

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Joy

GUSH of gladness, hosts of cheer —
Angel helpers, are you here?
Care has vanished, and to-day
All the fields are fair as May.

Tell it over; for I know
Nothing else can cheer me so.
"God is love!" His love to me
Drives away all misery.

Joy has come: yes, joy is mine
Neath the smile of love divine.
How can joy not overflow
When my Saviour loves me so?
B. F. M. SOURS.

Must Pay the Price

My dear young friends, I am sure you want success. Everybody does, whether willing to pay the price for it or not. The desire is as prevalent as the word, and the word pervades all the atmosphere of to-day. It is a fine thing to know what true success is. The politician seems to think that it is a high seat in the councils of the nation. The financier believes it to be that which can be computed by dollars and cents. The philanthropist thinks it to be the number he can rescue from suffering, and help on the upward way. The true missionary counts it in the souls saved for Christ. Standards are legion, and differ widely, but all wish to succeed in some way; and the highest, truest success lies within the power of all to secure.

Whatever your chosen field, good health is one of the first requisites to success. If you wished to teach art, science, or music, you would understand that there were preliminary steps to be taken by way of preparation. If you were intending to become a farmer, you would not expect to grow a full-sized fruit-tree in five minutes. If you wished the position of cook, and had no previous experience, you would not expect that purchasing a two-dollar cook-book alone would qualify you. If you wished to stand in the front ranks of literature or higher mathematics, no college in the land would give you a diploma without effort on your part. But many seem to think that health will spring spontaneously, as the mushroom, or will drop from the skies for the wishing, neither of which, suffice it to say, are wholly true. If it were thus easily secured, the course pursued by many persons would soon reduce it to the minimum. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The sowing and the reaping are inseparable. If you will not sow, you can not reap; neither, if you persist in sowing can you by declining to reap avoid doing so. One may read medical works until the hair is white, may even own a medical diploma, and not enjoy health; and, fortunately, although one may not be able to secure a medical diploma, yet he may enjoy health.

Look at the children nibbling from morning till night; look at the young man who simply eats

that which pleases his perverted appetite, and the young woman who subsists largely upon cakes, sweetmeats, and airy nothings, so far as nutrition is concerned, and tell me if you think they can reasonably expect good health. There is a young woman whom the Maker formed beautiful, but fashion, not art, has rendered her a distressing sight to the normal eye and normal brain. There is a young man whose most highly prized friend has robbed him of his manhood's best estate. The friend's name is Self, and he is a friend only in name. It is so easy to eat and drink, dress and sleep, and live as many around us do, ignoring the fact that the reaping time will as certainly follow the sowing as autumn follows springtime. "But," you say, "such and such things don't injure me. Look at A and B; they have the habits you call bad, yet they have lived long." Perhaps they were not so finely organized as you are. The delicate strings of Nature's harp may not have been keyed to as high a tension with them as with you. A man fell from the mast of a vessel into the ocean. He was rescued, and lives. I would not recommend you to try the experiment, however. Many have fallen who do not live. If a certain course of life recommends itself to your reason and better judgment as the one that usually results most satisfactorily, it would be much better to take that road than the one that might possibly bring you to the desired terminus.

"Don't imagine that such a little thing as that hurts me," said a gay young girl when she was remonstrated with for walking through the wet grass with thin slippers on, one autumn morning. She may have known some one who had done that same thing, and yet lived many years; but the grass of several springtimes has sprung above her grave.

"I can drop this habit any time I choose," said a young man when reminded that a certain thing was — unconsciously to him — undermining his health. If this is true, now is the best time you will ever have to drop it; it is none too soon. Some children, in the absence of older persons, played with fire in the shavings. They thought they could stop it whenever they chose, but the beautiful house was soon in ashes. Says another, "I thought, when I formed that habit, that I could drop it at any time, but I can't do it; it is too late." Don't sit there limply and let the house burn down, and you in it. Rouse yourself, avail yourself of the assistance that will strengthen your will power, and be a man — God's noblest work. The world abounds with young people who originally had good brain power, and at least a fair share of health, who might have succeeded in any worthy pursuit chosen, but who, because of contracting wrong habits, and failing to rally their will power to break them, are now either groveling or will ever rank as second-class.

Tell me, young man, enthusiastic over mechanical pursuits, if you were to come into possession of a beautiful, perfect engine when you were twenty-one, and could visit it now every day, would you, when doing so, pierce holes in that beautiful boiler? Yet many a young

man by destroying his health, is virtually doing that with the infinitely finer mechanism of his own body.

If you, young man or young woman, had a present of one thousand one-dollar bank-bills, would you place them in a drawer, and each day take out a few and drop them into the flames for the momentary pleasure of seeing them burn? Good physical health will, in the race of life, net you more than a million dollars without it. Yet some pursue a course far more disastrous than simply burning bank-bills in the fire. Take a look ahead, and do not indulge in any course of action simply for present gratification. It is springtime or early summer with you now, but the reaping time will surely come in autumn, it may be even in midsummer.

The deadly nightshade berries are beautiful to look at, and may be pleasant to the taste, but they are not conducive to longevity.

Ever remember, my dear young friend, aspirant for success in whatever line, that —

"We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.

"We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

"Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again."

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

Early Life and Labors of Martin Luther

To do great things by small means is the law of God, and is manifested both in nature and in history. The Reformers, like the apostles, were chosen from a humble class, Luther being taken from the cottage of a poor miner.

The date of Luther's birth is a matter of conjecture; but he is supposed to have been born Nov. 10, 1483. His parents were poor; his father being a wood-cutter, and the mother often carrying the wood on her back to procure food for the children. Martin was a child of violent temper; and, according to the custom of those days, he was punished severely both at home and at school. During his attendance at school, he was taught the heads of the catechism, the ten commandments, the apostles' creed, the Lord's prayer, and Latin grammar.

Although Luther's parents had great respect for religion, the only religious sentiment awakened in their son seems to have been that of fear. The Saviour had been represented to him as an angry judge, and whenever he heard the name of Jesus, he grew pale with terror. But this only prepared him for the joy he afterward experienced when he became acquainted with Christ.

During his fourteenth year Martin was sent to Magdeburg, where he spent one year in reading, and attending lectures. Here he suffered great privation; and he, with his comrades, as he himself says, "begged a little food for their sub-

sistence." He was now sent to Eisenach, with the hope that he could obtain a livelihood more easily. But here he met with the same difficulties, and was obliged to join his fellow students and "sing before the houses for a morsel of bread." One day, being in almost utter despair of ever gaining an education, which he so much desired, he was received into the home of a kind, Christian family; and from this moment his studies were secure. Here, by making the best use of his opportunities, he made rapid progress, and his whole being began to beat with life, joy, and happiness. In after-years, Luther reflected with gratitude upon the poverty of his youth, and regarded it as a blessing of God. Lively, good-hearted, and eloquent, Luther was a great favorite with his masters and comrades.

In 1501 he entered the University of Erfurt, where he made rapid progress in his studies. He felt that he was dependent upon God, and this was the source of his humility and great achievements. He began each day with prayer, and lost not a moment during the day. "To pray well," said he, "is more than half of my study."

