

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LI

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No. 50



Put on the Whole Armor

Now gird thee for the battle;
Put on the armor bright;
The evil day is coming;
Now arm thee for the fight.

Let truth be like a girdle,
A wall of living light
To strengthen and sustain thee
In conflict for the right.

O, righteous be and holy,
A breastplate none can pierce
When wild around thee rages
The tempest dark and fierce.

And let your feet be ready
To run the way of life;
Shod with the peace of heaven.
Turn from the path of strife.

A shield He has to give thee;
O, hold it ever high,
To quench the darts of evil
From foemen lurking nigh!

Put on thine head the helmet,
Salvation full and free;
And take the shining weapon,
The sword God gives to thee.

Go forward, nothing fearing;
As soldiers brave, endure;
Though long the battle rages,
The victory is sure.

CORNELIA SNOW.

God's Little Lamb

MANY years ago a young man from a well-known mercantile house in a large city was dispatched upon important business to the residence of a wealthy gentleman living in the same city. A servant answered his ring, and seated him in the reception room until the gentleman of the house was at leisure.

As the young man waited, there was a pattering of little feet in the lobby, and presently a rosy face peeped in at the partly open door. The inquiring look on the face of the child was answered by a nod and a smile from the visitor, whereupon the little one came forward to make friends. A picture of beauty and innocence was little Marjorie, with her large blue eyes, and shining flaxen curls that clustered about the fair forehead and slender neck. She soon became friends with her papa's visitor, and he took her upon his knee, as she told him of her pets. Gaily she chatted to him about her big dog Punch, and her Angora kitten.

"I wonder if she is ever taught about God and heaven," thought he, for she belonged to an aristocratic family, where wealth and fashion reigned, and the customs of high society life prevailed.

"Did you ever hear about Jesus?" he asked. "Who's Desus?" and the blue eyes opened wide.

"What a pity," he thought, "that such an innocent baby should grow up without any knowledge of the love of God." He contrasted her refined surroundings with those of the little street urchins who came every week to the mission Sabbath-school. There he had toiled long and faithfully to bring a knowledge of the blessed Saviour's love to little hearts that knew nothing but vice and crime and misery and woe. Naturally of an affectionate nature, his heart went out to this sweet, innocent little flower, apparently uncontaminated from the wicked world without. Here was an opportunity for him. Possibly the hearts

man was occupied with other callers, the young man taught her to repeat a stanza of a curious old hymn, composed by an Indian woman, which runs as follows:—

"I am glad I ever saw the day —
Sing glory, glory, glory —
When first I learned to sing and pray
Of glory, glory, glory.
'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory;
I praise my Saviour and my King,
Like those who dwell in glory."

To Marjorie's great delight she could repeat the verses alone, and was told to say them many times so she would remember them. They had been together nearly an hour when her papa came in to receive the caller, bidding her run and play.

The interview was ended, and the young man was asked to call again in a few days to complete the business.

When the clerk came again, he found the man of business occupied, and was obliged to wait his turn. "I wonder if I shall see little Marjorie this time," he thought. He had not waited long, however, when in she came, approaching him shyly. To his delight she had remembered the verses he had taught her, and repeated them for him.

"Tell me more pretty verses 'bout Desus," pleaded the child, whereupon he produced a book of hymns he had brought purposely, hoping to see her. This he gave to her, telling her to have her mama read her many pretty things about Jesus.

Some weeks after this it was necessary for the young man to go on business, probably for the last time, to Marjorie's home. Her father was out of town, the child's mother received him, bringing Marjorie with her. She instantly ran to him, and began repeating her verses, somewhat to the embarrassment of the young man, who did not know whether the mother would approve of what he had done, and of the child's fondness for him. Much to his relief, the mother received him kindly, speaking of the pleasure Marjorie took in what he had taught her, and how she was constantly begging her mama to tell her other verses. Then the mother asked him to explain what Marjorie meant.

"Ah! here is another opportunity," thought he. Producing a small pocket Bible, he read a number of beautiful verses, and spoke to her of the love of God. As he passed out into the street, he sent up a silent petition that the good seed sown might some day bear fruit.

Nearly six months passed before he saw or heard from either the child or her mother again. Occasionally, as he had passed the house, a strong desire seized him to see the little one again, but disliking to be unconventional, he refrained from calling. How many times we hesitate when God's Spirit prompts us to action! Many times, too,



MOTHER'S LITTLE BUBBLE BLOWER

of the parents might be touched by some childish ministry.

So he told her of the dear Jesus who was once a little child, and when he became a man, he loved little children dearly, and took them in his arms and blessed them. He told her how Jesus died for us, so that we may be saved and live with him in heaven. She repeated after him the beautiful verses, "Jesus said, Suffer little children . . . to come unto me," and, "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

As the moments sped on, and still the gentle-

hearts are waiting, longing, for the bread of life.

One evening when passing down the street, he determined to overcome his timidity, and call at the house. The servant who admitted him said Mrs. — was at home; his card was taken up, and he waited several moments.

Presently Mrs. — appeared. Her eyes were heavy with weeping, and as she saw him, her tears burst forth afresh. "O sir!" she exclaimed, "my child! Will you see her?"

Without further words they proceeded up-stairs, and as he observed her intense emotion, fears seized him as to the seriousness of the situation, while he tried to choke back the lump that was rising in his own throat. Little Marjorie must be very ill.

As the door was opened, there lay Marjorie in her little white bed, tossing to and fro in delirium. Her face was flushed, and her beautiful curls lay in a tangled mat upon the little head. Now and then she repeated snatches from the verses he had taught her,—sometimes nearly a whole verse correctly; then her mind wandered, and her moanings were indistinct.

The sobs of the poor mother were all that broke the silence of the room. She was a young woman, and Marjorie was her only child. Evidently the mother had never learned to say, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." The young man begged her to look for comfort to the God of all consolation. Fervently did he pray that night for this dear lamb of the Saviour's fold, committing her to the loving care of him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Being sent out of town on business for his employer, it was the evening of the second day since his last call before he could go and inquire after the sick child. Hastening his steps thither, he was met at the door by the servant, who in tears exclaimed, "O sir, my mistress thought you would have come sooner!"

He was quickly admitted to the sick room, only to find the grief-stricken mother sitting by the bedside, her face buried in her handkerchief. Her husband tried to support her, but his own frame shook with emotion.

The frail little form now lay quietly in bed. The fever was gone, the delirium was quite over, and she was very weak and tranquil.

The young man approached the bedside. As he bent over her quietly, she looked up into his face, and smiled faintly. "Do you know me, Marjorie?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, and put her hand in his, "you told me pretty verses 'bout Desus."

"I am glad I ever saw the day —
Sing glory, glory, glory —"

She stopped, leaving the line unfinished,—indeed, the last words were scarcely heard. Then as she moved, he placed his hand under her head to ease her position. Her eyes opened again quite fully, and looking up into his face, she said, "'Jesus said, Suffer little children, . . . to come unto me; ' He will gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.'"

The eyelids closed. The little head sank heavier on his arm, and the child was gone. And then,—ah, then,—how sweet to the sorrowing ones were the words of Revelation: "His servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads."

