

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Pleasure

LET those who will, seek pleasure here —
For seeking they'll not find her;
Perceiving one upon her track,
She leaves him far behind her.

Illusive as the fair mirage,
She seems at times o'ertaken,
But when almost within the grasp,
The seeker is forsaken,

And left upon the burning sands
In solitude to perish,
With faith all gone, with conscience
dead,
No more a hope to cherish.

For unto those who others serve
In fullest, freest measure —
Yea, unto those who seek her not,
Unbidden cometh Pleasure.

FRED SANTEE.

A First Glimpse at the Fair

THE Louisiana Purchase Exposition commemorates an act fraught with infinitely greater possibilities for our country than was recognized by its most sanguine supporters,—that of the purchase of the "Louisiana territory" for fifteen million dollars from Napoleon Bonaparte. A fabulous sum to be expended for a wilderness, some thought; yet in a single year the manufactures of one of its cities, St. Louis, would pay the price more than fifteen times. Whatever men may have thought or feared, the Fair is acknowledged as existing to commemorate the most profitable real-estate transaction in the history of the world, the Louisiana Purchase.

The territory represented in this transaction embraces the great stretch of land west of the Mississippi, comprising the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, Minnesota, Montana, and the Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

The decision to celebrate the centennial of the "Louisiana Purchase" by a world's fair, determined the managers to make it excel in essential features all previous expositions, and to their endeavor is unanimously accredited the highest success.

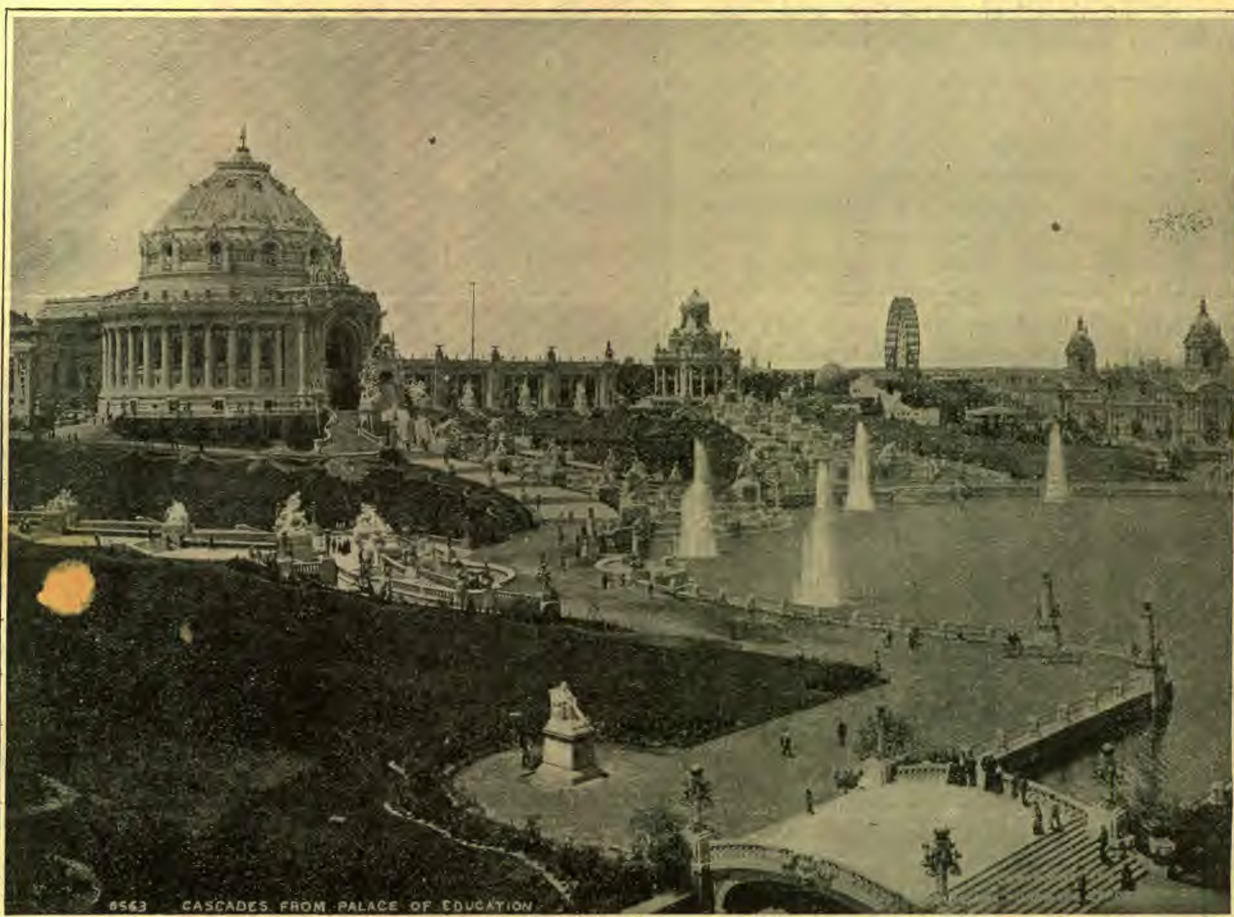
The representation at the Fair includes fifty-one States and fifty-three foreign governments. Every country from the islands of the Pacific to the jungles of India, and from the pampas of South America to the tundras of Siberia, has been searched for things of rarest interest. Peoples of all nations are there, from the diminutive Eskimos of polar cold to the Filipinos of tropical clime. The exhibits are almost as varied

as numerous. Those of one building alone are more in number than the words of an ordinary monthly magazine. A mere catalogue of the entire Exposition exhibits would make volumes of dictionary size. This condition exists after the constant insistence of the managers upon concentration of the best, and for processes instead of products. Sufficient applications were received from breakfast food manufacturers alone, said President Francis, to more than fill the largest building on the grounds, the Palace of Agriculture.

One thousand two hundred forty acres is the area covered by the St. Louis Fair,—an area but slightly less than the combined areas of the Chi-

grassed, and ornamented with blossoming plants and thrifty shrubs.

The plan of the Exposition's arrangement is that of a fan, the Palace of Fine Arts on Art Hill and Festival Hall with the Terrace of States on either side, forming the fan's point. Over the flight of steps leading from these to the lagoon at the foot of the hill flow the Cascades. Disposed upon a level stretch beyond the lagoon are the main exhibit palaces, arranged in two semicircular rows. Between these various buildings are lagoons, attractive flower gardens, and large level plazas ornamented with statuary and monuments. To the right of these main buildings is the plateau of States, an attractive place



6563 CASCADES FROM PALACE OF EDUCATION

cago, Paris, and Pan-American expositions. One hundred twenty-eight acres of this vast area were used in the erection of the sixteen hundred distinct buildings demanded by the Exposition. The Pan-American had under cover but fifteen acres, and Chicago eighty-two. The Palaces of Transportation and Agriculture at St. Louis cover respectively sixteen and twenty acres. The enthusiastic visitor who early determines to compass the entire exposition has to solve a number of problems almost as fatiguing as the one presented by the Palace of Agriculture, a frontage upon its various aisles of nine miles of booths.

Three years ago the site of the Ivory City, extensive, beautiful, and filled with treasures, was a primeval forest. The work of construction, once begun, progressed by leaps. The rapidity of the changes along many lines is illustrated by the work of beautifying the grounds. Frequently a plot that on one day was unadorned mud and clay, on the next would be nicely

because of its broad roadways, wooded knolls and dells, and because of the architectural and historical interest of the State mansions. To the left are the buildings of the foreign nations, together with other State buildings. Opportunity is offered by all of these for rest, social hours, display of native products or other State attractions.