One day while examining the books in the library, he found a Bible, which was indeed a rare book in his day. His interest was excited, and he was perfectly astonished by its contents. He had never before seen a book like it, and his heart beat as he held in his hand the inspired Scripture. The first page upon which he fixed his attention told the story of Hannah and Samuel, and as he read, his soul was filled to overflowing with joy. "O!" thought he, "would it please God one day to give me such a book for my own!" He made frequent visits to the library, and with joy and astonishment, he read and reread this precious book.

At the age of twenty-two he bade adieu to the joys of youth, proceeded alone in the darkness of the night to the convent of St. Augustine, which he entered, to be forever separated from his parents, his fellow students, and the world. Upon hearing of this, his father was thunder-struck, and wrote his son a very angry letter.

In the convent he was assigned the most menial tasks,—sweeping floors, cleaning rooms, and begging through the streets of the city for money, bread, corn, eggs, and various articles of food. But he submitted patiently to it all; for he felt that he was doing his duty.

After a time, however, he was relieved of these menial duties, and he again zealously pursued his studies, especially the writings of the Catholic Fathers, and the Bible, which he found fastened to a chain in the convent. Luther was naturally very temperate, contenting himself with the coarsest provisions, and often remaining without eating or drinking for four days at a time; but during his convent life there was no sacrifice which he would hesitate to make in order to purchase heaven. He followed strictly the rules of his order; and "if ever a monk had got to heaven by monkery," says he, "I had been that monk." I must not at the present time enter more fully into his life in the convent, but it is all summed up in the following words of his own: "I tormented myself to death in order to procure peace with God to my troubled heart and agitated conscience; but, surrounded with fearful darkness, I nowhere found it."

During his second year in the convent, his exhausted body gave way, and he was attacked by an illness which brought him to the gates of death. All his agonies and terrors were awaked, and one day while he was overwhelmed with despair, an old monk entered, and with consoling words persuaded Luther that God is a being who forgives sins. From that moment Catholicism was virtually destroyed in him. He was filled with new life, and soon his health was restored. After having remained two years in the convent, he was consecrated to the priest-

hood, his father being present on the occasion. At the end of another year, he accepted a chair in the University of Wittenberg.

One day while studying his Bible, he was struck with the words, "The just shall live by faith," and these words unfolded to him in part the mystery of the Christian life. Not long after this, he was invited to preach in the church of the Augustines in Wittenberg; and finally, after offering every objection he could think of, but without avail, he yielded to the request. His words made a wonderful impression on the minds of his hearers, and, like a torrent, carried them along with him. Soon he was appointed to preach in the town church, where he made a still greater impression.

About the year 1511 he was sent to Rome to plead before the pope the cause of some of his fellow monks. Here he had expected to find nothing but holiness, but greatly astonished was this pious monk to find nothing but frivolity and profanity. "It is an ordinary saying," says Luther, "that if there is a hell, Rome is built upon it." One day while in Rome, climbing Pilate's Stair upon his knees, he heard, as it were the voice of thunder, "*The just shall live by faith.*" In amazement he rose from the steps, and fled from the spot. During all these years, although Luther had seen the light, the darkness was not yet removed. He was still a pious monk.

Turning away his eyes in disgust, he left Rome with his heart full of sadness and indignation, and turned his attention to the Holy Scriptures. In 1512 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. From this time forth he began to attack the superstitions of the Roman Church; and at the university he laid open the treasures of the Word of God, and, like John the Baptist, pointed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. The voice of Luther shook the world, and opened up a new era in the history of the church.

B. E. CRAWFORD.

The Island of Philæ

ONE would have scarcely thought that an island in the River Nile would prove a hindrance to the building of the great barrage, or box, that is henceforth to have so much to do with the happiness and prosperity of the poor fellaheen of Egypt. But though the island of Philæ was not all in the way of the contemplated reservoir, the holding up of the river above the dam to a head of one hundred feet, as was at first projected by the engineers who had the work in hand, "would have raised the level of the water" until, at certain times in the year, the little island would have gone under. It is a beautiful island, and besides, it has nestling upon its bosom "the famed Temple of Isis, Pharaoh's Bed, and other monuments." Not many visit it; and yet one would have thought its proposed submersion one of the most sacrilegious ideas that had ever entered the mind of man, such a storm of opposition was there raised against it. "The cause of art," and the temple, memorializing the worship of false gods, was more to the archeologist and antiquarian than the salvation of a people; and so, the work was nearly brought to a standstill. But the engineers had the welfare of Egypt at heart, and they fought on, even offering to raise and move the monuments to the island of Bigeh, yet nothing would satisfy the opposers; and the original design had to be given up. Whether these men had any right to say anything or not, we do not know. If not, they probably used their influence with those who had, and so it came about that the dam to-day is thirty-three feet lower than it ought to have been, and the loss to Egypt can only be estimated by the millions. What a pitiful thought it is that in these days of enlightenment, a heathen temple must out-

weigh in the balances the well-being of a whole nation!

"The foundations of Philæ have been underpinned and strengthened," as it will, still, be partially submerged.

But despite the loss to Egypt from the lowering of the dam thirty-three feet below what it ought to have been, when its "full effects have been produced," the increased annual wealth to the country will be £2,500,000, while "the direct increase of taxes" will be only £360,000; for "eight hundred thousand acres will be converted from basin to perennial irrigation, thereby doubling the production of the soil, and a large area of waste land will be reclaimed."

S. ROXANA WINCE.

Seeing Into Every Room

GOVERNMENT post-offices are so constructed that from little openings near the top an inspecting official can look down unobserved into every room, beholding the conduct of all employees.

This is done that in case any dishonest dealing should be traced to a particular city, detectives might continue their work of inspection until the individual offender be discovered and brought to justice.

As the employees chance to see the little window, it ought to serve as a reminder that possibly an eye is even then upon them, and it is to their best advantage to be honest and upright in all their conduct.

Could we all remember that into every room of the heart, large and small, the Creator has so arranged that his eye can behold all that is going on, it ought to be a strong incentive to us to do those things which are pure and right. "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." Heb. 4:13.

Yes, into every room, however secret, the Lord can look. Every one is at liberty to choose whether or not he will be obedient, but the reaping time is sure to come, and the nature of the harvest can be determined by the seed being sown.

Reader, do not forget the little opening in the secret chamber of your heart, through which all there, is open unto the eye of him with whom you have to do.

T. E. BOWEN.

Within the Rims of Life

"God makes the rims in which we are placed," says Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, "but we ourselves can make our lives what we will within these rims." Much of the disappointment and most of the failures of life come from trying to fix or change the divinely established rims of life. Instead of making the most of its own proper province, the spirit of man is prone to invade God's. It chafes at its limitations and restrictions; it is not satisfied with the large possibilities granted it within the bounds of God's will and intention, but demands complete freedom of choice as well as of action. The result is inevitably denial and defeat.

The only true wisdom lies in accepting at the outset, in the right spirit, the limitations of life, and then, within these limitations, which are always broad enough to admit of a generous measure of success, to do gladly and earnestly the soul's appointed task.

Furthermore, the rims of our lives shut us out from nothing intensively. They are round us, but never beneath or above us. We can go as deep as we will and as high as we will. God sets no bounds to that kind of development—the noblest and most enduring—which we call character. There, indeed, every soul's choice is absolute, and its possibilities infinite.—James Buckham.