Let us not think of death as of grief and pain and the cold grave, but let us think of the glad resurrection which comes after the brief sleep. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

This is a true story. Think not that the young man came by accident into that home. God had a purpose in leading him there, that he might

bring salvation to hearts that knew not the Saviour of men. Let us not be slow to speak words of hope and cheer,—the "wonderful words of life,"—wherever there is opportunity. Many a little lamb is out of the fold of the Good Shepherd. Many a wandering sheep would gladly come in, had it some one to lead the way. "Feed my lambs." "Feed my sheep." * * *

In a Caisson Chamber

WHEN we speak of a bridge-builder, we think of a man whose work is done in mid-air, who labors over cables or rivets, with a narrow steel beam and a hundred feet of space between himself and the solid earth or the unquiet water. But some bridge-builders work nearly as far beneath the earth as others do above it. These are the men who lay the foundations of such great structures as those which span the East River at New York, or the Mississippi at St. Louis—the caisson-workers, they are called.

A caisson is simply a massive box of timbers, strongly bolted together, one of its six sides being left open. It is of the same dimensions as the pier which is to be built, and may reach a length and width of sixty or seventy feet. It is floated upon the water, its open side downward, and masonry is built upon its top, until, sinking beneath this weight, its edges rest upon the river bottom.

Then through pipes, previously let into the top of the caisson, air is forced down by means of powerful compressors. When the pressure is greater than that of the water outside, the water within the caisson is forced out, until at length the space is left clear. The air must always be kept four times as dense as it is at the surface, else the water would make its way in, and put a stop to the work, even if it did not drown some of the workmen.

It is the part of these men to remove the mud from beneath the caisson, excavating very cautiously under its edges, until the whole structure sinks by gradual stages to the bedrock of the river channel. The cavity of the caisson is then filled with cement, and the foundations of the great pier are secured.

Open spaces for two shafts are left in the masonry originally built on the top of the caisson. One of these is occupied by the elevator in which the workmen ride up and down; the other is used for the removal of the mud and the delivery of the cement. When the caisson itself has been filled, these shafts are stopped with cement.

In descending into the caisson, one is taken by the elevator to the air-lock, a small, circular, iron-walled chamber on the roof of the great box. The door communicating with the shaft is then securely closed, and a valve into the caisson chamber is opened. With a shrill scream the compressed air rushes into the chamber, the temperature rises, and the air becomes close and heavy.

There is but one actual danger, however, and that is to the ear-drums. But if the nose be held shut, the mouth opened, and the air forced, by swallowing, into the Eustachian tubes, the pressure on both sides of the membrane is equalized, and all possibility of injury avoided. Of course no one with really diseased lungs or heart should expose himself to the peculiar conditions of caisson-work.

When at last the air in the lock is of equal density with that in the caisson, the latter may be safely entered.

Here, at a depth of seventy feet or more beneath the surface of the water, our subterranean bridge-builders are at work. They are lightly clad, and even so their exertions bathe them in perspiration, for in air containing four times the usual quantity of oxygen, tissue-burning is very rapid.

Toil is so exhausting under these conditions that the men can work only one hour at a time. Two shifts of one hour each make a day's work

—equal to eight hours or more of labor at the surface of the earth. As the work goes on night and day, there are twelve "working-days" in every twenty-four hours. Bridge-building beneath the water is decidedly expensive!

It is not only by the rapidity with which fatigue comes that the worker realizes the strangeness of his surroundings. The voice loses its resonance in the dense, damp air, and becomes flat and hollow in tone. Words and inflections lose their distinctness; some sounds, especially those of the dental letters, d and t, are almost inaudible, or become strangely transmuted into l's.

It is impossible, also, for even the most accomplished whistler to produce the slightest sound in this dense atmosphere. Pucker and blow as he will, the air escapes noiselessly from his lips.

Another curious thing is that the candles which are used to explore the dark corners of the caisson, to which the electric light does not always penetrate, can not be blown out. The flame may be extinguished for an instant by a vigorous puff, but the wick remains momentarily aglow, and so abundant is the oxygen in the caisson air that it rekindles the flame at once, and the candle burns as brightly as before.

When at length, after an hour's work, the tired laborer is ready to ascend to the surface, the air-lock is again entered, the door into the caisson closed, and another valve opened into the elevator shaft, through which the compressed air escapes, hissing and screaming. Now another curious phenomenon is noticed.

As the pressure is released, the air expands, and in accordance with natural law, it becomes much colder. It is, however, heavily charged with moisture, and just as a pitcher of ice-water condenses the moisture of the air upon its sides, so the falling temperature condenses the moisture in the air-lock, and the chamber is at once filled with a chill, white fog, which is often so thick that water is felt trickling in tiny rivulets down one's face and hands.

Too rapid a change in pressure at this point is more dangerous than on entering the caisson. Faintness and dizziness, and severe pains in the legs and chest, are often felt, and temporary paralysis, or even, in rare cases, death, is the result of carelessness. Ten minutes are occupied in slowly reducing the pressure to normal, and then at length the caisson-worker may step into the elevator and rise again to the surface.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Real Athlete

Do you know, says a writer to the *Nashville Advocate*, the real athlete? The boy or young man who not only excels in the school sports, but is champion of the wood-pile and like opportunities for home exercise?

I know of at least one such young man. He can throw the hammer several feet farther than any other young men in his class, yet he practises at the sport far less than those with whom he competes. He can lift more than those who test with him their strength, yet he gives little thought to the accomplishment. He can walk a mile several minutes quicker than those who would outstrip him in a foot-race, yet seldom is he seen practising on the school course.

A year since I spent a week at his home in the country, and, while there, learned the secret of his athletic excellence. When I saw him at the woodpile six mornings in succession, I realized where a large share of his skill as a thrower of the hammer came from. Seeing him at work after school hours building a stone wall, I knew somewhat of the secret of his strength. When I saw him start for school, two miles away, with less than half an hour at his disposal, for he had insisted upon going to the spring for water, lest there should not be sufficient for the morning's use, I knew something of his practise as a pedestrian.—*Selected*.

AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

Building a Modern Kite

THE kite we will make this week is a simplified model of "the great cloth bird" at Blue

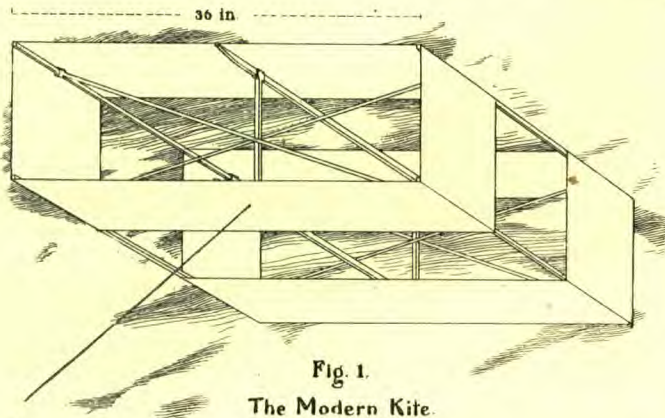


Fig. 1.
The Modern Kite.

Hill Observatory, near Boston, where it has been used for several years in elevating recording thermometers and other instruments that automatically register the condition of the upper air. This big, standard kite of Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau contains nearly seventy square feet of supporting surface, and often pulls over a hundred pounds on the string. Of course no one man can fly it safely by hand; and so strong, well-anchored reels are used instead. The string itself is a fine steel wire about the diameter of an ordinary pin, and usually between two and three miles long. It will not break with any strain under two hundred pounds, and therefore is strong enough except when several kites are flown tandem, in order to explore the very highest altitudes.

Notwithstanding its marvelous lifting power, the modern scientific kite hovers for hours with the smoothness and grace of some gigantic bird. It is even possible to take photographs of the earth, by cameras suspended from this kite.

