

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Creation of Light Part I



IN the beginning the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. Then amid the darkness, God spoke. This was the entering of that word which gives light. Ps. 119: 105, 130.

God said, "Let there be light: and there was light." This was the dawn of earth's first morning. And as

the light sprang into existence, as it divided the light from the darkness and illumined the chaotic world, it was but light from the Word that spoke it into being. Its power is the power of the word. Its life is the life of the word. Its manifestation then, and through the ages since then, is the manifested energy of the word.

It is self-evident that like begets like. The universal testimony of all experience teaches us the great law of conformity to type. Something does not come from nothing. Only life begets life. Thorns and thistles do not produce grapes. The mortal begets only the things of mortality, and the Spirit begets ever the things of the Spirit.

Anything which does not possess a given quality can not impart that quality to something else. Like begets like. The gospel is built round this great truth. By the fall Adam lost his righteousness; therefore he could not impart righteousness to his children, but, instead, he imparts his own sinful flesh. "As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy."

But Christ has perfect righteousness, even the righteousness of God, and to his children he imparts this righteousness. Since he has no sin, it is evident that he can not impart sin to his children. "As is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly."

Light came into being from the word of God; and since like begets like, this light which is be-gotten by the word must partake in all its qualities of the nature and character of the word from which it came. The word gives to light that which the word has to give. Hence light must be like the word, and, furthermore, light is a revelation, or manifestation, of the word: it is a portion of God's word made visible!

It follows from this that a study of light in its full sense must be a study of the word of God. A study of the nature of light is a study of the nature of the word; a study of the character of light is a study of the character of the word.

Consequently, he who studies light only for light's sake,—and this is the only way it is studied generally,—is not studying it for all that it is worth. He who has seen no farther than this has

not seen, by any means, so far as he ought.

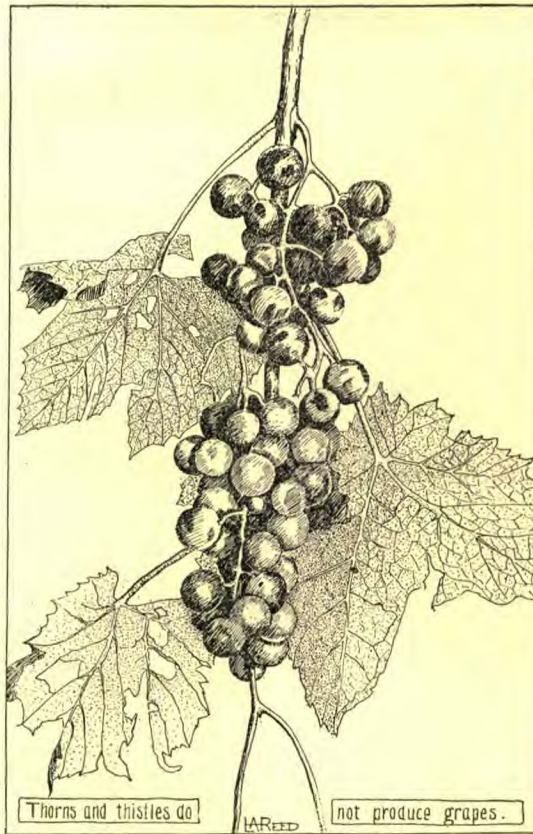
It is well to study light; it is well to study it carefully, scientifically, to learn all we possibly can about its many wonderful properties. But above all things, we should not stop in our study of light until we there have found a revelation of God. Sometimes we can with difficulty see wherein light reveals the character of God and of his word. But even then we should continue our study of light, knowing that in time we shall see farther; that sooner or later, behind every property of light, we shall be able to see the love and the goodness of God.

Many books are given to a study of light for light's sake, but I know of none that are given to a study of light for the soul's sake. But if you will follow patiently, I think we shall find in the sunbeam some marvelous revelations of God's own wondrous character.

L. A. REED.

On the Colorado Desert

IN the extreme southeastern portion of California, between the San Jacinto and San Bernardino Mountains, lies the Colorado Desert. This



desert is from twenty to ninety feet below sea-level, and was covered with water at no very remote period,—probably as an extension of the Gulf of California. Myriads of small shells, with other peculiarities of the soil, show that the land was once inundated. Besides, the "water-line" is plainly visible on the rocks at the foot of the mountains. On these rocks are peculiar formations, resembling coral in a crude state. But the finest specimens are rapidly disappearing under the relentless hand and hammer of the tourist.

Though there are stretches of barren desert sand, there is a species of vegetation which flourishes in places. The mesquit (a species of acacia) grows with almost tropical luxuriance out of the

dry soil, its roots extending deep into the earth, whence it derives its moisture. Dense groves are formed by these trees, which, ere the woodman's recent ax disturbed, neither man nor beast could penetrate. These trees, like the acacia, bear pale-yellow, brush-like blossoms, developing into the mesquit bean, which furnishes food for the native Indians and their ponies. Until within the last four years, the mesquit tree comprised the only vegetation, and the Indians the principal inhabitants, of this valley. But since that time the discovery of artesian water has developed many oases,—turned dry ground into water springs, and caused the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. "And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation; and sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase."

Not long ago the writer spent three months in this desert valley. The climate is quite bracing in winter, but oppressively hot in summer. The winds, which are an almost daily occurrence, form the most unpleasant feature of this low region. Gathered in our shaky little cabin at night, during one of these storms, our voices faintly heard above the roar of the tempest, the sand sifting through cracks, filling the air, and covering even our persons and the papers we tried to read,—the dinner bell from its pole outside tolling dolefully at intervals,—it was dismal indeed. Sometimes these sand-storms arose while we were seated at dinner. Although doors and windows were quickly closed, sand and the fine, ashes-like dust, soon covered both dishes and food, and filled our eyes as well as our mouths.

These storms do much damage to the crops, for which the farmer has sacrificed almost every comfort, and spent untold labor in planting and irrigating. But we will endeavor even in this forbidding clime to think on things that are lovely. Sunrise on the desert is beautiful to see. The wind is now stilled, the sky clear, and the air balmy. The big, round orb rises out of the broad, sandy waste, and casts its pleasant early beams across the green alfalfa fields. A little later we gladly seek shelter from its bright rays.

The homes of the settlers are usually primitive often consisting of a tent, a brush shed, or perhaps the friendly shelter of a large mesquit tree, with well-secured tent for refuge from the wind. Yet the hearts of these people are as large as the canopy of their outdoor dwellings, and their hospitality equal to both. Their rude environment causes them to throw aside the usual conventionalities and affectations of society, and heart speaks to heart, without reserve or unnecessary apology.

We drove to the "water line" one day, and it seemed like being on the ocean beach. As we searched for a place to spread our lunch, we saw a green tree not far away, the thick shade of which looked inviting after our hot ride. But what was our surprise, on a nearer approach, to find upon the tree not a single leaf—though it bore, like the "last rose of summer, left blooming alone," one yellow blossom resembling the jasmine. The body and branches of the tree were smooth, and a bright-green, and the multitude of tiny green twigs caused the shade which attracted

us. One of our party rode the Indian pony to a distant cliff, and returned, bringing branches from a tree of still another variety, bearing lovely pink flowers.

The extreme heat of the advancing summer, with the thermometer reaching from one hundred and twelve degrees to one hundred and fifteen degrees, warned us that we would better "go inside," in desert parlance; that is, return to civilization and home. So, providing shade for our wagon, both to exclude the sun and to admit the air, we packed our camping supplies, and started, traveling toward the northwest, driving four horses over the hot, sandy desert. It was necessary not only to avoid driving in the hottest part of the day, but also to make connection with the watering-places on our route, which are few and far between; for many a traveler has perished miserably for lack of water on this desert.

The first place to which we had been directed was marked on the map "Indian Wells." We looked long and anxiously for the approach of a town, or at least an Indian village, with numerous wells of water. But what was our chagrin, when we reached the place indicated, to find a solitary well by the roadside, in the midst of the most dismal and desolate desert that can be imagined. We camped where many others had camped before us, and at daybreak were up, and started for Palm Springs, eighteen miles away. After a hot, tedious drive, with the thermometer at one hundred and nineteen degrees, we reached the place, which is truly an oasis in the desert. It is named from the few large palm-trees which grow there.

