

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

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Two Voices

ONE saith: "November days are drear;
For withered leaves all brown and sere
Bestrew the ground; and far and near
Death reigneth everywhere.
Bare, leafless branches tower on high,
Outlined against a wintry sky,
And wild geese shrill their piercing cry
Down through the chilling air.

Another saith: "Be still, sad one;
Nature but rests from labor done,
And with the warm, returning sun
Her work begins again.
Within the brown earth, safe and deep,
Ten thousand thousand seedlings sleep,
And winter winds their safe watch keep
Above their lowly beds.

Upon the naked boughs so bold,
Securely sheltered from the cold,
Next summer's leaves are safely rolled
In blankets soft and warm.
Prophetic eyes can catch the sheen
Of branches robed in living green,
Of dreamy splendors which, unseen,
The future holds in store.

Be still, sad heart! Beyond the skies
Which darkly lower, the sunlight lies;
And still beyond, the great All-wise,
Thy Father, reigns above.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

Worldly Wisdom Put to Test

THE court of Babylon represented the accumulated wisdom of the world in the time of Daniel. He and his fellows were sent to that court as humble captives to be the means in God's hands of exposing the folly of that wisdom, and to exalt God, the only source of real wisdom.

There were three distinct tests provided by providence for the pretended wise men. The first was that recorded in Daniel 2, when the king had a dream which deeply impressed his mind, but which he could not recall. The wise men were called upon to reproduce the dream, and give the interpretation. This they were entirely unable to do, and protested against such a demand. They told the king to relate to them the dream, and then they would interpret it. With the penalty of death and destruction hanging over them, they could not even undertake to do what was required of them. And yet it was nothing unreasonable, if we consider the pretenses they made to supernatural knowledge.

But Daniel came to the rescue, related the dream, and saved the lives of all those professed wise men. He gave all the glory to God, and confessed that it was through no wisdom of his own that he was able to tell the dream or give its interpretation.

The second test is recorded in Daniel 4. Here Nebuchadnezzar has a dream which he can remember. He calls upon his counselors, relates to them the dream, and again they are silent. They

do not even attempt what they have declared themselves prepared to do. Their wisdom fails them again. Once more Daniel comes in, and by the aid of the Spirit of God the dream of the tree is faithfully explained. Again, in chapter six, before the dissolute and sacrilegious Belshazzar, the so-called wise men are hastily called in, and there, blazoned upon the wall in flaming letters, are written words of serious import. We are left to conclude that they were words of the current Chaldean language. A great reward was offered for reading them, and giving their meaning. We are told that the wise men "could not read the writing." Neither the agony of their king nor his rewards could move them. Again Daniel was called upon, and once more the wisdom of God shone forth.

First, by a test that was really severe the pretenses of the so-called wise men were laid bare. Next, in a test of their own proposing, they utterly failed. Third, in the simple reading of an inscription they fully proved their complete failure as the exponents of anything that could be called wisdom. They really knew nothing.

Daniel's proficiency was at the beginning ten times better than theirs, and it is evident theirs had not improved. They were schooled in luxury, and no doubt were versed in vice and sin; but for any real, practical use their education was worthless.

Human science and skill and worldly wisdom have no value in solving divine mysteries. To such philosophers the ways and words of God are entirely incomprehensible. Daniel was ever ready to exhibit the truth of God, because he was taught in God's school, lived in constant communion with him, and had no confidence in the flesh.

G. C. TENNEY.

A Purpose in Life

"LET thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. . . . Turn not to the right hand nor to the left." Prov. 4: 25, 27.

The first thing to do when launched on the sea of life is to get one's bearings. To every one who reaches the years of maturity, the questions are presented, What is the purpose of my existence? and how can I best carry out that purpose? These are important questions in an important period of life; for the whole future of the young man or young woman depends on their answer. The "critical period of American history" was the period when we were launched as a separate and independent nation. The critical period in our lives is the period of youth, when great decisions are being made, and the plans and purposes of life are being formed.

The first requisite of success is an absorbing purpose, and the quality of the success depends upon the quality of the purpose. The recognition of the seriousness of life and its responsibilities might be termed the transition to manhood or womanhood. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps says: "What an immense power over

life is the power of possessing distinct aims! The voice, the dress, the look, the very motions of a person, define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason."

The demands of life are not many purposes indifferently, but one purpose supremely. So many young persons are aimlessly drifting, with no settled convictions of a mission to fulfil. Paul had a great purpose that guided his life. "This one thing I do," he said; and that absorbing purpose won for him a grand success in the gospel work, and a crown of immortal glory.

The character of the aspiration determines the value of the success. "One's resolution is one's prophecy." Not occasional resolutions in moments of ecstasy, but one's habitual and constant resolution. We never actually rise higher than the plane of our habitual thought.

What is the high purpose we shall adopt? I do not mean what career we shall choose. "Character is greater than career," that which will guide it. The great aim of some is power; with others it is wealth, pleasure, or social position; dress is the absorbing purpose of others. All such are devoted to themselves; but Christians have a higher aim, even the purpose of Him who from his earliest years was possessed of one purpose, who lived "to bless others." There is one factor which may enter into every profession, business, or avocation,—service for humanity.

Joseph and Daniel, though exiles in heathen lands, held before their minds constantly this one aim, and God used them mightily. Moses closed his eyes to the glories of Egypt, and chose to carry out God's purpose for him, though it meant affliction.

We are living in an age of busy activities, when young men and young women are doing their share of the world's work. In the realm of science, literature, and commerce, young men are in the lead, many of them men of ordinary means, but of extraordinary application. Their lives have a lesson for us. As Christian young people we need to arouse ourselves and work in earnest, and for definite results.

There is the grandest work presented for young Seventh-day Adventists to do that has even been committed to man, even the work of giving the Advent message to the world in this generation. This purpose is the noblest that can appeal to any human being. Inspired with this purpose, we ought to become the strongest and noblest young people in the world. "Only let the truth for this time be cordially received, and become the basis of character, and it will produce steadfastness of purpose which the allurements of pleasure, the fickleness of custom, the contempt of the world-loving, and the heart's own clamors for self-indulgence, are powerless to influence." What wonderful results of cordially receiving the truth! But it means sacrifice. The lower must always be sacrificed for the higher. "Unless we accept into our lives the principle of self-sacrificing love, which is the principle of his character, we can not know God."

When the temperance crusade began in Ohio in 1874, Francis Willard's soul was deeply stirred; she resigned a good position, and plunged into the

noble cause. She and her mother came to the verge of want, but she labored on. One day she received an offer of a position as president of the normal institute of New York, at twenty-five hundred dollars a year, and another offer of the presidency of the Chicago W. C. T. U., a position of hardship and poverty. But something more than money led her to choose the latter; and few women of our time have done so much to uplift their fellow men. She is the woman who said, "No success in life is anything but an absolute failure unless its purpose is to increase the sum of human good and happiness."

Let it be our grand aim and purpose now and all the time to be soul-winners. Whether we are in preparation for the Lord's work, or waiting to gain the preparation, we must be about our Father's business. William Carey was once asked about his business. He said, "My business is to save souls. I cobble shoes to pay expenses." If we consider the saving of souls our business, it will shape the whole course of our lives.

What shall be our reward for leaving the vain allurements of the world and working for God?—The privilege of more and greater service is the great reward. The true happiness which comes from noble service is another. The privilege of the one hundred and forty-four thousand will also be ours. "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." "There the grandest enterprises may be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations reached, the highest ambitions realized."

God has a plan for each of us. Let us unite with him in carrying out that plan.

M. E. KERN.

College View, Nebraska.

One Day's Record

It seemed as if there had never been so many dishes to wash, and the stuffy little kitchen was warm and close. Marian Wilcox stood by the heavily loaded table, and sighed dismally at the task before her.

"Might's well begin; the pile will not grow smaller by looking at it," and Marian resolutely sorted out the glasses, and put them in a pan by themselves.

