

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Voyage of Life

OUR Father's will we all may do,
And his commandments keep,
If actuated by his love,
And his requirements meet;
But many times while on our way
We lose our Guiding Star.
We struggle on in depths of sin
Till we have wandered far;

And then at last we find ourselves
By Satan sorely tried.
He seeks to drown our little craft,
And sweep us 'neath the tide.
How sad it is to lose the way
That leads to joys above,
Where all the saints of God will sing
Of his redeeming love.

But if we've gone in ways of sin,
And tossed upon the sea,
Let's turn to God, who loves us still,
And then forgiven be.
"For good all things together work
To those who love the Lord."
He's told us all to look to him,
And feast upon his word.

So then if we have lost the way
To that immortal shore,
Let's steer our craft in waters sure,
And not our sins deplore;
But thank the Lord for strength divine
To thwart satanic ruse;
For we are his, and he is ours,
If heaven's way we choose.

J. F. OLMSTEAD.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES wrote many poems for the reunions of his class at Harvard, the famous class of 1829, and one of them, written when all the class were gray-heads, contains these lines:—

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, 'My country,' 'of thee.'"

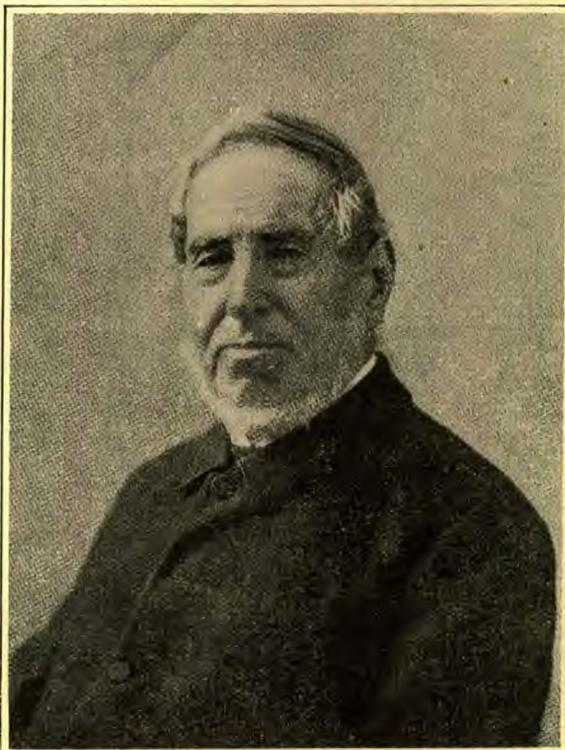
This "Smith" was Samuel Francis Smith, who wrote our American national anthem. He was born in Boston, Oct. 21, 1808; was graduated from Harvard, and studied for the ministry at Andover, becoming a Baptist clergyman.

It was while he was at Andover that he wrote the famous hymn. Lowell Mason, the eminent composer, had given him some collections of German songs for children, that he might translate them into English. "One dismal day in February, 1832," Dr. Smith wrote long afterward, "about half an hour before sunset, I was turning over the leaves of one of the music books when my eye rested on the tune which is now known as 'America.' I liked the spirited movement of it, not knowing it, at that time, to

be 'God Save the King.' I glanced at the German words, and saw that they were patriotic, and instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own, adapted to the tune. Picking up a scrap of waste paper which lay near me, I wrote at once, probably within half an hour, the hymn 'America,' as it is now known everywhere. The whole hymn stands to-day as it stood on the bit of waste paper, five or six inches long and two and a half wide."

This is the hymn:—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,



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AUTHOR OF AMERICA

Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring.

"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

"Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King."

"I never designed it for a national hymn," Dr. Smith said afterward; "I never supposed I

was writing one." Many of the best things come in just that unconscious way.

On the fourth of July of that same year, 1832, the hymn was first sung, under Mr. Mason's superintendency, at a children's celebration in Park Street church, Boston, and soon the song of the young poet became popular everywhere. It has never been adopted by our government as a national anthem, but it has been adopted by the people themselves, which is far better.

Dr. Smith became an honored pastor in several important churches. At one time he was a professor of modern languages, for he was familiar with fifteen languages, and some one who visited him in his *eighty-sixth* year found the vigorous old man looking around for a text-book with which to begin the study of Russian!

At one time he was editor of *The Baptist Missionary Magazine*, at another time of *The Christian Review*. For fifteen years he was secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He was deeply interested in missions, and only second in fame to his national anthem is his missionary hymn, "The morning light in breaking." It was he who did much toward saving the "Lone Star" mission in India, by writing his poem with that title. Other well-known hymns of his are "To-day the Saviour calls" and "Softly fades the twilight ray."

The fact that "My country, 'tis of thee" is written to the same tune as the English national anthem, "God save the King," has given rise to many stirring scenes at our Christian Endeavor conventions all over the world. Very often one stanza of each anthem is sung, the conclusion being one stanza of "Blest be the tie."

This was done at the magnificent meeting on Boston Common, at the Christian Endeavor Convention of July, 1895. Eleven thousand persons were present in the great tent, and Dr. Smith probably never received such an ovation as when he came forward to read the poem which he wrote for the occasion, "Arouse ye, arouse ye, O servants of God." The noble verses were read with much fervor, though in a voice whose strength had been stolen by many years.

On November 19 of that same year the aged poet passed away. He died in the harness, just as he was taking the train to preach in a neighboring town on the following Sunday. And so passed from earth the Christian patriot, whose love for his country widened out into the missionary love for all the world.—*Amos R. Wells, in Christian Endeavor World.*

Count Leo Tolstoi's Maxims for Boys

ONE of the greatest thinkers and advocates of a pure life in Russia is Count Leo Tolstoi. While his books and papers have been written for grown-up folk, in them are found many sentences intended for boys who have not yet gone out into the work of life.

Count Tolstoi, who is immensely wealthy, lives a simple life. He plows in the fields, eats only

plain food, dresses like a peasant, and is a profound student of the life and work of Christ. His life is very pure. Some of the best things he has written to boys are translated herewith from his recent letters and papers:—

"A boy who will work for others will always work for himself, and the world be that much better.

"A boy that is tempted can overcome the temptation, and also make himself nobler, by work.

"Christ intended that young and old should always work; idleness is not natural; it is a disease which eats up the soul as well as the body.

"One of the first books I would give a boy who is starting to read would be the life of Christ. If he will read that once, he will read it again and again until he has made it a part of himself.

"We can not do wrong always if we accept the teachings of Christ rightly, and Christ's teachings and life were always for purity and work.

"The young should take out of their minds envy, selfishness, and false pride. We gain everything by being humble in spirit and acts.

"Let a boy guard his thoughts. He can not be too careful to have them always pure. The best manhood is always pure.

"I like to see a boy love the soil. The farmer's life is a noble one. Wonderful stories of life are to be found in the growing of a single kernel of wheat.

"Good books are well in their place, but the flowers, the grain in the fields, the trees, contain greater lessons than any book but the Bible can teach.

"Nations that ignore their boy life and do not uplift it must inevitably perish.

"I am an old man, and my time to go must soon come, but I would have all children live simply, think simply, and act simply. Christ's life was one of simplicity."

Count Tolstoi is one of the strongest opponents of war in the world. He does not believe that war ever was or ever is necessary. Most of his famous writings are against war, and for universal peace.—*Boys' World*.



Seedless Potatoes

LONG ago, when the ancestors of our potatoes were yet snugly ensconced in Peru, ignorant of their coming fame, they were tiny affairs, hardly larger than a walnut, but they produced seed abundantly. Now that cultivation has enlarged their growth to lordly proportions, it has almost succeeded in depriving them of their seeds, so that potato seeds are very difficult to obtain in quantity, and growers must depend upon the familiar cuttings from the tuber itself.

