

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## A Trip Through Egypt—III The Pyramids

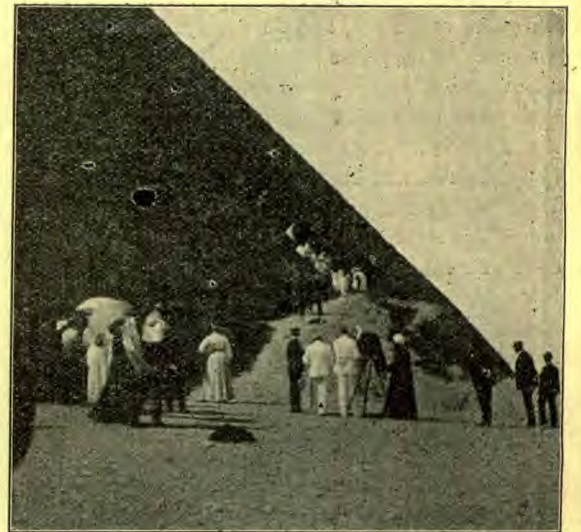
DURING all the sight-seeing around Cairo, the traveler has been thinking more or less about the Pyramids. The occasional glimpses he has had of them at a distance of a dozen miles, from the Citadel and the Mottokan Hills, has only served to stimulate his curiosity; and it is with a feeling of satisfaction that he boards the electric tram at Gezireh, knowing that at last he is on the way to these most celebrated of all the monuments of antiquity.

The tram, after crossing a small arm of the Nile, skirts its heavily wooded western bank for several miles, arriving at last at Gizeh, where the Museum of Antiquities was formerly situated in the beautiful botanical gardens. Here the road makes a sharp curve; and we suddenly start to find ourselves in full view of the objects of our journey, which, although yet over five miles distant, stand out in bold and massive relief against the deep blue of the Egyptian sky. From this point the line follows the beautifully shaded carriage road, traversing in a perfectly straight line for five miles a broad, fertile plain, which during the inundation is one great lake, diversified here and there with the little island formed by the raised villages.

Arriving at Mena House, a large hotel near the Pyramids, the traveler may hire a donkey, thus largely avoiding the pestiferous crowds of guides, antiquity venders, and other donkey boys that throng the place. We then approach the great pyramid of Cheops from which we have been unable to take our eyes ever since first beholding it. The first impression is likely to be disappointing, simply because the eyes and brain of the tourist can not comprehend so immense an object. Only when he has climbed

it once, after riding around it, does he begin to realize its stupendous proportions. To form, perhaps, a faint idea of the size of this structure, imagine a pile of stone four or five times as high as the new Sanitarium at Battle Creek, which, if set down on the old Battle Creek College grounds, would cover the whole plot, encroaching also on College Avenue and the Sanitarium grounds. The stone for building a large part of Cairo, including the massive battlements of the citadel, was taken from this pyramid without appreciably affecting its size or general symmetry.

The ascent of this pyramid, though likely to be trying to one inclined to giddiness, is perfectly safe with the assistance of the two or three Bedouins who must be hired for the purpose. The view from the point about half-way up is enjoyed most by many, because the portion of the pyramid which is still above looks fully as large as the whole thing did from the ground, while what is below looks immensely larger. But the view from the top is fully as striking, and much more comprehensive. Perhaps its most prominent feature is the contrast between life and death. On one side



DESCENDING THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS  
ited in the masonry of the walls. Not even a hair can be thrust between the different stones, the points are so perfect. This can be said of no other stone building in existence.

Leaving the Pyramids, we pass on to the Sphinx. This immense stone colossus, in the form of a recumbent lion with a human head, lies near the edge of the plateau on which the Pyramids are situated, thus facing and overlooking the Nile. One imagines, perhaps, that he can still discern an expression of benign kindness in the massive features of the sadly mutilated face.

The Pyramids of Gizeh, dating from the fourth dynasty, are the oldest monuments of the great necropolis of Memphis, which was for twenty centuries the capital of Upper Egypt. They make the northern limit of this vast cemetery, which extends for twenty miles along the edge of the desert, containing five groups of pyramids, and numberless tombs.

Riding up the Nile Valley, we pass the small pyramids of Abusir, and, not failing to visit the house of the great Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, which is a small museum in itself, we arrive at the great "Step Pyramid" at Sakkara. It is hardly necessary to notice that these steps, which are from thirty to forty feet high, are of no special assistance in gaining the summit of the pyramid. The ground around Sakkara is honey-combed with small tombs, few of which, however, are worthy of a visit. Passing on, we arrive at the two large pyramids of Dashur, which mark the southern boundary of the necropolis. One of these which is nearly as large as the pyramid of Cheops, presents a very imposing appearance in its solitude.

Having thus "gone the rounds," we return to Bedrashen, there to board the evening express for Cairo, very weary, but with the satisfactory feeling that this has been the most wonderful day of sight-seeing we have ever experienced.

GLEN WAKEHAM.



THE SPHINX—THE WRITER ON THE SHOULDER OF THE COLUSSES

stretch the barren, sandy, wastes of the Libyan desert, entirely devoid of life, save, perhaps a long string of camels, slowly making their way over the caravan route. On the other side, beyond a broad, fertile plain, are the spires and minarets of a great city, teeming with its multiplied thousands of inhabitants, whose dwellings are banked up against the brown, lifeless Mottokan ridge, which marks the boundary of another desert.

We will next inspect the second pyramid, which is scarcely smaller than its mighty neighbor. Some of the original smooth coating remains, making it impossible for any save a few experienced Bedouins to climb it, a feat which they perform, however, with marvelous celerity and audacity. The long, low, stifling passages and large, dark chambers within the pyramids, from which the mummies have all been taken, are interesting principally for the marvelous skill exhib-



EGYPTIAN BREAD BOY AND HIS LOAVES

"My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." That gift we can have, if we will receive it.





### The Mystery of the False Joan of Arc

"A FALSE Joan of Arc!" I hear the reader exclaim. "How could there be one, when every detail of the short life of the Maid of Orleans is known, from her earliest childhood to the moment of her martyrdom at the stake in Rouen?"

Yet a false Joan of Arc there was, and her brothers, Jean and Pierre du Lys, believed in her for six years and more, and so did the whole city of Orleans. Many books have been written in France about this strange personage, and grave French historians have tried to "pluck out the heart of her mystery;" but, as a matter of fact, nobody to-day knows who she was, any more than in 1436, when she first appeared, and convinced the brothers of the Maid that she was their sister, the "Pucelle of France."

Yet if any fact in history is certain, beyond all doubt, it is that Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in the public square of Rouen on the thirtieth of May, 1431. There is a splendid painting in the Pantheon of Paris of the tragical scene. Bound to the towering stake with iron chains, a white-robed, girlish figure, the heroic Maid stands clasping the cross with both hands, and with her face raised to heaven, rapt and beautiful, as if forgetting the dreadful piles of fagots at her feet, and the rough men at arms who are heaping them higher about her, and waving the torch that is to fire them. Every detail of this painting is attested by history, and thousands of eyes witnessed the martyrdom of this nineteen-year-old peasant maiden of Domremy, whose only crime was that she had saved France. The whole city of Rouen saw her led forth from prison to trial, from trial to stake; and so deep was the sympathy she excited, even in this stronghold of the English power, in France, that as she passed to her death, the multitudes, kneeling and weeping, repeated incessantly the invocation for the dying.

In one short year, Joan of Arc had saved France from the yoke that had crushed the nation for a century of wars; she had raised the siege of Orleans, and crowned the king at the Cathedral of Rhimes; and then, for one more year, she had lain in the prison of Rouen, brought to trial after trial, but so clearly innocent that it took the cruellest tricks, at last, to make her even seem guilty enough for her sworn enemies to sentence her. In these trials, every year of her girlish life was gone over, so that we have the most complete biography of her (and all under oath) that exists of any human being.