She turned to the window, and tried to push it up a trifle farther, to see if a breeze could not be enticed into the warm room; but it stuck, and no amount of effort on Marian's part could move it.

"Wish I had the strength of a Hercules—but if I had, I wouldn't be here! How glorious 'twould be," this aloud, "to be able to do things like other folks—to accomplish something!"

Marian rested her hand on the window sill, and looked out over the meadow to the hills beyond, nestling softly against the sky. Just over those hills—somewhere, it seemed to her, lay Opportunity, a world far remote from the humdrum daily existence she was forced by circumstances to endure.

"Here I have no chance, no opportunity for doing anything noble, or even ordinary. Who ever heard of a heroine with her hands in the dishwater, or hanging out clothes, or holding a broom! And I'd like to do so much—to be counted 'worthy,' as Mr. Harris said, in his sermon, when I was visiting at Aunt Mary's. I shall never forget the inspiration of that talk, but what can I be, here?"

Marian stepped to the stove for a kettle of boiling water.

"If only I had a chance to do something, I'd be careful not to let it slip by unimproved. But then, To Be and To Do never call at a place like this," and her eyes, after a sweep round the low-posted, narrow kitchen, rested for a moment on the fields without, before she finished her work.

"How wrongly she interprets the being and the doing," thought Mrs. Wilcox, anxiously, from the next room, where she stood starching some

clothes for the forenoon's ironing. "She fails so woefully to see that the opportunities she longs for are all about her; that the one who does the homely family duties cheerfully, uncomplainingly, is truly a doer of great things, with a life enriched thereby."

She smoothed out on the table, with her reddened hands, a baby garment, and stepped to the kitchen for an iron.

"Marian doesn't realize what she might be to us all, if she would," resumed Mrs. Wilcox, softly closing the door; "how her world of opportunity is right at home! It's a lesson hard to master; I'm about discouraged over Marian's ever learning it."

Only the rubbing of the iron broke the silence. At length, Mrs. Wilcox's face appeared less troubled.

"It may do some good—to see in black and white the little chances for helpfulness neglected," and Mrs. Wilcox folded up her ironing sheet, and laid it away in the closet.

Whether there were more demands made of Marian that day, or not, one had no means of knowing, but it seemed to her mother that Marian had since morning more opportunities "to do and be" than she had ever noticed before. Perhaps it was from the fact of her keeping record.

"I've been thinking all day, mother," 'twas after the supper dishes had been put away, and Mrs. Wilcox and her daughter were on the little vine-covered veranda, enjoying the cool of the evening, "how some folks are completely cut off from a single chance of doing anything—anything helpful or influential, I mean. I didn't realize it before I went away—that some girls have such splendid opportunities for doing things.

"I was introduced to Belle Norris while at Aunt Mary's, and I learned so much about her life—her mission class, and hospital work, and so many lovely things she was doing; and other girls, too. I've been comparing my life with theirs, and my opportunities, and there isn't a thing that I can do here, so far from everybody—not one!"

An expression of doubt overspread Mrs. Wilcox's face.

"Wait a minute, dear—I'll be back in just a minute," and her mother went into the warm little sitting-room.

"I'd be so happy," continued Marian, on her mother's return, "could I do something—no matter how trifling—for some one. But I can't make opportunities!"

"Do you have to, dear? Is there any need—when you lose so many?"

"Lose them! Why, I never have them; that's where the trouble lies."

Mrs. Wilcox unfolded a bit of paper she held in her hand.

"Would you like, dear, to hear a record—a record of one day only?" and her eyes, filled with the mother love, met those of her daughter.

"I—I don't quite understand."

"But you will, dear," and Mrs. Wilcox slowly read the one day's record. "Neglected to begin the day with a cheerful, thankful spirit—a duty to herself. Neglected to write out a recipe for Mrs. Hollis, when she had trudged all the way over here in the heat."

"But I said I would, later—before she needs to use it."

"Neglected to arrange grandmother's hair," not heeding the interruption. "Neglected to write the letter for father, about the new horse-rake. Refused, because 'twas so hot, to carry the papers down to old Mrs. Newcomb—and she depends on them so much for company. Neglected to help Ralph with his algebra, when she knew she could so easily give him the desired aid. Neglected to do an errand for Aunt Louise. Refused—"

"To recognize her opportunities, at the same

time making herself miserable because she didn't have any," hastily interrupted Marian. "And all of them—opportunities of but a single day!"

She turned pleadingly to her mother.

"Have—have I missed as many—right along? Why didn't you tell me!"

"I have, dear; but it's only now that you've realized it—the opportunities of doing and being—at home!"—*Well Spring.*

Christmas Poem

Four thousand years for His coming
The priest and the prophet sighed,
They turned their eyes to the future,
And prayed and hoped till they died.
The smoke from altars ascended,
While censers by priests were swung,
And e'er to the hope of "Shiloh"
The hearts of a nation clung.

Four thousand years, in heaven,
Was the gift of the Son delayed,
But prophetic gleams were given,
And the faithful watched and prayed;
And the angels up in heaven,
Yea, all of the shining host,
Worshipped the One that was given
"To seek and to save the lost."

At last in the roll of the ages
A Son to the earth was given,
And Bethlehem was grander
That night than the heights of heaven.
Earth's highest hope was granted
That night in Bethlehem
As unnumbered angels chanted,
"Peace" and "good-will to men."

No blast of the brazen trumpet,
No name on the scroll of fame;
'Neath the solemn stars of midnight,
The Lord of glory came.
But earth thrilled with rejoicing,
In the gray of that Christmas morn,
And shepherds afar had seen his star,
And the "Prince of Peace" was born.

He came to uplift the fallen,
To break the oppressor's rod,
And the Scriptures that spake of his coming
Had called him, "The Mighty God;"
The deaf heard the voice of the Master,
And the darkened eyes did see;
But Bethlehem was the prelude
To the cross upon Calvary.

O "Captain of our salvation!"
Heaven's choicest diadem,
Ye came unto our lower sphere,
A Babe in Bethlehem.
While the glad news of salvation
To a waiting world is given,
We keep our Christmas time on earth;
Christ keeps it up in heaven.

L. D. SANTEE.

Judge Gently

"I SHALL never speak to Alice Eaton again," said Ethel Reid, as she rushed into the sitting-room after school, where Grandmother Grey sat.

"Why, Ethel, what is the matter? I thought you and Alice were very fond of each other," said grandma.

"I thought so, too, but I never want anything more to do with the proud thing. She was on the street with that rich Brown girl, and never seemed to know I was there—she might have nodded at least, but she evidently didn't care to recognize me, and she needn't. I can get along without her," said Ethel, in her impetuous, emphatic way.

"Get your chores done, and come to see me a little while this evening," said grandma, quietly.

Ethel liked nothing better than grandma's stories. They had given her many a brighter, braver view of life, but she noticed to-night that a look of pain swept over her grandmother's face. What can it mean? thought Ethel. She had been wont to think of her grandmother as not only the dearest but the happiest old lady she knew. Ethel was a bright, winsome girl, impulsive to a fault, but truly devoted to her friends.

When the "chores" were done, and the evening lamps lighted, she sought grandma in her own

quiet room, and took her favorite seat, a comfortable foot-rest. Many a time had she sat there, and laughed over grandma's quaint stories of the "long ago," but somehow she felt that she wasn't going to laugh to-night. When she was seated, grandmother said, "Are you sure Alice Eaton's eyes are as good as yours, Ethel?"

What can grandma mean, thought Ethel, but she replied, "I think her eyes are good enough—I never heard her complain of them."

"Well," said grandma, "many years ago, when spectacles were not in such general use as now, and very little was said about eyes, there was a girl in our neighborhood who was near-sighted, although it was a long time before many people found it out; indeed, many never knew it. She was not as near-sighted as some, yet enough so to cause her great regret and inconvenience. She was a sensitive girl, and never alluded to the defect. In school she lost much of the written work on the blackboard, although she trained her ears to catch minutest details, which relieved the unfortunate situation somewhat.