The Model

A boy who is handy with his knife, and can induce a patient, long-suffering sister to do some sewing for him, will have no trouble in making his scientific fun machine. It certainly calls for more time in construction than the old "cross-stick" kite, but it also certainly repays the labor bestowed on it far better. Whoever undertakes it has just two points to be careful of: First, the frame must be stiff; second, it must be well balanced.

Materials

Straight-grained spruce or pine is the thing for the framework sticks; three yards of calico or muslin, or an old sheet, will do for the covering; and some small tacks and coarse, waxed linen thread will fasten things together.

Sizes

You can make your kite any size you wish, of course, as soon as you understand the principle on which it flies. However, as in the construction of yachts, so in the construction of this model kite, certain proportions have been found to work best; and, to begin with at least, it will perhaps be safest to hold closely to these. The pieces of wood you will need are cut as follows:—

Figure 2.— 2 center spines for center truss, $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{5}{8} \times 40$.

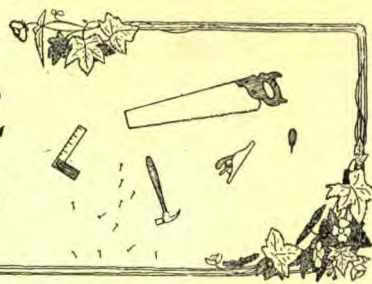


Figure 3.— 2 vertical supports for center truss, $\frac{3}{8} \times 1 \times 12$.

Figure 4.— 4 corner spines, $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8} \times 40$.

Figure 5.— 4 diagonal braces, $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{5}{8} \times 37\frac{3}{4}$.

The figures will show just how and where to notch the wood in order to make the framework perfectly rigid, and also where to trim away unnecessary weight.

Building

Having the twelve pieces necessary, build first the center truss, or backbone, of your "bird," as shown in the figure, by binding the four pieces made for it firmly together with plenty of shoemakers' waxed twine, or common string, waxed.

The next step is to prepare the covering. This is made of two long strips of cloth. Both edges must be hemmed, and still leave the width just twelve

inches. The total length on the kite for each strip is ninety-six and one-half inches,—the one-half inch being allowed for the lap in sewing the goods together.

Now mark the two cloth bands at the places

Fig. 4 Corner Spines.

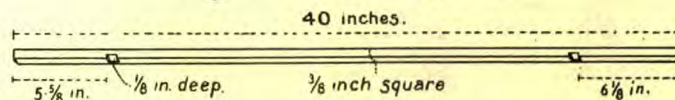


Fig. 5. Diagonal Braces.

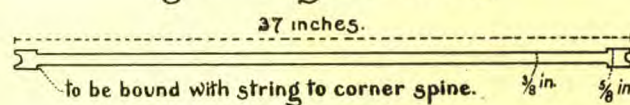
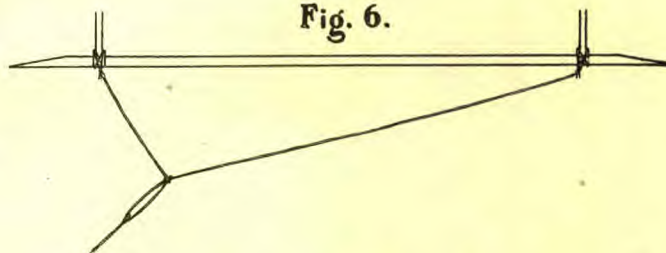


Fig. 6.



they are to be fastened to the framework. In order to do this, stretch each band on two sticks, make it tight and firm, and lay off on it a twelve-inch section, draw it around a little, so that the stretching sticks will not interfere, and with the pencil mark off a thirty-six-inch section, then a twelve, then another thirty-six. Do not hurry in this part of the work, as on it depends a great share of the kite's success. Complete the marking by drawing two lines where the center truss will come, just in the middle of the thirty-six-inch sections.

With some of the small tacks fasten the bands to the center truss in the proper places, using half a dozen tacks in each place. In the same manner fasten in the corner spines, taking care that the notches you have made in them come right for the diagonal braces.

In the measurements for the sticks the diagonals were placed at about $37\frac{3}{4}$. It is well to make

them even a little longer than that, in case your cloth should stretch considerably, and trim them down till they fit snug, and stretch the cloth outward as tight as a drum, so to speak. Notice that one diagonal goes before and one behind



A KITE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN NEW YORK CITY AT FIVE HUNDRED FEET ALTITUDE

the vertical of the center truss, and that they are bound together at every joint with the waxed string.

Attaching the String

There are two methods, one for light and one for heavy winds. In the second method a piece of cord is tied to the center truss, as shown in Figure 2, passing it through small slits in the cloth. The other end of the cord is made into a loop, into which the kite string proper may be tied. The first method, for light winds, has the two-point fastening. This will be understood from Figure 6. It may be necessary to make several trials, in order to get the exact slant to the kite as it hangs from the string; this of course will be effected by fastening the real kite string to just the right part of the bridle.

The kite string should be a great deal stronger than that needed for the ordinary kite. However, it is probable that in ordinary winds the common twine will do very well. If it is found too weak, it can be strengthened by waxing with beeswax.

Sending It Up

The best time to fly the kite is during what we would call "a common wind." Run out

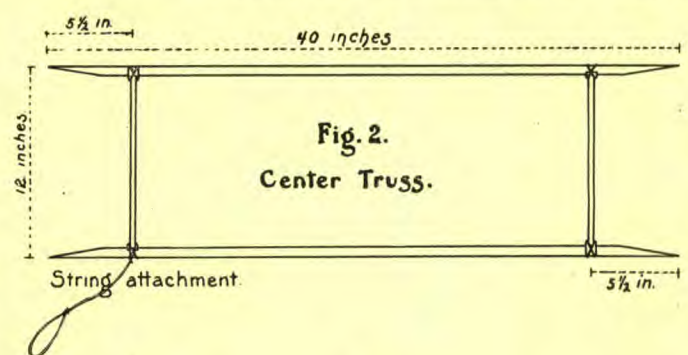
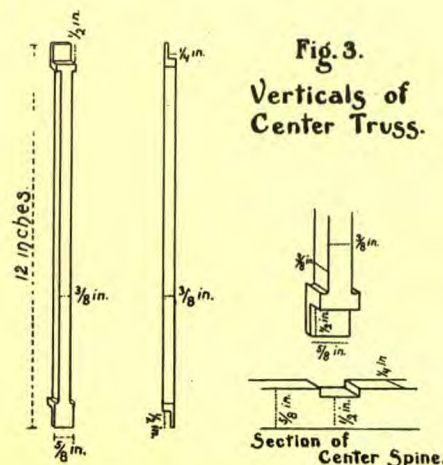


Fig. 3.
Verticals of
Center Truss.



a hundred feet or so of string while somebody else holds the kite. Have your assistant toss it lightly upward in the direction in which it is to go. It will then take care of itself, and mount rapidly.

If the kite is not thrown up in line with the wind, it will behave badly, as any other kite would do. It may behave badly in either case, and this is a sure sign that it is poorly made. It is not balanced, and should be weighted on one side or the other with small pieces of lead or iron, tied to the corner spines. This will usually make matters right, and the kite will sail so high that, large as it is, it will be almost lost to view, provided, of course, your string is long enough, and the wind sufficiently stiff.

Boys who have flown ordinary kites tandem, several from a single string, will know how to do the same thing with their scientific kites, and will appreciate the absence of the troublesome tail. They will also find it possible to send up heavy flags, lanterns, fireworks, or cameras. Many strange pictures can be secured by swinging a light camera between the two cells of the kite, so that it is well balanced, providing some simple way of working the shutter, and taking bird's-eye views of farms, towns, and valleys. The photograph shown herewith was taken in this way in New York City several years ago.

