

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Watchers

I WISH 'twere morning, and the night were ended,
Sighed one who watched the sleepless hours
away;
Then joyed that some surcease his woe be-
friended,
And brought him some faint rumor of the day.

*I wish 'twere morning, and my watch were over,
The old world grieved, wayfaring through the
night.*

*O, glad the weary eyes that first discover
The far-off heralds of the coming Light!*

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

The Promises of God

DEAR YOUTH OF THE INSTRUCTOR: Do you often think of the promises our Heavenly Father has made us? A promise of the Lord is a guarantee on his part that he will do certain things for us. Children think very much of promises made to them by earthly parents, though sometimes these promises are never carried out. But a promise made by the great Father above will never fail of being fulfilled, even to the letter. Now here are a few things that the Bible says about God's promises:—

What is the Lord's great promise to all who obey him?

"And this is the promise that he hath promised us, **EVEN ETERNAL LIFE.**" 1 John 2:25. Says Jesus: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them **ETERNAL LIFE**; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." John 10:27, 28. But how long is eternal life?—Why, it is a life that measures with the life of God. As the well-known hymn, speaking of heaven, says,—

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing
God's praise
Than when we first begun."

What good promise has the Lord Jesus made, to induce us to come to him?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37. "No wise" means in no sense whatever. This is an unfailing promise, and an exceedingly precious one. But suppose we feel (as we justly may) that we are very sinful and unworthy, then what? To all who feel that way the Lord says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as **WHITE AS SNOW**; though they be red

like crimson, they shall be **AS WOOL.**" What could be more precious and conclusive than this? *What promise has God made concerning the kingdom?*

At the last supper Jesus said, "And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me." Luke 22:29. What a precious promise is this! Here is another text: "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." Dan. 7:27. This is what the Lord promised Daniel over twenty-four hundred years ago, and the time for this promise to be fulfilled is now very near. Then will be realized what Jesus said at the last supper: "But I say unto you, I will not henceforth drink of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." Matt. 26:29. Let us all rejoice and be glad that the time is so near for the promises to be fulfilled, when the faithful will eat bread in the kingdom of God.

In view of the Lord's promise to accept us in the Beloved, what should all of us do?

"Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." 2 Cor. 7:1. The expression "these promises" refers to what was just said in the last verses of the previous chapter. There the Lord says to all who will be separate from

the world that he will receive them, and that they shall be the "sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." O, what a wonderful exaltation is this! Just think of it, to be children of the King of kings! We can not fully understand this, but we can believe it, thanks to his excellent name.

But what does the Bible say about the general character of the promises?

In 2 Cor. 1:20 we are told that "all the promises of God in him [the Lord Jesus] are yea, and in him Amen unto the glory of God." Yea means "yes," and amen, "so let it be." Then all these precious assurances on God's part are emphatically Yes, and, So let it be. Let us take God at his word, for the Scripture says, "He is faithful that promised." Heb. 10:23. That means that he will never go contrary to what he has said; for he is literally a covenant-keeping God.

What do the Scriptures say about the preciousness and greatness of God's promises?

Let Peter answer: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these we might be partakers of the divine nature." 2 Peter 1:4. Note that the apostle speaks of the promises as "exceeding great and precious." It may be added also that the promises are exceedingly numerous. There are in the Bible thirty-one thousand two hundred and seventy-three verses, and in no unimportant sense each verse may be taken as a promise from God. Note

likewise the importance that Peter attaches to the promises. He says, "That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." When we become partakers of the "divine nature," then are we truly the sons of God, as John says. 1 John 3:2.

Concerning the *preciousness* of the promises, here is what the Lord himself says:—

That his children are as precious to him as the apple of his eye. Zech. 2:8.

That they are graven upon the palms of his hands. Isa. 49:16.

That the Lord will never leave them nor forsake them. Heb. 13:5.

That he will be with them always, even unto the end of the world. Matt. 28:20.

That his great desire is that his children be with him where he now is. John 17:24.

That when he comes, every one will be rewarded according to his works. Matt. 16:27.

May our Heavenly Father grant that both reader and writer may be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Heb. 6:12. To help the young and the old in the great work of overcoming, the Bible every-

The Healer

THERE was a scar on yonder mountain-side,
Gashed out where once the cruel storm had
trod;
A barren, desolate chasm, reaching wide
Across the soft green sod.

But years crept by beneath the purple pines,
And veiled the scar with grass and moss once
more,
And left it fairer now with flowers and vines
Than it had been before.

There was a wound once in a gentle heart,
Whence all life's sweetness seemed to ebb and
die;
And love's confiding changed to bitter smart,
While slow, sad years went by.

Yet as they passed, unseen an angel stole,
And laid a balm of healing on the pain,
Till love grew purer in the heart made whole,
And peace came back again.

"O wondrous balm of Time on pain and tears!"
One saith, "O healing touch on soul and sod!"
Yea; but the hands that wrought within the
years—
They are the hands of God.

—Mabel Earle.

where states what God is always ready to do for us. Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13), but we should never forget that of our own selves we can do nothing. Here are a few texts that tell what God can do for us:—

He is able to make all grace abound in our hearts. 2 Cor. 9:8.

He is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. Eph. 3:20.

He is able to succor his children when they are tempted. Heb. 2:18.

He is able to help every one of his children, small and great, young and old, from falling. Jude 24.

He is able to save to the uttermost all who come to the Father in the name of Jesus. Heb. 7:25.

Is it any wonder that Paul should ask, in view of such precious assurances as these, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ"? Let us be of that number who are really "standing on the promises of God." G. W. AMADON.

The Children

OH the beautiful children astray from Eden,
Out on the downward path of the world!
How shall we reach, and tenderly lead them
To where love's banners are all unfurled,—
Back, where the true hearts never harden,
Where from pain is a glad release,
Back to the roses in God's dear garden,
Back to the lilies of endless peace.

How can we meet our Lord rejected,
How can we hope for a crown of gold,
If we have the little ones neglected,
Nor sought to lead them back to the fold?
Ah, there's an angel appointed rather,
All of the children's wrongs to tell;
He is their angel, before the Father,
And his clear vision shall guard them well.

Keep, dear Saviour, their feet from falling,
May strength to each little hand be given;
And oft may the childish voices calling,
Be heard by the One that rules in heaven.
Guard them from sin and earth's temptations,
Follow the wayward feet that roam,
And at last, dear Lord, with thine own salvation,
Gather the children, and lead them home.

L. D. SANTEE.

Rambles in Bermuda—V

A Bermudian School

I HAVE seen my ideal spot for a schoolhouse; for I have never looked upon the square or rectangular buildings dotting the level prairies at regular intervals, or perched on some rocky ledge among the hills, as possessing any particular loveliness of form or beauty of situation. Indeed, they are often quite the reverse of attractive, with a bare, forlorn, weather-beaten appearance that would be most depressing to the schoolchildren, were it not for their superabundance of animal spirits.