"When meeting people on the street, she could not recognize them at a distance, and was so shy that she felt it would be rude to look them in the face when they were near, so she acquired the habit of not trying to recognize people, as she felt that she could not do so at the usual and proper distance. No one but herself knew the regret and mortification this defect cost her. Years after the habit was established, a dear friend said to her, 'I met you on the street yesterday, but you must have been very much absorbed, for you did not notice me.' Then she explained the habit she had formed, and the occasion of it. Sometimes she was stung with keenest suffering because she was considered proud, for no other reason than because she failed to recognize her friends on the street. 'True as steel' to friendship, and highly prized when known and understood, the painful fact came to her slowly, in the after-years, that many of what might have been valued acquaintances and cherished friendships had been missed through this sad deficiency, combined with the habit so early formed. Then, when walking with relatives or intimate friends, she used to ask them to speak to her if about to meet some one whom she should recognize. Alas! the force of habit! Ethel, let me beg of you to watch yourself, and allow no habit to settle upon you that will cause you a lifetime of regret. Always place the most favorable construction upon the actions of your friends and others."

"Thank you, grandma, dear," said Ethel, kissing her good-night. "I needed this lesson. I understand it, and will profit by it." And she did.

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

"WHAT is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always be cool," said the Ice.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

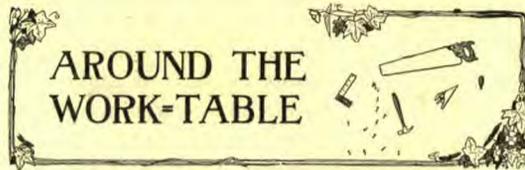
"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.

"Get a good pull with the ring," said the Doorbell.

"Be sharp in your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*



Making a Bichromate Tumbler Battery for Running Small Electric Machinery

A good battery for running experimental electric machinery is the Bichromate Tumbler. It furnishes a powerful current for half an hour or so at a time, and is very easily renewed when worn out. It will not, as a rule, be found to work well on long runs, say for four or five hours. The reason for this you will learn later. Its simplicity recommends it to all students and experimenters.

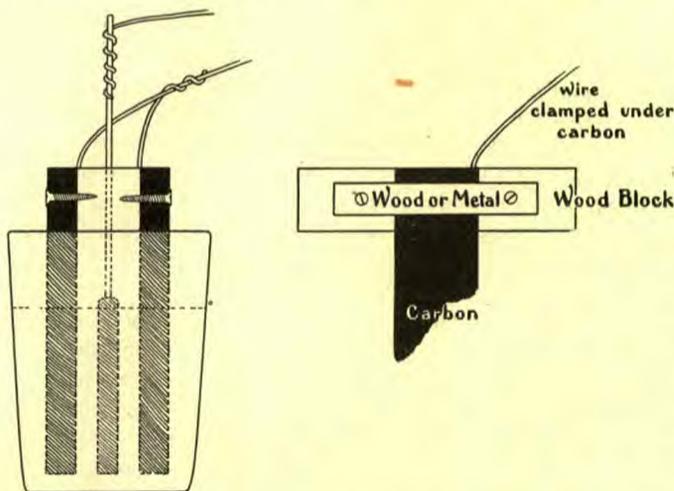
The cells, or containers, are either large-size jelly tumblers or beer bottles cut off to the right height. This may be done by wrapping a string that has been dipped in kerosene around the bottle at the desired height, burning it, and dipping the hot bottle quickly in cold water. It will crack right where the string was wrapped.

Solution for running the battery: 1 pound bichromate potash (should cost twenty cents), dissolved in 3 pints cold water. To this solution add 1 pint commercial sulphuric acid (should cost ten to fifteen cents), pouring it in *very slowly*. If poured too quickly, it may cause the liquid to boil, and fly up in your face.

Making the Cell

At any telephone station, or almost any junk dealer's, old, worn-out dry batteries may be purchased for about two and one-half cents each. These you need for the carbons and zinc they contain. Each dry cell has one carbon, and for a bichromate cell you need two. Carefully dig out the carbons from two dry batteries, saw them off the right length with an old, fine-toothed wood-saw, bore holes through the ends with an old drill, and screw to each side of a block of wood 4 x 3/4 x 3/4 inches. There are, of course, other ways of fastening these on the wood without boring the holes, as you can see by the diagram.

Melt up the zinc cases of the old batteries in the fire shovel, held in a hot fire. Straighten and clean several pieces of brass, copper, or iron wire, six or eight inches long. With a little square



block of wood make a depression, or mold, a quarter of an inch deep in a box of moist sand or earth. Lay one of the wires you have straightened so that an inch of it will penetrate one end of the mold. Pour in the melted zinc, and let it harden. If you have zinc enough, make several of these for future use.

Dip the zinc in the acid battery solution, and rub a drop of mercury over it till every part of the surface is silvery white. This protects the

zinc from speedy destruction in the acid.

Now make a hole through the block that holds the carbons just large enough to fit the zinc's wire tightly, push the wire through, clamp some wires under the carbons, wrap one around the wire of the zinc, and the cell is complete. By raising or lowering the zinc in the acid, the strength of the current may be varied; and when not in use, it should be kept entirely out of the jar. Keep it bright with mercury.

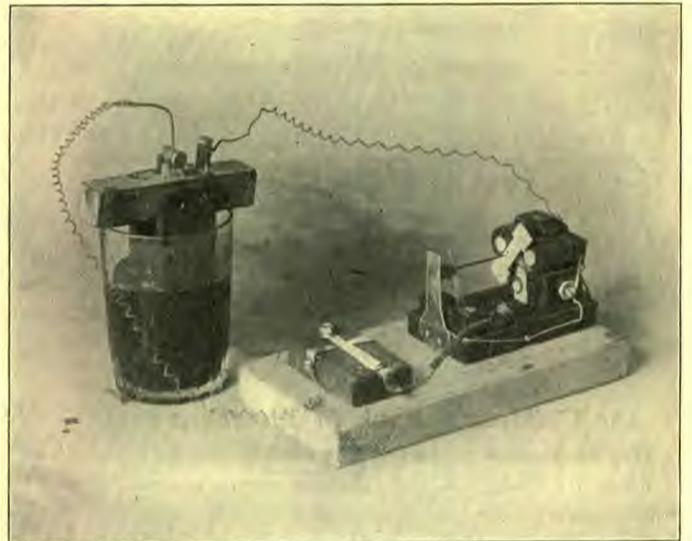
A Strong Battery

By combining several cells, a strong battery may be made, capable of running a larger motor, or of lighting a small electric lamp. When using two or more cells, be sure to connect them properly; that is, connect the carbons of one cell to the zinc of the next, and the zinc of that one to the carbons of the next, and so on, running the two remaining free wires away to your machinery.

EDISON DRIVER.

The Port of Bottles

It is a common thing for officers or sailors on sea-going vessels, and especially for passen-



gers, whose time often hangs heavily on their hands, to write some message on a paper, inclose it in a bottle, cork it tight, and throw it overboard. Usually the paper contains a mere memorandum of the name of the ship, its latitude and longitude at the time, the date, the name of the captain and of the writer, with perhaps a humorous message to the finder—the whim of an idle hour. But possibly the writing may convey a more serious message, stating that the ship has sprung a leak, and is about to founder, compelling its passengers and crew to take to the small boats. Very rarely has such a bottle been picked up by a passing vessel in time to rescue the survivors.

If the bottle has been securely corked, it may float a long time on quiet seas, and may be carried many hundreds of miles on an ocean current. Such a waif dropped into the Gulf Stream off the coast of the United States, has been picked up, many months afterward, on the shore of Ireland, Scotland, or Norway. When ocean storms come, the angry waves dash the frail bottles on floating spars or projecting rocks, and the greater number are doubtless broken in this way. There are a few "dead spots" in the ocean, however, to which these tiny glass vessels may be carried, and where they may float in security for an indefinite time.

