

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Sing a song of hope to-day —  
Many will be glad to hear;  
Sing a song of fragrant May  
While December's storms draw near.

Sing a song of cheer, and sing  
Of the vanished joys of June;  
Apple blooms and roses bring  
With the sweet notes of thy tune.

Sing a gladsome song, and let  
Pleasant fancies of the spring —  
Moss and fern and violet —  
Be the theme of what you sing.

Sing a song, and let each heart  
Catch the burden of the strain,—  
Joys that are of life a part  
In the future dwell again.

After summer days have flown,  
Winter comes, with chilling breath.  
But the flowers have always known  
Resurrection after death.



## The Origin of Railways

To the man of business who now boards the railway train, and speeds on a journey at the rate of fifty miles an hour the loss of this mode of rapid transit would be very deeply felt. But more than this, were the present facilities for quick journeys to be removed, all the wheels of industry must needs be turned more slowly, for the want of means with which to distribute its products. In fact, everything would assume the aspect of a century ago, before modern inventions had quickened the pulses of all the nations.

It was the demand for increased facilities for the transportation of life's commodities, that gave the first weak impulse to what is now the modern express train. One short article does not afford enough space in which to trace the growth, step by step, of this modern world-power; but we may be able to locate its birth, and some of the steps in its growth.

Early records reveal that as far back as the year 1800, one Richard Trevithick, of Cornwall, England, in conjunction with his cousin, Andrew Vivian, constructed a primitive steam-wagon, which actually rolled its way from Cornwall to Plymouth. The astonishment it created along the road is thus described in the *North American Review* of an early day:—

"As it was proceeding along the high-road at the top of its speed, Vivian, who saw a toll-gate

ahead, called to Trevithick to shut off steam. He at once did so, but the momentum was so great that the machine did not stop until it came just to the gate, which was opened at a rapid rate by the keeper. 'What has us got to pay 'ere?' asked Vivian. The poor toll-keeper, trembling in every limb, his teeth chattering in his head with fright, essayed a reply: 'Na-na!' 'What has us got to pay, I say?' 'No-noth-nothing to pay! Oh, do drive on as fast as you can! Nothing to pay.'" The men with their strange conveyance had been mistaken for imps from the lower regions.

"The first tramway," says Joseph Hatton, the biographer of George Stephenson, "was made in 1800 by Benjamin Outram, a native of Derbyshire, who used stone props instead of timber in supporting the junctions of the rails." These were known as "Outram roads," which name was afterward corrupted to tram-roads. The "Encyclopedia Britannica," speaking of this, says that the flanges of the rails used in the construction of these roads were in reality *trammels* to gage the road, and confine the wheels to the track. Some have supposed that from this fact came the name "tramway."

Emboldened by his success in building the road-carriage in 1800, Trevithick made a locomotive in 1804, and another seven years later. But so awkward were these, with their several cog-wheel-gears, that neither of them proved successful. A few years later, a man named Blackett built a locomotive which was called "Puffing Billy." So near was this to being a success, that it worked continuously for forty-nine years, and is now one of the curiosities of the Patents Museum in South Kensington, London.

### A New Genius

But the perfection of the steam locomotive was reserved to a genius of the next generation. George Stephenson was born in the village of Wylam, about eight miles from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 9, 1781. When old enough for such work, he became assistant fireman to his father, who tended the engine that hoisted coal from the mines. At this kind of work he labored until eighteen years of age, without learning so much as the alphabet. He then began attendance at a night school, and made rapid progress, not only in the elementary branches, but in the study of mechanics as well.

He was just the sort of young man to deserve promotion by his employers. He therefore advanced from one post to another until he became superintendent engineer of a new coal pit, opened at Killingworth by Lord Ravenworth and others. In this position he oversaw the erection of all the machinery, and gave his employers evidence of his high power as an inventor. While engaged for this firm, Stephenson built an engine for drawing the loaded coal wagons from the mine. This engine was named "My Lord," in honor of his employer, and on July 25, 1814, made its first run on the Killingworth railway.

This engine was by no means satisfactory to the inventor, but it brought him recognition from prominent business men. He was, in consequence, invited by the proprietors of Hetton Colliery to superintend for them the building of an eight-mile railroad, on which to transport the

coal from their mine. Five locomotives were finished for this firm by November, 1822, each of which was made to draw seventeen wagons of coal, or about sixty-four tons.

The spirit of railway building, in the meantime, became very strong, and a wealthy man named Edward Pease projected a railway for the mineral area between Darlington and Stockton-on-Tees. The total length of this road, including branches, was to be forty miles. Hearing of this, Mr. Stephenson called on Mr. Pease, and so strongly impressed him with his ideas of the advantage of steam power over horse traction for such an enterprise that Mr. Pease went to Killingworth to inspect the work done by steam motor on the Killingworth railway.

### Twelve Miles an Hour

The result was that Mr. Stephenson was employed to take the oversight of the construction of the line, and the building of engines and cars with which to equip it. The work was begun May 23, 1822, and on September 27, 1825, the railway was open to traffic. Notwithstanding that twelve miles an hour was the maximum speed attained on this road, all concerned were greatly pleased with the enterprise, and Stephenson ventured to express the sentiment that the time would come when it would be more economical for a working man to travel by rail than to walk.

Soon after the opening of the Stockton road, a movement was set on foot to construct a line from Liverpool to Manchester. But this was carrying matters too far in the estimation of some, especially those who were interested in canal property. Orators depicted the ruin to follow in the wake of such madness. The engines would create such a poisonous atmosphere as to make barren beautiful landscapes; birds of the air would fall dead amid its foulness. The project was brought before Parliament, and Stephenson was called before the committee having the bill in charge. All sorts of silly questions were asked him, regarding the possibility of a road being constructed to stand the momentum of a loaded train moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Other points just as stupid were discussed, and after it all, the witness was called an ignoramus, destitute of all scientific knowledge. The project was termed "the most absurd scheme that ever entered the head of man." After a two months' battle, the bill was crushed. But Stephenson was not the man to be disheartened. So, after slightly amending the bill, it was again brought before Parliament, and passed.

### The First Passenger Train

Long and hard did the great inventor labor to overcome the difficulties met in constructing the road. Four miles of a jelly-like peat bog, called Chat Moss, had to be crossed, and this required skill, patience, and money. A very deep cutting through solid stone had to be made, and, worst of all, discouraging sentiment had to be held down. But the genius of Stephenson triumphed, and the road was opened for business, September 16, 1830. The first train carried one hundred and forty passengers, and made the journey between Liverpool and Manchester in two hours. As high as twenty-seven miles an hour was made in the



early days of that first passenger railway, which proved to be but the dawning of modern railroad speed.

Many American railroads, it is true, are giants beside that enterprise which established the fame of George Stephenson. One can now travel from New York to San Francisco, nearly four thousand miles, in about ninety hours. Most of the long distance between Peking, China, and St. Petersburg, in Russia, can also be covered in railway train; and when the Bering Straits shall have been tunneled, a thing not impossible, one may journey all the way from New York, westward, to London. Great, indeed, are the possibilities of science!

J. O. CORLISS.

London, England.

#### Prayer

DID you enter your closet this morning,  
Ere you met with the world and its snares?  
Did you ask that the hand of the Saviour  
Might aid in your duties and cares?  
Did you plead for his grace to sustain you?  
Did you humbly and lovingly pray?  
Do you feel that the smile of the Master  
Has rested upon you all day?