But this Bermudian schoolhouse is of stone, whitewashed within and without; and since it has a new coat of whitewash every year, it always has a clean, fresh, spick-and-span look, that effectually conceals its age. It is hard to realize that for fifty years and over this same schoolhouse has sheltered generation after generation of Bermudian children; and I may add, the same schoolmaster has taught them.

Its proximity to the water—for it stands on a little promontory that seems to have been formed expressly for its convenience—might render its location objectionable to an American mother; but I have never heard of any accident. It would be hard to find a Bermudian youngster who can not swim.

It was a warm September morning when I visited this school, in company with a friend. There may have been a buzz of voices before our approach; but we heard nothing, as our attention was fully occupied by the beauty of the scenery. As we entered the room, we were greeted with a profound silence; but the little girl peeping at us from the dunce-block, and the mischievous glance we intercepted, seemed to in-

dicate that it was preternatural. The school was evidently under good control, however, though the schoolmaster was an old colored man, seventy-six years of age.

The children were all shades of color, and of all degrees of intelligence. The small colored children of Bermuda are very bright and interesting; but as they grow older, their faces often take on a duller look.

We were seated in front, and various classes were called forward for our inspection. Their copy-books attracted our attention at once,—they were so remarkably neat, and so free from blots. We expressed our wonder and admiration to the teacher. "Yes," he replied, "if a blot is made in the book, out comes the leaf!"

The pupils of the higher class took a dictation exercise very quickly and correctly on their slates. Then they repeated some verses in concert, and analyzed some sentences from their readers. Last of all I gave them the name of the place from which I had come; and they followed me on their map in my journey to Bermuda, and back by way of Africa and Australia.

Before leaving, we wrote our names in a visitors' register; and the teacher pointed with great pride to the simple signature "Louise." Princess Louise of England had visited his school during her short stay in Bermuda.

The children rose and remained standing as we went out, preserving their decorous behavior to the last. I wondered if there would not be a reaction after so long a strain of silence.

We visited the schoolmaster later at his home; and he showed us many valuable, curious, and useful presents from various great personages, with autograph letters accompanying each.

Bermudian schools are of two sorts, private schools, and schools controlled by the board of education. The latter are sometimes called public schools; but they are not free. A fee of twelve cents a week is charged, in addition to the aid received from the government. Of the private schools, the Bermuda high school for girls and the Saltus grammar school for boys rank highest both in the grade of work done, the rate of tuition charged, and the social standing of the people who patronize them. The convent school is a Catholic institution, which opened a few years ago with two teachers and four or five pupils. It now has a very large attendance from the better classes.

The color line is as strongly drawn in the schools as elsewhere, separate schools being maintained for the two classes.

The school system of Bermuda leaves much to be desired. Those who are able to send their children to England and America to finish their education are under no particular disadvantage; but the great majority who must depend upon the schools at home for whatever training their children may receive, feel the need of a different order of things. Better appliances, better methods, and better teachers are sadly needed. Many of the schools are overcrowded; and I have seen only one school-building, the Bermuda high school, equipped with proper seats and desks. In fact, nearly all the schoolrooms I have seen resemble nothing so much as a backwoods district school; and if there be any difference, it is in the latter's favor.

It would be impossible to introduce a system of free public schools into Bermuda with its strong class and race feelings; but the schools most needed are such as will furnish a good, thorough, common-school education at a price within the reach of the day laborer.

WINNIFRED M. PEEBLES.

DON'T stray hither and thither in worldly flirtation. "Rest in the Lord!" In such ceaseless abiding you will know the inexpressible experience of being "in Christ." "All my springs are in thee."—J. H. Jowett.



History Stories—No. II

Roman History Continued

ROMULUS was the first of the seven kings of Rome. Among these were great and noted men who did much to subdue their enemies and build up the city; but the last ones were such cruel tyrants that the Romans drove them out, and declared that they would never be ruled by another king. This promise they kept for nearly five hundred years.

They now set out to govern themselves; their laws were "of the people, by the people, and for the people." In place of the king, there were elected by all the free men of Rome two magistrates called consuls, who were chosen for one year, and were given nearly all the powers that had been held by the monarch; but nothing could be done by one without the consent of the other.

In times of great public danger, a dictator was chosen for six months, and all the power was placed in his hands. Of the Romans it is said that they knew better how to govern themselves than any other people except the Anglo-Saxons, or English-speaking people. This is especially interesting because Rome was the first great republic.

But things did not run along very smoothly under this new rule. Many of the Latin towns that had been subject to Rome now rose in revolt, and seemed harder to conquer the second time than they were the first. War without soon brought trouble within.

Besides the slaves, there were two principal classes. The patricians were the original Romans; they were wealthy, proud, and determined to have everything their own way. The plebeians were chiefly made up of the inhabitants of captured towns, and of people who had come there to find homes. They were free to hold property, but had no part in the government. They composed the largest class, and during this time of war they fell in debt to the wealthy. The reason for this was that all were required to go to war, and pay their part of the cost. If the poor plebeian could not do this, he was sold as a slave, and in some cases even put to death. This was so unjust that they marched away from Rome in a body, and prepared to build themselves a city on a neighboring hill.

This plan, if carried out, would mean ruin to Rome, so the patricians saw clearly that the plebeians must be persuaded to give up their plans and come back. For some time they would not, but finally they consented to return. The debts of the poor were canceled, those held as slaves were set free, and two officers called "tribunes" were chosen from their own number, whose duty it was to protect them against any injustice. The number of tribunes was soon increased to ten; they were never to go more than a mile from the city, and their houses were to be open day and night, that any plebeian might flee to them for protection and justice.

This was the first great victory in their struggle for freedom. Every time they succeeded, the patricians planned to rob them of their reward. For centuries the strife continued: but they persisted until the prize was won, and they were admitted to all the rights and privileges of the Roman republic. Then its people were most loyal, its soldiers were very brave, and its power was felt throughout the world. Thus the truth that, "All men are created . . . equal," when recognized and regarded, made the fourth kingdom "strong as iron."

ROY F. COTTRELL.



A Trip Through Egypt—IV

From Cairo to Luxor

THIS long journey is of unusual interest to the uninitiated. Leaving the central station at Cairo, the train moves in a northwesterly direction for a short distance; then, after crossing the Nile, turns to the south. Cairo soon comes into view again from across the river, the great dome and tall minarets of the mosque in the citadel standing out sharp and clear in the crisp morning air. Presently the now familiar pyramids of Gizeh appear on the opposite side, and soon those of Sakkara and Dashur follow.

The railroad follows the Nile Valley very closely, the river itself being in sight from the car window much of the time. The general scenery presents few changes, a low, brownish-yellow line of cliffs, the outlines of which in the morning and evening take on beautiful purple tints, forming the background on both sides for the entire distance. The rich fields in the foreground, dotted with small pens built of cornstalks, in which the cattle are confined, are crossed and recrossed by small canals and ditches, which are kept full of water for irrigation by picturesque *shadoofs* and clumsy water-wheels, operated by oxen. Occasionally we pass a raised village of mud huts, often situated in the midst of a small grove of luxuriant date-palms. In the fields we see the "fellahs," or agricultural class, working with oxen and wooden plows, or reaping with no less primitive tools. Wheat, corn, sugar-cane, and cotton are the principal crops; but many kinds of small vegetables are raised, also oranges, dates, and figs.

