

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LI

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 13, 1903

No. 41

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

My Lost Youth

OPEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea tides tossing free,
And the Spanish sailors with
bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea fight far away.
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on and is never still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that can not die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain



THE LONGFELLOW MANSION — CONGRESS STREET

My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Rambles About Portland

A SHORT time ago I enjoyed the privilege of attending the annual camp-meeting of the Maine Conference, held at Portland; and after the meeting, I improved the opportunity of visiting some of the interesting surroundings and historic places —

"of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea."

Situated upon a bold peninsula, commanding an uninterrupted view of the ocean, the island-studded bay, and the surrounding mountains,

Portland may fittingly be called "the beautiful town." Lacking neither in "good old age" on the one hand nor in "up-to-dateness" on the other, and being lavishly surrounded with the beauties of nature, Portland has easily become the center of Maine's well-known summer resorts. It is commonly known as the "Forest City;" because of its numerous fine old trees — oak, elm, and chestnut — in the streets and parks. With a population of fifty thousand, it is a strong, conservative, prosperous, intelligent community; and as the beautiful open gateway, by which a multitude of travelers are ushered each summer into the delightful playgrounds of "the Pine Tree State," this city is able to give to the thousands of tourists who flock there from all countries of the world a strong and fitting interpretation of New England ideas, customs, and hospitality.

The name of Portland, as applied to this city, dates only from 1786. It was known by the Indians as Machigonne. The first European settlers (1632) called it Casco Neck; and later it was named Falmouth.

Many of the fierce battles of the French and Indian War raged about this place. Early in its history it was destroyed by Indians, and in 1775, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, it was bombarded by four English vessels under Captain Mowatt, and burned. At the close of the war, in 1783, it was rebuilt, and was incorporated in 1786. Again, in 1812, the storm of war beat against the quiet coast of Casco Bay in the memorable sea fight between the "Enterprise" and the "Boxer."

Portland is the birthplace of Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel P. Willis, Sara P. Parton ("Fannie Fern"), Erastus and James Brooks, Commodore Preble, John Neal, and Neal Dow. During his childhood for several years it was also the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and many

of the favorite haunts of his boyhood are in the vicinity of the town.

In all directions, and within easy reach of the city, there are beautiful resorts, among which some of the most celebrated are Old Orchard, Riverton Park, Cape Cottage Park, and Deering's Woods.

Casco Bay

The well-nigh unrivaled Casco Bay, whose picturesque islands of granite and green woods are described by Longfellow as —

"the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams,"

enjoys, and justly, too, a world-wide fame. Rudyard Kipling recently expressed the opinion that the islands of Casco Bay have no parallel for natural beauty among the islands of the world. There are said to be exactly three hundred and sixty-five islands in the Bay, — one for each day of the year.

In company with a number of the brethren

and sisters who were returning to their island homes from the camp-ground, I had the pleasure of an all-day's cruise on the little steamer which plies daily among the islands of the bay. This trip will ever stand out as one of the distinctly bright spots in my travels. The day was perfect, the sea smooth, and the keen salt air was like a tonic. We called at Cliff Island, which has a population of about one hundred and twenty-five, nearly all fishermen. The third angel's message has secured a strong foothold among these honest, true-hearted people, about one half the inhabitants of the island having accepted the truth. This is one of the largest and strongest churches in the Maine Conference. They have a comfortable little church building, and a church school which has just begun its fourth year, and has an attendance of twenty-six. Upon this quiet, beautiful island, entirely separated from the roar and struggle of commercial life, these simple-hearted fishermen have abundant reason for being a happy little community.

We sailed nearly to the extreme eastern end of Casco Bay, the last call being made at Orr's Island, which was at one time the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and where she wrote her first book, entitled "The Pearl of Orr's Island."

Nearly all the islands are inhabited. The people are mostly fishermen and entertainers of the pleasure-seeking public. Farming is carried on to some extent, and in several instances a farmer owns an entire island. It sounds strange to hear men talk of buying and selling and leasing islands; but among the islands of Casco Bay there are several which can be bought for from one to two thousand dollars.

The Birthplace of Longfellow

But among the many attractions in and around the city of Portland none are more interesting than those places connected most intimately with the boyhood days of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "the best-loved singer of the English race." He was born in this city on February 27, 1807. The first of his American ancestors, William Longfellow, born in Hampshire, England, came to this country in 1676, and settled in what was at that time the wilderness of Maine. His father, Stephen Longfellow, was a man of much influence throughout the State, a lawyer of ability, and an honored member of the American Congress. His mother, Zilpah Wadsworth, was a person of "distinguished excellence," and a lineal descendant of the Pilgrim colonists, John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, whose unique courtship was so gracefully sung by their tuneful descendant, Henry Longfellow, two centuries later in his beautiful poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

He was only five years of age when the war of 1812 began; yet its stirring events and the solemn sound of battle, rolling up Casco Bay, awakened undying echoes in the soul of the listening child. More than forty years later he wrote:—

"I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,

The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill."

"I remember the sea fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died."

Such stirring events, historic places, and natural beauties as formed the environment of Longfellow during the days of his childhood were well suited to feed the awakening fancy of the imaginative youth.

One of his favorite playgrounds was Deering's Woods, a fifty-acre forest, now beautified and protected as a park, and more commonly known as The Oaks, as all the trees are either white or red oak. Among the grand old trees are beautiful walks and drives, with hundreds of seats beneath the wide-spreading branches. Upon the pond are row- and swan-boats for the amusement of

the children, while in cages and in fenced enclosures about the park are deer, bears, monkeys, and other animals. This park is also mentioned by Longfellow in his poem, "My Lost Youth:—"

"I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods."

Here was fought one of the fiercest battles during the early French and Indian Wars from 1676-1689. On the western edge of the park can still be seen the cellar of the house once occupied by Anthony Brackett, who was killed in this battle.

The Wadsworth-Longfellow House

One of the most interesting attractions of Portland is the Wadsworth-Longfellow House, the childhood home of the poet. The house was given by Annie Longfellow Pierce to the Maine Historical Society, and is open daily to the public. The following is a brief history of the house, as told on the little card furnished to visitors by an attendant:—

"The most historic house in Maine, and the first of brick in Portland. Built by General Peleg Wadsworth, the poet's grandfather, in 1785-1786. The home of Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, and the birthplace of Commodore Alexander S. Wadsworth in 1790. The home of Honorable Stephen Longfellow and his wife, Zilpah Wadsworth, the poet's parents. The birthplace of Annie Longfellow Pierce, the donor of the house, and where she died in 1901, aged ninety years. In this house four of the Wadsworth children were born, and three died. Here the poet's parents were married, six of their children were born, and from the parlor five were buried, as also the father and mother. Longfellow was brought here when less than a year old, here he grew to manhood, and here he was a constant visitor through life. It was here he received his first inspirations, and wrote several of his poems."