AROUND THE WORK-TABLE

How to Make an Instrument for Copying and Enlarging



THE drawing instrument explained this week is called a pantograph, and is very useful to draftsmen in enlarging plans, diagrams, and maps. It may also be used in reducing; that is, in making a diagram smaller than the original. I have seen some excellent work done by children with it in one of our church-schools,

where they made neat enlargements of the maps in their geographies, colored them with water-colors, and tacked them up on the walls.

The construction is simplicity itself; and if careful attention is given to one or two essential points, a boy's home-made pantograph will work quite as well as one costing several dollars.

The frame is best made of four bars of hard wood. The dimensions may be large or small, according to the size required, but a common and useful size has bars 13 x 3-4 x 3-16 inches.

Holes are bored in these four bars an equal distance apart; say three quarters of an inch, and care is taken that this work shall be done accurately. The opposite bars must always work parallel to each other, and this is effected by having the holes bored right. If the holes are uneven, the copy, or enlargement, will surely be a distortion of the original, and will not please you.

Another point to be careful about is the joints. Those which I have illustrated may seem somewhat complicated to you at first; but on the contrary, they are very simple and accurate, and better than those shown in Fig. 3, because they will not wear loose and "wobble."

Notice that two nuts are used on each bolt. The reason for this is that one is used as a lock nut, to keep the joint from loosening or tightening while in use. Simply screw the first nut down on the washer till the joint is tight enough, then screw the second nut down on the first tightly, to lock it and keep it from turning.

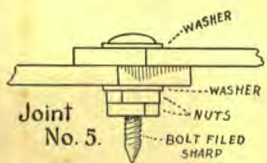
Joint 3 is so arranged that the smooth head of the bolt slides over the paper or table without catching or jerking.

Joint 4 is the support of the pantograph, and requires sharp points projecting from its lower side, which may be forced into the wood of the table.

Joint 5 has a sharpened bolt, which is called a tracer, because it traces the outlines of the original picture. In drawing, the operator does not watch his pencil point at all, but leaves it to take care of itself while he gives the closest possible attention to the tracing point.

The whole cost of making a good pantograph of this description is not more than ten or fifteen cents.

EDISON DRIVER.



Grandpa's Sunshine Maker

ONE gloomy, rainy afternoon Tom and Nellie came slowly and dejectedly into the library, where grandpa was reading, with their fair little faces very long indeed.

"Oh, ho!" said grandpa, looking up from his paper. "Something to do, is it? Well, well, suppose you come right along to the workroom with me, and see if we can't find something to bring back the sunshine."

Once there, grandpa took a piece of glass from a drawer in the work-bench, and fixed it upright on a wooden baseboard. It was the work of but a few moments for him; and when it was finished, he carried it back to the library, amid a very fusillade of questions.

"Now," said he, as the mysterious "what-is-it" was placed on a corner of the library table, "I will put this picture of the wise men and their camels on the left-hand side, toward the window. On the other side I will lay this sheet of drawing paper. Now bend your head a bit, Tom, and look through the glass from the left side."

"It is just splendid, grandpa," exclaimed the little boy; "It really looks as if the picture were right there on the drawing paper! I believe I can draw it there,

too, don't you?"

"Well, my lad, keep your eye in about the same place, all the time looking at the reflected picture, and you certainly should be able to copy it quickly, because you can see both the picture and your pencil point at the same time, and all you have to do is to trace over the outlines as you see them there."

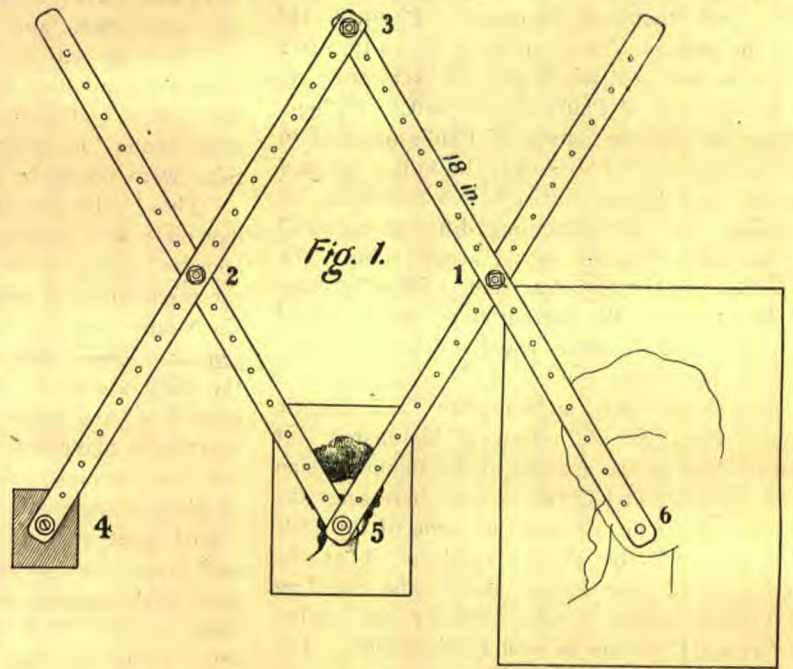
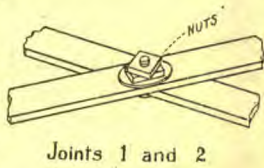
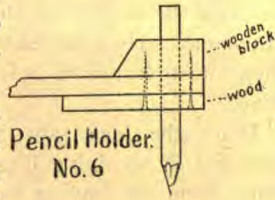
And now, with plenty of pictures to copy and plenty of grandpa's writing paper to "borrow," maybe you think one little boy and one little boy's sister didn't have a good time the rest of that long dreary day; but just ask Tom and Nellie.

World's Bill of Fare

"MAN will eat two hundred or three hundred more foods in the year 2000 than he eats now," said a chemist. "A movement is on foot among the world's governments to increase the varieties of our foods, and every week, from somewhere or other, a new vegetable or fruit or nut is added to the international bill of fare."

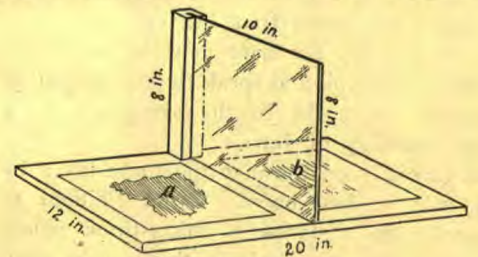
It is by a study of the food of savages that we get our new foods. Savages eat many things that we regard as weeds or poisons. Taking up these things and cultivating them, we get many a new delicacy.

Eggplant and tomatoes we never thought of eating till certain Peruvian savages showed us the way. Oats, barley, and rye originated from weeds that grew on the shores of the Mediterranean. The buckwheat came from a wild Siberian plant. Melons, cucumbers, horseradish, and onions were weeds of the East. The pumpkin was regarded as a poison for a long time, and with no little fear did some adventurous person test it as a food.