Do you feel that the Saviour accepts you?  
That your heart and your motives are pure?  
That God's Holy Spirit protects you?  
That your heavenly home is secure?  
Are you faithful in crosses and trials?  
Do you honor the Lord with your breath,—  
With a faith that will take no denial,  
With a love that is stronger than death?

O, the peace that is deep as a river!  
O, the joy that is pure as the day!  
O, the hope that abideth forever!  
With rapture we sing and we pray.  
O let us be faithful, my brother,  
Be joyful in toil or in pain;  
For the One, dearer far than all other,  
Will soon in the clouds come again.

Not long shall we toil in the desert,  
Not long shall we bend 'neath the cross;  
For soon shall our trials be ended,  
And we receive gain for each loss.  
The closet gives entrance to Beulah;  
We commune with our Advocate there;  
We enter the Highest; for truly  
We ascend by the Mountain of Prayer.  
L. D. SANTEE.

#### End, and No End

ALL things on this earth are transitory, and soon to pass away. No sooner have we by weary toil and anxious care secured the ephemeral things about us than they are gone. What seems like gold is found to be but an empty bauble. The "things which are seen are temporal." "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

Marble slabs in the cemeteries mark the resting-places of those who a few years ago lived and moved upon this earth as we do, and conducted the affairs of nations. Xerxes is said to have sat down and wept as he looked upon his vast army, when he remembered that in a hundred years not one of them would be living. Proud nations have perished and lie in the tomb of time: they live only in history. "Nevertheless man being in honor abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish." "At best, life is not very long; a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, happy greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injurer and injured will pass away together. Is it worth while to hate?"

The Saviour tells us that this world will have an end. "As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world." Then will the wicked be swept with the besom of destruction from the face of the earth, and a life of bliss and happiness begin for the righteous.

But while we view the decay of things about us, and think of the time when the Stone cut out without hand will break in pieces nations,—the proud and stately,—our hearts rejoice that there is in heaven an "enduring substance." Heb. 10: 34. There is a kingdom of which it is declared that "there shall be no end" (Luke 1: 33), and that "it shall stand forever." Dan. 2: 44. It is an "everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." The things which are not seen are eternal; there is a kingdom which "can not be moved." "And 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."

It is to the enduring heavens that the Lord directs us to behold the imperishable things prepared for the righteous. Like the stars forever and ever! O blessed thought! O happy day! may it soon dawn! Here all things earthly gather the mold of age and the odor of decay. But the stars are not marked with the decrepitude of age; they shine with the same luster as on the morning when God spoke order from chaos, and the morning stars sang with triumphant joy. The stars we behold are the same that Adam gazed upon from his paradise home, and Abraham beheld from the plains of Shinar. To these same heavenly orbs have pagans in every clime burned incense from the mountain-tops. There they stand, fixed, eternal, imperishable, a prophecy of eternity, an emblem of the unending, unfading, dimless glory prepared for the overcomer, and of the crown which will never fade, of joys and pleasures forevermore. No eye has ever seen it, no tongue has ever described it, no heart has ever formed a true conception of it. Like the stars forever and ever! Have you by faith laid hold of these eternal riches? Have you started for the city of gold? If not, let not another day mark its flight ere you turn your face toward Zion, and know that you are an heir to all that God has made.

G. B. THOMPSON.

#### The Absent-Minded Beggar

BETWEEN nine and ten o'clock the other morning a man had the following experiences:—

He received a letter from an acquaintance about a rather important business matter—but the letter had been misdirected, and the delay cost him a considerable sum of money.

Two papers were delivered from a near-by news-stand—but they were not of the dates he had ordered.

His butler told him that a Mr. Wilson wished to see him, and as he did not wish to see the only Mr. Wilson he remembered knowing, he told the butler to send Mr. Wilson away—but he afterward learned that by failing to see his caller he had missed something greatly to his advantage, and that the name given to his butler was not Wilson but Winston.

He had asked for boiled eggs for breakfast, and he got an omelette.

A suit of clothes arrived—and the tailor had cut the trousers three inches too short.

He himself sent off a note—and addressed it to the wrong number and the wrong street.

This is a slightly exaggerated picture of what is happening to everybody everywhere all the time. Wherever there are human beings, there you will find a very large part—often more than half—of the routine of life taken up with making wholly avoidable mistakes and correcting them. And in this state of affairs lies another answer to the ever-recurring question, Why do some men get on so much better than others who seem to have just as good minds?

Why?—Because the men who get on have the power of giving attention, while the other men have not.

The power of giving attention is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, powers of the human mind—next, of course, to the fundamental fac-

ulties which enable a man to be called sane. He who possesses it will outstrip any man, no matter how clever, who has it not. The lack of it explains almost all failures; the possession of it is the principal part of almost all—perhaps all—successes. Yet it is one of the humble faculties,—one that can be easily and quickly cultivated in almost any child.

It simply means to read carefully each and every report that is brought to one by his senses. If you are looking, see what your eyes reveal; if you are hearing, listen to what your ears relate; if you are feeling, tasting, smelling, give whichever it is the courtesy of your attention. Most people can remember—if they attend. The trouble is lack of attention.

Robert Houdin, probably the greatest prestidigitator of modern times, won a reputation for practising the black art by cultivating this power. He became so expert at seeing what his eyes saw that from a glimpse into a crowded show window as he walked along the street he could name two thirds of the articles in it. J. Pierpont Morgan has cultivated this power to such an extent that by glancing from page to page of a complex report he can lay his finger on the weak spot in the property which the report describes—or in the report itself. But illustrations and instances are innumerable. Every biography, every history, is crowded with them. Every work of constructive genius in finance, commerce, politics, or art, is an illustration and an instance—and so is every well-ordered life, every well-kept shop, every competent servant.

To realize this power test yourself—or better still, your friend—for when one tests one's self, vanity and self-excuse usually prevent results of much value. Begin an important statement or a promising story; let something interrupt you; note whether your friend, who ought to have been, and probably was, interested, goes back to the point before the interruption and asks for the rest. Question him on some exciting story in the current news, and see how far wrong he has read the newspaper reports of it—which he is probably denouncing for inaccuracy. Test him on large matters and small; and when you shall have done, you will probably know why he is succeeding or failing in life.

No one is too old to begin to give attention, but the best time is in youth, in childhood. Not a school day should pass without the teacher cultivating this power in her pupils' minds by asking them to tell or write out what they saw on the way to school, or something of the kind. And no parent who wishes to do his or her duty by the children should neglect to develop and to encourage this power of accuracy and quickness in reading the reports of the senses.

There are, beyond question, large differences between various human minds in strength and capacity. But the greater part of the width of the gap between bright and stupid is not in the height of the bright above the normal, but in the depth of the stupid below it. Some day we may learn that mental sluggishness is as curable as physical sluggishness—if taken in time and treated intelligently.

And every man who habitually makes a multitude of mistakes of carelessness began his career of alternate catastrophe when, a boy, he only saw half what was put before his eyes, only half heard what was put into his ears.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"As goldsmiths sweep up the very dust of their shops, that no filings of the precious metal may be lost, so does the Christian man, when filled with the Spirit, use his brief intervals. It is wonderful what may be done in odd minutes. Little spaces of time may be made to yield a great harvest of usefulness, and a rich revenue of glory to God! May we be filled with the Spirit in that respect!"