Here we were directed to the public camping-ground, where was a wide-spreading tree, under which we ate our dinner and rested. A cool mountain stream gurgled past, affording refreshment for man and beast. Later we plodded on, for we must reach the next watering-place, twelve miles distant, that night. The wind rose, and O! how it blew the coarse sand against our faces, and flapped the canvas "sails" of our wagon. And in that strange, desolate region, the gale blowing furiously, darkness settled down upon us long before we reached the oft-searched-for little stream, the White Water, which marked our camping-place for the night. Not far from where we halted, the dark, snow-crowned mountains rose, tall and majestic. The sky was overcast, but the vivid and frequent lightning revealed our surroundings, and the thunder reverberated through the desert valley, while the wind continued to blow with full force. Through the wind and darkness, a single token of distant civilization came to relieve the intense loneliness of the situation,—the whistle of a train. The tired horses supplied with food, and with water from the brook, the boys betook themselves to a bed on the sand, while the feminine portion of our company, fearful of scorpions and chameleons, sought a place of repose in the wagon, first commending ourselves to the care of Him who "maketh the storm a calm." And exhausted nature slept, in spite of the untoward surroundings. Morning broke, revealing a scene of lonely grandeur. The wind had ceased; but from out the cloudy sky a few drops of rain spattered upon our sandy breakfast table.

I wandered to the little brook, which came from away across the valley, fed by mountain snows. Close beside it, a single rare flower flourished. Truly, "in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert." As I watched that crystal stream, rippling over the sands at my feet, the words flashed through my mind: "His love like a stream in the desert will flow."

The remaining twenty miles of our journey across the desert passed without special event. When at Beaumont, having really left the wilderness behind, our eyes were hardly prepared for the beauty revealed by the rising sun. Our road wound down a long canon, luxuriant with the foliage of early June in Southern California. The morning mist was just rising from shrub and tree

and mountain. It seemed to the desert travelers like a glimpse of Eden. So will it be when we leave this sin-cursed earth, and enter the paradise of God. Here we turned to the south, and journeyed over hill and vale, until we came in sight of the "gem valley" of San Pasqual. And soon our own dear home greeted our longing eyes, the late yellow oranges still hanging on the trees awaiting our arrival, the air fragrant with the perfume of many flowers. Here we were welcomed by dear, glad-voiced loved ones, confirming the conviction that "there is no place like home."

FLORENCE WHITE JOHNSON.



Island Missions in the South Seas—III The Conversion of Tahiti

At the time of Pomare's conversion, the islanders of Eimeo began to arouse, and offer themselves for instruction. This was followed closely by word that the natives at Tahiti, too, were inquiring the way, and missionaries were sent to see whether the joyful news could be true. Labor in that island had been apparently fruitless for sixteen years; but when God's time to favor the work in Polynesia came, he began it in such a way as to turn all the attention to himself; for it came at a time when war had driven all the missionaries from the island, and cut off all communication. We are indebted to Dr. A. T. Pierson for the facts concerning the next fifteen years, wonderful ones indeed in the history of missions.

Two native servants, formerly employed in the missionaries' families, had, unknown to them, received favorable impressions, and had united together for prayer. They had been joined by others; and when the missionaries returned to Tahiti, they found a number of praying people, and had little to do but encourage and strengthen the work thus begun.

These years of fruitless and apparently hopeless toil had almost determined the London Missionary Society to abandon the work in Tahiti. But one minister pleaded for the mission. He declared that he would rather sell the clothes from off his back than give up the work in the islands. He proposed that a special season of prayer for divine blessing be engaged in. Such a season was observed. Encouraging letters were written to the missionaries, and while the vessel was on her way to carry these letters, it was passed in mid-ocean by another vessel bringing to England the idols that had been rejected by the people, and bearing the good news that the people were seeking God.

One of the two natives who had begun to call upon the Lord in prayer while the missionaries were driven away from Tahiti, was named Tuahine. The other, impressed by some remarks from Pomare, went to inquire of Tuahine, who had lived for some time in the missionaries' families, and they retired to a secret place, to talk and pray. After a little while, several young persons united with them; and this little band, without the guidance of any missionary, determined to abandon idols and the wicked practises of their countrymen, and worship Jehovah. As Christianity spread, Tuahine rendered much assistance to the missionaries, directing inquirers, teaching in schools, and translating the Scriptures, sometimes spending from eight to ten hours a day in this work.

A chapel built under the direction of Pomare in Eimeo was opened for worship July 25, 1813 and the next evening thirty-one natives cast away their idols, and their names were written among

the disciples of Jehovah. Shortly after, the number had risen to above three hundred, embracing, among others, a priest, who led in the burning of the idols.

Meanwhile at Tahiti persecution drove the native Christians to the woods and lonely valleys at midnight for prayer. One young man suffered martyrdom, and another bore a lifelong scar in testimony to his fidelity. The year 1815 was the most remarkable that had been known in Tahiti. A plan was laid to destroy all Christian natives on the island, and they fled for their lives to Eimeo, where much time was spent in prayer, July 14 being set apart as a special day of fasting and prayer for deliverance. Soon after, two chiefs from Tahiti came to Eimeo, urging the Christian chiefs who had fled to return. The invitation, however, was a mere cover for a plan to destroy the king, Pomare, and his friends. A battle followed, in which Pomare and his army were victors. Instead of killing his enemies, as had been the custom in the past, the king decided to destroy their idols, and the multitude stood astonished, both at the helplessness of their gods and the strange course of their enemies. This opened the way for the gospel to be carried more extensively in Tahiti. As the missionaries returned, they found the people busy in destroying *maraes*, and building little chapels. They were very anxious to learn to read. Family prayer became common, and secret prayer was often engaged in by the natives. The missionaries could scarcely get any rest, so continually were they besieged with inquiry. During this time sixty-six chapels were erected, in which the people assembled four times each week.

A printing-press was now brought to the island of Eimeo, and polished stones upon which the heathen worshipers had knelt before their altars, were dug up and placed where God's word was to be printed. The first book printed was a spelling-book, and Pomare was permitted to aid in setting up the first page, and to strike off the first impression. This was the beginning of the spreading of the knowledge of God from isle to isle by the power of the printed page. Other books followed, that which was appreciated the most being the translation of the Gospel of Luke into Tahitian. While this book was on the press, the natives often constrained the printer to stop his work to explain to them what they read. So impatient were they for the book, that they could not be persuaded to wait until it was bound. However, they did not suffer these precious volumes to remain in their own homes long without proper covers. Five men from Tahiti came to the island for copies of the Gospel, and so fearful were they that some one might anticipate the object of their visit, and buy up all the books, and they be compelled to return without any, that they did not go into any house to lodge. As soon as they received the copies of the precious Gospel, which they wrapped in bark and put in their bosoms, they set sail for Tahiti without having taken food or drink during their stay in Eimeo.

The next step was the organization of a missionary society, of which hundreds of natives became members. Then a large chapel was erected. It contained one hundred and thirty-three windows, twenty-nine doors, and was seven hundred and twelve feet long and fifty-four feet wide, two hundred and twelve feet longer than St. Paul's in London. As no preacher could speak loud enough to be heard from end to end of the chapel during the whole sermon, three pulpits were placed in it at intervals, with a minister in each. Six thousand persons thus joined in singing God's praise in this new place of worship, and three sermons were preached simultaneously.

This was the beginning of a work which was to fit these natives for the last message which God had committed to his people.