The Egyptian railway service, although slow, is reliable. The second-class accommodation is not luxurious, but, like the English, quite good enough for ordinary persons, and withal very cheap,—about one cent a mile for long distances. The neat and often elegant stone station buildings in even the smallest towns, attract the admiring notice of the traveler, particularly if he has ever had the experience of sitting seven hours in one of the many derailed "cabooes" that disgrace the cognomen of "depot" in some parts of western Kansas and Nebraska, and even, occasionally, in less uncivilized districts. The worst discomforts of Egyptian traveling are heat and dust. If the windows are closed, the temperature in the car soon rises to one hundred and fifteen degrees Fahrenheit, or thereabouts, and the clouds of dust that enter at the tiniest crevice are as bad as the heat. In the summer it is best to travel in the night, when it is always cool. The intolerable thirst resulting from these conditions is the most aggravating symptom. The quality of the water offered for sale at the stations is not even guaranteed, yet few travelers can resist the temptation to partake of it, in spite of the personal risk, sometime before the end of the sixteen-hour journey. The writer tried the plan of eating oranges, and consumed fifteen during his first trip to Luxor, with some relief, but developed such an aversion for them he was unable to eat another for some days after.

Early in the afternoon the train stops at Assiut, the metropolis of Upper Egypt. There is a fine bridge over the Nile here, also a large barrage, or dam. This barrage forms a large reservoir, which, in connection with a similar and larger structure at Assuan, supplies the water for an immense system of artificial irrigation, and also enables the government to regulate the annual inundation, which is not always reliable in its movements.

Soon after leaving Assiut, the hills begin to assume that strange purplish violet and some-

times deep-blue color peculiar to the landscapes of Upper Egypt, Nubia, and the Sudan, and the sun sets amid a wonderful display of beautiful yet weird and almost unearthly tints. As the darkness draws on, the traveler settles back in his seat as comfortably as possible, and passes the time in taking short naps between the stations until midnight, when the train finally reaches Luxor. Here, after encountering an unusually importunate charge of donkey boys and hotel agents, he reaches his destination, and, after a thorough bath, retires, falling asleep with a suddenness that cuts off all further reflections.

GLEN WAKEHAM.

Traveling in India

UNCONSCIOUSLY the English government has made traveling in India very convenient for carrying the third angel's message. From the Himalayas on the north, to Madras in Southern India and Bombay on the west, there is a well-equipped system of railways. Probably there is no place in the world where people travel more than in India. Because of the climate, government offices change with the seasons. In the cooler months, from November to March, the government moves its office from the cold of winter, as found in the Himalaya Mountains, to the temperate atmosphere of the plains; but when the hot season begins, officials, clerks, and accountants, with their families, move their work back to the hill stations.

Twenty-three hours' ride by rail from the burning heat of Calcutta brings one to the bracing air of the snow-capped Himalayas, which are generally regarded as one of the three greatest wonders of the world. An ascent of seven thousand feet on a toy railway to Darjeeling, the summer home of the lieutenant-governor, is made through ever-changing views. One moment the little engine is tugging through dense forest jungles, where may be found wild elephants, leopards, deer, and numerous smaller animals, and farther on immense tea plantations burst upon the view.

While these gardens are beautiful to look at, it is sad to see the soil of the Himalayas given almost wholly to the cultivation of this herb. The natives of India, usually so slow to adopt foreign customs, are rapidly taking to tea-drinking; and the herb is sold at such a low price that the poorest of the poor can have it. In the bazaars of Darjeeling it is not an uncommon sight to see the women sitting on the ground surrounded by their stores of fruits and vegetables, and a teapot beside them, though a few years ago, we are told, such a sight was never witnessed.

At the present time, during the month of June, several of our workers are seeking rest and change in this beautiful resort, where people from all over India are gathered. Here we find the government employee, the student, and the mother with her children, who are pale and sickly from the unhealthy climate where they have been living. The pleasure-lover is also here, and last but not least the missionary, gladdened by the change from the heat and enervating atmosphere of the plains to the bracing air of these mountains. Thus is offered a wonderful opportunity of getting some of our literature before all these

different classes, and many of them will return to their homes subscribers to our *Oriental Watchman* and *English Good Health*.

The native hill people are merry-hearted, industrious, and interesting. The women are the burden-bearers, and carry immense loads on their backs. It is not an uncommon sight to see a native woman with a basket of coal or a bundle of wood on her back, and a little child hardly able to walk clinging to her skirts, while at the same time she is knitting stockings or some warm clothing, as she is trudging up and down the hills.

There are thousands of these honest-hearted people scattered throughout these mountains, and yet there is not a soul who can speak their language and give them the special message for this time. As we see their smiling faces and faithful work, we can not but feel that some one will be raised up to work for them.

Simla, the summer home of the viceroy and his officials, is a two-days' trip from Calcutta, and is represented by two of our workers, who are finding their way into many of the best homes there. We rejoice to know that God is already giving them souls for their hire.

While our company in northern India are enjoying the change of climate and work, two of our

young women workers are in the hills of Southern India, meeting the people who are seeking the benefits those resorts afford. They have been canvassing from place to place, taking large cities and small stations, and sometimes going as far as twelve miles to see an isolated family. The Lord has wonderfully blessed them, and has gone before them.



ON THE NILE NEAR KENEH

In connection with her railway system India has a convenient thing for the traveler, the *dak bungalow*, a house built near the station, well furnished, at the disposal of those who can either provide their own food or pay the man in charge a small sum for cooking it. This is a wonderful convenience, and these sisters in Chillong and Southern India have found these bungalows a great blessing; for wherever they have gone, they have found a home ready for them. Many times, too, the people have opened their own homes to them; and the promise of the Scriptures has truly been fulfilled in their case, for they have found fathers and mothers wherever they have gone. Three years ago one of these young workers was a society girl, and enjoying only the pleasures of this life. The other young woman is sent out here by the sisters of Kansas and Texas. I will quote a few words from one of their last letters: "We put each other through a regular examination every day, in points of Bible truth. This helps fix various points in our mind. We set each other questions to answer; no matter how often we study these things, they are inexhaustible: we shall never be able to dig down to the bottom of God's word, shall we? How thankful I am that God has enabled me to see these things."

India needs hundreds of young people who are willing to consecrate their life's service to the salvation of the millions who are in darkness. It means self-denial now, but in the kingdom of heaven "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Mrs J. L. SHAW.

Calcutta, India.



LORD, I have shut my door —
Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise;
Here in this silence they intrude no more;
Speak thou, and heavenly joys
Shall fill my heart with music sweet and calm —
A holy psalm.