# THE HOME CIRCLE

## Laughing in the Rain



NY one can happy be  
When the sky is blue;  
Songs come easy when the sun  
Warms us through and  
through;  
But a shower, every time,  
Drowns the sweet refrain,  
And a face is seldom seen  
Laughing in the rain.

Any one can gaily smile  
When the heart is light;  
Any one can work and laugh  
When the way is bright;  
But a smile is far more fair  
Born in grief and pain,  
And the bravest heart is found  
Laughing in the rain.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

## Mother's Vacation

THE Osbornes were in the sitting-room when Jill — whose name was Therese — came dancing in. She flung a strapful of text-books in one corner, threw her hat in another, and cast herself on her own pet rocker in the sunset window.

"I'm free!" she announced. "Free! F-r-e-e! Two glorious, golden months to let myself go — never once to have to remember that I am a prim teacher with an inconvenient dignity to keep up. I mean to have the very loveliest vacation of my life this year."

"Two months! Lucky you!" groaned Larry, enviously, from his nest of pillows. "Two weeks are all I'll get — and that in the broiling days of August. But I'm going to cram as much fun into them as you'll spread over your eight, Jill."

"It seems to me that we're all looking forward to a very festive time this summer," said Fred. "Here's reckless Jill going to the seaside with half a dozen old high-school chums, and sober, sedate Sis is betaking herself to the mountains, while Larry and I, if we're lucky enough to get our vacation together, are going camping up river. It makes me young again to think of it."

In the laugh that followed, the doorbell rang. Cecil went out, and brought Miss Woodruff in. It could not be said that the Osbornes were frantically glad to see her. Miss Woodruff had a habit of saying caustic things without any apparent provocation, that put you out of conceit with yourself. This might be wholesome, but it did not make for popularity. A special antipathy existed between Miss Woodruff and Jill.

"She is always trying to reform me," the latter young person was wont to declare. "Now, I may need reforming, but I don't like it. Nobody does. When Miss Woodruff puts a whole sermon, text, comment, and all, into six words, and hurls it at me, I want to go out at once and do something desperately wicked — throw stones at the family cat, or whistle on the street." A general wave of straightening up passed over the room as Miss Woodruff entered. The Osborne family pulled itself together. Jill sat up stiffly and folded her long brown hands. Larry deserted his lounging posture on the sofa for a chair, and Fred took his hands out of his pockets. Cecil, as she sat carefully down, smothered a smile at the change which had come over them.

"Is your mother home?" asked Miss Woodruff.

Larry afterward declared that her tone made him feel that if his mother were not at home, he, and he alone, was responsible for the terrible fact. But it was Cecil who answered.

"No, Miss Woodruff. She went down to the Baker road this evening to take some jelly to

old Mrs. Trent. She is very ill, you know."

"Yes, I know. Your mother'll be ill herself if she goes walking down there on these hot nights. She's not looking well. Why didn't some of you take it?"

Cecil flushed scarlet.

"There was nobody home at the time except myself, and I was busy cooking."

"As meek as Moses," said Jill, fiercely, afterward. "And poor Cecil had agonized all the morning in the heat, making that jelly! Cecil is too good for this earth. I have to say it of her, if she is my sister."

"Well, I merely called to see her about her contribution to the flannel fund," said Miss Woodruff. "I can drop in again. Very warm weather, isn't it? I suppose your school is closed, Therese. Are you going anywhere for your vacation?"

"Oh, yes," said Jill. "We're all planning a nice time. I am going to spend the summer with friends at a little seashore place, and Cecil has been invited to go to the mountains with Cousin Fedora. The boys are going camping with a number of their chums."

"There," added Jill, under her breath, "I don't believe there's anything in that she can find fault with. I'll defy her to find a grammatical error or a slang phrase in it."

"Humph!" said Miss Woodruff. "And where's your mother going for her vacation?"

A dead silence followed this pointed question. Everybody waited for somebody else to answer it. In the end, Jill stepped lamely in the breach: "Why — why — mother isn't going anywhere, I suppose. She can't be spared from home very well. Somebody has to keep house, you see."

"I see." Miss Woodruff rose to go, with an acrid smile. "Of course, mothers never need vacations. They're warranted not to wear out. I don't think I'll wait any longer. Good evening."

"She gets on my nerves," sighed Jill, as the door closed behind her.

Nobody answered. Fred had his hands back in his pockets, and was whistling moodily. Larry had flung himself face downward on his beloved cushions, and was beating a tattoo on the floor with the toes of his boots. Cecil was standing at the window, looking down the street, after Miss Woodruff. Nothing more was said about vacation that evening.

The Osbornes were not afflicted with a surplus of worldly wealth. Their father had died five years before this, and for a time they had had a hard enough struggle. It was easier now, for Jill was teaching school, and the boys had obtained good situations, Larry in the bank and Fred in an insurance office. Still, there was not a large margin for luxuries. They economized through the year for the sake of their vacations, and generally managed to "get the worth of their money," as Larry said.

At the breakfast table next morning, Cecil had a private, uncomfortable suspicion that her mother had been crying in the night. Her eyes looked like it. To be sure, she seemed as bright and cheerful as ever, entering whole-heartedly into the vacation plans the boys were making, and discussing Jill's new dresses with her. But Cecil felt sure that her suspicion was correct.

Later on in the forenoon, as she was passing through her mother's room, she picked up an open letter from the floor, and laid it on the table. As she did so, her eyes fell on a paragraph, and she could not avoid taking in the sense of it.

"Can't you come home for a visit this summer,

Emily?" it ran, in Aunt Alice's large handwriting. "We have not seen you for fifteen years. Now that the children have grown up —"

Cecil went out with flushed cheeks. This accounted for the look on her mother's face that morning. She was very thoughtful and abstracted all day. Jill, whom she was helping to sew, declared her fingers were all thumbs.

"Our usual positions were reversed to-day in a fashion positively uncanny," Jill said, when the time came for their accustomed sunset conclave. "I had to watch Sis all the time to keep her from making mistakes. Look at her now! In a dark-brown study! She doesn't hear a word I say. Well, b'ys dear, as Mrs. O'Flynn says, let's build some more vacation castles in the air."

"Before you do," said Cecil, coming out of her reverie with a suddenness that made everybody jump, "I have a proposition to make to you all — to you, Therese Osborne, better known as Jill; to you, Lawrence Osborne, alias Larry; and to you, Frederick Osborne, commonly called Fred. It's this — let us give up our vacations, at least so far as going away is concerned, and send mother down East for the summer."

An eloquent silence followed, broken only by a whistle from Larry.

"You see," went on Cecil, after a pause, "what Miss Woodruff said yesterday set me to thinking. Mother doesn't look well. She's pale and tired, although she never complains. Last night she had a letter from Aunt Alice, wanting her to go home this summer. Mother hasn't been home for fifteen years. She cried over it — I know she did — and I know she'd love to go. Jill, for pity sake, shut your eyes for just a minute. You haven't winked once since I began."

"I was thinking," said Jill. "It's a hard process for me, you know. If you back out of the mountains now, Sis, Cousin Fedora will be offended. She'll never give you the chance again."

"It will not matter," said Cecil, bravely. None of them really knew how her heart had been set on that mountain trip. "If mother will go, I'll stay home and keep house, and the money that was to have gone into my clothes will go into hers. You will have to give up the seashore, Jill, and, boys, no camping out in company for you."