EDISON DRIVER.

The Broom-Corn Brothers

CAN'T get an education, did you say, my boy? Can't go to college because you have no money? Money is not the essential thing in getting an education. Energy counts more than money, and thousands of boys have proved it. In the State university in Kansas, nearly one half the students are self-supporting.

An incident in the lives of three brothers came to my attention the other day—three Kansas boys who had no money, and wanted an education. Their struggle began twelve years ago, when the eldest, Frank Mahin, went to the State normal school from a southwest Kansas farm, determined to win a diploma. He was equipped with a few books, some broom-corn, and a broom-making machine, but very little money.

When he went out to hunt a boarding-place, his prospective landlady asked: "What about payment—will your father meet the bills?"

"No, ma'am," said the country boy. "I will, if you will take chickens, eggs, and butter."

She looked at him in astonishment. "You do not live here—where will you get them?"

"Trade brooms for them."

"Brooms? Where will you get brooms?"

"Make them—in the barn, if you will let me."

It took considerable explaining before the landlady was made to understand his plan, but she did at last.

He set up his machine in the barn, and made brooms. These he traded to the farmers for produce, and this went to his landlady for board. Week after week went by, and he met all his expenses. He did this until he completed the normal school course. He wanted to go to a medical college, but the money was needed at home, so he returned to the farm and kept his brothers in the country schools.

Those were the hard times on the prairie, and, though the family raised a good crop of broom-corn the next year, it would not sell for enough to pay rent, and the landlord took it. The other boys left the public school, and all three worked hard for a year paying off a \$1,200 mortgage. They studied nights, and kept up with their classes.

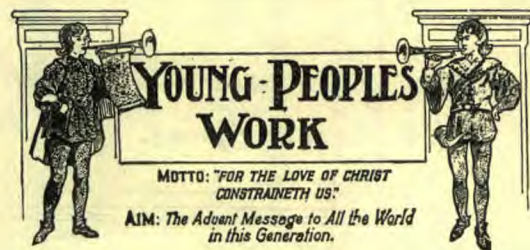
Then the boys went back to the normal school town, and made brooms while continuing their studies. The Santa Fe Railroad heard of them, and gave them a large order for special-made brooms to be used by the car-sweepers.

The last of the "broom-corn brothers" to make his way through school was the youngest, Melvin, who fitted up a factory in the carriage-

shed at the place where he roomed, and, with another student, made brooms, working an hour or two each day. Soon after the Christmas holidays he was offered the principalship of a ward school in a growing town, and left his studies to accept it. Charles also had a good principalship, and the eldest brother is completing his work in a Southern medical college.

During the dozen years these three boys have been working their way through school, they have assisted their parents, and have added eighty acres to the eighteen-acre home farm. They also rent three hundred acres more, and have established a permanent broom factory, which is earning a good return each year. They are prosperous, and have the esteem of their fellows—even if sometimes their schoolmates did smile at the young broom peddlers.

Can't go to college because you have no money? You need grit, not money. Perhaps you can't make brooms, but there are plenty of other ways in which you can earn the necessary funds. A willingness to struggle a little, to undergo hardship, to endure—that's what will make educated men of the boys who have no one to pay their way through college. Perhaps it is better that they do it this way—they keep their knowledge, and use it, because they earned it.—*Young People's Weekly*.



The Annual Offering

THE coming Sabbath, December 19, is the day set for the collection of the annual offering. It is not too late yet to have a part in this, and to make our gift to missions larger than ever before. The first donation toward the \$50,000-offering was received in the Mission Board office November 29. The sister who sent it said, "Yes, make it \$50,000. I wish it could be doubled." Her own offering meant sacrifice on her part, and we believe is the first-fruits of a liberal harvest. Such an offering means far more than simply the money received. It means a harvest of souls in the kingdom of God. We can still help in this special gift, and then let the year 1904 be marked by a renewed consecration of all to the progress of this message in the world-wide field. E. H.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Elements of a Great Reformation Peace Within; War Without

Scripture Study:—

Peace within: Col. 3:15; Gal. 5:22; Rom. 5:1; John 14:27; John 14:1.

War without—against sin: Matt. 10:34-36; John 16:23; 2 Cor. 4:8.

A false charge: 1 Kings 18:17, 18.

Parallel Reading:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter XII.

Lesson Notes

In the study of this lesson draw a clear line of thought between the peace of the heart, and the war against sin in the form of false doctrine, and the long list of evils against which the Christian is bound to wage an unrelenting war.

Jesus came to bring us peace. He washes away our sins, reconciles us to his Father, and takes up his abode within our hearts; and while we keep the Blessed One, and live unspotted from the world, that peace will abide within, and become a strong refuge when the storms rage without.

Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled." "In the world ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer." Keep the heart free from trouble, keep peace within, and you are prepared as a mighty fortress to withstand the assaults of the foe. Paul said, "I am troubled on every side, yet not distressed." He had not permitted the outside troubles to get inside. Trouble rages on every side of all men. The secret of peace is to keep peace in the heart, and the troubles outside.

But do not be led into the grave mistake of thinking that trouble without, and war against sin and against wicked principles, means a loss of peace from the heart. That should never be the result. Peace within is the greatest resource for effective war against our Captain's foes. And the greater our peace, the stronger will be our fights.

The Christian who thinks that his warfare is simply an inward struggle, and victory over self, and then a long life of ease and psalm singing, forgets the stony path his Saviour trod, and the ordeal of fire and death through which the saints and martyrs passed. No, "we must fight if we would win." To profess righteousness means to wage uncompromising, eternal war against sin and sinful practises. This is our warfare. Light and darkness can not harmonize. Between truth and error there is an irrepressible conflict. To uphold and defend the one is to attack and overthrow the other. Our Saviour himself declared, "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Luther expressed this principle when he stood before the Diet of Worms. With his heart anchored in heaven's true peace, he faced the combined storm which was about to break upon him. He said, "What I have just said, will show that I have weighed the dangers to which I am exposing myself; but far from being dismayed by them, I rejoice exceedingly to see the gospel this day, as of old, a cause of trouble and dissension. This is the character, the destiny of God's Word. God is wonderful and terrible in his counsels. Let us have a care lest in our endeavors to arrest discords we be forced to fight against the holy Word of God, and bring down upon our heads a frightful deluge of inextricable dangers, present disaster, and everlasting desolation."

E. R. P.

Hungry for Love

THE world is hungry for love. It is not hungry for great poets, great soldiers, great inventors, but it is longing for great lovers. A great lover is simply a soul set free enough from selfishness to live in other lives, and free enough from reserve and cowardice to tell others how he loves them.

One of the most beautiful stories we have ever read is told of Wendell Phillips, the orator. He was passionately devoted to his invalid wife, and one day after he had lectured, his friends urged him not to return to Boston that night. "The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage. It will mean twelve miles of cold riding through the sleet."

"Ah, yes," he replied, "but at the end of them I shall find Annie Phillips."

No journey is too long with love at the end of it, no task is too hard with love for its reward. The most successful men, not only as God counts success, but even according to men's poor measure of success, are those that care for others. They live in others' successes as well as their own. They add the happiness of others to their own joy.

That is, all the world worth having. Not the world of greed and gold, not the world of war and murder, not the world of pride and envy. God is the chief lover, the one pattern of love. Every one that loveth is born of God, and whatever his Father has is his.—*Christian Work*

CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Forest Scene in the Days of Wyclif

A LITTLE child did read a book
Beside an open door,
And as she read page after page,
She wondered more and more.