Cultivation has in a similar way produced the seedless cucumber, the seedless or nearly seedless tomato, the seedless mango, the seedless orange, and many another seedless fruit.—*Selected*.

Be Courteous

NOT long ago I attended church service in a city not far distant. I was a stranger to most of those present, but I shall not soon forget a young boy who sat near me. When the hymn was given out, he found it each time, and gracefully handed me his book. He was not tall enough to share it with me, so he gave it wholly for my use. As I took the book, I could but think, Here is a boy who is courteous; he has been well trained by a

careful mother, who has taught him to be kind to strangers. His earnest face has often been in my thoughts since then, and my prayer is, "God bless him;" and as he grows in years, may he not forget to remember others, and seek to make them happy.

When a young girl, I was standing one afternoon with a group of young friends at the forks of a road, when a stranger rode up, and being undecided which road to take, asked the way. One girl gave him a pert answer, which would have misled him had he followed her direction. A quiet, plain-looking girl then stepped out from the group, and answered his question. With a smile he thanked her, and said, as he turned and rode away, "You reflect credit upon your mother and on your home training." This incident made a deep impression on my mind, and led me to ask myself whether my conduct to others was such as to bring honor or dishonor upon my own dear mother; would people judge of my home training by my manners abroad? Have you ever thought of this? If you are rude and boisterous on the street, will it be said, "She has been brought up in a refined home"? "that boy has been gently trained"? Sometimes young people do not follow their good teaching; they get into bad company, and say and do things that they would be ashamed to let their parents know. Mother is not to blame for their rudeness; but some will condemn her, and she will have to bear the penalty of their ill-behavior.—*Selected*.

The Joy of Working

RUDYARD KIPLING wrote in one of his poems:—

"And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working."

The ring of these lines is unmistakable. They are of true mettle. Every boy who is just facing life should memorize them for future inspiration.

The story is told of an Arabian monarch, who, having a son whom he wished to succeed him on the throne, took the lad one day to the foot of a high mountain, and said to him:—

"It is not well for the body or the soul to be idle. You will come here each day and cut perfect steps in the mountainside until you have reached the top. Then will I speak to you of other things."

So the lad daily cut steps in the rocky front. At first his work was rough, but as he came better to understand his tools, he made more nearly perfect steps. In the morning, at noon, and often into the night, he toiled, until one day he found himself at the summit, and there, spread over the peak, were jewels of marvelous beauty and wonderful value.

He gazed at them in amazement, until his father came and said:—

"These, my son, are yours. You have earned them because your labor was done without thought of other regard than my good opinion. Now, indeed, are you fitted to rule my people."

Simple as the legend is, it contains the gist of what the English poet wrote. That work is the best that is done because work is right.

Idleness, wasting of bright hours, complaining, dreams of impossible things, weaken and ruin the mind and soul. The making of slavery out of work is folly, because it embitters the heart and destroys faith and hope.

But accepting work as the best for all human beings, doing it, whether in the field or shop, because it is good to be busy, to help and be helped, brings its own dear reward to every person.

Work because it is right to work; because the God above us all meant that none should ever be idle; that all should be up and doing for the love of having a pure mind, strong arms and limbs, a firm determination for every difficulty.—*Boys' World*.

Cultivation of Cocoa

THE cocoa, or cacao, plant is entirely propagated from seed. Two principal varieties are recognized in trade as profitable,—the red and the yellow. The latter is preferred because it is thought to yield a larger percentage of seeds than the red variety, and it requires less time to prepare it for the market. Although grown in a tropical climate, the young plants must be protected from too great heat, in the shade of trees, for some months.

The trees begin bearing in their third or fourth year, giving an increase of pods each year until twelve years old, when they are supposed to be at their best. A good average tree at this age yields from eighty to one hundred or more pods each year. Counting a dozen pods for each pound of cured cocoa, one can readily estimate the value of these plants. Although showing fruit more or less all the season through, yet there are but two real crops each year, the first in May and June, and the second in October and November. In Venezuela these harvests are designated as the St. John's and Christmas crops. The fruit is not all gathered at the first picking, but the ripe pods only are carefully cut from the trees. These are recognized either by their color or by the hollow sound emitted by gently tapping them. At the point where each pod grows, a soft cushion, or "eye," appears, from which subsequent fruit is grown. Should the ripe pods be rudely torn from their setting, so as to injure this eye, the tree at this point would become sterile. It is therefore necessary to take them from the tree with considerable care; so those who gather the pods do so by cutting them off with a sharp hook, when the pods are in the tops of the trees, and with a cutlass when they grow down near the ground.

When cut from the trees, the pods are gathered into large heaps, near some open space, where they may be conveniently "broken" and "drawn." This task is performed by a man and two or three women working at each heap. The man breaks the pods by striking them with a cutlass, and the women remove the beans with large wooden spoons, clean them of all attending fibrous tissue, and then deposit them in heaps on plantain leaves spread out in the open space. This done, the beans, or seeds, are conveyed away, and placed in a "sweating" house. This fermenting process is for the purpose of altering the status of the bean both as regards its taste and color. This sweating operation entirely relieves the beans from pulp, softens their native bitterness, and changes them from the pale crimson tint, to one of a rich mahogany color.

The method of this treatment is to put the beans into a hermetically closed room, densely packed together, and covered with plantain leaves, where they remain from four to seven days, according to the variety of the beans being treated, and commercial quality of the product desired. While undergoing this treatment the temperature of the place rises to about one hundred and forty degrees, which has the effect to throw off the carbonic acid, as well as some moisture.

When the rich brown color appears, the cocoa is taken out, and spread on *barbacue* trays, after being carefully assorted for the removal of foreign substances. They are then covered with red earth, and left for one day, in order to complete the process of fermentation. This last act assists to rid the beans of gummy matter, and imparts a deep-red color. They are then rubbed through the hands of women, until pronounced clean, when they are spread out on drying trays.

Great care must be exercised during the drying season, to have the beans frequently turned, in order to have them evenly cured. The length of time to be devoted to this part of the work can be determined only by an experienced planter.

J. O. CORLISS.



Bees—More Popular Than Nations

“BEHOLD, there was a swarm of bees in the body of the lion, and honey.” Judges 14:8.

The prophet here gives us an illustration of one of the typical characteristics of the honey-bee. Although this was during the days of Samson, about three thousand years ago, we find this same instinct in the honey-bees of to-day—that is, a tendency to take up their abode in the first convenient place they happen to find.

There is probably no one genus of the great order of membranous-winged insects that is more widely known than the apis, or honey-bee. Both the wild and domesticated species are thickly scattered all over this country, and also throughout the rest of the world. The bees of the United States are all foreigners to this land. I will mention only a few of the most common.

The black, or German bee, was imported to this country during the seventeenth century, and has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Several other races were imported later—the Italian in 1860; and afterward the Egyptian, Cyprian, Syrian, and the Corniolian.

The black and Italian bees are to be found in the majority among the different bee keepers of this country; but during the last few years, since the raising of honey for commercial purposes has assumed such large proportions, many experienced bee men are testing the merits of the different races, trying to find the one best adapted to this country. There are several qualities which must be considered in testing bees. These are as follows: their honey-producing power, their ability to stand the winters, manner of storing the honey, and last, but not least, their general disposition.

The Cyprians, which are natives of the island of Cyprus, have the record in this country of producing the largest yield of honey, from a single colony,—one thousand pounds in one season. But

because of the appearance of the comb honey, and the extremely sensitive nature of these bees, they have failed to become popular.

The Corniolians, or gray bees, from the Alpine province of Corniola, Austria, have the mildest temper of all, and can be readily handled without the aid of smoke. As they are good honey producers, and cap the combs whiter than some other races, and require less skill in handling than the Italians, they have justly retained their popularity.

