had many evidences that the plan had been a wise one, suggested by the Lord. At Kupavula especially the efforts of the missionaries were blessed in a marvelous manner. A number of young men came into the school that was opened, until the enrolment reached thirty. Brother Anderson thus describes some interesting experiences with them:—

"Several weeks ago I presented the tithing system from God's word. Immediately after the meeting two of the young men who are in our school came and handed me a tithe of all the money in their possession. Since then more has come in. They do not get much money, as they are paid no wages; but I believe that none of the Lord's tenth will be kept back by them. When God's word on any subject is plainly presented, they live out the light received.

"Sabbath forenoon there was a rather cold wind blowing, and the young men and children were gathered on a sand pile in the sun, not far away. I thought I would go out and hear what they were talking about. I found the eldest of the group (he had read more in the Bible than the others) telling the others, from memory, the Bible account of the doings of Elijah and Elisha, the story of Daniel and his three companions, the feast of Belshazzar, etc. He brought in all the little details, and his recollection of the Bible account quite surprised me, as he had read these things but a few times. He is the young man who walked about one hundred miles to purchase a Zulu Bible. This book is his chief treasure and constant companion. We hope God will make of him a strong worker among his own people.

"Our Friday evening service is a testimony meeting, and every one of the children and young men take part, allowing no time to be unoccupied. If any have committed a wrong against another, this is a time of confessing and straightening things up."

In September, 1899, a heavy loss was sustained at the mission by fire. The house occupied by Brother Anderson's family and Dr. Green and his wife caught fire from the chimney flue, and in a very few minutes the whole structure was in flames, the thatched roof burning like tinder. Practically everything was lost—and this means far more in the heart of Africa, where one can not step into the stores and get whatever he wants, than it does even in the most pioneer region in America.

But the close of that year brought most encouraging reports from our mission. The seed so faithfully sown during all these trying years had taken root, and careful nourishment and training were now bringing it to successful fruitage. As a result of the work among the kraals and at the home station, seven young persons were converted, and these were not passive Christians, drinking in the precious truths of God's word and holding them selfishly, but every one was a missionary, manifesting a zeal and earnestness worthy of imitation.

At Kupavula the Lord blessed with six converts, and these, too, began immediately with energy and faithfulness to prepare for service. The missionaries who had been there longest wrote that the year just closed was the best ever experienced. And this good work continued.

Estella Houser.



## II — The Etiquette of Words

It is a noble trait of character to stand firmly for truth, even though you stand alone. It is noble to be governed by conscience and duty, regardless of custom or tradition. But with words it is our privilege, and our imperative duty, to be governed by fashion, custom, tradition, to be led by majorities, and use a word only in the sense that the majorities use it. In fact, grammars are but codes of fashion, the etiquette of words; and dictionaries are but fashion-plates,—mere catalogues of the present and past fashions of words.

Words, like people, have a more or less complicated code of etiquette; and any language dignified by being regarded as civilized, has these rules bound up in book form, and called a "grammar." In the democratic, English-speaking countries, words have cast aside many of their prejudices, have broken away from many of their traditions, and narrow, clannish ways, and, like the people they serve, take pride in doing as they please.

It seems to us liberty-loving people like the height of folly to see words behaving in the ridiculous way they do in many of the reputable languages of Europe. For instance, every noun has four or five different dress-suits, and is compelled by the unreasonable whims of etiquette to change his clothes every time he changes his office in a sentence. This causes me all sorts of trouble; for when I have learned to recognize Mr. Deuschle in his nominative dress-suit, I can hardly single him out when he wears his dative suit.

Now, my young friends, are you prone to think the English noun puzzling? You ought to be proud of him, since he has the good sense to wear the same suit of clothes whatever office he fills, and merely puts a plume in his cap when he does duty in the possessive case.

Again to illustrate: The words of our European neighbors have such an extreme sense of propriety that a feminine adjective never thinks of walking with a masculine noun; and so we of the English-speaking world smile to see crowds of masculine, feminine, and neuter nouns marching along, each accompanied by an adjective of its respective sex. And here again I am annoyed when I attempt to speak Italian; for it is perplexing beyond measure to get my noun picked out, dressed in its appropriate suit, and then find an adjective of the same sex to qualify it. But if I do not comply with the rules laid down in the grammar, the people jeer me, and the words are justly indignant. So I feel thankful for the privilege of speaking a language where nouns wear the same clothes all the time, and the same adjective feels free to walk with a masculine, feminine, or neuter noun, and can look the world in the face with the consciousness of having done nothing improper.

But the height of the ridiculous is reached when the word-etiquette of our foreign neighbor decrees that a verb must have at least a hundred different styles of dress in order to discharge with propriety her duties in the various moods, tenses, and persons. But the verb in our own beautiful tongue draws the line at four costumes, and employs a few servants to help her with the several moods, tenses, and persons.

Yet everywhere we meet people who, in spite of the simplicity of our tongue, and the good sense and good taste it shows, continually violate the few social rules it has, by dragging together singular verbs and plural subjects, by making a verb wear its past-tense dress when it should be wearing its past participial, by making an adjective do the unheard-of thing of modifying a verb, and by insulting the already overworked "you" in putting it immediately in front of "was,"—all of which things occasion inaccuracy of expression as well as discord among the words and in any ear of culture that listens.

L. T. Curtis.

## Our Common Speech

Our thoughts and fancies we can not always control, but our words are in our own power, for we may speak or be silent. And so let us talk about talking.

Have you ever found much interest in the dictionary? I do not know a more fascinating book than the unabridged lexicon, with its thousands of words, each of which has a history of its own. Our English language is like a mighty river, which has been fed by streams rising away back in the dimness of antiquity. We use in our common, every-day talk, words which came to us from old Rome, from Greece, from the wars and forays of Europe when it was a moving camp and the battleground of fierce and savage fighting tribes. Some words are very picturesque, some are aristocratic, others are plebeian and coarse. Our brief, terse words are mostly from the Anglo-Saxon, our

longer and more stately ones spring from the Latin. Those of us who use beautiful words in our ordinary speech have been accustomed to read good books, and to talk with well-educated people. The more we read good books, the better language we shall command. Little is gained by confining our reading to the daily newspaper, though we must never neglect that source of information as to what the world is doing, and the history that is now making. Besides the daily paper, he who would speak in fitting phrases and agreeably, must devote some regular time every day to good reading.

I take it for granted that you have all studied grammar, and therefore know better than to say "ain't," or "hadn't ought," or to use a double negative. But do you drop your final "g," and say "good-evenin'," and "good-mornin'"? Do you slur over the pronoun "you," and say "don't chew," instead of "don't you"? Do you snip off the final end of your sentence, or make your "r" so prominent that it is like a prickly burr whenever one hears it—a fault quite as bad as its opposite, which treats the letter "r" like a poor relation, of whom one is ashamed, and omits it altogether? "Nevah" for "never" is as unjustifiable as the extreme which brings the r's into conversation like the jolting logs in a corduroy road.

Speech should fall from our lips clean-cut and rounded, like shining golden coins from the mint. But we must not be pedantic. Tiresome beyond bearing are those who take so much pains to think of the right word that one may count two or three while they are hesitating. The desire to supply such slow talkers with a word becomes almost irresistible, and good manners forbid our doing this. We must wait in silence till the person with whom we are talking finishes his sentence.