EDISON DRIVER.

just a trifle greater than that of a silver dollar. Place a ten-cent piece in the bottom of the glass, and the silver dollar above it, to serve as a lid. Now ask your guests to take the ten-cent piece out of the glass without touching either coin or the glass that holds it. All sorts of devices will



THE SUNSHINE MAKER

be suggested, but none that come within the limit of the rule you have laid down. After it has been given up, place your lips a few inches from the rim of the glass and blow downward, obliquely, but smartly, upon the edge of the dollar within the glass. The force of the air will turn the dollar over upon its own axis, and at the same time will force the smaller coin to leap out, as the dollar is turning.—Selected.

THE word "farewell" means "travel well," or "may you travel well!"





"They are crowding down the slopes of death,
A thousand million strong;
A soul is lost, at every breath,
Of that benighted throng."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul Extends His Campaign to Thessalonica

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 17:1-10.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: Luke 5:10, 11; Mark 10:28-30.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 81-86.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

- Leave Philippi.
- Pass through Amphipolis.
- Pass through Apollonia.
- Preach in synagogue.
- Some believe.
- Mob gathers.
- Apostles leave for Berea.

Notes

It appears that Luke remained at Philippi. He uses the pronoun "we" in Acts 16:10-17, after which its use is discontinued till Acts 20:5, 6, on the occasion of Paul's second visit to Philippi.

Note the definite nature of Paul's message in the synagogue. "This Jesus," he said, "whom I preach unto you, is Christ." No mistaking his meaning. He had something different from all the so-called religious world around him. The Lord has an equally clear and definite message for the world at the present time, and it should be proclaimed in terms equally definite as was that of the apostle Paul.

Thessalonica was an important and historic place. Here Xerxes rested in his march. It is mentioned in the account of the Peloponnesian War. Antony and Octavius were here after the battle of Philippi. It was the scene of the exile of Cicero. Early writers speak of it as the metropolis of Macedonia. Before the founding of Constantinople it was virtually the capital of Greece, Illyricum as well as Macedonia. The city was formerly named Therma, but was renamed in honor of a sister of Alexander the Great. The city is now the scene of labor of one greater than all these, commissioned with a message destined in a short time to stir it greatly. The apostle used no words of flattery. 1 Thess. 2:5. He preached a definite message with power sent down from heaven.

The apostle did not here meet by a "riverside," as at Philippi, and speak to a congregation of women, but spoke in the synagogue to a crowded assembly of Jews.

Note carefully on the map the route taken by the apostle in his labors. From Philippi to Amphipolis the distance is thirty-three miles; from Amphipolis to Apollonia thirty miles, and from there to Thessalonica thirty-seven miles. Paul and Silas probably made the journey in three days, stopping at each of the places named over night.

"After leaving Philippi, Paul and Silas made their way to Thessalonica. . . . Their appearance bore evidence of their recent shameful treatment, and necessitated an explanation of what they had endured. . . . The apostles, however, felt that they had no time to dwell upon their own afflictions. They were burdened with the message of Christ, and deeply in earnest in his work."

"He [Paul] declared that Christ would come a second time in power and great glory, and establish his kingdom upon the earth, subduing all authority, and ruling over all nations. Paul was an Adventist: he presented the important events of the second coming of Christ with such power and reasoning that a deep impression, which never wore away, was made upon the minds of the Thessalonians. . . . Paul, however, did not give them the impression that Christ would come in their day. He referred them to coming events which must transpire before that time should arrive."

"When the Jews saw that the apostles were successful in obtaining large congregations, . . . among them the leading women of the city, and multitudes of Gentiles, . . . they were filled with envy and jealousy."

"The word which we translate 'the baser sort' is by Hesychius explained, those who transact business in courts of justice. These were probably a low kind of lawyers, what we call pettifoggers, or attorneys without principle, who gave advice for a trifle, and fomented disputes and litigations among the people."—Clark.

"When they had broken into the house, however, they found that the apostles were not there. Friends who had apprehended what was about to occur, had hastened them out of the city, and they had departed for Berea."

"The Jews interpreted the words of Paul to mean that Christ would come the second time in that generation, and reign upon the earth as king over all nations. The charge was brought against the apostles with so much determination that the magistrates credited it, and put Jason under bonds to keep the peace, as Paul and Silas were not to be found."

"Those who preach unpopular truth in our day meet with determined resistance, as did the apostles. They need expect no more favorable reception from a large majority of professed Christians than did Paul from his Jewish brethren. . . . Those who will not themselves accept the truth are most zealous that others shall not receive it; and those are not wanting who perseveringly manufacture falsehoods, and stir up the base passions of the people to make the truth of God of none effect. But the messengers of Christ must arm themselves with watchfulness and prayer, and move forward with faith, firmness, and courage, and in the name of Jesus, keep at their work as did the apostles. They must sound the note of warning to the world, teaching the transgressors of the law what sin is, and pointing them to Jesus Christ as its great and only remedy."

G. B. T.

Report of Young People's Society of Halifax, Nova Scotia

THE Young People's Society of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has, since its organization in May, 1902, sought in different ways to have some part in the spread of the third angel's message. Some of our members have left us, to attend schools and sanitariums, and the Lord has raised up others to carry on the work formerly done by them. The membership now numbers thirty-two, and we meet every Sabbath evening to study the lessons as found in the INSTRUCTOR. These lessons are instructive and helpful to all. Last week we laid aside the regular lesson, and had a special thanksgiving service, adapting the Harvest Ingathering program to our talent. The following program was carried out:—

Doxology; hymn, "Wake the Song of Joy and Gladness;" prayer; Scripture reading, Psalm 65; hymn, "Our Song of Praise;" exercise by five little girls; duet; lesson on the parable of the sower; recitation, "The Starless Crown;" solo, "All for Jesus;" offering; hymn,

"O There'll Be Joy When the Work is Done;" benediction.

The church was prettily decorated with evergreens and potted plants, which added much to the interest of the meeting, drawing us nearer to him who created all things.

The hospital and poorhouse are visited regularly each week by members appointed for this work. In order that all may gain an experience from this work, the committee is changed every two months. The following is a report of the work done during the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1904:—

Periodicals sold	119
Pages of tracts sold	588
Periodicals given away	402
Pages of tracts given away	2017
Books given away	1
Books loaned	2

Cash on hand at beginning of quarter	\$ 7 44
Offerings during the quarter	4 32
Received from sale of <i>Life Boat</i>	63
Donated to work in Washington	\$ 7 00
Donated to Maritime Industrial School	1 05
Donated to church expense	3 25
On hand	09
	<hr/>
	\$12 39 \$12 39

We are of good courage, and trust that God will bless our efforts to the saving of souls.

ALBERTA MCLEOD, *Leader*,
BEATRICE HEISLER, *Secretary*.

Importance of Little Things

JUST as our bodies are made of millions and millions of tiny cells, so our characters are formed of every little thought and deed of life. To breathe is seemingly a small thing, but one breath lost causes death. From but a tiny egg the huge crocodile creeps into life. The interest on a penny, from the days of Cain and Abel until the present time would buy out the globe. One word has determined the destiny for good or evil of many a person. "A word at random spoken, may wound or soothe a heart that's broken."