"I'll do it," said Larry, sturdily. "Sorry I didn't think of it first. I've fifty dollars, I'd saved up for my share in the campaign. It'll buy mother's ticket home."

"And my fifty will buy it back," said Fred. "We're with you, Sis."

They all looked at Jill. Jill glared back at them. Then she rose and walked three times round the room. She did not believe she could give up the seaside and her jolly plans. It was all very well for Cecil to talk. Cecil was free all the time, more or less. If she were cooped up in a dusty schoolroom the whole year round, she wouldn't be so unselfish. At the end of her third perambulation, Jill came back and sat down.

"It's wrenched every bone and sinew, but it's over," she announced, cheerfully. "My little hoard is in the forget-me-not jug in my room. It is at your disposal, Sis. As for my vacation, I'll take it at home. I'll help you keep house if I'm not more bother than I'm worth." Jill's housekeeping was not her strong point.

"The trouble will be to coax mother round," said Larry. "She's so strongly in the habit of effacing herself and giving everything to us that she'll not want to go."

"She'll go if we're only in earnest enough,"



said Cecil. "And not one of us must let her suspect by look or word that we're regretting our own plans."

"Do you hear that, boys?" said Jill. "Smile every one of you. Let's go straight to mother, and tell her this minute."—*L. M. Montgomery, in the Wellspring.*

### Softer than Spun Silk

THE hair of the musk-ox is much finer than silk, and considerably stronger than the strongest linen. Twisted into a small strand, two men may pull on it without being able to break it. The musk-ox is prodigally supplied with this hair, which often trails along the ground. In fact, it has an inner and an outer coat, like the American buffalo and the Cashmere goat. The outer coat of the musk-ox is very heavy, and is shed during the summer season.

The natives of its arctic habitat weave the silken threads of this animal into garments whose texture is finer and softer than the most delicate fabric known to commerce. The inhabitants in the extreme north of British America, on the Parry Archipelago and in the arctic regions of Alaska, where the musk-ox is found, will not for any price part with these beautiful garments. They are made exclusively for tribal chiefs and shamans. They regard the musk-ox as a sacred animal, and the robes made of its hair are reverently cherished.

It is possible that under the scientific auspices of the United States government the care and propagation of musk-ox herds for commercial purposes will occupy serious attention.

For many years scientific explorers and northern hunters have made attempts to secure live specimens, and on several occasions have succeeded in effecting a capture, but invariably the Indians accompanying the expedition have cut the throats of the oxen rather than allow them to be taken out alive. Their explanation was that the traditions of their people taught that if the musk-ox were taken out alive from that region, all the other animals would die or migrate, leaving the inhabitants to perish of hunger. They believe that the odor of musk emitted by these animals is an incense offered to the gods of Wind and Snow, and that it alone insures protection to man and beast in those northern wastes.

The killing of the musk-ox they do not regard with equal disfavor, as that act they look upon as a votive offering. The one musk-ox now in this country was secured by the captain of a whaler, and he was permitted to take it out of the arctic country only upon assuring the Indians that he wanted the animal for its skin, and that it would be duly dispatched. If the natives learn that they have been deceived, and that their sacred ox is now on exhibition, they will doubtless redouble their vigilance in safeguarding the species against exportation.

It is not the wish of the government scientists to deal treacherously with the crude peoples of the far North in this matter, but as the musk-ox roams over vast regions, it will be a comparatively easy matter for the government, going about it methodically in a large way, to secure a herd, and arrange either to control it in the latitudes of its natural habitat, or to export chosen specimens without running counter to the superstitions of the arctic tribes.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A DANDELION reared its yellow head above the lawn. "Look at me!" it boasted. "See what a lovely blonde I am!" Day after day this dandelion reveled in its own beauty, and there was none to dispute its claim. But one morning it found that its petals had dropped off, and its head was round and white. "Well," it said, "I am taller and more beautiful than ever, and my lovely white hair is quite in the fashion!" But a rude boy came along, stooped down, and blew its lovely head clean off. Some people, my dears, are spoiled by puffing.—*Selected.*



### The True Teacher

THOU must be true thyself  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow if thou  
Another soul wouldst reach.  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### The Elements of a Great Reformation

#### Power to Discern Truth from Error

#### Scripture Lesson:—

Let the Bible Study follow closely the line of thought introduced last week by the words, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." One of the "gifts of the Spirit" is the "discerning of spirits." This gift is always needed in the church, but it is most needed when the deception originates within one's own family, or church, among those whom he has respected and loved. Study with care, and apply to your own experience, the following examples:—

The gift. 1 Cor. 12:8-10.

Cain and Abel. Gen. 4:3-5.

Nadab and Abihu. Lev. 10:1, 2, 9, 10.

An attempted revolution in Israel. A great test for the people. Numbers, chapter 16.

#### Parallel Reading:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter Ten.

#### To the Leader

Let the study this week be conducted by only one person,—the best one you can select,—one who will see clearly the great truth pointed out by these scriptures. This lesson is timely. It should be presented by one who will be quick to recognize this fact. A strong, clear major note should be struck in your meeting. This is no time for *flats* and *minors*.

It may be well for the one who presents the Bible Lesson to call for the reading of some of the strong passages in Chapter Ten of "Great Controversy," which have a positive bearing upon this topic. A few such paragraphs are quoted in the lesson notes.

#### Lesson Notes

Discernment! What a scope for study, and thought, and prayer! Our hope of life hangs upon that gift. The Spirit gives it as our guiding helm, in navigating a restless sea.

The Spirit trains our senses, if we accept him as our teacher, that we may discern good from evil. Our *ears* must be in tune, and sensitive to the first low accents of sin, and recognize them as out of harmony with God; our *eyes* must see the foe afar off, that the warning may be given. We may *taste* the poison in the cup that Satan offers; we may *smell* the battle from afar; and when the evil thing is insinuated with such a subtle approach as to evade all the other senses, we may *feel* it lurking near us, and sound the warning cry in season. Then let the Spirit do its work, that our own souls may be well guarded, and that we may become qualified as watchmen.

Discernment is always needed; but we need

it most when deception comes from unexpected sources. We have been guarded against the evil designs of the beast and his image; we watch every movement of the National Reform Association; and we have confidently expected attacks from such great sources. But are we expected to discern the foe when he comes as an "angel of light" through the medium of those dear to us by the ties of home or church relationship?

Luther could nail his theses to the church door at Wittenberg; he could burn the pope's bull; he could meet the combined power of the church and the state at Worms; but when Satan attacked the Reformation in the person of those who professed to be its supporters, under the guise of trying to promote it, he succeeded, as Luther said, in "bringing it to the verge of ruin;" and with redoubled power, the enemy brought upon Luther that "agony of soul which he had so long before experienced at Erfurt."

"Luther at the Wartburg, hearing of what had occurred, said, with deep concern, 'I always expected Satan would send us this plague.' He perceived the true character of these pretended prophets, and saw the danger that threatened the cause of truth. The opposition of the pope and the emperor had not caused him so great perplexity and distress as he now experienced. From the professed friends of the Reformation had risen its worst enemies."

"Thomas Munzer, the most active of the fanatics, was a man of considerable ability, which, rightly directed, would have enabled him to do good; but he had not learned the first principle of the true religion. He imagined himself ordained to reform the world, forgetting, like many other enthusiasts, that the reform should begin with himself. He was ambitious to obtain position and influence, and was unwilling to be second, even to Luther. He declared that the Reformers, in substituting the authority of the Scriptures for that of the pope, were only establishing a different form of popery."