There has been some effort to get a race of bees without stings, but it has not been very successful thus far. Absence of stings would be a very redeeming feature of the bees to many persons who are fond of honey, but do not like to raise the bees because of their stinging propensity. Like human beings, these little toilers receive a great deal of unjust criticism and condemnation. This is due, perhaps, to the tendency some persons have of judging bees from their first experience with them. I will not, however, say much in this respect, nor pass judgment upon those who have no interest in the little workers, because several times during my first experiences in bee keeping, I might have so thought myself. But after becoming thoroughly acquainted with them, I see no reason why one should fear their

stings any more than he fears the heels of his pet horse, or the horns of his good-natured Jersey cow.

Many of the INSTRUCTOR readers will probably be surprised to know how much work is required to prepare a pound of honey from the nectar, as it is brought in from the flowers by the bees. To give you a faint idea of this work the following figures are given: The smallest number of bees that can carry a pound of honey is 10,154, by actual weight of the bees. This result is obtained by weighing the bees just before they start out on their journey, and then weighing them again on their return. The largest number required to carry a pound is 45,642. On an average about 20,000 bees are needed to carry one pound of honey, or in other words, one bee will carry one-twenty-thousandth of a pound. Just think how long one bee would have to work, and how many miles he would have to fly, and the number of

off and formed by the bees into the proper shape. They also have a glue called “propolis,” which they obtain from the buds and crevices of trees. This is used to stop up holes and glue movable parts fast, and also to put around the top of the cells to strengthen them.

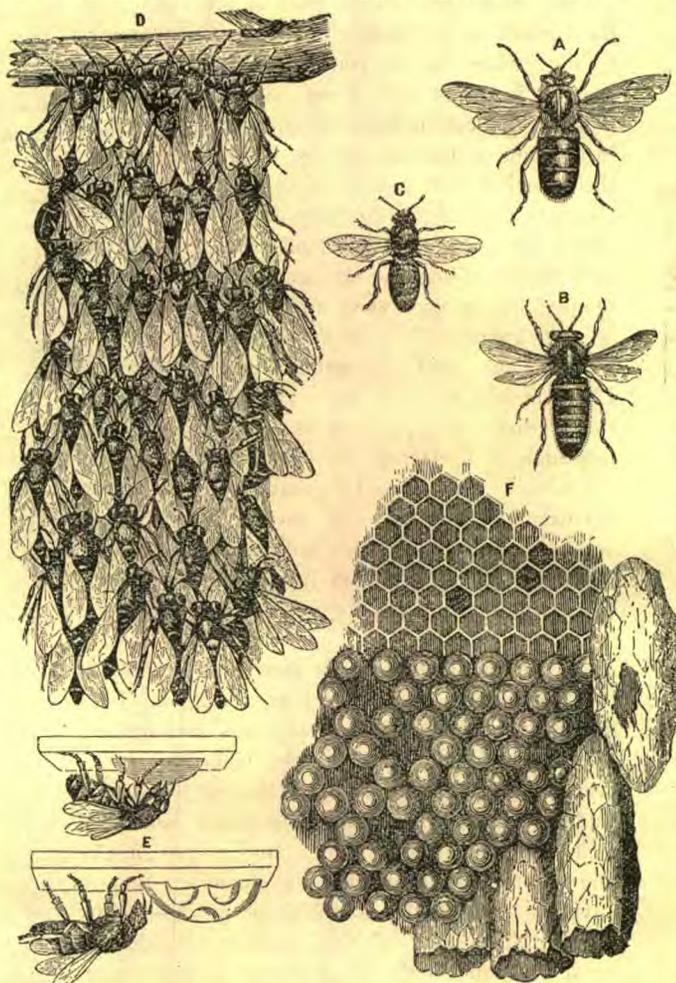
The bee is very self-sacrificing in many respects. After working hard during the honey season, for nothing but his board, he very soon dies, without receiving any compensation whatever for his labor, and leaves all his treasure for others. Quite often during the height of the harvest days he flies so much that he gradually wears off his wings until they become so short that he can not carry a load. He then crawls away and dies, having thus sacrificed his life.

What an incentive to Christian service should this example of disinterested labor be to us who have an intelligent view of the great work to be done in the field of the world, which is now ripe, ready for harvest. If the bee would stop to think that he would have to make twenty thousand trips and visit many more than that number of flowers before he would have a pound of honey, he might well be discouraged. But he thinks of nothing save the work in hand.

The hunting of bee-trees is not only desirable because of the fine, outdoor recreation that is secured in rambling through the woods, up hill and down, and across the creeks and streams, but it is also quite profitable, especially when one makes a good “find.” I can distinctly remember a number of trips I made with my father in search of bee-trees. It is best to go in the fall after the bees have had a chance to work all summer, and lay up a large supply of honey. The apparatus needed is very simple, consisting of three or four small boxes, a bottle of honey, and a field-glass or telescope.

One warm, sunny day father and I walked up the river, about three or four miles, where there is a heavy forest of large oak and elm trees. These trees are well suited for homes for wandering swarms because they so often have hollow places in them, especially the elms. Upon arriving at our destination, we began to look for a good location. After a little search we found upon a hill a small clearing, in which was a number of flowers. Bees were busy at work upon these. We soon found a large stump to place our boxes upon, and give our “guides” a good place from which to start. Each little box had some comb and honey in the bottom, and a thin cover for the top. As soon as I saw a bee looking for honey in a flower, I immediately caught him in the box. This I accomplished by holding the box underneath the flower on which he was perched, and then suddenly closing the cover over them both. For a few minutes my bee was badly frightened, and gave vent to loud exclamations. In a short time, however, he became aware that there was some honey near, and began to look for it. When I raised the cover slightly and peeped in, he was so busy loading up with honey, worth more than gold to him, that he did not notice me.

I then set the box on the stump, and waited for him to start home. It was but a little while until I saw him crawling up the side of the box, evidently well pleased with his liberal treat. At first he could hardly fly, so heavy was his load, but after a few trials he finally got a fair start, and away he went. Such a discovery during that time of the year, was worth keeping track of, so he circled round and round, taking his bearings carefully so he would know the place on his return. After satisfying himself as to the exact location, he made a “bee-line” for home.



(A) Queen bee; (B) Male; (C) Worker; (D) Bees clustering while wax is forming; (E) Laying wax; (F) Empty, full, and queen cells

flowers he would have to visit in order to supply one mouthful of honey for one of us!

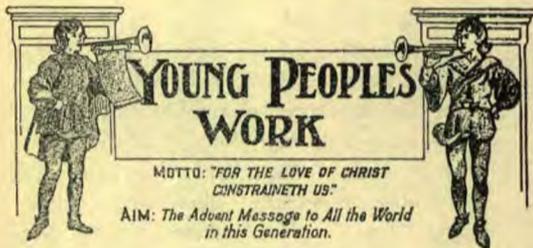
After the raw material, or nectar, is brought into the hive from the flowers, it has to go through a ripening process. This nectar at first is quite thin and watery, and has a strong, rank taste, generally the flavor and odor peculiar to the plant from which it is gathered. The buzzing sound which one observes on closely approaching a hive, has to do with one process of ripening the honey. By the incessant moving of the wings, the bees drive currents of air in and out of the hive and around the honeycombs. This, together with the heat generated by the bees, causes the evaporation of the water and volatile oils from the nectar, and thus reduces it to the desired consistency; and also removes the disagreeable odors and flavors. They also add an antiseptic,—formic acid,—which is secreted by glands in the head of the bee. The honey is then capped, and left for further use.

Bees use several different kinds of material in their work, the main one being the wax used in building the combs for the honey. This wax is secreted in the abdomen in small pockets, and exudes between the rings on the under side of the bee in the form of little pearly disks somewhat resembling fish scales. These are picked

When he started, our work began, because we wanted to know where that home was. We soon learned that he was going directly to a farmhouse, where bees were kept, therefore we had to try again.

