

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

VOL. LII .

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No. 40

## IN THE CHRISTIAN PATHWAY

### *I Did this for Thee! What Hast Thou Done for Me?*

I SPENT long years for thee  
I Tim. 1:15.  
In weariness and woe,  
Isa. 53:3.  
That an eternity  
John 17:24.  
Of joy thou mightest know,  
John 16:22.  
I spent long years for thee;  
John 1:10, 11.  
Hast thou spent *one* for me?  
1 Peter 4:2.  
And I have brought to thee,  
John 4:10, 14.  
Down from my home above,  
John 3:13.  
Salvation full and free,  
Rev. 21:6.  
My pardon and my love.  
Acts 5:31.  
Great gifts I brought to thee;  
Ps. 68:18.  
What hast thou brought to me?  
Rom. 12:1.  
Oh, let thy life be given,  
Rom. 6:13.  
Thy years for him be spent,  
2 Cor. 5:15.  
World-fetters all be riven,  
Phil. 3:8.  
And joy with suffering blent;  
1 Peter 4:13-16.  
I gave myself for thee:  
Eph. 5:2.  
Give thou *thyself* to me!  
Prov. 23:28.  
—Frances R. Havergal.

### **The Sheep and the Shepherd**

A GENTLEMAN traveling in Syria stopped to watch three shepherds who were watering their flocks at a well. The three flocks were inextricably mingled; to the traveler's eye the mass seemed one. Presently one of the shepherds stood forth, and began to call, "Men-ah," the Arabic word for "Follow me." Thirty sheep immediately separated themselves from the indiscriminate mass, and began to follow the shepherd up the hill. Then a second shepherd began to cry, "Men-ah! Men-ah!" and a second flock separated from the others, and started after the second shepherd.

The traveler was astonished; and as he saw the third shepherd preparing to depart, laying his hand on his crook, and beginning to gather a few dates that had fallen from the palm beneath which he had been resting, the traveler stepped up to him, and asked, "Would your sheep follow me if I called them?" The man shook his head. "Give me your shepherd's cloak and crook, and allow me to try," the traveler said. He even wound the shepherd's turban around his head,

and then stood forth and began to cry, "Men-ah! Men-ah!" But no sheep stirred; they only blinked at him lazily as he stood there in the sunshine. "Do they never follow any one but you?" asked the traveler. "Only when a sheep is sick; then the silly creature follows any one," the shepherd said.

What a perfect commentary was this little scene upon our Lord's words, as he tells us of his sheep in the parable of the Good Shepherd! "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth

the Chicago bar and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He had been successful in his profession, but had made some unfortunate investments, and when the financial panic of 1873 seriously disturbed the business of the country, Mr. Spafford found that his savings of many years had been swept away. The members of his family were prostrated by this disastrous turn in their affairs, and he acceded to the wish of helpful friends that they should visit Europe, and thus be removed for some time from scenes of financial ruin. Mrs. Spafford and her four children took passage on the French liner "du Havre," and the story of that voyage is one of the most appalling of the many calamities of the sea.

When in midocean and in the blackness of a November night in 1873, the steamship collided with the Glasgow clipper "Loch Earn," and in twelve minutes the former went down, carrying to death two hundred and thirty souls, and among them were Mr. Spafford's four daughters.

Mrs. Spafford sank with the vessel, but floated again, and was finally rescued.

The saved were taken to Havre, and from that city she sent a message to her husband, who was in Chicago: "Saved, but alone. What shall I do?"

This message of fearful import—"sufficient to drive reason from the throne"—was the first notice Mr. Spafford had that his dear ones were not as happy as when he parted with them a few days before in New York.

In his unutterable sorrow Mr. Spafford did not chant a dirge to impossible hope. When he reflected that his property was lost in destruction's waste, that his wife was painfully prostrated, and that his four children were buried in the dark waves of the sea, there came from his heart of hearts a song of trust and resignation that has many times encircled the globe.



"I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep"

before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." John 10:4, 5. And what a sure sign of spiritual sickness it is when one of the great Shepherd's sheep ceases to hear his voice and follows any other voice, and so goes straying into dangerous and forbidden places!—Selected.

### **"When Peace, like a River"**

"It is well with my soul," was written by H. G. Spafford, and the popular tune to which it is always sung is one of P. P. Bliss's best compositions. Mr. Spafford was a member of

"When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,

When sorrows, like sea billows, roll;  
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul."

When Mr. Spafford returned from Havre with his invalid wife, he said to his friends: "I never felt more like trusting God than I do now."

Spafford's hymn of resignation, with its fine musical setting by the lamented Bliss, is one of the most helpful of the many gospel songs written during the past quarter of a century. One Sunday evening a service of song was given in one of our large cities at which the story of "It is well with my soul" was told, and the lines sung with great tenderness of expression by the audience and choir. Attending the service was



a gentleman who had suffered financial reverses in the panic of 1889. When he heard the story of Spafford's heavy affliction, and joined in singing the hymn so pathetically inspired, he said to his wife on their return home from the service: "I will never again complain of my lot. If Spafford could write such a beautiful resignation hymn when he had lost all his children, and everything else save his wife and character, I ought surely to be thankful that my losses have been so light."—*Selected.*

## PARABLES FROM NATURE



"O GENEROUS wells! be not content,  
But yield up your crystal treasure;  
Leave not the withering flowers to die  
They'll repay thee with double measure.

"Their leaves will give a brighter green,  
And sweeter buds will surely blow.  
Then overflow your moss-grown banks,  
And make the flowers grow.

"O friends, who have the word of life,  
Of peace, of comfort, freely give.  
Be *springs* that all may share thy store.  
And have the blessings of all who live.

"Wells are good and grand, I know,  
But O for a spring that will overflow."  
—*Selected.*

### The Blemished Onyx

ONE of God's methods is to bring good out of evil. But this is not a license to us to do evil that good may come, for it takes the skilful hand of God to work this miracle.

A lapidary brought a large and beautiful onyx to a distinguished artist for whom he had obtained many precious stones for carving.

"See how clear, pure, and transparent this stone is," said the lapidary; "what a fine one for you to exercise your skill upon were it not for this one fatal blemish!" And he pointed out in one spot an underlying tinge of iron rust, which, as he said, "ruined the stone."

But the artist, with far-reaching sight, seized upon the onyx, and, having examined it attentively, purchased it. With matchless skill and delicacy, he wrought upon the stone, carving the graceful form of a lovely goddess. And by a wonderful exercise of ingenuity, by sharp cuts of his engraving tool, and by light and patient touches, he fashioned the spot which had been thought an irreparable blemish into a leopard skin, upon which rested the feet of the goddess—the contrasting colors enhancing the beauty of the lovely cameo.

As the artist, by patient skill and labor, changes the unsightly spot on the onyx into a beautiful decoration, so sometimes does God work upon his children. He sees in them some fault, some evil passion which blemishes the whole character, and he begins to use the discipline to give that molding which, by slow processes it may be, will change the blemish into something lovely.