The house is a plain three-story brick building, having twelve commodious rooms. The Maine Historical Society has, with much care, brought together within its walls an interesting collection of furniture, pictures, curios, mementos, etc., which have, in one way or another, been associated with the beloved people who have oc-

cupied the old "mansion." Among them is the little old desk first used by Longfellow when a boy, and on which he wrote "The Rainy Day" and other early products of his imaginative genius. Here are also his school-books, and the little round study-table on which, in truly boyish fashion, he drew pictures of his youthful heroes. One of these is a rather crude representation of Daniel Webster.

Like every person of genuine feeling, Longfellow carried the memories of his childhood in his heart to the end. The reminiscence throbs into the music of "My Lost Youth:—"

"And with a joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again."

His love of this parental roof is beautifully told in his own words:—

"Truly the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure and deep and lasting in earthly affections. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longings to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them, distance overshadow them, and the storms of life obstruct them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow and burn and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home."

The Cradle of the Message

Readers of the INSTRUCTOR have special reason for regarding Portland with interest; for this city more than fifty years ago cradled the third angel's message in its infancy. Here and there about the city are still to be found interesting landmarks connected with the rise of our work. The little church in which Elder James White and Sister White, Elder J. N. Andrews and Elder M. E. Cornell, held meetings in the very beginning of our history as a people is still standing. It is a small building only sixteen by twenty feet situated in Clark Street. At that time it was known as "The Shop," and it is now a shop in fact, being occupied by a painter. This was probably the first building occupied as a church by Seventh-day Adventists in Maine. No changes have been made in it, except by a small addition in the rear.

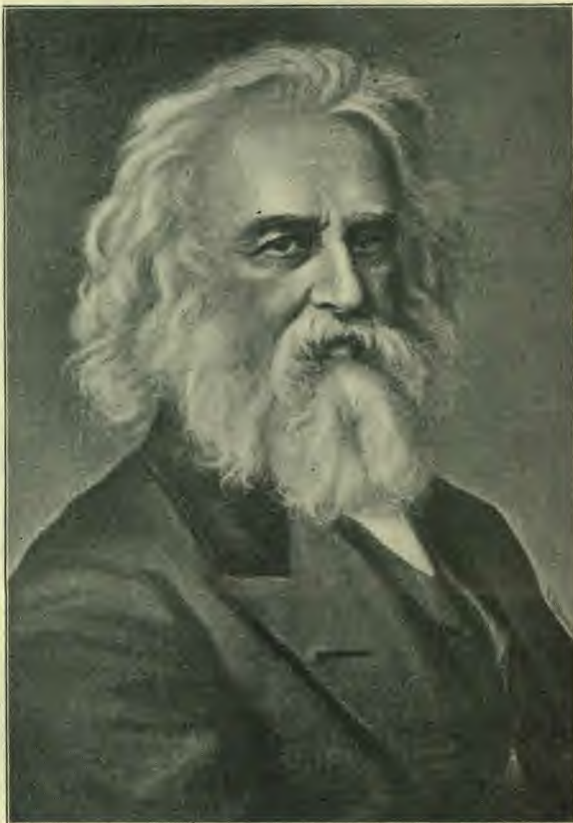
Portland was the childhood home of Mrs. E. G. White, who was born in Gorham, Maine, November 26, 1827; but soon after her birth the family moved to Portland, where most of her early life was spent. The schoolhouse where she attended school for several years is still standing, and is unchanged; but her childhood home has been removed, and a larger structure built in its place.

Brother W. S. Dunscombe, who was born next door to the house occupied by Sister White's parents, and who has lived ever since in that street, was our guide to these places, and gave us these interesting facts. E. R. PALMER.

The Migration of Birds

FANCY that you are in some quiet, country place in Michigan, New York, or in one of the New England States on a fine autumn day toward the middle of October. If you happen to have selected the right day, and are observing, you may notice an unusual stir among the robins. They are flying about, apparently in every direction; but a more careful look reveals the fact that none are going northward. Every tree, shrub, and fence is occupied as a momentary resting-place, and the air is filled with their calls as they seem to talk with one another. All is excitement among the various robin families of the neighborhood.

And a good reason they have for the stir. The older birds are telling their children, now come to maturity, that they must prepare for a long journey to a place where they will not freeze, and where they can get food during the



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

rapidly approaching winter. As the younger birds seem to grasp the idea, the parent birds fly a few rods southward, apparently to show the direction, then alight again till the others all thoroughly understand. After an hour or two of this maneuvering they all rise and fly off together toward the sunny Southland.

Not only the robins, but yellowbirds, bluebirds, blackbirds, wrens, larks, and many others, leave the Northern States as the autumn days shorten. Some go at one time, and some at another; but very few, comparatively speaking, of the summer birds are to be found in the North during the dead of winter.

The mystery is how they know when to go, and how they know where to go. In the case of the robins the older birds seem to tell the younger ones by some bird language understood by them, but with some species it is not so. No doubt nearly all are familiar with the habits of the cuckoo, which does not educate her children. It is stated by those who have made the habits of these birds a study, that the parent cuckoos leave for the South several weeks before the young birds go.

Some men who claim much wisdom say that instinct teaches the birds when to migrate. But what is instinct? From the words of Jesus, who said, speaking of the sparrows, that not one of them falls on the ground without our Father's notice, we know that God not only tells the sparrows but all the other birds when to go, and what direction to take.

The distances traveled by birds as they move from summer to winter quarters seem almost incredible. Even when the journey is all by land, as is the case with the birds in the United States, it seems strange that the blackbirds reared in the swamps of Michigan during the summer should spend the winter in the lowlands of Georgia and Florida. But when we notice that these journeys are sometimes made over wide bodies of water, with no opportunity for rest or food, they are the more wonderful.

The ground lark, or pipit, of the British Isles and Central Europe spend the winter in the north of Africa. Some cross the Mediterranean at the comparatively narrow portion south of Spain, others at the Grecian Archipelago, where it is considerably wider; but many cross from the south of France, a long journey over the sea. Sometimes after a storm on the Mediterranean, hundreds of birds are washed ashore, evidently having become too weary to continue the journey.

But a far more wonderful trip than any we have mentioned is that of the North Russia pipit. This little bird crosses the Ural Mountains, and in its six-thousand-mile flight passes the peaks of the lofty Himalayas, finally resting in the Malay Peninsula after fourteen days of almost continuous travel. Here it finds an abundance of food, and soon gets plump after its exhausting journey.

The bronze cuckoos of Tasmania, South Australia, and Victoria spend the southern summer, November to March, in the countries named, but gather together then, and, passing through New South Wales and Queensland, cross the straits to their winter home in New Guiana, which, being a tropical country, gives them really no winter at all.

The swift, a bird resembling the swallow but not of the same family, is another summer tourist that leaves Australia as the autumn of the southern hemisphere comes on in March; and goes north to China and other adjacent countries, where it

breeds. It is said that all these migratory birds breed in the coldest country they visit. In the United States we know this is true of the wild ducks and geese, which go to the wilder sections of Canada to hatch their young during the summer.