After several unsuccessful trials, we observed several bees all going in the same direction, and decided there must be a "tree" down the hill by the creek. We were quite sure it was there because the bees went down the hill instead of keeping up in the air. So we walked slowly along, looking at every large tree, and watching closely to see whether any bees were around. At last my father said, as he saw a large elm tree, about three feet in diameter, "I believe we shall find a bee nest in that tree;" and sure enough, about thirty feet up the trunk there was an opening, from which the bees could be seen coming and going. As it was nearly noon, and our tramp had given us a good appetite, we decided to go home, first, however, cutting our initials on the tree, which would show to any other bee tree hunter that it had already been found.

CLAUDE HOLMES.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul Visits Jerusalem to Attend the Council

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURES FOR STUDY: Acts 14:27, 28; 15:1-5; Gal. 2:1-10.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 63-66.

A PERSONAL ADMONITION: Acts 20:28-32.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

- Missionary meeting at Antioch.
- Church disturbed by false teachers.
- Paul and Barnabas contend with them.
- Sent with others to council at Jerusalem.
- Visit believers in Phenicia and Samaria.
- Arrive at Jerusalem.
- Missionary meeting with the church.
- Question before the council.

Notes

Barnabas, a Jew and Levite by birth, and Titus (Gal. 2:1-5), a convert from heathenism, accompanied Paul to Jerusalem to the council.

Paul calls the Judaizing teachers "false brethren," who it seems did not work openly, but clandestinely. They "crept" in to "spy" out the liberty of the people, by teaching salvation by works instead of through faith. It is sometimes necessary to combat heresy which creeps into the church, and contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. Paul did this promptly and effectually.

The devil is continually at work seeking to divide the church. Controversies, then as now, disturbed the church. Unsanctified minds seek to draw away disciples after them. Among the apostles was a Judas. In the early church was an Ananias and Sapphira, and the murmurings of the Grecians and Hebrews. Now another heresy is disturbing the believers; but the truth will prevail.

"Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day." Jewish teachers were everywhere reading their written law. They abhorred the Gentiles and their worship. The barriers built up were similar, perhaps, to that of *caste* among

the population of India, and race prejudice in other places.

Besides this the speculations of Greek philosophy—the teachings of Plato, Aristotle, and others—were discussed in the schools. Yet with all these obstacles, the gospel made its way in a few short years to "every creature which is under heaven." Col. 1:23; Rom. 10:17, 18.

When Paul and Barnabas returned to Antioch from their first missionary tour, they "gathered together the church, and told them how God had worked for them, and how he had opened a door of faith to the Gentiles." This was a real missionary meeting, full of life and power. Missionary meetings are lifeless only when the church ceases to engage in missionary work. When, like Paul and Barnabas, we have been laboring for souls, missionary meetings will be an inspiration to the soul.

Luke informs us of five distinct visits made by the apostle to Jerusalem after his conversion. "First, when he escaped from Damascus, and spent a fortnight with Peter; secondly, when he took the collection from Antioch with Barnabas in the time of famine; thirdly, on the occasion of the council, which is now before us in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts; fourthly, in the interval between his second and third missionary journeys; and, fifthly, when the uproar was made in the temple, and he was taken into the custody of the Roman garrison."—*Conybeare and Howson*.

As Paul and Barnabas passed through Phenicia and Samaria, they visited a number of the brethren, and in every place held missionary meetings, "declaring the conversion of the Gentiles." This caused "great joy" among the brethren. Titus was with them, who no doubt was a good sample of the Gentile convert.

"But certain Jews from Judea raised a general consternation among the believing Gentiles by agitating the question of circumcision. . . . This was an important question, and one which affected the church in a very great degree. Paul and Barnabas met it with promptness, and opposed introducing the subject to the Gentiles. They were opposed in this by the believing Jews from Judea. The matter resulted in much discussion and want of harmony in the church, until finally the church at Antioch, apprehending that a division among them would occur from any further discussion of the question, decided to send Paul and Barnabas, together with some responsible men of Antioch, to Jerusalem, to lay the matter before the apostles and elders. There they were to meet delegates from the different churches, and those who had come to attend the approaching annual festivals. Meanwhile all controversy was to cease until a final decision should be made by the responsible men of the church. This decision was then to be universally accepted by the various churches throughout the country."—*"Sketches from the Life of Paul."*

G. B. T.

The Youth's Meeting Martinsville, Indiana

A BEAUTIFUL and inspiring scene presented itself to the view of the visitor to the camp Wednesday evening. It was the hour of the youths' meeting; and, as the sun was sinking in the west, long shadows fell across the northern half of the encampment. Spread about in a semi-circle on the greensward of the gently sloping rise north of the pavilion, were one hundred and fifty earnest, enthusiastic young people, with bared heads and bright faces. Outside these, was another broad circle of campers and visitors, listening, with deep interest, to the service. Standing at the foot of this natural amphitheater, was the leader of the meeting, Miss M. Bessie DeGraw, of Emmanuel Missionary College. The clear, melodious strains of song, the fervent

prayer, and the earnest words of praise and exhortation to faithfulness in service, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was a picture long to be remembered by all who saw it, and reminded one of those days of primitive worship when the sky was the vaulted dome of man's earliest temple.

Many who have been in attendance at this camp-meeting, and others who have visited the grounds, could not fail of being deeply impressed with the earnestness of many of the young people. Seventh-day Adventists believe we are living in the last days, and that a great work is being done, and yet remains to be done, to warn the world of the soon-coming Saviour; and the youth of the denomination realize that a large share of this important work devolves upon them; hence their earnestness and devotion to the cause. Many of these are preparing themselves to enter the great harvest-field as ministers, Bible workers, teachers in Christian schools, and colporteurs; and this meeting was one of many held during this encampment at Martinsville, characterized by the same spirit of consecration, holy zeal, and earnest endeavor.

As the retreating sun drew after him the last rays of light beyond the western hills, and the first shades of evening prevailed, there arose, in the united chorus of voices, the strains of that grand hymn "I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine," and the meeting was over.—*Mrs. R. W. McMahan*.

THOUGH Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem
be born,
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.
—*Johann Scheffler*.

A Word to the Young People

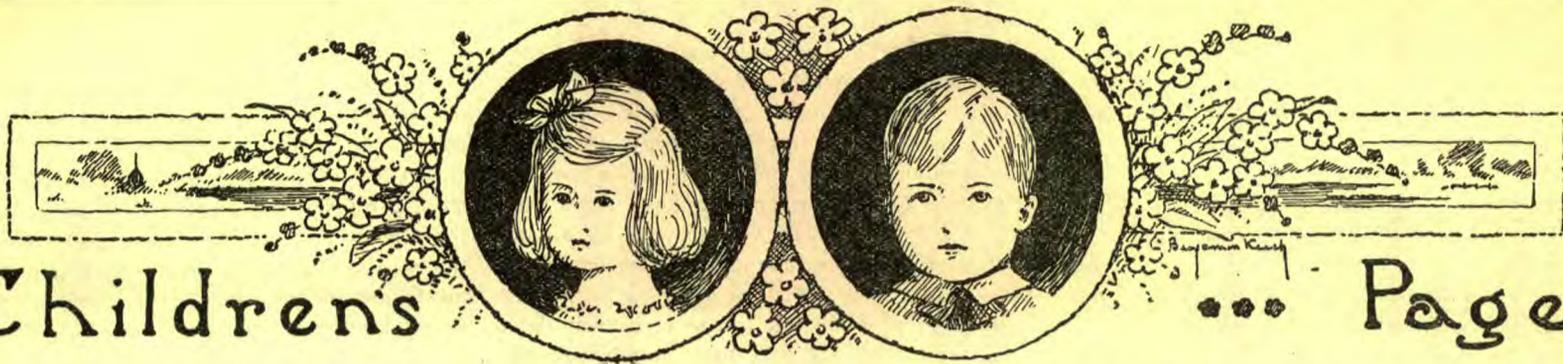
WHERE are the young men and women who are learning to co-operate with God in soul winning? The world's greatest need is young men and women whose hearts and lives are consecrated to God's service; who, when he calls, will say, "Here, Lord, all I have I give to thee,—time, talents, and worldly treasures. Use me in thy service."