Exaggeration is another very common fault among young people. Some of us fall into a habit of saying that the most commonplace things are "awful,"—a warm day, a bee sting, a mosquito bite, a rainy spell, a slight mishap, are "awful," and the smallest accidents are "terrible" and "dreadful." What have we left if we are thus lavish in the use of strong words when we do not need them, for the great occasions when we do? Shipwrecks, cyclones, cloud-bursts, and freshets are awful in their horror and terrible in their results, but these are exceptional events in our lives, not the incidents of our usual days.

I must call your attention to a very common blemish in our speech, and one that borders closely on profanity; namely, the habit of exclaiming vehemently when we are surprised or vexed. "Great Heavens!" "Heavens and earth!" "Good land o' living!" "Mercy me!" are expressions which people use quite as if some of them were not direct calls upon the Almighty, certainly not to be taken lightly upon heedless tongues.

Slang creeps into our talk through imitation. A young man who drops into slang to save himself the trouble of using clear and forcible English is certainly lazy. The third commandment so explicitly forbids our taking the name of God in vain that they who do so can have no shadow of an excuse. Our speech, like everything else about us, is dominated by habit, which, indeed, binds us in iron chains. When first, in anger or excitement, a boy nurtured in a Christian home uses an oath, he is ashamed through and through; he blushes hotly at the memory; the words seem to have blistered his lips. But, repeated, the oath ceases to shock, and the man or boy who forms a habit of swearing often swears unconsciously. The profane person has not a refuge into which to creep. He dishonors God, and insults man.

One of the most delightful persons I have ever known had a way of committing to memory every day some bit of noble verse or quotation from significant prose. From essays and histories he had culled favorite passages, and copied them into a commonplace book, and by this exercise, carried on in the intervals of a very absorbing and busy life, he had so enlarged and enriched his mind and his knowledge of words that gradually he grew to express himself in such choice language that to hear him converse was a delight. What one has done, others may do, if only they consider it worth while to try.—Young People's Weekly.





### The North Window

I had a dull north window  
To sit and work beside;  
No ray of sunlight pierced it  
From dawn to eventide,  
And I, who loved the shimmer  
Of fragrant bud and bloom,  
Could coax no cheery blossom  
To light my window's gloom.

I had a life before me,  
That stretched all cold and gray;  
My youth's gay bud of promise,  
Unoped, had died away;  
Joy's flowers forsook my pathway,  
I missed love's rose and leaf,  
My days held one sad color,  
The monochrome of grief.

One paused to hear my plaining,  
And smiled all tenderly;  
"O, blind and foolish, missing  
So much of good," said he,  
"For countless plants of beauty  
Crave shade, not sunshine bright,  
And lives, denied earth's blisses,  
Are readiest for God's light."

I filled my dull north window  
With palm and fern and vine;  
It grew a bower of beauty,  
This barren noon of mine;  
Beneath the tumbling ivy  
And wealth of waving plume,  
I dared to set a calla,  
Just rising into bloom.

I filled my life with loving,  
Since love had passed me by,  
I thought of self no longer,  
And learned to look on high;  
Lo! one day in my window  
A glorious lily bent,  
And in my soul unfolded  
God's white flower of content.

— Carolyn Wade Greene.

### "He That Gathereth Not with Me Scattereth Abroad"

The gospel of Christ has little to fear from its open enemies. Its most dangerous foes are its pretended friends,—unconsecrated Christians, who profess to be serving Christ, while in their lives they deny him. Such drive many away from the Saviour.

Christ declares, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." A man is either a Christian or a sinner, an honor or a dishonor to his Redeemer. The Saviour says again, "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." As salt that has lost its saving properties is of no value as a preservative, so Christians who have lost their Christlikeness can not exert a saving influence upon those with whom they come in contact day after day.

To be converted means just what it says. It means that selfishness is cast away, and that its place in the heart is filled with the love of Christ. Old things have passed away; all things have become new.

He who is a friend of Christ studies his word, and brings its principles into the daily life, making every thought, word, and deed subject to the control of the Holy Spirit. He realizes that his

talents were lent to him to be used in unselfish service, and that every gift not thus employed is wasted.

The Christian life is a life rescued, a life taken from sin and given to Christ, a life consecrated to doing the will of God. Such a life is filled with love for God and man.

When we submit to God's way, the Lord Jesus guides our minds and fills our lips with assurance. We may be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Receiving Christ, we are clothed with power. No unrighteousness is seen in the life. We are able to speak words in season to those who know not the Saviour. Christ's presence in the heart is a vitalizing power, strengthening the whole being.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Mrs. E. G. White.

### Wholly Thine?

One warm, sunshiny Sabbath afternoon in late autumn, as I sat by an open window, deeply engrossed in thought, I was aroused from my reverie by strains of music coming from over the way. Sweet young voices were blended together in the words of the familiar hymn,—

"I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine;  
Teach me how, teach me how."

As the singing proceeded, all at once it was broken off, and a merry peal of laughter rang out on the quiet air. Then, after a moment's pause, the strain was resumed where it was interrupted,—

"Wholly thine, wholly thine,  
Wholly thine, this is my vow;  
Wholly thine, wholly thine,  
Wholly thine, O Lord,"—

again another peal of laughter.

The hymn was finally finished. Others were sung, with frequent interruptions of laughter and gay conversation.

Ah! I thought, can the singers be thinking of what they are singing? Do the sentiments of the hymn speak the language of their hearts? Is that dear Name, at the mention of which "every knee should bow, . . . and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord," taken with reverence and adoration upon their lips?

In the courts above, angels were looking down upon that little company on earth where mirth prevailed, where His name was lightly spoken by human lips. Could they with rapture re-echo the song, or mingle the melody of heaven with the mockery of earth?

While men below were remembering the rest of the holy Sabbath, angelic hosts assembled before the throne on high. Among that numberless throng were worshipers who "rest not day and night" in ascribing praise to the King of kings. At the mention of his name others of the angel worshipers "cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power."

Would to God that the buoyancy and enthusiasm of youth might be blended with devotion in the service of the Master! Often we find ourselves in the company of those who have not taken the name of Christ, or who have taken it in vain, and we forget that we "were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, from your vain behavior, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." Could we but realize that every moment our influence either gathers with Christ or scatters abroad, we would fervently pray, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

Many times have I heard the words of Inspiration or the sentiments of a sacred song used as a joke, or in a light, careless way. Even the suppressed laugh gives evidence that we countenance the "smartness" of the speaker.

How little we realize that for "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment"! With a true

sense of the fact that by our words we shall be condemned or justified, we shall carefully guard the unruly member. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." C. A. H.

### Almost

It was in England's metropolitan railway station, about eight o'clock on the morning when President McKinley was shot. The long train of second-cabin and steerage passengers was pulling out for the port of Southampton. Such a sight! What hand-shaking, waving of handkerchiefs, and shouts of farewell! But look! A young man running along the platform, his face flushed with heat and excitement, his brow damp with perspiration! He reaches the conductor's car, and leaps on the side step, only to be pushed back to the platform by the strong hand of that officer. A crowd gathers about him. He is almost hysterical. He wrings his hands, and moans in a foreign language. Poor fellow! he is homeless, friendless, alone, in the great city of London.