Her little finger carefully
Went pointing out the place;
Her golden locks hung drooping down,
And shadowed half her face.

She sat upon a mossy stone,
An open door beside,
And round for miles, on every hand,
Stretched out a forest wide.

The sun shone warm upon the trees,
The deer lay in the shade,
And overhead the singing birds
A pleasant warbling made.

The butterfly went flitting by,
The bees were in the flowers;
But the little child sat steadfastly,
As she had sat for hours.

"Why sit you here, my little maid?"
An aged pilgrim spake;
The child looked upward from her Book,
Like one but just awake.

"And what is there within that book
To win a child like thee?
Up! join thy mates, the merry birds,
And frolic with the bee."

"Nay, sir, I can not leave this book;
I love it more than play;
I've read all legends, but this Book
Ne'er saw I till this day."

"Who art thou, child, that thou shouldst read
A book with mickle heed?
Books are for clerks—the king himself
Hath much ado to read."

"My father is a forester,
A Bowman keen and good;
He keeps the deer within their bounds,
And worketh in the wood."

"Who was it taught you thus to read?"
"Ah, sir, it was my mother;
She taught me both to read and spell,
And so she taught my brother:

"My brother dwells at Allonby,
With the good monks alway;
And this new Book he brought to me,
But only for one day."

"Nay, read to me," the pilgrim said,
And the little child went on
To read of Christ, as is set forth
In the Gospel of St. John.

On, on she read, and gentle tears
Adown her cheeks did slide;
The pilgrim sat with bended head,
And wept there at her side.

"The Book, it is a blessed Book!
It's name, what may it be?"
She said, "They are the words of Christ
That I have read to thee."

"Give me the Book, and let me read;
My soul is strangely stirred;
They are such words of love and truth
As ne'er before I heard!"

And so he read page after page,
Page after page he turned;
And as he read these blessed words,
His heart within him burned.

Still, still the Book the old man read,
As he would ne'er have done;
From the hour of noon he read the Book
Unto the set of sun.

The little child, she brought him out
A cake of wheaten bread;
But it lay unbroke at eventide,
Nor did he raise his head.

Then came the sturdy forester,
Along the homeward track,
Whistling aloud a hunting tune,
A slain deer at his back.

Loud greeting gave the forester
Unto the pilgrim poor:
The old man rose, with thoughtful brow,
And entered at the door.

The two, they sat them down to meat,
And the pilgrim 'gan to tell
How he had been on Olivet,
And drunk at Jacob's well.

And then he told how he had knelt
Where'er our Lord had prayed;
How he had in the garden been,
And the tomb wherein He laid.

And then he turned unto the Book,
And read in English plain,
How Christ had died on Calvary—
How he had risen again.

And all His comfortable words,
His deeds of mercy all,
He read, and of the widow's mite,
And the poor prodigal.

As water to the parched vale,
As to the hungry, bread,
So fell upon the woodman's soul
Each word the pilgrim read.

Thus through the midnight did they read
Until the dawn of day:
And then came in the woodman's son,
To fetch the Book away.

All quick and troubled was his speech,
His face was pale with dread;
For he said the king had made a law
That the Book must not be read.
—William and Mary Howitt.

The Gander and the Tomatoes

"THURSDAY, the twenty-fifth," repeated Mrs. Morris, looking first at the letter in her hand, and then at the big calendar, the other side of the breakfast-table. "That's fair-day, isn't it? Then I shall have to give up going."

The little girl who was eating oatmeal and cream out of a blue china bowl dropped her spoon, and gazed at her mother with wide-open, solemn eyes. "O mama, *poor* mama! Can't you go to the fair just 'cause Auntie and Uncle John is coming?"

"I'm afraid not, dear," said Mrs. Morris, smiling over her little daughter's pitying earnestness.

Marian Elizabeth climbed down from her chair, and went half-way around the table to show her sympathy by a hug and two kisses. "I'm awful sorry, darlin'," she whispered, her rosy mouth close to her mother's ear. Then she looked over at her brother, and added, "We'll bring her lots of nice things, an' a gingerbread man besides, won't we, Jack?"

Jack frowned, and the expression did not become him. Marian Elizabeth talked on with cheerful unconsciousness that anything was wrong.

"Jack, you'll have to hold my hand tight when we look at those big horses an' cows, 'cause I'm some afraid, but not very. And you mustn't get me lost, 'cause my mama'd cry if her little girl didn't come back to supper."

"O, see here, Marian," exclaimed Jack, crossly, "you'd ought to know you can't go to the fair unless mother goes too. How'd I have any good time if I had to go round holdin' on to a baby all day?"

Marian Elizabeth's lips trembled, but she stood up very straight. "I ain't a baby, Jack Morris. I'm four years old, an' next spring I'll be five. An' I'll walk fast an' keep up."

"O don't, Marian!" cried Jack, pushing back his chair. "You're too little to go, that's all. Now you be good; and if I get a premium for my tomatoes, I'll buy you something nice."

The dining-room door closed on his promise before it was fully spoken, and the last words sounded faint and far away. Jack had a great dislike to seeing his small sister cry; and when he was unkind or selfish, he usually beat a hasty retreat, so as to escape this unpleasant consequence of his deeds. But Marian Elizabeth did not give way to the tears Jack dreaded. Instead, she marched back to her place at the table, climbed into her chair, and finished her bowl of oatmeal, though she swallowed a sob with every mouthful. Not go to the fair! It would have been hard for Marian Elizabeth to have imagined a more crushing disappointment.

"The dear, brave little thing!" thought Mrs. Morris, watching her with real admiration. The mother was almost as much distressed as Marian Elizabeth herself over the turn things had taken. Of course it would have been easy for her to insist on Jack's allowing his sister to accompany him, but Mrs. Morris feared the little girl would not have a pleasant day under such circumstances. "Perhaps he will feel differently about it after he has thought it over," she said to herself. "Jack really loves his sister dearly."

But that day went by, and then another, and Jack showed no sign of changing his mind. Meanwhile, out in the garden Jack's tomatoes grew redder and riper, and more than ever deserving of a premium.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Morris came into the yard where Marian Elizabeth was playing. "I am going over to Mrs. Rathmell's, to get her recipe for ribbon-cake," she said. "Do you want to come with me, or will you stay and watch the house?"

"I guess I'd better watch the house," said Marian Elizabeth, very gravely, "so to be sure nothing gets hurt."

Mrs. Morris laughed, kissed the sunburned cheeks, and then went down the dusty road in the direction of her nearest neighbor's.

Left to herself, Marian Elizabeth had a strong feeling of responsibility. "I guess I'd better see if Jack's tomatoes are all right," she said to herself, after about five minutes had passed.

As she came around the corner of the house, a rasping hiss greeted her, and Marian Elizabeth nearly tumbled backward in her fright. A long, snake-like neck turned in her direction, and two hard eyes looked upon her disapprovingly. Marian Elizabeth retired to the steps of the piazza.

The Morris's gray gander, Commodore, was a well-known character in the neighborhood; even the boys never tried to save steps by taking the short cut across the meadow where he reigned supreme, and more than once berry-pickers had been thankful to escape over the snake fence, leaving baskets and sunbonnets in the Commodore's power. No wonder Marian Elizabeth's tanned cheeks grew pale.

"Go where you b'long, you bad old thing," she called, shrilly, but the Commodore paid no attention to her impertinence. He took one or two mincing steps in advance, craning his neck in every direction. Then he turned toward the garden.