And I have shut my door
On earthly passion, all its yearning love,
Its tender friendships, all the priceless store
Of human ties. Above
All these my heart aspires. O Heart Divine,
Stoop thou to mine!

Lord, I have shut the door!
Come thou and visit me. I am alone!
Come, as when doors were shut, thou cam'st of
yore,
And visitest thine own.
My Lord! I kneel with reverent love and fear,
For thou art here!

— M. E. Atkinson.

Soul Stability

ONCE, when a student of botany, I planted a handful of peas in a box of sand. I thoroughly wet the sand, and kept it moist. The weather was cold, and I placed the box near the heating stove, or sometimes in the warm sunshine in the window, and kept the temperature as nearly even as I could. Under these favoring conditions the life in the little seeds began to stir; and as day after day I dug the seeds up, pea by pea, I found the germ expanding, growing, reaching upward, until at last a number reached their tiny green hands above the surface, and plant life was begun.

For a few days they flourished, and vigorously climbed toward the light. By digging down, I could find their numerous rootlets running everywhere, searching for nourishment among the flinty grains of sand. And the fat little balls I had planted, in which there was stored so much food for the plants, were shriveling and disappearing, all but the hard envelope, the hull. Before they had grown too big to permit it, I removed two or three from the sand-box, transplanting them to a box containing richer soil, but one I left where it had begun to grow.

A number of days passed, and the pea-plant in the sand-box began to fail in its vigorous growth. I poured on more water, and gave it all the sunshine there was, and I did just as much for it as I had done in the beginning,—more, I stirred the loose soil about its roots, and found that there were no worms destroying them. But the plant did not look so well, and finally it began to wither and die, until at last it was perished.

Then I dumped the sand out of the box, outdoors, and let it fall away. Behold! what a mass of roots, packed and interwoven, the mute evidence of the little plant's groping and determined searching for food! There was none left where its life began, only the dead hull still clinging around the root-stalk. There in the darkness they had run hither and thither, seeking for life. I could not see them while I was watching the death of the plant above; the plant did not show its secret struggles, and I let it die.

But the plants which I had transplanted were sturdily climbing the nearest supports, and making strong, bright-looking plants, with promise of flowering and fruitage. I knew their rootlets down below were finding food, and I watched them with pleasure as they climbed, knowing I had furnished them intelligently the new conditions and the nourishment their growth demanded.

There are boys and girls in whom, under favorable conditions, when the warmth of the Spirit's

wakening power is turned upon them, the divine life is placed and stirred to action. They acknowledge their Saviour, and are led to speak of their glad knowledge of the new and beautiful way. The days go on, and a Sabbath comes when in social meeting their voices are not heard. We see their growth is failing. Perhaps a stirring appeal will bring them spasmodically to their feet. The water is being poured on. But again they drop back, and we wonder over their lack of stability. We talk with them and urge them, coddle and press them, but we see their Christian life withering and dying, dying down to the ground. What a pitiful sight it would be if we could catch a glimpse of the secret life, with the unspoken longings, the vague gropings for life, which our eyes never see. They are starving for food, and the conditions which told so favorably at first no longer have effect.

We can not depend upon the possible enthusiasm of a social meeting to sustain the Christian life, we can not look to the personal magnetism of a teacher or a religious leader to place the youth upon a firm foundation; we must give them solid food. That food is gospel truth, the definite truths of the third angel's message. It must be a systematic furnishing, day after day a giving of the virile truths of the sanctuary work, the coming of Christ, the Sabbath, and every point of our faith. This is the work of the parent in the home, the teacher in the school, the elder in the church. It must be intelligently and attractively presented, else it will be like the sand, which the rootlets can not assimilate.

But if morning and evening the home should give the precious instruction, and day after day the school should add to it and question about it, and week by week the young people's meeting should talk it, and the church service echo it, who can not see that we should have a strong and heroic Young Guard to beat back the enemy's lines? This is the work which is imperatively demanded by the present situation, and if we everywhere will take it up and do it, and trust no more in an indefinite and presumptuous faith that all will be well with the flock which the Lord hath given us, then shall we see our sons and our daughters growing up as trees planted by the rivers of water, and the Lord will seal the work by a revival which will be the latter rain.

A. W. SPAULDING.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Elements of a Great Reformation

Separation From the World

SCRIPTURE STUDY:—

In the world, but not of the world. John 17: 9-20.

Separation from the world means separation from sin. John 17: 15; Eph. 4: 17-32; 5: 1-11.

There is danger that these sins will be found in the church; for Paul's words are addressed to the "faithful in Christ Jesus." Eph. 1: 1.

The second angel's message is a call for separation from the sins of the world and the church. Rev. 14: 8; 18: 4; 2 Cor. 6: 14-18.

The blessed result. Titus 2: 11-14; Rev. 14: 12.

PARALLEL READING:—

"Luther's Separation from Rome." ("Great Controversy," Chapter Seven).

To the Leader

Let the keynote of this lesson, separation from sin, ring out with the force which its importance demands.

The lesson may be conducted in two parts:—

1. A Bible study, as outlined, for from twenty to thirty minutes.

2. A brief presentation of the narrative of Luther's separation from Rome.

Chapter Seven in "Great Controversy" is quite long, and of course no attempt should be made to read it, or a large portion of it, in public; but by a little careful preparation, some one can be

prepared to tell the story, reading only such selections as may be most to the point. From fifteen to twenty minutes should be enough time for this exercise.

Arrange for one of the members, at the close of the study, to read or recite the beautiful poem by Whittier, "The Hermit of the Thebaids," published on page 6 of the INSTRUCTOR.

This will afford a favorable opportunity for impressing the important truth that the Christian is called to live a life of purity amid the corruptions of the world. We can not do our work in seclusion. We must be in the world in order to labor for its salvation; but we must not be partakers of its sins.

Notes

Luther's experience in separating from the Roman Church forms one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the great Reformation. In the seclusion of his stone cell at Erfurth he heard the voice of God calling him away from his superstitious errors; and there his soul was strengthened for a great life-long battle.

Later he found a copy of the Bible chained to the wall in the monastery; and from it he learned that "the just shall live by faith;" that the sinner must go to God for pardon; and that the Lord Jesus Christ is man's only Intercessor. These great truths burned within his soul, and finally led him to a separation from the Roman Church, a step which at first he had not dreamed of taking.

The time had fully come for a mighty work to be accomplished; the midnight of the Dark Ages had passed; the Morning Star of the Reformation had arisen; the first gray streaks of the coming morning had flashed across the sky. Already the influence of Wycliffe's books had begun to be felt; the noble work of Huss and Jerome had stirred the hearts of many honest adherents of the Catholic Church; and Germany was beginning to awake.

The time had come for a leader, a man for the hour, who could stand without terror before the strongest organization the world had ever seen, a man whose fear of God would be so true and genuine as to take away all fear of man, even the fear of the great voice from the Vatican.