Figures, even though they represent millions of dollars, tell very little of the full cost of so gigantic a memorial as the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Besides three years of incessant labor from thousands of employees, an incalculable amount of severe mental effort must have been demanded of the president and his associates before the desert could blossom as the rose, and a thousand buildings, artistic and of generous proportions, have been erected, furnished, and ornamented with the best produced by the world of mechanics, science, and art. The chief figure of the picture is Festival Hall.

GLEANINGS

AN odd-looking foreigner, who is monarch over a portion of Patagonia and one of the bold-est warriors in his country, spent the summer at the St. Louis Exposition. A bodyguard of five men, his daughter, and a Patagonian dog accompanied him.

THE land area of the Louisiana Purchase, 875,021 square miles, exceeds that of the original thirteen States. This area cost the government but fifteen million dollars. Now it is fifty million dollars for a strip of land ten miles wide across the Isthmus of Panama.

THE duplex comptometer, just put upon the market, is the simplest and most satisfactory of calculating machines exhibited. By its keys alone it adds columns, extends bills, figures discounts, percentages, and many other arithmetical problems. A few years ago the comptometer was merely an interesting curiosity; now a single commercial house uses ninety-four of these machines. They save time and mistakes. If it were not for their high price, they would soon become as popular with the schoolboy as the arithmetic.

THE huge bird cage erected by our government was an interesting feature. It extended over the tops of large trees, and included streams of running water, and swimming pools, where aquatic birds divert themselves. Persons were allowed to enter the cage and wander about in the forest inhabited by a variety of bird life. There was a rare collection of tropical birds, also equally interesting ones from the temperate zones. Birds of all kinds were there, from the giant condor and albatross to a humming-bird, not much larger than a grasshopper.

THE Philippine exhibit, covering forty acres, was the largest on the grounds. It was meant to give a correct impression of the arts, industries, habits of life, recreation, and amusements of the people of the Philippines. One thousand Filipinos were brought over to take part in the operations and amusements of the reservation. Their simple musical concerts and native dances attracted daily crowds. Cameras very frequently snatched a likeness of some group or individual; but even the little tots soon learned not to submit to the trying ordeal without proper remuneration in the form of some substantial coin.

THE grounds, as far as practicable, were allowed to retain their native simplicity and beauty. Nearly every foreign country, however, provided a typical garden. These, with the ones planted by the Exposition management, produced a masterpiece of landscape gardening. There are floral designs on a scale harmonizing with the other main features of the great exposition. A plant map of the United States, upon which classes of public school children worked daily, is a unique design, costing ten thousand dollars. Native plants and grasses were used to represent the State, and footpaths the boundary lines. A clock is another design, whose beauty, however, is marred by the huge metallic hands that traverse its handsome floral dial-plate.

The largest rose garden in the world, covering nearly ten acres, occupies a space near the Agricultural building, and at times temptingly presents to the visitor a million offerings of fragrance and beauty.

A MAMMOTH room in one of the exhibit buildings was filled with hundreds of the rarest of Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents. Every part of the British empire sent its offering. The Indian gifts are of great interest. Nothing seemed too costly to be used in expressing the good-will of the subjects toward their ruler. Ivory chairs, writing desks, caskets, ebony boxes, gold and silver caskets and boxes, costly ornaments, handsomely carved sandalwood boxes, pictures, busts, banners with printed addresses, handsome silver trays, carved scepter, and many other things of equal value were among those on display.

A brief description of one of the gifts will suffice to show that much attention has been given to the details. The carving of the Ivory Chair of State is a revelation of the possibilities of art. The feet are in the form of lions' paws, and the arms end in lions' heads. The back is in the form of a shell, supported by wild elephants. The seat is of alabaster, and the chair has a gold and silver tissue drapery around the under side of the frame, finished with tassels



WASHINGTON STATE BUILDING

and richly chased ornaments. The cushions are of green velvet embroidered in gold and silver thread. Every outside part of the chair is covered with delicately carved figures of men and animals.

A Boy Sculptor

VICTOR SALVATOR made a model in clay for the St. Louis Exposition. He lives in the tenements, has had few advantages of education, and the race between his family and Want has been so close that he could not give much time to work of this kind.

Competent critics, however, say that the boy is a wonderful artist. He has worked under many disadvantages, such as cold and lack of time and models. In spite of that, or, as some of his friends say, because of it, he has gone ahead, and the result was a note which he received from the New York managers of the Exposition. This is as follows:—

"The New York section of the National Jury of Selection for the Division of Sculpture takes pleasure in informing you that your 'Ava' has been accepted for exhibition in the Department of Art at the International Exposition at St. Louis."

The boy attracted the attention of Dr. Burkle-

man, of Charlton Street, a year ago, when the physician called to attend the boy's mother. The room was poorly ventilated and dark. There was little heat in it. In the dim light near a window the physician saw a boy modeling in clay an elderly woman whom the patient called mother.

The physician became so much interested in the lad that he built him a studio in the rear of his Charlton Street home, and even posed at times for him. The result of the labor there was a fine piece of work which has received praise from such men as St. Gaudens and French. The St. Louis work is the "Ava," which, it is said with confidence, will make the boy famous.—*Selected.*

Some Korean Customs

ALL things in Korea seem strange to foreigners. Thimbles are of cloth, beautifully embroidered. There are no buttons or pins, and garments are tied on with ribbons. Soap is sold in the form of a powder, and the only matches are shavings tipped with sulphur. These have to be put into the fire to light them.

The market scenes are interesting. You see pompous men in long gowns and high hats, poor women with green cloaks over their heads, and scores of boys carrying vegetables. The people are early risers, and the best time to market is between five and six in the morning. Two hours later the stands are all cleared away, and you have to rely on the retail stores or little shops.

Eggs in Korea are bought by the stick, and are stacked up like kindling wood. Ten eggs are laid end to end, and they are then wrapped about with straw so that they stand out straight and stiff, and look more like clubs than eggs. In the stores these sticks of eggs are piled up crosswise, and the price is about three cents a stick.—*The King's Own.*

The Little Word Please

"I WONDER why it is the boys in this store never will do anything for me. Now if Mary,"

indicating a sister saleswoman, "suggests anything, the clerks are all falling over one another to do it for her."

"Now, she is rather prim and precise, and never makes of the boys, while I am popular with the men."

This suggestion from Rose set me to thinking, while I was waiting for the car.

"Eddy, will you sharpen my pencil, please?" asks Mary. Eddy does not need to be asked again. One would think, to see him, that refusal would be impossible.

"Eddy, get that step-ladder for me, and be quick!" This command is from Rose. "Guess you own this store," retorts Eddy, standing and looking at her, but not in admiration of her charms. An altercation follows, and finally the step-ladder is brought by Rose herself, with a remark about the "laziness of boys."

Now Rose is a good, warm-hearted, lovable little body, more cordial and attractive than Mary, but she has never learned to say "please." She never thinks of it, while her friend never forgets it. It is only a little word, but it smooths over many a rough place in the business world. In this day of hurry and bustle it is easy, but not wise, to forget the little courtesies, and, like Rose, instead of requesting demand favors.—*Selected.*

"Remember Now Thy Creator"

In the days of youth, when the mind and heart are most susceptible to right influences, when life is bright with prospects, then is the time to remember God, the Creator.

Remember him by holding communion with him through prayer and through a study of his Word and works; also by observing all of his commandments.