Marian Elizabeth jumped down from the piazza steps. "He wants the tomatoes," she said to herself. Her heart beat very hard, but there was brave blood in her veins. The big gray gander, with his fierce eyes and powerful wings, might frighten some people into running, but not this small sister, who had taken upon herself the responsibility of guarding the premises, and seeing that nothing was harmed.

There was a flash of a white pinafore against the green grass, and Marian Elizabeth charged upon the enemy. She flung her arms about the neck of the astonished Commodore, and threw herself upon him. Squirm as he would, the old gander could not escape the clasp of those plump arms. Strike as he might with those terrible wings, he could not daunt the brave little heart fluttering against his unresponsive feathers. Above his angry remonstrances rose a clear, ringing cry, "Jack, Jack! Come quick."

Down in the meadow Eben Wright paused in his work, and wiped the big drops from his forehead. "Say, boy," he shouted to Jack. "Just listen. Ain't somebody a callin'?"

Jack listened. The breeze blew past him, bringing the sound of a voice he knew well. Yet there was something strange in the cry, a hint of terror and appeal. "Ja-ack!" Something was wrong with Marian Elizabeth. His bare, brown legs flashed across the stubble like the feet of a frightened rabbit.

He came panting past the barn, and then for an instant he stood still, trying to make out that composite object on the grass. A gray wing, a white frock, a long, curving neck, and a bare arm. He ran forward with a cry.

The Commodore had not expected re-enforcements for the attacking party. His courage, already shaken by Marian Elizabeth's novel mode of warfare, quite oozed away. He was thankful to be allowed to retreat, and make his way back to his rightful domain, uttering, as he went, ejaculations of anger and bewilderment.

Marian Elizabeth trembled as her brother lifted her to her feet. "He—he didn't hurt the tomatoes, Jack," she said, and then she flung herself into his arms and sobbed.

That evening, after Mrs. Morris had finished rubbing liniment on the bruises inflicted by the Commodore's wings, and had tucked Marian Elizabeth into bed, Jack came into the room.

"Say, ma," he began with labored carelessness, "when you put up the lunch for fair-day, put in plenty of sponge cake—'cause Marian likes it."

"Me? Am I going?" cried Marian Elizabeth, jumping out from under the covers. "O goody! and I won't bother, Jack. You needn't hold my hand 'less you want to, for I ain't much afraid."

"I know you ain't," Jack returned, "but I'll hold your hand anyway."

Marian was rubbing against him like an affectionate kitten, and he was glad the room was dark, so no one could see that his eyes were wet. Yet Jack had no reason to be ashamed of those tears. He was not too young to learn that—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

—Junior Christian Endeavor.

"To wear a cheerful face when the heart is aching is not deceit. When a good housekeeper cleans the front steps and porch before she sets the house to rights, she does not mean to deceive passers-by; she merely shows some pride in her house, and some consideration for her neighbors. We conquer our heart-aches more quickly when we begin by considering the friends who are near us."



The Second Coming of Christ—No. 2 The Falling Stars

"IMMEDIATELY after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken." Matt. 24:29.

The next sign which was to appear in the heavens after those placed in the sun and the moon, was that of the falling stars. The seer of Patmos beheld the scene, and has given a graphic description of the sublime event: "And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken by a mighty wind." Rev. 6:13. Many are living on the earth to-day who saw the fulfilment of this sign on November 13, 1833,—threescore and ten years ago. And none who beheld it have ever forgotten the sublime and awful beauty of this meteoric shower. This celestial phenomenon continued for three hours, and many who witnessed it were solemnly impressed that it was a divine precursor of the end of all things terrestrial. The famous orator, Frederick Douglass, in his book, "My Bondage and Freedom," thus speaks of it: "I witnessed this gorgeous spectacle, and was awestruck. The air seemed filled with bright descending messengers from the sky. It was about daybreak when I saw this sublime scene. It was not without the suggestion, at that moment, that it might be the harbinger of the coming of the Son of man."

Caroline Walker, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, speaks of the scene as follows: "The world looked like it was all in a blaze, and continued so until the day began to dawn. From every direction on the plantation I could hear screams, and cries that the judgment day had come. It was an awful night."

"But the most sublime phenomenon of shooting stars, of which the world has furnished any record, was witnessed throughout the United States on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. The entire extent of this astonishing exhibition has not been precisely ascertained; but it covered no inconsiderable portion of the earth's surface. The whole heavens seemed in motion, and suggested to some the awful grandeur of the image employed in the Apocalypse upon the opening of the sixth seal."—*Burritt's Geography of the Heavens*, page 163, edition of 1854.

Many historical extracts could be given concerning this wonderful exhibition. The stars came from one point in the heavens, and fell, not as ripe fruit, but as green figs from a tree shaken by a wind. They seemed to cover the entire vault of heaven, and fell thick as flakes of snow.

Those who witnessed this event are old. From 1834 to 1844 the world was stirred with the great advent message, known as the "Miller movement," and the attention of all was called to these signs; and from this time the generation which is to witness the coming of the Saviour began. This generation is hoary with age, and the Son of man is truly at the door.

After giving the signs which were to appear as tokens of the end, the Saviour gave a parable, or illustration, so that all would understand his meaning, and make no mistake. He said: "Now learn a parable of the fig tree [Luke adds, "And all the trees." Chapter 21:29.]: When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh; so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it [margin, "He"] is near, even at the doors." Matt. 24:32, 33. When we see the trees putting forth their verdure in the spring, we do not guess, but know, that summer is near. There has never been a

failure in this. "So likewise," says Jesus, when we see these signs, we are to know that he is at the door. "So likewise," means in like manner. Then we are to know with as much certainty that Jesus is at the door when the signs in the heavens appear, as we know that summer is at the door when the leaves appear on the trees in the spring.

And that we might not mistake even this statement, Jesus added, "Verily [or truly] I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." Verse 34. "This generation" could not refer to the one to which he was then speaking; for that generation was to have no sign, except that of the prophet Jonah (Matt. 16:4), but he had in mind the generation which was to witness the signs. As stated above, this generation has been on the stage of action many years, and the coming of Christ can not much longer be delayed. It is time that every worldly thing be given up, that we may be ready when he comes.

The very next statement Jesus made after mentioning the falling of the stars is, "And the powers of the heavens shall be shaken." In "Early Writings," page 33, we are given a comment on this statement:—

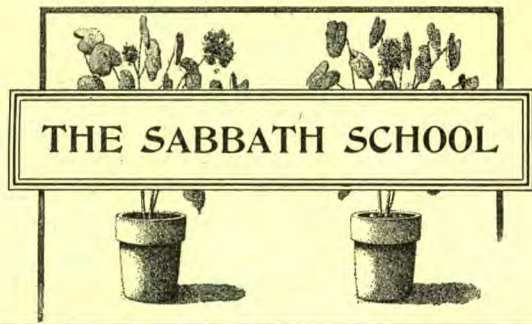
"December 16, 1848, the Lord gave me a view of the shaking of the powers of the heavens. I saw that when the Lord said 'heaven,' in giving the signs recorded by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, he meant heaven, and when he said 'earth,' he meant earth. The powers of heaven are the sun, moon, and stars. They rule in the heavens. The powers of earth are those who rule on the earth. The powers of heaven will be shaken at the voice of God. Then the sun, moon, and stars will be moved out of their places. They will not pass away, but be shaken by the voice of God."