FRANCIS H. HENRY



THE HOME CIRCLE

Forebodings

WHEN the joys of springtime have found you,
And the rose yields its sweetest perfume;
When sweet flowers blossom around you,
Woody by tenderest kisses of June;
When the earth and its scenes are so pleasant,
With the light of the sun over all,—
*Then live in the joys of the present,
And dread not the gloom of the fall!*

When the youthful and fair are so comely,
And life is a beautiful page,
Dream not of their faces as ugly,
With the lines and the wrinkles of age.
Deem not that the friends that now love you
Will ever prove false, or grow cold;
*For heaven is bending above you
With a love that can never be told!*

Let us live in the spring with its gladness,
Let us gather life's beautiful flowers,
Let us dread not some oncoming sadness,
Nor the gloom of the gathering showers;
Let us fear not the sable of sorrow,
And dread not the threatening rod;
*But, taking no thought for the morrow,
Leave all in the keeping of God!*

L. D. SANTEE.

The Laughing Jackass

"WHAT a queer name!" is the exclamation from many readers as this heading is first noticed. You doubtless begin at once to wonder what kind of creature has received such a title. In all probability the patient donkey is the first thing brought to mind, especially if you have ever heard him bray.

In the northern part of London is a great public common known as Hampstead Heath. It is reserved for the common people as a picnic resort and playground. In one place in it there can always be seen a row of donkeys, saddled and bridled, and awaiting patronage by the little folks who visit the place. Occasionally one of the animals will stretch out his neck, and make such an outlandish noise that many people with good cause might regard him as well qualified to be named the laughing jackass.

But strange to say, the creature properly known by that name is not a four-footed animal at all, but a bird.

"A bird!" I fancy I hear from many voices; "it must be a queer bird to have such a name as that."

Yes; it is a strange bird, and it is found in the place where so many curious birds are found; that is, in the southern hemisphere.

The laughing jackass is an overgrown kingfisher. His home is in Australia. He is as large as a crow, but his head is much larger than a crow's head; and his bill is very long, and abnormally developed.

The accompanying photograph shows a pair of these birds. A look at them is enough to make one laugh, but that is not the origin of their name. It comes from the noise of the birds themselves.

Imagine, if you can, taking a very early walk on a hot, dry summer morning in December or January, the months having the longest days in Australia. You are entirely alone, and do not expect to see or hear any one. A few mud larks, or perhaps a pair of saucy magpies, may be chattering about; but these are the only living things you have yet noticed. Suddenly, in your immediate presence you hear, apparently from half a dozen voices, the most unearthly, idiotic peals of laughter imaginable. You are much startled, and look about to see the persons who, thus unannounced, rudely disturb your morning reverie.

After some searching, you see a bird like one of those in our picture, sitting demurely on one of the highest limbs of a near-by gum tree. Unless you have previously formed his acquaintance, you can hardly believe that the sounds came from him. But it is even so. He is the laughing jackass.

One of these birds can make noise enough for half a dozen boisterous boys, and two can equal a score. This bird is a great enemy to snakes, which, in Australia, are almost without exception very poisonous. For this and other reasons he is protected by the state.

One peculiarity of this bird is that his laugh is often very annoying. He may be near you, and you not know it; but if you happen to slip in the mud, get caught in a sharp shower, or lose your hat in the wind, he is quite sure to burst out in unrestrained laughter, as if to mock you.

One day an American minister in Melbourne was going on his bicycle out into the country on a pastoral visit. A strong wind was blowing from the north, bringing its usual accompaniment of dust and oven-like heat from the desert interior.

The minister had passed the metropolitan area boundary, and was fairly out in the country, when one of the tires of his wheel suddenly flattened as a result of the intense heat. He turned around, and walked back to the first suburban repair shop; and although it was a holiday, and all the shops were closed, he found the proprietor, and persuaded him to open his door and repair the tire.

Then he started on his journey again; but he had only gained about half a mile more than the scene of his first breakdown when a similar accident occurred to the other tire. Just at that instant, from a great gum tree over the fence, came exulting, mocking peals of laughter from one of these birds.

It was enough to try the patience of even a minister. H. E. SIMKIN.

A Parable

EARLY one morning two men, walking along the dusty highway, chanced to spy a book lying by the roadside. The place was remote from any dwelling, and the way was unfrequented by many travelers. Both men stopped when they saw the book. The question arose in the mind of each, "Where did it come from?" After some thought, one of the men said, "See how beautiful and clean the binding is. No dust from the road has clung to it, nor are there any marks upon it of the heavy dew last night. The road has not been traveled by any one since yesterday. There can be but one explanation,—an angel from heaven brought the book, and placed it in the road that we might find it."

"Not so," returned the other. "That answer does not satisfy me; for while you were speaking, I have been examining the road more carefully, and I have discovered faint traces of steps. Clearly, some person has been here. It is a beautiful book, as you say, and we ought not to leave it in the dust."

The first speaker was not pleased with the way his fellow-traveler had received his argument, and he replied somewhat shortly, ridiculing the thought of any one's having been along the road before them that morning. One argument was answered by another in quick succession. Every moment the debate became more heated, and the

two men were in danger of coming to blows.

While each was speaking with excited gesture, in his endeavor to prove to the other that he was right, a third traveler approached them. He was carrying a heavy load, and had found the way hot and dusty. Coming up to the two men, he stopped to watch them. They had closed with each other now, and the struggle was one of physical force. The dust in the air was so thick that the stranger did not see the book lying where the others had found it. He called to the men, inquiring the cause of the trouble. They stopped their struggle long enough for each to explain his position. "The book," said the stranger, "what book?" They pointed to where it lay, sadly soiled, and nearly covered with the dust they had raised. During this interruption they had stood glaring at each other, and now they rushed together again, each with the determination of proving himself right.

The stranger, seeing that interference was useless, turned to the book. He picked it up and examined it. The language was one he understood, and he fell to reading. The farther he read, the more interested he became. He seated himself upon a stone by the roadside, and was soon too deeply immersed in his reading to notice what was passing around him.

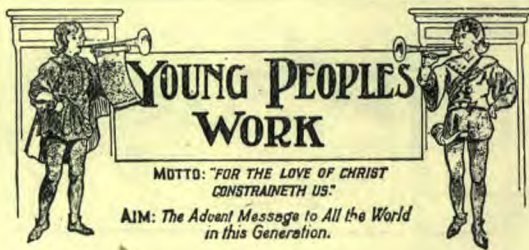
For an hour the man with the burden sat reading. Then he rose to go. Such a strange sense of rest had come to him that it seemed as if he



LAUGHING JACKASSES

must have lost his load. He had not been so refreshed since he had started on his journey. Looking around, he found that he was alone. The sounds of high words and sharp strife, borne faintly to his ears by the wind, told him that his two strange acquaintances had gone, leaving the book with him.

The man with the burden looked at the volume in his hand more carefully, but found no name in it,—nothing, in fact, that revealed the owner. Then he reasoned with himself: "Those men did not want the book. They were interested only in deciding the question where it came from. I want the book. Never in all my life have I had anything affect me as this has." Forgetful of the burden he carried, eagerly scanning the open page, he continued his journey.—*Sunday-School Times.*



Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
'T will shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true,
But just behind them shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
Like flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou shalt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.
—Mrs. Butts.

From Joplin, Missouri

WE are glad to send in a report of our Young People's Society here since last winter. We hold our meetings on Sabbath afternoon, and use the weekly study outlines suggested in the INSTRUCTOR for our Young People's Societies. These lessons are just what is needed to awaken a greater and grander aspiration in the hearts of our young people, and we are thankful to the dear Lord for them all.

Our membership at present is about thirty, though only a few, comparatively, are active, working members. Yet there has been quite a good deal of work done in this vicinity by our active ones. The sewing circle meets each Monday evening, and through this gathering twenty-eight garments have been finished, and sent to the Nyassaland Mission in Central Africa; carpet-rag sewing and quilt-piecing is carried on, even by the smaller children; and other work is being done. The Society also aided in sending a box of clothing to the Kansas City flood sufferers last spring.

Quite a good work has been done in the distribution of our denominational literature, both books and papers. The tract campaign was entered into, and we sell a large number of the *Life Boat* each month. Some of the children have helped pay their schooling in this way, while other local expenses are contributed to by the sale of our papers and books. About twelve dollars' worth of mottoes was sold, and now some of us are selling the "Life of Joseph," both of which are in the interest of the work for the colored people in the South. We also send a yearly term of *The Signs of the Times*, *The Sentinel of Christian Liberty*, *The Life Boat*, and *The Bible Training School* to the local Y. M. C. A.