We know her earliest childhood in Domremy; the forests where she wandered, the fields where she kept the sheep, her spinning wheel, her household tasks, her playmates; we see her listening to her "Voices," and praying that she might not have to go to the wars, poor little maid! we see her sent at last to the dauphin, in 1429, and telling him a secret revealed by her visions, which was a sign, and after which he put her in command; we see her leading French armies to their first victories in a score of years, relieving Orleans, and crowning the king, in 1430, while thousands crowded to kiss her very feet, or kneel in the path where she had passed. We learn that she was beautiful, and had a wonderful magnetism about her personality, so that the English called her a "witch." Simple and humble as the Maid of Orleans always was, the people believed her capable of working miracles—which, indeed, her marvelous victories appeared to be. So, when the tid-

ings of her cruel death came to the king and the people of France, there was a great popular hope that in some miraculous way the Maid would come back—that she was not really dead after all. It was the same old belief that has clung about every beloved national deliverer, and it was the firm belief of half of France concerning Joan of Arc.

Besides, the Maid had died in the midst of enemies, and in the English dominions in France, up in the north. There were no telegraphs, no newspapers and special correspondents, in those days. It was only by hearsay that her friends knew of her death,—and why should the traitor English be believed? The miraculous Maid had ways of saving herself from them that none could guess. She might easily have escaped, and be lying in hiding while the English, unwilling to acknowledge her deliverance, burned some other woman in her place—and so on. We need not be surprised, therefore, that when, five years later, a "false Pucelle" appeared in the French domains, she was received with apparently no doubts at all.

But who was this second Maid of Orleans, and where did she learn to counterfeit the true heroine so marvelously? There is where the mystery comes in. In May, 1436, the "Pucelle Jehanne," as she styled herself, arrived at La Grange aux Ormes, near St. Privay. She was at once taken to see some gentlemen of the town of Metz, near by, and, by chance, next day, the two brothers of Joan of Arc came to Metz, and were naturally anxious to meet her. "They thought that their sister had been burned, but, so soon as they saw her, they recognized her, and she them," says the old Metz chronicle.

These brothers of the Maid had been ennobled by King Charles in honor of their sister's deeds, had fought by her side in the wars, and were men of proved bravery and integrity. No ordinary impostor could have so deceived them as did the false Joan. The people of Metz, when the "Pucelle Jehanne" was recognized by these members of her family, were convinced that the Maid of Orleans was among them again, and went wild with joy. Arms, horses, and jewels were given to her, more than she could use, and she was invited into Luxembourg, where nobles and people alike crowded to welcome her. Orleans, when it heard the joyful news, which Joan du Lys, the younger brother, rode home to tell, "bringing letters from La Pucelle," gave him rich presents, and sent a pursuivant to Luxembourg, to bring the false Joan at once to the city she had saved.

Meanwhile, the "Pucelle" had been sought in marriage by a knight of Metz, Robert des Armoises by name, and had accepted him. On account of this marriage, the false Pucelle did not leave Metz for Orleans, but remained there in quiet domestic life for three years, during which two children were born to her.

But in 1439 she accepted the repeated invitation of Orleans, and seemed to have been received in state, as became the Maid of France. She was "royally entertained" from July the eighteenth to August the first by the town. It must be remembered that every one in Orleans over twelve years of age had seen and known the true Joan of Arc; yet none doubted that it was she. All this while she had corresponded with the King of France, too, and had met several of the generals who had served under the real Maid of Orleans, and still no one had any suspicion of her imposture, so far as we can find out. In this same year, 1439, she was given command of troops at Maus, and took part in a raid, which shows she had some knowledge of military life, enough to deceive her soldiers. Here she was in company with an old companion in war, the Marshal de Rais, who had followed the white banner of Joan of Arc, nine years before; yet he had no doubts of her identity with the Maid.

Two persons, however, the false Pucelle had

carefully avoided—the mother of Joan of Arc and King Charles himself. Joan of Arc, indeed, had never revisited her native village of Domremy from the day she first left it for the dauphin's court; but she had endeavored to do so, and had only been prevented by the necessities of her campaigns. The false Pucelle took care not to go to Domremy, either, contenting herself with seeing her brothers in Metz and Orleans. But the time came when she had to have audience before the king.

As we have learned, the proof that had convinced Charles, the dauphin, of Joan of Arc's divine mission to save France was a certain secret "sign" made known by her at their first interview. This "sign" Charles had never revealed afterward to any one, and the Maid of Orleans had utterly refused, at her trials, to make it known, even when threatened with torture. It was quite natural, therefore, that when Madame Jehanne came before him at his court, he should salute her courteously with the words, "Pucelle, my dear friend, you are welcome back, in the name of God, who knows the secret that is between us." These searching words were too much for the false Pucelle. She saw he expected the "sign," which she could not give, and, falling on her knees, she acknowledged that she was not the Maid of France, and asked pardon.

So runs the story of her unmasking, told by an aged tutor of the king's son long afterward to a youth, Pierre Sala, who in his old age, in turn, wrote it down in a book of the Deeds of Kings. It is the only explanation we have as to why the false Pucelle suddenly dropped out of sight in public affairs henceforth; and it seems to bear truth with it. But there is no doubt, nevertheless, that years after this King Charles himself appointed Nicholas de Vouthon (in 1452) as chaplain to "Jehanne la Pucelle," which seems strange in view of all this; and that Pierre d'Arc still recognized her as his sister to the end of his life.

The last we hear of her is in 1457, when, in Angers, the officers of King René of Anjou (father of Margaret, the wife of Henry the Sixth of England, and so, presumably, English in his sympathies), arrested "Jehanne des Ermoises" for "having long called herself Jehanne la Pucelle, and deceived many persons who had seen Jehanne at the siege of Orleans." The record goes on to show that the false Pucelle maintained that "no other charge had ever been brought against her," and that King René, having been "addressed by others in her favor," granted her full liberty, on condition "that she bear herself honestly in dress." This doubtless refers to her habit of wearing man's dress and armor, as the true Joan of Arc had done.

From this court of Angers, the false Pucelle passes on into the same obscurity and mystery whence she came. No explanation of her imposture has ever been found; but it is certain that this unknown girl deceived every eye and every heart that had ever known the Maid of Orleans, excepting only the mother, whom she was clever enough to keep away from, and the king, whose secret "sign" she had no possible way of learning. Her success is one of the astonishing facts of French history.—*Priscella Leonard, in the Well Spring.*

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day.

KNOWING ourselves, our world,—our task so great, Our time so brief,—'tis clear, if we refuse The means so limited, the tools so rude, To execute our purpose, life will fleet, And we shall fade, and leave our task undone.





### Away From Lazy Hills

THE path that leads to a Loaf of Bread  
Winds through the Swamps of Toil,  
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes  
Goes through the flowerless soil:  
And the path that leads to a Loaf of Bread  
And a Suit of Clothes is hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a House of Your Own  
Climbs over bewildered hills;  
And the paths that lead to a Bank Account  
Are swept by the blast that kills.  
But the man who starts in the paths to-day  
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

In the Lazy Hills are trees to shade  
By the dreamy Brooks of Sleep,  
And the rollicking River of Pleasure laughs  
And gambols down the steep;  
But when the blasts of winter come,  
The brooks and the river are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills,  
When the blasts of winter moan,  
Who strayed from the path to a Bank Account  
And the path to a House of Their Own!  
These paths are hard in the summer heat,  
But in winter they lead to a snug retreat.

—Sam Walter Foss.