The next thing, then, in this line of prophecy which is to occur after the falling stars, is for the voice of God to be heard, saying, "It is done," and unlocking the dark, forbidding portals of the tomb, and bidding his saints come forth to immortal life. The earth will be mightily rent in this terrible hour. Mountain ranges will disappear, and islands with their cargo of living freight will sink to rise no more. Rev. 16:17-20.

What more solemn hour than this could there be? What more interesting theme could absorb our attention than to study and know when we are nearing such stupendous events? "And there shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory." The last thing seen as Jesus left the earth, and went up, was the cloud. The sign of the Son of man will be when the cloud of angels appears as a heavenly escort with Jesus, when he comes with the crown upon his head, to reap the harvest of the earth. Rev. 14:14. The world will not all be converted and ready for him, but will mourn in anguish of spirit, and call for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them, and hide them from the presence of him who sits on the throne. They feel their need of a shelter, and, having neglected to find a refuge beneath the pavilion of the Almighty, they seek in vain to be hidden in the dens and caves of the earth, beneath rocks and mountains. O, what an utter failure they have made of life! The harvest is past, and they are lost forever. Too late they understand that the day of God is truly at the door, and without hope they sink into the realms of death. Will any who read these lines make this fatal mistake? God, forbid! The Saviour stands ready to forgive and accept all who will come to him.

G. B. THOMPSON.

"LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort."



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—Review

(December 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ps. 78:55-72.

MEMORY VERSE: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6.

The Lesson Scripture gives us a bird's-eye view of the lessons we have studied during this quarter. The first part speaks of the apostasy and wickedness of the Israelites, which was so great that God "greatly abhorred Israel: so that he forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh, the tent which he placed among men; and delivered his strength into captivity, and his glory into the enemy's hand."

This will bring to your mind the name of Phineas' little son, given to him when the ark was taken from Shiloh, "Ichabod"—"Where is the glory?" It was the shock of having the ark captured by the Philistines that caused the death of Eli, the aged priest and judge of Israel, according to God's word through Samuel. His two sons, Hophni and Phineas, were slain at this time. "Their priests fell by the sword; and their widows made no lamentation."

But God did not leave his people in such distress. "Then the Lord awaked as one out of sleep, and like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine. And he smote his enemies in the hinder parts: he put them to a perpetual reproach." Wherever the ark went among the Philistines, the people were plagued, until they were afraid to keep it, and sent it back to Israel.

Then came the peaceful and prosperous years when Samuel judged Israel. But the wickedness of his sons gave the people an opportunity to reject God, and choose to have an earthly king. After solemnly warning them, God let them have Saul, a man after their own heart, that they might learn the folly of their choice.

But when Saul rejected the word of the Lord, God rejected him from being king. Then God took from the tribe of Judah a man after his own heart. "He chose David also his servant, and took him from the sheepfolds: from following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance."

But it was a long time after God had chosen David and anointed him king, before he came to the throne. During most of this time he was hunted by Saul like "a partridge on the mountains." And he would not put forth his hand to take the kingdom, although he knew God had given it to him. When Saul was in his power, and he had opportunity to do as seemed good unto him, he let him go his way without doing him any hurt. At last David escaped to the Philistines, and when Saul heard it, he left off seeking for him. The Philistine king gave him the city of Ziklag, and here he lived with his followers one year and four months.

David's bitter cup of trial was sweetened by the love of Jonathan, Saul's son. Although he had expected to be king of Israel, he gladly gave up the honor to David, whom he knew God had chosen. This loving and close friend David lost at the battle of Gilboa, when Saul's three sons were slain by the Philistines, and Saul perished by his own hand.

Questions

1. Where was the tabernacle in the days of Eli? What great trouble came upon Israel through the sin of Eli's family? Tell how the

ark came to be taken by the Philistines. Who were slain at this time? What was the effect on Eli?

2. How long was the ark in the country of the Philistines? Where did they first put it? What happened to Dagon? How were the people troubled wherever the ark went? Describe the sending back of the ark to Israel.

3. When Samuel was old, who were appointed to help him in judging? Why did not the people like these young men? What did they ask Samuel to do? Who was their true King? Then in asking for another, what were they really doing?

4. Upon whom was the desire of the people? Tell how Saul was led to Samuel to be anointed. What did God give him at the time of his anointing?

5. Why did not God establish Saul's kingdom? What was his first public act of disobedience? On what mission did God afterwards send him? What instructions were given him? Tell in what way he disobeyed. What message did God send him?

6. Whom did God choose to rule in place of Saul? Tell the story of Samuel's visit to Bethlehem and the anointing of David.

7. How was David first brought to the notice of Saul? When did the people get an opportunity to know him? What did David say to Goliath when he defied Israel? How did he slay him?

8. What made Saul very jealous of David? How did he first try to get rid of him? What plan did he lay to get David killed by the Philistines? Why could he not succeed in getting rid of him? How did David escape from Saul's court?

9. What friend did David have at court? What did Jonathan give him? How did Jonathan show David that he must flee? What did he say to David at their last meeting? What did David say about Jonathan's love?

10. Where did David go when he left Jonathan? What was then at Nob? Tell how the high priest helped him. How did Saul learn of this? What did he do? In what cave did David lodge? Tell of some of his escapes from Saul.

11. How did David get Saul in his power? What did he do to him? What did Saul say when he learned of it? At what other time was Saul at the mercy of David? How did David show him what he might have done?

12. Where was Saul's last battle with the Philistines? Who were slain at this time? How did Saul lose his life? How did David get the news? How did he show his sorrow?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII—Gathering Out of His Kingdom All Things That Offend

(December 26)

MEMORY TEXT: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. 13:43.

Questions

1. How long has the kingdom about which we have studied this quarter been prepared for God's people? Matt. 25:34.

2. What great work was to be done before the righteous could inherit the kingdom? Matt. 13:41.

3. Who has claimed the ownership of the world? Matt. 4:8, 9.

4. By what parable did Christ illustrate this controversy between himself and Satan? Matt. 13:24-30.

5. Who is represented by the man who sowed good seed? Verse 37.

6. What is the field in which the good seed was sown? Verse 38.

7. What is the good seed? Verse 38.

8. What is represented by the tares? Verse 38.

9. By whom were they sown? Verse 39.

10. How long will the wheat and tares grow together?

11. What is the harvest? Verse 39.

12. Who are the reapers? Verse 39.

13. How is the fate of the wicked represented in this parable? Verse 40.

14. How completely will they be destroyed? Mal. 4:1, 3.

15. Where will the righteous be at this time? Matt. 13:43.

16. How long will the saints reign in this kingdom? Rev. 22:5.

Note

In the history of man, one of the first events recorded is the coming in of the enemy to sow tares where already the Son of man had sowed good seed. Satan continued to put himself in the place of God, until we find him offering to Christ the kingdoms of this world, if he would bow down and worship him. But during all these years the Lord has been marking here and there in the world a people true to him, and eventually in his great plan, those that offend and do wickedly are to be destroyed, and he to whom the earth belongs is to assume his rightful place. By allowing Satan to continue in his wicked course, the character of God will be vindicated before men and angels, and when he is finally destroyed, all will see in his destruction and the destruction of those who have followed him a manifestation of the love of God. Then the Father's plan to gather out of his kingdom those things which offend will be made plain to all the universe.

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If men working for worldly advantage will put forth such an effort, should Christians be satisfied to do less? The long winter evenings may be profitably devoted by many Christian families to a study of the word of God. In many of our homes, neighbors may gather to study God's truth. The course of instruction offered in Bible by the Missionary Training School of Correspondence will enable parents to work side by side with their children. It will make it possible for Christian fathers and mothers to study with their neighbors. It is an opportunity which none can afford to miss.