An officer on a Brazilian ship describes such a spot in the Caribbean Sea, which he says ought to be called the Port of Bottles. It lies nearly midway between the cities of Cartagena, Colom-

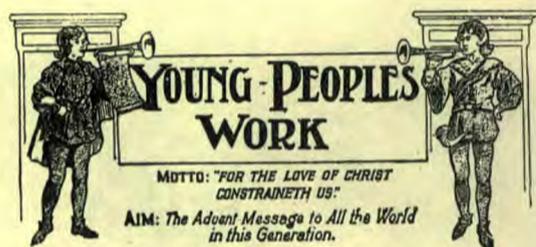
bia, and Kingston, Jamaica, and about due east of Cape Gracias a Dios.

"It is out of the steamer tracks," he says, "and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into the dead spot is apt to stay there, unless driven out by some big storm, and will simply drift round and round, gathering sea-grass and barnacles." He picked up there three bottles floating together amid the drift, one empty, the others with papers inside. One of these had been dropped in the sea three years before from a yacht in the Grand Cayman. He adds:—

"I noticed a lot of other driftwood in the same spot, and I am confident that no end of bottles could be culled from the place. Hundreds are dropped overboard every year, but very few escape being knocked to pieces unless they happen to find their way to some such still place as I have described."

There are a few other similar dead spots in the ocean, and it is possible that bottles might be picked up in them which had been floating securely for many long years.

What messages of merriment, what tales of distress and doom, these frail glass voyagers might contain, who may guess?—*Selected.*



The Children's Work in Pittsburg

I WISH to write a brief report of the children's work in Pittsburg. While they are not organized into a Society, they are doing quite a little work, and the Lord is blessing. Most of the children are able to give an intelligent reason for keeping the Sabbath; and God has used some of them to bring this precious truth to those not of our faith. We believe that it is true that in the last days the voices of the children will be raised to give the Advent message.

For a long time there had been on our church a debt, which it seemed almost impossible to pay. We arranged for a Children's Day in the Sabbath-school, and that all the money taken in on that day should go toward paying off the debt. Two months before the day appointed, the children were given "self-denial boxes," and we encouraged them to save all their pennies and nickels in these, instead of spending them for candy, chewing-gum, and other sweetmeats. The children took an active interest in this, and altogether they brought in almost twenty dollars. The older members worked, too, and enough money was raised on this day to pay the debt, and leave something over.

Some of the children have been selling *The Signs of the Times*, others have given away the *INSTRUCTOR*, after reading it; and still others have written encouraging letters to children whose parents are the only Sabbath-keepers in the place where they live. Mention should also be made of two little girls who did all the housework this summer while their mother was ill.

FANNIE FONDERSMITH.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Reformation in the Netherlands and Scandinavia

Scripture Study:—

Dan. 7: 24, 25; Rev. 14: 9-11; 19: 19-21; Rev. 20: 4; 15: 2, 3; 7: 14.

Historical Reading:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter XIII.

1. How did the Reformation in the Netherlands begin? Read the protest of the "two bishops." How long was this before the days of Luther?

2. To what other noble missionaries were these Reformers of the Netherlands similar? How did they translate the Waldensian Bible? and in what words did they tell their appreciation of the Sacred Word?

3. Give a sketch of the experiences and work of Menno Simons.

4. Describe the persecution in the Netherlands, and the heroic spirit in which it was met and endured.

5. How did the Reformation prosper in Denmark? Tell briefly of the work of Tausen, "the reformer of Denmark."

6. The reformation in Sweden. How were the teachings of Luther and Melancthon carried to Sweden? Describe the work of Olaf and Laurentius Petri. Germany carried the reformation to Scandinavia; how did Scandinavia in later years render a great service to Germany?

To the Leader

Select a suitable person to conduct a Bible study, for fifteen minutes, on the subject of the beast as a persecuting power; and let this be followed by the historical exercise, conducted by six persons. This exercise may well continue for twenty-five or thirty minutes.

It may be well for the leader to point out the interesting fact that the Reformation was carried to the Netherlands and Scandinavia by young men who had studied in Wittenberg under Luther and Melancthon. What a power our young men should become!

Secure a good map, if possible, and point out the countries of the Netherlands and Scandinavia.

E. R. P.

Letter to Instructor Readers

"REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

There have been no greater men or women in the service of God than those who have enlisted while young. The leading Bible characters are those who have been filled with the Spirit from their youth up; such as, Abraham, the father of the faithful; Joseph, the prime minister of Egypt; Moses, the great Hebrew leader; and Samuel, who served in the temple from his earliest years. Many other instances might be given.

But persons who wait till they grow older to enlist in the service of God, find that their habits are fixed. When a dwelling-house is turned into a school building or a sanitarium, it must be overhauled, thus causing much expense; so those who have lived an aimless life until their habits are set, find that they have many ways that can not be used in God's service; and before they can do efficient work for him, they need to undergo a thorough change. Experience teaches that this takes much longer than to change a building. Such persons are often heard saying, "O that I had given my heart to God when I was young!"

To enlist in the service of God shows true conversion. Great opportunities are afforded to the converted by the Young People's Societies. If they are not organized in all churches where there are young people, they should be.

There are many encouraging reports from the different Societies. At the recent camp-meeting, held in Los Angeles, the Young People's Societies of Southern California had an interesting joint meeting. Each Society had a good report of work done. The one with which the writer is connected has undertaken to raise one hundred and fifty dollars to pay the tuition of a Fijian at the Avondale School, hoping in this way soon to have a representative in Fiji working for the Lord.

We are raising the money by the sale of our papers. Last June was our first month at work, and at the close of September our fund was

about sixty dollars. During this time we have been in correspondence with Elder Gates, who was here last spring and suggested the plan. The letters received have been a great stimulus to all of us. We received a letter from one of the students at Avondale, who told us a great deal about Isoa (or Esau), the Fijian native; also one from Isoa in his own hand-script and in the Fijian language. The following is a translation of what he said:—

A Little Story—Fiji

"To My Brethren:—

"Fiji. This was a very dark land in former times. In those times my forefathers ate as real food the bodies of men. Yes, every day the oven was kept going in which men were cooked. And also when a chief died, other men were compelled to die with him as a kind of respect shown to the chief. Sometimes they were buried alive with the dead chief. It was a terrible time.

"Let me tell of the death of the white missionary, Mr. Baker. He lived in the cannibal days. Those Fijians who lived near the water first took to the lotu (Christianity), but those in the interior of the island were warlike, and hated it. Mr. Baker went to them with some natives who had lotued. They wanted to preach, but the people were angry. The people surrounded them, and they were killed; only one escaped to tell Mrs. Baker that her husband was killed. She said nothing, but took to crying.

"They took the body of Mr. Baker and cut it up. Then they cooked it. They had never seen boots before, and supposed Mr. Baker's boots were a part of the white man's body, so they cooked all together, and tried to eat boots and all. This was a time of horror, but now there is enlightenment, yet they are not fully enlightened, for they do not follow the truth for this time, and do not know God's holy Sabbath. It is now four years since the first preaching was done on the true Sabbath. Now the truth of God is springing up.

"There are two of us now attending the school at Avondale. We are here that we may prepare ourselves to enter the work of the Lord. I was born in the year 1884, June 3. My name is—

"ISOA NAVOSAMAIWAI.

"P. S.—Fiji is a very productive country. Our food is plentiful, and some of it grows wild in the woods. The woods are filled with vines, from which we make ropes with which we tie anything we have to tie."

There is another feature of this work that is very interesting, the interest shown by those not of our faith. We who are selling the papers have been given donations by these people, who say that they wish to help along in the good work. When we take hold of the work in earnest, the Lord will stir up hearts to help financially.