The great danger of little sins is not fully realized. Even one evil thought, wish, or desire should alarm us. Had the first thought of touching the forbidden fruit alarmed Eve, the wish for it would not have been developed. The seed of that longing desire, which, when carried into effect, opened the flood-gates of woe upon the world, would have fallen to the ground lifeless. The floating seeds which drop into the heart and find in our natural corruption a favorable soil spring up into actual transgressions. These, like the rattle of the snake, reveal the presence and nearness of the foe.

The experience of good men proves that sin is most easily crushed in its very beginning, and that it is safer to flee from temptation than to fight it.

"A nameless man amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last!"

EMMA L. RUNCK.

"Your love has a broken wing if it can not fly across the ocean."



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Cornish Lullaby

OUT on the mountain over the town
 All night long, all night long,
 The trolls go up, and the trolls go down,
 Bearing their packs and crooning a song;
 And this is the song the hill-folk croon,
 As they trudge in the light of the misty moon,—
 This is ever their dolorous tune:
 "Gold, gold! ever more gold,—
 Bright red gold for dearie!"

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves
 All night long, all night long;
 None but the peering, furtive elves
 See his toil and hear his song;
 Merrily ever the cavern rings
 As merrily ever his pick he swings,
 And merrily ever his song he sings:
 "Gold, gold! ever more gold,—
 Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed,
 All night long, all night long;
 Happy to smooth thy curly head,
 And to hold thy hand and to sing her song;
 'Tis not of the hill-folk, dwarfed and old,
 Nor the song of the yeoman, stanch and bold,
 And the burden it beareth is not of gold;
 But it's "Love, love!—nothing but
 love,—
 Mother's love for dearie!"

—Eugene Field.

A Path of Light

EMIL STRAUS could not settle to work that morning after the great concert, so he had climbed to a grassy slope, and, having thrown himself down upon the matted turf, looked out over the prairie. He wanted to be by himself to think; for, since last night, the whole purpose of life seemed changed.

At his feet, in the hollow, stood his home—the only dwelling visible on the wide prairie. He saw the bleak farmhouse standing in its unkempt enclosure, the fences broken and neglected. He saw also the rough-coated cattle huddled together in a bunch behind the hayricks. Previous to this morning their dumb misery would perhaps have passed unnoticed, but now everything appealed to him in a new way, though he could not as yet understand it.

Over beyond the hayricks the bleak earth stretched to the low bank of pines which fringed the sky; a band of gray clouds lay like a belt above the trees, and here his eyes rested.

Only yesterday he had decided to leave the farm and the little mother, and accept an offer which had been made him to go to the great city. Yesterday he had not thought what it would mean to the little, care-worn mother to have her eldest son leave the farm. But now, after having heard the master's music, new vistas of life were opened, and he wondered at the old longing.

Now the great spirit of the flat, brown earth stirred him, and, for the first time, he understood that there was beauty in the prairie; and the distant pines, instead of menacing, now held toward him their arms in brotherly love.

There was nothing upon the prairie now that did not present its share of beauty. Each humble weed and sear-edged grass blade had a song for those who could understand, and he wondered at the joy which thrilled him.

He recalled last night's concert in the city beyond the pines with ecstasy. He had looked forward to it for days, and now, with the matchless harmonies thrilling his soul, he knew that if he should ever leave the farm, he must go from strength to strength.

Suddenly the lowing of the cattle aroused him from his dreams,—dreams in which he had truly awakened, and humming softly the bars of the great melody, Emil started homeward.

As he went home, he saw the beauty which God has hidden in every common thing. With a quick indrawing of breath, he threw out his arms impulsively. "Ah! the beauty of God!" he said, wonderingly; "the beauty of God!"

All day Emil busied himself, feeding the eager cattle, or chopping the wood, working as a votive worshiper might in the light of an inner purpose. The little mother wondered at her boy; never had she seen him so thoughtful, and, as she looked at his smiling, abstracted face, the beauty of it brought a smile to her own lips, and made her forget the old, dull pain.

In the afternoon, when his chores were done, Emil might have been seen making his way across the prairie to the cathedral beyond the pines, his

During the first few moments Emil's fingers ran aimlessly over the keys. He was trying to recall the bewitching strains which had come so naturally from the master's fingers.

Now he had the first chord! Enraptured, his fingers passed slowly from key to key, seeking those wonderful chords. At times he was baffled in catching the illusive strains, but at last he caught the harmony, and played it slowly and carefully.

So engrossed had Emil become, that he did not know that some one had entered the nave of the cathedral and stood listening. But it was Herr R—himself, who, in passing, had heard the chords of his own composition, and had felt a curiosity to see the player.

Again Emil began at the beginning, and this time the strains of the melody came out clearer and sweeter. Yet Emil was not satisfied. The illusive melody seemed to defy him; he could not

seem to bring from the organ what he desired. He felt that he might do better with his violin. But then the full chords would be sacrificed. In despair, he bent his head upon the keys in disappointment. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder, and a gentle voice said: "Here, take the violin, and give me your seat."

The violin was thrust into Emil's trembling hands, and, raising his head, the boy recognized the master. He hesitated, chagrined, and then relinquished his place.

Slowly the strains peeled out, and, as Emil caught the spirit of the music, his violin went quickly to his shoulder, and he sought to play the melody. Breathlessly he played, his eyes shining, and eagerly the old master threw back his white head to watch the violinist. Memories of other days came up before him as he looked into the face of the lad beside him. Where had he seen another like it? Perhaps, after all, it was only the light of genius in the boy's face which he recognized!

Though the theme drew to its close, the musician did not stop playing. He had become wonderfully interested in the boy beside him. The music changed, and, led by the captivating chords, Emil played on forgetfully. The violin was now taking the lead, and the master accompanying softly.

Unknown to the one beside him, there was rising to the young violinist a vision of the prairie and the pines as they used to appear to him. The struggles of the past were again with him, and, as the pathos of those days reached him, a plaintive sob seemed to come from among the strings. Then the player straightened. Throwing back his head, the bow was drawn quickly over the strings. Evidence of a new purpose was in the player's manner. The one at the organ gazed at him wonderingly. Evidently here was a lad with new purposes unfolding. The old master felt thrilled as he remembered his own early struggles. He longed to help the boy, to take him to himself, but he must not be moved too quickly; he must not be in haste to take the lad from the farm; it would be better to wait.

As the bow passed over the vibrating strings, one of them snapped, and it was then that, upon looking up, Emil saw the radiant face of the one at the organ. He flushed with embarrass-



Perry Pictures Co.

"WANT TO SEE THE WHEELS GO WOUND"

much beloved violin held tightly under his arm.

All day he had thought of the cathedral organ. Occasionally he had gone to play upon it; to-day he could think of nothing else. How he longed to work out for himself those chords and harmonies of the old master! "Ah, if the dear father could but have lived to hear the great Herr!" Emil Straus' father and the master had been boys together in the old fatherland, and often Emil had heard his father recall stories of those better days.

Having reached the cathedral, Emil soon sought out Jason, the hoary-headed janitor, who came hobbling toward him with a glad smile. Jason loved the quiet prairie boy, and considered it a favor to work the big organ bellows that he might play. He grasped the boy's hand in his own hard palm, and would have spoken, but, seeing the strange, new light on the lad's face, wonderingly led the way to the organ loft.

ment. What must Herr R— think of him?