Perhaps the longest voyages made by birds are those of the sandpipers, the godwits, and the knots of Australia and New Zealand. These birds breed in northern Siberia, which means a journey of *ten thousand miles twice a year!*

Near the North Cape of New Zealand is a lonely, rugged point called by some the "jumping-off place." The appearance of the region naturally suggests the thought, and it is given color by the superstitions of the Maoris, who regard the place as the departing point from this world for the spirits of the dead as they leave for their future realms. Being in the extreme northern part of the island, it is naturally the place from which these birds start on their long journey. Here at Spirits' Bay the best view of the flight of the godwits can be obtained, and they are the most remarkable of the three species named. One writer who is a careful observer visited this place especially to see the countless numbers of these birds as they were preparing to leave in April. His description of the sight is so interesting that we will give it in full:—

"I made the latter part of the journey in tempestuous weather, a heavy rain being drifted into my face by a strong northerly wind. As I stumbled across the belt of sandhills which fringed the shore, a strange sound, that half-oppressed

quently they rose with a mighty rustle of beating pinions. After circling about in the air in an agitated and undecided manner, they settled again. At last, just as the sun was dipping into the sea, an old cock uttered a strident call, clarion clear, and shot straight into the air, followed by a feathered multitude. Higher and higher rose the host, until it was a stain in the sky. At this stupendous altitude, in a moment of time, as it seemed, the leader shaped his course due north, and the stain melted into the night. It was very impressive. There was something of the solemnity of a parting about it.

"In this manner, and for ten days, flocks of kuaka continually arrive at and depart from Spirits' Bay. At the expiration of that time the fleeting scene is closed, nothing remaining but a few scattered feathers to show that it once existed."

H. E. SIMKIN.

Melbourne, Australia.

Those High-Backed Seats

THE South Station, in Boston, is, according to Bostonians, the largest and finest in the country. However that may be, it has many excellent points, and one of the best of these is the superb waiting-room.

This waiting-room is so large and so well proportioned that merely to look into it gives the hurrying traveler a dim sense of peace. I do not remember to have seen a single person running through it, or even walking fast. It is one of the most dignified spots in our dignified city.

One feature that contributes much to this feeling of dignity and quiet is the arrangement of the seats. They are placed in a long row away off to one side of the room. There are forty-two of them, back to back, and they will easily accommodate four hundred and twenty persons,—half a regiment. Each alcove thus formed is lettered with the name of some Massachusetts County, so that you can agree to meet your friends in the Middlesex section, if you please, or perhaps in the Berkshire section, and you will find them there.

This plan is necessary; for you could not find them otherwise except with considerable difficulty, because the seats have high, solid, wooden backs more than a foot higher than a man's head as he sits down; so that, though four hundred and twenty might be sitting

in those seats, the room would seem quite empty; scarcely one of them could be seen. I have been in the room when it must have contained more than five hundred people, and perhaps a score of these were visible, at the ticket windows and going to their trains. That was all.

Of course, it is needless to say that no trains are called in this dignified place. There are two monster clocks at either end to be read from any seat, and the meaningless clamor of the train-announcer is dispensed with.

Well, do you know, there are some happy men and women that know how to arrange their lives after precisely this model. They put their various tasks away in high-backed compartments. Each is labeled, and they know just where they all are, but each is out of the way and out of sight. There is no work, no bustle or hurry. Each task goes quietly to its compartment, watches the clock, and, when it is train time, gets up and goes to business. The man or woman seems always at leisure; the life seems spacious, almost empty. It is a lovely way to get along. I wonder if I can ever do that way myself.—*Caleb Cobweb, in Christian Endeavor World.*

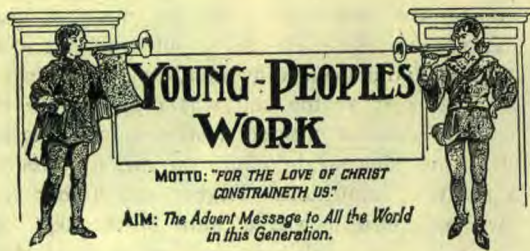


"DEERING'S WOODS ARE FRESH AND FAIR"

and half-soothed the ear, became fitfully audible,—a sound which, when a little later a gust of wind caught it and brought it to me in greater volume, drowned for a moment the moaning of the sea. I knew it to be a chorus of querulots cries proceeding from innumerable little throats, and, racing up the last ridge of sand which lay between me and the bay, I stood looking at the sight I had come far to see.

"What with the lowering clouds, the wild and stormy ocean, the low, mournful sound which the wind drew from the thin, wiry grass of the sandhills, with the swarm of birds which looked like gray billows in convulsion, it was altogether a peculiar and an interesting sight; and, natural though it was, it seemed unnatural. During the afternoon, flocks of *kuaka* (the Maori name for the godwit) kept pouring into the bay, each new lot adding to the mad unrest which made all the atmosphere. As the day wore on, the wind veered round to the west, the clouds fell asunder, the rain ceased, and a watery sun pressed softly out and tinged the sky, and sea, and land with a faint silvery luster.

"I was recalled to practical matters by a sudden and violent ferment among the *kuaka*. Fre-



Simply Used

I WOULD be simply used,
Spending myself in humble task or great,
Priest at the altar, keeper of the gate,
So be my Lord requireth just that thing
Which at the needful moment I may bring.

Oh, joy of serviceableness divine!
Of merging will and work, dear Lord, in thine,
Of knowing that results, however small,
Fits into thy stream of purpose fall.
I would be simply used!

—Selected.

How to Hold Out

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE: Many of you have given yourselves to the Lord at the camp-meetings this summer, and these questions have no doubt often come to you: "How can I hold out faithful? What bonds of union can be formed between me and God, that will ever hold me close to his side?" These questions mean much to us. The Lord does not want any one to go stumbling along, but he desires that our Christian life shall grow brighter and brighter even to the perfect day.

Here is a remedy for backsliding which I have been pleased to pass on to other young people:—

1. Study some portion of God's word every day.
2. Pray in secret every day.
3. Do something for others every day.

Commune with God by listening to his voice in his word, and by talking to him in prayer. Keep alive the Spirit of God in your hearts,—the spirit of self-sacrifice,—by doing something for his children.

We are told in a late Testimony just what ought to be the strongest bond of union between us and God. It is this: "Compassion for depraved, guilty, suffering humanity, dead in trespasses and sins." The same thought is set forth in "Christ's Object Lessons," page 326, where it says, "The law of service becomes the connecting link which binds us to God and our fellow men."

So if we want to hold out faithful, let us learn this law of service by going to work. In "Desire of Ages," we are told that "it is because this work is neglected that so many young disciples never advance beyond the mere alphabet of Christian experience. The light which was glowing in their own hearts when Jesus spoke to them, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' they might have kept alive by helping those in need. The restless energy that is so often a source of danger to the young, might be directed into channels through which it would flow out in streams of blessing."