In the days of youth, when life is joyous, and hopes are buoyant, then it is that the Lord by his Spirit invites all to come to him. If each one would accept this invitation, his feet would be led into paths of peace and safety.

The days of youth are days when the heart is full of ambition and a desire to get knowledge. If, then, the mind and heart are directed into right channels, this ambition will be of the right kind, and the knowledge gained will be from the right source; but if, on the other hand, they are let run in worldly channels, the ambition will, as a natural consequence, be of a worldly character, and the knowledge from the wrong source. The individual will be led to a desire to become great, as the world esteems greatness, and instead of obeying the injunction, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near," he will drift away from God. The "evil days" will finally come, and he will exclaim, "I have no pleasure in them"—no pleasure in studying the Word of God, nor in holding communion with him.

An early surrender of the heart, therefore, to the Lord lessens the afflictions of old age, and heightens its joys. Well is it to heed the command, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'" ARTHUR LOGAN.



Human Destiny

"THE fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

The tissues of the life to be,
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—J. G. Whittier.

"Let's find the sunny side of man,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it."

"There is dew in one flower, and not in another," said Beecher, "because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drop runs off." Are you satisfied with to-day's success? It is the harvest from your yesterday's sowing. Do you dream of a golden to-morrow? You will reap as you have sown this day. We get out of our life just what we put into it. The great world has for us just as much as we have for it. It is a great mirror which reflects the faces we make. If we smile and are glad, it reflects a cheerful, sunny face. If we are sour, irritable, mean, and contemptible, it will still show us a true likeness. The world is like a whispering gallery which returns the echo of ourselves. What we say of others is said of us. Just as we cherish in memory's hall golden traits of character seen in neighbor and friend, so will be remitted to us by friend and neighbor those same attributes.

It rests with the workman whether a rude piece of marble shall be carved into a horse block, or carved into an Apollo. It is yours, if you choose to develop a spiritual form more beautiful than any of these, instinct with immortal life, refulgent with all the glory of character.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a lighthouse called Dunston Pillar, was built on Lincoln Heath to guide travelers over a trackless, barren waste, a veritable desert, almost in the heart of England. But now it stands in the midst of a fertile region. No barren heath has been visible, even from its top, for more than a generation. Superphosphate of lime has effected this magic transformation. Many a barren, useless life has been made fruitful by the inspiration of a high ideal. Improvement hardly less radical is possible even in the best of our lives. Apply the superphosphate of lofty purposes, and the useless, barren life will blossom as the rose.

At the gateway of life each soul finds, as it were, a block of purest marble (time), a chisel, and a mallet (ability and opportunity) placed at his disposal by the hand of an unseen messenger. What shall he do with the marble? He may chisel out an angel or a demon; he may rear a palace or a hovel. One shapes his marble into a statue which enchants the world; another chisels his into disgusting forms which shall demoralize man to all time, and poison the mind of every beholder.

In the same family and under the same circumstances one rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lies forever amid ruins. From the same material we may fashion vessels of honor or dishonor. We find just what we are looking for. The geologist sees design and order in every paved stone. The botanist reads volumes in the flowers and grasses which the ordinary man treads thoughtlessly beneath his feet. The astronomer gazes with rapt soul into the starry depths, while his fellow companion seldom looks upward to see the works of an almighty Creator.

Nature takes on our moods: she laughs with those who laugh, and weeps with those who weep. If we rejoice and are glad, looking for the sunshine of life, even the very birds sing more sweetly, the woods and streams murmur our songs. But if we are sad and sorrowful, looking on the shadowy side of life, even a sudden gloom will fall on Nature's face. The sun shines, but not in our hearts; the birds sing, but not to us. Even the music of spheres is pitched in the minor key.

Somehow we seem to have an innate conviction that, although we are free, yet there is a kind of fatality within us which curbs our wills, limits our thought, contracts our liberties, places bounds about our possibilities, and gives a grooved direction to our thought and action. But freedom is also a part of fate, and what seems like inexorable destiny is but nature's law of limitation. Knowledge, energy, push, and constancy annul the old ideal doctrine of fate. The more we learn, the greater depth of mind and the more freedom we have. We are given all the liberty that we can use. Our fate or veritable destiny recedes as the store of knowledge advances. Only he who determines to rise superior to what is commonly called destination will accomplish any great thing, or achieve a successful career.

If I trust, I am trusted; if I suspect, I am suspected; if I love, I am loved; if I hate, I am despised. Every man is a magnet, and attracts to himself kindred spirits and principles until he is surrounded by a world all his own, good or bad, like himself; so all the bodily organs and functions are tied together in close sympathy. If one laughs, all rejoice; if one suffers, all others suffer in like manner. The future is just what we make it. Our purposes will give it its mold. One's resolutions are his prophecies. There is no bright hope or glorious future to the boy or girl who has no great ambition or star to attain. A man is just what his resolutions are. Leave all your pessimism behind. Do not prophesy evil, but good. Have a will

to bring sunshine, and the sunshine will come. Every day comes to us freighted with opportunities, possibilities, and privileges. It is ours to make of these sunshine or shadows. Every day comes to us that we may conquer and overcome.

Every young man is now a sower in the field of life. These bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every emotion of your heart, every word of your tongue, every thought of your intellect, every principle you adopt, and every act you perform is the good or evil seed, weal or woe in after-life. The emotions of the heart bear the thought. If we sow a thought, we shall reap an act. If we sow an act, we shall reap a character. Thus we see in all our lives the law of an all-wise Creator,—that as we sow, so shall we reap. Then is it not true that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap? If we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption; but if we sow to the spirit, we shall of the spirit reap lasting things that shall bud, blossom, and bear fruit in the kingdom of the blest. How true, then, it is that "the fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." This life is just what we make it.

CHAS. W. MILLER.

A Worker's Prayer

Oh! strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers on the troubled sea.

Oh! teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh! use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and *when* and *where*,
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Smallest American Possession

THE little island of Midway, so called on account of its position about in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, is the smallest piece of territorial real estate owned by the United States. It was first known as Brooks' Island, says George Kennan, in the *Outlook*, because it was claimed in the name of this government by Capt. N. C. Brooks, the discoverer, in 1859.

At first it was uncertain what use, if any, could be made of it. The idea of making it a coaling station for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was laid aside when it was found how difficult it was to approach the island. But when the trans-Pacific cable was projected, this bit of land, not two miles across, suddenly acquired importance and value. It was made a cable repeating station, and became, for the first time, an inhabited place. It has now a population of ten or twelve men—nearly all cable operators—and one woman.

As seen from a distance of three or four miles, Midway Island looks like a low, rolling drift of marble dust, with rounded, bush-covered hillocks here and there, and encircled by a barrier reef of jagged coral rock, ten or twelve miles around, over which the waves break in spray and mist. Between the reef and the island is a shallow lagoon half a mile across. The island is composed of powdered coral, and shows up dazzling white under the bright Pacific sky. Its highest part is only forty-three feet above the level of the ocean, and were it not for the coral reef, the waves would dash completely over it at times.

The life of the cable operators on this remote, verdureless sand-dune in mid-ocean is more lonely and dreary than that of any other telegraphers in the world. They are off the regular routes of steamers and sailing vessels, and are visited by government transports or supply ships only at long and uncertain intervals.—*Week's Progress*.



"THEY'RE groping 'mid sin's hopeless ways,
A thousand millions blind;
On them have dawned no gospel rays,
No path of peace they find."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Paul and Silas at Berea

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 17: 1-15.