### In and About San Francisco

#### Golden Gate Park

SAN FRANCISCO contains many parks scattered about in different parts of the city; but most of them are small, covering from one to three blocks, and are called "squares." These are well laid out and well cared for. Pleasant walks lead among trees and shrubs, flowers and lawns, while comfortable benches are to be found everywhere. These squares are well patronized, those in the residence districts being used as playgrounds by laughing children and resting-places by tired women; while those situated near the business sections are made to serve as lounging-places for idlers. But to speak of "The Park" in San Francisco is to speak of none of these.

The city's pleasure-ground and pride is a tract of land half a mile wide, and three miles long, extending from the outskirts of the city proper to the wave-washed sands of the ocean beach. Here the city, represented by its people, repairs every afternoon and all day on Sunday to get a breath of fresh air, a whiff of the fragrance from green grass and blooming flowers, and a respite from the noise and bustle of the busy metropolis.

When the city secured title to this tract of land, and determined to make of it a park, it was an area of barren sand that for ages the unceasing wind from the ocean had been piling into great, bleak dunes, and was entirely destitute of vegetation, save for an occasional patch of chaparral that had taken root in some sheltered spot. But the ocean breezes, though they seem cold to one who must face them, bring from the Japan current some of the heat that that great ocean river has

stored up in its waters, and brought from its birth-place, thousands of miles away in the tropical seas. Before this breeze the snow of the arctic melts and falls to the earth as rain; so that, summer or winter, the whole coast region of California is blessed with a semi-tropical climate. With this advantage the men who first conceived the project knew that time and patient labor would turn the great waste of sand into a landscape garden of which the city might well be proud. From that day to this the park commissioners have labored along lines of progressive improvement. The park now contains a splendid system of roads, some thirty miles in all, artistically laid out and well kept, besides innumerable paths for the use of wheelmen and pedestrians. Through these the visitor may ride or stroll for hours, or even days, surrounded by luxuriant grass and flowers and shrubs, and nowhere reminded of the shifting sands from which the park was reclaimed. Nor need the pedestrian confine himself to the paths alone; there are no "Keep off the Grass" signs in Golden Gate Park, and he may wander where he will o'er wooded hill or grass-grown slope, through shaded dell or flower-decked vale.

In so brief an article as this it will hardly be possible to enumerate the principal features of interest, much less describe them in detail, for every one of the thousand acres of the park contains something worth seeing, and failing that, worth hearing about.

The tea garden, a quaint bit of transplanted Japan, never fails to interest the visitor; espe-

paddocks, buffalo, elk, and several species of deer roam about at will. A number of carnivorous animals are confined in strong cages and especially constructed pits. Among these latter is a monstrous grizzly bear, said to be the largest in captivity. It is certainly the largest the writer has ever seen, and as large as he would care to see unless a fence of good strong iron bars stood between it and him.

To a bird-lover the aviary will be an interesting feature of the park. It is simply a cage of closely woven wire. But it is large enough to inclose a number of fair-sized trees, and give the thousands of birds that inhabit it plenty of room to stretch their wings without danger of interfering with their neighbors. Many of the birds have been brought from distant foreign lands; but natives and foreigners seem to get along in perfect harmony, and all appear quite contented with their lot. They certainly ought to be contented; for here they enjoy all the comforts of freedom, without its trials and dangers, and all the luxuries of confinement, without its galling restraint.

So many and so varied are the attractions of Golden Gate Park, that if all the prominent features mentioned in this article were removed, with the room they occupy, they would scarcely be missed.

J. EDGAR ROSS.

### Object of Prayer

THE Bible clearly shows that God's purposes are unchangeable, and the works of nature reveal the same. The unbelieving, therefore, ask: "Why should a man pray, since God, being unchangeable in his plans and prospects, can not be changed or turned aside from them?"

All this is true, but it reveals his ignorance of the use and purpose of prayer. Prayer should never be made with the wish to change God's mind. It should be made with the object of having God change our minds. Let us not ask God to fulfill our desires, but ask him to so change us that we may fulfill his desires.

We may depend upon God's desires being wise and good while our own are ignorant and often evil. So let us let go of our desires, and get in line and accord with God's purposes. In other words, let us so surrender self that God may get hold of us and reveal himself to us and use us. We may inquire, What is God's great desire in these latter days? Is

it not the speedy spread of his message for this time? How, then, shall we pray now? Shall we not pray earnestly that God may help us to become so in accord with that purpose that he may always use us to that end? E. L. PAULDING.

THERE doth not live  
Any so poor but he may give,  
Any so rich but may receive.

Withhold the very meag'rest dole  
Hands can bestow, in part or whole,  
And we may stint a starving soul.

—Margaret F. Preston.



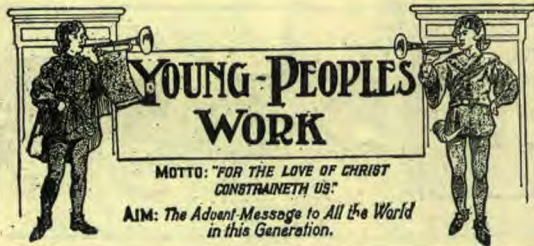
STOW LAKE, GOLDEN GATE PARK

cially if he is unfamiliar with the architecture of the Japanese.

Strawberry Hill is well worth the climb up the rustic stairs or around the winding road that leads to the observatory on its summit, from which one gets a splendid view of the park, part of the city, and the surrounding country. Strawberry Hill is an island in Stow Lake, upon which, if the visitor feels so disposed, he may take a row in one of the boats furnished at a nominal rental.

In the conservatory will be found many rare and curious tropical plants and flowers, each marked with its name and native country. In the animal





### Young People's Society of Hanford, California

THIS Society includes not only the young people of the church, but the children and a number of the adults. Indeed, the children take a most active part in the work of the Society; and by looking over the weekly reports, we find that some of them are more zealous in the distribution of literature than the older members.

The Society meets each Sabbath afternoon. A successful effort was made during the winter to get each member interested in scattering the printed page, and hundreds of pages of papers and tracts were distributed. Two distributors in the depots were kept constantly filled by one member, while others handed out tracts and papers on the streets, and still others sent rolls each week to interior districts to other children, writing letters to accompany them. The new tract, "The Signs of the Times," was taken up in the reading-class in the church school, and at its close the members of the class had become so interested in its contents they wished others to share in the truths, and so used about one hundred copies in which the missionary society of the church sent missionary work. Over two hundred garments were collected by the young people, and sent to the Dispensary in San Francisco. A box of two hundred and seventy-nine papers was also packed to the State prison at San Quintin. A special effort was also made to get the members more familiar with the special points of our faith; and with that end in view the Bible studies were prepared. Another thing we might mention was the plan tried to get them interested in foreign mission work by having them correspond with the young people in our churches in other cities. The thing kept before them all the time was that *they* were to carry the message, and God had a special place for each one, and they must find that place and fill it. Beginning at home, their sphere of work was to extend till God himself called a halt. When God is looking for workers in his vineyard, he takes cognizance of those who are most faithful in the little details of every-day life.

MINA MANN.

### October Study of the Field Fields White to the Harvest

#### OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading. Matt. 9:36-38; John 4:35-38.

#### Field Study:—

Progress in Brazil. *Review*, August 20.

Openings in Cuba. *Review*, August 27.

Experiences in Japan. *Review*, August 27.

Opportunities in Chile. *Review*, September 3.

Our Matabele Mission. *Review*, September 3.

Reading: A Visit to Carey's Chapel.

#### Closing Exercises:—

Consecration Service.

Benediction.

#### Notes

Let the leading theme in the study to-day be the fact that the fields everywhere are white to the harvest. Evidences of this may be presented on each subject suggested under the field study. Only use the bright, encouraging experiences, or promising openings, and the appeals for help. You can make this fact so prominent that every one will go from the meeting feeling that there is something for them to do in this great closing work.