Stepping up to him, the writer spoke words of cheer. "Not too late, friend. You're all right. Another train in two hours." His face lighted up with a smile, and he exchanged his ticket for a second-class one. The baggage was marked, and soon the call was made, "All aboard for Southampton!" We prepared to enter the train. An official of the steamship company inspected our tickets, and my new acquaintance was turned back. What, defeated again? Said the officer: "Too late. Were I to permit you to ride on this train, they would not let you board the steamer. You're too late as a steerage passenger. You must make other arrangements."

Such a disappointment! A note to a benevolent society and a gift of a little money, the signal given, the train moves, and the last the writer saw of him, he was standing like a bewildered statue on the platform of that London station. He was only a few minutes late,—but just enough to be left. Almost will not do. To be almost is to be left. Many, like this young man, have been near the kingdom, yet, like the foolish virgins, left out. Many boys and girls have been almost saved, yet, like Felix, have put it off till too late. Almost a Christian is like Micah, who thought himself religious because he had a priest in his house. Almost a Christian is like the Ephraimites, who could not pronounce Shibboleth, but Sibboleth. Almost a Christian is like Ananias, who brought part, and left part behind. Almost, dear young people, is to be lost forever.

"Almost" can not avail;  
"Almost" is but to fail!  
Sad, sad, that bitter wail —  
"Almost — but lost!"

William P. Pearce.

### "Would He Ever Let Me Go?"

We had been waiting at the station for a long time, little Ruth and I. As we paced up and down the platform, the child prattled of one thing and another. I answered her absent-mindedly, for my heart was troubled. The inefficiency of my Christian life was the burden on my soul. I didn't love God as I should—that, I had decided, was why I was making such a dismal failure. What could I do to make myself love him more? If I was conscious of such a coldness toward him, how could I expect to keep my life right in his sight? How could I save myself, even leaving out all thought of helping others to build on the sure foundation? Where was the remedy? Over and over, bitter, heart-searching questions surged through my soul.

Snatches of the child's talk came to me as we paced back and forth that weary hour; she toying with my hand, and trying to weave her baby fingers in and out among mine.

"See, auntie," she said, "I can't get hold of only two of your fingers to hold real tight. It pulls away when I take them all. Guess I'll always just hold on by two."

And I was dimly conscious of her amusing herself by trying to decide which two fingers were the best to take hold of.

Owing to an accident farther along the road,



our car was crowded when it came, and in the first few moments it seemed as if we should be swept off our feet. I heard little Ruth cry out, "Hold on to me tight, auntie!" as she felt the rush, and you may be sure I did hold her tight with both hands, my great fear being that she would be torn away from me. At last, when we were seated safely in the car, she nestled up to me in a confiding way.

"It's a lucky thing, auntie, you kept tight hold of me. I held hard as I could with two fingers; but if you hadn't held on to me tight, I guess I'd have been pulled right away. I'm glad you've got such strong hands."

"Out of the mouth of babes!" Here was my answer. I was trying to depend on the tiny clasp of my hand on God's, forgetting the strong clasp of his on mine. Would he ever let me go, any more than I would have let my baby go? It was not my love toward him that could keep me, but his boundless love toward me. And now, when storm and stress come, my heart sends up little Ruth's prayer: "Hold on to me tight."—Evelyn L. Taylor.



#### The Young People Are Helping

When the Young People's work was first planned, but little thought was given to the financial phase of it. We all appreciated the fact that our young people do not have a great deal of money. What they do have is largely their own earnings, and in many cases this is not much more than sufficient for actual needs. But the work of organizing the young people for service had not been going on long, until it became evident that in the Societies there was a strong disposition to bind about personal wants, and to use the money that had formerly been spent for selfish purposes for missionary work. Self-denial funds were established in different places. The support of workers in mission fields was considered by some of the stronger Societies. Now almost every report from a local Society shows an effort to share in the financial side of the work.

Two very interesting experiences have recently been reported from the Western Oregon Conference. Doubtless all will remember the reports in the daily papers of the terrific forest fires which raged over the Pacific Northwest last fall, rendering homeless and destroying so many lives. One of our brethren living in the burning district barely escaped with the lives of his family, and was left in a most destitute condition. The Young People's Society of a church in that region went to work and raised twenty-nine dollars for the relief of the family. Since then the Society is maintaining a fund for similar purposes, the members making liberal monthly donations.

The Sabbath-school Secretary of the Western Oregon Conference writes: "The Mission Board wrote us about an old Chinaman, a member of our church, who has returned to China. He is very deaf, and unable to understand what any one says, and one would certainly never have imagined that he could labor among his own people. Yet Brother Anderson recently learned about him, and that he had several converts in his native village, one of them a very bright young man who would make a splendid worker. They asked us to support this young man in the work. The Portland Sabbath-school has determined to do all in its power to accomplish this, and have already sent off more than twenty-five dollars. We have birthday boxes in all the divisions, the proceeds of which are devoted to this cause."

We are making progress when our attention is diverted from our own much-pampered selves, and we can give liberally of our means for the relief of the suffering about us and for the spread of the

work in mission fields. May this spirit of self-denial, which causes us to save money that is uselessly spent, and devote it to missionary purposes, become a prominent part of the work of each of our Societies.

Mrs. L. Flora Plummer.

#### The Apostle to the Nations

(January 25-31)

The study of the life of Paul comes very appropriately after the week of prayer, when our attention was so forcibly directed to the great work before us. In studying the story of the experiences by which the apostle was fitted for the work of carrying the gospel to the Gentiles, remember that now we have the same commission, — the final gospel message to all the nations in this generation. It was for us especially that the record of apostolic missionary work and methods was written. Above all, let us study to get the spirit of the great apostolic missionary, and learn the secret of his unwavering courage and earnestness.

After Conversion.—Acts 9: 20-25; Gal. 1: 15-18; Acts 9: 26-30; 11: 19-26; Phil. 3: 7, 8.

Commissioned to the Nations.—Acts 13: 1-4 and 42-48; 15: 12-18; Gal. 2: 8, 9. Trace on the map the journeys of the apostle, and note his methods of labor, passing from place to place, sowing the seed of truth. See Acts 15: 26.

Spirit of Service.—2 Cor. 5: 11-21; Phil. 3: 13, 14; 2 Cor. 4: 16-18; Rom. 1: 14-16; 1 Cor. 9: 16, 22-27; 15: 9, 10.

Not all these scriptures can be studied in our short service; but such special features may be dwelt upon as impress the mind of the leader in the study as most instructive. A few words may sum up Paul's experiences immediately after conversion. Note the experiences calculated to fit him for the wandering commission to the nations, and notice the decision of character displayed. When Paul saw that he was wrong, he turned squarely about. He settled something. Christ was to have his service without reserve.

It was the revelation of Christ's life within him that prepared the apostle to "preach him" to the heathen. Anybody can preach a sermon, but it takes a Christian to live it. We must live, if we would teach successfully. But it was not simply living a good life, and doing good, that made the apostle the man of opportunity that he was. He had a definite message and work to be accomplished. And nothing could swerve him from warning every man, and beseeching every man. As the churches were raised up, he warned believers against the subtle heresies and mysticisms which were coming in to make void the gospel. He saw the mystery of iniquity creeping into the church under Christian forms and names. Now, we know that the final working of the mystery of sin is to be seen, and we also have a very definite message to carry to all, and we also must be watchful against the devices of the devil, as he uses the forms and language of this truth that God has given us, to mislead souls.