You should at least read the circulars issued by the Missionary Training School of Correspondence and see for yourself what you may do by studying in your own home.

Address, Missionary Training School of Correspondence, Berrien Springs, Michigan.



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A Letter to Our Young People

I HAVE a most earnest desire that the week of prayer shall bring large blessings to the young people and youth among Seventh-day Adventists. It surely will, my dear young friends, if you will do your part. You, with the rest of us, need all the help the week of prayer is designed to bring to God's people. You need it for your own good. You need it for the help you should be to those with whom you associate.

There are many considerations that naturally come within the range of this subject; but in this letter I shall emphasize only one; namely, the blessing that comes from giving. There is a great blessing for us as individuals, and for lost, suffering men, women, and children all over the world, that can come only from giving. And it can come to us only from *our* giving.

It is not always easy to understand that the blessing of giving is as sure and marked to the giver as to the receiver. In our selfishness and blindness it appears to us as if giving blesses only the one to whom gifts are made. Many of us would rather receive than give. This is human. But there is a higher standard. There is a life that receives more, enjoys more, and rejoices more, in giving than in receiving. The apostle Paul recognized this when he admonished us to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Jesus was qualified to speak on this point from experience; for he was both a receiver and a giver. He had received from his Father all that could be given, and he had given all that he had received. The purpose for which Jesus gave is thus stated by Paul: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

Christ gave himself and all he possessed to us that we might become rich. But his gift was an eternal gain. All that he gave will be returned, and with it much more. "He shall see of the travail of his soul [the people redeemed by his gift], and shall be satisfied."

This is the standard of true Christian living. It is the plane to which all true Christians are lifted by the grace of God. This is where all true missionaries of the cross in all ages have lived. Looked at in this way, giving becomes a pleasure.

The Need and the Opportunity

The world has never been in greater need of true, heroic, Christian giving on the part of the church than it is to-day. The church never had a grander opportunity to bless and be blessed by giving than it has to-day. And there is no body of people to whom this fact should come home with such force as to Seventh-day Adventists.

We have been raised up to give the world a

special message. To us is given the very solemn work of preparing the world to meet our Saviour when he shall come as King of kings. Our message is world-wide; it must be given speedily and with power. It calls for a sacrifice. It calls for all we are, and all we possess. All must be given by us to the world. It must be given in the proclamation of the message, in the doing of the work.

Never since we began our work as a people, have there been such urgent demands for giving of service and money. The field is white for the harvest; the facilities are prepared for doing the harvesting. That which is lacking is the laborers and the money to sustain them. And now, to-day, the greatest lack is the money. The Holy Spirit has filled the hearts of many consecrated Christians in this cause with an earnest desire to give their lives to the work of God in the dark places of the earth. They are willing, yes, anxious, to sacrifice everything in the world, and spend the remainder of their lives wherever duty may call them, in giving the light of the third angel's message to their fellow men who are perishing in darkness. And we are assured by the spirit of prophecy that all over the world men and women are longing for the very truth we have to give them. That which prevents the contact of the two is a lack of funds.

Consider These Figures

This lack need not continue. God has blessed his people with great ability to support his work. One of the trumpet calls of this hour to us all is larger living. He has given us rich harvests, high prices, and large wages. Besides this he has led us to adopt a standard of living that wonderfully enlarges our power to give. Few of us realize what a financial blessing the light of health reform has brought to us. As a denomination we discard the use of intoxicating liquors, tobacco, tea, and coffee. We reject these from our bill of fare as harmful luxuries. Have you ever stopped to estimate the saving this makes in our food bill each year? According to government statistics the money paid for these articles by the people in the United States during the year 1900 was \$1,897,993,447.

Reckoning the total population of the United States to be 77,000,000, the money spent for these harmful articles amounts to \$24 for every man, woman, and child in the country.

All the parents and children of Seventh-day Adventists are included in these statistics, and would no doubt spend their full share of the amount if it were not for the light of the third angel's message. That amount for one person would be at the rate of forty-six cents a week, \$1.84 a month, or \$24 a year.

It is generally believed that there are one hundred thousand men, women, and children in the United States connected with the movement of the third angel's message. For that number of persons the expenditure would be at the rate of \$46,000 a week, \$184,000 a month, or \$2,400,000 a year.

A Clear Saving

Thus it is plain that by totally discarding the use of intoxicating liquors, tobacco, tea, and coffee, this denomination saves nearly two and a half millions of dollars every year. Abstinence from these stimulants and narcotics does not increase our cost of living in any way whatever. It is a clear saving. We can purchase exactly the same quality of food that our neighbors do, and save this enormous amount by discarding the articles referred to above.

But this is not all the saving effected by the light of the message that has come to us. We do not attend theaters, balls, shows, nor races. We do not purchase jewelry, nor insure our lives; and by our manner of living we save in medical bills. Beyond a doubt, Seventh-day Adventists save at least three million dollars a year that they would spend for that which is not at

all necessary to life, and much of which does positive harm.

Now what becomes of the money thus saved? Where is it? What ought to be done with it? Should not this saving be consecrated to the cause of God? Why should not the money that would, without a knowledge of this message, be spent for intoxicating liquors, tobacco, tea, coffee, for attending questionable pleasure resorts, and for other useless purposes, be placed each year in the Lord's treasury as a thank offering for missions? This could be done, and we would still have left for the practical necessities of life all that others spend.

Our Offering This Year

In order to answer the pressing calls that come to us from the world for the light God has given us, we should have a week of prayer offering this year of \$50,000. This is the estimate made by the officers of the General Conference Committee who have given the matter very careful study. This call from the dark places of the earth is an appeal to every believer in this message. I pass the call on to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, and to all the young people and youth in all our churches, to join us in giving \$50,000, Sabbath, December 19, to our missions.

In view of all the Lord has done for us, it is certainly not unreasonable to ask for \$50,000 during the coming week of prayer. It should be a delight to every person to whom these blessings have come, to enter into this proposal with all the heart. Surely that which is so much needed, so desirable, and so possible, must be accomplished.

A. G. DANIELLS.

A Beautiful and Valuable Book

THAT interesting book of travel, "By Land and Sea," by Elder G. C. Tenney, has sold its entire edition, and has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. The new book is less bulky than the former, but contains the same amount of matter, and on much better paper. There are 392 pages, and about 150 illustrations of a superior character. It is interesting, instructive, wholesome, and beautiful, and will make an appropriate gift. It is especially good reading for the young.

It is now issued by the Review and Herald as a trade-book, with the price reduced to \$1.50, and the usual discount to branches, tract societies, and agents. Order of your State tract society or the publishers.

When the Heart Is Heavy

THERE is always a remedy for a heavy heart. It may be in work—it oftenest is. It may be in thinking of the joys which have been given to you, and the sorrows from which you have been saved. It may be in helping others by sympathy, or in whatever way help is most needed. But the heavy heart can always be made light if self is forgotten, and the needs of others are remembered, and, as far as possible, relieved.

Not one of us can learn to become light-hearted in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, for it is the lesson of life—this knowing how to lift our hearts up, and give from them help unto those who are in need; it is a good fight, this one against allowing one's self to be submerged in personal griefs; it is a good fight, and out of it you can come conqueror if you will.

Do you intend to give up the fight, and fall by the wayside, overcome by a heavy heart, or to go along through life as a brave soul should? You must decide this early in your life. And when you fall, thank God, you can always rise again, if you keep up a brave heart.—*Sunday Circle*.

THE serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world next to the might of the Spirit of God.—*Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon*.