After reading "A Visit to Carey's Chapel," a consecration service may be engaged in very profitably. We can afford to do nothing less than consecrate ourselves to the Lord in these closing hours of his work. May the Spirit that animated William Carey with the expectation that the gospel could be carried to the heathen take possession of us as young people, until we shall, every one of us, set ourselves to give this gospel to the world in this generation.

We have published Mr. Dail's letter almost entire, as we believe every one will be interested in it. If you have not read the life of that wonderful man, the Father of Modern Missions, make an effort to secure it and read it. Every young person could well afford to give it a place in his library. It can be secured for a very small sum, and is one of the most inspiring books offered to young people to-day.

E. H.

### A Visit to Carey's Chapel

#### From a Personal Letter

THIS has been a "red letter day" in my life. I have enjoyed a privilege which I never supposed I should enjoy. When but a boy, a copy of the "Life of William Carey," fell into my hands, and I read it with a great deal of interest. My fertile imagination pictured him as he found the Greek book in the house of a friend, and, boy-student-like, greatly desired to know the meaning of those strange symbols. I followed him in his search for the secrets of nature. I watched him climb the trees for a peep into the birds' nests; I saw him chasing after that insect, that he might capture it for his simple collection of beetles, bugs, and butterflies; and when William grew older, and turned his thoughts to serious subjects, I seemed to feel with him as his noble life-work was pressed home upon him, and he listened to the call of the voice of God. I entered into his thoughts as he pondered over and over the conditions of the heathen, as he drew those rude maps, and hung them on the wall where he could see them while cobbling shoes, and I peeped in at him as he was marking down some newly learned facts with reference to the people of this or that land, or as he read and reviewed what he had already thus collected.

Little did I then dream that on this tenth day of August, 1903, God would allow me to be in Leicester, England, where I could see the very house in which Carey worked and lived, and worship in the self-same chapel he worshiped in, and look upon the identical pulpit, from which he preached those stirring sermons that were the beginning of a world-wide movement in favor of sending the gospel to the heathen.

Some one had reminded me that Leicester was Carey's city, and that I could see these things—that they were not fifteen minutes' walk from our lodgings. Accordingly this afternoon I started out to find the place. As I reached the neighborhood where I thought it ought to be, I met a policeman, and asked him if he could tell me where I would find Mr. Carey's old chapel. He said he was not acquainted with the gentleman, and asked me if I knew what church it was. To this I replied that William Carey was the great missionary who used to live in Leicester near the close of the eighteenth century, and I supposed anybody could tell me about his home and chapel. But the man could tell me nothing.

Passing a little farther on, I asked a second policeman. He knew nothing of the place. He said he was a new man on the force, and if I would inquire of the elderly policeman by the city clock, he could tell me.

I went to this man. I said: "Pardon me, sir, but could you kindly direct me to the chapel in which William Carey used to preach?"

"I am unacquainted with the gentleman," he replied.

"Why," said I, "don't you know who William Carey was? He was the man through whom God started the modern missionary movement. He was the greatest man that Leicester ever produced."

"Oh, yes," replied he, "I believe I do remember something about that. I think you must refer to Carey Hall, which is about a mile and a half in this direction, hard by the Midland station."

I did not think the information what I wanted; but the policeman had been on the force for twenty-three years, as he told me, and I supposed he ought to know more about the city and Carey's chapel than I did. Therefore, I set out—all to find that I had been misinformed, and that I must go back to the place from which I had started, and inquire for a place known as "Harvey Lane Chapel." Thus retracing my steps, I soon found myself at the front door of a modest-looking building two-stories high, opening on Harvey Lane. At the door was a gentleman whom I supposed to be the deacon. I approached him, and asked:—

"Is this what used to be William Carey's chapel?"

"Yes, sir," was the cheering reply, "won't you come in?"

"Well," I answered, "I have had a good deal of trouble in finding you, and I shall certainly be glad to go in."

(I relate this incident to show how little the officials of his city know of so great a man as Carey. At that time God began to do a mighty work through Carey; but the majority of his fellow-townsmen thought him a wild fanatic, and even many of his brethren in the gospel ministry believed him a deluded zealot, whose ideas with reference to preaching the gospel to the heathen were thoroughly impracticable. Often it is true that God is sowing his seed, is doing his work, and both the world and his professed church know nothing about it. Popularity does not determine whether a man or a movement be great or small, as God looks at things.)

I entered the chapel, and took the seat next to the back, for the service had already begun. The furnishings of the place were plain, but ample. The congregation numbered about one hundred and twenty-five. The people were not over-richly dressed. This being Sunday, the minister was giving his evening sermon. His subject was the character of Moses, and what he said was good. I listened to the sermon, and at the same time thoughts like these came into my mind, and I jotted them down on the fly-leaf of a small book I happened to have in my pocket:—

"Here I am in William Carey's church. From that pulpit he poured forth his impassioned appeals in behalf of the poor, degraded, neglected millions of heathenism, and rested not day nor night until he got a few true believers to realize that the gospel is for the natives of India as well as for the peoples in so-called Christian lands. O, that the God of William Carey may reveal to me, and to my young brethren and sisters in Christ, the great importance of this very same work, and that we may be filled to overflowing by that same Spirit which led that man of God, more than a century ago, to forsake his little parish here, to brave the criticism and sarcasm of his enemies and friends, and start out courageously in the face of the bitterest opposition and the most discouraging circumstances, that he might be faithful to the work which his heart told him God had committed to his trust. Ours is a time more freighted with golden opportunities than was his. He knew the day of his visitation; may we learn ours. It is now high time for every one who names the name of Christ to awake, put on the armor, and find out from God what part he is to act in the closing

(Concluded on page 6)





# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## The Windmills

THE busiest of places is the Windmill Town;  
The clatter and clangor all the other noises  
drown;  
The big and little windmills, when the winds begin  
to blow,  
Are a-flashing and a-slashing and a-dashing to and  
fro.

The merriest of towns is where the windmills  
stay—  
O, they are jolly company upon a windy day!  
And while they seem so happy, they are working  
right along,  
A-singing and a-ringing with a cheery windmill  
song.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

## Look About You

DID you ever see a pigeon hopping along the path?  
Did you ever see a sparrow walk to his outdoor  
bath?  
Did you ever see a pigeon's nest that had three  
eggs or more?  
Did you ever see a snow-white colt on any hill or  
shore?  
Do you know what letter you may find on every  
leaf of clover  
(I mean the little meadow kind that grows the  
whole world over)?  
Did you ever see two four-o'clocks were colored  
just the same?  
Or two variegated flowers alike, of any size or  
name?  
What animal sleeps standing? You may meet him  
in the street.  
How many toes has pussy on her little feet?  
If you can tell me all these things,—and I must  
confess I doubt you,—  
You may say you've learned the lesson well, to ob-  
serve small things about you.

—Kate Lawrence.

## The Outing

THE square house on the hillside was in a pleas-  
ant hub-bub of excitement. Herbert was tramp-  
ing up- and down-stairs, looking for something  
which he apparently never found; May was busy  
dressing little Maud; while Agnes exhausted her  
energies in efforts to hurry the others. Last but  
not least in importance, mama was in the pantry  
busily engaged in packing certain toothsome eat-  
ables snugly in a generous lunch-basket.

Yet nothing very remarkable was about to hap-  
pen. The children were going to the woods, a  
quarter of a mile away, to spend the day with  
the birds, trees, and flowers. "O mama!" called  
Agnes; "there is poor little Millie Gray looking  
over here. I wish she could go with us. How  
she would enjoy it!" Mrs. Harvey left the pan-  
try, and looked from the open door toward the  
little brown house across the road. There at the  
window was a pale, wistful face, set in a frame  
of gold-brown hair. It belonged to Millie, the crip-  
ple, who sat all day long in her wheel-chair, with  
little to comfort or entertain her.