The scriptures on the spirit of the apostle's service are treasures indeed. Study them, and enter into the same spirit. Our motto and our aim, as expressed in the heading of this department, are the same as Paul had before him. "This one thing I do," said he. It is to be the one thing with us. That does not mean that we are to be strained and unnatural. We are to be just what we are by the grace of God. Good sense is one of the best gifts of God. Earnestness in God's work is not necessarily noise and bustle; but it is unceasing activity. God can give the timid a sweet courage that will make their ministry a blessing and a power.

The tract distribution campaign that the General Conference has launched is just the thing for the Society to take up. Throw yourselves into this work to co-operate with the plans of your church, and see that the young people have a part in scattering the leaflets "like the leaves of autumn." You will see the plans discussed in the Review and other papers. This is all a part of

the movement in response to God's call for us to rise up, and quickly carry the witness of the third angel's message to the world. We are not to forget what God has raised up this people to do. Thank God, the young people may stand by the fathers and mothers in Israel, ready for valiant service that shall soon end with the coming of the Lord in glory.

W. A. S.

#### Reports from the Upper Columbia Conference

The largest Young People's Society in this field is the one at College Place, Washington, which has one hundred and forty-five members. Numerous extended reports have been published of the work of this Society, and all will be glad to know that the interest there is still growing. Meetings are still held weekly. The members are taking an active part in the work with "Christ's Object Lessons."

Another report from Washington gives a few items about the Society at Spokane. Here there are thirty members. These are largely the helpers at the Mt. View Sanitarium, and the meetings are held alternately at the church and the sanitarium. The older members of the church take quite an active interest in the work of the Society. The missionary work done has been mainly the selling of "Christ's Object Lessons" and the distribution of The Life Boat.

The Boise, Idaho, Society numbers eighteen members, seven of whom have been added during the last quarter. The members supply paper-racks in the railway station, furnish the inmates of the penitentiary with literature, and sell "Christ's Object Lessons."

At Wilcox, Washington, there are twenty members. These are using the German paper, Christlicher Hausfreund, in missionary work, and are also sending tracts to selected names.

L. F. P.

#### From Our Chinese School in Honolulu

Thinking that the readers of the Instructor would like to become acquainted with some of our Chinese boys of the Anglo-Chinese Academy, we send in one of our Sabbath programs, with the names of the boys who took part: —

1. Opening Song.—"Blessed Assurance."
2. Lord's prayer.
3. Song.—"I've Found a Friend in Jesus."
4. Scripture Reading.—Psalm 148.
5. Nature Study.—"Autumn Leaves," Ho Lim.
6. Quartette.—"Bringing in the Sheaves." Hoo Wong, Yine Nam, Wong Koon Chew, I. C. Colcord.
7. Short Story.—"A Cuban Boy," Wong Kwai Fun.
8. "Earthquakes," Hee Hung Nam.
9. Reading.—"The Spacious Firmament," Goo Kan.
10. Song.—"On Time."
11. Reading.—"The Lily," Young Kong Sen.
12. Current Mention, Wong Hong Ling.
13. Closing Song.—Selection by Leong Wah Cha.

#### Note

Chung Hung Yaw draw for No. 8.

Wong Koon Chew draw for No. 11.

As we prepare these programs, and put them on the notice board, midweek, it is interesting to see the boys gather round to see if they are on for that week; and as soon as they are assigned a part, they begin right away to study for it. When Sabbath comes, each is neatly dressed in pongee silk or linen, and promptly in his place, ready to do his best.

Their names are not difficult to pronounce, nor hard to remember. The first name is the parent, or surname, and the last part, the given name. When we do not wish to speak the whole name, as Wong Hong Ling, we use the word, "Ah," and say, Ah Ling. This serves as a handle to a name, the same as our "Mr."

I. C. Colcord.

"You should be careful not to intrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep. There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbor."





### A Mental Family Tree

We were talking in the school-yard about our family trees,  
And Gertrude said hers could be traced to Sir Horatio Freeze;  
And Rufe said he'd descended from the governor of a State;  
And Louie mentioned ancestors of hers about as great;  
While Reggie said his lineage embraced a lord, he knew;  
And Nell from her great-great-grandsire obtained her blood so blue;  
But not one of the little Smith's could say a single word;  
For them to boast their ancient name of course would be absurd.

Then teacher, smiling slightly, said that she was much inclined  
To think that there was such a thing as blue blood of the mind;  
That those who studied hard (and here she beamed on Tommy Smith)  
Had certainly descended from men of force and pith;  
And those who loved to tend the sick and serve the weak and frail  
Were morally related to Florence Nightingale (Here Jennie Smith blushed to the ears); and when she saw a youth  
(How bright she smiled at Johnny Smith!) who always told the truth  
At school, at home, or when he was at work or having fun,  
She knew him for a relative of General Washington.

But Reggie doesn't like such talk; he says it seems to throw  
So much responsibility upon yourself, you know.  
— Selected.

### A Change of Opinion

It was the Sabbath evening, and the Sabbath quiet had settled over the little brown house and its occupants. Father sat in his armchair by the lamp, reading the Review, and mother was rocking the baby, and singing a soft little lullaby, to which he answered in sleepy murmurs. Alice, their ten-year-old daughter, seemed to be the only one in any way out of harmony with the Sabbath peacefulness. She fidgeted uneasily in her chair, and tried in vain to fix her mind on her Sabbath-school lesson.

The baby, having finally given up the contest with sleep, was tucked into his little white bed, and mother returned to the sitting-room. "What is the matter with my little girl?" she inquired, after watching Alice a few minutes.

"O mother," said Alice, "I don't know how to study the Bible. I can't get my lesson, and it makes me cross and miserable."

"I am afraid my little daughter has not yet learned how to study," said mother. "Let us see if we can not find a way that will be both easy and interesting. Father, don't you want to join us? Now Alice, you take the names of the characters in the Old Testament, father will take the names of the places mentioned, and I will take the characters in the New Testament. Alice, you may begin. Tell some incident in the life of the character you have chosen as the first query, and father and I will guess who it is."

"All right. This man I have in mind set his own servants to guard the gates of Jerusalem, so that no one could bring anything in or take anything out of the city on the Sabbath. Who was he?"

"That is easy," said papa. "It was Nehemiah,

of course. Now it is my turn. The place I have chosen is where something was concealed that caused the death of an entire family."

"I know, father!" cried Alice, delightedly; "it was Achan's tent."

Mother looked her approval, and then stated her query. "The man I have selected climbed a tree, so he might see Jesus better."

Father smiled knowingly, and Alice wrinkled her brows trying to recollect what she was sure she had heard many times. Finally she admitted that she did not know, and when told that it was Zaccheus, looked rather crestfallen when she remembered that they had had that very incident in their lesson a few months before.

"Now," she said, after a moment's thought, "you will never guess this: What people found frogs in their kneading-troughs?"