A goodly number of missionary visits have been made, among them some precious Christian help talks and ministering to the sick. The Society has also just ordered a number of sets of the "Family Bible Teacher," and we design sending for a large number of the special Capital and Labor number of the *Signs*.

We are of good courage in the Lord, and are glad that we have a part in the great work in which all heaven is interested,—the giving of the third angel's message to the world in this generation.

THOS. W. LEWIS,
Assistant Leader.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Elements of a Great Reformation The Courage of Convictions

Scripture Study:—

We will not prepare your Bible lesson in detail this week, but will ask you to look up examples of men who have had convictions and the courage to carry them out. Note the result to the cause of God in each case. You will readily call

to mind the experiences of Elijah with Ahab, Joseph in Egypt, Daniel and his fellows in Babylon, and many others. Do your best to work up a good lesson. The experiences of Daniel and his fellows in Babylon are of special interest.

Parallel Reading:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter XI.

As illustrations of this subject, review in your mind many examples of courage which we have observed in our study of the Reformation; such as,—

Wycliffe's reply to the friars.
The trial of John Huss.
Luther at Augsburg.
Luther before the diet at Worms.
The protest against indulgences.
Burning the pope's bull.

In our reading this week we have "one of the noblest testimonies ever uttered for the Reformation." Study the reading with great care; for it is one of the most important and interesting of this series.

To the Leader

This lesson may well be presented by two persons, each occupying from fifteen to twenty minutes. Let one give the Bible study, and the other the strong points and paragraphs in the reading. Or if you prefer, the Bible study can be given by several, each presenting one illustration of the subject. The parallel reading may also be divided, and several take part in the presentation.

Lesson Notes

Convictions are of little use to us unless we have courage to carry them out. In fact, if we set them aside, they become a worry and terror to us. But, on the other hand, when the tender, well-trained conscience points the way, if we have courage to act, God can work with us, and there will be results.

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1:9.

Story-Telling

Who can tell a story? Now my friends in the 'teens and the twenties will decide that this question is meant for babes and nurses. And the maiden and the young man will declare that they have more important business to do than to tell stories, though perhaps neither would admit a lack of time to read them. Well, you banish yourself from good company when you scorn the role of story-teller.

I remember reading, a short time ago, this incident about the great historian Macaulay. When his *History of England* was first issued, a gentleman in the suburbs of London decided that the book was too good to be enjoyed alone by himself, so he arranged with a large number of his poor neighbors—working men of every trade—to come to his house on certain evenings, when he would read to them Macaulay's history. Every one of them came regularly, and listened with absorbed interest. When the book had been finished to the last word, a big Scotchman rose, as spokesman for the whole company, and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Macaulay for having written a history which the common man could understand and be interested in. Wherein, asks his biographer, after relating the incident, lay that enthralling power of the historian?—It lay in his consummate ability as a story-teller; for Macaulay was a genius in the telling of stories.

There is a long roll-call, besides, of illustrious story-tellers in the Bible: Moses, the world's greatest statesman; David, the peerless poet; Samuel, who laid anew the foundation of Israel's educational system; Jotham, who changed the history of Israel by a story told in unwilling ears from the side of Gerizim; Ezra, the leader and chronicler of the Restoration; Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel; Jesus, who taught as never other man taught, and largely by story.

I was in a Young People's meeting the other day, when the leader proposed the following exercise. She began to tell a Bible story, in realistic fashion, leaving out names of persons and places, but describing them. The first one who recognized the story might interrupt, and if correct in his surmise, might, the story being finished, tell one himself on the same plan. It was a test to every one of his knowledge of Bible lore, and it set many heads to thinking.

At a later meeting we were talking of the cultivation and the use of the faculty of story-telling. Every one whom God has given an opportunity to know his truth, is responsible for the telling of it. We need practise in the manner of telling it. The Bible stories are meant to give us our first exercise in the telling of God's truth. Who can preach the gospel before he can tell the story of the cross? Can you tell it as well as Matthew told it? If you have read it, and thought about it, and lived upon it, and acted it, then you can tell the story; then you can be a co-worker with all the messengers of salvation.

This Young People's Society has taken up the work of story-telling. It is not always to be conducted in the same way, but always, in whatever manner it is done, it is to tend toward the grand result of making us earnest, expressive, and happy story-tellers. Story-telling is a study in itself,—a study of science and art in language,—but the greatest principle of both the science and the art may be, and must be, learned by the beginner; that is, to be *living the story*, for you will tell only what you are, in whatever you say.

Every story which does not impress itself upon the mind, which does not leave its burden of truth and life there, is but puncturing holes in your memory and your intellect. The story which simply intoxicates the mind and leaves no impression, or only a bad impression, is making a sieve of the mind. Besides, because it never is reproduced, it is destroying the precious power of expression, and making of you—shall I say it?—an imbecile, which in the end means an idiot. Without giving you a list of good stories or of good books, let me give you the principle in accordance with which you may exercise your own power of choice: read and tell only those stories, that biography, that history, which will make you the noblest man or woman that God can see possible. Distinguish between God's stories and the devil's stories. Not all God's stories are in the Bible; but you may make a good beginning if you start there, and long before you are through with them, you will be far ahead of most people.

Cultivate the power to tell stories. Tell them to your companions, tell them to older people, tell them to those who do not know God. Learn the Bible stories; they have a wonderful power of strengthening the mind and the character. The next time I see any of you, I may wish to hear all the facts that cluster about—

The arrows that were shot from a window.

The asses whose straying led a man to the kingship.

The rolling of a stone from the mouth of a well.

A blind army led into a hostile city.

A little boy crying in the harvest field because of a headache.

A swarm of bees in the carcass of a lion.

An angel appearing to a man behind a wine-press.

A man, a woman, and a baby fleeing at night through the southern desert.

A sick man let down on a litter through the house-top.

A young man asleep in a window during preaching.

A scene of shipwreck.

A lone man walking across the dry bed of a piled-up river torrent.

A Sabbath-day vision on a lonely isle.

A. W. SPAULDING.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Word

If you have a word to speak,
That will pale a gentle cheek,
Wound a tender spirit meek,
Oh, do not say it!
'Tis a trifle small, and yet
It is hard to quite forget;
And you'll surely know regret
If you say it.

If you have a word to say
That will drive a tear away,
Go and say it now, to-day,
Lest you forget it;
For a word quite often may
Keep unhappiness at bay,—
Pride and scorn and anger slay;
Oh, don't forget it.

— Benjamin B. Keech.

Three Great Parades

"I DIDN'T think so much of the parade as I expected to," said little Annette, soberly, to mama, as she laid aside her hat. "I thought there would be more kinds of animals in it. There were three elephants and two camels, and some llamas; then there was a sea-lion in a cage, besides some dogs and ponies. The ponies were pretty, but I wanted to see some strange animals."

"Well, dear, next Sabbath I will tell you of a great parade. Now run and call papa to dinner, please."

Out in the field papa was full of interest in the parade.

"Was the parade all that you expected it to be, Annette?" he asked.

"It was very gay, papa; but I thought the elephants would be much larger."

"Next Sabbath," said papa, "I will tell you of a great parade, one of the greatest ever seen."

Annette was about to say that mama had already promised to tell her this story; but she was a kind little girl, and, being afraid she might hurt papa's feelings, she said nothing.

In the evening she ran over to grandma's, as she did every day; and, of course, grandma had to hear of the parade, too.

"And I felt so sorry for the poor animals, grandma," said Annette. "I don't think they liked to be there at all; they must have been afraid of all the people."

"I suppose they were," said grandma; "but next Sabbath I will tell you of a grand parade where the animals were not at all afraid."

"I wonder," thought Annette, as she went home, "I wonder why they all want to tell me the story on Sabbath. If they would just tell me at different times and in different places, they need not know that I heard the story three times; but it will be very embarrassing for them."