He may use sharp tools, and the work may be

tedious and trying; but if we submit ourselves to his hand, and especially if—unlike the passive onyx—we ourselves, being conscious of our faulty character, use our own earnest endeavors, latent graces will gleam out where only blemishes were seen.—*Selected.*

### The Golden Thread and Silver Spangles

THERE is told a beautiful Eastern story of a child walking beside the sea, who saw a bright spangle lying in the sand. She stooped down and picked it up, and found it was attached to a fine thread of gold. As she drew this out of the sand, there were other bright spangles on it. She drew up the gold thread, and wound it about her neck, and around her head, arms, and body, until from head to foot she was covered with the bright threads of gold, and she sparkled with the brilliance of the silver spangles. So it is when we lift out of God's Word an ornament of beauty to put into our life. We find that other fragments of loveliness, all bound together on the golden chain of love, are attached to the one we have taken up. Then as we draw up the chain and twine it about our neck, and weave it into a web to make a garment for our soul, we find that it is endless. Infinite as God himself, is the abundance of the lovely things that we may draw out of the treasury of his grace to deck our life with beauty.—*J. R. Miller, in "The Hidden Life."*

### Flume for the Mountain Torrent

A MAN found a wild torrent in the mountain. It could work only waste and ruin as it rushed, uncontrollable, down the gorge. He built a flume for it, and carried its wild floods in quiet streams down into the valley, where they watered fields and gardens, gave drink to the thirsty, and turned many a wheel of industry. That was far better than if he had dried up the torrent. It was far better, too, than if it had been left to flow on forever with destructive force. Now it was flumed and made to do good, and made the world richer and more beautiful. That is what God wants to do with the cravings, the desires, the passions, the longings, and all the mighty energies of our nature. They are not to be destroyed. Yet they are not to be allowed to work waste and ruin in efforts to find gratification in merely earthly channels, in unbridled license. That is sin's way. Rather, these great forces in our nature are to come under the yoke of Christ, and are to be led by him into all holy service for God and man.—*J. R. Miller, in "The Hidden Life."*

## SPECIAL

### Harvest Ingathering Program

OPENING SONG, "Wake the Song of Joy and Gladness."

PRAYER.

SCRIPTURE LESSON, Psalm III or 65.

INTRODUCTORY BY THE CHILDREN, Exercise I.

SONG, "Hasten on, Glad Day."

YOUTH'S EXERCISE, Parable of the Sower.

SOLO, "Harvest Time."

EXERCISES III AND IV.

QUARTET, "Lead Them to Thee."

EXERCISE V.

SONG, "When the King Shall Claim His Own."

EXERCISE VI.

DUET, "Freely Give."

OFFERING TAKEN.

PRAYER.

SONG, "Joy By and By."

### Notes

All the songs indicated in the program are found in "Christ in Song." Would it not be well to rehearse the songs in the general exercises of the Sabbath-school, so that *all* will be able to join with spirit in the singing?

The program with suggestive exercises prepared for "Harvest Ingathering" this year has been arranged with a desire to avoid anything that would lead the youth and children into the worldly ways of doing things. We trust that as it is carried out, or others arranged, all will be done with earnest prayer that nothing of the common may come in, but that, God's richest blessing may rest on all that is said and done. Anciently it was a time of rejoicing for young and old,—true, heartfelt joy and thanksgiving for the blessings of another year. Surely this of all other years is one of wonderful protecting care amid so many calamities by land and sea, through wrecks, storms, and fires.

Again I would *appeal* to all who engage in arranging Harvest Ingathering exercises *not* to make it merely *children's day*, but a day of rejoicing for all.

A few suggestions in regard to decorations may not be amiss. From the light given regarding the arrangement for the "Feast of Tabernacles," anciently, we find special preparations were made for it,—that everything was brought from the woods that would please the eye and give expression to the universal joy of the people, and that the temple was the center of attraction. So it is in keeping with God's plan to decorate, and in a way that he will be honored and the human eye pleased also.\* The things used should be natural, not artificial, and arranged tastily. Some may regard this as a waste of time, but perhaps even they spend double the time in decorating one article for the home or body, and think nothing of it. So let us not begrudge the time and strength required to prepare God's house for this service.

ANNA HIBBEN.

### Introductory Exercise

#### Exercise I

1. What is this day called?

Harvest Ingathering.

2. How did God's people anciently celebrate it?  
With sacred songs and thanksgiving.

3. How did they prepare for it?

Everything that could please the eye and give expression to the universal joy was brought from the woods.

4. How did the city appear?

The city bore the appearance of a beautiful forest.

5. What was the center of attraction?

The temple was the center of universal joy.

6. What did the people bring?

Old and young, rich and poor, all brought some gift as a tribute of thanksgiving.

7. Why do we observe this day?

Because the Lord has told us it would be well for the people of God at this time to do so.

8. Then why are we here to-day?

To joyfully commemorate the blessings of God to us.

To celebrate the ingathering of the harvest of the earth.

To bring some gift as a tribute of thanksgiving to Him who has crowned the year with his goodness.

To point forward to the great day of final ingathering, when the Lord of the harvest shall have safely gathered the ransomed of the Lord into the heavenly Canaan.

### Parable of the Sower

#### Exercise II

1. Repeat the parable of the sower.

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and



the fowls came and devoured them: some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them: but other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold."

2. *Who is represented by the sower?*

"He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man. He left his home of security and peace, left the glory that he had with the Father before the world was, left his position upon the throne of the universe. He went forth, a suffering, tempted man; went forth in solitude to sow in tears, to water with his blood, the seed of life for a world lost. So those who are called to unite with Christ must leave *all* in order to follow him. Old associates must be broken up, plans of life relinquished, earthly hopes surrendered. In toil and tears, in solitude and through suffering, must the seed be sown."

3. *What is the seed?*

The seed is the Word of God. Every seed has in itself a germinating principle. In it the life of the plant is enfolded. So there is life in God's Word. In every command and in every promise of the Word of God is the power, the very life, of God by which the command may be fulfilled and the promise realized.

4. *Explain the seed that fell by the wayside?*

The seed sown by the wayside represents the Word of God as it falls upon the heart of an inattentive hearer. Like the hard beaten path trodden down by men and beasts, is the heart that becomes the highway for the world's traffic, its pleasures and sins. As the birds are ready to catch up the seeds from the wayside, so Satan is ready to catch away the seeds of divine truth from the soul.

5. *Who are represented by the stony ground hearers?*

The stony ground hearers are those who depend upon self instead of Christ. They trust in their good works and good impulses, and are strong in their own righteousness. Such a one "hath not root in himself," for he is not connected with Christ. This class may be easily convinced, and appear to be bright converts, but they have only a superficial religion. Like the rock underlying the layer of earth, the selfishness of the natural heart underlies the soil of their good desires and aspirations, and when the fiery tests of temptation and reproach come, they are offended, faint, and fall.

6. *What class is represented by the seed among thorns?*

The class represented by the seed among thorns are those who do not yield to the transforming power of Christ after accepting him, but continue the old habits and practises of the former life of sin. If the heart is not kept under the control of God, and the work of purification does not advance continually, the thorns of worldliness and the weeds of riches will spring up and overspread the soul. All habits of indulgence that weaken the physical powers, that becloud the mind or benumb the spiritual perception, are "fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."