"Oh, if she could only go with us!" cried May;  
"I don't believe she has ever been to the woods  
in her whole life. Can't we manage it somehow?"  
And she looked appealingly at her mother, sure  
that she could manage anything. "Well," was  
the reply, after a moment's thought, "if Herbert  
will bring the horse and buggy around, I will run  
over and see what Millie's mother thinks about it."

The boy was off before the words were out of  
her mouth, for they were all eager to do anything  
for poor Millie. It was finally decided that she  
and her wheel-chair could be lifted into the buggy,  
and taken along.

Her happy face as they drove off was ample re-

ward to the children for the trouble they had  
taken.

It was a warm, sunny day in autumn. The  
green of the woods was already mingled with red  
and gold, and the yellow sunshine sifted like a  
shower of gold through the tree-tops.

Arrived at the woods, Old Charley was un-  
hitched, and left to wander at his own sweet will,  
for the children said he ought to have a holiday,  
too. Millie and her wheel-chair were placed in  
state under a large maple-tree. Little Maud was  
soon making a bouquet of red and yellow maple  
leaves.

"O, I've thought of a splendid game," cried Ag-  
nes. "Let us play Millie is queen and we are all  
her subjects!"

"But how can she be queen without a crown?"  
asked little Maud.

"O, ho!" said Herbert, "wasn't Edward XII  
king of England before he was crowned? We'll  
pick some flowers, and weave them together for  
a crown. But she is our queen now, just as much  
as if she had a crown."

Agnes plucked a bough from the tree overhead,  
saying, "This shall be your sep—sep— what is  
it kings and queens hold in their hands?"

"Scepter?" suggested May, who was older.

"Yes; and when we are gathering flowers, if  
she wants us, she shall hold it up, and we will  
all come back."

They scattered and busied themselves for some  
time, picking flowers, but the scepter was not  
raised.

This outing was a great event in the colorless  
life of the invalid, and she enjoyed everything  
with a keenness which an ordinary child could  
not have understood. It was luxury just to watch  
the dancing shadows of the leaves on the ground  
at her feet; to listen to the sleepy murmur of  
the brook near by; to throw her head back, and  
gaze into the leafy world above her, and fancy  
how it would seem to be a bird, and live among  
those swaying branches. Soon the little party re-  
turned, their hands full of flowers. Seating them-  
selves on the grass beside the wheel-chair, they  
soon made a wreath, the queen herself assisting.  
Agnes was about to place it on Millie's head, when  
May interposed. "Oh, let's all sit around her  
chair, and sing a song first." Accordingly they  
formed a half circle, and then consulted as to what  
they should sing. But the nearest they could come  
to something appropriate was "Queen of May;"  
they made the woods ring with it, taking hold  
of the crown together at the words "crown her,"  
and placing it upon the brown curls of their  
queen. To the great delight of all, a little bird  
in the branches just above Millie's head, poured  
forth an exquisite strain of melody as they ceased.

Soon after this, baby Maud announced that she  
was hungry, and everybody began to think about  
dinner.

"I've found the nicest table," Herbert declared;  
"a large flat rock; just the right size, and in the  
prettiest place!"

"Good for you!" said May; "you show us  
where it is, and we will wheel Queen Millie to the  
place;" and, bending down, she kissed the girl's  
pale cheek. Millie raised her arms, pulling May's  
face close to hers as she whispered, "You are all  
so good to me."

The flat stone was indeed like a real table. Ag-  
nes and May soon had it spread with the contents  
of the basket mama had given them, and a happy  
group gathered round it. After dinner was eaten,  
they decided to gather some flowers for mama.

"If we leave you here a few minutes, will you  
be lonely, Millie?" asked May.

"Oh, no! stay as long as you please. I shall  
not be lonely when there is so much to see and  
to listen to," said Millie.

The bouquet was soon gathered, and the children  
came back to Millie, and played happily for an-  
other hour. Then John, the hired man, came up.

"There is a cloud raising in the west, children,  
and your mother thought you'd better come  
home."

The horse was soon hitched to the buggy, Mil-  
lie and her chair were carefully lifted in by John's  
strong arms, and they were homeward bound.

"We've spent many happy days in the woods,  
but never one so happy as this," was the verdict  
of Agnes that evening.

"Don't you know the reason?" said the wise  
mother; "it is because you were striving to give  
happiness to another."

VIOLA E. SMITH.

## Things to Run From

I HAD a great run once. I was among the moun-  
tains in Colorado. The place was very lonely—  
some eighty miles from the next settlement, and  
this place itself consisting of but a depot, a shack  
or log-house beside it, another shack about ten  
miles away, and a mile from the depot—a good  
hotel near a hot spring. But the Rio Del Norte  
River flows through here, and the river is full  
of trout, and I am very fond of fishing. I went,  
with a brother of mine and a friend, to the good  
hotel, as it was the best place to stop at. The  
proprietor employed a man to fish for trout dur-  
ing the trout season, and if anybody wanted to  
go fishing, the way it was arranged was this: You  
were driven in a wagon, pulled by some tough  
Indian ponies, ten or a dozen miles up the river,  
when the wagon left you, and, guided by this fish-  
erman from the hotel, you fished down the river  
till four or five in the afternoon, when the wagon  
came for you, and you drove back with your day's  
catch.

Well, we started out one morning, the man to  
drive the ponies, this fisherman from the hotel,  
my brother, another friend and myself. As we  
were riding along the fisherman began to talk.  
"This country," said he, "is full of grizzly bears."  
(I myself saw one next morning, which had been  
shot the night before.) "The other night," the  
fisherman continued, "I was going back to the  
hotel, and I came upon a grizzly sitting on his  
haunches right in the middle of the road." By  
the way, the fisherman always went armed, and  
he also had with him one of the biggest and fin-  
est Newfoundland dogs I ever saw; the dog was  
almost as large as a bear. "My dog," the fisher-  
man went on, "put himself between me and the  
bear, and the bear kind of sniffed at him, and did  
not seem to like the smell of him; for he turned  
tail and started up the foothills, very much to  
my relief, and I got back to the hotel as quick  
as I could. But I do not think you will see any  
bears to-day," the fisherman continued. "It is  
only in the night when they come down from the  
mountains, unless they are very hungry indeed.  
I do not think you will be troubled with any  
bears."

We reached the place where we were to begin  
fishing, and got out of the wagon. The wagon  
drove back toward the hotel, to come for us again  
in the afternoon.

After the wagon had gone off, and we were left  
there in the wilderness, with only the one shack



I spoke of in sight, and that the other side of the river, I did not feel exactly comfortable. I was not so sure that all the bears up in the mountains had had all they wanted to eat that day, and that one of them might not take a notion to come down into the valley, even though it was daytime. Some of the rocks and logs upon the mountain-side looked to me surprisingly like bears, and I had to gaze at them very steadily to assure myself that they were not moving, and were really only black rocks and logs.

After a while the fisherman left us, and went up the river about a quarter of a mile, and began fishing by himself. Pretty soon the trout stopped biting much in our hole; we had caught about all that had chanced to settle in that hole just then. I looked along the bank, and saw that the fisherman was doing famously. I thought I would join him and fish with him. All the time I was not feeling exactly comfortable. I thought it not so very unlikely that a bear might take it into his head to come down, though it was day. As I walked leisurely along, and had nearly reached the place I had in mind, I looked up, and there, on the side of one of the lower foot-hills and under a great hemlock tree, I saw a bear sitting, as plainly as could be.

I had been told that if, by any chance, I should ever meet a grizzly bear, the way to manage was to seem not to notice him; to just keep on attending to my own business, and to let the bear attend to his.