Both her parents had to acknowledge that they did not know. "Well," said Alice, "I think that you are worse than I. It was the Egyptians, when the Lord sent the plague of frogs upon their land."

Father laughed, and asked another question, and finally the Sabbath-school lesson was studied in something the same way.

The evening seemed short to Alice, and when bedtime came, she hated to stop the study, even when she knew the lesson well.

"It is all in knowing how, mother," she said, as she was being tucked snugly into bed.

Mercy Smith.

### The House of the Watermelon Babies

The watermelon babies wanted to get out. There were dozens and dozens of them in their cool cradle inside of the green watermelon nursery. Their mother was the big melon plant, and once, long before, she had been a watermelon baby herself. Of course, every one knows that watermelon babies are the little seeds that must be kept in their nursery until they are strong and big.

However it happened, the watermelon babies had scarcely outgrown their white dresses before they had heard of the world they so much longed to see.

"Be patient, my children," entreated their mother. "Every hour you are growing bigger. Not long ago your clothes were soft and white; now they are brown. Before many days you will wear stout black coats, and then some one will open the door of your house, and you may go. Watermelon mothers know what is best for their children."

The old sun smiled upon the house of the watermelon babies, and he, too, bade them be patient.

"It is not yet time," he said, "for you little folks to be roaming about the wide world."

It so happened that a certain little girl visited the watermelon patch several times every day. She liked watermelons, and teased her father to let her pick one.

"They look big enough to eat, papa," she said, the tenth time one morning, "and maybe they are riper than you think they are."

"Wait a few days longer, my child," answered the man. And as he spoke, he rapped upon a watermelon, and shook his head. It made the little girl smile to see her father knock upon the watermelon as if he were at the door of some one's house.

"Did the folks say, 'Come right in'?" she asked.

"Indeed they didn't," laughed the man. "They said, 'Wait a few days longer, sir.'"

That very afternoon the little girl visited the melon patch again. Her favorite playmate was with her.

"Isn't it too bad the melons are not ripe?" said she. "Papa says they are not fit to eat."

"They look good," suggested the playmate.

"I know that," admitted the girl.

"There are so many melons here your father wouldn't miss it if we should pick one, and see what it is like inside," said the playmate.

"Oh, I know that," replied the little girl, "but my father told me not to."

"He would never know," persisted the playmate.

The little girl should have turned around and walked out of the melon patch then, but she did not. Instead, she knelt upon the ground beside the house of the melon babies, and knocked at their door.

Of course they shouted, "Come right in, little girl! come right in!"

That settled it. When the little girl and her playmate walked out of the melon patch, they went quickly, carrying between them the house of the watermelon babies. There was no one near, yet the children went a long way from the melon patch before stopping to rest by the banks of a stream.

"This is a good place to open the melon," whispered the playmate, "because no one can see us here, and, when we have eaten all we want to, we can throw the rinds and everything that is left right into the brook, and no one will ever know what we did."

So with sticks and stones the two children broke down the walls of the house of the watermelon babies, and found inside only pinkish-greenish melon, that did not taste good a bit. They scarcely noticed the watermelon babies,—poor things!—who were sorry in a minute that they had said, "Come right in, little girl! come right in!"

A short time afterward, the watermelon babies were floating down-stream, in boats that were made from pieces of their house. The little girl's father saw them coming. He was hoeing corn in a field on the banks of the brook.

"Well, well, well!" he remarked.

Then he stopped one of the boats, and gathered up a few watermelon babies.

"Your days are numbered," he told them, "and that means that you'll never travel around in the earth, and grow into fine watermelon plants. You should have stayed at home till your coats were hard and black."

Then he put the watermelon babies in his pocket, and his little girl had to see them again, though she did not want to.—Selected.

### "To Kill Time"

Eudora Reade heard the bell ring, and, book in hand, stepped to the door. Opening it, she saw, to her surprise, a dear friend of her mother's from a distant city. Cordial greetings having been exchanged, the lady was invited into the parlor, relieved of her wraps, and seated cozily by the fire, the book, in the meantime, having been tossed on the center-table.

Picking it up during a pause in the conversation, Mrs. Harvey said, "Why, Dora, dear, is it possible you have been reading this book?"

"Yes, Mrs. Harvey," answered the girl. "Why not?" she added; "it tells us the story of the life of Christ when here upon earth, and certainly too much can not be written of him. Of course it is 'realistic,' but we all know there are sadly realistic things in the world. We hear them talked of every day; and is it any worse to read about them in books?"

"You never hear them talked of in your mother's home as they are talked of in this book, nor do you hear anything of the kind in the society in which you move," answered Mrs. Harvey. "All that is said about Christ will not atone for the evil in the book. Wicked books are like wicked men—they mark the mind with stains that can never be effaced."



"Well, one must do something to kill time," said Eudora, a little petulantly.

"To kill time"? Is that a good excuse, Eudora? It is the same that the card-player makes for playing cards; the boy novel-reader for devouring his yellow-backed stories of murders and piracies; the fisher, the ball-player, and the hunter for taking their pleasure on the Sabbath; and the mad reveler for going on drunken sprees. Think of the work that stands waiting for strong young hands like yours—so much evil to fight down, so much poverty to relieve, so many millions to be taught the religion of Jesus. Your influence ought to tell in some of these ways, Eudora. Besides, there is so much to learn that you will want to know when you enter upon the active duties of life. You have no part of your life to waste.

"I think I will tell you the story of a little Tyrian girl, to show what may be done with the bits of time that you have been so anxious to kill. In some way this little girl had come into possession of a Bible. Every moment that could be spared from toil was thereafter spent in learning to read, and when this had been accomplished, every leisure hour was employed in reading from its pages to the people.

"At last she was sent away to school, and the multitudes who, through her, had come to love the holy book, begged that a teacher might be sent to them. But five years passed, and no one came. At the end of that time the young girl herself returned to them as their missionary. She worked faithfully, establishing schools and teaching the people. Now twelve hundred converts can be counted as the fruit of her labors! She has saved souls to show for her bits of time. There are thousands of other noble lives whose example should be an inspiration to you. Think of these things, and ask yourself seriously what you shall do."

"I will, Mrs. Harvey," answered Eudora, seriously, "and I thank you sincerely for your little lecture. You may be sure that I shall profit by it; for I see my responsibility to God as I never saw it before."

S. Roxana Wince.



## FIRST LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY

### Lesson XXII

We have learned that at the time of the flood a great many trees were buried deep in the earth, and that they turned to coal. Large quantities of oil have also been formed in the earth by the decaying of animal and vegetable matter. This oil, which is called Petroleum, collects in pools, and sometimes it catches fire, and burns beneath the ground, melting rocks and burning limestone.

The burning that goes on when one of these pools of oil catches fire does no great harm so long as no water reaches it. But a great deal of water is constantly soaking deep down in the earth, and when enough of it reaches these hot rocks, large quantities of steam are formed, and the pressure finally becomes so great that the earth trembles and even opens and shuts. This shaking of the earth is called an Earthquake. The Pacific Ocean is very deep, so the water often reaches down where there are heated rocks. For this reason there are many earthquakes in the region of that ocean. Sometimes earthquakes shake down great cities and destroy thousands of lives. As we near the time when Jesus will come, there will be more and more earthquakes. These will destroy many, but God's people will be safe.