7. *Is the sower always to meet with disappointment?*

The seed that fell on good ground, the Saviour said, bringeth forth some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. The good ground is *not* a heart without sin, but one that yields to the conviction of the Holy Spirit, and has a sincere desire to know the truth that he may obey it. He who has such soil trembles at the word; for to him, it is a living reality. He opens his understanding and his heart to receive it, and Satan

with all his agencies of evil is not able to catch it away.

8. *What is the great truth to be learned from this parable?*

From this parable we learn that the harvest depends upon the soil into which the seed is cast. If the word of God fails of accomplishing its work, the reason is to be found in ourselves; and it rests with us to determine what we shall become, for the power of choice is ours. The wayside, the stony-ground, and the thorny-ground hearers *need not remain* such. The Spirit of God is ever seeking to break up the fallow ground, to remove the stones of selfishness and sin, to uproot the thorns of old habits and practises, and cause the good seed to take root and grow; but he asks *us* to *co-operate with him* in the work. The soil must be broken up by deep repentance for sin, and the evil tendencies of the natural heart overcome by earnest effort in the name and strength of Jesus.

**Exercise III**

An interesting exercise may be prepared based on the thoughts suggested by the song "Beautiful Flowers," in "Christ in Song," giving the thoughts of each stanza separately. Following each explanation let the children sing the stanza. There should be flowers, thistles, and thorns to illustrate the song.

**Exercise IV**

1. *What has the Saviour said about children?*

"Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me." Matt. 19:14.

2. *Why does Jesus ask the children to come?*

"Come, ye children, harken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Ps. 34:11.

3. *How many are invited to come to be taught?*

"And all the children shall be taught of the Lord." Isa. 54:13.

4. *What will they be taught, and for what purpose?*

"I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth." Deut. 4:10.

5. *When children are taught of the Lord, what will they do?*

"Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." Col. 3:20.

6. *What promise is made to such children?*

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Mal. 3:17.

7. *What will the Lord do with his jewels?*

"Thy children shall come again to their own border." Jer. 31:17.

8. *What is their border, and how will they shine?*

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

9. *What is that time called, and when is it?*

"The harvest is the end of the world." Matt. 13:39.

10. *How should we feel, and what should we do?*

"Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God." Joel 2:23.

11. *What do we all want the Lord to do for us?*

"Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths." Ps. 25:4. (Answer to be given in concert.)

**Exercise V**

Led by singing first stanza with chorus of 218, "Christ in Song"—"Count your many blessings, remember every one." After the singing, let Ps. 66:8, 9; 30:3; and 2 Tim. 1:7 be repeated by three persons, expressing thanks for life and reason; Acts 14:17 for food and gladness; Deut. 10:18 for food and raiment; Mark 10:30 for friends and kindred; and Rom. 1:16 for the gospel light. Then have the second stanza and

chorus sung. Now have repeated Ex. 15:2 for salvation; 1 Peter 1:5 for keeping power; Rom. 8:16 for the Spirit; Ps. 119:162 for the word; and Rev. 22:1-3 for promise of paradise restored. The singing of the third stanza with chorus follows.

Let this praise exercise be continued for about fifteen minutes, each recounting the special blessings of the year. Let spirited singing be interspersed, and by all means avoid long, prosy talks during the exercise.

**Exercise VI**

Let the superintendent or leader give a short talk on giving,—based on Deut. 16:17 and 2 Cor. 9:7, 8, making emphatic the fact that one's ability to give depends on the use made of God's blessings, and that one gives according to his appreciation of those blessings.

**Thanks**

THANK God for wheat, so white and sweet,  
Of which to make our bread;  
Thank him for yellow corn, with which  
His waiting world is fed.

Thank God for fruit and grains and nuts,  
He gives to us for food;  
Thank him for every creature which  
He made and called it good.

Thank him for winter's store of ice;  
Thank him for summer's heat;  
Thank him for fruit-trees bearing fruit,  
So luscious, good, and sweet.

Thank God for all his bounty great  
By which the world is fed;  
Thank God, ye people, all to whom  
He gives the daily bread.

—Selected.

**A Lesson in Life**

I WAS up near the city road one day,  
Some men were digging a drain;  
The sky was dark, and the streets were gray  
With a misty, drizzling rain;  
I had done my work, and was hurrying by,  
But one is bound to know  
What's up when he hears a frightened cry,  
And a crowd begins to grow.

Ill news flies fast. The word was passed:  
"The drain!" "the props!" and "Save!"  
The earth had slipped, and the men were fast—  
Three souls in a living grave.  
They had mates at hand, by luck, poor chaps!  
Who hurried with pick and rope;  
Thought I, "They'll dig 'em out perhaps,  
But little the worse, I hope."

So I stood and watched them for a while,  
As I'd nothing else to do.  
They threw the earth in a goodly pile,  
And one of the lads got through.  
"Hurrah!" went up from the waiting throng.  
And ran through the misty air.  
A girl I knew came running along,  
And sighted me standing there.

"O Jem!" she gasped; "can't you help?  
Go, go!"

And she seized and shook my arm;  
"Your brother is there, is buried below!  
And you standing there so calm!"

"My brother!" Then in a second's space  
I was digging away like mad,  
Fearing to light on his poor dead face—  
The only brother I had.

I got him out with a bruise or two,  
But nothing of harm beside;  
You'd scarcely think what I say is true,  
But I then broke down and cried,  
To think I'd been standing staring there  
When my kin was like to die,  
Letting the others do all my share,  
Out of sheer stupidity.

It seems to me when I come to think,  
That our life on earth goes so;  
Some standing safely upon the brink,  
Some sunk in the depths below;  
And I'm sure if people only knew  
That their brothers were like to die,  
They'd hasten to see what they could do,  
Instead of just standing by.

—Selected.



**The Croaker**

ONCE by the edge of a pleasant pool,  
Under the bank, where 'twas dark and cool,  
Where bushes over the water hung,  
And grasses nodded and rushes swung,  
Just where the brook flowed out of the bog,  
There lived a grouty and mean old frog,  
Who'd sit all day in the mud, and soak,  
And do just nothing but croak and croak.

Till a blackbird whistled: "I say, you know,  
What is the trouble down there below?  
Are you in sorrow, or pain, or what?  
The frog said: "Mine is a gruesome lot!  
Nothing but mud, and dirt, and slime  
For me to look at the livelong time;  
'Tis a dismal world!" so he sadly spoke,  
And voiced his woes in a mournful croak.

"But you're looking down!" the blackbird said;  
"Look at the blossoms overhead;  
Look at the lovely summer skies;  
Look at the bees and the butterflies—  
Look up, old fellow! Why, bless your soul,  
You're looking down in a muskrat's hole!"  
But still with his gurgling sob and choke,  
The frog continued to croak and croak.

And a wise old turtle, who boarded near,  
Said to the blackbird: "Friend, see here:  
Don't shed your tears over him, for he  
Is wretched just 'cause he likes to be!  
He's one of the kind who won't be glad;  
It makes him happy to think he's sad.  
I'll tell you something—and it's no joke—  
Don't waste your pity on those who croak."

