

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### A Peace Carol

I AM walking home in the starlight,—  
The beautiful, glittering starlight,—  
The shimmering, crystalline starlight,—  
Like the starlight of long ago.

And the tremulous air is teeming  
With heralds celestial beaming,  
With light more than starlight gleaming,  
As in Judea long ago.

Suddenly into the silence white  
On rapturous wing the song took flight.  
That in a halo of glory bright  
The wondering shepherds heard:—

Fear not; for, behold, I bring you  
Good tidings of great joy,  
Which shall be to all people.  
For unto you is born this day  
In the city of David a Saviour,  
Which is Christ the Lord.  
Glory to God in the highest.  
And on earth peace, good-will to  
men.

It died away; and the chiming  
Of exultant bells is climbing,  
With mellow, melodious rhyming,  
Up the stairway of the dawn.

And above in starry vistas  
Glow the trail of seraph sisters;  
While lost in dark siestas  
Judea's dreams glide on.

ELVIRA A. WEBBER.

### The Children's Ideal

As a child, Jesus manifested a peculiar loveliness of disposition. His willing hands were ever ready to serve others. He manifested a patience that nothing could disturb, and a truthfulness that would never sacrifice integrity. In principle, firm as a rock, his life revealed the grace of unselfish courtesy.

His mother was his first human teacher. From her lips and from the scrolls of the prophets, he learned of heavenly things. The very words which he himself had spoken to Moses for Israel, he was now taught at his mother's knee. As he advanced from childhood to youth, he did not seek the schools of the rabbis. He needed not the education to be obtained from such sources; for God was his instructor.

His early years were given to the study of God's Word. And spread out before him was the great library of God's created works. He who had made all things studied the lessons which his own hand had written in earth and sea and sky. Apart from the unholy ways of the world, he gathered stores of scientific knowledge from nature. He studied the life of plants and animals, and the life of man. From his earliest years he was possessed of one purpose; he lived to bless others. For this he found resources in nature; new ideas of ways and means flashed

into his mind as he studied plant life and animal life.

Satan was unwearied in his efforts to overcome the Child of Nazareth. From his earliest years Jesus was guarded by heavenly angels, yet his life was one long struggle against the powers of darkness. That there should be upon the earth one life free from the defilement of evil, was an offense and a perplexity to the prince of darkness. He left no means untried to ensnare Jesus. No child of humanity will ever be called to live a holy life amid so fierce

play in their innocent joy, the little creatures of the groves, the patient beasts of burden,—all were happier for his presence. He whose word of power upheld the worlds, would stoop to relieve a wounded bird. There was nothing beneath his notice, nothing to which he disdained to minister.

The doctors turned upon him with questions, and they were amazed at his answers. With the humility of a child he repeated the words of Scripture, giving them a depth of meaning that the wise men had not conceived of. If followed,

the lines of truth he pointed out would have worked a reformation in the religion of the day. A deep interest in spiritual things would have been awakened; and when Jesus began his ministry, many would have been prepared to receive him.

All this displeased his brothers. Being older than Jesus, they felt that he should be under their dictation. They charged him with thinking himself superior to them, and reproved him for setting himself above their teachers, and the priests and rulers of the people. Often they threatened and tried to intimidate him; but he passed on, making the Scriptures his guide.

There were some who sought his society, feeling at peace in his presence; but many avoided him, because they were rebuked by his stainless life. Young companions urged him to do as they did. He was bright and cheerful; they enjoyed

his presence, and welcomed his ready suggestions; but they were impatient at his scruples, and pronounced him narrow and strait-laced.

His hours of happiness were found when alone with nature and with God. Whenever it was his privilege, he turned aside from the scene of his labor, to go into the fields, to meditate in the green valleys, to hold communion with God on the mountainside or amid the trees of the forest. The early morning often found him in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer. From these quiet hours he would return to his home to take up his duties again, and to give an example of patient toil.

Yet through childhood, youth, and manhood, Jesus walked alone in his purity and his faith-



a conflict with temptation as was our Saviour.

Jesus lived in a peasant's home, and faithfully and cheerfully acted his part in bearing the burdens of the household. He had been the Commander of heaven, and angels had delighted to fulfil his word; now he was a willing servant, a loving, obedient son. He learned a trade, and with his own hands worked in the carpenter's shop with Joseph. In the simple garb of a common laborer he walked the streets of the little town, going to and returning from his humble work. He did not employ his divine power to lessen his burdens or to lighten his toil.