O, that we all might realize and improve the great opportunities that we have! A recent message to God's people clearly states that "the last messages of warning are going to God's people," and if we do not deliver them to others, he will raise up those who will. Dear young people, let us arouse and work while we have opportunity, lest He shall say, "Sleep on now, and take your rest; behold the hour is at hand."

ELBRIDGE ADAMS.

[Accompanying this general letter to the *INSTRUCTOR* readers, was a personal letter speaking further of the work being carried on in Los Angeles by the young people. The secretary of the Society writes: "We are very much encouraged. The people to whom we sell papers have also taken much interest in the undertaking. Our enrolment is only twenty-eight, but most of them are real active workers. Often we hear of twenty-five or thirty papers sold in one day by some of the younger members."]

Children's

Page

Christmas Song

How could my Saviour come to earth
And leave the mansions fair,
For such a world, and lowly birth?
O love most sweet and rare!

He came a Babe to Bethlehem,
Although the Prince of heaven,
To live and die for sinful men;
Himself, his all, was given.

I read the story o'er and o'er
Of my Redeemer's love.
Was it because he loved us more,
He left the courts above?

He found the world too deep in sin
To know him when he came.
His home a stall, for Bethlehem's inn
Had guests of other name.

Ring, Christmas bells! ye ne'er can
sound
The depth of Jesus' love,
Nor all the chimes of earth around,
Nor angel harps above.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

Gertrude's Guide

GERTRUDE and her mother had gone to the country to spend a few weeks with her grandpa and grandma. As far back as she could remember, Gertrude had wished to visit this dear old farm, and see with her own eyes the home in which her mother had lived when she was a little girl, and which had been so often pictured to her, associated with experiences of her mother's childhood. Now that her desire was being realized, her joy knew no bounds. Every day new scenes and fresh objects of curiosity greeted her. At every turn some new form of life, unfamiliar sound, or sweet fragrance invited her into new fields of exploration.

"Mama," questioned Gertrude one morning, "what is a 'bee line'? I heard Mr. Taylor talking to grandpa about his dog; and he said that he 'took a bee line for home.' When I asked George what kind of a line a bee line was,—if it was like a clothes-line, and what the dog did with it,—he looked at me for a moment; then just tumbled and rolled on the grass, and laughed and laughed at me. But at last he said a bee line was not a line at all; but just a short cut from one place to another. Is that so, mama? What makes them call it a 'bee line'?"

"It is not a visible line, Gertrude, but is the name applied to the shortest distance, or most direct course, from one place to another. You have noticed the hives of bees on the knoll just east of the house. If you would watch them some bright, sunshiny morning, you would see them going out in all directions to gather honey. They find it in the blossoms in the garden, in the orchard, and in the fields and woods. Many times the little worker bee travels several miles from its home to find a rich field of clover or buckwheat, a clump of sweet locusts, or patch of goldenrod. But wherever he may go, when he gets his load of sweets, he turns about and flies directly to the hive. He never loses his way, nor takes a long way round. He chooses the shortest path, and this is called the bee line. He may start from a place that is entirely new and strange; but he is sure to find the way."

"How does he know the shortest path, mama?"

"Scientists call it instinct which guides the little bee; but those who know the constant care of Him who made all creatures, understand that it is God who guides them back to their own little home."

Christmas Land

By Frank Walcott Butt

Once a year the whole world goes
To Christmas Land.
And happy paths lead through the snows
To Christmas Land.

And once a year the whole world sings
Together, and with offerings
Follow the wise men and the kings
To Christmas Land.

Once a year all children meet
In Christmas Land.
And merry throngs fill every street
In Christmas Land.

Let's go, then, where the children are,
And follow fast and follow far
The glad rays of the Christmas Star
To Christmas Land.

I would not stay away—would you?—
From Christmas Land.
For God has made a bright way through
To Christmas Land.
Then let's go carolling to-day
A Christmas-song and roundelay,
Bestowing kindness all the way
To Christmas Land.

S. M. H.

"O there comes Maudie!" cried Gertrude. "Mama, may we go to the woods to gather flowers?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bell, "but do not venture too far, for fear of getting lost."

The little girls were soon on their way; and oh, such lots of flowers they found! They pushed eagerly forward, seeming ever to see a more beautiful blossom a little farther on. At last they had gathered all they could carry, and sat down on the mossy carpet to rest. Soon they heard the rumble of distant thunder; the sky had grown darker; and they rose quickly to hasten home. After hurrying on for what seemed a long time, they found themselves again at the very spot where they had stopped to rest. Both recognized it at once. "O Gertrude! we are lost!" cried Maudie. "Uncle Ben says that is just the way people do when they are lost in the woods,—go round in a kind of circle, and come back to the same place. What shall we do?"

Gertrude had remembered too late her mother's warning; and her little heart went thump, thump, as she realized that she was lost in grandpa's woods.

"O Maudie! I don't know a single thing to do but just to pray," and tremblingly, but without delay, the little girls knelt down to ask the kind Father to guide them home.

Two very sober-faced little girls they were as, their prayers ended, they stood gazing into each other's eyes, not knowing what to do next.

"O there's one of grandpa's bees!" exclaimed Gertrude, "he knows the way home. Quick! let's follow him as fast as we can."

With their eyes fixed on the bee, they ran only a short distance in the direction the bee was flying, when, much to their surprise, they saw the top of grandpa's wind-mill. With this in sight there was no danger of losing their way. With happy hearts they reached home just in time to escape the storm.

Then with delight they told of their experience. "And mama," inquired Gertrude, "aren't you glad you explained to me about a 'bee line'? If you hadn't God could not have sent the bee to show us the way; for we wouldn't have understood."

"Indeed I am, dear child; but God's power is unlimited; and he can bring about answers to our prayers where human devising would utterly fail. Your experience to-day, however, is a practical illustration of the useful lessons that may be learned from the study of nature."

As Gertrude kissed her mother good-night that evening, she said, "Mama, I was dreadfully scared to-day when we were lost, but I am so happy to-night it makes me feel like grandpa says in meeting, 'This has been a good day to me.'"

"Yes, daughter," replied Mrs. Bell; "and there may be many good days to you as you become better acquainted with the Lord. He was very good to my child to-day, and we must not forget to return to him our heartfelt thanks."

MRS. ELSIE M. HOWELL.

At the Ford
(A True Story)

GRANDFATHER was the handsomest old man we children had ever seen. The tall, erect form, the dark eyes, the snowy beard and hair, worn somewhat longer than was customary, all united to make a picture we can never forget.

The son of a frontiersman, he himself moved westward with the advance guard of civilization until further progress was blocked by the great Pacific.

Was it any wonder, then, that his stories were hailed as our greatest treat? I can see him now, sitting on the porch in his great chair, his newspaper fallen at his feet, while he tells us the following story:—

"Many years ago, when I was scarcely more than a boy, I had a thrilling experience. You know my brother Jim was a famous scout, and a great friend of old Davy Crockett. At the time of which I speak, I was with Jim down in Texas, in a locality then considered none too safe on account of Indians. Several men, out on the prairies alone at night, had been murdered, and this made us all very cautious.

"One day one of our men was taken seriously ill, and the nearest doctor was at a little town some twenty miles away. Medicine must be had at once, and it fell to my lot to ride to town and get it. I quickly saddled Kitty, and galloped away, with never a thought for the Indians, but thinking only of the poor fellow suffering at camp, and wondering if I should be too late. Kitty was fleet, and ere long we had reached the town, secured the medicine, and after a short rest started on our return trip.

"We had not gone far before darkness fell; but Kitty, who could travel as well by night as by

day, kept steadily to her task, and soon the longer part of the road lay behind us. We were now nearing a small river, crossed by means of fords—one, the main ford; and another, farther up stream, less used, which was reached by means of a by-path. The country, a rolling prairie, was covered with very high grass.

"Just as I reached the top of one of the little knolls, I thought I saw something moving in the road at the top of the next hill. This did not alarm me; for, if I gave it a second thought, I merely supposed it was some one else out late like myself.