So, thinking I would not go any farther just then, I quietly turned about, and began walking back to the place where I had started from. But, glancing over my shoulder, I saw the creature had sighted me, and was following. I quickened my pace, and, looking back, saw that he was quickening his pace, too. I began to run, and, looking back, I saw that he was beginning to run. I ran faster; he ran faster. I ran as fast as I could, and, in that rarified mountain air, running was very difficult. I thought to myself, "He will soon be here; this fishing rod will not be much of a weapon against him." I ran toward my brother, determining to warn him, and then to plunge into the river and seek to somehow get through its swift current, and take refuge in that shack on the other side, in the hope that the river would stop the bear. So, when I got near enough to my brother, I began to shout "Bear! Bear!" as loudly as my almost exhausted breath would let me. My brother came up from under the bank, with a startled look on his face. Just then, I looked back once more, and, lo! the creature was not a bear at all, but was only the fisherman's great dog, which had treed a coon up in that hemlock and wanted somebody to come and shoot it.

I got this experience out of the great run, anyway. Within myself I know precisely how it feels to be chased by a grizzly bear.

And I think this experience of mine may hold a little lesson for us all. There are some grizzlies everybody ought to run from. They are real grizzlies, and the best thing one can do is to run from them as fast as ever he can. Bad habits are real grizzlies. Run from them. Be determined that you will never let them lay hold upon you.

But there are things we sometimes think grizzly bears that are only black dogs. Do not run from them. For instance, the sneers, and laughter, and the pointing of fingers at you, of some of the fellows when you will not do the things they want you to, will be true, right, pure—these are no grizzly bears; these are but black dogs. Do not run. Stand up against them.—Wayland Hoyt, in *Young People's Weekly*.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—C. H. Spurgeon.

### A Visit to Carey's Chapel

(Concluded from page 4)

hours of this world's history. It is high time that each one knows his place and privileges, and that we all stand together, shoulder to shoulder, pushing the triumphs of the cross more earnestly than ever before, until the glad day of Christ's kingdom be ushered in."

After the sermon was ended, and the sound of organ and choir had ceased, the people were all heartily invited to remain and partake of the emblems of Christ's broken body. As I was a stranger, the deacon invited me forward, and asked that I take part in this service with them, as they practised open communion. This I gladly consented to do. Some who partook, wept; they seemed deeply touched. The meeting was dismissed, and the congregation went out.

I remained behind to write down what was on the white tablet over the pulpit:—

*"This place of worship has been sanctified by the deathless ministry of three great men."*

William Carey

1789-1793

*Expect great things—Attempt great things*

Robert Hall

1807-1826

*Mighty in words and in works*

James P. Mursell

1826-1843

*An example to them that believe.*

*Remember them which spake unto you words of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith."*

I was then shown around the premises. Every courtesy was offered me that I could have asked. In a room behind the pulpit (the pulpit is elevated six or eight feet above the congregation) is conducted the school for boys; underneath this room, are the girls, on the ground floor; and to the right of the girls' room, is the kindergarten department. Near the kindergarten room is a graveyard, very old and antiquated in appearance, resembling a second graveyard which is terraced, some four feet above the surrounding ground, and is just in the rear of the chapel.

Returning to the front of the chapel, I was shown how the chapel had been enlarged. To the right, as one faces the pulpit, stands a part of the original wall, but the rest of this wall has been torn down, and the chapel has been widened about eight or ten feet on that side; otherwise it is quite the same as when Carey labored here. Of course the gallery has been enlarged, and everything has been repainted and so somewhat modernized. A pipe-organ has also been put in the gallery behind the congregation. On the chapel door through which I entered are these words, written in Carey's times: "Please take off your pattens."

Immediately in front of Harvey Lane Chapel is a small, two-story brick house, with a garret and dormer-window above. It is the lowest house on the street. There is a door on the left-hand side of the house, as you face it, and there are two windows in the dwelling—one on the ground floor near the door, and the other immediately above, on the second floor. The windows, the door, the roof, and the whole house are very old-fashioned. Here William Carey lived and cobbled shoes.

I could not get in, but I looked through the windows (I visited the place again by daylight). I saw that there were two rooms on the ground floor, an ancient oven, or stove, on the right of the front room, and just behind it the stairway. The door leading to the second room was to the left. "Ah," thought I, "if there were only some way in which I could extort from these ancient walls their secrets, they might tell me many a pleasing and also many a sad tale. They would unfold to me human sorrow, disappointment, suffering, and yet they might disclose the triumphs of a mighty faith,

which would expect great things from God, and attempt great things for God."

I have made my letter long enough. Suffice it to say that I am very thankful for having been allowed to visit this place, and I hope that many more of our young people may be interested in the biographies of such men as William Carey, Robert Morrison, David Livingstone, the Judsons, Moffatt, and the leading missionaries of to-day. God does not want us to reprove all others because they follow not with us; I believe that he is working in many channels, and that we must have that love which will bid all Godspeed who are laboring for him. I do not mean by this that we are to forget our work, or make it so tame that it will not count—no, no! We have a peculiar work for this generation, and we must be faithful to it while wishing others who are serving God success in their task.

GUY DAIL.

Leicester, August 11.

### Lessons From the Life of Daniel—XIII Obedience the Condition of God's Favor

THE strength of nations and of individuals is not found in the opportunities and facilities that appear to make them invincible; it is not found in their boasted greatness. That which alone can make them great or strong is the power of God. They themselves, by their attitude toward his purpose, decide their own destiny.

Human histories relate man's achievements, his victories in battle, his success in attaining worldly greatness. God's history describes man as heaven views him. In the divine records all his merit is seen to consist in his obedience to God's requirements. His disobedience is faithfully chronicled as meriting the punishment he will surely receive. In the light of eternity it will be seen that God deals with men in accordance with the momentous question of obedience or disobedience.

Hundreds of years before certain nations came upon the stage of action, the Omniscient One looked down the ages, and predicted through his servants the prophets the rise and fall of the universal kingdoms. The prophet Daniel, when interpreting to the king of Babylon the dream of the great image,—an image symbolic of the kingdoms of the world,—declared to Nebuchadnezzar that his kingdom should be superseded. His greatness and power in God's world would have their day, and a second kingdom would arise, which also would have its period of trial as to whether it would exalt the one Ruler, the only true God. Not doing this, its glory would fade away, and a third kingdom would occupy its place. Proved by obedience or disobedience, this also would pass away; and a fourth, strong as iron, would subdue the nations of the world. These predictions of the Infinite One, recorded on the prophetic page and traced on the pages of history, were given to demonstrate that God is the ruling power in the affairs of this world. He changes the times and the seasons, he removes kings and sets up kings, to fulfil his own purpose.

Under King Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon was the richest and most powerful kingdom on the earth. Its riches and splendor have been faintly portrayed by Inspiration. But it did not fulfil God's purpose; and when his time had come, this kingdom of pride and power, ruled by men of the highest intellect, was broken, shattered, helpless. Christ has declared, "Without me ye can do nothing." The illustrious statesmen of Babylon did not regard themselves as dependent on God. They thought that they had created all their grandeur and exaltation. But when God spoke, they were as the grass that withereth, and the flower of the grass that fadeth away. The word and will of God alone endure forever.

If these several kingdoms had kept the fear of the Lord always before them, they would have



been given wisdom and power, which would have bound them together and kept them strong. But the rulers of the kingdoms of the world made God their strength only when harassed and perplexed. Failing to obtain help from their great men, they sought it from men like Daniel, men who they knew honored the living God and were honored by him. To these men they appealed to unravel for them the mysteries of Providence; for they had separated themselves so far from God by transgression that they could not understand his warnings. They were forced to appeal to those whose minds were illuminated by heavenly light, for an explanation of the mysteries they could not comprehend.