"The fanatical party, by falsely claiming to have been treated with great injustice, succeeded in gaining the sympathies of a large class of the people, and, as is often the case with those who take the wrong side, they came to be regarded as martyrs. Thus the ones who were exerting every energy in opposition to the Reformation were pitied and lauded as the victims of cruelty and oppression. This was the work of Satan, prompted by the same spirit of rebellion which was first manifested in heaven."

"Satan is constantly seeking to deceive men, and lead them to call sin righteousness, and righteousness sin. How successful has been his work! How often censure and reproach are cast upon God's faithful servants because they will stand fearlessly in defense of the truth! Men who are but agents of Satan are praised and flattered, and even looked upon as martyrs; while those who should be respected and sustained for their fidelity to God, are left to stand alone, under suspicion and distrust." E. R. P.

HAPPINESS is a small matter. It is a mere incident in life. It largely depends, as the word itself suggests, on what *happens* to a man in his course of duty or of service. It may affect his feelings hour by hour, but it is no measure of his character or real being. Joy, or blessedness, is, however, more of a matter than is happiness. Our fellow man may affect our happiness. God gives us joy. Blessedness is God's crowning gift. By being near to God we can have joy and find blessedness, whether happiness is ours or not. Therefore let us pray God for joy and blessedness.—*S. S. Times.*



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## Furry Coat

FURRY COAT lived in a big hollow tree,  
As happy as little boy squirrel could be;  
All the long day he had nothing to do  
But frolic, eat nuts, and chatter at you.

"If boys or men see you, with their dog or gun,  
There'll soon be an ending to all your fine fun.  
Don't you go far away, stay here near the tree"—  
So Mama Squirrel cautioned; "let well enough  
be."

"To the garden beyond be sure you don't go;  
'Neath the shrubs lies a kitty; she's crouching  
down low.

She knows in your mother she has her full match,  
But some silly youngster she surely will catch."

So off went the mother for her bleak winter's  
store;

She could seem to see snow-drifts piled high at  
her door.

And soon she had passed out of sight of the tree,  
Leaving Furry Coat dancing and prancing with  
glee.

"Mother's all well enough in her old-fashioned  
way,

But it's too dull for me by this old  
tree to stay.

I don't care for the man, nor the dog,  
nor the gun;

What's the use of one's living if he  
can't have some fun?"

So Furry Coat blinked, and raised his  
fine tail,  
And scampered off down the old hick-  
ory rail.

"It's plainly all nonsense about that  
big cat,  
And I'll show my mother that I don't  
care *that!*"

So saying, he tossed an old shell to  
the breeze,

And jumped to the garden by way of  
the trees.

He patted himself on his back as he  
passed,—

But alas! his fine tail was soon float-  
ing half-mast.

The cat pounced a pounce that was  
sure as could be.

Alas, little Furry Coat! O, where  
was he?

The old cat is smiling, and is warm  
without doubt,—

She has fur on the inside, and fur on  
the out!

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

## The Day the Boys Lost Their Hearing

PETER was splitting wood in the Duncan's back yard,— old Peter, with his dull, stupid ways. At least Frank and Bennie thought him dull—he was so very deaf, and could only hear by their shouting. Frank and Bennie finally left off trying to talk to him, and sat down to concoct a plan to stir him up.

"Let's steal up behind him when he is not looking, and jump on his back!"

"Let's make a great noise all of a sudden, with our pipes and drums and tin whistles that we play Fourth of July with. My! but won't Peter jump!"

But just then their mother called from the room within. Had she heard them? What would she think?

Very soberly they listened while she told how

Peter had lived a dull, lonely life for so many years because scarlet fever, when he was a little boy, had made him deaf; and that one ought to be pitiful and extra good to deaf people just as much as to blind ones.

"But," said Bennie, "I've tried being blind. Don't you remember when that blind man was at our gate, and I gave him ten cents out of my very own bank? I shut my eyes for five minutes, just to see how blind would seem. Frank watched the clock while I kept them shut, and it seemed like all day in the pitch dark. But of course being deaf, when you can see—why, how could it be so very bad?"

"How would you like to find out just how it goes?" said Mrs. Duncan.

"Why, jolly!" said Ben.

"I wouldn't mind," said Frank. "It couldn't hurt much, when a fellow can jump and play all he likes, and go everywhere and see everything."

"Very well. But, if you try the plan, you must stick to it faithfully until four o'clock," said their mother.

wore out, or their lungs did, and they began to talk by writing on paper. But that was so slow, and made a fellow have to spell so much. "Wish we knew the deaf and dumb finger way," wrote Ben.

Frank thought a minute, and then his beckoning forefinger said, "Come on." They found the big cyclopedia and the mutes' finger alphabet, and at that they worked for nearly an hour. But it was so stupid to just grin at mistakes without ever hearing the other laugh! Then games were tried, but it was dull to be in such silence. No rustle of wind or trees, no twitter of birds or cheep of chickens, no sound of wagons or footsteps of people going by, no voice of mama or Bessie, or even of Norah in the kitchen at her work. It made a fellow feel dreadfully alone. Even the clock did not tick or strike any more, and it seemed somehow to go very slowly. They found themselves sitting on the steps again, watching Peter, and wondering if all his days were as dull as this of theirs.

Cousin Susie came in on an errand, and shouted

herself tired trying to make the boys understand what she came for. The others visited and laughed, and how the deaf boys did strain their ears to hear a little! It was no use trying to put in a word when they did not know how to make it fit. They could catch just enough to make it very aggravating, and they began to feel like dreadful little nobodies.

They were both asleep in the hammock when their father came home. Mr. Graham was with him, a friend who had lately returned from the Klondike, and he had a world of interesting things to tell them. How badly the two deaf boys wanted to hear! The family all quickly understood that they were not to seem to notice the bandaged heads. "They are just keeping Peter company a little while, you understand," mother told them; "taking a sympathy lesson."

At dinner their father helped them to an extra good share of all the best things, and mother put plenty of sauce on their pudding, but somehow there was a sort of lump in their throats, and they could not eat much.

"I'm going to give my bunch of grapes to Peter," said Ben to mama, wondering how a fellow's voice sounded when he could not hear it, and not liking to say much for fear it might sound queer.

Papa's beckoning finger called them to his side, presently, and, speaking very loudly, he told them that he had planned for them all to join some

friends in a picnic at the park, where Mr. Graham had been asked to talk a while to the people, and the band would play. "But as your hearing will not come back until near supper time, I guess we'll choose some other day," said papa, gravely.

Story-books and pictures answered for a while for fun. Finally they went out and helped Peter pile up the wood. "Work is better than straining your head off to hear when you can't," Ben muttered; but nobody answered, for there was nobody near who could hear it.



IS IT GOOD?

"All right!" answered both of the boys. "Stuff some of this cotton in your ears. Fill them good and full so as to shut out all sound possible, and then bind your ears by tying these handkerchiefs tightly about your heads. Now, remember, you are to keep them tied snug, and not for a minute let them hear anything until four o'clock this afternoon. I hope you will have a good time."

For a while it was fun, bawling at each other, and saying smart, saucy things. But that soon



"Say,"—Ben's pencil was working again after a vigorous whittling—"I don't believe anybody ever gets tired of talking, do you?" And Frank scribbled below, "We never will."