Now is the time for you to begin making preparation for the work God has for you. Begin just where you are. Make up your mind that you will do these three things,—study your Bible every day, talk with Jesus every day, and work for others every day. Do not forget to pray. "Remember that prayer is the source of your strength."

Self-sacrificing, energetic young people are the ones needed. "With all who bring forth fruit as workers together with Christ, self-love, self-interest, must perish; the life must be cast into the furrow of the world's need."—*"Education."* "The living force that conquers the world for God is the fresh enthusiasm of opening life. Years may counsel and stimulate and provide the means, but the hard work must fall on young strength and zeal."—*Geikie*.

Just now we are surrounded with the beauties of nature, the beautiful trees and flowers, the velvety grass, all of which God has given to make this home delightful for his children. But soon winter will claim its own. Even so, dear young people, golden opportunities are fast passing. Do not permit it longer. You may need a better education, you may need more experience in personal work, you may need a closer communion with God. Begin now to plan how you may obtain a better education; souls around you are waiting for that kindly invitation to give their hearts to God, for that gentle word of encouragement and pleasant smile to lighten the burdens of life; seek earnestly for that closer communion with God. Let there be a rallying of our young people to the forefront, and a corresponding harvest of souls.

KATIE COLEMAN.



Childrens

Page.

Bible Enigmas

- A** was a man who was youthful and fair,
But he hung in an oak by his long, curly hair.
- B** was a prophet who rode on a mule;
He tried to curse Jacob, and died like a fool.
- C** was a river of ancient story,
Where once a prophet had visions of glory.
- D** was a woman who served for the poor;
They mourned her as dead, but long life was
in store.
- E** was a preacher; though short was his name,
He built a high pulpit, and preached from the
same.
- F** was a governor, pompous and grand,
But preaching on judgment he never could
stand.
- G** a good general, quite early in morn,
Did rout a great army with pitcher and horn.
- H** was a man who brought shame to his mother;
He hanged on a gallows he built for another.
- I** was a boy who was vulgar and rough,
Whose impudent mocking brought him trouble
enough.
- J** a good wife with a nail and a hammer,
Slew her country's great foe without army or
banner.
- K** had a son, a very tall boy;
They made him a king, and then shouted for
joy.
- L** married two wives, the poor, selfish man!
And at that very moment his troubles began.
- M** was a woman both loving and kind,
But careful and troubled and fretful in mind.
- N** was a captain with servants and gold,
But his leprosy filled him with horrors untold.
- O** was a land that was far, far away,
Where the ships went for gold in King Solo-
mon's day.
- P** was a preacher of wonderful fame,
Who in all the wide world did the gospel pro-
claim.
- Q** stands for one whom Paul called a brother,
And in all of the Bible 'tis the name of no
other.
- R** was a maiden, and strange 'tis to tell,
She first kissed her lover beside an old well.
- S** stands for a man who a lion could tear,
And yet he was bound by a woman so fair.
- T** was a twin; he was given to doubting;
But some Christians now are addicted to
pouting.
- U** was a land from which nature recoils,
Where once an old patriarch suffered from
boils.
- V** was a beautiful queen in the East,
Who refused to be seen at a grand, royal feast.
- W** is that which is better than gold;
Who'll seek it, and find it? It's price is
untold.
- X** is for one who another name bears
In the Bible accounts of his kingdom and wars.

Y is for year; now tell if you can,
At what time it was that the Jews' year began.

Z is for zero, where each one will fall
Who learns not these riddles, to answer them
all.

— M. W. Gifford.

A Voluble Vowel

"UNGRATEFUL people! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" piped a small voice. "It is too bad! I am not going to stand it much longer. I'll just leave the English alphabet, I will, and go over to France, where they do try to pronounce me, even if it is queerly."

Helen, who was just starting for school, looked about her. Who was talking? There was certainly no one in the room. "Hello," she cried, trying not to feel scared.

"W-h-e-r-e are you, and what's your name?" stammered Helen.

"I am the fifth vowel, and the way I am treated is perfectly shameful. I could excuse the baby's calling me 'oo,'" went on Master U, with rising passion; "but when men of letters are careless, it is too much! Letters, indeed!" spitefully. "They are hardly men of consonants. I should transport them to Siberia, or at least to Russia, and then they'd miss the vowels! But it's just because we are a small family, and useful, that we are so imposed upon. Sister E is really the only one of us they treat at all decently,—she always works so much for them. And sister O they respect a little, though when I'm with her, they turn and twist us all sorts of ways, especially if G and H join us."

"But what do they do to you?" asked Helen, much interested in this long speech.

"Do!" screamed U. "Why, they slight me! I'm only safe in books, or when they call the roll, that is to say the alphabet. Please spell 'duty.'"

"D-u doo, t-y, ty, dooty," said Helen glibly. "Oh, of course!" bitterly. "Now spell 'tutor.'"

"T-u, too, t-o-r, tootor." "Yes, you are just as bad as the rest. Never give a fellow half a chance!"

"What do you mean, anyhow? Can't you explain?" asked Helen.

U paused a moment, and then said firmly: "Of course I can. Take the word 'mute.' You've heard of that, I hope. Oh, you have! Well, do you call it 'moot'?"

"Of course not," said Helen, with a laugh. "Then you have no right to call duty 'dooty;' or, when my double first cousin W is in a word with E, you certainly shouldn't say 'noos' for 'news,' which ought to rhyme with pews. Do you understand?"

"Why, yes!" said Helen, admiringly. "It really doesn't seem fair, when you put it that way, does it? I must try to think of U more," smiling.

"I only ask justice," said U, plaintively; "and as for *thought*," holding his head up proudly, "the highest classes in England and America always respect me, and linguists and elocutionists honor me," with emphasis.

"Tell me something about your family—do!" urged Helen.

"Ah! I'm glad to see you are interested in us," said U, graciously. "Well, let me see! We'll

begin with brother A, as he's the head of the house. In the first place, our pedigree is a long one—'way back to the old Romans, you know."

"To be sure—the Latin text!" cried Helen, anxious to show she knew something.

U nodded. "A, I, and O are the strongest of us. They often stand alone. But sister E is in everything, nearly—quite intrusive, I think. However, as I said, she is quite overworked, and can't help herself, poor vowel! But, to go on, brother I is an egotist, always strutting by himself, when he gets a chance, and swelling into a capital. E and myself never have a chance to be big, except when we lead a sentence or begin a proper name. Then, there's sister O, the most emotional creature when she's alone, always surprised or shocked or sorry or glad. And now for myself," complacently. "I'm very dependent, you must know. G guards me a good deal, and Q rarely quits me—ha! ha! See?"

Helen looked rather dubious for a moment, and then brightened. "Of course!"

"I hate some of the consonants, though," U chattered on, with a pettish air. "N is always making me unhappy or uncomfortable; and with R—rough old thing!—I get rude, rush about, and run into some trouble or other always. It's fun sometimes to be with F; but people are often very disagreeable when I walk out between D and N—ha! ha! I have to laugh. You know I'm the last vowel in the alphabet, for W is only my double first cousin, and Y is a kind of foster-brother of I. But it's awfully dull down there with V W X Y Z; they hardly ever go with me."