M. E. KERN.

From the Young People in a Distant Land

ON Sabbath afternoon, August 1, a beautiful service was held near the Avondale School. At this time nineteen young people were buried with their Lord in baptism in Dora Creek, the stream which flows through the Avondale estate. All but four of these were students at the school, and have shown by their consecrated lives during the previous months of the school year their readiness and fitness for this ordinance. Among the number was Malakai, one of the two Fijian boys who are in attendance at the school. He signified a desire for baptism, even before he left his island home; but for several reasons the matter

was delayed until after he came here. His voice is frequently heard in the students' meeting on Sabbath afternoons, testifying of the Saviour's love, in the Fijian tongue. Elder Fulton translates into English for the benefit of the others.

Most of the young people will unite with the Avondale church; and when they return to their homes will carry letters with them to their home churches. A few of the number were candidates for rebaptism, and were members previously of churches in different parts of the Colonies.

Among the students were some of the most earnest and sincere young men and women that there are in the school, and we feel sure that their lives are indeed given into the keeping of their Master, and that they will go forth to labor successfully in his name when they leave the school. They manifest a practical interest now in the several lines of missionary work carried on by the students under the supervision of the teachers.

Brother Fulton conducted the services.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Elements of a Great Reformation

The Spirit of Sacrifice

THE plan of salvation was founded in sacrifice.

- (a) God's great gift. John 3:16.
- (b) Jesus gave all for us. Titus 2:13, 14; Phil. 2:5-8.

Abraham—

- (a) Left all. Heb. 11:8; Acts 7:3-5.
- (b) Gave his son. Heb. 11:17.
- (c) Had nothing, yet possessed all things. Heb. 11:8-16.

Moses' wise sacrifice. Heb. 11:24-26.

Paul's exchange. Phil. 3:4-8.

The poor widow's gift perfect because it was complete—her all. Mark 12:41-44.

Result of keeping back part of the price.

- (a) The rich young man. Matt. 19:16-22.
- (b) Ananias and Saphira. Acts 5:1-10.

The divine law of sacrifice. Matt. 16:24, 25.

As the lesson for this week is wholly a Bible study, we will substitute for the usual parallel reading from "Great Controversy" a Scripture reading for each day of the week. Let us read thoughtfully and studiously one chapter each day from the beautiful story of the cross—the divine sacrifice of our Lord—as recorded by John, chapters 14-20.

To the Leader

If you can appoint some one having good ability to do so, it may be well to arrange for only one person to give this lesson, as this will be a change from the plan followed during the last few weeks; but if you prefer to have the lesson presented by several, this Bible lesson can easily be divided into several parts, and given out to the members.

A week before the lesson is to be given, it will be well to call the attention of the young people to the Bible reading for each day of the week. As the subject of the lesson will be The Spirit of Sacrifice, it will do the young people good to read again the touching story of the cross. May the Lord help you to impress upon the hearts of the members of your Society the great importance of this subject. When the talent and strength of the world are being rapidly captured for the service of sin and mammon, it is time that a pure, noble band of self-sacrificing young people should arise and follow in their Master's steps. To do this, they must esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all these earthly treasures.

Lesson Notes

Sin came into the world as the direct result of selfishness. Satan was favored of God as a light-bearer. He was to minister to all of God's creatures, and was given one of the highest

positions in the courts of glory; but his decision to work for himself, to exalt himself, brought sin into God's universe.

In Jesus Christ our Lord, righteousness has triumphed over sin; and the destruction of sin has been made sure by the power of loving self-sacrifice. To save us from the ruin that sin had wrought, to save us from selfishness, the great tap-root of sin, Jesus laid aside his glory, counting it not a thing to be sought after, and laid down his all, even his own precious life, that he might teach us the law of self-sacrifice and love.

When among men in the flesh, Jesus said: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." When he died, he had only the garments which he wore, and he was dependent upon friends for a burial-place. In the light of such a sacrifice what a tragedy is presented in the narrative of the young man who went away sorrowful, and did not follow his Lord, because to follow him meant to give up his possessions!

And how beautiful is the story of Abraham, who left his father's house and went out, not knowing whither he went, dwelling in tents, and even offering up his only begotten son, that he might honor and obey God! And in the story of the great, wise choice which Moses made, what courage and wisdom are shown in the statement that he "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season!"

The Lord uses the gift of two mites by the poor widow as a perfect example of sacrifice; for it was a complete gift—all her living. We often mention lightly the "widow's mite;" but remember that you have not given the widow's mite until you have given ALL. The great Reformation of the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries was, under the blessing and power of God, carried on by men who threw themselves and their all into the great struggle. With a supreme confidence in God, with no hold except upon him, with no fear of man or death before their eyes, they held back no part of the price, but went into the struggle against principalities and powers; and they triumphed gloriously.

The time has now come, yes, it has been long delayed, when the work of grace in the earth must be finished; and God will use young men and women, the very ones we trust who are now studying these lessons in our Young People's Societies, to accomplish the last great work and finish it.

Young friends, sit down quietly and thoughtfully, alone with God, and study the situation as it is. The time has come for this work. The closing work of the gospel message is just now waiting for men who will sacrifice their all, and DO the work. Stand squarely face to face with the present situation, and decide whether you will be one of the soldiers in this last great charge. Will you enter the race, and run in the home stretch? If so, now is the time; here is the work; the world is before you; and God will be with you.

HUMAN help in our need, human forgiveness of our wrong-doing, human love in our loneliness—these are the sacraments through which, at their sweetest and purest, we feel a divine help and forgiveness and love flowing into our souls.—G. S. Merriam.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Children's Harvest Hymn

ONCE more, in all our land,
The harvests glow;
Out of God's loving hand
Their bounties flow.
Wheat-field and orchard stand
Laden, from strand to strand;
Swift runs his kind command—
His gifts we know!

Father, thy tender care
Is round us all;
Nor, while thy love we share,
Can ill befall.
Thou dost our lives defend,
Helper thou art, and friend,
Thou to us Christ didst send,—
To thee we call.

Come thou our lives to make
Fair as thy wheat;
In our glad offerings take
Thy mercies sweet.
Keep thou us pure and true,
Give us thy tasks to do,
Grant grace to us endure
For service meet!

—Olive E. Dana.

The Mysterious Way

You remember the words of the familiar hymn,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

I met a good brother in Jamaica who thanks the Lord for a mysterious providence that has led him into this blessed truth.

He was born in the Congo region of Africa. It was long years ago,—for our brother is now a white-haired man,—when the terrible slave trade was absolutely without check in the African interior. One day he and his brother were out in the fields, when suddenly he felt a heavy hand grasp his shoulder. His brother had disappeared, and he was left alone in the hands of men of a hostile tribe, who were out slave-raiding. It was the last he ever saw of his brother or of home and mother.

Day after day the little fellow journeyed with a great terror in his heart. At last a slave-market was reached, and he was sold into the hands of the dealers. They in turn sold him to the Portuguese traders. He was finally put aboard a slave-ship, with a cargo of other unfortunates, to be landed at some other port. A British boat overhauled the slaver, and the captives were set free at St. Helena.

There the boy was brought up by a kindly Englishman, and later joined a West India regiment sent to operate with the British forces in the Ashanti war, on the Gold Coast. After service in Africa, he returned with the regiment to the West Indies. Now, in his later years, this message of the coming of the Lord has found him, and he has enlisted as a soldier in this glorious missionary campaign.