**"Don't Forget"**

There's folks that frown an' grumble 'bout the  
endless cold and snow,  
And folks that seem to keep account of all the  
winds that blow.  
There's storms an' winds a plenty if you want  
a dismal tune;  
But, when you talk of weather, don't forget to  
count in June.

—Selected.

**THE WEEKLY STUDY****Paul's First Missionary Journey  
(Continued)**

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 14: 1-20.

GEOGRAPHICAL STUDY: Name in their order the different places visited by Paul and Barnabas, where located, and distance traveled to reach each place.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 52-61.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

Labor long at Antioch.

Persecuted.

Flee into Lycaonia.

Preach at Lystra.

Cripple healed.

Apostles given names of heathen gods.

Jews arrive from Antioch and Iconium.

Paul stoned.

Timothy converted.

**Notes**

No mention is made of a Jewish synagogue at Lystra. Heathen superstition of a rude and uneducated people seemed to predominate. Sorcerers, philosophers, and rulers of synagogues are brought into contact with the gospel.

Lycaonia lay to the center and south of the great plateau of Asia Minor; Galatia lay to the north, and Phrygia and Pamphylia to the west.

Note how quickly public opinion can change. The same people who were bent on worshipping the apostles, follow evil advisors and stone them.

"These (Lystra and Derbe) were inhabited

by a heathen, superstitious people; but among them were souls that would hear and accept the doctrine of Christ."

"Paul and Barnabas appeared in the city together, teaching the doctrine of Christ with great power and eloquence. The credulous people believed them to be gods come down from heaven."

"As Paul recounted the works of Christ in healing the afflicted, he perceived a cripple whose eyes were fastened upon him, and who believed his words. . . . In the presence of that idolatrous assembly, Paul commanded the cripple to stand upright upon his feet. Hitherto he had only been able to take a sitting posture; but he now grasped with faith the words of Paul, and instantly obeyed his command, and stood on his feet for the first time in his life; and he who had been a cripple walked and leaped as though he had never experienced an infirmity."—"Sketches from the Life of Paul."

"The news of the miraculous cure of the cripple was soon noised throughout all that region until a general excitement was aroused, and priests from the temple of the gods prepared to do the apostles honor, as visitants from the courts of heaven."—*Id.*

"The Lystrians rushed upon the apostles with great rage and fury. They hurled stones vehemently; and Paul, bruised, battered, and fainting, felt that his end had come. The martyrdom of Stephen was brought vividly to his mind, and the cruel part he had acted on that occasion. He fell to the ground apparently dead, and the infuriated mob dragged his insensible body through the gates of the city, and threw it beneath the walls. . . . The disciples stood around the body of Paul, lamenting over him whom they supposed to be dead, when he suddenly lifted his head, and arose to his feet with the praise of God upon his lips."—*Id.*

"Timothy had been converted through the administration of Paul, and was an eye-witness of the sufferings of the apostle upon this occasion. . . . Timothy became the most important help to Paul and to the church."—*Id.* G. B. T.

**Work That "Has to Be Done"**

I KNOW a young woman who longs to go on a foreign mission. She prays about it a great deal; when she hears of the call for workers and the feeble responses, she weeps and deplores. She can not understand why, when she is eager to give herself to the work, and the need is so great, her way should be hedged. Sometimes this makes her feel that prayer is not what she has been taught to believe, and that God does not care very much either for her or for the heathen.

That is a balder way of putting it than she uses, but it is really what her words mean. She quotes Scripture glibly. She has marked and learned all verses like these: "Ask and ye shall receive," "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it," "Before they call I will answer," and, detaching them from their connections, presents them as reasons why God is bound to send her on a foreign mission; and yet he does not do it!

That is her standpoint. From mine, foreign missions have come to her and taken up their abode in her father's kitchen.

There labors one, "Wong," by name, who struggles with foreign words and foreign ideas all day long. He makes a thousand mistakes, many of them ludicrous, some of them exasperating; but he is pathetically eager to learn. Part of this would-be foreign missionary's work is to train Wong to do properly certain household tasks not interesting in themselves, and, from Wong's point of view, most unnecessary. How does she do it? She is so sharp with her directions, so rapid in her speech, so free to say "stupid!" and "idiot!" and kindred words of

which Wong has too surely learned the meaning, and is so bored by the whole weary round of homely work, that the hours which the two spend together are the most trying ones of the day to both teacher and pupil.

If Wong were told that his teacher was a missionary whose duty and privilege it was to teach him right ways, it is quite certain he would reply, "Me no likee missionary." But why is it that my friend can not see in Wong God's answer to her prayer, and her golden opportunity for service?

I know another young woman who planned her life quite to her mind. She was to be a teacher of children, like unto none that had ever before been known. Her ideas put in practise were to revolutionize not only methods, but character. She was not to be satisfied merely with imparting that which can be had from books. She believed, she said, that children could be led to Christ as naturally as rosebuds can be trained to bloom, if only the right sort of culture were given them. She meant to prove it, and to do it in the slums among the neglected ones of earth.

Just as she was ready to put her charming ideas into practise, her brother's wife died, leaving two children with so manifestly no one but herself to take a woman's part in caring for them that, reluctant as she was, she could not close her eyes to the obligation.

She is at work in that home, closely held and hourly fretted by home duties which prevent her from taking even an afternoon class in the free kindergarten down-town, where her soul longs to be.

And the kindergarten in her own home she is managing on a system of continual faultfinding and nagging, to such an extent that, unless a merciful Providence interposes, there will by and by be two ruined lives. As I watch the warping and twisting of those two young lives holding great possibilities, I am reminded of the one who said, "When the Christian woman got hold of the boy Robert Moffat and saved him, she saved a continent!"

What might not this Christian girl do for God and the world by winning those two children and training them for service? Why does she not see in the opportunity God's answer to her prayer, instead of calling herself "thwarted" and held in by home work that "just has to be done"?

While we are on this subject, I may as well tell you of a sixteen-year-old young woman who longs to go to an Old Ladies' Home she knows of, and read and sing to certain of the poor old ladies there. It is a beautiful thought. The young girl has prayed much about it, and she believes that her prayer ought to be answered. But it happens that Thursday is the appointed day for such service in that particular Home, and Thursday is the only day on which the young maiden can not arrange to go. This condition of things she considers so strange that she wonders what is the use of praying at all, if "even God can not plan so that people who want to do nice things won't be hindered."

Now let me tell you something very strange. In that maiden's home is a dear grandmother with sweet old face and silver hair, who sits in a lovely room day after day, much alone. Her eyes are old, and will not bear much reading; she loves music, but the day has gone by when she can sing. She is the very idol of her son's heart; but he is a busy man, and can give his mother only a few precious minutes after the day's toil is over. And the pretty granddaughter, who can sing like a lark, and is taking lessons in elocution, leaves to her loneliness the dear grandmother whom she loves, and sit and mourns because God does not answer her prayer and give her a chance to sing and to read to certain old women in the Home! Ah, God has no more sacred place of service than one's own home.—*C. E. World.*





### Mother's Apron Strings

WHEN I was but a verdant youth,  
I thought the truly great  
Were those who had attained, in truth,  
To man's mature estate.  
And none my soul so sadly tried,  
Or spoke such bitter things,  
As he who said that I was tied  
To mother's apron-strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed  
That I must break away  
And find the broader world I dreamed  
Beyond her presence lay.  
But I have sighed, and I have cried,  
O'er all the cruel stings  
I would have missed had I been tied  
To mother's apron-strings.