"But not so with Kitty. When we came to the top of the hill, she stopped, sniffing the air. Repeatedly I urged her forward, but she would only snort and rear. At last, out of patience with her, I did what I had never done before—used my spurs. This was all that was needed to place the already thoroughly frightened animal utterly beyond my control. She sprang wildly out of the road, and raced across the prairie, while I clung closely to her back. When at last she quieted down, we were near the upper ford; and having by this time come to the conclusion that there must have been something ahead to frighten her, I felt that it would be safer to cross here than to go back to the main road.

"Arrived at camp, however, I was rather ashamed of my fright and therefore said nothing about it.

"Next morning two men rode into camp from town, and almost their first words were to ask if any one of us had ridden from the village the night before. 'Yes,' said some one, 'Gibson did.'

"When they asked me if I had any trouble with my horse, I reluctantly admitted the truth. Then they told me that they had come upon the place where my horse had plunged about in the road and finally circled out into the prairie; and all about the spot were moccasin tracks,—the tracks of six Indians, which led down the hill into the next depression. Here the band had separated, three going to the right and three to the left of the road, hiding in the tall grass to ambush me.

"Fearing that the Indians had followed the rider and murdered him on the prairie, they retraced their steps, and tracked my horse to the ford.

"'And now, young man,' they said, 'you owe your life to but two things,—the ability of your horse to scent the redskins, and the fact that the Indians had no ponies with which to follow you.'

He paused, and we heard grandma's gentle voice repeating, in the gathering twilight, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

EDITH STARBUCK.

Christmas

Joyous the night when the Saviour came,—
Joyous the angel band!
Joyous the shepherds from over the hills,
Bearing the tidings grand!
Ages have passed since the morning bright
When the Babe in the manger lay,
Bringing the hope that the world had lost,
Bringing the brighter day.

Men have forgotten the day and date,
It is so far away;
But a glad day do we keep each year,
Calling it Christmas day.
O it was blessed when Jesus came,
And over the darkened hills
Angels burst forth, like a flame of love,
Into song that the spirit thrills.

So we remember the beaming star,
Guiding the wise men there;
We, as did they so long ago,
Bring Him our gifts with prayer.
Lo! in the manger the King of kings!
Then was the Saviour born.
Keep the glad day, draw near to him,
Praise him this Christmas morn.

B. F. M. SOURS.



History Stories—No. IV

Scipio and Hannibal

DURING all the time since the founding of Rome, another city had been growing up on the opposite shore of the Mediterranean Sea. This city, Carthage, was a colony made by Queen Dido of Tyre. Tyre and Sidon, cities of Phenicia, are often mentioned in the Bible, and are among the oldest cities known to history,—the purple of Tyre and the glass of Sidon being celebrated in the very earliest times. Above all else they were famous for their rich commerce by land and sea, and for their many colonies.

Carthage grew rapidly, and soon became simply another Tyre. At the time we have reached, she held nearly all northern Africa, southern Spain, and nearly all the islands in the western Mediterranean, so that it had become a "Phenician lake," in which the Carthaginians were wont to boast that no one dared wash his hands without their permission. It may be thought strange that Carthage and Rome did not come into conflict before, as the Island of Sicily is separated from Italy by only a narrow channel, and the coast of Africa is but ninety miles distant; but the Carthaginians attended to their own business, and the Romans had very little to do with enterprises by sea. It is said that when Pyrrhus left the Island of Sicily, he exclaimed, "What a fine battle-ground we are leaving for the Romans and Carthaginians."

In the year 264 B. C. began the first of the Three Punic Wars, so called because the western pronunciation for "Phenician" was "Punic." These wars continued much of the time for one hundred and eighteen years, and were simply a contest to decide whether Rome or Carthage should rule the world. In the hope of conquest and riches, but on the pretense of helping some friends, the Romans crossed over to Sicily, and in the first battle were completely victorious; within two years they were in possession of the entire island, save two strongholds.

The Carthaginians were well supplied with large ships, and the Romans now saw that they, too, must have a navy. A vessel from Carthage having five banks of oars had been wrecked upon their shores. This they used as a model, and it is said that within two months they built and launched one hundred and twenty war-galleys of that size. They soon met the enemy, and the result was a terrible defeat for the Carthaginians. At Rome there was a grand celebration of the victory, and they resolved to carry the war into Africa. The First Punic War was continued twenty-four years, victories passing from one side to the other. The Romans lost three splendid fleets by storms, and one in battle, but in the end they were successful, and Carthage was required to give up all her prisoners, all claim to the Island of Sicily, and pay a tribute equal to about four million dollars. Rome continued to watch affairs with jealous eyes, and when the hands of her rival were tied, she seized upon the opportunity to rob Carthage of her richest island possessions,—Corsica and Sardinia. But Rome was not always to rejoice.

After twenty years of peace one of the greatest generals that ever lived was chosen leader of the Carthaginian army. His father was a man of rare genius, who had done much for Carthage. When Hannibal was a child of nine years, his father led him to the altar, and placing his hands upon the sacrifice, the little boy vowed eternal hatred to the Romans. This he said could not be broken; and soon after being given command, he laid siege to a city of Spain that was under Roman

protection, and after several months was successful in capturing it. Rome sent at once to Carthage to ask payment, and the surrender of Hannibal; but war was the only response, and for seventeen years it was carried on with determination on both sides.

With the advent of spring, Hannibal started out from Carthage (Spain), with a great army. It was a wonderful undertaking, but in five months he had made the journey across the Pyrenees, up the valley of the Rhone, over the Alps, and found himself in northern Italy, with a force of twenty-six thousand men,—the remains of the army of ninety-four thousand that had left New Carthage, with which he expected to conquer a country that counted its soldiers by the hundred thousand. He pushed rapidly toward the capital, and defeated three large armies that withstood him. The dismay at Rome can hardly be imagined; the senate caused the bridges that spanned the Tiber to be destroyed, and placed the entire government in the hands of one man, called a dictator. But Hannibal continued to avoid Rome, thus giving them a chance to raise another army of eighty thousand men, the largest one the Romans had ever gathered on any battle-field. Hannibal had about one half that number; but he met them at Cannæ, and by his skill, inflicted upon them the most crushing defeat that had ever befallen the forces of Rome.

It was now felt that the end of the Republic had come, but still they would not listen to terms of peace. More strange, Hannibal made no move toward Rome. "Let me advance with the cavalry," said one of his officers, "and in five days thou shalt dine in the capital." But Hannibal refused, and the officer, turning away, exclaimed, "Alas! thou knowest how to gain a victory, but not how to use one." Neither warriors nor statesmen can account for this delay, when all regarded Rome as within his grasp; but it is easily understood in the light of Scripture, for Rome was not to be destroyed until she had fulfilled her mission as outlined in prophecy.

For several years the war dragged on slowly. Cities that had opened their gates to Hannibal were re-captured and punished by the Romans; he received very little aid from his home-country; and when, at length, his brother came with an army to his assistance, it was entirely cut to pieces. Upon this Hannibal exclaimed, "Carthage, I see thy fate." Meanwhile Scipio, who had been urging the senate to adopt his plan of carrying the war into Africa, was finally entrusted by the people with an army for that purpose. He had not been long in Africa ere Carthage sent for Hannibal to conduct the war. He came, and at Zama met Scipio, where he suffered his first and final defeat. Carthage was required to give up all claim to her possessions abroad, and compelled to pay an immense tribute.

Scipio returned to Rome in the year 201 B. C., and enjoyed a magnificent triumph and great honors. Hannibal, though overcome, stands forth as the greater general. He refused to be cast down, and now set about work for the improvement of his depressed city. It was not long before Rome demanded his surrender, and from that time he was a wanderer on the earth. At last, seeing that he was about to be delivered up to the Romans, he took his own life. Scipio also died in the same year (183 B. C.)

ROY F. COTTRELL.