Two small boys watched the minute-hand creep up to the top of the clock face at four o'clock, and then off went the bandages, and what capering and shouting and chasing!

"I tell you, mama, I'm thankful I've got two good ears!" said Ben.

"I don't want to tie my head up again very soon," said Frank.

"And we'll find ways of cheering up Peter. Poor fellow! We know now what it's like—his world of silence."

"Yes, we know now," answered the other lad. And a little later two boys were merrily helping the old man at the wood-pile. Each had learned a lesson that made their hearts tender and loving.—*Young People's Weekly.*

#### Peace

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,  
It was a pretty sight;  
It sailed along so pleasantly,  
And all was calm and bright.

When lo, a storm began to rise;  
The wind blew loud and strong;  
It blew the clouds across the skies  
And rolled the waves along.

And all but One was sore afraid  
Of sinking in the deep:  
His head was on a pillow laid,  
And he was fast asleep.

Master, we perish! Master, save!  
They cry, their Master heard:  
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,  
And stilled them with his word.

—*Little Friend.*



#### Give Thanks

If we are glad to-day  
Because along our way  
Pale violets lie; or blossom-mists,  
A-fret with amethysts,  
Pervade the air;  
Because some winding stair  
Which we have vowed to climb  
Lies well beneath the feet; or chime  
Or symphony  
Sweeps into charmed harmony  
Life's echoes; or a face  
Crosses our vision with its grace;  
Because some life-wine floweth red,—if we  
are glad to-day,  
From any cause,—we may give thanks, and lay  
The fragrance of our joy before the feet  
Of Him who doth our joy complete.

—*George Klinge, in Christian Work.*

#### Lessons From the Life of Daniel—XV

##### True Wisdom

THE prophetic events related in Nebuchadnezzar's dream were of consequence to him, but the dream was taken from him in order that the wise men should not place upon it a false interpretation. The lessons taught by the dream were given by God for those who live in our day. The inability of the wise men to tell the dream is a representation of the limitations of the wise men of the present day, who, not having wisdom and discernment from the Most High, are unable to understand the prophecies. Although he may be learned in the world's lore, the man who is not listening to hear what the Lord says in his word, and who is not opening his heart to receive this word, that he may give it to others, is not a representative of the God of heaven. Not many great and learned men of the earth will gladly receive the truth unto eternal life, though to all of them the truth will be proclaimed.

Young men and young women may obtain the highest earthly education, and yet may be ignorant of the first principles that would make them subjects of the kingdom of God. Human learning can not qualify any one for the heavenly kingdom. The subjects of Christ's kingdom are not made thus by forms and ceremonies, or by long study of books. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." The members of Christ's kingdom are members of his body, of which he himself is the head. They are the elect sons of God, "a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people;" that they should show forth the praises of him who has called them out of darkness into his marvelous light.

The Old and the New Testament Scriptures need to be studied daily. The knowledge of God and the wisdom of God come to the student who is a constant learner of his ways and works. The Bible is to be our light, our educator. When the youth learn to believe that God sends the dew, the rain, and the sunshine from heaven, causing vegetation to flourish; when they realize that all blessings come from him, and that thanksgiving and praise are due to him, they will be led to acknowledge God in all their ways, and discharge with fidelity their duties day by day; God will be in all their thoughts. Then they can trust him for to-morrow, and avoid the anxious care that brings unhappiness into the lives of so many. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Many young men, in talking about science, are wise above that which is written; they seek to explain, by something that meets their finite comprehension, the ways and work of God; but it is all a miserable failure. True science and Inspiration are in perfect harmony. False science is something independent of God. It is pretentious ignorance.

One of the greatest evils that has attended the quest of knowledge, the investigation of science, is that those who engage in these researches too often lose sight of the divine character of pure and unadulterated religion. The worldly wise have attempted to explain, on scientific principles, the influence of the Spirit of God upon the heart. The least advance in this direction will lead the mind into the mazes of skepticism. The religion of the Bible is simply the mystery of godliness; no human mind can fully understand it, and it is utterly incomprehensible to the unregenerate heart.

The youth will not become weak-minded or inefficient by consecrating themselves to the service of God. To many, education means a knowledge of books; but "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The youngest child who loves and fears God is greater in his sight than the most talented and learned man who neglects the matter of personal salvation. The youth who consecrate their hearts and lives to God are placing themselves in connection with the Fountain of all wisdom and excellence.

If the youth will but learn of the heavenly Teacher, as Daniel did, they will know for themselves that the fear of the Lord is indeed the beginning of wisdom. Having thus laid a sure foundation, they may, like Daniel, turn every privilege and opportunity to the very best account, and may rise to any height in intellectual attainments. Consecrated to God, and having the protection of his grace and the quickening influence of his Holy Spirit, they will manifest deeper intellectual power than the mere worldling.

To learn science through the interpretation that men have placed on it, is to obtain a false education. To learn of God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he has sent, is to learn the science of the Bible. The pure in heart see God in every providence, in every phase of true education. They recognize the first approach of the light

that radiates from God's throne. Communications from heaven are made to those who will catch the first gleams of spiritual knowledge.

The students in our schools are to regard the knowledge of God as above everything else. Only by searching the Scriptures can this knowledge be attained. "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. . . . The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. . . . But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### The One Who Is Slow of Speech

PERHAPS, next to beauty, there is no gift more commonly desired than that of "apt and gracious words." And it is wisely desired; there are few greater arts in life than that of winning speech. Moreover, like all arts, it can be largely acquired. Granting that wit and humor are gifts and not acquirements, there remain several elements of fine speech which may be mastered by patience and perseverance. Tact is one; for tact is the expression of a delicate consideration for the "feelings" of others; cheerfulness is another essential, and the "open heart," which finds things to interest everywhere, a third.

Yet to many the lesson will always be difficult, no matter how high their purpose nor how steadfast their resolve. Nor does the much-vaunted charm of the good listener always avail. Two good listeners whom chance has thrown together have been known to sit in an agony of silence.

There is, however, another charm possible to the girl "slow of speech;" it was revealed in a chance remark of a lady who had just returned from a luncheon. "Mrs. Arnold was there," she said. "She never contributes much,—in words,—but everybody likes her because she enjoys things so thoroughly."

Try it, dear girl, who "can not talk," the next time that the baffling words fail you. Say to yourself, "Even if I can't talk, I can have a good time, and people will feel it, and so I shall be doing my share." People will feel it, depend upon it. Happiness has small need of words. Straight from your heart to the hearts of those about you, your gladness will bear its message, and none will miss in you the longed-for gift of speech.—*Selected.*

#### Seven Ways of Giving

1. THE Careless Way.—To give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits.

2. The Impulsive Way.—To give from impulse—as much and often as love and pity and sensibility prompt.

3. The Lazy Way.—To make a special offer to earn money for benevolent objects by fairs, festivals, etc.

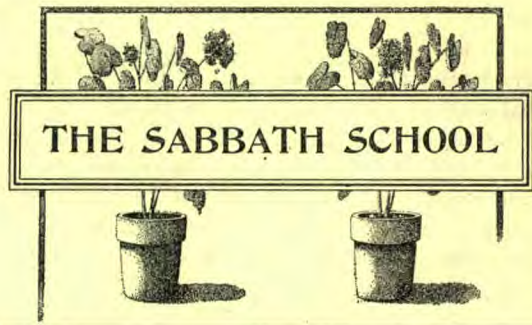
4. The Self-denying Way.—To save the cost of luxuries, and apply them to purposes of religion and charity.