O, happy, trustful girls and boys!  
The mother's way is best.  
She leads you mid the fairer joys,  
Through paths of peace and rest.  
If you would have the safest guide,  
And drink from sweetest springs,  
O keep your hearts forever tied  
To mother's apron-strings.

— *Youth's Friend.*

### When Gladys Sang

GLADYS was singing the baby to sleep in the dining-room. It was cool in there, for the green and shading vines climbed over each of the windows. The baby's round little head lay softly pillowed on the firm young arm; one fat little hand rested lovingly on Gladys's wrist.

"Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,  
When at evening the sun goeth down?"

sang Gladys clearly and musically.

"When I wake with the blest in the mansions of rest,  
Will there be any stars in my crown?"

The minister came suddenly into the sitting-room. His face was troubled. His wife sat in her low rocker, darning stockings.

"The choir has deserted me, Mary," he began.

The minister's wife raised her eyes. "Every one?" she questioned, surprisedly.

"Yes, all four of them," answered the minister. "Such a quartet as it was, too! Why, it could scarcely be equaled in any of the city churches. But Florence Brand quarreled with the organist. The tenor and bass side with her, and Mrs. Melton declares she will not play until Florence apologizes. You know how likely she is to do that. And so the result of it all is that no one will sing, and to-morrow will be Sunday, too. I had counted so on that anthem! It's too late to get others now; and even if we did, we could not pay them. Finances are low."

The minister's wife sighed. She knew all about that.

"I wish I could help you," she said, wistfully, "but I'm not strong enough to sing any more."

"Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?" warbled Gladys in the next room.

The pale, sweet face of the minister's little wife brightened.

"Why not ask Gladys?" she asked, thoughtfully. "You couldn't find a sweeter voice anywhere."

The minister started. "That child?" he answered.

"Yes; why not?" replied his wife. The pure, sweet tones again came floating softly in. The baby was almost asleep. The minister listened a moment.

"She does sing beautifully, doesn't she?" he said, turning to his wife, the gloom lifting from his face. "My sweet little daughter! I will ask her, Mary."

He opened the door softly. "Come here, Gladys," he said.

"Just as soon as I put the baby down, papa," was the cheerful answer.

She came in a moment later, a slight, brown-eyed little girl of fourteen, with a sweet mouth and long braids of chestnut hair.

"The choir has left me, Gladys," explained the minister, drawing her to him. "There won't be a single voice to help through the service to-morrow, unless you lend yours. We were just listening to you singing, mama and I, and we thought that perhaps you would be willing to come to my rescue. Will you?"

"If I can," replied Gladys, bravely. "What is it you want me to do, papa?"

"I want you to sit up by me in the choir to-morrow morning, and sing just as you did to the baby a few minutes ago,—

'Will there be any stars in my crown?'  
I love that hymn."

Gladys looked into the dear, fatherly face, just now so worn and anxious.

"I'll do my best for you, papa," she answered, soberly.

When the congregation filed into the little church that Sunday morning, the choir was absent. The organ was closed. Only one little girl, in a white dress and shady hat, sat beside it. Whispers of the trouble had reached most of the members' ears, and they took their seats gravely, without the usual cheery greeting. The atmosphere was charged. The choir was the delight of the little church.

"What a pity that anything so un-Christlike should come in to interfere with the church service," thought many of the good people.

But the service began. At the close of the first prayer, two ladies entered the church door simultaneously. One was tall, with black, flashing eyes and a slender, stately figure. The other was short and plump, with soft blue eyes and flushed cheeks. They did not look at each other. Each took a seat in a different part of the church.

"If there isn't Florence Brand now, and Mrs. Melton, too," said Mrs. Dodd in a whisper to her neighbor. "Wouldn't you think they'd feel cheap, leaving the minister to get along the best way he can? Poor man!"

But all unknown to the congregation, the minister had near him a little helper. At a slight signal from her father, Gladys arose. Most of the members had not noticed her. As she stood there, a sweet, delicate little figure in her white dress, a start of surprise vibrated over the church. But Gladys was quite unconscious of it all. She was going to help father with the service,—poor, tired, worried father, who had such a load of responsibility to carry. So she began. The sweet voice was a little unsteady at first, but, gathering strength as it went on, soared and lifted until it seemed to the astonished faces regarding

her that an unseen host caught the notes and gave them back again, fuller, richer, freer.

"I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land  
I shall reach when the sun goeth down.  
When through wonderful grace of my Saviour  
I'll stand,

Will there be any stars in my crown?"

Clearly, sweetly, tunefully, the young voice floated over the church. In the pulpit the minister sat with bowed head.

"In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray,

Let me watch as a winner of souls,  
That bright stars may be mine in that glorious day  
When his praise like the sea billows roll."

In one of the pews below Florence Brand sat motionless. Under the spell of the sweet, pure, childish voice, her anger had melted, and lo, love and sorrow came creeping in. Bright tears were forcing themselves beneath her closed lids, her lips were quivering. "Stars in my crown?" she whispered. "Stars in my crown? why, in all this world my heart is the most rebellious."

Gladys finished her song and sat down.

Refreshed and strengthened, the minister began his sermon. At its close, Florence Brand made her way impetuously to where the organist was standing. "When through wonderful grace of my Saviour I'll stand," she said, brokenly; "will you forgive me, Celia?"

Celia Melton gave a start of great happiness. "You're forgiven already, Florence," she answered.—*Susan Hubbard Martin, in the Ram's Horn.*

### Your Own Boss

Now and then I hear a boy say, "If I could only be my own boss, then I would be happy."

Did you ever know any one that amounted to much, who was his own boss? The only one I ever read about was Robinson Crusoe, and he was glad to be relieved.

You have heard of the "independent farmer." He is dependent upon wind, water, and frost. He must be at home every morning and night to milk the cows. The physician must buy his clothes and groceries of his patients.

Do you think that Marshall Field, the great merchant, is independent? Not a bit! He carries two great stores around on his back. He would be unhappy if he were not doing something for the thousands in his great army.

No one can be his own "boss" unless he goes out of the world, into the wilderness, and then he will find himself dependent upon the berries and animals.

There is, however, one way of becoming your own boss. Let me tell you. It is to stay right where you are, and begin by ruling yourself. That is the first step. Then begin to help other people, and, after a while, you will find them willing to do anything for you. Your workshop will become a throne.—*Selected.*

SUPPOSE the world doesn't please you,  
Nor the way some people do;  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you?  
And isn't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest, bravest plan,  
Whatsoever comes or doesn't come,  
To do the best you can?

—*Phoebe Cary.*





"A BEAUTIFUL behavior is the finest of the fine arts."—Emerson.

### Eating and Drinking

THERE is no point, perhaps, upon which the human race is tested so severely, and fails so frequently, as that of appetite. But precious is the thought, "We have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." And "in that he himself has suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Here is the only solution to this very difficult problem. But it matters not how severely even a child may be tempted, he may overcome through Christ.