But the hand of the old musician had caught Emil's in a helpful grasp.

"What is your name, lad? You have the heart of a musician."

Emil raised his eyes timidly, and looked into the kindly ones bent upon him.

"Emil Straus," he answered, simply.

"Emil Straus! You are my old friend's boy, then!" The musician rose and embraced the lad.

Arm in arm they left the organ loft, and passed into the transept.

"Sometime," the musician was saying, "you must come to me, Emil. Not yet; wait. The prairie has more it can teach you. There is time."

"Yes," said the boy, reverently. "There is much I can learn there. Sometime."

Soon after, Emil might have been seen crossing the prairie homeward, his beloved instrument held closely. Before him in the west the sun had already sunk behind the bank of pines, but the band of gray clouds had changed to a girdle of scarlet, and across the prairie to his very feet came a glorious path of light.

"Ah, the beauty of God!" he said, reverently; "the beauty of God."—*Nellie Frances Ackerman, in Young People's Weekly.*



Radiant, the New Wizard Fuel

A NEW fuel called "radiant," to be used in connection with gas and other fires, has been invented by two young engineers of Southend, and, if the promises are to be believed, it will cause as great a revolution in the present system of gas heating as did the introduction of the Welsbach mantle in gas lighting. The five points of wonder in the claims are that it gives treble the heat with the same gas consumption as an ordinary gas fire, takes up the carbonic oxide from the air and purifies the atmosphere, does away with the unpleasant smell given off by gas fires, burns brightly like a coal fire, and is as cheap as fire clay, and is inexhaustible. The two young inventors are connected with one of the largest firms of gas engineers in the country, and have been experimenting for years with a view to producing a fuel such as radiant, which will take the place of the asbestos or fire-clay balls, and will, it is said, give out an intense heat. It is made from materials that are now waste products of chemical works. The new fuel captures the blue flame, which at present is lost, and converts it into intense heat.—*Week's Progress.*

Improving the Memory

PROBABLY the most common defect, and the one that causes the greatest annoyance in the mental life, is the possession of a poor memory. Some persons are gifted with a memory that forgets nothing, faces, facts, names, dates, nor anything that is once seen or heard. These have no excuse for making failures of themselves; they ought to grasp success at the very outset.

Those who have not inherited a good memory may, we are told, cultivate a possibly good one, and an exchange offers the following good suggestion. The rules are simple. Their sole difficulty lies in the relentlessness with which they must be pursued until the desired end is reached. Here, in short form, are the most important: (1) Pay strict attention; (2) listen intently; (3) observe keenly; (4) cultivate alertness of all the senses.

Attention is the essence of memory. Nothing that has once thoroughly claimed the attention is ever forgotten, and it is always the inattentive person whose memory is poor.

Memory is a function of the nervous system. Anything that tones up the nervous system and the general intelligence can be relied upon to benefit it also.

After establishing better habits of attention, definite training for each special sense is the next step. Impairment of memory frequently arises in some condition of nervous exhaustion, such as physical illness, strain, overwork, grief, overfatigue, emotional shock, and monotony of life. Restore the physical and mental health in such cases, and you restore the memory. The means of accomplishing this are the natural ones prescribed by reason and common sense. Some of the quickest of them are good fresh air, exercise, recreation, study, social intercourse, rest, and play. A good memory demands a good circulation of the blood. It demands blood rich in the materials that feed the brain and build up the tissues of the blood. Sports, especially those of the open air, are excellent blood tonics. So is the daily bath and the continuous presence of fresh air. Nothing in nature needs quite such fresh air as a nerve.—*Selected.*

If I Were a Girl Again

IF I were a girl again—if some benignant fairy should touch me with her wand and say, *Be a girl again*, and I should feel bursting over me the generous impulses, the enthusiasm, the buoyancy, the ambition, that belong to sixteen—some things I should do, and some things I should not do, to make me at fifty the person whom now at fifty I should like to be.

First of all, I should study self-control—the control of body, of speech, of temper; a power best learned in youth before the current of habit has deepened the channel of self-will and impetuosity that seems to be cut in every human heart. I should count one hundred, like Tattycorum, before I would allow myself to utter unkind, impulsive words; I should scorn to burst into tears because of some petty correction or grievance; I should learn to sit quietly, to close a door gently, to walk calmly, even when my thoughts were boiling within me.

I should shun, if I were a girl again, the tendency to be sensitive and suspicious. Because my friend talks to another person, or because a group of acquaintances seem to be enjoying themselves apart from me, I should not fancy myself neglected. I should not construe thoughtlessness into intentional slights, nor abstraction into indifference. I should say oftener to myself, "My friend did not see that I was here; she has not heard of my return; she is busy with her music; she is tired after her journey. I will trust in her friendship, just as I would have her trust in mine."

If I were a girl again, I should be more careful about my conversation. I should beware of slang and gossip and a tendency to drop into silence. I should avoid sarcasm like the plague, remembering that the person who uses it shows her sense of her own inferiority. Nobody ever had so many enemies as Disraeli; and it is to be remembered that sarcasm was his most powerful weapon. I should practise the art of such gay repartee as is free from satire and unkindness, learning to tell a story well, and to dwell upon what is kindly and happy. I should be more ready to express my appreciation and thanks for services rendered; be quicker with my praise and tardier with my criticism. I should cultivate a distinct enunciation, enlarge my vocabulary, and remember Lord Chesterfield's dictum "never to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most ex-

pressive with which the language could supply him."

If I were a girl again, I should be a better student. I should worry less over my lessons, and putter less; but I should think as I study, and try to understand statements in one reading rather than by saying them over and over, like a parrot. I should be more thorough, not passing to one lesson until I had mastered the last; and I should be ashamed of poor spelling or illegible handwriting or faulty pronunciation.

I should be more scrupulous about making and keeping engagements; I should be less daunted by obstacles and defeat, and be less, I hope, the slave of petty but annoying habits.

These things I should do if I were a girl again. But suppose I have passed my girlhood! Suppose I am thirty! Still, shall I not at fifty wish that I could retrieve the past twenty years? Should I not employ them differently? Again, say I am fifty. At seventy could I not better use those precious years of preparation? There is always a golden age, soon to be behind us, which at every period of our life is before us—just as to-morrow's yesterday is still to-day. So we may all take courage. It is never too late to mend.—*Lucy Elliot Keeler.*

Reading for the Bible-Text Band

The Saint's Inheritance

1. *Whom does the Lord recognize as his saints?*

"Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." **Ps. 50: 5.**

2. *Why should the saints be gathered together now?*

"Gather yourselves together, yea, gather together, O nation not desired; before the decree bring forth, before the day pass as the chaff, before the fierce anger of the Lord come upon you, before the day of the Lord's anger come upon you. Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, which have wrought his judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness: it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger." **Zeph. 2: 1-3.**

3. *Does the Lord promise special protection to his people in the time of trouble?*

"And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defense. And there shall be . . . a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain." **Isa. 4: 5, 6.**

4. *What reward is promised the meek?*

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." **Matt. 5: 5.**

5. *Will this inheritance be the earth in its present condition?*

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

6. *Who will dwell with the saints in the earth made new?*

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." **Rev. 21: 3.**

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

"It isn't the thing you do or say,

It's all in the way you do or say it.