All was now ready. God takes ages to prepare his work; but when the hour is come, accomplishes it by the feeblest instruments. To do great things by small means is the law of God. This law, which appears in every department of nature, is found also in history. God took the reformers of the church where he had taken the apostles. He selected them from that humble class, which, without containing the meanest of the people, is scarcely the length of citizenship. Everything must manifest to the world that the work is not of man but of God.—D'Aubigne.

A man was required as a leader for a mighty work; and the Lord chose a humble monk, the son of a poor miner, and placed within his heart a conviction of sin, and then revealed to him the great remedy for sin; and supported by this corner-stone of the Christian faith, Luther did the work for which he was called. The great step of his life was that early step, when, under deep conviction, he decided to separate from the sins of the world and accept the great salvation. His separation from Rome was incidental to this, and only the natural result of it.

What a program is thus laid out before us who are facing the world's last great reformation! The time has come for the work to be done; all things are now ready; and God's great and mighty work will be accomplished by men who, like Luther, will separate from sin, throw their all into the work of the gospel, fearing nothing but God.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Chick-a-dee-dee

THE sky was all gray, and the earth was all brown,
The frost-withered leaves came fluttering down,
And fluttering down 'mong the grasses and weeds
The chickadees came for their breakfast of seeds;
And out on the air so chilly and drear
They sent a blithe song full of jolly good cheer,
As they glided like shadows, here, there, to and fro,—
"Chick-a-dee-dee, it's going to snow."

"O chick-a-dee-dees! you are cute little chaps
In your pearl-colored vests and your black velvet caps.
But tell me, I pray, I am anxious to know
How you know—don't you know?—that it's going to snow?"
They twittered and chattered, "Chick-chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-chick-a-dee-dee! just wait and you'll see."

"You small fluffy prophets with beady-black eyes,
How came you to be so remarkably wise?
Can you read all the signals the weather man sends,—
Are you fellows and Old Probability friends?"
Then from the dark clouds bending low o'er the world,
With slow, zigzag motion the fleecy flakes whirled,
And the birds wheeled away through the fast-falling snow,
Singing, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!
I told you so."

—Selected.

"A Pound of Cure"

JEFFY stopped whistling to scowl; the two things somehow didn't fit each other. You either had to stop whistling or go without scowling, and you couldn't do that very well when you were in a dreadful hurry, and couldn't find your cap and jacket. So Jeffy stopped whistling a minute.

"Where could I have put my jacket this time?" he scolded. "I never saw such slippery old things as jackets an' hats, anyway!"

That made the second pair of them Jeffy had lost since morning. The first time it wasn't so bad, for there had been his best coat and cap to fall back upon. Of course he had gone upstairs after those when he hadn't been able to find the every-day ones. But this time—what was he going to do this time? The best ones were lost, too!

"I've got to find 'em!" he said. "I can't stay home from Terry Lowe's circus. Mother! Aunt Louie! Mildred!" he raised his voice to a shout for help. "Can't somebody tell me where my jacket is? I can't find 'em anywhere."

But no help came. Nobody answered. Jeffy's losing his things was such a very old story, indeed.

"Oh, dear!" Then suddenly the scowl vanished, and the merry whistle came back, for Jeffy remembered the old last-year's jacket, up in the store closet. It would be tight, and the sleeves would be too short, but it would do. One isn't critical at a back-yard circus.

After dinner Jeffy heard his special "call" on the telephone. Uncle Geof was calling him. He

came back from the front hall in a whirl of excitement. Goody! oh, goody! Uncle Geof had invited him to go riding in his automobile with him; he was to call in about fifteen minutes.

"Goody!" shouted Jeffy. "How about that, mother? Isn't Uncle Geof a dear? But I can't wear my last year's coat, of course,—why, that's gone, too! They're all gone, every single one of 'em! O mother, don't you know where some of my jackets and caps are? I've got to find one before Uncle Geof comes!"

"Why, yes, I know where they all are," smiled mother, pleasantly. "They're in the pound."

"In the—what?" cried Jeffy. His eyes widened with astonishment.

"The pound. Haven't you ever heard of a pound, dear? It's a place where caps and jackets that little boys leave lying round in the wrong places are all put away; that's what my pound

thoughtfully,—"perhaps the little boy who has to redeem his caps and jackets very many times from his mother's pound will conclude by and by"—

"Yes's—yes'm," stammered red-faced Jeffy, "p'rhaps he'll hang 'em up in the hall closet. But, mother"—

"But, Jeffy!"

"I hope it—doesn't cost so very much to get things out o' pounds, because—because"—

"Because, Jeffy?"

"I haven't got much of any spending-money left. I—I'm 'fraid I haven't got any. I spent the last of it yesterday."

There was an embarrassing little silence. Jeffy watched mother's face with anxious eyes, and listened for Uncle Geof with both his anxious ears. He knew he could never go riding bare-headed and without a jacket—not in a beautiful new automobile! And his spending-money was all eaten up.

"Oh, I wish folks had never thought to pound things!" he groaned, inside, "or else I wish I'd thought to hang 'em up."

There was certainly a sound out of the window: no, that was old Tim Hoovey's pushcart. But Uncle Geof might come any minute.

"If—you'd lend me some money, mother, 'vance it, you know"—hesitatingly.

Mother crossed the room, and took him right into her two arms.

"Dear, I can't. It's a rule, you know. And I'm afraid it's a pound rule not to let anything go until it is lawfully redeemed. I'm sorry, Jeffy"—

"Yes'm, so'm I." But Jeffy straightened up and looked as if he were trying to smile. It wasn't quite a success, but mother was satisfied. She smiled, too, though as sure as you live she had to try as hard as Jeffy! What he wanted to do was to cry. It was terribly hard, oh, terribly, keeping a pound.

"You tell him—you tell Uncle Geof I can't go to-day 'cause I've got to earn some money," Jeffy said, steadily. "I'm going out in the back yard, and pile that wood up." And he strode away, whistling a shaky little tune. Mother looked after him mournfully.

"I feel as if I'd pounded him!" she told Aunt Louie a minute later, as she stood by the window looking out.

Aunt Louie rocked slowly back and forth in a chair.

"Well, you have, the poor little man!" she smiled; "but he's good for it. Wait and see if it doesn't teach him to hang his things up, dear. Just wait and see."

And mother waited and saw.—Annie Hamilton Donell.

"SHORT horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living."



AN OCTOBER SHOWER

is, anyway. In olden times pounds were public enclosures where all stray animals were driven and kept until their owners claimed them, and, Jeffy, the owners had to pay something to get them out, you know. That was the way they were taught to keep their property where it belonged. I have an idea that the man who had to pay very many times to get his stray sheep or cows or oxen out of the pound concluded after a while that it would be better to go home, and mend his fences, and keep the animals at home. And perhaps,"—mother looked out of the window



A Forest Parasite

WHERE the new railway cuts through the wooded districts of east central Cuba, the traveler gets a view of the fierce struggle going on in the tropical forests. Vines and clinging parasites weave flowering festoons and graceful tracery over boughs and branches, while all the time apparently watching only for the hold that is to strangle the life out of the trees.