"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Were it not possible for boys and girls to obey this command, it never would have been given. But Jesus made ample provision for even the little children—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Christian manners in eating and drinking include not merely how one departs himself at table, but also where, when, and what he eats and drinks. He who holds dear the sweet and sacred ties which bind together the family circle, appreciates helping to complete that circle at meal-time, an occasion which should be always brightened with smiles, and beautified by little unselfish courtesies—never more beautiful than when extended to the loved ones at home. The boy or the girl who would rather eat away from home, is to be pitied; there is something decidedly wrong in the home training. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home" to the home-lover.

As a rule, never eat away from home. It is a mistake for children to go to a neighbor's house to play, and cultivate the habit of asking for something to eat, when they have all that is necessary at home. Such an exhibition of ill-manners may become a source of much annoyance; besides, the habit of eating between meals is very detrimental to health. One can scarcely overestimate the baneful effects to the system, of taking bits of even the most healthful foods between meals. Multitudes of children, and grown-up persons as well, who whine at meal-time because they are not pleased with their food, would be able to eat with a relish were it not for the pernicious practise of keeping the stomach always at work. One's eating should be done at meal-time, and meals should be as regular as clockwork. Children who think nothing of this constant eating between meals, because they have never been told of its evil effects, are unknowingly sowing the sure and certain seeds of disease, to reap a harvest of ills later on. Thus the very means which the Creator intended should nourish and strengthen the body, is being thwarted from its purpose by being made a source of disease. Think of it—many having eaten just before going to school, eat at recess, at noon, at recess again, on the way home from school, as soon as they get home, and later eat supper, and perhaps something more before retiring! In addition to all this, young America cultivates the repulsive habit of chewing gum on all occasions. And in view of the fact that the majority subsist upon the wrong kind of diet, including an excess of candy and sweetmeats, is it any wonder that boys and girls grow up weak and frail, and that we are a nation of dyspeptics?

The boy who takes edibles from his mother's cupboard when she does not know it, and eats them on the sly where she can not see him, may

become persuaded later on to drink, smoke, or chew in the same stealthy manner. "Honor thy father and thy mother" by resisting the little temptations that come to you in childhood. Make your parents your confidants; for in so doing you will erect a barrier against the greater temptations of later years. Above all take Jesus as your portion, "who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Boys, when Satan takes you out into the wilderness of temptation, ask Jesus to help you keep the mastery over your appetite, that it may not gain the mastery over you. Many wily snares are set for your feet. It is but a step from the pop bottle on the street corner to the wine or whisky bottle in the saloon. It is but a step from the play cigar to the cigarette. It is but a step from the narrow way that leads to life, into the broad way that leads to death. Could the tempted soul secretly partaking of the first glass of poison, the first chew of filthy tobacco, the first death-dealing cigarette, have a true view of the outcome of his folly, he would surely shrink from such a menace to life, health, and happiness.

Beware of "free lunch" at a saloon. Accept of no treats of tobacco or liquor from anybody. But "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you" why you do not indulge in such harmful practises. Tell him that alcohol burns out the stomach; that cigars cause cancer of the tongue and throat; that tobacco and cigarettes, and also tea and coffee, undermine the nervous system; that many of the cheap colored candies contain poisons which seriously injure the health; and that money expended for that which is harmful, is worse than wasted. But in seeking to enlighten others as to why you do not yield to any of these temptations, be very careful to follow the Bible instruction, and do it with "meekness and fear." It is said that a little boy, while dining away from home, had his attention attracted by some articles upon the table, and inquired if they contained a certain ingredient, remarking, "If they do, and I eat them, pa will whip me when I get home." Fear of punishment is not the proper motive for refraining from any wrong thing. And injudicious remarks, instead of winning others to the right way, tend to drive them in the opposite direction.

Cultivate regularity in eating by resisting the temptation to eat between meals. "Order is heaven's first law." All the movements of the celestial universe are systematic. Every law of nature is but a demonstration of the precision with which the great Creator presides over all his works. Nothing is done at haphazard and with irregularity. And he who keeps millions of revolving suns and systems in exact accord; who thrills all nature with the touch of life at each returning spring, and with the same regularity gives to summer her roses, to autumn her fruits, and to winter her snows; who keeps the heart pulsating within the human breast; who grants the breath of life even while "he giveth his beloved sleep,"—he would have all his children to be orderly and systematic in all their habits of life.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

(To be concluded)

### The Art of Conversation

A GENTLEMAN who had given his only daughter great educational advantages was disappointed that she did not shine in conversation with his friends. "Why don't you talk?" he asked. "You chatter with the girls, but with people of sense you are silent."

"I don't know what to talk about. Your friends are not interested in the things that interest me. The girls are."

Here is the key to this problem of learning to converse. Be interested in that which interests your companion. If it is a child, make your conversation on a level with a child's comprehension, and about things that interest a child. If a philosopher be your companion, and you can not interest or instruct him, be interested in learning from him. The importance of knowing a little of everything is emphasized by the necessity of meeting all classes of people.

"Did you ever sell dry goods?" asked a pert miss of a judge; "you seem to know all about ladies' wear." "No," was the reply; "but my mother, who was an invalid, taught me to do her shopping, and I have found the knowledge thus obtained invaluable in society and in my profession."

I once heard an elegant gentleman talking with an uncultured old woman about making soap, and showing that he knew something of the art, and was interested in learning more.

Sir Walter Scott made it a point to talk to all whom he met upon some topic that pleased them. On one occasion he met, in a stage-coach, a man with whom he tried to converse upon every imaginable topic, but without arousing a response. Quite in despair, he exclaimed, "Is there anything you can talk about?" The man replied, "What do you know about bend leather?" Sir Walter confessed that he knew nothing, but he wanted to learn, and upon this topic found his companion intelligent, and even eloquent. We are often told that to be a good conversationalist one must be a good listener; but to be a good listener is not to sit silent. It is to know enough of the subject under consideration to ask intelligent questions and listen understandingly to the replies.—Philadelphia Press.

### Rules for Letter Writing

HAVE you any unkind thoughts?

Do not write them down.

Write no word that giveth pain;

Written words may long remain.

Have you heard some idle tale?

Do not write it down.

Gossips may repeat it o'er,

Adding to its bitter store.

Have you any careless jest?

Bury it, and let it rest;

It may wound some loving breast.

Words of love and tenderness,

Words of truth and kindness,

Words of comfort for the sad,

Words of gladness for the glad,

Words of counsel for the bad—

Wisely write them down.

Words, though small, are mighty things,

Pause before you write them;

Little words may grow and bloom

With bitter breath or sweet perfume;

Pray before you write them.

—Pansy.

### Those Unanswered Letters

ARE you a little slow in correspondence? Is it hard for you to find time to answer your personal letters as soon as you would like?

You receive a charming epistle from a very dear friend, and your first feeling is one of unalloyed pleasure. But as the days go by, the matter begins to weigh on your mind. You keep saying to yourself, "I *must* answer that lovely letter of Jennie's! She'll think I have forgotten her entirely."