Jesus was the fountain of healing mercy for the world; and through all those secluded years at Nazareth, his life flowed out in currents of sympathy and tenderness. The aged, the sorrowing, and the sin-burdened, the children at



fulness, he trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him. He carried the awful weight of responsibility for the salvation of men. He knew that unless there was a decided change in the principles and purposes of the human race, all would be lost. This was the burden of his soul, and none could appreciate the weight that rested upon him. Filled with intense purpose, he carried out the design of his life that he himself should be the light of men. —Mrs. E. G. White.

#### Christmas Chimes

RING it! Ring it! rise and sing it!  
For the dear Redeemer came  
From yon glory; tell the story—  
Glory! glory to his name!

Over all the frosted meadows  
Let the wild December gale  
Roar and rage in Nature's fury;  
Love and peace will still prevail;

For across the rills and woodlands,  
O'er the hills, the echoes ring,  
Of the chimes that tell of angels  
And their message of the King.

Ring it, tell it, till the nations,  
Tribes of all the listening climes,  
Join to spread the joyful tidings  
And to ring the Christmas chimes.

B. F. M. SOURS.

#### Texas

WHILE waiting on the corner of Van Buren and State Streets in Chicago, for a car one evening, I noticed four ragged boys, from ten to fourteen years of age, rolling those little "white pipes" called cigarettes.

I stepped up, and asked pleasantly, "What are you doing, boys?" "Nothin'," replied one of the boys in surprise. "What is that you have in your hand?" I continued, curiously. "Oh! a cigarette," he said, and poked it down behind him out of sight.

Then I told them the nature and harm of cigarette smoking,—how it defiles their bodies, and how it keeps boys from ever growing up to be men in the true sense, and often stunts them physically so that they will not even grow up to be as big as a man.

"Well, I wondered why I never grew," exclaimed the boy who had spoken. "I am fourteen years old, and see how small I am. The boys call me 'Shorty' and 'Stumpy,' but if it is the cigarette, here it goes," and he threw it far into the street. "And here goes mine," exclaimed another.

I left them with the promise to come to the News Boys' Home, and talk to all the boys there about it. I learned that "Shorty's" most popular name among the boys was "Texas;" in fact, that was the only other name he had among them.

At the News Boys' Home the next Sunday night he came to me and said, "I've tried so hard, and it seems I can't stand it. See how my hand trembles. I am afraid I'll have to smoke."

"Do you ever pray?" I asked. "No, I don't know how any more," he said, wonderingly. I told him how the Lord had helped me to overcome things which I could not overcome alone, and asked him if he would try it just one week, and every time he wanted to smoke, he should lay his cigarette down and kneel, if he could, and say, "Dear Lord, help me." He promised. The next Sunday he came to me as soon as he could, with such a happy, shining face. I can never forget the victorious, happy expression of his face as he said, eagerly, "I tried it, and it worked. See, I am not nervous any more," holding out his hand, "and I don't want cigarettes any more."

A large number of the boys followed his ex-

ample, until it was hardly safe for one of the boys to smoke around the Home, unless he wanted a ducking in the rain barrel in the alley behind the house.

A few months later I left for New Orleans with other *Life Boat* workers, to attend the great Confederate Soldiers' Reunion.

One day during the convention I heard some one calling, "O, Miss Case," and in a moment the crowd parted, and there stood Texas, black and dirty, but smiling and happy.

"Why, Texas, how came you here? How did you get here?" I exclaimed, as soon as I could speak.

"Rode down on the freight," was the laconic answer. "I tell you, Miss Case, after I gave up smokin', and you talked to me, and I prayed, I got to thinking of my mother and sister over in San Antonio, Texas, and I made up my mind to go home and go to school and be something. I ran away three years ago, and they don't know where I am."

The next Monday, Texas left for home, and carried my card in his pocket. And a few weeks later a letter reached me from his mother,—a letter such as only a mother with such an experience could write. "Thank God, there are some who are working for the boys," she said.

This little incident made a deep impression on my mind. It was not easy to speak to those boys on the street that evening; but was it worth while? Great possibilities lie in small opportunities. Many mothers have a wandering "Texas." It may be God is guiding him around to you. Do not neglect to speak the word.

NINA MAE BAIERLE.