The voice of God, heard in past ages, is sounding down along the line, from century to century, through generations that have come upon the stage of action and passed away. Shall God speak, and his voice not be respected? What power mapped out all this history, that nations, one after another, should arise at the predicted time and fill their appointed place, unconsciously witnessing to the truth of that which they themselves knew not the meaning.

The centuries have their mission. Every moment has its work. Each is passing into eternity with its burden. Well done, thou good and faithful servant, or, Woe to the wicked and slothful servant. God is still dealing with earthly kingdoms. He is in the great cities. His eyes behold, his eyelids try, the doings of the children of men. We are not to say, God was, but, God is. He sees the very sparrow's fall, the leaf that falls from the tree, and the king who is dethroned. All are under the control of the Infinite One. Everything is changing. Cities and nations are being measured by the plummet in the hand of God. He never makes a mistake. He reads correctly. Everything earthly is unsettled, but the truth abides forever.

In the eyes of the world, those who serve God may appear weak. They may be apparently sinking beneath the billows, but with the next billow, they are seen rising nearer to their haven. I give unto them eternal life, saith our Lord, and none shall be able to pluck them out of my hand. Though kings shall be cast down, and nations removed, the souls that through faith link themselves with God's purpose shall abide forever. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and forever."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### II—The Return of the Ark

(October 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "The idols he shall utterly abolish." Isa. 2:18.

God let the Philistines take the ark away from the Israelites to correct them. But this, like the taking of Samson because of his sins, made them think that their god Dagon was stronger than the God of Israel. So God then used the ark that had come among them to teach them of his power, and that their false gods were nothing before him.

They took the ark from Ebenezer, where the battle was fought, to Ashdod, where the house of Dagon was, and set it by the side of Dagon, who, they thought, had given them the victory. But in the morning, "Behold, Dagon was fallen upon his

face to the earth before the ark of the Lord." By this God was teaching them that their idols were nothing, that he was the true God above all gods, and that now that he had come among them, all their idols must be put away.

Thinking that Dagon's fall might have been an accident, they set him up in his place again. But the next morning, Dagon had not only fallen again, but his head and hands were cut off, and only the stump was left. Wherever God comes in, all idols have to go out. God will not share the throne of our hearts with any other. Is there any wrong thing in our hearts that we can not get rid of? If we let God come in to rule, he will break down every idol and cast out every foe. Just as at his coming every thing that offends him will be broken to pieces, and destroyed by his glory; so now, when he comes into our hearts, his glory destroys everything that offends him.

The men of Ashdod were smitten with a plague, and they were afraid to keep the ark with them. So the lords of the Philistines decided to send it to Gath, one of their chief cities. But when it came to Gath the same plague fell upon the people of Gath; and they sent the ark away to Ekron. The men of Ekron were very much afraid when the ark came to them. They consulted together, and decided to send it back to Israel. It had then been in their country for seven months.

The Philistines called for their priests and wise men, and asked them what they should do, and how they should send back the ark. In the answer that they made, we see how widespread and lasting was the influence of the work God did for Israel when he brought them out of Egypt. These heathen priests knew all of these things, and they told the people to make ready a trespass offering, and send it back with the ark, and "give glory unto the God of Israel."

But they wanted to make sure that it was really the hand of the Lord that had smitten them, and not some chance that had happened to them. So they took two cows that had calves, and fastened them to a new cart, keeping the calves at home. The ark, with the trespass offering, was put upon the cart, and the cows were left to go the way they chose. Now, of course, the natural thing was for them to go straight home to their calves, but instead of that they took the road to Beth-shemesh, in the land of Israel. When the men of Beth-shemesh, who were reaping in the fields, saw the ark coming, they were very glad.

The cart came into the field of a Beth-shemite named Joshua, and stood still by a great stone. And the people cut up the cart and offered the cows as a burnt-offering to God. The Philistines had followed to see what became of the ark, and they knew that it was indeed God who had smitten them, because they had taken the ark away from Israel. God had allowed them to do this, that he might show his power over them and their idols, so that they might be led to turn from false gods to him who alone can save. They at least learned to fear the God of Israel; and it may be that some of them learned to trust in him also.

But wherever the ark of God went, it seemed to bring trouble. It is a fearful thing to handle holy things carelessly and with unclean hearts. The men of Beth-shemesh dared to lift the cover of the sacred ark, although God had forbidden any but the Levites to touch it. They were curious, and wanted to find out the secret of its power. Because of their sinful disobedience, God smote a great number of the people, and their joy was turned into mourning.

#### Questions

1. Where did the Philistines put the ark of God? What did they find the next morning? What did they do? What did they find again the following morning? What lesson might they have learned from all this?
2. What came upon the men of Ashdod while

the ark was with them? Where did they send it? What then came on the people of Gath? How did the Ekronites feel about having the ark in their city?

3. What did they decide to do with the ark? How long was it in their country?

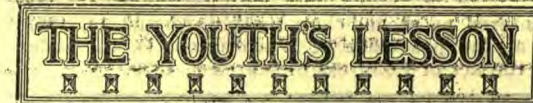
4. With whom did they consult about sending back the ark? What did the priests tell them to send with it?

5. What did they advise the people to do, so that they might know that it was the Lord that had smitten them? What way would the cows naturally take? Yet which way did they go?

6. How did the Beth-shemites welcome the ark? What did they do with the cows and the new cart?

7. What did the Philistines learn from all this?

8. What trouble came upon the men of Beth-shemesh, and why?



### II—Noah as Sub-Ruler in God's Kingdom

(October 10)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 1:28; 6:5-19; 9:1, 2; 10:8-11, 32; 11:1-8; 2 Peter 2:19; John 12:31; 14:30; 16:11; Joshua 24:2.

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth." Ps. 47:2.

#### Questions

1. When God created man, what authority did he place in his hands? Gen. 1:28.
2. How did man lose this dominion? 2 Peter 2:19; Note 1.
3. What position did Satan secure by leading man into the bondage of sin? John 12:31; 14:30; 16:11.
4. How extensive did his reign become? Gen. 6:5, 12.
5. What did the Lord find it necessary to do? V. 7.
6. What provision did he make for the perpetuation of his kingdom through the promised Seed? Vs. 8, 18.
7. How was Noah instructed to preserve his life and that of his family? Vs. 14, 15.
8. In this provision, what was the Lord establishing with him? V. 18; note 2.
9. After the flood, what authority was given to Noah? Gen. 9:2.
10. What command was made to Noah and his sons that was made to Adam and Eve in the beginning? Gen. 9:1; 1:28.
11. How fully was this carried out? Gen. 8:18, 19; 10:32.
12. By whom did Satan now seek to organize his kingdom in this world? Gen. 10:8-11; note 3.
13. What did he lead man to attempt to do contrary to the divine command? Gen. 11:1-4; compare verse 4 with Gen. 1:28 and 9:1.

#### Notes

1. "Of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage." 2 Peter 2:19. Through the sin of Adam and Eve the whole human race was involved in bondage to Satan. "Whosoever committeth sin is the bond slave of sin." John 8:34. By bringing Adam into bondage to himself, and usurping his rulership and dominion, Satan gained the position of 'prince of this world.'"
2. "The covenant which the Lord established with Noah, in preserving him alive to perpetuate the race, when he was about to destroy all flesh, was that recorded in Gen. 9:15, that 'the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.'"
3. "The Revised Version makes the meaning of verse 11 clearer: 'Out of the land he [Nimrod] went forth into Assyria, and builded Nineveh.'"