Surely the Lord has led our brother over strange paths. The cruel hand that dragged him from his home and brother was really carrying him from heathen darkness toward the light; for God's mysterious providence was overruling.

W. A. SPICER.

His Way of Saying It

In the Bengali language, which is spoken by thousands of people in far-away India, there is no word that has the meaning of our English "Thank you."

Now there was once a little heathen boy in that country who had been told in the mission school about God's love in sending Jesus Christ to die for him, that his sins might be forgiven.

As he listened, his eyes filled with tears, and his heart grew big with gratitude.

After the morning school, the missionary went out alone to take a walk in his garden. Just as he was passing a quiet corner, he observed something moving among a clump of bushes. Looking cautiously through the leaves, he saw the little Bengali boy who had listened so earnestly. He was on his knees on the ground, his hands were clasped, his lips were moving, and the missionary could just hear what he was saying. The lad was not praying, but he was repeating over one by one the letters of the Bengali alphabet.

The teacher asked him gently what he was doing. The child answered that he wanted to thank God for the wonderful love of which he had just heard, but he knew no word in which to express his thanks; so he was saying the letters over to God, and asking God to take the letters and make a word for himself which would express the thanks the child could not say.—*Selected.*

How Much?

"YESTERDAY was my mother's birthday," remarked Billy Stone, as he walked proudly by the side of Miss Fowler, his Sabbath-school teacher. "We gave her presents."

"How nice! I suppose you love her very much, don't you?"

"Lots."

"Well, Billy, my man," said Miss Fowler, stopping a minute at the corner where she was to turn off, "don't forget our lesson last Sabbath. You know what the Bible tells us about how true love shows itself in our actions."

Yes, Billy knew. He walked on, thinking of it, and presently his round face grew very sober.

"Yesterday we told mother that we gave her the presents with our love. To-day is only a day off, and I wouldn't get up in time for breakfast. I was late at school, I made the twins mad, and I sneaked out of the back door so as not to have to go for the mail. I can't see how anybody, by looking at the way I've acted, could tell that I liked mother at all."

It was beginning to rain when Billy reached home. He and the twins, who had been playing in the yard, all went into the shelter of the kitchen together.

Mrs. Stone, at work in the next room, looked out of the window with a sigh. She had so much to do, and there was so liable to be trouble when the children must stay indoors.

Billy thought of this, too.

The twins were hanging their caps up with a scuffle.

"I say, Robin," asked Billy, abruptly, "how much do you love mother this afternoon?"

Robin turned round and stared at him. What a queer question! It was not a bit like a boy.

"Why?" he giggled. "Do you want to write poetry about it?"

"Poetry!" sniffed Billy. "I want to know how much,—just plain how much. That isn't poetry, is it?"

"That's arithmetic," said Dora.

Dora was the oldest of them all. She was bolstered up in a big chair by the fire. She had been ill for a fortnight.

"How much?" repeated Robin. "How can you tell how much you love a person?"

"In plenty of ways," said Billy, wisely. "I'll tell you one right now. I love mother a boxful."

With that he picked up the kindling-box, and marched out into the shed.

A light broke upon the twins.

"Oh-o," cried Harry, "that's what you mean,

is it? Well, I love her a pailful," seizing the water bucket and starting for the pump.

"I love her a scuttleful," said Robin, and he plunged down the cellar after coal.

Dora looked at the clock. She had looked at it five minutes before, and said to herself: "I do believe that my darling mother is going to forget the medicine this time. I shall not remind her, that is one thing certain sure!"

"But I guess," she said now, reaching for the bottle with a wry face, "I guess at least I can love her a spoonful."

There was a shout of laughter.

Mrs. Stone heard, and glanced anxiously toward the door. "I hope that there is no mischief on foot, I'm in such a hurry to get the sewing done."

Kitty Stone had roused herself from her book in the old-fashioned kitchen window-seat to listen to Billy and the rest. So far she had said nothing. But, when the kindling-box was full, and the pail, and the scuttle, and the medicine bottle was a little less full, the covers of Kitty's book went together with a snap.

"Don't you think," she said, "that all of us together, if we hurried, could love mother this room full before she came in and caught us? I'll clean the stove and blacken it."

They worked like beavers. The last tin was hung on its nail, and the last chair was set back to the wall, when Mrs. Stone's step was heard coming rapidly down the hall.

"Dora, child, your medicine!" she said.

"Yes'm," said Dora, demurely, "I took it for pure love,—to you, not to it."

Her mother looked round the tidy room; and when she saw how spick-and-span it was, and when she saw the ring of smiling faces, she kissed them every one, and her own was just as bright as the brightest.

"There's no other mother in the country," said Mrs. Stone, "that has such children as mine!"

"There now, do you see!" said Billy to Robin. "Can't you tell how much you love a person? It feels nice, doesn't it?"—*Baptist Young People.*

Tibetan Children

THE children of Tibet are neither cuddled nor amused. No one pays any attention to them. They have no sweets and no playthings. If they are entertained, it is entirely through their own effort or invention. And one diversion never fails, for they are experts in riding on the backs of cows or horses, it hardly matters which.

A Tibetan baby differs widely from other children in seeming to have little nervous development, and consequently slight capacity for "taking notice." So says the author of a book on Tibet, a white baby living in Tibet with a traveling party attracted the greatest amount of attention. He was only an ordinary child, but his wide-awake interest in life seemed to the Tibetans something amazing. They would come on tiptoe, their tongues protruding, to stand and gaze at him, asleep in his hammock, then holding up both thumbs and putting out the tongue still farther, in token of approbation. When it came time for his bath, and the tent was closed on account of the draft, men and women would pull up the flap about the bottom, and the whole aperture would be filled with dark faces and laughing black eyes.

"White child!" one would call, and then another.

"See her put him into the water!"

"He will die!"

"Why does she not baste him with butter, and leave him out in the sun?"—*Companion.*



The Judgment

"AND the books were opened . . . and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works." Rev. 20:12.

Is it true that an angel in glory
Is recording my acts 'neath the sun?
That he writes all the pitiful story
Of the sins and the wrongs I have done?
Is it true that each thought is recorded,
Of folly, or anger, or sin?
And will justice for each be awarded
In the Judgment so soon to begin?

Ah, yes; and the record is growing,
As the days melt away into years;
Alas, what will be the sad showing,
When the Lord in his judgment appears?
In the day when the saints shall adore him,
And worship the Lamb that was slain,
Shall I stand unforgiven before him,
In the day when repentance is vain?

In the day when the world is divided,
And the Judge in his grandeur is seen,
When a refuge for all is provided,
Whose record is spotless and clean;
In the day when the world is on trial,
With the dead raised from earth and from sea
By the call that will take no denial,
Oh, what will the books say of me?

Thank God, there is hope for the fallen,—
A cleansing for sin's scarlet stain,
For all the sad record appalling,—
In the blood of the Lamb that was slain!
With our sins all confessed and forgiven,
Our record made "whiter than snow,"
We may enter the glories of heaven,
Where life's waters eternally flow.