Sabbath afternoon and story-telling time came, and grandma had come home from meeting with Annette.

"It happened a very long time ago," said mama,

"and in a country very far from here, that a good man went up to the top of the house where he was lodging, to pray, early in the morning. As noon drew near, he became very hungry; but while the people of the house were preparing dinner, he fell asleep; and as he slept, he saw a vessel like a great sheet, let down from heaven, and in it were 'all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air.' And he saw this great sight three times. It would not be called a parade, but it must certainly have been a wonderful sight."

"I know," said Annette, "the man's name was Peter."

"My story is of a real parade," said papa, and Annette looked relieved to find it was not the same story. "It happened hundreds and hundreds of years before the one mama told, and I do not know just where it was. A great ship had been built on dry land, far from water, so that the neighbors of the man who had built it all laughed at him, although they had helped him make it. But one

"O, I know," said Annette; "they were the animals going into the ark," and she looked expectantly at grandma; for she began to hope that she, too, might have a different story from either of the others.

"The story I will tell you," said grandma, "is older than either of the others; for it is one of the very oldest stories we know. There was but one man to see the parade, and as all the beautiful creatures, large and small, passed by, he gave them names, and the names he called them by were so good that we are told that 'whatsoever he called every living creature, that was the name thereof.'"

"I know that, too," said Annette; "that was when Adam named the animals. O, I wish I could have seen one of those parades."

"Well," said grandma, "I don't know whether we shall ever see such a parade, but there is a time coming when 'the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them;' and I trust my little Annette may see that sight."

AUNT BETTY.

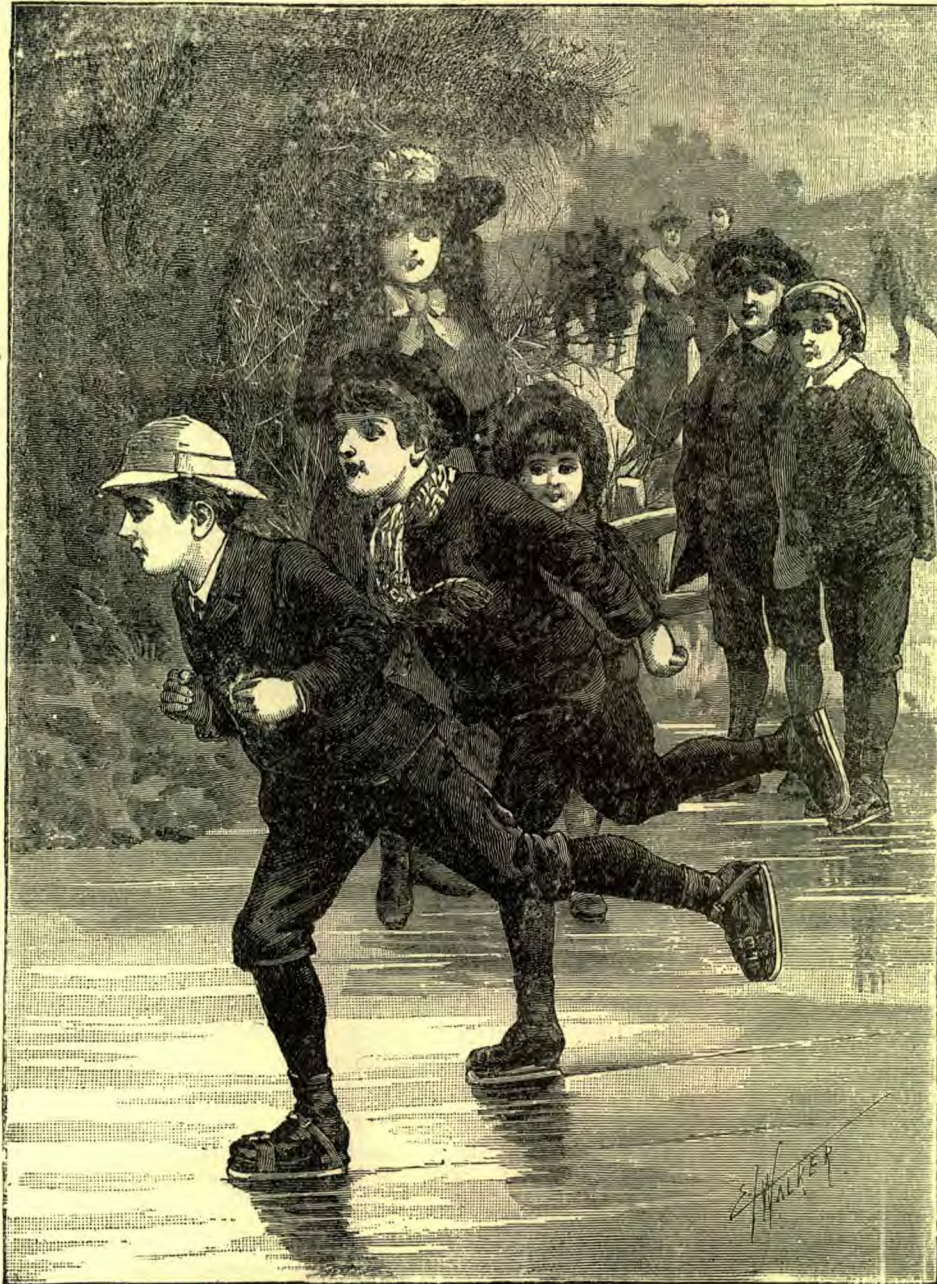
Some Mysteries of History

Perkin Warbeck

THE little Princes in the Tower — what a pathetic tragedy was theirs, as we look at it across the centuries! No wonder that, when the two royal children disappeared from their rooms in the Tower, there were many followers of the House of York who still hoped against hope that these Babes in the Wood had somehow escaped their wicked uncle, the terrible hunchback Richard, and might be in hiding somewhere, ready to come back when it was safe to appear. The only thing known about their fate was the brief announcement, by Richard, in 1483, that they were dead. But there had been no funeral, no date of death given, even; and for ten years no one could say, authoritatively, what had really become of the sons of King Edward the Fourth after the Tower gates had closed upon the royal lads.

Meanwhile, England was at peace again, after the long agonies of the Wars of the Roses. King Richard the hunchback was dead long ago — slain on Bosworth Field. His conqueror, Henry Tudor, had married King Edward's only known surviving child, the Princess Elizabeth, and was reigning as Henry the Seventh. It was well under-

stood that he was not searching for his young brothers-in-law, nor did he propose to yield the crown to them if they appeared and claimed it. It was, therefore, not altogether safe, even now, for any claimant to come forward. Yet, in the same year that the caravels of Columbus crossed the Atlantic, a handsome, golden-haired youth, resembling the royal House of York most astonishingly, came to Ireland from the Low Countries,



WINTER JOYS

day as they stood looking and scoffing at it, they were surprised to see a long procession coming, in which were one pair of every kind of unclean animal, and seven pairs of every clean animal, — birds, beasts, and reptiles. That was a wonderful parade, for all those creatures came quietly along, without any visible leader or driver, and went into the great ship before the astonished eyes of the people."

and proclaimed himself to be Richard, Duke of York, the younger of the two Princes in the Tower. He wrote letters to the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, great Irish nobles of that day; and, later in 1492, Desmond himself wrote a letter to King James of Scotland, setting forth the claims of the young prince, and forwarding a statement from him, to this effect:—

Young Perkin Warbeck (for so he had been known thus far) was the younger son of King Edward. His brother and he, boys of thirteen and eleven, had indeed been doomed to death in the Tower by Richard the Third. The murderers had killed Edward the Fifth (poor, helpless little king, whose title was but a fatal mockery!), but the one who was told off to kill the younger boy was moved with pity at his childish pleading, and not only spared his life, but smuggled him out of the Tower, and sent him abroad secretly, to friends in the Low Countries. Little Richard, in return, made a solemn promise that he would not reveal who he was for eight years. During these eight years, he had wandered in various countries, under the name of Perkin Warbeck. He had been in the service of an English noblewoman, a Portuguese knight, and a Breton merchant, and it was on business for the latter that he had come into Ireland, where so many had recognized him as the true heir of the House of York that he felt the time had come to avow his identity and assert his rightful claim to the throne of England.