#### Love

"We love Him because he first loved us." The more we contemplate this subject, the more difficult it seems to speak in words worthy of it. It is a real thing; for it does a real and lasting work upon men's hearts. Good resolutions, fear of results of a wrong course, or hope of gain from a right course, can never keep us steadfast in obeying God's laws. But there is one thing that will, and that is *love*. It is not only constraining, helping us upward to do the right, but restraining, holding us from falling into sin.

There is no greater transforming influence than love. It was manifest in the lives of all the holy men of the past; and even the most cruel natures are susceptible to it. It is a weapon they are unused to, and overcomes them. The poet says:—

"Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

We are living in a time when the love of many is waxing cold. How we need, then, to cherish it ourselves! This is certainly a sad and perplexing age. Calamities are laying many low. Hearts are sorrowing and longing for better things. Our motto as young people is, "The Love of Christ Constrains Us." Shall we not give the ministry of his love to the hungry souls who need it so greatly? Jesus only can satisfy the longing of the human heart. Let us make him our all in all, and become efficient to present him to others by our every act as the one altogether lovely. Let us prove that the best friend to have is Jesus. He will be our life's center. Sacrifice for him will be a delight, and his service our greatest joy.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall quicken ours."

SAMUEL W. TRUMP.

#### The Boy Who Dawdled

FRANKLIN ROOD from out the many  
Is a fairly fitting name,—  
It will stand as well as any,  
For a boy who was the same.

Face like strawberries and cream,  
Hair like artists' fairest dream,  
Temper like the days of June,  
Rain or shine, always in tune;

At his play as quick as squirrel,  
How to do it seemed to know;  
But he learned to dawdle, dawdle,  
And work often went quite slow.

Did not dawdle at the table,  
But he ate with such a rush,  
He to tell was scarcely able,  
If 'twas meat, or if 'twas mush.

So he grew to be dyspeptic,  
Till the habit formed, alack!  
He could seldom see the sunshine,  
All the world seemed so blue-black.

Still he dawdled, dawdled, dawdled,  
If at home or if at school,—  
It was not a rare exception,  
But it seemed to be the rule.

Till the habit, first like cobweb,  
Oft indulged in, grew amain,  
Till it seemed to hold its victim  
Like the strongest iron chain.

Never steady pull and even,  
He would often make a dash,  
Till it seemed, the harness breaking,  
All his world would go to smash.  
So he figured as a dawdler,  
And a person often rash.

If an ugly habit met him,  
And he felt its withering touch,  
He was always "going to" break it,  
Still it held him in its clutch.

Earth revolves with moon and sun,  
Perfect order courses run,—  
Seed-time, harvest, do not wait;  
Only dawdlers that are late.

This the truth that stands alone,  
We must reap what we have sown.  
If the dawdler seed we sow,  
We shall reap the same, you know.

It is only fair in passing  
To acknowledge Franklin Rood  
Had full many a point in common  
With the noble and the good.

Summer's sun and winter's snow  
Swiftly come, and quickly go.  
Sunny smiles and briny tears  
Mark the swift revolving years.

Though he lived and moved among  
Those who wept and those who sang,  
Still the evil and the good  
Called him *the late* Mr. Rood.

Some fair day beyond the sunset,  
Will swing ope the pearly gate,  
With a welcome for the pilgrims  
Who with patience watch and wait.

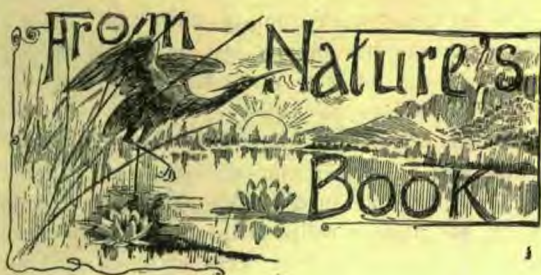
Will he pass the open portal,  
Pure in heart, with joy elate?  
Or with habit still unbroken,  
Will he reach it, *just too late?*

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

MR. CARNEGIE, in May, 1903, offered to the Dutch government \$1,200,000 with which to build a palace of peace at The Hague. The offer was accepted, and a site has been chosen.

THE sum of \$110,200,000 is the amount set apart by the Board of Estimate of New York City to provide for their expenditures during 1905. This is an increase of nearly four million dollars over the amount expended during 1904; still the heads of many departments demanded more than they were allowed.