SCRIPTURE FOR WORKERS:—

The field: Matt. 13: 38.

The message: Rev. 14: 9-12.

The messenger: Rev. 22: 17.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 87, 88.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

Apostles leave Thessalonica by night.

Arrive at Berea.

Preach in synagogue.

Receive the word.

Many believe.

Jews come from Thessalonica.

Paul leaves for Athens.

Notes

Berea is another city of Macedonia, and was about fifty or sixty miles southwest of Thessalonica. It was not very far from Pella, the birthplace of Alexander the Great. It was the home of Sopater, who later accompanied Paul into Asia. Acts 20: 4.

The people of Berea seem to have been a more educated and refined class than in Thessalonica. They were "more noble." They were not filled with the narrow prejudice encountered there, but were willing to investigate. They made God's holy Book their "daily" companion, searching to see if the doctrines presented by the apostles were the truth. The result was that many, both men and women, Jews and Gentiles, believed.

"In the presentation of the truth, those who honestly desire to be right will be awakened to a diligent searching of the Scriptures. This will produce results similar to those that attended the labors of the apostles in Berea. But those who preach the truth in these days meet many who are the opposite of the Bereans. . . . They think their old faith and customs are good enough for them. But the Lord, who sends out his ambassadors with a message to the world, will hold the people responsible for the manner in which they treat the words of his servants."

"The minds of the Bereans were not narrowed by prejudice, and they were willing to investigate and receive the truths preached by the apostles."

"The unbelieving Jews of Thessalonica, filled with jealousy and hatred of the apostles, and not content with having driven them from among the Thessalonians, followed them to Berea, and again stirred up the excitable passions of the lower class to do them violence."

"God, in his providence, permitted Satan to hinder Paul from returning to the Thessalonians. Yet the faithful apostle steadily pressed on through opposition, conflict, and persecution, to carry out the purpose of God as revealed to him in the vision at Jerusalem: 'I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles.'"

"From Berea Paul went to Athens. He was accompanied on his journey by some of the Bereans who had been newly brought into the

faith, and who were desirous of learning more from him of the way of life. When the apostle arrived at Athens, he sent these men back with a message to Silas and Timothy to join him immediately in that city. Timothy had come to Berea previous to Paul's departure, and with Silas had remained to carry on the work so well begun there, and to instruct the new converts in the principles of their holy faith." G. B. T.

Report From South Lancaster, Massachusetts

"THE Advent message to all the world in this generation," is the thought that has roused us to throw off the lethargy which had crept into our work, and we have awakened to the realization of the responsibility that rests upon us.

There is a better working spirit in the Society than in any year since I entered the school. There seems to have come a realization of the times in which we are living, and it has brought an earnest, active spirit into the work.

The faculty and older members of the church have been ready to help in any way that they could, by advice, counsel, plans, and means. They have not only advised, but have worked with us.

As directed by the spirit of prophecy, our Society has been divided into bands, containing from five to nine members each, under the direction of a leader. There are ten bands. Each band has its work. Four hundred sets of the special *Signs* have been ordered, and some are working with these. Some are holding Bible readings, others have been sewing, and still others distributing literature. An opening for work in the hospital has been gladly accepted, and a company goes weekly with the purpose of bringing the truth to some one. We regard this as an especial providence; for Sunday is not a visiting day, but has been given us in which to do our work. Meetings are being held in several places. In one town a hall has been freely offered us for services.

Our weekly meetings continue. Many profitable talks have been given, and we have gained strength and courage by them. It is our determination never to lay down the cross until He comes whose right it is to rule, and to press on with his help to give the gospel to all the world in this generation. MAY G. COLE.

A Little Talk to the Youth and Children

DEAR young people and children, if it were possible, I would like to have all the young people and children among Seventh-day Adventists together in one company, for about an hour, so that I could have a talk with you.

There are many things that I would like to say, but just now there is one particular subject that rests upon my mind.

Since coming to Washington, I have had a chance to see how some of our leading brethren are burdened night and day, because of a lack of money to carry forward God's work in the world; and now I want to have a little talk with you on this subject of money.

We know that Jesus is soon coming. We know that this world is soon to be destroyed; but many, very many, of the people in the world know nothing about these things.

Quite a number of our people have gone to other lands, to tell them about the coming of Jesus, and how to be ready to meet him; and many more ought to go.

These brethren and sisters need something to eat, and something to wear, and some place to stay. They also need money to print books and papers, that the people may read the truth for this time.

The workers who have gone to these fields can not work to earn the money for these ex-

penses, and at the same time do the work that must be done. Somebody must furnish the money.

Of course, God could make the money and give it to them, but that is not his way of doing. He wants us to have a part in his work, not only by doing what we can where we are, but by giving of the money that he gives to us. Every penny that comes into our hands in any way belongs to God, and, sometime soon, he will inquire what we did with it. Perhaps many of you have thought that most of the giving ought to be done by the older people, but I am sure that Jesus is watching to see what the young people and children are doing for him.

Now, there are two things especially that every one of you can do:—

First, you can pray earnestly to the Lord, that he will put it into the hearts of those who have money to give it for the Lord's work. Some of our fathers and mothers are keeping back money that ought to be used now in hastening the coming of Jesus. Will all our young people and children unite during this week of prayer, to pray that the Lord's work shall no longer be hindered by a lack of money?

Then, second, if our prayers mean anything, we must do all we can to help answer them.

Perhaps you think that the little you could give would not help very much, but Jesus has said, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Do you remember how Jesus once fed thousands of people with a few loaves and fishes, and it was a lad who furnished the food that, with Jesus' blessing, fed the multitude.

Wouldn't you have been glad to have been in his place that day?

Just now, many, many thousands are dying for the "Bread of life." Will you let Jesus have your few pennies, or dimes, or dollars to bless, and then use to feed a hungry world?

We are very near the Christmas time, and this year, why not make all our gifts to Jesus, instead of spending money for useless presents to one another?

Tell your parents and friends to let you have the money they think of using for presents for you, that you may make a present to Jesus, who has given so much for you.

Not only might our Christmas gifts be turned this way, but all through the year, how much money is wasted in little things that we do not need. Candy, gum, photographs, jewelry, and many other things of this sort take most of the money that many young people and children might give to the precious work of God.

O, my dear ones, will Jesus say "Well done," to us, if we keep on using his money uselessly, while those for whom he gave his life are lost for lack of the help we might have given?

Now, if I could see you face to face, I would like to say much more to you about these things, but will you think and pray over this matter, and then do all you can to help others to be interested in it?

May God greatly bless you all during this special week of prayer, that you may give not only your money, but yourselves to be used in God's precious work, so that Jesus can quickly come and take us home.

LUTHER WARREN.