L. D. SANTEE.

Going to College?

OF course you are. No doubt you have planned for it and worked for it with all your mind and might this year. You are ready to go now, and the thought comes to you with a great feeling of relief that the very hardest part of the education you mean to get is over! Yes, you have won. But what?

Why, boys and girls, this summer you have worked in the crops; and now that is over, and in its place you have simply won your way to another work-table and another work-room. That is an achievement to be proud of and to rejoice in, but it is not a complete success in itself. Of course not; all last summer you might have enjoyed yourself, and worked idly along with plenty of work before you, and still never realized your dream of college. In college you may do the same thing, and never realize your hopes of a splendid education. It is just the same one place as another. All is "piece work" in the school, and all the teachers, books, laboratories, and associations there can only place the work before you. You must educate yourself. You must take up your work piece by piece, and accomplish it independent of anything and anybody but God. The opportunity is golden, the good that may come to yourself from it is simply incalculable, and it need not discourage you to know that the work is hard. The only danger is that some one is going to college this year, with a vague, half-formed idea that in some mysterious way an education is coming to him unearned. It will never come so!

EDISON DRIVER.

Which Path?

A MAN went through the wild berry patch on an exploring tour, breaking paths here, there, everywhere through the tangle that towered above his head in many places. Said one, weeks after-

ward, "I never could have made my way through if he had not broken the path."

A young man was cherishing high ideals,—firm for the right, yet tender, thoughtful, and true,—always doing little things to save mother steps,—a perpetual light and joy in the home circle that was by no means the limit of his soul's radiance. A boy verging on young manhood, high-spirited, impetuous, careless, sometimes tempted to the sharp word that stings as it falls, and, later, stings the stinger, came in contact with the young man. Unconsciously he took on a new and nobler mold, and all his after-life bore the impress of the providential companionship.

A young woman trod a tangled pathway, but her sunny soul triumphed over the seemingly insurmountable. Never a fretful word reached the ears of the overburdened mother or the silver-haired grandmother. Bravely were life's battles fought, but sweetly, womanly. A girl blooming into womanhood, up-to-date in nervousness and intensity, and easily swept to extremes, came under the influence of the young woman. All



YOU MUST EDUCATE YOURSELF

the girl's life-current was turned into broader, deeper, more tranquil channels. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

What kind of path are you making, my dear young friend? *Somebody is following after.* "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." By this divine direction you will be led to loftier heights, and other feet will be turned into safer, upward pathways that shall terminate in the streets of gold.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

"Out of the Mouth of Babes"

IN a British board-school a brilliant young scientist was lecturing to the children on elementary botany. The great room was all in darkness save for the stream of light that flowed from the lantern to the white screen upon the platform. The pupils were of the poorer classes, and the lecturer could not help wondering what kind of thoughts stirred in their small, dim brains, as picture after picture flashed upon the screen, revealing to them for the first time the minute and bewildering life of the plant kingdom, its mystery, its progressive individuality, never resting, never in doubt, directed by unseen agency, yet always moving onward.

The lecturer was an energetic person with an infectious enthusiasm for his subject. His bright, keen brain had taken science for its god. Science was to him the final court of appeal for the universe.

As the pictures followed one another in log-

ical succession, his clear, even voice accompanied them, explaining patiently and even sympathetically what they meant, and proceeding without hesitation until he began to describe the cell, the protoplasm with which it was filled, and the energy that gives it life.

Because he was addressing children, he lingered over this part of his lecture, and strove to get closer to their understanding.

"This protoplasm," he said, "while it has a big name, is after all a simple enough affair. The scientists have analyzed it, and can tell you exactly of what it is composed, and I could tell you now only it would hardly be worth while, for you would not remember a word of it by tomorrow."

"Professor Thomas Huxley, one of the wisest men of our time, has called it the physical basis of life, the beginning of all the living things that are in the world to-day; and while this is no doubt true, I may tell you that we do not yet know what gives to protoplasm its vital energy, its power of living and growing. From it all things proceed, but we know no more," and here a certain tone of solemnity came into his voice, as if even his keen, cold intellect could not help being awed by the wonder of the problem. "The door is shut to us. Behind that door whence the impulse comes all is mystery—impenetrable mystery."

His voice sank away into silence. For the space of a moment it seemed as if the spellbound children scarcely breathed, and then through the shadows of the big room there pierced a sweet, girlish voice, asking: "Please, sir, does God live behind the door?"

Do you wonder that the scientist staggered before this inspired interrogation, and brought his lecture to a hurried and confused conclusion? Not all the wisdom of theological faculties and scholarly divines could have combined to frame a more effective counter-stroke.

Wonderful to the point of sublimity as are the operations of nature, they can furnish no explanation of themselves. It is only when we look "through nature up to nature's God" that we reach the heart of the mystery; and then we need marvel no more, for with God all things are possible.—*Young People.*

An Incident

SITTING back of me in a train the other day were a mother and her promising boy. The conductor had punched the mother's ticket; and, as a ticket had not been provided for the lad, the conductor, looking at the boy, politely said, "Is your boy under five, madam?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

The conductor moved on, and then I heard the youngster say, "Why, mama, I am past six."

Instantly, with frowning face and a countenance blazing with wrath, the mother said: "Don't you ever contradict me again. I know what I am saying. If the conductor had heard you say that, he would have made me pay half-fare for you. Don't ever say again on the train that you are past six. If you do, I'll whip you when we get home." The boy was still and thoughtful for a moment. Then I heard him say, "But, mama, I am past six." A slap followed; the child cried; the mother looked like a tempest; and I fairly boiled with indignation.

It is just an incident on a railroad train, yet possibly one that will be more harmful to a boy morally than an ordinary railroad accident might have been to him physically. One such experience in a boy's life may mar his whole career. Then think of the mother's personal sins. She lied to the conductor; she lied to her own boy; she cheated the railroad; she abused her child. And all that to save one dollar and twenty-five cents, the price of a half-fare ticket from New York to Philadelphia. May God pity the boy and forgive the mother.—*John Willis Baer.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV—The Choosing of Saul

(October 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Sam. 9:17-27; 10:1-7, 17-27.

MEMORY VERSE: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Eze. 36:26.

In asking for a king the Israelites were thinking of the outward show and the worldly glory and honor that would be brought to them in the sight of the nations. Although God allowed them to have a king, he did not leave it to them to choose the man who should rule over them. Moses told them that when the time came that they would desire a king, that they might be like all the nations, "Thou shalt in any wise set him king over thee, whom the Lord thy God shall choose." Deut. 17:15. And in choosing their first king, God gave them just what they wanted; for Saul, whom he chose, was "a choice young man, and a goodly: and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people."

Saul's father had lost some asses, and Saul and a servant went out to look for them. Although they searched for three days, they could not find them. When Saul was about to go home without the asses, his servant reminded him that in the city where they then were, there was a man of God, who could tell them what had become of the asses. So Saul took a present, and went to the house of Samuel.