Helen nodded thoughtfully. "And now," continued the letter, brightly, "before I leave—" but as Helen listened eagerly, the scene began to change. She found herself in a schoolroom, with her head on a desk, listening to a chorus from the reading class, led by the teacher. "Not dooty, but duty; not tootor, but tutor; not noos, but news; not stoopid, but stupid."

"You'll catch it, going off nodding like that!" said a familiar voice in her ear, which sounded very like that of Mabel Lawton, her desk mate. "But where is U?" cried Helen, eagerly. "Where is you!" mimicked Mabel, smiling. "Oh my! what grammar. Why, here I am, of course," with a convincing pinch.

This rouser was effectual, but Helen never forgot her two minutes' dream.—A. J. Backus, in *St. Nicholas*.

Whiling Away Time

"NEVER be unemployed," says that herculean worker, John Wesley; "never be triflingly employed; never while away time." Such advice wise or unwise, is just what one might expect from a man of whom Dr. Johnson complained: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure; he is always obliged to go at a certain hour." The law of compensation applies to the advantage of saving time as to everything else; one has to pay a tax for it. The apostle of work, who is a miser of minutes, works incessantly, and grudges every period, however brief, of enforced leisure, forgetting that leisure, rest, or relaxation is just as needful, just as essential to the doing of effective work, as activity. The arm that always smites, the hand that writes.

paints, or sculptures without pause for too many hours, will drop paralyzed. The brain that is kept on the stretch day after day, without intervals of rest, will break down suddenly, and lucky will be its possessor if he does not find a compulsory rest in the hospital or the grave.

But what is "whiling away time"? When the boy James Watt sat in the chimney-corner, observing the steam from the hot water forcing up the cover of the tea-kettle, his parents were angry. They thought he was wasting time; but he was studying the principle of the steam engine, which, after years of toil in manhood, he practically invented. To Sir Walter Scott, Mungo Park, the traveler—whom he found one day by the banks of the Yarrow, earnestly employed in casting stones into the stream and watching the bubbles that followed their descent—may have appeared to be uselessly "whiling away time." I was thinking," said Park, "how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating the time that elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface."

The harder a man toils, the more urgently he needs at times to rest from toiling. The bow that is always bent loses its spring and elasticity. Sainte-Beuve, the great French critic, understood this fully. Though the busiest of workers, he recognized the value of idleness.

Mr. Hamerton, in his admirable work on *The Intellectual Life*, well observes that people who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time-wasters. In reading any book that has much vitality, you are sure to meet with many illusions and illustrations which the author hit upon not when he was in harness, but when out at grass. The truth is, we need both the discipline of the harness and the abundant nourishment of the free pasture. Yet may our liberty not be the profitless, choiceless liberty of a grain of desert sand, carried hither and thither by the wind, but rather the liberty of the wild bee, whose coming and going are ordered by no master, nor fixed by any premeditated regulation, yet which misses no opportunity of increase, and comes home laden in the twilight. Who knows where he has wandered, who can tell over what banks and streams the hum of his wings has sounded?

Of all the kinds of "idle time not idly spent," none, perhaps, is more profitable than that which is passed with some hobby which carries us out of and away from the ruts of our ordinary life. Plato sought recreation in all the Greek exercises. When Diocletian was urged to resume the imperial purple which he had resigned, he replied: "You would not have asked such a thing of me if you had seen the fine melons I have now ripening, and the plantations about my villa that I have made."

The leisure of those poets, Horace, Cowley, and Cowper, and of the stately, sagacious Bacon, was spent, not idly, but wisely for their literary production, in gardening. The great railway engineer, Stephenson, who has enabled millions to economize time in travel, spent similarly his odd hours. Being troubled at one time by his cucumbers, which persisted in growing crooked, he outwitted them by having glass jars constructed, into which he inserted the growing fruit, saying, with a chuckle, "I think I have bothered them," and thenceforth they grew straight.

Not a few celebrated men have delighted, when mentally weary, or troubled with ennui, to "while away time" in felling trees. Sir Walter Scott wielded the ax dexterously, and challenged his men at Abbotsford to compete with him in bringing a sturdy tree to the ground. The woods rang with laughter as their blows fell thick and fast on the tough old trunk. Pitt, Wilberforce, Archbishop Whately, and Gladstone sought relief from the monotony of their regular tasks, and bodily refreshment in the same exercise. Some

good people inferred that the Archbishop must be a very cruel and exacting employer when they saw, one piercingly cold and snowy day, a scantily clothed old man cutting wood on his grounds. They were greatly surprised when told that it was Whately himself, and that when he required a change of employment, or an escape from "carking care," he was wont to seize his ax and rush out-of-doors to hew away at a monarch of the forest.

No rigid, absolute rule can be laid down about "wasting time." It is a thing purely relative. It has been well said that a person whose calling subjects him to much excitement and agitation should contrive, if possible, to give his nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. To sum up: if one is following a useful calling, perhaps the best definition of "wasting time" is doing whatever hinders or prevents him from doing, and doing in the best manner, his work in life.—*Saturday Evening Post*.



The Secret of Infinite Worth

THERE was a great contrast between the Gate Beautiful, standing on the top of the flight of fifteen steps that led from the lower terraces of the temple to the sacred level of the holy shrine, and the helpless beggar that lay at its foot. It towered far above his prostrate form, composed of the finest metal of the world, while he lived upon the scant gifts of charity; it needed twenty men to roll its exquisitely carved leaves backward, while friends as poor as himself daily carried to the same spot his wasted form. Such a contrast obtains still between the beautiful gates of nature's temple, the beautiful gates of song and art and music, the beautiful gates of dawn and eve and childhood, as contrasted with the misery that sin has brought on those who lie broken and helpless on the steps trodden by the world's life.

But there was a greater contrast still between the appearance of the two apostles, as they climbed those steps at the hour of afternoon prayer, and the resources concealed beneath their humble guise. To the eye of the world they were but two poor peasants; before the gaze of God's angels they stood possessed of a secret which would unlock the measureless stores of eternity.

When first they stood against him, bidding him look on them, he thought that they would give him alms. Quaint Andrew Bonar suggests that he may have somehow heard of the recent distribution among the members of that early church, and have thought that he was now to receive a share. If so, he must have been disappointed to learn that, though so much had passed through the hands of its foremost leaders, not one coin had stuck to the lining of their pockets, and it was news to him that penniless men had something to give that could not be counted up in coins or precious metal. "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."

What comfort is suggested by these words to some of us, who have neither the silvery tongue of eloquence nor the golden ore of knowledge, who, like Moses and Jeremiah, cry, "Behold, I am a child; I can not speak." Believe me, young people, that gold and silver are the last things that a man needs. You can dispense with these more quickly than with the gifts of the heart; and though you have none of them, neither literally nor symbolically, though you have nothing to distinguish you in the way of talent or gift, though you may account yourself unable to supply the lack that cries aloud from the hearts

of your fellow, yet you may have and give that which silver could not purchase and gold could not procure, and compared with which the rubies of the mine would be worthless as bags of pebbles.

Remember that the world has been enriched more through the poverty of its saints than by the wealth of its millionaires. Remember that the men whose hymns and words and achievements are the priceless heritage of the ages—that the martyrs, reformers, prophets, teachers, and leaders of men—have all been classed in that great and noble brotherhood which Peter represented when he became the medium through which the wealth of paradise passed into the common coinage of earth. These men have given blood, tears, spiritual impulses, faith, hope, and love. What have you to give?