In the Laboratory

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed, entering the laboratory, as a brilliant green light shone out, and snowy flakes of something fluttered from the vivid blaze. "And what is it?"

"A bit of zinc leaf burning," the chemist answered; "seizing oxygen from the air, it makes with it these white flakes of zinc oxide. Here the same zinc is cultivating the lead-tree."

In a jar of clear liquid hung a strip of zinc, on

which was clustered a brilliant, moss-like mass of crystalline spangles.

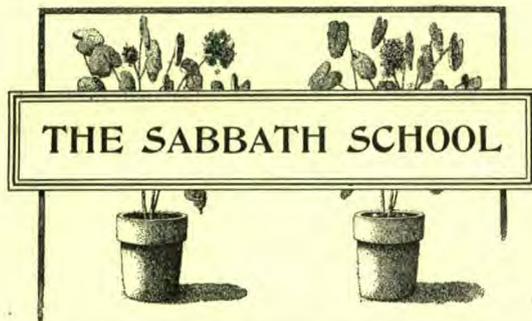
"Zinc in a solution of acetate of lead," the chemist continued, "dissolves, and the lead gathers up its silvery crystals; then I weigh the liquids and the solids. I shall find that for every atom of lead crystallized an atom of zinc has been dissolved.

"Here is the same truth proving itself in another way. In this beaker are sulphuric acid and zinc; when they have obeyed their law of union, instead of the liquid and the shining solid, I shall have their precise equivalent, but in the very different form of hydrogen gas and the white mass of zinc sulphate.

"Nothing is lost; chemistry can change, but can not create nor destroy, what the one Creator of all things in heaven and earth has made. But chemistry can, in some cases, change substances into a form from which it can never change them back to the old form.

"That is a solemn thought when we come to soul chemistry,—that our work will, or our influence over our own souls or those of others may, distort them from the symmetry which God gave them, and that no after efforts of ours can restore the former beauty; that thought must make us watchful and prayerful in all our ways.

"But there is great comfort in knowing that God, who can create and destroy, can also restore the distorted life which is fully given into his hands of grace and power, and can make it again beautiful and fit for his high service, purifying it in the blood of the Lamb."—*The Well Spring*.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I—David's Kingdom Established

(January 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Sam. 5: 1-5; 8.

MEMORY VERSE: "It is God that girdeth me with strength." Ps. 18: 32.

When David was first anointed king of Israel by the prophet Samuel, he was "but a youth." When at last he sat upon the throne of Israel, he was thirty years old. Many hard and bitter years of trial and training had passed between, but through all David had been true to God.

The minds of the people had been prepared to accept David as their king; but there were some who still clung to the house of Saul, and wanted his son Ishbosheth to rule over them. Thinking to please David, two men stole into the house of Ishbosheth and slew him; but David was grieved at what they had done, and they met the same punishment that the man had who accused himself of slaying Saul.

Then all the tribes of Israel gathered themselves together, and anointed David king over Israel. For seven and one-half years Hebron was his capital city; then he moved to Jerusalem, which was afterward the capital of the nation.

Now that God had given David the kingdom, he set about to take possession of it. The work begun by Joshua had never been carried on by the Israelites; they had not really entered into the place God had given them, but had allowed the heathen to dwell there and to oppress them. In the days of David, God gave them another opportunity to fill their place in his plan. Encouraged by the Lord, David began with

the Philistines, who were at that time the chief troublers of Israel. Look in your Bible at the map of Palestine as it was in the days of David, and you will find that the Philistines possessed the land to the west of Hebron and Jerusalem.

When David had conquered and subdued the Philistines, he went to the East, where you will find the land of Moab; and he smote the Moabites until they became his servants, and brought him gifts.

David believed God's promise to Abraham: "Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt, unto the Great River, the River Euphrates." You will find the river of Egypt at the southwest, and the River Euphrates at the northeast of the land of Palestine, all of which God had given to Israel. David found the northern border of his kingdom at the River Euphrates in the hands of the heathen, and he went up to recover it. At this time he smote the kingdom of Zobah, which you will find on your map at the northeast of Palestine.

The Syrians came to the help of Hadadezer, son of the king of Zobah. This turned David's attention to them, and he slew twenty-two thousand of them, and put garrisons in Damascus, the capital of Syria, so that the Syrians also became his servants, and brought him gifts.

At the northwest of Palestine adjoining Zobah, you will find Hamath. Hadadezer of Zobah was the enemy of Toi, king of Hamath, and was constantly at war with him. Toi was so glad when he heard that David had smitten Hadadezer, that he sent his son to salute David, and take him presents of gold, silver, and brass. These with the gold he had taken from the nations he had smitten, David dedicated to the Lord.

Those men who had been with David in his days of trouble when he was hunted upon the mountains, had gained an experience which fitted them for places of responsibility in his kingdom. Joab, the king's cousin, was put in command of the army. Abimelech, the son of Abiathar, who had escaped and fled to David when Saul slew the priests of Nob, was one of the chief priests.

David did not forget the covenant made with Jonathan to show kindness to his seed when God had given him the kingdom. He took Mephibosheth, the crippled son of Jonathan, into his own house, and let him eat at his table as one of the king's sons, and he gave him all of the land that had belonged to Saul.

The size of David's kingdom, and his influence upon the nations around, is shown by his own words in the song that he sang in the day when God gave him rest from all his enemies. Ps. 18: 32-50.

Questions

1. How old was David when he began to reign? Did all the people want him to be king? To whom did some cling? What did two of David's followers do to Ishbosheth? What was their punishment?

2. Where was David anointed king? How long did he reign there? To what place did he remove?

3. What was David's first work after he became king? How was it that he found so many heathen in his land? What ought the Israelites to have done? Who had begun this work?

4. Which of his enemies did David first smite? In what part of the land did they dwell?

5. Where did David next go? What did he make the Moabites do?

6. What promise did God make to Abraham about the land? Point out on the map the two rivers of which he spoke. Why did David go up to the north of Palestine?

7. Whom did he smite on the way? What nation came to help Zobah? How did David punish them? What king was pleased that Zobah was smitten? How did he show his gratitude to David? What did David do with the treasures he had secured from these nations?

8. When David became king, who were given high places in his kingdom? To what young man did he show special kindness? Why?

9. Where do we find the song of praise in which David celebrated his victories? What did he say about the heathen? Who gave him strength and victory?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

I—Nebuchadnezzar's Dream

(January 2)

1. THROUGH whom does the Lord reveal his secrets to his people? Amos 3: 7.

2. What two books in the Bible are made up largely of prophecies?—Daniel and Revelation.

3. Can we understand these? Rev. 1: 1; Deut. 29: 29.

4. How sure is the word of prophecy? 2 Peter 1: 16-21.

5. To whom did the Lord first reveal the future of all earthly kingdoms? Dan. 2: 28, 29.

6. By what symbol was this represented to Nebuchadnezzar? Verse 31.

7. Describe the king's experience in seeking an interpretation of his dream. Verses 2-10.

8. What did the king's command compel the wise men of Babylon to acknowledge? Verse 11.

9. Because of this, what decree did he send forth? Verses 12, 13.

10. What bold request did Daniel make? Verse 16. To whom did he go to learn the dream of the king? Verses 17, 18.

11. What was the first thing that Daniel did when the dream was revealed to him? Verses 20-23.

12. When he went before the heathen king, to whom did he give honor for his wisdom? Verses 26-28. To what time did he say the dream referred?

13. Relate the king's dream as given by Daniel. Verses 31-36.

14. What kingdom did the prophet say was symbolized by the head of gold? Verses 37, 38.

15. By what kind of metal was the next kingdom represented? Verse 32. How was it to compare with Babylon? Verse 39. What power followed Babylon? Dan. 5: 28.

16. What was represented by the brazen portion? Dan. 2: 39. What kingdom followed Media and Persia? Dan. 8: 20, 21.

17. How was the fourth kingdom symbolized? Dan. 2: 33, 34. How did Daniel describe it in the interpretation of the dream? Verses 40-42. What power answers to this symbol?—Rome. See note.