In many places there are mountains that have on their top or side a large bowl-shaped hollow, called a Crater. Out of these sometimes pour steam, hot water, mud, melted rock, ashes, cinders, stones, etc. They come out of the earth with such force that they rise hundreds of feet in the air, and spread far out beyond the mountain. Whole cities have been buried by the ashes and

stones that have poured out in this way. Such mountains are called Volcanoes. Of them the prophet says: "Oh, that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence, as when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil, to make thy name known to thy adversaries."

In some places in the earth there are large quantities of metallic soda or metallic potash. When water reaches them, great heat is formed. This dissolves sand and rocks, and heats the water. When it becomes very hot, and there is a great deal of steam, the steam forces the earth open, and the water or hot mud gushes out. Such a pouring out of heated water or mud is called a Geyser. All these things are controlled by God's power, and are used by him to make his name known among those who live on the earth.

Review.—What is an earthquake? a volcano? a geyser? Tell what causes each. Will these increase? Why?

### Lesson XXIII

It was God's plan that men should scatter out in different parts of the earth, after the flood; but instead of doing this, they lived near together. Some of them went to a pleasant valley, and decided to build them a city and a tower, and live right there, not obeying the Lord's command. But while they were working on the tower, the Lord, who knew what they were thinking of doing, confused their speech, so one could not understand what another said. Then they scattered out into different places in the earth, and founded the nations.

One who travels about over the earth sees many different classes of people. You have perhaps noticed how different an Italian looks from a Swede, and the difference between a Frenchman and a German. Yet these differences are not great enough to constitute what we call a Race. There are men, however, who look so much different that we say they belong to different races. There are six different races,—the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the American Indian, the Malay, the Australian, and the Ethiopian, or negro. The Caucasians are the white race. Their home is in Europe, parts of Asia, and they have settled in all parts of the world. The Caucasian is the most highly civilized of the races.

The Mongolian, or yellow race, have almond-shaped eyes, which are set slanting in their head, and they are all more or less yellow in color. The Chinese and Japanese belong to this race. Their home is in Asia.

The American Indians are the people who lived in America when it was discovered. They are of a reddish-brown color, and have high cheek bones. They are still found in many parts of both North and South America.

The Malay race is small. They live in the southeastern part of Asia and on the island of Madagascar. They are small in size, and brown in color.

The Ethiopian, or negro, race have flat noses, thick lips, and kinky, woolly hair. In color they are black or very dark. Their home is Africa.

The Australian race were found in Australia when it was discovered. They are now nearly gone. They were black in color, but differed from the negroes in many ways, especially in the hair.

All races except the Caucasian have black hair and black or brown eyes. All men have descended from Adam and Noah, and their differences are the result of sin and of the various climates and conditions under which they have lived. God loves them all alike, and died for one as much as the other. He has made "of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." We should not feel above other races, but should thank God for what he has done for us, and help carry the gospel to those of all races who do not have it.

Review.—How many races are there? Name them, and give the color of each. Do all men of the same race look alike? How did God make men? What has changed them so?

### The Best School

I put my heart to school  
In the world, where men grow wise.  
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;  
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again.  
"And where is the prize?" I cried.  
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,  
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school  
In the woods where the wild birds sing,  
In the fields where flowers spring,  
Where brooks run cool and clear,  
And the blue of heaven bends near.  
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool,  
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,  
My heart, and where do you roam?"  
The answer came with a laugh and a song—  
"I find this school is home."

—Selected.

### Tact

A little boy said to his mother, when he found himself getting into close quarters, about something which they disagreed over, "Don't make me do it, mama; let me do it."

It is easier to do a thing when they let us do it, than when they undertake to make us do it.

Little four-year-old Bud was playing with his older sister, Ethel, when some plaything was wanted from below.

"Bud, you go downstairs and get it."

The young man hesitated. "You might have said please," he remarked.

"Bud, Bud, you must; I am the mother, and I am the oldest."

The little chap straightened himself up, and stamped his little foot, and said, "Well, Ethel, if I must, I won't."

Bud had a great deal of human nature, and Ethel was slightly lacking in tact. If the older brothers and sisters will put on fewer airs and less authority, they will get on much better managing their little brothers and sisters than they do when they are trying to show off their dignity. Patience and meekness help much about managing little ones.—Christian Observer.



### INTERMEDIATE LESSON

#### V—The Passover

(January 31)

Lesson Scripture: Exodus 11; 12: 21-36.

Memory Verse: "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Cor. 5: 7.

As the time drew near that God had sworn to Abraham that he would bring up his children out of Egypt, it seemed less and less likely that Pharaoh would ever let them go. He ordered Moses and Aaron to go out of his sight and never to come back.

God had said that they should not go out empty-handed, but "with great substance." For many years they had worked for their oppressors without any pay, and now they were to ask them for jewels of gold and silver, and God gave them favor with the Egyptians, so that they gave them whatever they asked for.

When God was about to smite all the first-born of Egypt, he said to his people, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." All who believed did as God told them, and sprinkled the blood of a lamb upon their door-posts. No doubt the Egyptians wondered what they were doing, and were warned of the awful judgment that was coming upon Egypt. If any of them believed, they could put the same token upon their own houses, and save their first-born from the destroyer. God did not look to see if the people were Israelites or



Egyptians. He looked for the blood—"When I see the blood, I will pass over you." No doubt some of the Egyptians believed, and were among the "mixed multitude" that followed Israel out of Egypt.

Why did God's people have to put this sign on their houses? Was it because God did not know where they lived?—No; for "the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." It was an object-lesson to teach them the way of salvation through "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

What did the blood of the Lamb upon the door-posts mean? God's word tells us that the blood is the life. So the lesson that God was teaching the Israelites, and that he is teaching us by this story, is that we can be saved only by the life of Jesus. "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." The blood of Jesus has been shed; his life is given for all. And because Jesus has died for all, he gives his life freely to all. But unless we believe in him, and take hold by faith upon his life, the time will come when it will be taken from us. This was the great lesson of the Passover.

In slaying the lamb, the people were taught that their sins had slain the Lamb of God. In eating its flesh, they were taught that they must feed upon Jesus by faith, so that they might receive the life that he had given for them.

The sprinkled blood upon the door-posts, which protected them from all evil (for God said that not even a dog should move its tongue against them so long as it was there) showed that the blood, the life, of Jesus, blots out the sin that would destroy us, and keeps us from all harm.

In the judgment, God will pass over every one who has taken hold by faith of the life of Jesus, to cleanse him from sin. He does not cover up our sins, for he says that he "will by no means clear the guilty." But the life-blood of Jesus washes away the sin, and makes us pure and spotless like himself.

The Israelites were told to keep the Passover every year, so that they might have its blessed teachings brought fresh to their minds. They were to eat the slain Lamb with their loins girded, their shoes on, their staves in their hands, just as if ready to start on a journey. And when their little children should ask them, "What mean ye by this service?" they were to tell them the story of their deliverance from Egypt, and how the Lord passed by the houses of his people, when he slew all the first-born of Egypt.