What did Peter include in the expression "such as I have"? You may be sure he did not refer to his vehemence, petulance, or cowardice—to those outbreaks of his own idiosyncrasy which had marred the happy years of relationship with his Lord; these would have been a sorry gift indeed. Better not to live than to pass on such an inheritance. But he must have referred to the blessed gifts which had come to hand through the grace of his risen Lord. Had he not received of the Father the supreme gift of the Holy Ghost? Had he not, and only recently, shed him forth in a golden shower of blessings? Had not the tongue of fire settled on Peter's head, and the gift of a new courage filled his soul? Was he not conscious of a faith in the name of Christ through which lame men might be made whole, of a love which would bear and endure all things for Christ's sake, of a hope in the times of refreshing which must surely come again to a parched and dying world? These things he had, and he knew he had them, and he knew that he could give them also. The Son of God had come and given him an understanding and a power, a realizing sense of the unseen, and an unction from the Holy One. Rich in these sacred gifts, he felt that he might be a spendthrift in their distribution; dowered as God's heir, he could imitate the generosity of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.

Have you anything like this? Is there aught in your heart with which to enrich this poor and needy world. All around the beggars lie, with their thin, outstretched hands, their helplessness and misery. Are you preparing to go into the great temple of life by yourselves, passing alone through the beautiful gate of early manhood and womanhood? or will you pick up the lame as you pass by, lifting them up and leading them in with you, your joy being doubled by theirs, and your praises being all the sweeter because you hear them praising God and saying, as they hold you tightly, "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together"?

What have you, young maidens, with which to enrich and bless the world? See to it that you seek and obtain from the risen Christ some thing which all the culture of these modern days can never give—the modest purity, the patient love, the encouragement of an invincible hope. Beauty in art, dress, or face can not heal the gaping wounds of men. If these be all, they will lie at the Beautiful Gate unhelped. But Christ will give you that which, while it costs you nothing to receive, will make the lame leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.

What have you, young men? See to it that in Christ you get that purity, that manly strength, that authority to cast out devils, that power in prayer, which are characteristic of the highest life possible to men. You may get gold as the years pass, but this will not make you more able to bless men than you are to-day, when as yet you own nothing of the wealth of the world. Poor, you may make many rich if you have found

the pearl of great price, and by faith have learned to avail yourself of the unsearchable stores treasured in the divine Redeemer.

Passing through the Vatican on one occasion, Thomas Aquinas came on the pope superintending the counting of a great donation. "See," said the pope, "the church has left behind the days in which she said, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "True, holy father," was the reply; "but can she say to the lame, 'Rise and walk?'" See to it, young friends, that nothing robs you of the divine and blessed power of meeting the needs of souls that money can not touch.—*F. B. Meyer, in "Saved and Kept."*

What It Feeds On

AN exchange furnishes the following as representing the yearly supply of food for the whisky fiend:—

- 2,500 smothered babies.
- 5,000 suicides.
- 10,000 murderers.
- 60,000 fallen girls.
- 100,000 paupers.
- 3,000 murdered wives.
- 7,000 murders.
- 40,000 widowed mothers.
- 100,000 orphaned children.
- 100,000 insane.
- 100,000 criminals.
- 100,000 drunkards who die yearly.
- 100,000 boys who take the place of the dying.
- Untold crimes, misery, woe, want, weeping, wailing, war, shame, disgrace, disease, degradation, debauchery, destruction, death, riot, revelry, ruin, and \$2,000,000,000 in cash.—*Selected.*

God's Thoughts

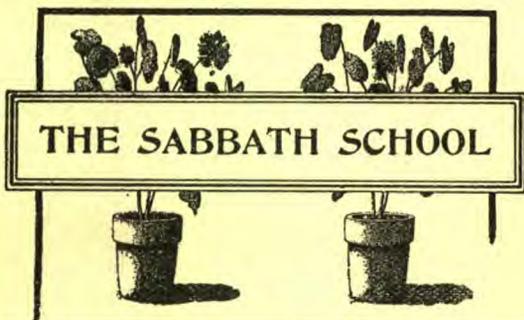
God has a thought for the maple;
Lo, there is the thought—the tree.
What is God's thought for the granite?
Look at the granite and see.

What God thinks of the grass
Is told by the cool, green sod;
The rose, unfolding its petals,
Discloses a thought of God.

His thought for the butterfly
Is writ on the insect's wings;
The word he speaks to the skylark
You hear when it soars and sings.

We think we are more than the flower,
More than the tree or sod,
But say, do we live our lives
As true to the thought of God?

—*D. M. Henderson.*



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—The Fiery Furnace

(November 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king." Dan. 3:17.

A number of years after Daniel had made known to Nebuchadnezzar his dream, the king made a great image all of gold, ten feet wide, and more than a hundred feet high. This he set up in the plain of Dura, and sent out a command to all the chief men of his kingdom to be present

at its dedication. All the governors and captains and judges and rulers were present, among them Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, whom the king had set over the affairs of Babylon.

When all the people had come together, a herald went through the company, commanding that when they heard the sound of the music, they should all fall down and worship the golden image. And as often as the music sounded, this was done by all present except the Jews.

Then "certain Chaldeans" went to the king, and accused the Jews, especially Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, of whose position and honor they were envious. "These men, O king," they said, "have not regarded thee; they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Nebuchadnezzar was very angry when he heard this; yet even "in his rage and fury," he was willing to give the three Hebrews another trial. He commanded that they be brought before him; and when they had come, he said: "Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?"

But the three Hebrews answered the king, with trust and confidence in their God. "If it be so," they said, "our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Then was the king "full of fury." He commanded that the three men should be bound in their garments, and cast into the fiery furnace, which was heated seven times hotter than usual. So fierce was the heat, that those who cast the Hebrews into the fire fell down dead before it.

Nebuchadnezzar watched what was taking place; and as he looked, he was astonished. Turning to his counselors, he asked, "Did we not cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" And they answered, "True, O king." But Nebuchadnezzar looked again, and said: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Then the king went quickly to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and said, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither." So the three men came forth from the midst of the fire. And all that great company saw these men "upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their heads singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them."

Then Nebuchadnezzar blessed the Lord, saying: "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him."

Questions

1. Describe the great image that Nebuchadnezzar made. Where did he set it up? Whom did he command to be present at its dedication?
2. What command was given by the herald? How often were the people to fall down and worship the image?
3. What complaint was made to the king by "certain Chaldeans"? How did the king feel when he heard it? Where did he command that the three Hebrew young men be brought?
4. What question did he ask them? How did he threaten them? How did he speak of the God whom they worshiped?

5. Who did the Hebrews say was able to deliver them? Even if he should not deliver them, what did they declare they would not do?

6. What command was then given by the king? How was the furnace heated? What became of those who cast the three Hebrews into it?

7. What did Nebuchadnezzar see by and by that astonished him? What question did he ask of his counselors? How did they answer? What did he now see? Whom did he declare the form of the fourth to be like?

8. Where did he then hasten? What did he say? When the men had come out of the fire, what effect was it seen to have had upon them? How many saw this wonderful thing?

9. What did Nebuchadnezzar then do?

"For whom the heart of man shuts out,
Ofttimes the heart of God takes in."



VI—Last Day Conditions

(November 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter 3:13.

Questions

1. When the perils of the last days are being proclaimed what will some be saying? 1 Thess. 5:3.
2. Will these have already heard of the promise of the coming of the Lord? 2 Peter 3:4, 5.
3. How is the condition of the churches described? 2 Tim. 3:1-4.
4. What evidence have we that this refers to professing Christians? Verse 5.
5. Will this lack of godliness be manifest among God's chosen people? Rev. 3:14-18.
6. What are we urged to do? Verses 18, 20.
7. What is to be preached in all the world during this time? Matt. 24:14; note 1.
8. When will the righteous be separated from the wicked? Matt. 13:30. What is the harvest? Note 2.
9. How great will be the working of Satan during this time? 2 Thess. 2:6-12.
10. Of what early history will the last days of earth be a parallel? Matt. 24:37-39.
11. What was the condition then of the earth? Gen. 6:5, 10.
12. In the midst of this evil what is said of Enoch and Noah? Gen. 5:22; 6:9.
13. By what other event are the last days illustrated? Luke 17:28-30.
14. What character did Lot develop in that dark time? 2 Peter 2:7, 8.
15. What will be the character of God's people who pass through these last day perils? Rev. 14:5.