5. The Systematic Way.—To lay aside as an offering to God a definite portion of our gains—one tenth, one fifth, one third, or one half. This is adapted to all, whether poor or rich, and gifts would be largely increased if it were more generally practised.

6. The Equal Way.—To give to God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves, balancing our expenditures by our gifts.

7. The Heroic Way.—To limit our own expenditures to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income. This was John Wesley's way.—*A. T. Pierson, D. D.*





## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### X—David a Fugitive (December 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: This lesson is based on I Sam. 21, 22, and 23.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?" Ps. 118:6.

When David parted from Jonathan, he fled to Nob, a city of the priests a few miles distant, where the Tabernacle of God then was. Ahimelech, the high priest, was surprised to see him alone, and asked why he had come. David said that he was out on the king's business, and asked for food. Ahimelech gave him five loaves of the shewbread, which had that day been taken from the Lord's table in the Tabernacle. You know that the bread was changed every Sabbath day, so it must have been on the Sabbath that David visited Ahimelech. He did wrong in deceiving the high priest, and this led to a great deal of trouble afterward.

Doeg, an Edomite, who had professed the faith of the Hebrews, was at the Tabernacle that day, offering a sacrifice. David saw him, and feared that he would carry news of him to Saul, for he was the king's chief herdsman. So he determined to flee at once. As he had no sword with him, he asked the priest if he could give him one. Ahimelech said that there was none there save the sword of Goliath. This had been kept at the Tabernacle as a token of the great victory that God had given Israel over the Philistines. David was glad to get this; it reminded him of God's goodness to him and his protection over him. Doeg saw Ahimelech give David the loaves and the sword, and he afterward told Saul. The king thought Ahimelech knew that David had fled from him, and he was so angry when he heard that the priest had helped David that he slew every one of the Lord's anointed priests that were at Nob, and their families and cattle. All this helped to show the people the character of Saul, and to make them look forward to deliverance from his yoke by the hand of David.

David's father and brethren felt that their lives were not safe. At any time Saul's suspicion might fall upon them, and he would not hesitate to slay them also. So they fled to David, who had taken refuge in the mountains, in the cave of Adullam.

"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men." So David had a little kingdom of his own in the mountains, and his experience in governing his little band of followers helped to fit him to govern Israel.

All the events of David's life were being ordered by God to prepare him for his future greatness. His shepherd life taught him the tender watchcare which was to make him a faithful shepherd of Israel. His life in Saul's court taught him wisdom in managing affairs of state; and in his warfare with the Philistines he gained military skill to lead the armies of Israel, and in keeping order and discipline in his camp, he was learning to govern wisely and justly.

Saul heard that David was in the cave of Adullam, and he prepared to capture him. But

God sent a warning to David by a prophet, telling him to leave the cave and go into the land of Judah. So he went to the forest of Hareth.

Hearing that the Philistines were fighting against Keilah, David asked God if he should go and smite them. God told him to go, and he delivered the Philistines into his hand. "So David saved the inhabitants of Keilah." When Saul heard that David was in the city, he thought he could take him without any trouble, because he was shut in by bars and gates. The ungrateful people of Keilah were ready to give David up to Saul. But God told David what they would do; so he left the city, and went into the wilderness of Ziph.

The Ziphites sent word to Saul that they knew where David was hiding, and they would guide the king to the place. But again David was warned, and escaped to the mountains between Maon and the Dead Sea. Saul then pursued David in the wilderness of Maon, "and compassed David and his men round about to take them." But just when it seemed that there was no hope of escape, a messenger came to Saul in haste, with the tidings: "Haste thee, and come; for the Philistines have invaded the land." Saul was obliged to go, and again David was delivered from his snare.

It had now become the one purpose of Saul's life to get rid of David, but in this he was fighting against God, and he could not prevail. "Saul sought him every day, but God delivered him not into his hand."

These experiences of David were not for his sake only. Every trial that comes to us is to help us to comfort others who are in trouble. God "comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Many of David's beautiful psalms which have been a comfort to God's people in all ages, were written during this time of trial. They breathe out his confidence and hope in God, and are full of praise for his deliverance. See Ps. 2:2-4; 56:1-4; 57:1-3; 124.

If you read the psalms carefully with this in mind, you will find many more which refer to this time.

#### Questions

1. Where did David go after leaving Jonathan? What was then at Nob?
2. What did David ask the high priest? What did Ahimelech give him? What day of the week may we be sure that this was?
3. Whom did David see at the Tabernacle? What did he fear? What else did he ask Ahimelech for? What sword was given him?
4. What trouble came upon the people of Nob through David's visit? Why was David to blame for this?
5. In what place in the mountains did David take refuge? Who came to him there? What was David learning by having all these people with him?
6. What led David to go to Keilah? Yet what would the people of Keilah have done with him? How did David find out their intentions? Where did he go for refuge?
7. What did the Ziphites do when they found that David was in their country? Where did David then escape to? When Saul followed him there, how did God deliver him?
8. What did David learn by all these trials? Where has he written about them, and the lessons they taught him? For what purpose does God permit us to suffer tribulation?
9. Mention some of the psalms in which David wrote of this time.

"Love mocks at all hypocrisy,  
And separates the true  
From false affection, as the bee  
The nectar from the dew."

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### X—A Great Threefold Message

(December 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." John 17:3.

#### Questions

1. Just at the time when God's people supposed that his coming was near, what word came to them? Rev. 10:11.
2. What message was given them to proclaim? Rev. 14:6-14.
3. What was to follow the proclamation of this message? Rev. 14:14.
4. What does the Lord always do before bringing his judgments upon the earth? Amos 3:7.
5. Give incidents illustrating this.
6. What is the first message of the threefold message of Rev. 14:6-12? Verse 7.
7. What are these messages called in Verse 6?
8. How extensively were they to be preached? Verse 6.
9. What did Jesus say would occur when the gospel had been preached in all the world for a witness? Matt. 24:14.
10. In this message who were the inhabitants of the earth called upon to fear? Verse 7.
11. Why was this proclamation given? Verse 7.
12. What was to distinguish the God that they were called to worship from other gods? Verse 7.
13. Of what is God's creative power an evidence? Jer. 10:10-12.
14. Where else has he called attention to his creative power as a mark of his authority? Ex. 20:11.
15. What is to be the rule in the judgment? Eccl. 12:13, 14.
16. Then to what would this message especially call attention?—To the law of God.
17. What part of the law is especially referred to in the mention of the God whom all are called to worship? Ex. 20:8-11. Note.

#### Notes

1. "Worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Here is clearly an appeal to the fourth commandment of the decalogue, calling the attention of mankind to the downtrodden law of God, as the great testing truth for the world.

2. God's people had passed through the disappointment of 1844. They had studied the prophecies, and, discovering that the hour of God's judgment was at hand, when the sanctuary would be cleansed, they supposed that the Lord was coming in the clouds of heaven. But to their surprise, they learned that this was the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary, and then came the word that they must yet preach the gospel before many. Rev. 10:11. Soon their understanding was opened to see that the cleansing of the sanctuary was the judgment, which began in the heavenly courts, and then they discovered that the threefold message of Revelation 14 was yet due to the world. The first message began in 1844. Since that time it has been present truth. We are still living in the hour of God's judgment. But we are certainly in the last moments of that hour; for the word has come that there shall be delay no longer, that the last messages are now being given to God's people. This is a solemn message, and should arouse in our hearts, as we study it, the determination to make our cases right now, just now, so that we shall be able to stand. And this is so easy. It is simply by giving it all to Jesus, who ever lives to intercede for us, and who can not lose a single case.