When he got there, he found that the prophet was expecting him. For God had told Samuel the day before that on the following day he would send him a man who was to be anointed king. And when Saul drew near, the Lord said to Samuel, "Behold the man whom I spake to thee of! this same shall reign over my people."

Saul may have thought it very annoying that the asses should be lost, and that he should have to spend his time hunting for them. He did not know that it was God's way of leading him to the prophet Samuel, that he might be anointed king over Israel. All the events of our lives are ordered by God; and if we trust him, we shall find that all things will work together for our good. Saul went out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom. He was not content to go home again until he had done everything that could be done to find them; and the doing of this simple duty led him to the place where the prophet was waiting for him with the horn of oil to anoint him king.

The first sign given in the lesson chapter was to show Saul that the prophet had spoken the truth to him. The second sign showed him how easily God could provide for all the needs of his kingdom through the gifts of his people. And the third sign showed that God would by his Holy Spirit give him the wisdom that he needed, to enable him to rule well. It taught him also that he was to be to the people the mouthpiece of God, and that God himself was still to be the real ruler, the true King of Israel. Oil is in the Scriptures a symbol of the Holy Spirit. The anointing of the king with oil showed that the Spirit of God was to be upon him to enlighten and guide him.

Saul did not tell all whom he met that he had been anointed king over them. He waited patiently for God, who had given him the kingdom, to set him over the people. He did not even tell his own friends what the prophet had said to him.

When the people were brought together for the king to be chosen, he did not push himself forward, but modestly hid himself, until the Lord brought him forth before the people. In the way that he behaved he showed that he was little in his own eyes, and patient and humble.

God showed him that so long as he was so, he would give him the hearts of the people, and they would be loyal and true to him. The band of men whose hearts God had touched went with him. He was not angry with those who despised him and did not give him any presents, but he waited for God to show them that he had power to rule them. And very soon when the Ammonites came against Israel, the Spirit of the Lord came upon Saul, and gave him the victory over them. Then they were all glad to have Saul reign, and they made him king before the Lord in Gilgal. And Saul and all the men of Israel rejoiced greatly.

Questions

1. What did Moses tell the Israelites about the choice of their king? Whom did God choose?
2. How was Saul led to Samuel the prophet? What did God say to him when Samuel came?
3. What did Samuel do to Saul the next morning? What was the first of the signs that Samuel gave him? What did this show Saul?
4. What was the second sign? By the present that they gave to Saul, what was God showing him?
5. What was the third sign? What change came to Saul when he met the prophets? For what purpose was the Spirit of God given to him?
6. What is a prophet? Who was the true King of Israel? What was the earthly king to be?
7. Did Saul make known to the people that he was their king? How did God show them?
8. What was Saul's character at this time? What was his appearance?
9. Did all the people receive him? How did he treat those who opposed him?
10. In what way did God show that Saul had the power to be their king? What did they then do?



IV—Israel's Mission as a Nation

(October 24)

MEMORY VERSE: "And he said, It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth." Isa. 49:6.

Questions

1. After man had fallen again into sin, and God had chosen Abraham to represent him, what was the promise that he made to him and to his seed? Gen. 12:2.
2. In giving the different nations their inheritance, what special nation did the Lord have in mind? Deut. 32:8; note 1.
3. Besides setting the boundary line of every nation, what has God further determined? Acts 17:26.
4. For what purpose? Verse 27; note 2.
5. Why does the Lord give every nation opportunity to seek him? Acts 15:14.
6. What evidence have we that there will be those from every nation who will improve this opportunity? Rev. 7:9.
7. Then what does true Israel comprise? Gal. 3:29.
8. What has been fixed as the boundary limit of true Israel? Rom. 4:13.
9. How long would the original Israel have existed had they been true to God? Ps. 81:13-15; note 3.

10. Will this plan be carried out in the case of the true Israel?

11. What did the Lord design that the nation of Israel should be to all the other nations on the earth? Acts 13:46, 47; Deut. 4:6, 7; note 4.

12. What is still the mission of true Israel? Matt. 28:19, 20; Rev. 14:6, 7; Matt. 24:14; note 5.

Notes

1. "He sets the bounds of the people [nations] according to the number of the children of Israel." God has always had Israel in mind. All who will be saved from this world will constitute the Israel of God, the exact number that was in "his eternal purpose," "which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began." God's one and only purpose in the existence of nations in this world is that that number which will constitute Israel shall be gathered out.

2. "That they might seek the Lord." Whenever a nation reaches that point in its history that men can no longer have the opportunity of seeking the Lord, the Lord has no further use for that nation, and it comes to its end.

3. "But their time should have endured forever." All who study these lessons closely will see that the Lord made every provision, first, that his kingdom in this world might have been eternally established with Adam as its head; second, Adam having failed, after the flood provision was made for the establishment of the kingdom, with Noah as head; third, up to this time there had been no organized kingdom in the world, and the controversy was between God and Satan as to who should be king, and if the subjects of the rightful Sovereign had proved true and loyal to him, his kingdom would have prevailed; fourth, under Nimrod, Satan endeavored to set up his form of organized government in the world, and the overthrow of that effort was the origin of nations as they have existed in this world; fifth, in the nation of Israel, with God himself as King, the Lord sought to set up his form of organized government, in territory usurped by Satan; sixth, if the nation of Israel had been true and loyal to God and kept his commandments, he would have subdued every enemy, given them the whole earth, and "their time should have endured forever;" seventh, in God's eternal purpose provision was made, through the promised Seed, to meet every emergency and every failure on man's part, "to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed." When the plan is all worked out, God will set up his throne on this earth, and every subject who shall have proved true and loyal to the principles of his government will then "possess the kingdom under the whole heaven."

4. As Christ is the light of the world, so his church is set to be the light of the world. The Lord designed, through the nation of Israel, through the principles of his government, to reveal his character to all other nations in the world. If Israel had been true to God and his government, they would have shed the light of the glory of God upon all the world, and would have unmasked the character of Satan and his government.

5. The very work for which God called Abraham away from his kindred and his country is yet to be finished in the earth. The promise to Abraham will be unfulfilled until that work is completed. What an encouraging thought to us as young people, to know that we can bear a part in the same work to which Abraham was called on that beautiful starlight night when God renewed his promise to him that he should be heir of the world. But this is a far more interesting time, for soon the people of God will be gathered out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, the work will be completed, and with Abraham, we shall be privileged to enjoy the fulfilment of that promise.



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 N. CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER . . . EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	---	---	---	---	\$.75
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100 or more	---	---	---	---	.45

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

A GOOD report concerning the work among the young people of the Avondale School is found on page four. Now that our various schools have taken up their work again, and the young people associated in this way form themselves together into bands for service, we hope that we shall have many bright, earnest reports for the Young People's page.

An Interesting Journey

INSTRUCTOR readers will remember that last spring we spoke of the departure of Brother and Sister Watson and their small son, Romaine, for our mission in Nyassaland, Africa. They spent a month in Ireland, with Brother Watson's parents, and then proceeded to Cape Town, and onward. The following personal letter describes the last stages of the journey, and the arrival at the Mission estate. As we read it, and try to put ourselves in some small degree in the place of these dear friends, who have left all to follow the Master into this neglected field of his great harvest, let us not forget to pray that he will be very near them, and give them abundant strength and courage for his service:—

PLAINFIELD ESTATE,
CHOLO, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA,

June 5, 1903.