The last true Passover service was the one that Jesus kept with his disciples on the night he was betrayed, just before he suffered on the cross. Since that time what we call "the Lord's Supper," has taken its place. This service keeps us in mind of just the same lessons about the Lamb of God that were taught by the Passover—that we have life by feeding upon Jesus, taking by faith the life that he has poured out for us, to cleanse us from sin.

#### Questions

1. When the time came for Israel to be delivered, what did God tell them to do, that they should not go out empty-handed? Ex. 11: 2. Why were the Egyptians willing to give to them? Verse 3.
2. What terrible plague caused the Egyptians at last to send away the Israelites? Ex. 12: 29-31.
3. In what way were God's people protected? Ex. 12: 21, 22. Did God look to see if they were Israelites or Egyptians? What only did he look for?
4. Why did they have to put this sign on their houses? Did not God know where his people lived? What was this object-lesson to teach them?
5. What did the blood on the door-posts mean? How only can we be saved from death? What is Christ called in 1 Cor. 5: 7?
6. What did the Israelites have to do besides slaying the lamb and putting its blood on the door-posts? Ex. 12: 8. What were they taught by this?
7. How were God's people afterward kept in mind of the Passover, and the little children taught about it?
8. What service did Christ appoint in the place of it, to be observed after his death and resurrection?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### V — God's Care for His People (January 31)

Lesson Scripture: Ps. 105: 14-25.

Memory Verses: Ps. 105: 14-25.

He suffered no man to do them wrong;  
Yea, he reprov'd kings for their sakes,  
Saying, Touch not mine anointed ones,  
And do my prophets no harm.  
And he called for a famine upon the land;  
He brake the whole staff of bread.  
He sent a man before them;  
Joseph was sold for a servant:  
His feet they hurt with fetters:  
He was laid in chains of iron,  
Until the time that his word came to pass,  
The word of Jehovah tried him.  
The king sent and loosed him;  
Even the ruler of peoples, and let him go free.  
He made him lord of his house,  
And ruler of all his substance;  
To bind his princes at his pleasure,  
And teach his elders wisdom.  
Israel also came into Egypt;  
And Jacob sojourn'd in the land of Ham.  
And he increased his people greatly,  
And made them stronger than their adversaries.  
He turned their heart to hate his people,  
To deal subtly with his servants.

#### Questions

1. How did God protect his children when they went from one nation to another?
2. Mention some occasions on which God reprov'd kings for their sakes.
3. What warning did he give them?
4. What seeming calamity did God bring upon the land?
5. How had he provided for the deliverance of his people?
6. Under what circumstances was their deliverer sent into Egypt?
7. Where do we have the word from Joseph himself that the Lord had sent him into Egypt? Gen. 45: 7, 8.
8. Through what experiences did Joseph pass?
9. Why was he permitted to pass through these trials?
10. What led to his release from prison?
11. In what position was he now placed?
12. Relate the course pursued by Joseph which led to this exaltation.
13. What promises do you call to mind that were fulfilled in this experience?
14. What relation did Joseph sustain to the most lowly and the most exalted of Pharaoh's kingdom?
15. What led to Israel's coming into Egypt?

16. Why did God encourage his people to seek a home apart from the Egyptians?

17. What did the Lord do for his people?

18. What eventually was the feeling of the Egyptians toward Israel?

#### Notes

1. The experiences of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, as recorded in Genesis, could be sketched with profit in connection with the study of this portion of the psalm. Every step shows God's tender regard for his chosen people, and his power to cause even the wrath of man to praise him. Ps. 76: 10.

2. The Lord promises to care for those who do right and trust him. See Gen. 35: 5; Ps. 34: 7; Exodus 24.

Over and over, in the story of reform and missionary effort, God's invisible hand has restrained, and his voice said to savage hearts, "Touch not mine anointed." In the story of his life among the South Sea cannibals, John G. Paton says of one occasion: "A club was raised to follow the blow of the killing-stone, but God baffled the aim. They encircled us in a deadly ring, and one kept urging another to strike the first blow, or fire the first shot. . . . The host of armed men also ran along on each side with their weapons ready; but, leaving everything to Jesus, I ran on as if they were my escort. If any reader wonders how they were restrained, much more would I, unless I believed the same Hand that restrained the lions from touching Daniel held back these savages from hurting me."

The Lord sent Joseph into Egypt, overruling the evil purpose of his brethren. God uses even the wrath of men to praise him, and, whatever men do to us, we are in his hands. That which Jacob thought against him (Gen. 42: 36) was being worked for him by God.

Notice that it was the blessings God gave Israel in Egypt that turned against them the hatred of the people of the land.—Lesson Pamphlet.

More than forty years ago a little girl baby covered with smallpox was thrown out into a field near Shanghai, and abandoned to die. A missionary found and healed her. She was placed in school, and is now an efficient Christian worker in the city of Suchau. Her daughter, graduating from the same school which her mother attended, married a young Korean, who himself became a convert to Christianity in a mission school. He was afterward invited by the king of Korea to take the position of Vice Minister of Education. He is at present governor of Wausau, and perhaps the leading representative of reform in government and general progress in the empire. Throughout their career they have been steadfast in their loyalty to Christ, and their influence has been like "ointment poured forth." This incident illustrates the silent forces being set in motion by mission work.

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AGENTS WANTED

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you have the slightest symptoms of Catarrh, or are easy to take cold, you should send for a CO-RO-NA on the easy terms offered. In writing be sure to name this paper.



TWO-THIRDS ACTUAL SIZE.





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### The Recent Fire

Probably nearly all the Instructor readers have already read of the fire that recently wiped out the main building of the Review and Herald printing plant, destroying hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery, type, binders' supplies, etc., etc.; but for the benefit of some who, we know, will not otherwise learn of it, and will not understand the loss of two numbers of the paper, a brief statement is given here:—

About half-past seven on the evening of December 30, smoke began pouring into the lower rooms from a point in the basement under the electric-light plant. Almost immediately all the lights went out, and the smoke filled the building. A number of employees were working at the time, and when those on the upper floors realized the situation, it was already impossible to leave by the stairways, and they found their way out by means of the fire-escapes.

The flames spread rapidly, and it was soon evident that it would be impossible to save the building or any of its contents. In half an hour the great plant was a mass of flames, and two hours later the walls had fallen in, and the ruin was complete.

Fortunately, the smaller West Building, occupied with General Conference, Mission Board, and various other offices, and with the shipping department, the Instructor editorial room, etc., etc., was unharmed.

Since the night of the fire this building has been a busy place indeed. The west basement, which has been occupied by a hygienic restaurant, is being vacated to make room for a new printing-press, folding-machine, etc., required at once to print the Review and the Instructor. New type and other equipments are coming in every day, and it is hoped that soon we shall be working in our own office again.

At the time of the fire the edition of the Instructor for January 8 had just been printed, ready to be folded the next day, and the copy for the following issue had been handed in. Of course it was impossible to replace the Instructor already printed, and after due consideration of the situation, it was decided to turn all the available forces onto the Review, omitting two numbers of the Instructor. The Review, though cramped for space, kindly opened its columns to the Sabbath-school lessons that would have appeared in these two numbers, so the majority of our readers have had access to these lessons for study.

We are sure that we have your sympathy in this trying hour, and that the inconvenience and loss that falls upon you as a result of this disaster, will

be met with patience; while you, with us, face the future with courage. It is expected that the Instructor will be printed regularly hereafter.