A fellow-traveler pointed out the most deadly forest parasite, peculiar to Cuba, called the "cupey." In the ride through the country I had abundant opportunity to watch its work. The seed is carried by bird or wind into the fork of a tree, high up among the branches. There it grows, putting out shoots, and sending down roots that creep round and round the trunk, and finally into the earth beneath. Then, as its roots grow and send out feelers uniting root to root, it tightens its grip upon the body of the tree. Day by day, and year by year, the parasite grows larger and presses tighter, until the tree is literally strangled. There is a look almost uncanny about it. The expiring tree stretches out its leafless limbs, like spectral hands reaching forth for help. You may see scores of large trees dead in the embrace of the parasite, which covers the bare, white form with green and flowering creepers.

But when the tree decays, as it surely does in the moist, hot climate, the "cupey" generally has not sufficient independent hold on life to maintain itself, and it also eventually falls, involved in the very ruin it had brought upon another.

W. A. SPICER.

Perseverance—II

THERE is, perhaps, no greater mistake that a young man can make than to suppose that in order to succeed, he must be endowed by nature with some special talent. Some doubtless are; but, undeveloped and unused, it will be of little value. What counts most is to develop the talents we do possess with indomitable perseverance, and in spite of obstacles hammer out success. Seeming defeat can many times be turned into a great victory.

"Thus at the flaming forge of life,
Our future must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

We often hear it said that "where there's a will, there's a way." By unceasing effort we many times may force an opening in a hitherto impregnable barrier. Many who have succeeded have been surrounded with the most unfavorable circumstances. Environment, early training, lack of education, were against them. Time and again they failed, but they tried again.

Sir Isaac Newton was the son of a poor man, as was also the distinguished astronomer Adams, who discovered the planet Neptune. Shakespeare was of humble rank; his father was a butcher, and he himself in early life was a wool-comber. He was, however, a close student. Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny and the founder of cotton manufacture in England, was a barber. Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter early in life, poor in this world's goods, awkward and uncouth. But his ungainly frame held a noble heart and an indomitable purpose.

One writer has said: "Do not be frightened because your idiosyncrasies stick out, and provoke criticism; it is only by these that you can be identified. If you are knock-kneed and hump-

backed; if you are squint-eyed, and look two ways at once,—so much the better; you can't be confounded with the commonplace, stereotyped bipeds who make up that 'numerous piece of monstrosity,' the public."

No greater preacher ever trod the earth than the great apostle Paul. He endured the most incessant toil, and suffered shipwreck, stoning, whipping, and other abuse. Yet he speaks of his infirmities, and says that he was "in bodily presence weak." God helped his servant, and he will help you. John Milton, author of "Paradise Lost," was blind, and an invalid early in life. Daniel Webster tells us there was one thing he could not do when a boy, and that was to "declaim before the school." The burning eloquence of this distinguished man was the result of hard, persevering work. George Stephenson, the engineer, when addressing young men, said, "Do as I have done—persevere."

It has required much persevering research to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions on the ancient monuments of Nineveh and Babylon. This kind of writing has been lost to the world since the days of the Macedonian conquest of Persia. But much has been accomplished; and by the light thus shed on the buried history of Babylon, the authenticity of the Sacred Word is confirmed. No student of ancient or modern language knew anything about the mysterious hieroglyphics; but a naval cadet named Rawlinson, by comparing the known with the unknown in the language, was able to form a sort of alphabet; a clerk of an East India house, named Norris, who has made the inscriptions a study, assisted; and a lawyer's clerk named Layard, by travel, extensive research, and patient digging, unearthed a vast amount of these historic treasures for the museum.

The same perseverance should be shown in the work of perfecting a Christian life, and proclaiming the gospel message to all the earth. If it is commendable in worldly matters, how much more in divine things! What marvelous light would dawn on our pathway if we would persevere in like manner in the study of the Bible! Shall we not do so? "The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." G. B. THOMPSON.

The Hermit of The Thebaïd

ALONE, the Thebaïd hermit leaned
At noontime o'er the Sacred Word.
Was it an angel or a fiend
Whose voice he heard?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
A human utterance sweet and mild;
And, looking up, the hermit saw
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,
O'erawed and troubled by the sight
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
An anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man? No shade
Of cool, green douns, nor grass, nor well,
Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit said:
"With God I dwell."

"Alone with him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense;
My Nile is love, my sheltering palm
His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does God live
Here only?—where the desert's rim
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
We pray to him."

"My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field: beneath the leaves
My sisters sit and spin the while
My mother weaves."

"And when the millet's ripe heads fall,
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
My mother smiles, and says that all
Are gifts from God."

"And when to share our evening meal,
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears;
"Dear Lord!" he said, "thy angel speaks,
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home and life with men;
And all his pilgrim feet forsook
Returned again;

The palmy shadows cool and long,
The eyes that smiled through lavish locks,
Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-song,
And bleat of flocks.

"O child!" he said, "thou teachest me
There is no place where God is not;
That love will make, where'er it be,
A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went, with the young child, hand in hand,
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,
And heard the palm-tree's rustling fan,
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
He followed as the small hand led
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
She thanked the stranger with her eyes.
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
And dumb surprise.

And lo!—with sudden warmth and light
A tender memory thrilled his frame;
New-born, the world-lost anchorite
A man became.

"O sister of El Zara's race,
Behold me!—had we not one mother?"
She gazed into the stranger's face;—
"Thou art my brother?"

"O kin of blood!—Thy life of use
And patient trust is more than mine;
And wiser than the gray recluse
This child of thine."

"For, taught of him whom God hath sent,
That toil is praise, and love is prayer,
I come, life's cares and pains content
With thee to share."

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
The hermit's better life began;
Its holiest saint the Thebaïd lost;
And found a man!

—Whittier.

Nothing Ventured, Nothing Won

OFTEN, when we start to go somewhere, and are deferred by unfavorable weather indications, we find that we made a mistake in not taking the risk and going on. The day clears up unexpectedly, and our fear of getting wet has robbed us of a pleasure.

It is the same in all life. If one waits until all the conditions are just right for his venture, he will never launch out. As the preacher says: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." And the writer of the Proverbs observes, with a fine scorn: "The slothful man saith, There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets."

There are risks that it is right to run. You may lose much; but if you have a man's heart in you, you probably will gain much. There is a wholesome note in the old English lines of Montrose:—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares to put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

—The Watchman.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

V — Saul Rejected

(October 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Sam. 13:5-14, and chapter 15.

MEMORY VERSE: "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to harken than the fat of rams." I Sam. 15:22.

When Saul was appointed king over Israel, the prophet Samuel said to him: "Thou shalt go down before me to Gilgal; and, behold, I will come down unto thee, to offer burnt offerings, and to sacrifice sacrifices of peace offerings: seven days shalt thou tarry till I come to thee, and show thee what thou shalt do."

Saul waited impatiently for the coming of Samuel. The people became discouraged. Some hid themselves in caves and thickets; others went away over Jordan, into the land of Gilead; while those who stayed with Saul were in fear and trembling.