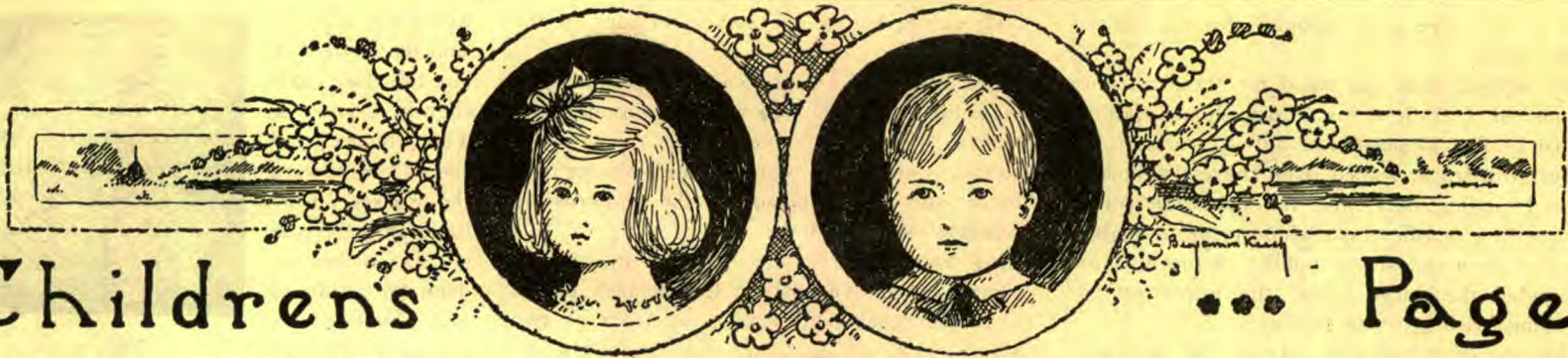
Washington, D. C.

When Love Is Done

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole world dies
When love is done.

—Bourdillon.



Children's

Page.

John Hubbell, Station Agent

THE sitting-room looked very cozy in spite of the scanty furniture, and there was a happy smile on Mrs. Hubbell's face as she sat by the sunny window. She was thinking how well John had done at the graduating exercises last evening.

Suddenly the door burst open, and John rushed in, and tossed his cap gently upon his mother's pretty hair.

"Hurrah, motherdy!" he shouted, "I've got a job! No, don't take it off; it's very becoming."

Mrs. Hubbell smiled up at her big boy. "I'm glad you've got work, John," she said, "but I wasn't in any hurry. I think you ought to have a little vacation."

"Listen to the lady!" said John, solemnly. "Well, now, I *am* in a hurry. If it hadn't been for my good bringing up I should have rebelled long before I finished my course at the academy, while you were eating codfish four times a week, and turning, returning, and overturning your old dresses whenever you needed a new one."

"But, John," began Mrs. Hubbell, "it was no hardship to me —"

"Oh, no," said John, "it was just your fun, that's all. But now my turn has come to have some fun. Michael Donovan, baggage-master and freight manipulator at the station has resigned, and Mr. Morse wants me to take his place. It isn't quite the same as being president of the road, but there is a trifle of twelve dollars to bring home every Saturday night, if I can get safely past the peanut stand."

Mrs. Hubbell laughed, and then the tears stood in her eyes. "You make me think of your father, John," she said. But John could not remember his father.

"And, mother," continued John, more seriously, "there is something else. Mr. Morse, the station agent, says that he begins to feel that he is getting old, and he will soon need some help about the office. And he says that he knows that now I have completed the regular course at the academy, it will be easy for me to learn all that is necessary for me to know in order to do the office work well, and he will teach me telegraphy, too."

Riverdale is on the Killington branch of the great B. & D. system, about seven miles from the Summit, where it crosses the Green Mountains. The railroad runs along the mountainside a hundred feet above the village, and John went to his work through the little garden, and up the embankment to the terrace where the station stood.

In a few days John began to telegraph to his mother when he sat down to his meals, putting his knife between the tines of a fork, and ticking away most vigorously.

"I like the telegraphing best of all," he said. "Hear this: '... — ... — ... — ... —.' That's 'v, v, v, v.' It is the call for Riverdale. Here you go, '... ..', 'p' that's the call for Proctorvale; '... ..', 'Cr,' for Chestertown, and so on. I know every call between Burlington and Bellows Falls."

"You must be learning fast," said Mrs. Hubbell.

"Nothing like it on record since the great freshet of 1843," said John, promptly. "But here is a message especially for you, fair Ellen of the Isle." And John ticked out: —

"Can you read it?" he said.

"Why, John," laughed Mrs. Hubbell, "it sounds just like the ticking of the clock to me."

John by a deep sigh feigned great disappointment. "Well, then," he said, "I must tell you, though I hoped to keep it a secret a little longer. Those little ticks mean, 'I love you,' but do not let it worry you. Now it is almost time for the up mail, and nothing can be done till I get there."

John grew more and more enthusiastic over his telegraphy. "Sent my first message to-day," he told his mother, one evening. "Look for an account of the wonderful achievement in to-morrow's paper." And again, some time later, he said, "Reported the trains to-day. The president was much pleased."

But, after several months, there came a time when John ate his meals very soberly, and dropped all the cheerful fun which his mother enjoyed so much. He seemed absent-minded, as if he was listening for something all the time, and he hurried back to the station when his hour was not over, and no train was due. At last Mrs. Hubbell could bear the suspense no longer, and one day she said: —

"John, I know that something is troubling you. You have not acted like yourself for weeks. Can't you tell me what it is?"

John sat back from the table and thought seriously for a minute. "Well, mother," he said, "I think I will tell you, for I am surely very much troubled. But it isn't about myself. It is about Mr. Morse?"

"About Mr. Morse?"

"Yes. He is growing deaf. That is the whole story. There are a great many calls for Riverdale on the wire that he doesn't hear at all unless I call his attention to them. And then he doesn't seem to understand what the matter is. He will say, when I speak to him, 'Calling me, are they? Well, it's queer I didn't hear it.' Then he will go and take the message all right; but when he is a few feet from the instrument again, he doesn't hear the next call. I'm sure I don't know what to do. I hate to say anything to Mr. Morse about it, or to any one else, but I'm afraid all the time that some accident will happen."

When John went back to his work, Mr. Morse met him at the door of the station.

"John," he said, "I've got orders to send that car of railroad iron to the Summit by the local. They can take it on the tail end of the train, and leave it on the turnout at the Summit for the section men. Rutland gave me a big blowing up; said they had been calling me half an hour before I answered; but I told them I knew better, for I was right here in the office all the time."

In a short time the local freight pulled in. And indeed it was a pull on the sharp grade, and the big mogul shook like a toy engine as she came around the curve.

"Danny," said John to the conductor, "you have to take that car of rails and leave it on the turnout at the Summit for the section men."

"Not much!" said Danny Maguire. "She has all she can pull, hasn't she, Jim?"

The engineer looked confidently at his great machine.

"I guess she'll handle it," he said.

"Make me do all the putterin' jobs," growled Danny. But when the long train had been slowly backed down on the turnout to the car of rails, he was furious.

"Ain't a couplin'-pin on the car!" he cried, "and we used our last spare pin at Proctorvale. If you hain't got an extra pin somewheres, Johnny, we'll have to leave it. Hurry, now! We're late, anyway."

John hastily searched every corner of the freight house, and at last he discovered a rusty coupling-pin which he carried to Danny. "It looks to me as if there was a flaw in it," he said, doubtfully.

Danny struck the pin against a rail. "I guess it will hold till we get to the Summit," he said. Then he threw it to a brakeman, and shouted: "Couple her on, there, quick," and then gave the signal to be off.

The big mogul climbed the mountain slowly but surely, fighting with the giant of gravitation for every inch of the way. John went to his work in the freight-house, where he was busy until it was nearly time for the afternoon flyer from Boston. Then he went to the passenger station, and, as he entered the door, he heard Summit calling furiously, and there sat Mr. Morse calmly making out freight bills. John opened his lips to speak, when the call changed, and in a moment Proctorvale answered, and then this message flashed over the wire: —

"Car of iron loose —"

John waited to hear no more. He rushed out of the station and flew along the track toward the upper switch. As he went, his gaze eagerly scanned the track up the mountain to the dark hole that marked the entrance to the stone-cut, three miles away. Just as he reached the switch, the car shot out of the cut like a cannon ball, and, far down the valley below him, he heard the faint echoes of a locomotive whistle. The flyer had left Proctorvale before the message came, and was whistling for the lower crossing.