"The news," says an old historian, "hereof came blazing and thundering over into England that the Duke of York was sure alive." It also went abroad in France and Flanders. The Duchess Margaret of Burgundy, sister of Edward the Fourth, had lately made a very bad blunder by believing the claim of a lad named Lambert Simnel, a flagrant impostor, to be the little Duke of York. However, she was still hoping to find her lost nephews, and so, by her influence, succeeded in inducing King Charles the Eighth of France to invite the new pretender to court. When the young Perkin arrived in France, his claims were received without doubt; Charles assigned him a magnificent suite of apartments, settled a princely pension upon him, and gave him a special guard, and other marks of royal honor. Some prominent nobles of the Yorkist party came over from England to see the young Plantagenet. Sir George Nevil, Sir John Taylor, and above a hundred of the lesser gentry attached themselves warmly to his cause, and he began to have a court of his own about him. He bore himself, all agreed, with great dignity, and had a personal fascination which strongly recalled that of Edward the Fourth, whom he also, by common report, resembled most strikingly.

France and England were at this time at war. Henry the Seventh was the craftiest and wisest king of his time, and he thought the situation was too dangerous to continue. So he made peace at once with France, but asked, as one of the conditions, that Perkin Warbeck should be given into his hands. To the honor of Charles the Eighth, he refused to do this, but warned the youth to leave his court, as he could no longer protect him. Perkin accordingly sent word to the Duchess of Burgundy, asking her to receive him in Flanders.

Just here comes in a contradiction—the first one of the many which we find in the story. Some historians say that Margaret, having been deceived by Lambert Simnel, would not receive this new pretender until she had thoroughly sifted his claims, and that he convinced her, against her will, of his identity. Others say that she was so anxious to support his claim—any claim against Henry the Seventh, in fact, whom she hated—that she sent for him, and instructed him in his part, teaching him many details which he did not know. When we learn, however (even from those who do not believe that Perkin was the Duke of York), that Margaret had not been in England for forty-five years, and had really

seen nothing of her brother's family, it is hard to see what she could have taught any one about the details of the youth of the little duke. Besides, Perkin, before meeting her, had already convinced Scotland, Ireland, France, and many of the most close and familiar adherents of the House of York, that he was the true prince. He and his little court, at any rate, now removed to the Low Countries, where the Duchess of Burgundy, the Archduke Philip, and the Emperor Maximilian all backed his claim, and acknowledged him as royal. The Duchess gave him the title of "The White Rose of England," and his "gracious and princely behavior" won all hearts.

Henry the Seventh became a good deal disturbed over the matter. He demanded the surrender of the pretender into his hands, but the Archduke Philip refused. Then Henry banished all Flemings from England, and laid a strict embargo upon Flanders goods. He executed several English nobles for plots in favor of Perkin, and thus "did extremely quail the design of Perkin and his complices." But the Duchess of Burgundy, at the same time, was writing to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and to the pope himself, and getting encouragement all round. An invasion was planned, backed by Philip and Maximilian, and on July the third, 1495, the Plantagenet pretender and his little army landed on the coast of Kent.

There is no doubt that he expected all England to rise in his behalf. But the Wars of the Roses had done their work. No such bloody, useless, and exhausting wars had ever been known in England. When they ended, the great barons were all destroyed, and, indeed, the whole nobility reduced to a mere handful. There were left only the monarchy and the people; and the people were so exhausted by war that they wanted only peace, and would not have risen for anybody, no matter what his claim or his charm. Besides this, Henry had caused to be published everywhere a statement concerning the two Princes in the Tower, purporting to be the confession of Tyrrel and Dighton, the two murderers hired by Richard the Third to kill his little nephews. The real examinations of Tyrrel and Dighton, however, were not given out, even to the king's council, "the matter being left somewhat perplexed," and Tyrrel was disposed of by being beheaded for treason. Dighton, "who, it seemeth, spake best for the king, was forthwith set at liberty," and told to spread his statements everywhere.

This revised version was, that Brackenbury, keeper of the Tower, had refused to murder the princes; that one night he had been removed, and Tyrrel put in power in his stead; that the children, by Tyrrel's command, had been smothered in bed, and that their dead bodies had been seen by Tyrrel and Dighton afterward, and had been buried under the stairs. When King Richard, however, was told where his nephews had been buried, he said, "It was too base a place for them that had been king's children." So the little bodies, by the king's warrant, were taken up by the "priest of the Tower," and buried again by this priest in some unknown place. The priest and King Richard both being dead, this place could not be found; but there was no doubt that the little princes were both dead. This was Dighton's story; and as the young Queen Elizabeth and the queen-mother, Elizabeth Woodville, showed no belief in Perkin Warbeck's claim, the people of England refused to believe it, either, and the men of Kent, so far from rising and joining him when he landed, drove his followers back to the ships, after capturing eighty of them. The pretender weighed anchor at once, and sailed for Ireland, where he besieged Waterford and failed again. Then he took his little fleet and army to Scotland, and there he found welcome, friends, and a wife.

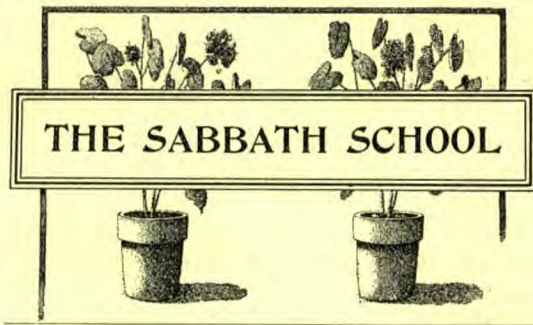
James of Scotland evidently believed thoroughly in the last heir of the Plantagenets. He

made tournaments for him, helped him invade England, and gave him the beautiful Catherine Gordon, his own kinswoman, to wife. Henry of England employed spies in Scotland, and tried to seize Perkin, but did not succeed. The young pretender seems to have been of a merciful, as well as a gracious, disposition. When James raided English villages and plundered the peasants, Perkin "entreated him not to thus afflict his people." If he were not the Duke of York, he certainly showed every characteristic of a kingly nature, and James of Scotland admired him greatly. He remained in Scotland until 1497, but now his romantic career was drawing to a close.

From Scotland, after an ineffectual invasion of the northern counties, Perkin went back to Ireland, and thence to Cornwall, where he gave battle to Henry at Taunton, with some seven thousand men at his back. The battle went against him, and he fled for sanctuary to Beaulieu, where he was besieged, and at last, on a solemn promise of pardon from the king, surrendered. He was at this time but twenty-five years old, but his days of liberty and life were well-nigh over. His "confession" was proclaimed everywhere, by order of the king, but this printed paper (setting forth that he was not the Duke of York, but the son of John Osbeck, of Tournay) was so confused and unsatisfactory that "men were in more doubt than before." Before long, Perkin, though kept under guard, found means to escape, and it was believed that Henry was only too glad to have this excuse for more severity when he was recaptured. This time he went to the Tower, where Richard of Warwick, son of Clarence Plantagenet, was also confined. The two became great friends; and both of them won the favor and kindness of the keepers to such a degree that a plot was formed for their escape. It is charged by many historians that Henry the Seventh actually allowed and encouraged this plot, so that he might, by its discovery, get rid of the two last scions of the family of York, and clear the way for his own son Arthur's marriage with Catherine of Spain, whose father would not permit her to marry the heir of Henry until the Tudor succession was thus absolutely established. We can believe anything of Henry the Seventh in the line of policy and treachery; and certain it is that he seized his chance, when the plot was revealed, to send both Warwick and the pretender to the block. In 1499 both were beheaded by order of the king, after Perkin's confession had been repeated, and thus ended the short career of Perkin Warbeck.