When the seven days passed, and Samuel did not come at once, Saul did not wait longer, as God had told him to, that he might learn what he was to do. He tried to get back the people's confidence in him by an act of disobedience to God. The Lord had commanded that only the priests were to offer sacrifices for the people; but Saul took upon himself the work of a priest, in order to keep the people with him. It may be that God was testing the people also, letting the faint-hearted go away, that through the few faithful and courageous ones he could give Israel a great victory over the Philistines. If Saul had waited for the Lord, God certainly would have worked for him.

As soon as the sacrifice was offered, Samuel came. He was much troubled when he learned what Saul had done. He told him that if he had kept God's commandments, his kingdom would have been established; but now the Lord had chosen another man to rule over his people.

Yet God did not leave Saul. He sent the prophet to him once again with a message. Another command was given, to prove whether he would go in the Lord's way, and obey his voice. You remember that when Israel was in the wilderness, Amalek came and fought with them. It was during this battle that Moses stood on the hill with the rod of God in his hand until Israel prevailed. At that time God had declared; and told Moses to write in a book, that he would utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven. And now the message came to Saul: "Go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have."

But Saul, instead of obeying God's command, spared Agag the king of Amalek, and took him captive, to add to the glory of his victory. This was the custom among the nations. And he and the people also spared all the best of the sheep and cattle, destroying only what was not good. God told Samuel that Saul had again disobeyed his voice, and Samuel, who loved Saul dearly, prayed for him all night.

In the morning Saul met him with the words: "I have performed the commandment of the Lord." Samuel answered, "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" Saul put all the blame on the people, and excused them by saying that they had saved them to offer as a sacrifice to God. Samuel then told Saul what God had said about him. When he was little in his own sight, he had been made head over all the tribes of Israel; but when the Lord sent him on an errand, he had disobeyed his voice and taken the spoil for himself. Saul repeated the excuse that

the animals were for sacrifice, but Samuel said: "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to harken than the fat of rams." "Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king."

Saul did not see the greatness of his sin, and repent; and he did not want the people to know that God had given the kingdom to another, because they would then all rebel against him. When the prophet turned to leave him, he caught hold of his mantle, but it rent in his hand. And Samuel said, "The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine, that is better than thou." God says: "Them that honor me, I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Saul prayed Samuel not to leave him then, but to honor him before the people, so Samuel turned and went with him. Agag, whom Saul had spared, was slain by Samuel in obedience to the word of God. After this, Samuel came no more to see Saul, for God had no more messages for him.

Questions

1. At the time of Saul's anointing, where did Samuel promise to meet him? For what purpose was Samuel coming? How long was Saul to wait for him?
2. What did Saul do, because Samuel did not come directly the set time had passed? Tell why it was wrong for him to do this. Why was Saul in such haste to offer the sacrifice?
3. When Samuel came, what did he say to Saul? Why could not Saul's kingdom continue longer?
4. What did God afterward command Saul to do? What had God sworn about Amalek? Ex. 17:14-16. Why were the Amalekites to be blotted out?
5. In what did Saul disobey God? Why did he spare Agag? What only did they destroy?
6. How did Samuel learn of Saul's disobedience? How did he feel about it, and what did he do?
7. What did Saul declare that he had done? What question did Samuel ask? How did Saul excuse himself and the people?
8. What did Samuel answer to Saul's excuses? Does the Lord desire our sacrifices? What is the thing he wants? When only are our gifts pleasing to him?
9. How had Saul treated the word of the Lord? What had God therefore done?
10. Upon whom did Saul then throw the blame of his sin? What was he afraid of losing? What did he ask Samuel to do to prevent this?
11. What happened when Samuel turned from Saul? Of what was the rending of Samuel's mantle a sign?
12. What did Samuel do to prevent the people rebelling against Saul? What did the prophet say to Agag? What was then done to him?



V — Israel's Captivity

(October 31)

MEMORY VERSE: "Nevertheless he regarded their affliction, when he heard their cry: . . . he made them also to be pitied of all those that carried them captives." Ps. 106:44, 46.

Questions

1. What did the Lord tell Abraham would befall his seed before all the promises he had made would be fulfilled? Gen. 15:13.
2. What was to take place after four hundred years? Verse 14.
3. Did the Israelites go out of Egypt at the time to fulfil this promise? Ex. 12:41; note 1.

4. After the children of Israel entered the land of Canaan, how long did they serve the Lord? Judges 2:7.

5. What did they do after Joshua's death? Verses 11-13.

6. What was the experience of Israel when the protecting hand of the Lord was withdrawn? Verses 14, 15. See also Leviticus 26 and Deuteronomy 28 for the word of the Lord concerning this very thing.

7. Even though they had forsaken the Lord, what means did he provide to help them? Verse 16.

8. How did they regard the judges? Verses 17, 19.

9. How long were they ruled by judges, and who was the last one? Acts 13:20.

10. Near the close of Samuel's life what did the people demand? I Sam. 8:4, 5.

11. In their demand for a king whom were they rejecting? Verse 7.

12. In his compassion how did the Lord still seek to bring them back to him? 2 Chron. 36:15.

13. How did they treat these messengers? Verse 16.

14. How far did they go in this course? Last part, same verse.

15. When the Lord could no longer work for them in this way, what did he permit to come upon them? Verses 17-20.

16. Had they been warned that this thing would befall them? Jer. 25:11.

17. Even in his wrath what promise did the Lord make showing that he had not forsaken his people Israel? Jer. 29:10.

Notes

1. Not only did the children of Israel go out of Egypt in the very year that the Lord had said, but on the "selfsame day of the year." Ex. 12:41 (marginal date). "Like the stars in the vast circuit of their appointed path, God's purposes know no haste and no delay. Through the symbols of the great darkness and the smoking furnace, God had revealed to Abraham the bondage of Israel in Egypt, and had declared that the time of their sojourning should be four hundred years. 'Afterward' he said, 'shall they come out with great substance.' Against that word all the power of Pharaoh's proud empire battled in vain. 'On the selfsame day,' appointed in the divine promise, 'it came to pass that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt.'"
—*"Desire of Ages,"* page 35.

2. The Lord gave Israel opportunity after opportunity to do the work for which he had chosen them from among the nations of the earth. Had they heeded his counsel, they would have been a light to the nations among whom they were associated. But only a few were faithful. During the seventy years' captivity these few did what the whole nation had been set to do, but failed. God calls us to the same work. Over and over again he renews opportunities to us that had not been improved. But there is danger, as with Israel, that we shall neglect his providences for the last time, and be cut off without having finished the work he has intrusted to us, or having made our peace with him. Of a surety, "to-day," as in Israel's time, "is the day of salvation." "Now is the accepted time."

As we must spend time in cultivating our earthly friendships if we are to have their blessings, so we must spend time in cultivating the companionship of Christ.—*Henry Drummond.*

"LET Jesus open each day of service, each opportunity of ministry, each door into another soul, each new chamber of life and knowledge and opportunity; and remember that he who sets before us open doors is he who knows that we have but little strength."