What would the egg amount to, pray,

If the hen got up on the perch to lay it?"

"HARD work is not all that is necessary to success in life. Misdirected energy and zeal will send a man to the penitentiary."

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—The Vision of the Days

(December 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 9.

MEMORY VERSE: "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing." Eccl. 12: 14.

Daniel served under a new king. The kingdom represented by the head of gold in the great image, and by the lion with eagle's wings, had passed away. Another kingdom, inferior to Babylon, had taken her place. This kingdom had been represented to Nebuchadnezzar by the breast and arms of silver, and to Daniel by the bear raising itself up on one side. It was the kingdom of Media and Persia. Darius was the king. Daniel had already found favor with Darius, for it was he who had tried to save him from the lions' den, and was so confident that Daniel's God would deliver him.

In the first year of the reign of Darius, Daniel knew that the seventy years of captivity which had been predicted by Jeremiah were about to close. Daniel had been studying the prophecies. He may have thought that the prophecies concerning the days in his last vision, which he did not understand, referred to the captivity, for he set his face to seek the Lord by prayer and fasting. This prayer as recorded in Daniel 9 is a most beautiful one. Each pupil should read it.

While he was praying, the angel Gabriel came and touched him, and told him that he had been sent to give him skill and understanding. He brought a beautiful message to Daniel; he told him that he was greatly beloved. But God sends this same sweet message to every child in the world. It is found in John 3: 16. How many can repeat it?

The 2300 days of this vision really meant 2300 years, for a day in prophecy means a year. The angel said that this time was divided into two periods—70 weeks, or 490 years, and 1810 years. It was to begin in 457 B. C., the time when the commandment was given by Artaxerxes to rebuild Jerusalem. Of the 490 years, 483 were to reach to the Messiah, or the baptism of Jesus. This took place at just the time pointed out in the prophecy—A. D. 27. In the midst of the remaining week, which really represented seven years, Jesus was to be crucified. This occurred A. D. 31. At the end of this week, or in A. D. 34, the gospel was to go to the Gentiles. Those who can add the remaining 1810 years to A. D. 34, the time the gospel went to the Gentiles, will discover that the vision of the days reached down to 1844, just sixty years ago. What was to take place then?—The sanctuary was to be cleansed. What is the sanctuary? We should have a lesson on this, but a few words will help us to understand it.

All will remember the study of the cleansing of the sanctuary or the day of atonement in Moses' time. Offerings were made for all the people on that day, and their sins were conveyed out of the most holy place of the tabernacle by the High Priest, and placed upon the head of the scapegoat. To-day is the day of atonement in the heavenly sanctuary. Jesus is our High Priest. He is making an offering for our sins. If we confess them, they will be blotted out. When his work is finished, they will be placed upon the head of Satan, who is the literal scapegoat. Let us confess our sins to Jesus, and have them blotted out in this time.

Questions

1. What kingdom ruled the world now?
2. Who was the king? How did Daniel find favor with Darius?
3. How long had God said his people should be in captivity in the land of Babylon?

4. In what year of the reign of Darius was this time drawing to a close?

5. What part of Daniel's last vision had not been plain to him?

6. What did he seem to think about this period of time?

7. What did he set himself to do?

8. Where is Daniel's prayer recorded?

9. Who came in answer to his prayer?

10. For what purpose did the angel say he had been sent?

11. What message did he bring to Daniel?

12. Where will you find this same message addressed to you? John 3: 16.

13. What does a day represent in prophecy?

14. Then what was the meaning of the 2300 days?

15. How was it divided? When did the time begin?

16. What occurred at the end of the 490 years?

17. To what time did the 2300 years extend?

18. What took place then? Where is this sanctuary?

19. Who is the High Priest? What is he doing now?

Nebuchadnezzar's Restoration

FOR seven years Nebuchadnezzar, in his degradation, was an astonishment to all his subjects. For seven years he was humbled before the world, as a punishment for ascribing to himself the glory that belonged to God. At the end of this time his reason was restored to him. Through his terrible humiliation he was brought to see his own weakness, and to acknowledge the supremacy of God.

In the book of Daniel is given the king's public confession of his restoration. We read: "At the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honored him that liveth forever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation: and all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say to him, What doest thou? At the same time my reason returned unto me; and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honor and brightness returned unto me; and my counselors and my lords sought unto me; and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added unto me."

The chastening that came upon the king of Babylon wrought reformation in his heart, and transformed him in character. He now understands God's purpose in humiliating him. In this chastisement he recognizes the divine hand. Before his humiliation he was tyrannical in his dealings with others, but now the fierce, overbearing monarch is changed into a wise and compassionate ruler. Before his humiliation he defied and blasphemed the God of heaven, but now he humbly acknowledges the power of the Most High, and earnestly seeks to promote the happiness of his subjects.

At last, under the rebuke of God, the king had learned the lesson which all kings and rulers need to learn,—that true greatness consists in goodness. He acknowledged Jehovah as the living God, saying: Come, all ye that fear God, and I will make known to you what he hath done for my soul. It is now my wish that all the people of my realm shall learn what I have learned, that the God whom they should worship is not a golden image, but he who made the heavens and the earth. "I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol, and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment: and those that walk in pride he is able to abase."

Thus the king upon the Babylonian throne became a witness for God, giving his testimony, warm and eloquent, from a grateful heart that was partaking of the mercy and grace, the righteousness and peace, of the divine nature. God's design that the greatest kingdom of the world should show forth his praise, was now fulfilled.

The public proclamation in which Nebuchadnezzar acknowledged his guilt and the great mercy of God in his restoration, is the last act of his life as recorded in Sacred History.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIII—The Seal of God

(December 24)

MEMORY VERSE: "Bind up the testimony, seal the law among my disciples." Isa. 8: 16.

Questions

1. What is a seal? For what is it used? What must it contain? What does it show? Esther 3: 12; 1 Kings 21: 8; note 1.
2. Where is the seal of the living God? Isa. 8: 16.
3. Which commandment of the law contains the seal of God? Ex. 20: 8-11; note 2.
4. What words are used in Scripture synonymous with the word "seal?" Rom. 4: 11; Eze. 9: 4.
5. Which commandment is designated as a sign between God and his people? Ex. 31: 13; Eze. 20: 12, 20.
6. What characteristic marks the remnant church? Rev. 12: 17; 14: 12; note 3.
7. Describe this sealing work as it was revealed to the prophet John. Rev. 7: 1-8.
8. When did this take place? See Rev. 7: 1; also Rev. 6: 12-17; note 4.
9. When were God's servants sealed? Rev. 7: 3.
10. Where are those who are sealed next seen? Rev. 14: 1-4.
11. What exhortation shows that there will be a reformation upon the observance of the Sabbath, just before the coming of the Lord? Isa. 56: 1, 2; 58: 1, 12-14.
12. What counterfeit seal will be urged at this time? Rev. 13: 16, 17.
13. What warning is given against receiving this mark? Rev. 14: 9-11.
14. What song will be sung by those who get the victory over the counterfeit? Rev. 16: 2, 3.

Notes

1. A seal is that which gives authenticity to all legal documents, and must contain three specifications: (1) the name of the law-making power; (2) the authority for making the law; (3) the territory over which the law-making power has jurisdiction.