### Little Pete—Traveled Eight Thousand Miles

SOME time ago a consignment of homing, or carrier pigeons, left San Francisco for Auckland, New Zealand, to be used in carrying communications between Auckland and Great Barrier Island; and among the little feathered messengers was a bird named Pete, which belonged to me. Pete was always known as a wise fellow, his intelligence at times causing people to marvel. But Pete was a tramp; that is, he could not be depended upon if sent on a long trip, often loitering on the way to hunt food or to play, perhaps staying out hours when he should have been absent only minutes. So Pete was shipped away to be used as a loft-bird—one which stays at the home loft to attract returning messengers. Well he went this time because he couldn't help it; but his cunning played a fine trick on his new owners. This bird was taken two thousand miles by land to San Francisco; two thousand eighty-



THIS IS THE LITTLE TRAVELER

nine miles by water to Hawaii; thence, two thousand two hundred forty miles by water to the Samoan Islands; thence, sixteen hundred miles by water to Auckland—in all nearly eight thousand miles; and—now Pete is at home again!

The home-coming of this bird is little short of marvelous, and this is how he accomplished it. Watching carefully for an opportunity to escape, after landing at Auckland, Pete took to his wings, and finding in the harbor the vessel which had carried him so far from home, he radiated from its masts in every direction, searching for a familiar scene or object, which, of course, he could not find so many thousand miles away from his American dove-cote. However, he stayed near the ship, perhaps thinking it would return to America; but when the vessel finally steamed out headed for Australia instead of the United States, Pete deserted his perch, and struck out straight for his home land. So it happened that the "Lucy Belle" an old-fashioned sailing vessel laden with lumber from the Samoan Isles, when three days from Christmas Island, was boarded by an almost exhausted stranger; and the stranger was nobody in the world but Mr. Pete. As the old sailor is a very superstitious being, Pete was welcomed amid cries of wonder at encountering a homing pigeon in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and was allowed to ride wherever he chose on shipboard. The bird was kindly

treated and fed, and one day, during a storm which frightened him and drove the little tramp to shelter on deck, it was discovered that he carried a small tag on one leg, bearing a number and his name. He was placed in a box with slats for bars, and in this condition came into San Francisco Bay with the "Lucy Belle," just as happy at sight of land as any member of the crew, who considered him a mascot.

The story of the "Lucy Belle's" mascot soon spread among the shipfolk along the wharves, and in a few hours Pete was identified as having been shipped some weeks before for Auckland. Then it was that the people understood that the crafty fellow was homeward bound.

All this is wonderful enough but the fact that Pete reached home unaided over two thousand miles of land route is, perhaps, only less wonderful. But he did.

It was argued on the "Lucy Belle" that a bird possessing a brain wise enough to figure out an ocean voyage could reach his home on land; and after some debate, the sailors securely fastened a little story to Pete's leg, reciting his adventures so far as known to them, and turned him loose. How the dear little wanderer found his way home he alone can tell.

It took Pete nine days to travel the two thousand miles, in covering which, of course, he must have stopped often; for, if he could have gone straight home, the distance could have been made in thirty or forty hours. We who had sent him off to Auckland had not the slightest idea that he was this side of the equator, or of the world, when, one morning, not long ago; Mr. Pete quietly hopped down from the home loft, and, without any fuss whatever, joined his mates at a breakfast of corn, wheat, and crumbs!

Now, what do you think of him?

He will never be sent away again; for there is not sufficient money at the disposal of any one man to secure him.

If you know of any girls or boys who are discontented at home, show them this story of Pete, who so loved his humble abode of rough board and hard straw that he outwitted cunning men, and defied the risks and hardships of an eight-thousand-mile journey over sea and land, in the effort to return to his home.—*Ross B. Franklin.*

### The Flittermouse Family

"Ho, ha, hum!" yawned Mrs. Flittermouse, stretching her wings and opening her sharp little eyes, "how sleepy I do feel! Is it really time to wake up, Flapper?"

"Indeed it is," replied her husband. "I should think a six months' nap was long enough to satisfy any bat, and here we've been dozing almost seven. Don't you feel the spring sun warming the earth above our cave? Isn't your appetite ravenous? Mine is. I'll warrant the gnats and midges are whirling over the brook in clouds."

As the sun sank behind the hill, out of the cave trooped hundreds of small, dark forms, and presently the air was filled with shrill cries. All Batland was enjoying its first spring feast. Hither and thither they flitted, hawking after the insects that were out, enjoying the spring evening.