"How shall we stand in that great day?  
Shall we be found before him wanting?  
Or with our sins all washed away?"





### Island Missions in the South Seas—2 First-Fruits in Tahiti

THE religious practises of the Tahitians upon the arrival of the missionaries were almost too horrible to permit description. The favorite god, Oro, was simply a log of wood the size of a man, kept in a shed among trees surrounded by a stone wall. In this place, which was called a *marae*, were altars, on which lay pigs that had been dead for months. Men were sacrificed there with as little regard as animals.

When a sacrifice was demanded for Oro, it might be the guest, sitting at a meal with the chief, who would prove the victim. If one of a family was offered, the whole household subsequently became victims. When the sacred drum gave the signal for a human sacrifice, the natives fled for refuge to the mountains and caves. They had more than one hundred different gods.

The people were thieves. One god was a protector of thieves, and on starting out upon a robbing expedition, they always presented themselves to him for protection, promising a part of the booty as an offering, if he would not expose them. They were murderers. The life of a child was of little worth; and often it was taken as soon as the child was born. It was impossible to estimate the number of little ones thus destroyed, but the first missionaries were of the opinion that not fewer than two thirds of the children were murdered by their own parents. This was partially due to the regulations of a most wicked society which existed among the islanders, whose gods required that no child live. Then, too, the people were shiftless, and children were looked upon as a burden; and there is reason to believe that simply to avoid caring for their offspring during the helpless period of infancy and childhood, many parents consigned their little ones to untimely graves.

It was among such people that the missionaries began their almost hopeless labors. Three weeks did not pass before they were robbed; and because they did not punish the culprits, they were regarded as cowards; but they sought to win by kindness. They erected a hospital near their quarters, but the natives, although suffering from terrible diseases, refused help. In the very face of the missionaries, they carried on their evil practises.

In 1807 a three-years' war broke out in Tahiti, and conditions were such that the missionaries were compelled to take refuge elsewhere. All but two, Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward, went to New South Wales. These brethren went to the island of Huahiue, near by, so that they might be at hand to nurture any of the good seed that might appear to be taking root.

When the ship "Duff" first reached Tahiti, the ruler, Otu, was influenced quite largely by his father, Pomare, who was a wise man, having been ruler among the chiefs. On the second Sunday after their arrival, one of the missionaries preached through an interpreter, from John 3: 16, and Pomare pronounced what he had heard as very good. Although he never denounced his idols, still he acknowledged that his was "a bad and foolish land, that knew not the true God," and his presence had a restraining influence upon others, as he proved himself the friend of the missionaries. Still just at the time when he was making them his fairest promises, secretly he was engaging in the most vicious practises, so steeped was he in wickedness, and so unaffected by the real truth of righteousness.

In 1803 Pomare suddenly died, and his wicked son, Otu, who now styled himself Pomare II, had

more power than ever. But with all his wickedness he was destined to become the first convert to Christianity in Tahiti. During all these years, when the natives were entreated to believe on the Lord Jesus, they would ask, "Have Pomare or any of the chiefs believed?" and the Lord was preparing to answer this question, and leave no excuse for their refusal to obey the gospel summons.

During this three-years' war Pomare had gone to the island of Eimeo. He invited the missionaries to join him there. They accepted his invitation, and built a small chapel, and opened a school at Papetoai. The king himself had already learned to read and write. After a time they observed that the king seemed to be losing his regard for his old gods; and when he insisted that a sacred turtle be dressed and served upon his table, instead of sending it to the idol's temple, an astounding blow to idolatry and sacred customs had been struck. When no evil befell him, he became more bold. His brother even ventured to burn a sacred log, and eat breadfruit which had been baked in its ashes. Next Pomare declared that he would have but one wife; and upon the birth of their little daughter, the customs of the ages were disregarded: she was permitted to live, and no sacred rites were performed in her behalf.

When, in July, 1812, Pomare asked for bap-



POMARE II

tism, the joy of the missionaries was unbounded. Fifteen long years had they waited for fruit, and now one was given them who was destined quickly to lead his people to accept the gospel with him. Pomare declared it his fixed purpose to cleave to Jehovah and his people. He begged the missionaries to pray for him, and proposed immediately to build a large chapel. He declared that he had tried to persuade the kings of other islands to do as he had done; and when they determined to cleave to Oro, he told them that they were cleaving to Satan.

The missionaries anxiously waited to see if Pomare were really in earnest. His subsequent grief for sin, his observance of the rest-day, and his efforts to persuade his friends to turn to God, convinced them that the Lord had wrought a marvelous change in this man. The light of day was dawning in Tahiti. Pomare was persevering and untiring in his efforts to enlighten his people. His prayers, and his letters written at this time, as translated by the missionaries, were remarkably impressive and pathetic. "Jehovah, thou God of our salvation, hear our prayers, pardon thou our sins, and save our souls. Our sins are great and more in number than the fishes in the sea, and our obstinacy has been very great, without parallel. Turn thou us to thyself, and enable us to cast off every evil way. Lead us to Jesus Christ, and let our sins be

cleansed in his blood. Suffer us not to come to thine house with carelessness, and return to our houses and commit sin. . . . Bless all the inhabitants of these islands, all the families thereof; let every one stretch out his hand to God, and say, Lord, save me, Lord save me. Bless Britain, and every country in the world. Let thy word grow with speed in the world, so as to exceed the progress of evil. Be merciful to us and bless us, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

In 1812 Pomare sent his family idols to the missionaries, that "they might either commit them to the flames, or send them to England." He said in a letter accompanying them, "If you think proper, you may burn them all in the fire; or, if you like, send them to your country, for the inspection of the people of Europe, that they may satisfy their curiosity, and know Tahiti's foolish gods."

This was but the beginning of a marvelous fruitage for which the missionaries had waited and prayed these many years.

ESTELLA HOUSER.

### Keeping Fit

ANY one does his best work and does it most easily when he is physically fit for it. It therefore follows that he should keep himself fit for it, so far as he knows how; and there are very few who do not know that over-rich food and eating, staying up late of nights, indulging in sweets, and smoking and drinking are sure in a measure to unfit one for taxing duties. Young people may be sure that they will need all their physical resources to meet the demands that will be made upon them. Some are so full of vitality now that they are as careless of their health as some foolish people are with their money—scattering right and left that which would be their stay later on. One should not be anxiously concerned over each little symptom he may have; but no one should knowingly transgress the plain rules of right living. When one is in good condition, it is easy to keep so; it is hard to recover health when it has been lost. To enjoy life, work hard, be abstemious, avoid dissipation, and play vigorously.

There is such a thing, too, as keeping morally fit for what one has to do. There are certain things which one can not do without letting down his moral tone. There are certain things which he can not omit without a spiritual letting down. The soul needs communion with God just as much as a plant needs sunshine. Anything which interrupts that communion should be promptly put aside, if you would be equal to the emergencies which you will have to meet. Here is one who readily yields to temptation. Why?—Because he was not in a spirit to resist it. If a great temptation should come to you, are you sure that it would not overcome you? You may save yourself from awful shame and disgrace by keeping morally fit to cope with life's problems.—*Selected.*

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