Now why not have on hand some postal cards, and a day or two after receiving such a letter, while your delight is still fresh, send one of these to your friend? Tell her how much you enjoyed her entertaining missive, and that you want to answer it as soon as convenient.

Then your correspondent will be pleased and satisfied; you will be relieved of the fear of being thought unappreciative or discourteous; and at your leisure you can write her a delightfully long, chatty letter—the kind we all like to get.—Florence Burgess.



### Suspicion Toward One's Fellows

"TREAT every man as a rascal till you know that he is honest," dogmatically enjoined the experienced man of the world. The words kept ringing in my ears all the way down to the station, and even after I had boarded the train; for the worldly wise man was one whose opinions I respected. It was a damp, muggy morning,—just the kind when the mind is inclined to dwell on the meanness and pettiness of human nature.

Presently, my attention was arrested by a woman trying to open a window to let fresh air into the car. A man, noticing her fruitless efforts, hastened across the passage to her relief, and was soon successful. Then in him I recognized one of the very few kind-hearted exceptions to the worldly wise man's rule.

At the next station a tired-looking woman entered the car in charge of six small children, ranging in age from one to ten years. She could not even pretend to control them all, and they swarmed over the car at will. By and by, when the fruit vender entered, I noticed a dignified, middle-aged man unobtrusively beckon to him, pay him some money, and, in a low voice, give him some directions. A moment afterward each little traveler was rejoicing over the acquisition of an unlooked-for banana, while their modest benefactor gazed unconcernedly out of the window.

After I had reached my destination, and was walking up the street, I observed an old man driving along in a buggy. When he reached the street-car track, he stopped his horse; for in front of him just between the rails he had spied a fine cabbage head, dropped from some passing grocer's or market gardener's wagon. A car was approaching, and the old man's desire to possess the cabbage head was struggling hard with his prudence, which warned him to remain with his somewhat frisky horse, in the face of the approaching car. I was beginning seriously to consider braving the deep, thin mud and securing the prize for the old man when the car came up and stopped just short of it.

The smiling motor-man instantly took in the situation, and kindly asked, "Would you like to have the cabbage head?" And almost before there was time for an answer, he sprang from the car, picked up the trophy, and carried it triumphantly through the mud to the eagerly waiting hands.

All this time not one unkind act had fallen under my notice. As I reflected, I could not but doubt that the worldly man's wisdom was to be unreservedly accepted. I had no reason to believe that any of these people had ever met before, or could have any personal interest in showing kindness to a stranger. I wondered if it is not better to suffer wrong sometimes than warp one's soul by going through life in such an attitude of suspicion toward one's fellows. Do we not get much the treatment from others which we expect and deserve?—*Charlotte Bird.*

"Who tells your fortune tells you lies;  
Who tells your faults has truthful eyes."

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### III—In the King's Palace

(October 15)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Daniel 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." Dan. 1:8.

In our last lesson we learned that Nebuchad-

nezzar, king of Babylon, besieged Jerusalem three times, and each time carried away captives. The first siege was in the third year of King Jehoiakim; and it was at this time that the king told one of his chief servants to bring to Babylon "certain of the children of Israel, and of the king's seed, and of princes; children in whom was no blemish, but well favored, and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace; and whom they might teach the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans."

Among these captives were four young men,—Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah. When they were brought to Babylon, their names were changed. To Daniel was given the name of Belteshazzar; and to Hananiah, Shadrach; and to Mishael, Meshach; and to Azariah, Abednego.

"And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank. . . . But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank: therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself."

It was often the case that the meat that was served on the king's table was such as had been forbidden the Hebrews to eat; then, too, it was often first offered as a sacrifice to idols, and the wine used was poured out before them. The diet that Daniel asked for shows that he knew the value of simple food in helping one to have a strong body and a clear mind.

The prince of the eunuchs loved Daniel tenderly; but he was afraid that if he granted his request, Daniel would look thin and poor, and Nebuchadnezzar would be angry with him, and blame him. At last, however, Daniel persuaded the one who had charge of him and his three companions to give them a ten-days' trial, with "pulse to eat, and water to drink." "And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse."

"As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom; and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams."

"Now at the end of the days that the king had said he should bring them in, then the prince of the eunuchs brought them in before Nebuchadnezzar. And the king communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah; therefore stood they before the king."

"And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm."

#### Questions

1. How many times did King Nebuchadnezzar besiege Jerusalem? Who was king there the first time he went against it?
2. What kind of captives did Nebuchadnezzar take back to Babylon with him at this time? What did he intend to teach them? Where would they stand?
3. What four young men were among these captives? What names were given them in Babylon?
4. What provision of food did the king make for these captives? What did Daniel "purpose in his heart"?
5. Tell why Daniel did not wish to eat the meat nor drink the wine that came from the king's table. What did he ask might be given him and his three companions? What does this choice show?

6. Why was the prince of the eunuchs afraid to grant Daniel's request? What test did Daniel finally persuade the man who was set over him and his companions to make? What was the result of this test?

7. How did God show that he approved of the course taken by these four Hebrew children? What special gift did Daniel have?

8. When all the captives were brought in to be examined by the king at the end of a stated time, whom did he choose to stand before him? Why? How much better were they than all the wise men of his realm?

"OIL and truth will yet  
The uppermost get."

"THE lands are lit  
With all the autumn blaze of goldenrod;  
And everywhere the purple asters nod  
And bend and wave and flit."

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### III—Manner of Christ's Coming

(October 15)

MEMORY VERSE: "And now, little children, abide in him; that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming." 1 John 2:28.

#### Questions

1. Will the return of Jesus be a personal appearing? John 14:3.
2. Did the disciples think this referred to death? John 21:21-23; note 1.
3. Against what are we warned? Matt. 24:23.
4. How many will see Jesus when he comes the second time? Rev. 1:7; note 2.
5. How extensive will the sight of his second coming be? Matt. 24:27.
6. In what manner will he come? Acts 1:9-11.
7. Who will accompany him? Matt. 25:31.
8. What event will take place in connection with the advent of Christ that will be world-wide? John 5:25; 1 Thess. 4:16, 17; note 2.
9. What effect will his coming have upon the earth? Rev. 16:18, 20; 2 Peter 3:10.
10. What promise is made in this connection? Verse 13.
11. How will the glory which attends the Saviour affect the wicked? 2 Thess. 1:7-9.
12. How long will it be before they are resurrected? Rev. 20:5.
13. What will be the work of the angels who accompany the Saviour? Matt. 24:31.
14. Where will the Lord's waiting people be taken? 1 Thess. 4:17.
15. What are we exhorted to do in view of his coming? What will be the experience, in the day of his coming, of those who abide in him? 1 John 2:28.

#### Notes

1. We note from this text that because Jesus suggested that if he so desired it, John might tarry until his return, the word went abroad that he would never die. The disciples did not, as some do to-day, associate death with the second advent.
2. In addition to those living when the Lord comes, some of the dead, both righteous and wicked, will be raised to witness his return. Those who did the most to heap upon him shame when he was on the earth as a man, will come forth from the tomb to see that face which they have despised shining as the sun. All of God's children who faithfully warn the world of his return, and fall asleep waiting for him, will be raised to see him come in glory.