2. While other of the commandments contain the name of God, they do not define who he is. There are "gods many and lords many" the true God being defined by the fact that he created the heavens and the earth. Jer. 10: 10-12. The fourth commandment contains the seal complete: (1) name, God; (2) authority, Creator; (3) territory, heavens and earth.

3. The observance of the fourth commandment, or Sabbath, is the only thing in connection with the observance of the law which distinguishes a person at this time as a commandment-keeper. This shows that the remnant church will be engaged in a Sabbath reform.

4. The fact that those who are sealed are next seen on Mount Zion, redeemed from "among men," shows that the sealing work takes place just before the end.

CHARACTER is the grandest thing in the world.



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

WILL not the young people who read the INSTRUCTOR send to the editor accounts of persons who have come to a knowledge of the truth through the reading of a tract or paper? Tell also the circumstances that gave them the literature.

THE directions for making the table mat described in the INSTRUCTOR dated Nov. 22, 1904, may not seem in one instance as clear as desirable. This is because Fig. I fails to show clearly the position of the short reed spoken of. It should be placed *between* the long ones that are inserted, with the end projecting one-fourth inch through the opening.

AN interesting missionary program for Children's Day, December 24, prepared by Miss Houser, appears in the REVIEW of December 1. It is designed to take the place of the usual Sabbath service. Every church that devotes a day to the children and youth in this simple study of the needs of the foreign fields, will certainly be richly rewarded.

ELDER AND MRS. MILLER, now on their way to India, were given sixty-five dollars for their work by the children of Columbus, Ohio. This was raised at the time of the Harvest Ingathering service. One little fellow promised to send them what he could earn this winter by sweeping snow. When the children—and the older ones too—all get their eyes fixed on the "fields white already to harvest," the Lord's treasury will be in a better condition than it now is, and many more laborers will be sent into the foreign fields.

A Child's Loyalty

A LITTLE girl in New South Wales was attending a public school where religious instruction is enforced by law. One day the teacher was reading and explaining the second chapter of Daniel. She said the gold of the image represented Nebuchadnezzar, the silver represented his son, and the brass his grandson, and the iron his great grandson. After this interpretation she told the little girl to repeat the explanation given. The child had been taught differently, and she felt that she could not say it as the teacher did, so refused. The teacher insisted, but still the little girl could not conscientiously repeat the explanation, knowing that the image represented four distinct kingdoms. The teacher threatened to whip her if she persisted in refusing. The whipping was bravely borne rather than violate her conscience. God loves the loyal ones, and his heart is very tender toward the little child who is willing to suffer ill treatment for his sake.

A Miracle in Tibet

SINCE the "time of the end" has come, every country save one has opened its doors to the Christian missionary. Tibet has stubbornly refused all efforts at Christian evangelization. One young woman felt that through some means the Tibetans must hear the story of Jesus and his love. She pitched a tent, and kept trinkets to sell to the people as they passed by. She made friends with some of them, and so ventured a little nearer the border-line. Finally she moved her tent just over the line, and kept on with her work. She moved again and again, going each time a little farther into the country. The priests detected her motive, so gave command that none should sell to her, thinking to starve the missionary to death, or to compel her to leave the country. But some of the women had learned that she was a real friend to them, and only meant to do them good; so they carried parched corn, and dropped it outside the tent. Her life was thus sustained for a while. The priests then determined to take surer measures for the accomplishment of their aim. Milk was given her. Soon after drinking it she became dizzy, and experienced all the symptoms of severe poisoning. In great distress for breath, she found her way to the door of her tent. She saw hundreds of people coming toward the tent from all directions. Then she knew that she had been poisoned intentionally, and that the news had spread to the villagers, and they were coming to see her die. As she looked out upon the gathering crowd, she thought of the Saviour's promise, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." She claimed this promise, and, in response, felt the thrill of new life come over her. Taking her Bible, she preached to the people who had come to see her die. Thus was brave, lion-hearted Annie Taylor still left in Tibet.

"Drift of Life"

THE energies of life, when left to themselves, drift to weeds. Regarded from any standpoint, life is a drift of mere existence, modified only by influences that play around it. The weedward drift of all good impulses is the most alarming feature of human nature. To go wrong seems like a toboggan slide. Culture is always an up-hill journey. Living must be up grade or down. The stream drifts but one way. The inactive individual is floating with the tide. It is a pleasure to drift, until the current bears us on the rocks. It is easy to let the garden take care of itself, until the weeds have grown. There is no royal road to happiness. The individual who drifts and takes full ease amid the cares of life, suffers the most when the weeds come.

I believe that life, to be happy, must be an up-stream struggle, and to be unhappy, a down-stream drift. No man ever falls up-hill. No man ever falls from a lower to a higher plane.

I believe that heaven on earth or hereafter is a growing landscape reached day by day through continued efforts that urge the bark of life against the current of the stream, nearer to its fountain-head,—God. I believe that all drifting lives go in but one direction, and that down-stream; and all unhappiness, sin, and crime are confined to drifters, either in morals, thought, or living.

The bark of life is ours, and the oars are put in our hands. God and nature do no more. We may row up-stream, toward an ever-brightening prospect, or we may neglect to use the oars, and drift down-stream. The story of a noble life is therefore a story of effort. In poverty or wealth no person can be truly unhappy who is rowing up-stream. Then, let us "*do noble things, not dream them all day long; and so make life, death, and the vast forever, one grand, sweet song.*"

F. W. DUFFEY.

"My Only Regret"

FROM a letter just received from a young man who has been canvassing for the past month, we quote: "Every indication is that I will have complete success in my canvassing. My only regret is that I did not enter this work sooner."

This young man accepted the truth only a short time ago, and at once began seeking for work in the Lord's vineyard. For a time nothing opened before him; but he was really anxious for service, and when house-to-house work with our books came to his attention, he accepted the idea, and went out by faith. He now expresses himself as greatly pleased over the many opportunities he finds for soul winning in the canvassing field.

Are there not many other young men and women who are longing to join a search for souls who will do likewise? I verily believe there are hundreds who, if they were to do so, would say with this young man, "My only regret is that I did not enter this work sooner."

H. H. HALL,

Sec. Gen. Conf. Pub. Com.

LETTER BOX

ALMA, MICH., Oct. 30, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. I like the Letter Box, and was interested in Floyd Chaney's letter. I like the Children's Page. I live in Chicago, but I am visiting in Alma. My brother takes the INSTRUCTOR. This is the first time I ever wrote for a paper. I want the readers of the INSTRUCTOR to pray for me. I am nine years old. I hope this will be good enough to be printed.

VERLA SHEPPARD.

SEAFIELD, IND., Oct. 22, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a weekly visitor to my home. I read it with much interest, especially the historical pieces, such as "Grotius, in the Book Chest" and "The Man in the Iron Mask."

I am fourteen years old, and have never used any strong drink or tobacco. I do not drink tea or coffee, and have not eaten any meat for four years.

I was baptized at the Martinsville camp-meeting. I am now finishing the common branches at our church-school. I want to go to our college to finish my education, so that I can some day be an earnest worker for the Lord.

RAY HAAS.

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