John threw the switch with a single wrench of his strong arms. Then he turned and sped down the track, his heart throbbing like a fire-engine. He knew that the car would leave the track at the lower switch, but that it would spread itself all over the main track in front of the flyer. He was dimly aware that Mr. Morse stood on the platform, waving his hands as he passed the station. His brain worked like lightning, but he could think of nothing but the vain hope of warning the flyer. A minute was gone already, and two more would bring the crash.

Suddenly, at the end of the freight-house, he caught sight of some tools that belonged to the section men. He grasped the spike puller, and sprang to the outside rail of the turnout, where old-fashioned "chairs" still held the ends of the rails together.

The car of iron had reached the high bridge, and up through the valley came the clearer whistle of the flyer from the first crossing.

With tremendous energy John bent over the bar and drew out the spikes till he could spring the end of the rail two or three inches toward the edge of the embankment.

Clang! The runaway car struck the upper end of the turnout. It did not leave the track, but one of the rails jolted from the car and

made a bull's-eye shot through the red target of the switch.

John leaped back and stood for three terrible seconds in fear lest his effort should fail.

Flash! The loosened rail did its work. The car left the track, leaped over the embankment like a bounding deer, and fell upon the rocks below with a terrific crash whose echoes mingled with the clean-cut, steady puffing of the flyer as it rounded the curve below the lower switch and came hissing to the station.

After the flyer had gone, Mr. Morse, pale and trembling, turned to John, clasped his hand, and said: "God bless you, my brave boy! You have saved many lives to-day, and mine, too, I think. But tell me the truth, John. Did they call me over the wire?"

"Yes, Mr. Morse," said John, reluctantly.

The old man said no more, but turned and went into his office. But that night, long after John had gone home, he worked among his books, and then he sat down to his telegraph instrument, and sent a long message to Rutland. And when it was finished, there were tears in his eyes; for he had been station agent at Riverdale for more than forty years, ever since the road was built.

The next day all the boys in the village rushed up to the station to see the "Annewagun," the private locomotive of the president of the B. & D., with its wonderful upholstered cabin above the boiler. There it stood, clean and shining, and through the windows of the office, Sleepy Day declared he saw the president shaking hands with John Hubbell, and old Mr. Morse crying in a corner.

At any rate, when John went home to supper, he seized his mother in his arms, and walked around the table, singing:—

"And three times round went she,"

before he began a story which Mrs. Hubbell listened to with great interest.

"And of course, mother, I wouldn't take it," continued John. "But Mr. Morse said he wouldn't keep it another day, and he told the president that I was perfectly capable of doing the work; and so you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear, for to-morrow I'm to be station agent at Riverdale."—*J. Mervin Hull, in Young People's Weekly.*

HOW THINGS ARE MADE

A Small Dictionary for Basket Makers

BASE, Bottom of basket, either woven or of wood.

SPOKES, Ribs or framework of base.

STAKES, Framework or upright reeds of sides of basket.

BY-STAKES, Extra stakes inserted beside the true stakes.

UPSET, First few rows of weaving above base.

SIDING, The weaving which forms the sides about upset.

WALING, The last few rows of weaving at top.

BORDER, Any sort of finish around top of basket.

WEAVERS, Reeds or other material used for filling in spokes or stakes.

STROKE, One move with a weaver.

SINGLE WEAVING, Using one weaver,

and placing before one stake and back of the next.

DOUBLE WEAVING, Using two weavers, and placing them together before and behind single stakes.

PAIRING, Using two weavers, and placing one before and one behind same stake, and crossing weavers between stakes.

TRIPLE TWIST, Three weavers, one in each of three consecutive spaces; left weaver passed over the other two weavers in front of two stakes, back of one stake, and out in first vacant space at right.

ROPE TWIST, Four weavers, one in each of four consecutive spaces; left weaver passed over the other three weavers, in front of three stakes, back of one stake, and out in first vacant space at right.

WALING TWIST, Four weavers, one in each of four consecutive spaces; left weaver passed over two weavers in front of two stakes, back



FIG. 2.

of two stakes, and out in first vacant space at right.

FITCHING, Various kinds of open work known as straight fitch, V fitch, diamond fitch, etc.

A Simple Work Basket

Model No. 2—Base of Basket

REEDS Nos. 3, 4, and 5 are used in the construction of this basket. The base is similar to the mat previously described. For spokes cut nine pieces of No. 5 reed seven inches long and one piece four inches long. When well softened, split five long ones in the center, and insert the others, placing the short piece in the center, with one end projecting one-fourth inch through the opening. Fig. 1. At a point five feet from one end of one of the longest pieces of well-soaked No. 3 reed separate the fibers by a sharp blow with the awl handle; bend and place the loop as directed for the mat; read carefully the directions there given. Encircle the quarters three times with the pairing weave (same as on the mat), then with the same weave continue twice around, using the spokes in pairs. Notice that the second row divides the first row of pairs. Fig. 2. Pay special attention to filling the corners by bending the spokes well outward, and drawing the weaver toward the center at each stroke, thus forcing it down between the spokes. Still using the same weave, cover the spokes singly until the short weaver is used up. Keep the work round, the spokes evenly spaced, and the weaving close. Do not forget that all changes should be made and the binding off completed at the spoke where the weaving began. With the remaining weaver pass over one spoke and under the next (single

weaving), drawing sufficiently tight to make the base slightly convex. The convex side should be toward the worker. Continue until the base is six inches in diameter, splicing and binding off exactly as directed



FIG. 3

for the mat. Cut surplus spokes as close as possible. Fig. 3.

Mrs. E. M. LONG.

(To be concluded)

The Art of Making Crockery

THE Chinese were the first to discover the art of making china, and their principal branch of this industry was the making of teacups, this being the article most used by the tea-drinking Chinamen.

There is a town in China where a great many potters lived and made their beautiful dishes. There was a river close by this town, and when the cups and pots were finished; they were packed, and sent away in the boats. The potters' furnaces were always burning to bake the dishes, so that at night the town looked as if it were on fire.

The potters would not let a stranger stay all night in the place, for fear he would find out the secret of china-making. He was obliged to either sleep in one of the boats or go away until the next morning. But it happened that two strangers had been on the watch for a long time, and at last they thought they had learned the secret. They saw potters buying large bricks at the markets, and they felt sure that this was the material they used. They were right so far, but they soon found out that something else was needed to mix with it, and what it was they could not tell.

It afforded the potters much amusement when they heard that persons were trying to make china without "kaolin," as the necessary sub-



FINISHED BASKET

stance was called. But now it is not necessary to use the Chinaman's bricks, as there is a kind of clay dug out of the ground that does quite as well. It is called porcelain clay. This clay is carried to a porcelain manufactory, where all kinds of cups and saucers and jugs and basins are constantly being made. It is put into a machine, where it runs upon a number of sharp knives that work round and round and chop it in pieces. When it has been chopped long enough, it is turned into a kind of churn and churned as though it were going to be made into butter. When the churning is over, it is called "clay cream." Other things, such as flint and bone, are then mixed with it; but they must be ground into powder, and made into a "clay cream" also. Then the two creams are mixed together and stirred until they are quite smooth. This cream is boiled over a fire until the moisture is dried out, making it much like dough. A man then begins to slap and beat it and cut it in pieces and to fling the pieces one on another with all his might. When he has worked it long enough, he says it is "ready for the potter."