Notes

1. Many will hear the proclamation of the coming destruction of the world, as it is sounded among the nations, and be impressed to flee from the coming storm. On the other hand, the "peace and safety cry," combined with the prevailing iniquity and vanity of the world, will be drawing them to perdition. It is not stated that the gospel will convert all the world. It never has in the past. It takes out of the nations a people for the Lord. The Lord gives all an opportunity to accept of salvation. The choice is left with them.
2. Many believe that the millennium, or thousand years, mentioned in Revelation describes a time prior to the coming of the Lord, when sin will cease to exist on the earth. But these texts show definitely that the righteous and wicked are intermingled until the coming of the Lord.



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"ABILITY never amounts to much until it acquires two more letters — stability."

"A gentleman and a scholar" is an old phrase. May it not soon go out of fashion. "A college student who is not a gentleman," said the dean of Columbia College, "is a disgrace to the institution."

THE distance between Chicago and New York has been traversed by two young automobilists in seventy-two hours and forty-six minutes, over one fourth that time being required by the fastest trains to make the same distance.

If you have access to a telescope, don't fail to give Saturn a look; for this planet now appears in the southern skies very conspicuously between nine and ten in the evening. The rings of Saturn never appear more beautiful than at their present inclination.

ACCORDING to Dr. A. M. Williams, of the Trinity Methodist church, Savannah, Ga., we are now living in "the lynch era." Certainly the lynching atrocities of the past year speak loudly in regard to the lawless spirit of the present time, and merit the severest denouncement made possible by the English language.

PERHAPS one secret of Gladstone's marvelous life record is found in the following simple incident. A visitor was amazed to see the old gentleman set out in the midst of a pelting storm to walk, no necessity compelling, to a place several miles distant. "I had made up my mind to go," said the masterful statesman, "and I must not allow myself to fail in a resolution."

It is said that one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever carved upon stone is that chiseled upon the small white monument that marks the grave of a little girl. The inscription reads: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" It would not be amiss for every student in our schools, whose life necessarily influences many for good or evil, to consciously strive for the attainment of the ideal suggested in this epitaph.

A WISE old German minister, who was once appealed to by a parishioner to help her against the abuse of her husband, advised her, whenever she saw her husband approaching, to place a pebble under her tongue, and *keep it there*; for so long as it remained there, her husband would not beat her. Much to her surprise, the prescription of her beloved pastor proved effectual; for however much her husband scolded, she could make no reply to further irritate him. This advice might doubtless handsomely serve some boys and girls who are quite inclined to speak angrily under small provocation.

The Watchman

THE first four numbers of the November issue of *The Southern Watchman* are to have illuminated covers and beautiful illustrations, and the contents will be such as must prove of exceptional interest to the public.

It is designed to club these four numbers with the Special Signs Number, thus making a set of five numbers for the use of the canvasser. A sufficient amount of reading-matter thus will be left with each purchaser to enable him to gain an intelligent comprehension of present truth.

The price of the set of five numbers is fifteen cents per set, or in clubs of ten or more, ten cents per set.

Order through your tract society whenever possible; otherwise address the Southern Publishing Association, 1025-27 Jefferson St., Nashville, Tenn.

The Family Bible Teacher

A Grand Campaign Help—Especially for the Youth

ONE of the "helps" recommended by the General Conference Committee for the coming missionary campaign, is *The Family Bible Teacher*. During the past few months upward of ten million pages of this series of Bible readings have been distributed. Many precious souls have already accepted present truth as a result, and hundreds of others are now investigating.

There are scores of Seventh-day Adventists who would like to take part in this campaign, but who hardly know how to begin, not having had any experience or training in missionary work. They dread the thought of starting out by asking the people to "buy" something. *The Family Bible Teacher* entirely overcomes this difficulty. In addition, an introduction slip, which relieves the worker from making a verbal explanation at the door, has been prepared. A sample of this introduction, together with a little booklet giving full instructions as to how to use the lessons, will be sent to any address upon request. These also tell how to obtain pay for the lessons, so that the work may be made self-supporting.

On freight shipments the rates of *The Family Bible Teacher* are seven cents per set and twenty cents a package (a package containing one hundred copies of the same lesson). At these rates the freight is paid by the person ordering. When sent by mail, the charges are ten cents a set and twenty-nine cents a package, postpaid. The price of the introduction blank is ten cents per hundred, net, postage five cents additional.

The Family Bible Teacher affords the little folk and every one an opportunity to take part in this general missionary effort. By this method all can present the truth to their friends and neighbors easily and in a favorable light, while experienced workers are enabled to reach, and that effectively, from twenty to forty times as many persons as by the old plan of giving oral Bible readings. The instruction booklet, as well as the lessons, may be obtained from your State tract society, or directly from the Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tenn.



HENNING, MINN., Sept. 29, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the good pieces in the *INSTRUCTOR*, and I thought I would like to write about the missionary work I have tried to do this summer.

My mama is my Sabbath-school teacher, and early last spring she gave each of her pupils a nickel, which we were expected to try to increase. So I sent for a nickel's worth of *Life Boats*, and

sold them, and then sent for more, until I increased my gift to a dollar.

And, besides, I had a little missionary garden, from which I have been selling all summer. I have earned \$2.80, fifty cents of which I will send to the *INSTRUCTOR*.

I am, as ever, a worker for Christ.

ESTELLA HAIGHT.

Nineteen hundred per cent is excellent profit on an investment, and we know that this gain could not have been attained without industry on the part of Estella. This letter makes the editor exceedingly anxious to know what the Harvest Ingathering services will reveal on the part of the little workers for the Master. How the children brightened the Saviour's life while here on earth! We believe he is especially interested in every young person who is seeking to do something for him now. We thank you for the fifty cents, and it will help to lay the foundation stone of a building which we trust may do much good.

COSHOCOTON, OHIO, Aug. 6, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I am truly thankful for the instruction I have gained from the articles printed in the *INSTRUCTOR*. The truths presented on the third angel's message aid me in teaching those who know not the truth, yet are willing to hear it. Please answer the following questions:—

1. In what year did the German language originate?

2. Will part of the one hundred forty-four thousand mentioned in Rev. 7:4 taste of death?

I hope many more will learn the truths given in the *INSTRUCTOR*.

RAY CORDER.

The numerous dialects which were spoken by the different confederacies and tribes of ancient Germany were all derivatives from one branch of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic family of languages, which separated from the parent stock at a very early period. What is distinctly known as Old High German, says the "Britannica Encyclopedia," was in use as far back as the seventh century. Modern High German only dates from 1500 A. D.

[There has been a difference of opinion relative to this question. I will allow one who has given considerable study to the subject, to answer the question.—Ed.]

The 144,000 "are they which came out of great tribulation" (Rev. 7:14); they have passed through the time of Jacob's trouble; they have stood without an intercessor through the final outpouring of God's judgments."—"Great Controversy," pages 648, 649. All having passed through the "time of trouble" "without an intercessor," part of them could not be those who died *before* the "time of trouble." Again, the 144,000 sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, which is the song of the experience of that time when there is no intercession; those having died before that time can not of course sing the song of an experience which they have not had, and therefore are not, it seems to me, of the 144,000. Then again: the 144,000 are said to be those who had gotten the victory over the *beast*, and over his *image*, and over his *mark*, and over the number of his name. Not all who have died in the third angel's message could have gotten the victory over the "image" and the "mark," because these were not formed, or created, when many died.

"If the chisel falls, 'tis to make thy beauty clear."

I HAVE a great need of Christ; but I have a great Christ for my need.

CHARITY gives itself rich: covetousness hoards itself poor.—*German Proverb*.