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IN the article from Sister White on page 6, occurs this sentence: "In the light of eternity it will be seen that God deals with men in accordance with the momentous question of obedience or disobedience." Not what we may attain, dear young friends, of wealth or honor; not what we may wear, or the kind of houses we live in; not what we may learn in the schools, but just the simple lesson of obedience, will determine our eternal destiny. And this lesson, that we are so apt to forget or lose sight of in our anxiety to learn something or get something that we think is greater or of more value, is usually to each one of us the most important thing in all the world. Obedience! no gifts nor sacrifices nor self-abasement can take its place. To obey is better than sacrifice, in God's eyes, and in the Judgment he will deal with each one "in accordance with the momentous question of obedience or disobedience."

## Reflecting the Glory

OVER across the housetops there glitters every sunny afternoon a brilliant star—more than a star, a small sun, whose flashing light is fairly blinding to the eyes. What could it be, I asked myself, that gave out such a glory amid its commonplace surroundings, and drew the eye to it so irresistibly?

One morning I discovered it before the sun's rays reached it—just an old, battered tin can, that had been thrown out upon the roof by some careless hand, and left there, in itself possessing neither charm nor attractiveness, but when reflecting the sun's rays, as beautiful as a jewel.

Is there not in this circumstance a beautiful lesson for each one who professes to be a disciple of Him who is the light of the world? The poor little scrap of metal never stops to wish it were a perfect mirror of flashing glass or polished brass or burnished gold; it does not refuse to shine at all, thinking itself too poor or humble or unworthy to reflect the brilliance of the sun; no, it just stays in its place, and shines. And no gilded dome, upon whose graceful lines a fortune of money and a lifetime of labor have been expended, reflects a more dazzling splendor.

So may the humblest Christian, in the most isolated, neglected place, reflect the glory of the great Sun of righteousness. So may he show forth before the world the loveliness and beauty of character of him who can work through the weak things of the world, the lowest, the poorest, so only they give themselves to be used of him.

The little scrap of tin can not be seen at all when the sun is shining upon it. So will men lose sight of him who fully gives his life to God, and reflects only his glory—his character—to the world. They will not think of him; they will

think of God. They will lose sight of him; they will be drawn to the One who will shine in their hearts with the same glory.

The opportunity to shine is the one opportunity that is given to every Christian. It is just as common as the world's need, just as free as God's grace. And shall any one who has been called out of the darkness of sin, and into the marvelous light of forgiveness and acceptance and sonship, be less a reflector of God's goodness than the bit of metal of the sun's rays?

## The Clean Heart

THE daughters of the King, and the sons, also, will be "all beautiful within." That beauty will not be altogether bestowed with the harp of praise and the psalm of victory,—it will be begun in the life on earth, and added to, day by day, by the indwelling presence of God's pure spirit. The following paragraphs on "The Lily Life," are from one of Mrs. Sangster's talks to the readers of *Young People*, and we wish all young people everywhere might read and heed them:—

We are accustomed to associate the lily life with the idea of purity. The "beauty of holiness" is a significant Scripture phrase. Good is the only true beauty, evil is but ugliness. You can not make cowardice, lying, selfishness, lust, beautiful; they are forever ugly. It is not without a cause that the great poets paint evil ever as hideous and deformed, while good is ever radiant and lovely.

Do you remember how a great man once said of a woman of his acquaintance that it was a liberal education to have known her? Why? Did she write books?—No. Did she lead some great movement?—No. Neither did she figure in society nor possess unusual wit, nor a mind of great power and penetration, nor was she a genius. What then?—She had the grace of perfect purity.

Every one understands now what is meant by the "germ theory" of disease, how almost every form of illness has its peculiar little germ or parasite, which, like a tiny winged worm, fastens upon that organ to which the disease is peculiar and, multiplying there with inconceivable rapidity, literally eats up and makes to rot away the human frame. Now, although there is much that doctors do not yet understand about the ways and workings of these various germs, there is one thing they do know positively, and that is, that filth—dirt, lack of cleanliness of any kind—is the very home and breeding-place of every kind of disease germ. So strongly do they insist upon this that the watchword, the keynote, of this generation of the medical profession may well be said to be, "Be clean!"

"He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger" is literally true in the physical world as well as the spiritual. As a man can not hope to have perfect physical health and strength—and beauty, which is the crown of the first two—if he has not cleanly habits, neither can he have a well-rounded, beautiful life spiritually if his mind and heart are not pure and clean. For dirt clogs the pores of the skin, and prevents the free action of the body's functions; and unclean thoughts and desires clog the spiritual life and induce the disease of sin, a disease so insidious and loathsome as more than any other to mar the beauty of any life upon which it fastens.

Now, there is no reason why this grace of purity may not belong to every one of God's children. The very poorest and humblest that walk this earth, even though their surroundings may be of the lowest and vilest, may yet keep clean and sweet and pure in heart.

There is an old adage which says, "We can not prevent the birds from flying over our heads, but we may prevent their building nests in our hair." The truth of this saying has been demonstrated over and over through the ages in the lives of great men, and of men who in the eyes of the world were

perhaps not so great, but who in the day when the pure in heart shall see God, will be found standing close to the throne.

There are various kinds of uncleanness: First, there is the impurity of thought and speech so common that even the children in schools are not free from it, and evil thoughts and words are stealing about among them, preparing them for eviler actions as they grow older, and the pity of it is they think these things are "manly" and consider themselves to have grown wise.

Then there is the defilement of dishonesty, the defilement of a lie, the defilement of many another indulgence of selfish desires. The truly pure in heart let none of these things creep in. For having once been defiled, danger is at hand. One's only safety is in keeping perfectly clean.

A gentleman, whose home was in the Sandwich Islands noticed a peculiar discoloration about the tips of his fingers, but as it caused him no pain, he dismissed the matter from his mind until one day he happened to pick up a hot lamp chimney and realized that he felt no pain or burning sensation from it. Suddenly the truth dawned upon him—he was a victim of leprosy. His desire to get rich had caused him to take risks of contamination with lepers, and now, when he would save himself from the horrible disease, it was too late.

Defilement comes little by little. You may not think it worth while to wash your hands for just a little soil, but if you let it accumulate, you will find the work of getting them clean more difficult. The forger and thief did not become so all at once, neither did the drunkard nor the liar nor the impure man. They were once pure, sweet-eyed babies with faces like the lily looking up to God, and if they had but kept their "hands clean," they might have grown "stronger and stronger."

The lily blade, piercing through the hard earth, might be discouraged, and say it can not pass and grow through so much dirt, but instead, it looks up to God and shakes away the clods, and shoots higher into the pure air, gaining strength with the struggle, its stem growing cleaner with every length it adds until it culminates in the beauty of the lily. So, if you would have any beauty in your life, keep your heart pure by looking up to the sunshine of God's love and by casting aside the defilement at your feet. Rise higher, for there can be no real beauty where there is evil. The painted beauty and rich robes that cover a defiled soul deceive none, and are but mockery of beauty.

We need in these days to do as did Jehosaphat, who "appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness."

## Announcement

THERE will be begun soon in the INSTRUCTOR a series of History Studies, written by Brother Roy F. Cottrell, that will be of interest to our readers. A list of the headings of these articles will give an idea of their scope:—

1. The Beginnings of Rome.
2. The Roman Republic.
3. Rome Victorious in Italy.
4. Scipio and Hannibal.
5. Rome Takes Its Place as the Fourth Kingdom.
6. The Roman Republic.—"Pride, Fullness of Bread, and Abundance of Idleness."
7. The Roman Republic.—Evening Shadows Lengthen.
8. From Republic to Empire.
9. The Augustan Age.
10. Tiberius to Nero.
11. The Destruction of Jerusalem.
12. Persecution of the Christians.
13. A New Religion.
14. Constantine and the Church.
15. The Bishop of Rome and the Character of the Church.
16. Last Days of the Empire.
17. The Ten Kingdoms.