The potter's wheel that is used in making

dishes is of great antiquity. When china was first made, one man did the entire work of making a dish; but now potters are classed according to their avocation — throwers, handlers, or turners. A good thrower requires much practise, as he is expected to throw several hundred pieces a day. In consequence of the new plan of pressing all large pieces in plaster molds, the thrower has but small or moderate-sized pieces to work, and these he finishes only on the inside, leaving the outside to be done by the turner when the pieces are in a more advanced state of dryness.

The thrower prepares the pieces of a thicker bulk than is required, and it is the turner's business to bring them to a proper thickness by removing the excess of material and giving to the outside a smooth and highly finished surface.

The Chinaman makes his cups without handles; and these were the kind first used in this country, but now a cup is seldom seen without a handle. If the handles are to be ornamented, they are pressed in plaster molds; if plain, they are squeezed from a brass cylinder, filled with clay, with a small opening at the bottom, from which it escapes in long ribbons. These are placed side by side on a board, cut across at the required length, and bent in the form of handles when sufficiently hard. The parts where the handle is to join are wet with a certain mixture of clay and water, to make them stick.

In manufactories which have adopted the latest improvements the ovens in which the pieces are dried are heated by steam pipes. After the ware is dried, it is placed in "saggers" and fired. The firing must be conducted very slowly at first, to prevent too sudden an evaporation of the damp, which could crack the dishes. By the first fire to which it is exposed, it is converted into what is called biscuit china. From this oven the dishes are sent to be glazed, and after glazing, they are fired a second time, to give a finished look.

Our best China is painted by hand. In China one man paints nothing but red, another blue, and so on; but here one person paints fruit, another flowers, another leaves, and another figures. After being painted, the dishes are fired for the last time.

It was a long time before the way to paint pictures on china was discovered, or to give to the ware its beautiful gloss. The surface was not hard enough to hold the colors, and wanted a coating upon it, called enamel. A potter named Bernard Palissy tried again and again to make the enamel, and spent all his time in trying one thing and then another. At last he became so poor that he had no wood left to heat his furnace — just at the time, too, when more cups were ready to go into it — and he became so frantic that he ran into the room where his wife was sitting and snatched up the chairs and tables as if he were crazy, and ran with them to his furnace. We are very glad to know that he succeeded at last, and was richly rewarded, but since his time many improvements have been made. — L. E. Hutchinson, in *The Children's Visitor*.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIV—Review

(December 31)

1. WHAT was found in the temple when King Josiah began to repair it? What was written in this book? What message was sent to the king when he inquired of the Lord concerning the things written in the book? What promise

was made to Josiah? When the king had gathered all the people together at the temple, what did he read to them? What covenant did he make with the Lord? What is said of the Passover that was kept in Jerusalem during the reign of this king? 2 Chronicles 34 and 35.

2. How many times did Nebuchadnezzar besiege Jerusalem? What did he carry away the first time? See 2 Chron. 36:7 and Dan. 1:1-4. Whom did he take away as captives the second time? 2 Kings 24:15, 16. Describe the third siege of Nebuchadnezzar. How completely did he destroy the city and the temple? 2 Kings 24 and 25.

3. What provision did King Nebuchadnezzar make for the food of the captives he took away from Jerusalem the first time he besieged it? What request did Daniel make for himself and his three companions? What was the result of the test that was made? Tell how the Lord plainly showed his approval of the course taken by these young men. Daniel 1.

4. What strange request did King Nebuchadnezzar make of the wise men of his realm? When they could not grant it, what decree did he send forth? Who heard of it? For what did he ask the king? Who sought the Lord with Daniel that the secret might be revealed? How was their prayer answered? Dan. 2:1-24.

5. What direct question did King Nebuchadnezzar ask Daniel when he was brought before him? To whom did Daniel give glory as the revealer of secrets? In your own words relate the dream of the king, and tell what it meant. What did the king exclaim when he had heard it? How did he honor Daniel and his companions? Dan. 2:25, 49.

6. Describe the image that Nebuchadnezzar set up in the plain of Dura. Who were present at its dedication? What complaint was made against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego? Tell how they were cast into the fiery furnace, and how they were delivered from it. What effect did this miracle have on King Nebuchadnezzar? Daniel 3.

7. What does King Nebuchadnezzar relate in the fourth chapter of Daniel? Tell the dream as the king told it to Daniel. Dan. 4:1-18.

8. How did Daniel feel when he had heard the dream? Give its meaning, as Daniel told it to the king. What lesson was the Lord trying to teach Nebuchadnezzar? How and when was the dream fulfilled? At the end of seven years, what happened? How much of Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom was given back to him? What was added? What lesson had the king learned? Whom did he praise? With what words does he close the story of these events? Verses 19-37.

9. Who was Belshazzar? When the city was besieged, what did he make for a thousand of his lords? Tell how they desecrated the holy vessels brought from the temple in Jerusalem. In the midst of the feast, what was seen? How did it affect the king? Who read the writing, and told its meaning? Give the words and their meaning. What happened to Belshazzar that same night? Who took the kingdom?

10. What position did King Darius give to Daniel? Why? How did Daniel's enemies feel about this? What plan did they make to have him put out of the way? Tell how this plan was carried out, and how Daniel was delivered. To whom did Daniel and King Darius give the praise for his deliverance? Daniel 6.

11. What was given to Daniel in the first year of the reign of Belshazzar? Describe the four beasts that he saw, and tell what was represented by each. Of what were the ten horns on the head of the fourth beast a symbol? What was represented by the little horn that came up among the ten horns? What else was shown to Daniel in this vision? Daniel 7.

12. When did Daniel have his second vision? What two beasts did he see in this vision? What

king was represented by the notable horn of the he-goat? What became of this horn? What came up in its place? What did these four horns represent? By what strange symbol were the nation and church of Rome represented in this vision? Daniel 8.

13. To what great event are we brought by each of the three visions we have studied this quarter? How may we tell where we are in the world's history.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XIV—God's Ownership

(December 31)

MEMORY VERSE: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein." Ps. 24:1.

Questions

1. By whom was the earth and all that is upon it created? Isa. 45:12.
2. Then to whom do all these rightfully belong? Ps. 24:1.
3. What relation does man sustain to all these things? Matt. 25:14-21; note 1.
4. According to the law of Moses, what part of the goods entrusted to man did the Lord reserve as holy unto himself? Lev. 27:30-32.
5. For what purpose was this to be used? 1 Cor. 9:13.
6. Is the same law binding in the gospel dispensation? 1 Cor. 9:14.
7. Repeat the words of the Saviour showing that we ought to pay tithe. Matt. 23:23.
8. Of what is one guilty who withholds the tithe? Mal. 3:8.
9. What is the sure consequence of such a course? Mal. 3:9.
10. What gracious promise is made to those who return to the Lord his own? Mal. 3:10.
11. How extensive will be the blessing? Verses 11, 12.
12. From which part of the income should the Lord's portion be taken? Prov. 3:9, 10.
13. What besides the tithe does the Lord require? Mal. 3:8.
14. How are the offerings to be made? 2 Cor. 9:7.
15. How do the results of giving liberally and giving sparingly compare? 2 Cor. 9:6; Prov. 11:24, 25.
16. Why is this true? 2 Cor. 9:8.