18. After the condition represented by iron and clay is reached, will the fourth kingdom ever be united and strong again? Verse 43.

19. According to this prophecy what is to be the next kingdom? Verse 44. Is there any doubt about it? Verse 45.

Note

We learn from history that the mighty empire that followed Greece was Rome. Gibbon, the historian, adopts the very symbolism of the prophecy to describe the character of this kingdom. "The arms of the republic, sometimes vanquished in battle, always victorious in war, advanced with rapid strides to the Euphrates, the Danube, the Rhine, and the ocean; and the images of gold, or silver, or brass, that might serve to represent the nations or their kings, were successively broken by the iron monarchy of Rome." Later in its history, the kingdom was divided, its strength weakened, and it became "partly strong and partly brittle," as the margin renders it. By intermarriage the royal houses of Europe are more or less related, but by none of these alliances has the reunion of the divided kingdom been accomplished. It is to remain divided until the stone smites the image.



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BROTHER F. E. BELDEN desires that all who have paid for the "Falling Stars and Niagara" picture, with which the booklet "At the Door" was promised free, shall immediately send to him (at Battle Creek, Michigan) their present addresses, if changed since they received the picture. Over 5,000 of these booklets are due those who have paid for the picture; and to misdirect them now, after the long delay (caused by circumstances relating to the Review and Herald fire), would be unfortunate.

Hints to the Private Secretary

THE following excellent suggestions for a private secretary are taken from a paper presented by Brother A. G. Miller at a meeting of the employees of one of the clerical departments of the Pacific Press. They are so excellent that we give them almost in full for the benefit of other older young people who hold positions of responsibility, or who hope to do so later. Many of the principles laid down are applicable to those in other positions besides the ones specifically mentioned:—

"The office of private secretary is one of the most important in any institution or organization. We sometimes think there is only one private secretary in an institution,—the one associated with the general manager,—but this is not true. *Every stenographer is a private secretary.* Of course some are intrusted with more important work than others, but all can claim this title.

"The qualifications for a private secretary are many. First of all, a good education is necessary, including a knowledge of shorthand and type-writing. A good memory is also very essential. A private secretary must be willing to do anything and everything. He must also be a good detail man, and must be one who can be found when wanted. Above all, he must be thoroughly trustworthy,—capable of minding his own business, and yet worthy to be intrusted with the business of others. There are too many private secretaries who do not realize the importance of their position. They resemble a sponge in that they absorb everything; but when 'squeezed,' information runs out even quicker than it is taken in.

"The work of a private secretary covers quite a large field.

"Take, for instance, that of private secretary of a general manager in a large institution. His first work is to assist the manager in every way possible, attend to his correspondence, and keep his room and desk in good order. When entering his room in the morning, it may be necessary to straighten the chairs, adjust the blinds, open the desk, change the daters, arrange the desk, putting everything in good order, so that when the manager arrives, there is nothing for him to do but to sit down, and find everything as he wants it.

"If the desk of the secretary is in an adjoining room, as it sometimes is, that is the place for him

to be when the manager is in his office. When the manager wants his secretary, he wants him at once, and should not have to wait. Enter immediately at his call, always taking a note-book with you, with an elastic band so arranged that your book will open just where you want it. Perhaps the first call is a request to see a certain person when he arrives. When you reach your desk, make a written note of the item, so that you will not forget it.

"Call number two may be for the purpose of dictating a letter. In taking dictation, write all names and addresses in longhand for ready reference. Notice the contents of the letter as you proceed, and give careful attention to any promises or appointments that are made, also to any inclosures mentioned. If the manager should be interrupted while dictating, improve the time to read over your notes, and especially the last sentence, so that when he is ready to proceed, you can read back without hesitation. If two or more copies of a letter are to be made, always indicate this at the beginning of your notes. When using the typewriter, do the best work possible. Never use the letter 'x' or any other to blot out a word or letter. Make erasures so that they can not be detected. If you have a number of carbons in, and strike a wrong letter, leave it in, and when you have finished the page, make the correction on each sheet separately. When you have copies of letters, always pin them together at the upper right-hand corner, and be careful to mark each 'COPY' in caps. If you know whom the copies are for, run in the names with the machine as well. Always mark inclosures to be inserted at the close of letter.

"After obtaining the manager's signature to the letters written, note carefully all changes and corrections which have been made, and compare them with your notes. If the mistakes are yours, profit by them. When copying letters, try your best to avoid blurring the original; nothing looks worse than a blurred letter. Address envelopes with the typewriter, placing the stamp squarely in the corner, and be sure that all inclosures have been inserted. If anything has been mentioned in the letter which needs future attention, make a note of it. If it should happen to be an appointment, remind the manager when the time arrives. Of course he may remember, but no harm is done to call his attention to the matter. Before returning the letter book to the manager's desk, index the letters which have been copied. If a previous letter has been written to the same person, and is copied in the same book, place the page of such copy at the beginning of each succeeding letter.

"When any one wishes to see the manager, find out the name of the person, and if possible his business. Never usher any one into your employer's room without first obtaining his consent. Of course sometimes a person will make a dash for the door, and be in the room before you can question him.

"Always keep the desk of the manager in good order. When it is necessary to give it a thorough cleaning, be sure that everything goes back in exactly the same place. Nothing is more annoying than to find one's papers mixed.

"A private secretary can always find something to do. Perhaps there are files of papers to be kept, order books to be written up, rubber stamps to be inked, and numerous other small things. No matter how small it is, never let anything pass that needs attention.

"In closing, the motto I would suggest to all private secretaries is, *BE THOROUGH.*"

Missionary Training-School of Correspondence

"Laborers should improve themselves." Under this heading there appears in the spirit of prophecy the following instruction:—

"Having learned the simple rules, they should bend their minds to the acquisition of knowledge

in connection with their labor, so that they may be workmen that need not be ashamed. They can master one branch of science after another while engaged in the work." This applies to active workers in the cause. It applies with equal force to the Christian who is living a quiet life; for in the church of Christ there is no man who has not active duties to perform. "Golden moments are thrown away in unimportant conversation, in indolence, and in doing those things which are of little consequence, that ought to be used every day in useful employments that will fit us more nearly to approach the high standard."

Not every one can put himself under an instructor in a regularly organized school, but every one can study in his own home. For the benefit of those who can not enter school, the Missionary Training-School of Correspondence makes it possible for one to do systematic studying without leaving home. The student need not give up his occupation; he can do much toward gaining an education without the expense connected with a course in an institution.

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If you are interested for yourself or others, send for full particulars concerning the course offered, tuition, credits given, etc.

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* * *

"THERE is a living creature which fastens itself under the tail of the crab. Nature has perfectly equipped it for the struggle of existence, but it deliberately refuses to enter on that struggle. It has six beautifully fringed claws, like those of a lobster, by means of which it can move about and get its living. It has a brain, and it has a stomach. In its own way, it is quite as capable of providing for its wants as the crab or the lobster. But, after a brief attempt at independence, it chooses the easy way. It becomes convinced of the advantages of idleness. So it seeks out a likely crab, insinuates its small person under the crab's tail, buries itself in the crab's flesh, and enters on the career of a parasite.

"But what happens? The moment it ceases to lead an independent life, it deteriorates. It does not need its claws, for it never moves about; so they drop off. It does not need its stomach, for its nutriment comes to it already digested, and the stomach disappears. It does not need its brain; for it has no longer any occasion to think, and the brain disappears, too. In a very short time, all the distinguishing features of separate life are withdrawn, and it has become merely a little round thing, an excrescence imbedded underneath the crab's tail."

This bit of natural history furnishes the best of illustrations why one should never become dependent. Push out into the world, and make your own way. If you are so unfortunate as to have a rich father, don't look to him for support, but earn your own living. Never lead a parasitic life; it does not call for any brains, and therefore they will be likely to disappear.—*Well Spring.*