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THIS number of the INSTRUCTOR contains a program, suggestions, and poems for the Harvest Ingathering service. We are pleased to note the wide-spread interest of the Sabbath-school workers in this autumn thanksgiving service.

Many have already begun to plan for the work. We are indebted to Miss Anna Hibben, of Chicago, for an excellent instructive program. This can be used as it is, or only a part may be chosen, just as seems wise to those in immediate charge of the services.

It is expected that an article from Elder Daniels on the progress of the third angel's message during the last year, will appear in next week's INSTRUCTOR. Could not this article be recited or read by some of the adults as *Exercise seven* in Miss Hibben's program? Let this precede the taking of the offering; for without doubt some, after hearing it, will double the gift they had purposed to make. It will certainly be worth while to make a place somewhere in the program for this article.

If there is a person—man, woman, or child—who has not an offering ready for the Ingathering service, let him look about at once for one.

Here is a problem for the children. Take paper and pencil. How many cents' worth of candy, popcorn, soda-water, chewing-gum, and firecrackers have you had this last year? I am sure you will want to give at least that much toward sending the news of the soon-coming Saviour to the world. If you haven't enough, *five minutes* of earnest thought will tell you how to earn it before the Harvest Ingathering.

OUR Father wants our expression of gratitude for all temporal blessings,—he "daily loadeth us with benefits,"—but he wants more than this. From across the waters and from all the world about, God wants us to hear the heart-cry of souls for the water of life, the saving truth for this hour. We must hear these cries as *personal* petitions to us to give them of our time, strength, and means. As ambassadors of Christ, why should we not stand in the temple court and cry to the perishing people, "as did the Saviour on that last "great day of the feast," "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink"? The Lord has passed down to us the secret of life and salvation for this last hour, and has bidden us urge every nation, kindred, tongue, and people to accept quickly of the life-giving potion. It is for us at these Harvest Ingathering services to reverently express anew deep gratitude for the trust God has committed to us in the great truths of the third angel's message; to make generous offerings for carrying the truth to those who know it not; and determine earnestly to increase our efforts to give the light to others.

A successful Ingathering service will accomplish these ends.

## A Great Missionary Campaign

IN its general meeting last March the General Conference Publication Committee recommended that a great missionary campaign be inaugurated this fall. Ever since then plans have been quietly maturing for such a movement, and the time for them to be put into operation is nearly here. It is hoped that a thorough organization may be affected all over the United States, and that sharper instruments with which to work may be devised than we have ever had before. We expect that men, women, and youth, with qualification as leaders, will show themselves Daniels and Josephs in this campaign for the Lord. It is hoped that our brethren and sisters everywhere will unite in making this one of the most successful efforts for the presentation of the third angel's message our denomination has ever attempted. Is all this too much to expect? In view of the times in which we live, and the great work yet to be done, we know you will answer, "No; a thousand times, no!"

Let us each, then, pray that the Lord will mightily use us, and that a harvest of souls may be garnered as a result of this great effort.

Full plans and suggestions will be given a little later. Watch for them. H. H. HALL,

Sec. Gen. Conf. Pub. Com.

## Captain Doenvig's Life Saving Globe Station

It is now about a year since the first trials were made with Captain Doenvig's new invention, the life-saving globe. These were all preliminary, however, and it is the practical tests, now just finished, that beyond all doubt have established the reputation of the new invention. These recent trials were conducted on the coast of Jutland in very stormy weather, under the supervision of Norwegian naval officers and other maritime authorities. Two life-saving globes were used for the experiment. They were both set out from the Norwegian man-of-war "Heimdal." The first one had no human beings on board, but sand ballast corresponding to the weight of sixteen men. It was launched without trouble, and made a successful landing.

This fact ascertained by signals from shore to the "Heimdal," the second globe was set out. On board this one were Captain Doenvig, Marine Lieutenant Engelstadt, and three sailors. This also cleared away from the ship in good shape, and a few minutes after its being dropped into the sea, one of the trap-doors was opened, the men crawled out, swinging the Norwegian flag, set up sails, and steered through the breakers toward land. It made a successful trip, and half an hour later it landed. At the time it was blowing hard from the northeast, and the sea broke on four feet of water. The globe landed about fifty yards from the mainland. The men got out and waded ashore. By experts it was considered that an ordinary life-boat would have been of no use under the circumstances.

The globe is made of sheet iron five-sixteenths inch thick at the bottom, three-sixteenths inch thick at the sides, and one-eighth inch at the top. It is eight feet in diameter and six and one-half feet high, and has a double bottom. It draws two and one-half feet of water when loaded. The globe may be entered through three water-tight trap-doors. Under the deck, which is located about one foot below the water-line, are placed four galvanized-iron tanks, with capacity for holding one hundred fifty gallons of fresh water. Along the sides runs a low seat or bench, and the space underneath the same is filled with canned goods. In the center of the inner room

is a funnel that can be shoved up, thus letting fresh air into the globe.

There are three small windows in the top, for the purpose of letting in light and providing openings through which rockets can be sent up. The globe has a movable keel, which can be let down from the inside, and also a rudder that may be applied in the same manner. Some small oars are also kept inside. A cork belt runs around the globe on the outside, on which the men can stand and row. There is also an anchor with one hundred feet of steel rope attached, and a set of small sails, the funnel serving as mast.

There is no need for launching the globe; when the ship sinks, it will simply float. Its weight is about two tons, or the same as that of a large ordinary life-boat. It costs about five hundred dollars, and has accommodation for twenty men. It requires less deck space than an ordinary life-boat.—*Scientific American*.

"GROWTH in grace is often helped by having the grace to say no."

OUR doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.—*Shakespeare*.

AN envelope has been invented which records of itself any attempt to tamper with its contents. The flap is imbued with some chemical composition, which, when operated on by a dampening process or any other means of penetrating to its inclosure, records the transaction by causing the words "Attempt to open" to appear. It is thought that the inquisitive will think twice before pursuing their researches in face of such an invention.



PETALUMA, CAL., Aug. 23, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I so much enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR; it always contains so many good things. I never like to stop until I have read it through. I could hardly do without it. I am thankful for the letter-box also; for I like to read the good letters. I saw a piece entitled "For the Boys and Girls," in the INSTRUCTOR of July 5. In the first experiment the board broke square off, the second one worked well also, but the last, "putting a bird in an empty cage," was not so successful. Perhaps it was because some part of it was not right.

It is my earnest desire to ever be faithful that I may meet my dear mother at the first resurrection, and best of all, see my dear Saviour, who has done so much for me.

With much love to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

LILA E. WARNER.

This cheery letter is appreciated. I am sorry, however, the third experiment was not successful, I will send you a card that will quickly give you the idea. May your highest ambition for life be realized; for meeting our loved ones, and life with our precious Saviour throughout eternity, are well worth the cost. When I think of the way the world is drifting, of the crime and sin everywhere, it does seem that every one of us who knows the blessed truth of the third angel's message must, for the honor of God and for the joy of our Saviour, be wholly loyal to the right.

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