Notes

1. "I was shown that the parable of the talents has not been fully understood. This important lesson was given to the disciples for the benefit of Christians living in the last days. And these talents do not represent merely the ability to preach and instruct from the Word of God. The parable applies to the temporal means which God has entrusted to his people. Those to whom the five and the two talents were given, traded and doubled that which was committed to their trust. God requires those who have possessions here, to put their money out to usury for him — to put it into the cause to spread the truth. . . . I saw that some of God's professed people are like the man who hid his talent in the earth. They keep their possessions from doing good in the cause of God." — "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, pages 197, 198.

2. In Eden the test before man was whether he would recognize God's ownership, and let that alone which the Lord claimed as his. Man has a second probation, and the test is still the same. Of all that is in the earth, the Creator has made man the steward, but reserves one tenth as his — not because he needs the money, for he could make the stones gold, but to see if man will recognize his ownership, and return to him that which he has reserved.

PARABLES

FROM

NATURE

**The Full Tumbler**

MR. MOODY, at Northfield, was speaking of the persistent way in which sin occupies a human heart. Taking in his hand a tumbler, he explained that it was full of air, and that it was almost impossible to remove that air. He could not pour it out. If he lifted it out with a spoon, it was immediately replaced. In the same way, the human heart is full of sin, and our efforts to remove it are unsuccessful. Then he went on to say that there is one sure and easy way to remove the air from the tumbler. Seizing a pitcher of water from the table, he filled the tumbler so full of the liquid that it overflowed to the platform. There was no longer any air left in the tumbler. His moral was that when a human heart is filled to overflowing with God's Spirit, there is no room left for sin in that heart.

Through the Waters

SOME years ago, when coming one morning from Canton, Massachusetts, to Boston, after a great freshet, the train went apparently into a large pond, the track and the wide meadow being all concealed beneath the water from an overflowing river. It seemed singular indeed to hear the water splashing against the wheels, as if they were those of a steamer, and to see a man in a boat rowing across the rear of the train as it moved slowly along. But the cars went confidently down into those waters; for underneath were the iron rails and the solid track.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." When life's path meets the deep waters, the Christian may confidently enter therein, for "underneath are the everlasting arms."

And it is only a little while he is there; for he soon passes through them, as that train of cars went quickly through those waters to the region beyond.

Fresh Flowers

A CHRISTIAN woman was employed as nurse in a home where a loved mother lay ill. Her daughter, a girl of fifteen or sixteen years, had never given her heart to Christ, fearing that by so doing she might lose some of her youthful pleasures, and saying that when she grew older, then she would give herself to him.

One day she came into the house, bringing a bouquet of beautiful, fresh carnations for her mother. The nurse commented upon their loveliness, and then said, "We will not take them up to mother now—they are too fresh and beautiful; we will wait a few days until they have begun to fade and wither." The young girl was surprised, almost indignant, and sought an explanation for such a seemingly unnatural course.

Said the nurse: "Is not this what you are doing to your loving Heavenly Father? Are you not by your conduct reserving for yourself the beauty and freshness of your young life, and waiting to offer him the faded blossoms from which all the lovely beauty and freshness have departed?"

The girl felt the force of the illustration, and yielded her fair young life to the Master.

The Cross of Christ

AN illustration which often recurs to my mind, and which has been most effective in enforcing its truth, was given by Dr. A. J. Gordon. To use the exact words, he said: "What a solemn expression is this, 'Making the cross of Christ of none effect'! No power or might of man can sweep the stars from the sky, or blot the sun from the heavens, or efface the splendid landscape; but one wound in the eye can destroy the sight, and make all those things as though they were not. So the atonement of Christ can never pass into eclipse, or cease to be a fact; but there is such a thing as the eclipse of faith, unbelief filming the soul so that the cross and atonement of Christ shall become a great blank, vacant, lifeless, meaningless."

"O eyes that are becoming dim, but not with age; blinded, but not with tears; hard of seeing, but not with use, hear the Lord speaking from heaven, 'Anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.' It is not that God should do greater things for us, but that we should open our eyes and see what he has done."

The writer firmly believes that use of these words of Dr. Gordon has been the means of winning souls for the kingdom.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

"Poor insect, what a little day

Of sunny bliss is thine!

And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
And spreading, bidst them shine."



KEENE, TEX., NOV. 10, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: Some time ago I sent two subscriptions to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, with which they credited me toward one of your premium Bibles. To-day I send one more, and in a few days I hope to send two others, in order to get me a Bible. You will find money-order for seventy-five cents, for which please send the INSTRUCTOR to Charles Corwin, Keene, Tex.

BELVA COCHRAN.

Perhaps this letter was not intended for publication; but since Miss Belva is doing what I wish scores and hundreds of others would do, it is given a place in the Letter Box corner, with the hope that before the new year begins, many will follow her example. The Bible will be especially prized because of the effort required to secure it, and, besides, a number of persons will have the INSTRUCTOR.

BAXTER, IOWA, Oct. 23, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write another letter to be published in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I enjoy the Children's Page in the INSTRUCTOR, and also other interesting articles. I can not get along without it. I would like to have some one send me more papers for our reading rack. Copies of the *Signs*, *Review*, *Life Boat*, INSTRUCTOR, or any of our papers or tracts, will be acceptable. I have sold *Life Boats* enough to get me a pair of new shoes, and to pay my way to the Colfax camp-meeting and back again. I have been selling books also this summer. We had "Heralds of the Morning," "Best Stories," "Gospel Primer," and "Easy Steps in the Bible Story," and I have sold some *Good Healths*.

I am going to the public school here in Baxter, and am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Lamb. Her parents live in Colfax, Iowa. We all like her very much. There are thirty-one children in our room, but only ten in my class, three boys and seven girls. We have an

accordian, which mama plays; and nearly every Sabbath when she is playing, the children will come in to listen to the music. Our rack is nearly empty now.
EVA MAY BOWKER.

GLENDALE, CAL., NOV. 15, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I am twelve years old. I attend the district school. I went to a church-school last year, but I now live six miles out of town.

My mama died a year ago in Spokane, Wash., and since then I live with mama Hyatt. She has been in the truth ten years, and loves it dearly, and I do too, but I am not a member of the church. I hope to be some day. I have a pet calf and five missionary chickens. This is my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I hope it will be printed. I enclose an order for seventy-five cents, for which please send me the INSTRUCTOR for one year.
LOLETA HYATT.

This is an interesting letter. Five missionary chickens may do a world of good. Let us hear, Loleta, whether they prove valuable helpers in the needy missionary cause; yet it is not possible to measure their worth to the cause of Christ just by the dollars and cents they bring. I hope, with you, that your name may be early recorded both in the book of life and in the church book.



THE Mission Board has prepared cards that are to be used in soliciting money for missions from those not of our faith. There are many persons who will gladly give something, if the opportunity is presented, for carrying the gospel into heathen lands. Every card has space for fourteen offerings. If your church elder can not provide you with cards, the Mission Board will be glad to send them to you.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace!" Surely this text applies equally to the young people in our Societies who respond quickly to the calls for help in the various fields. The Healdsburg Society recently sent word that its members had voted to raise ninety or one hundred dollars to send in response to Brother Armstrong's call in Ceylon. If this need had been met by others, they wanted to help send Dr. Keem and his wife to China.

"Let self die with Christ, and with him rise to a life of holiness; and then, whether you are a minister or ministered to, you need not care what discussions may arise, nor how men may dispute your Christianity or deny your share in the gospel; you stand upon a rock."

The Youth's Instructor

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FANNIE M. DICKERSON . . . EDITOR

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