October Fruits

We all agree that October is the month of ripeness, of fruits; but as to what a fruit really is, we are not equally positive.

Once when I was talking to some young folks in the schoolroom about autumn outdoor interests, I asked this question: "Who will tell me what fruit is?" A few hands were raised. One boy seemed especially eager to reply, so I asked him to give his definition. Promptly came the reply, "Things that grow on trees and bushes, and are good to eat." I confess I joined with teacher and pupils, and even the boy, too, in the laugh that followed, not so much at the wording of the definition as at the enthusiastic manner in which it was given.

The more I have recalled that boy and his definition, the more I have appreciated both. From his point of view and just what he had in mind, his definition was concise, complete, and most certainly very expressive.

But perhaps some of you young people, of a critical turn of mind, will maintain that the boy's definition was neither complete nor correct: that there are fruits that do not grow on trees or bushes, and that all fruits are not good to eat.

Well, if you will insist on taking a view of fruits wider than that which the boy had in mind, you probably will make it difficult for us to insist that the definition was just right. But we will get even with you. If you keep thinking and thinking of fruits that the boy did not have in mind, you will make it the more difficult for yourself to tell just what a fruit is. The more you advance from that boy's point of view, the more you know about plants and their products, the greater will be the difficulty.

Professor Coulter, a very learned botanist, says: "The term 'fruit' is a very indefinite one, so far as the structures it includes are concerned." He mentions as fruits such plant products as seeds of clematis, dandelion, wild carrot, burdock, nutmeg, maple seeds, etc. Not all of these are "good to eat!"

Professor Bergen tells us: "It is not easy to make a short and simple definition of what botanists mean by the term fruit. It has very little to do with the popular use of the word. Botanically speaking, the bur, beggar's-ticks, the three-cornered grain of buckwheat, or such true grains as wheat and oats, are as much fruits as is an apple or a peach."

Then as to the edible parts. Do we eat the seeds or the parts around the seeds? Perhaps our boy, thinking only of the apple or pear, would at once claim the thing around the seeds. You, thinking a little wider, of the nuts, would say the seeds, and not the thing (bur or husks) around them.

Then, perhaps, some thoughtful girl might say, "There is one fruit that I like of which I eat neither the seeds nor the thing around it, but the thing that holds up the seeds." You see, she is thinking of the strawberry, of which the edible part is what the botanist would call "an enlarged pulpy receptacle," on the surface of which are the tiny seeds—the real fruit.

Then some one, trying to surpass all the rest, tries, conundrum-like, to make us guess a fruit of which "we eat not the seed, nor the thing around it, nor what holds it up." The wild grape seems to fit that definition, for the juice is the only part that tempts us.

In this broad view of the word fruit—so extensive, as we have seen, that the botanist has difficulty in defining it—what a variety there is in uses, sizes, forms, and color! This variety,

with the variegated colors of the foliage, in its ripeness and in its tints by Jack Frost is, I suppose, what suggested to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher the name "the picture month" for October.

Perhaps that boy, in his impulsiveness, defined better than he was aware of. Is not the fruitage of the year, to the naturalist, the things on the trees and other plant life that are good to "eat," with our mental as well as with our physical appetite? Certainly all is highly and deliciously seasoned with the October sunshine.—*St. Nicholas*.

An Insect Thermometer

ON an autumn evening, when the crickets are out enjoying life too, it is very interesting to be able to tell the temperature of the air by the number of chirps the cricket makes each minute.

It seems that the rate of chirps is affected by the temperature, and the exact relation of the temperature to the number of chirps has been estimated. With a little care in counting, one soon becomes expert enough to tell the temperature within one or two degrees Fahrenheit.

One meets with many discouragements at first as he tries hard to count every chirp: the cricket stops before the minute is up; other insects' notes drown out the cricket's; the noise of passing vehicles, etc., are very apt to interrupt at the critical moment of counting. But a little patience will easily overcome such difficulties.

When one has the average number of chirps a minute, take one fourth of that number, and add forty to that; the result will be the temperature within a degree or two of the actual temperature as read from a thermometer hung out of doors.

Another experiment is to capture a cricket, and take him into the house and see how much faster he chirps when he is warm.

To count the chirps a minute, taking one fourth of that number and adding forty to it may seem a little complicated—but it is really very simple, and is like the game, "Think of a number, and double it," put to an interesting purpose.—*Selected*.

Filling in the Chinks

"OH, I just fill in the chinks." The girl laughed as she said it, but her mother added, quickly: "The chinks are everything. You haven't the slightest idea what a help she is, and what a load it lifts from my shoulders, this 'filling in of the chinks,' as she calls it."

The busy woman spoke warmly as she smiled happily at her daughter.

"You see, when she left school, there didn't seem to be anything definite for her to do. Her father and I wanted her at home, for a while at least, before she undertook to go out into the world."

"Our one servant does all the heavy work, and I am kept pretty busy with the children, and so she looked round and noticed the little things that should be done to keep a home neat and orderly, and which a servant never does, and I have very little time for. The left-overs, I always called them—oh, but it is such a comfort to have them done!"

"And what are they?" I asked of the girl, as she sat pulling out the edges of a lace mat, and making it look fresh and fluffy.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "There are so many of them, and such little things, you know."

She spoke almost apologetically.

"Let me see. Well, I began in the drawing-room, of course. All girls do at first. There were some little silver vases that were seldom polished. I kept those bright, and the silver on the afternoon tea-table. You have no idea how much it tarnishes. And the little cups always

dusted, and the doilies fresh and clean, and the tidies also. Really, that is a work by itself, and mother never used to have time. Then the picture molding. The brass hooks that hold the picture cords were never dusted. I keep those clean."

"Then in the bedrooms. I look out that there are fresh towels, and that the toilet tidies are not jammed full. It is funny the way I found them packed when I first began. I keep the soap dishes clean, and put fresh soap where it is needed, and keep dusters in their bags, and waste-baskets emptied. Oh, yes, and buttons sewed on the shoes. I believe I sewed on a half-dozen every day."

"I go over the house daily, in the morning, directly after the children are sent to school."

"I begin by picking up the things they have dropped, and putting them in their proper places."

"Then I go into the library, sharpen the pencils that need it; fill the ink-well; see that the pens in the penholders are good, the blotting pad not too old, the waste-basket empty; and then I go through the other rooms, and I always find something to be done, something aside from the regular work of cleaning up, sweeping, or bed-making; these the servant does."

"You see, I only do the little things that get left for the general cleaning, or are neglected altogether. It is very pleasant, and helps—at least mother says that it does."

"Yes," said the mother, "and no one else knows what a difference it makes to have those chinks filled."—*Good Housekeeping*.

Make Every Day Count

THE one who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the one who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a program, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow it up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the result.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something; that you will not allow callers to fritter away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions, and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

Make every day of your life count for something; make it tell in the grand results, not merely as an added day, but as an added day with something worthy achieved.—*Selected*.

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