My Dear Brother: Our destination has been reached at last, and it does seem good to be able to write you. I am sure we are going to appreciate letters and letter-writing more than we ever appreciated them before. We can not run down the street and see some of our loved ones now.

Our last letter was mailed at Chinde, at the mouth of the river. The journey from that point has been a series of new and unique experiences. I believe we were at the only hotel in the place, paying three dollars each a day, and getting very little that we could eat. We stayed there from Wednesday evening till Friday noon. Chinde is in Portuguese territory, but the British have a concession there, and it is practically a British port. However, all telegraph and postal business has to be done with the Portuguese. You will get some idea of their methods when I tell you that it takes an hour, more or less, to get off a telegram.

We started up the Zambezi River on a Friday afternoon, and were much surprised to find such a clean little steamer. I imagine these river boats are something the same as those on the Mississippi. They have stern driving-wheels, and draw about three feet of water. We were on this boat till the following Wednesday morning, when the river became too shallow for us to proceed, and we had to wait for a smaller boat coming down the river. It came along without much delay, however, and we went on till the following evening, when we stuck in the sand, and had to be transferred to what are

called "house-boats." These are large barges drawing only a few inches of water, and having cabin accommodations (such as they are) for from two to five passengers. They are propelled by from fifteen to twenty natives with bamboo poles. We rather enjoyed ourselves, as it seemed very much like a trip down the Kalamazoo. But, the crocodiles,—you should see them! I had heard of them, but I could not have believed they were so large. I saw one that I am sure was twenty feet long. At one time there were six of them that came up on a sandbank ahead of us when our men were on the bank eating their *mpunga* (rice). The natives have little platforms from which they draw water from the river. The brutes wait for them, strike them with their mammoth tails,—and that is the last of the natives.

Notwithstanding the danger, I could not resist the temptation of going in for a swim at a place where the water was shallow. But I got a little scare. When I was some distance from the boat, one of my hands struck something which I suppose was a sandbank; but my first thought was that it was a crocodile, and for the time being I wished myself back on the boat.

The Overland Trip

We expected to come up the river as far as a place called Maquires, but it was such slow traveling on the river that we decided to come overland from Chiromo, making an overland trip of forty miles. This trip would have been very amusing to you if you could have seen us start out. The only means of travel is by *machilla*, which is simply a hammock suspended from a bamboo pole, with a sort of awning to protect the occupant from the sun. The pole is carried on the shoulders of two natives, and with this load they start off at a rapid pace with a very peculiar gait, somewhat like the gait of a pacing horse. At this rate, and with from eight to twelve men to change off, they will travel as far as forty miles in one day.

Well, we had forty black men to take us with three *machillas* and some of our baggage. When we were ready to make the start, at six o'clock on Saturday evening, they all started on a run, each one whooping, yelling, and singing. It was just getting dark, and the effect on us was somewhat novel. Not one of the men could speak English, and with hard study for two weeks on the steamer I had got only a few words that I could speak, so we were pretty well at their mercy. There was no moonlight, and soon it was quite dark, and we were chasing along a narrow road through all sorts of country, mostly woods or very high grass.

We started in the night, in order that we might have the company of three Baptist missionaries who were going the same road, but we happened to be ready before them, and it was impossible to keep our men together if we did not start, and at the rate they traveled, it was impossible for the others to catch up, so we rushed along till we came to a stream through which our path led—a path mostly covered with thick brush. I had gone to sleep when the men all rushed together, and such shouting and jabbering I never heard. I did not know what was the matter; and after I had learned that the *machillas* with Mable [Mrs. Watson] and Romaine were in the crowd, I discovered that the men were planning to wade through the stream, but it was too dark to see anything. Well, it gave me a funny feeling. It took them a long time to get us over, and then some of them began to eat; and while they were getting ready for marching, one of the *machillas* of the other company overtook us.

On we went, over rocks and tree trunks,—for the natives do not take the trouble to take any of these things out of the path,—till eleven thirty, when we came to a place where there were some other natives stopping. Without any ceremony our men put us down, and with difficulty

I ascertained that they were going to rest there. Within a few minutes there were a dozen campfires burning, and the men were preparing their food and smoking their pipes.

We decided that the best thing for us to do was to follow their example, so we built a fire, and ate lunch. When they had finished, they turned their feet to the fire and went to sleep. Some passing natives told us that about a month ago some of the natives went to sleep at this place, and let their fires go out, and two of them were carried off by lions.

We did not want our men to start again until the moon rose about four o'clock, as we wanted to see all we could of the country. It was pleasant at first in camp, but as the hours passed, it became monotonous, and Mable went to sleep in her *machilla*, and I kept watch. Romaine had not wakened at all. My gun was wrapped up, and I did not unwrap it, but I loaded a little revolver, and kept it in my hip pocket. However, the only thing that I knew about wild beasts that night was some roaring and howling in the distance, and some funny chattering, which I suppose was made by monkeys.

At five o'clock the men began to shake themselves up, and at five thirty we started in the moonlight. I went to sleep, and when I awoke, it was daylight. At seven o'clock we came to a very steep mountain, and were a long time in climbing it. I preferred to walk; but Mable was not able to climb, and held on to her *machilla* as best she could.

When we got over the mountain, the men started again at their usual gait, shouting and singing all the time. I went to sleep again, and when I awoke, we were in a narrow path, with banana trees on one side and very tall grass on the other. I found afterward that this is the beginning of the mission estate, but did not know it at the time. For four miles we had such a path, and as we had no idea where we were going, it seemed like fifty miles. In some places we could scarcely see the path ahead, if we tried to look. It was wild enough.

The End of the Journey

About three o'clock in the afternoon the men set up a tremendous howl, which we understood to mean that they were getting near the end of their journey, and soon we emerged from the woods into a rather nice avenue, with a row of banana trees on each side, and were soon at the Mission. Though we were in a bewildered condition after lying on our backs for hours, we were soon refreshed by the sight of flowers and other signs of life.

Our home is a comfortable brick house, built in a rather peculiar style, with a very large veranda running all around, and a corrugated iron roof covered with thatch or grass to make it cool. The surroundings are neat and pleasant. There is a large number of houses of various kinds on the plantation, including a native school-house and stores. The estate comprises two thousand acres, on which are two native villages. Besides these there are enough connected with the mission and the work on the estate to make another village. We will send some pictures later that will give you some idea of the place, and will then be able to write you more intelligently about our home and way of living. We can have fresh vegetables and fruit any time of the year. There are plenty of bananas, pineapples, guavas, figs, and other fruits, as well as oranges and lemons.

J. W. WATSON.

HAPPINESS consists in loving and being loved. There is enough to love in the world; but to be loved we must deserve it. We may be admired for our beauty or talent, courted for our influence or wealth, but we can only be loved as we are good. Therefore happiness consists in goodness.—Selected.