There is one other way in which all can help,—by looking promptly to the renewing of individual subscriptions, and seeing that the Sabbath-school clubs are also renewed in good season.

### A Refreshing

Sabbath, December 27, will be long remembered by many in Battle Creek, because of the blessing poured out upon the church on that day.

The morning service was conducted by Brother Prescott, who spoke from the texts: "The hour of his judgment is come;" "The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment;" and, "We may have boldness in the day of judgment." The discourse set forth the time of the judgment, the Christian's ground for confidence in the judgment, and closed with a most tender and earnest appeal for those whose hearts responded to the truths presented, whether of those who had never professed Christ or who had grown lukewarm in his service, to make a public acknowledgment of their decision to accept the salvation offered by God's dear Son, and henceforth to be called by his name.

About two hundred persons responded to this call; and though there were representatives of all ages, and in a few cases husbands and wives with their little ones, it was noticeable that by far the larger proportion of the company were young people—those who are just entering on life's most useful years. As these came forward, signifying their desire to take their stand on the Lord's side, and to give their lives to him, a great blessing filled the house.

After a season of prayer, the meeting was dismissed till the hour of the afternoon service.

cratic means service was held up before these young people, and we believe that many of them will take an active part in God's closing work in the earth.

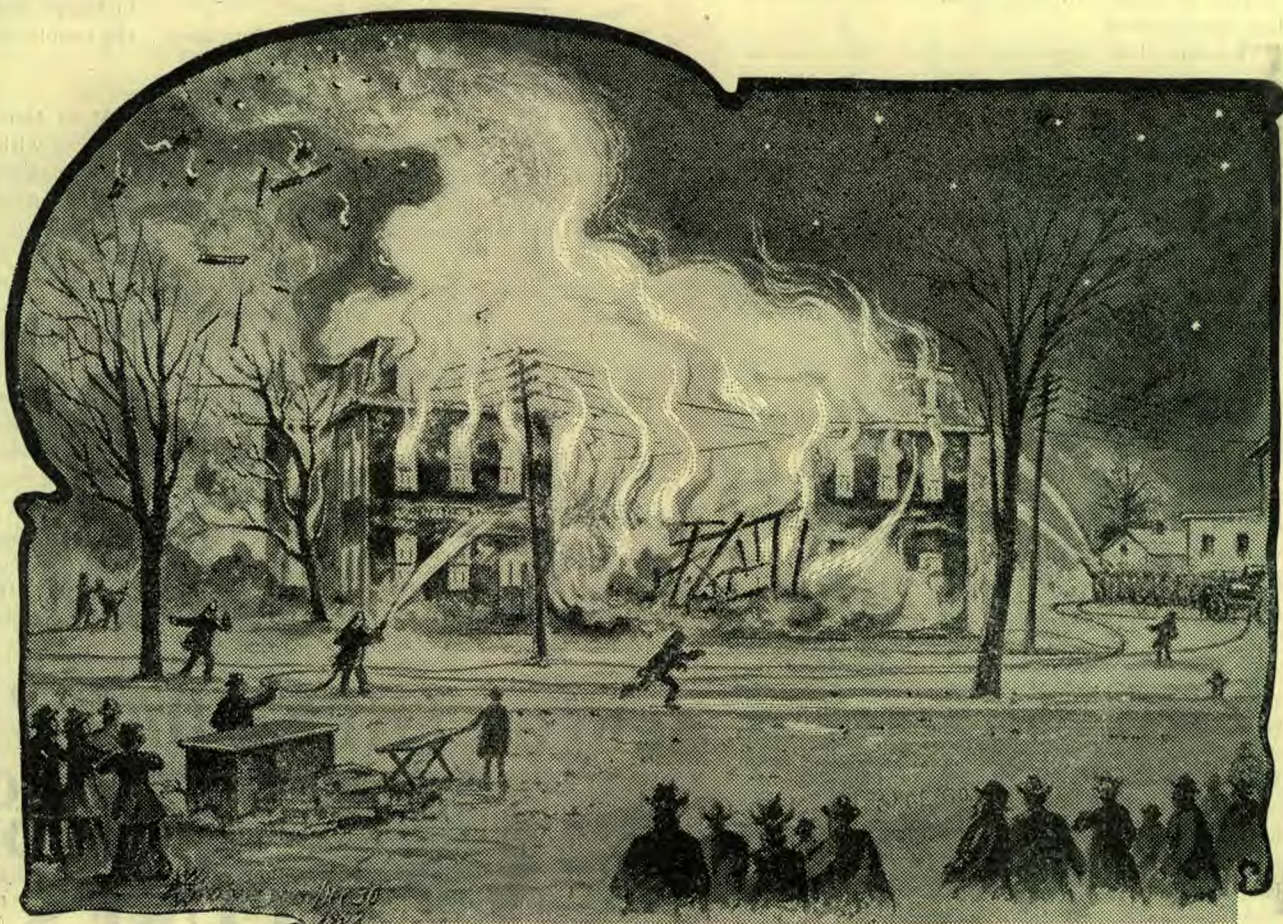
With the January issue The Advocate of Christian Education begins its fifth year, and comes to us in a dainty new cover, and with an unusually interesting table of contents. If you are not already taking this excellent journal, there is no better time than the first of the year to begin. The subscription price is only fifty cents a year. Address all communications to The Advocate, Berrien Springs, Michigan.

### Subscribers, Attention!

In the recent fire the latest revised list of Instructor subscribers was destroyed. Though we have gone carefully over the late letters, there may be some whose names have been missed. If there should be such, we hope they will notify us at once, giving the date when their subscription was sent. Do not forget, in this connection, that no Instructor was printed for January 8 and 15.

### Special Notice

In the big fire that destroyed the Review and Herald building the 30th of December, the subscription list of our Danish-Norwegian paper, the Evangelists Sendebud, was burned, and we have only an old list found in the safe, left. We earnestly ask every one of the Review and Instructor readers to assist in restoring the list. Will every one of our brethren and sisters kindly do their best to make this known to our subscribers, and have them send in their names and addresses,



FROM A RAPID SKETCH MADE AT THE SCENE OF THE CONFLAGRATION, BY W. W. ROBINSON, THE ARTIST

Those who had come forward were asked to return at the appointed hour, and occupy the same seats. This was done, and during the first hour of the service, nearly every one of these testified of salvation accepted, sins forgiven, and a determination to go forward in the service of God. Later the meeting was thrown open to the general congregation, when from ten to thirty persons were on their feet at the same time, waiting for an opportunity to speak a word for the Master. The approval of Heaven upon the service, and its acceptance of the hearts laid upon the altar, was witnessed by a special blessing.

The thought that now, as never before, conse-

and state the time their subscriptions expire, as soon as possible? To send us the yellow label on the last copy of the Sendebud would be very acceptable. We need your help in this great calamity.

Editor Evangelists Sendebud.

The Seventh Annual Announcement of the Avondale School for Christian Workers, a neat little pamphlet of twenty-four pages, has come to us. Being itself a product of the Avondale Press, it gives a good idea of the practical work being done by the students. Surely it is a cause for rejoicing that we have such a school for our young people in Australia.