But his mystery survived. King James of Scotland, to the end of his life, upheld that he was no pretender, but the true Duke of York. Catherine, his wife, had the same absolute belief in him, and the Duchess of Burgundy and the king of France never changed their opinion that he was the real heir of the English crown. Historians have taken sides for and against ever since. Bailey, in his interesting history of the Tower, upholds Perkin Warbeck's claim, and believes his confession to have been a fraud, or wrung from him by threats of torture. Walpole, in his "Historic Doubts," sides with the young pretender. Yet the finding of the bones of two children under some stairs in the Tower, in Charles the Second's reign, is a strong fact on the other side—although Tyrrel and Dighton's testimony that the bodies had been removed from beneath the stairs seems to conflict, again, with this discovery. If Perkin Warbeck were not the Duke of York, who was he? Nobody (as in the case of Lambert Simnel) ever came forward to identify him, either before or after his death, which, if he were an impostor, would have been very likely to happen. This golden-haired, gracious, kingly mannered unknown moves across the page of English history a living mystery.

Would not the "White Rose of England" have made a better king than Henry the Eighth? It is an idle question, and yet it inevitably suggests itself as we read the story of the Princes in the Tower, and wonder whether little Richard really did escape the assassin only to die under the executioner's ax at Tyburn.—*The Well Spring.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XII—The Death of Saul

(December 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Samuel 31.

MEMORY VERSE: "Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth." Prov. 24:17.

While David was in the wilderness, fleeing from Saul, Samuel died. The children of Israel mourned for him greatly. They had plenty of opportunity to see how much better was their condition when guided by the prophet of the Lord than when ruled by the king they had chosen.

Even Saul, who during Samuel's life had not heeded his words, felt less safe after his death. When the Philistines gathered together in battle to fight against Israel, Saul was afraid, and his heart trembled. In his distress he did a thing that God had expressly forbidden. He tried to consult the spirit of the dead prophet, to find out if God would give him the victory.

"The dead know not anything, . . . neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." They sleep in the dust until the coming of the Lord. Evil spirits sometimes take the form of the dead, and come with messages to the living. All dealing with the supposed spirits of the dead is really dealing with devils. So God said that the people who did this were to be cut off out of the land. Lev. 20:6; 19:31.

Saul had himself put away the witches and wizards from his kingdom. I Sam. 28:3. But now that the Lord had departed from him, he turned for help to evil spirits. He went to a witch at Endor, and she gave him a message which was supposed to come from Samuel, telling him that he and his sons would be slain, and Israel given into the hands of the Philistines. The effect of this upon Saul was just what Satan wished it to be. Hope was driven from his heart. All his strength and courage left him, and he became weak and helpless. One who is discouraged is already defeated, and so on the next day the Philistines gained an easy victory over the Israelites.

Jonathan had stood faithfully by the side of his father all through the troubled years of his reign. Much as he loved David, and believed in him as the future king of Israel, hoping to be next unto him, he would not desert Saul. He was with his father in this last battle with the Philistines, and was slain, with his two brothers, Abinadab and Malchishua.

Saul took his own life, in order to escape being slain by the Philistines. The next day, when the Philistines were robbing the bodies of the slain, they found Saul and his three sons. They cut off their heads, and fastened their bodies to the wall of Beth-shan. The tidings of their death was sent into all the land of the Philistines, unto the house of their idols, and to the people. At the beginning of his reign, Saul had befriended the men of Jabesh-Gilead and delivered them from the Ammonites. And now, in return for his

kindness, they took the bodies of Saul and his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and buried them.

A young man took Saul's crown and bracelet, and carried them to David with the news of Saul's death. Thinking that David would rejoice at the death of his enemy, and give him a rich reward, he lied to David, boasting of having slain Saul with his own hand.

But "David took hold on his clothes, and rent them; and likewise all the men that were with him: and they mourned, and wept, and fasted until even, for Saul, and for Jonathan his son, and for the people of the Lord, and for the house of Israel; because they were fallen by the sword."

The young man who, according to his own story, had dared to put forth his hand and slay the anointed of the Lord, had his own life taken.

In a beautiful song called "The Song of the Bow," which David commanded to be taught to the children of Judah, he lamented over Saul and Jonathan.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,

And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!

Jonathan is slain upon thy high places.
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women,
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!"

Questions

1. When the Philistines came against him, whom did Saul consult? What had God forbidden his people to do? Deut. 18:9-12. What had Saul done with the witches and wizards?

2. Can the dead tell us anything? Eccl. 9:5. Who communicates with those who seek knowledge from the dead?

3. Whom did Saul wish to have brought up? What message came to him? What was Satan trying to do to Saul? How did he feel after this?

4. Who gained the victory in the battle? Who were among those slain by the Philistines? When Saul saw that he could not escape, what did he do?

5. Did the Philistines know that Saul and his sons were slain? How did they find out? How did they show their joy?

6. What was done with the bodies of Saul and his sons? Who rescued and buried them? What had Saul done for the men of Jabesh-Gilead?

7. Who carried news of the battle to David? What did he take him? What story did he tell of Saul's death?

8. How did David show his forgiving nature? Did he reward the man whom he thought slew Saul? What was his punishment?

9. How did David commemorate the death of Saul and Jonathan? What was his song called? What did he command concerning it?



**XII—The Third Angel's Message—
The Closing Conflict**

(December 19)

MEMORY TEXT: "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." Rev. 15:2.

Questions

1. What message followed that of the first and second angels? Rev. 14:9-11.

2. Against what worship is this message a warning? Verse 9.

3. What power is represented by this beast? Compare Rev. 13:1-5 with Dan. 7:25.

4. What have we already learned that the papacy holds up as the mark of its authority? See note 1.

5. What authority was given to this beast? Rev. 13:7.

6. What class only refrained from worshipping the beast? Verse 8.

7. What new earthly power arises at this time? Verse 11; see note 2.

8. What power does it exercise? Verse 12.

9. What does it require those that dwell on the earth to do? Verse 14.

10. After the image has been made, what power is given to it? Verses 15, 16.

11. What warning does the third angel raise against this worship? Rev. 14:9-11.

12. How are the saints described at this time? Verse 12.

13. What do they keep in contrast with those who receive the mark of the beast? Rev. 14:12.

14. Upon what commandment is there a reform in the last days? Note 3.

15. Then against what is the third angel's message a warning?

Notes

1. The following from the "Doctrinal Catechism," page 174, shows the claims of the papacy:—

"Q.—Have you any other way of proving that the church has power to institute festivals of precept?

"A.—Had she not such power, she could not have done that in which all modern religionists agree with her—she could not have substituted the observance of Sunday, the first day of the week, for the observance of Saturday, the seventh day, a change for which there is no Scriptural authority."

2. The papacy went into captivity in A. D. 1798. At that time John saw this other power "coming up out of the earth." Other symbolic beasts of prophecy had been seen coming up from the sea, denoting their rise as the result of war and conquest among the nations and peoples of the earth. This one coming up out of the earth indicates that about the year 1798 we should look for a nation just coming into prominence, not among the nations of the world, but occupying new territory. The nation, and the only one in the world, meeting these and other specifications of the prophecy, is the United States of America. The influence of this nation for the first hundred years of its history, standing as it did for the great principles of religious freedom, held in check religious intolerance in the nations of the Old World. But when this nation repudiates the principles herself, then it will be that by her influence she will say, "to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast."

3. We have already learned that in the last days there will be a reform on the Sabbath. And since this is the only commandment upon which there is any controversy, and Sunday, the substitute for the Christian sabbath, is held up as the mark of papal authority, it is clear that the controversy on this question is the one to which the prophet refers. A further evidence is the fact that in Rev. 14:12 and 12:17 the people of God in the last days are described as those who especially keep the commandments of God.

"If you let yourself be upset by the little vexations and perplexities from which no life is free, you are acknowledging that they are bigger than you are. There should be enough of inner strength to meet with serenity all that comes—the great crisis of life, and its little worries as well. You should be greater than all of them together."



ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

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

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER EDITOR

Subscription Rates:

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION | --- | --- | --- | --- | \$.75 |
| SIX MONTHS | --- | --- | --- | --- | .40 |
| THREE MONTHS | --- | --- | --- | --- | .20 |
| TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES | --- | --- | --- | --- | 1.25 |

CLUB RATES:

| | | | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| 5 to 9 copies to one address, each | --- | --- | --- | --- | \$.55 |
| 10 to 100 " " " " | --- | --- | --- | --- | .50 |
| 100 or more " " " " | --- | --- | --- | --- | .45 |

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

Our Annual Offering

Will easily reach the fifty-thousand-dollar mark, if every one deliberately and prayerfully plans to do more this year than he did last year. And is this not reasonable? The message has made most rapid strides during 1903. God has dealt with his people in a marvelous manner. By his judgments and by his reproofs and his counsel, he has led them in a plain path. No one who has kept pace with the movements of this year can fail to discern his hand. True, right among us there are occurrences that would make it appear that the Lord's coming is to be long delayed. But these very experiences are evidences that the end is at hand, and are only additional signs to strengthen our faith in the early advent. All these things indicate the need of our greater consecration to God's closing work.

We are not able to discern with the finite eye the rapidity with which God's work in the earth is moving. But the eye of faith sees in the events that are taking place the end of all things; the testing time for God's people; the time of shaking, when many who have lost their hold on the Lord and his work will be shaken out; the time described by the prophet when those true to God will be found humbly seeking him, and laying all at his feet for service. Then is it not reasonable to expect 1903 to close with the largest gift to missions that we have ever recorded, and that this will be but an earnest of what we shall do during 1904? What say our young people? We should come to the front in these closing hours. May we begin by making a thank-offering for 1903, according to our ability, proportionate to the blessings that have been ours this year. If we do, the young people alone may be the factor that will bring the annual offering of 1903 up to fifty thousand dollars. E. H.

Two Kinds of Ambition

THERE was once a young man who desired to be king. He was a king's son, and dearly beloved by his father. Everything that the king could do for his son, to make him wise and happy, had been done. In all the land there was none so much praised for his beauty as this young man; "from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him."

But an unworthy ambition filled the heart of the prince. Beneath its fierce heat his love for his father withered and died. He wanted to be king! But the king was honored and greatly beloved—how could the prince take the kingdom? He knew that if he should try to gain a following, no one would listen to him. So he went out very early every morning, and sat by the gate of the city. When a stranger came in, the prince ran to meet him, and shook hands with him, and kissed him, and asked from what city he had come. And when, as was often the

case, the stranger had come to the capital to have some dispute or quarrel settled before the king, the young man said that his cause was just, but there was no one deputed by the king to hear. And then he would add, "O, that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come to me, and I would do him justice!"

All this had just the effect that the prince had hoped. For a long time he made himself friendly, and instilled into the hearts of his father's subjects the idea that the king was not doing all he ought to do for them, and that he, the prince, would do a great deal more and a great deal better. Thus he "stole the hearts" of the men of that kingdom.

At last the time came when he dared seize the crown. With a lie on his lips, he gained his father's permission to go to a town a few miles away, and here he had himself proclaimed king. But his reign came to an abrupt end; and the young prince, who, in the days of his ambition, had had a graceful pillar reared up to keep his memory alive, suffered a shameful death, and was buried in a pit covered with stones.

The danger of ambition has had many illustrations in these days—days a long way removed, in point of time, from those of the beautiful prince with the wicked heart. Especially is there often seen a desire on the part of the young and the inexperienced to fill some higher place than that which they occupy before they are qualified to fill it worthily. Not long ago a young pilot, only a boy in years, and not any older in experience, received his first commission. He was to take one of the largest ocean steamers out of the New York harbor—and it was a foggy day. Agitated and anxious, he succeeded in passing the most difficult points in the channel, and yet ran the steamer fast aground within sight of Sandy Hook.

Thus this young man's career, which promised well, is perhaps ruined—for no one will care to trust him with another steamer in that harbor. He thought he was fit for the responsibility, but he was not, as the event proved.

"Getting on slowly" need not trouble any one, if he knows in his inner consciousness that he is surely making progress. Of course between the person who settles down in one place, content to rise no higher, and the one who rushes ahead into responsibilities that he is not fit to assume, there is little choice—except that the former is likely to injure only himself, while the other may become responsible for the lives of others.

The ambition that is "an eager desire to gain power or distinction or fame or wealth," is as different as possible from the ambition that is a "steadfast purpose to achieve something commendable." The former ends oftenest in failure—the "failures that promised well," the latter brings success of the highest character.

"I Will Help Thee"

THE blessed promise, "Fear not, I will help thee," was certainly valuable to a sister with whom I talked last Sabbath.

She said: "When Brother Gilbert was here, he asked how many of us would go out and help sell the *Signs of the Times*. Not many seemed willing to go, so I thought I would at least show my willingness to try, although I knew I could not sell them; for no one hates to ask favors of people more than I. No one was more surprised over my success than I have been."

This young woman is now selling fifty copies of the *Signs* each Saturday night on the streets and in the stores of Kansas City, Missouri. How is it with you? Does the Lord ask you through this experience to-day to do a similar work for him? The promise, "Fear not, I will be with thee," is just as true for you as it was to this young lady. H. H. HALL.

A Rare Opportunity for Service

WE have reached the time of year when the evenings are long, and multitudes will devote time to reading. It is our privilege to supply many of them with our books. Thousands of our smaller books, such as contain present truth for this time, can be sold.

Within a few weeks many books will be presented to friends as holiday gifts. An excellent book for this purpose, and one that forcibly presents the message, is that recently issued by the Review and Herald, "Our Paradise Home." It presents in a brief, expressive, earnest manner the plan of salvation, from paradise lost to paradise regained. Though it is not yet four months old, nearly thirty thousand copies have been sold, and many hearts have been cheered and warmed with the reading of its thrilling truths.

Many of our brethren, sisters, youth, and children should sell this messenger of truth by thousands. It can be used by our canvassers as a help when selling larger volumes. Who will engage in the work immediately? Can not you sell and deliver a large number before Christmas? If you desire to make a holiday present, this little book will make a valuable one.

It is a subscription book, and gives a good discount to agents. It is finely illustrated with original engravings. Two bindings. Cloth, 50 cents. Board, 25 cents. Address your State tract society.

At the Door

A NEW, profusely illustrated booklet, containing forty-five impressive engravings illustrating in consecutive order the fulfilment of every prophecy in Matthew 24, Mark 13, and Luke 21. Each picture is accompanied by the verse of Scripture which it illustrates. In this way the whole story of Christ's second coming is made very attractive in appearance and impressive in fact.

The entire booklet is devoted to the proclaiming of the coming of the King of kings, in the words of the Saviour himself, and each prophecy uttered is illustrated as fulfilled.

It is an excellent little seller, and ought to have a large circulation. Any person can handle it.

It is printed in beautiful photo-brown ink, in attractive covers, the best style being heavy paper covers, with beautiful enameled designs, and bound with silk cord. Prices, 15 and 25 cents.

Address your State tract societies.

This Will Interest You

THE Correspondence School for Nurses, connected with the Sanitarium Medical Missionary Training-School, will begin a new class the first of January, 1904. Lessons are sent weekly to students who are unable to leave home duties in order to take a regular course at one of our sanitariums. This is the sixth year this work has been in progress, and hundreds are availing themselves of it. Our enrolment for 1903 shows an encouraging increase. Studies in eleven subjects are given, among which Christian Help work and the care and treatment of the sick are prominent. Our lessons have recently been rewritten and enlarged, and are in every way improved.

The tuition fee is five dollars for the entire course. This amount is to cover the cost of sending out lessons, correcting the replies, and returning the reports to the pupils. The few text-books required for this work are furnished at actual cost price. We shall organize a new class in January, which will continue one year. By taking double lessons, some students finish in six months. We shall be glad to hear from all who are interested. A descriptive circular giving full particulars, also testimonials from those who have taken the course, will be sent free on application. Address the Correspondence Department of the Sanitarium Training-School, Battle Creek, Michigan.