"Flapper," said Mrs. Flittermouse to her husband, when they had eaten all the flies and midges they could catch, "let us look for a tenement. It is time we thought about setting up housekeeping for the summer."

"Yes, my dear," said he, and away they fluttered toward a patch of deep woods. The moon shed a soft light, which the bats liked much better than sunshine. "How does this suit you?" said Flapper, ushering his wife into the hollow in a great dead pine.

"I like it quite well," she replied; "we will

take the top story, and leave the lower part for later comers." A few weeks afterward, the old tree was a lively place indeed. In the upper flat dwelt the Flittermice. The middle tenement was occupied by Madam Squirrel and her children, and the ground floor was a sort of wayside inn, free to any traveler who chose to pass the day or night there. Sometimes a fat coon crept into its cozy depths to sleep from sunrise till sunset. Now a shy rabbit hid in its darkest corner. Once



a black snake spent three nights in it and frightened Madam Squirrel so much that she moved the next morning to the opposite side of the wood.

A proud couple indeed were Mr. and Mrs.

Flittermouse when triplets arrived to bless their home.

"I think, Flapper," remarked Mrs. Flittermouse, "that the boys are going to look like you."

"And our little daughter," said he, is the image of her mother."

When the babies were still very small, indeed they were only a few days old, their mother decided to take them for their first airing, "for," said she, "I must go out and get a meal, or I shall starve, and I surely couldn't leave these precious babes at home. Who knows but the black snake might take a notion to dine on tender Flittermice, instead of frogs and wood mice. "Now, children," said she, "fasten your little thumb-hooks firmly into my fur, and cling on with all your might." Away she darted toward the brook, which wound through the meadow beyond her home wood. How good it was to be chasing the dragon flies, the fat-bodied night moths, and the mosquitoes, in company with all her friends and relatives! "Oh!" she cried, suddenly, as she saw one of her babies falling through the air. Swift as an arrow she darted downward, and just as the little one's nose touched the water, she seized him by his tail. Scolding him roundly, she hooked him to her coat again, and started homeward. "What a fright you gave me, child!" said she, "don't you know that you came as near as possible to losing your life?"

When the children were a few weeks older, they took their first lessons in flying, and their mother showed them how to use their tails like rudders to guide themselves through the air. It was indeed a pretty sight to see the triplets, after a night's hunting, sitting in a row, combing their coats with their hind feet, and parting their fur neatly down the middle.

"Why, mother," asked the little daughter, "must we always sleep with our heads hanging down?"

"In order to throw ourselves into the air and start flying at the first hint of danger."

"And why, mother," asked one of the boys, "must we sleep all the day, instead of enjoying life as so many of the other forest folk do?"

"We are night people," said Mrs. Flittermouse. "If we flew out in the bright sunshine, we should be so blinded and dazzled that we could not see which way to go, and some of the fierce day folk would fall upon us and devour us. Now hang up and close your eyes and ears, my dears, and dream of the fine time we shall have to-night when the stars twinkle, and the moon lights up the meadow and the forest.—*Margaret Wentworth Leighton, in Young Americans.*

"THE hard-won victory is always the sweetest."





## THE WEEKLY STUDY

### Paul at Athens

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: Acts 17:14-34; 1 Cor. 1:18-29.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 91-97.

TEXTS FOR PERSONAL STUDY: 1 Cor. 2:1-4; Acts 1:8.

#### OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

- Paul leaves Berea.
- Reaches Athens.
- Moved by its idolatry.
- Speaks to the Jews in the synagogue.
- Encounters Epicureans and Stoics.
- Mars' Hill.
- Paul's discourse.
- Result.

#### Notes

Paul was escorted from Berea to Athens by some of the brethren. This may have been to insure his safety because of the bitter persecution waged. His journey to Athens was by sea. Silas and Timothy remained behind to continue the work in Berea. There is something touching in Paul's statement that he was left at "Athens alone." 1 Thess. 3:1.

The Stoics and Epicureans encountered by Paul were the disciples of two opposite schools of philosophy which flourished in Greece. The Stoic school was formed by Zeno about three hundred years before Christ. The foundation of Stoicism seems to have been an identification of God and nature, or a kind of pantheism. The Epicureans were atheists, believing that the world came into existence by chance.

"The place to which they took him was the summit of the hill of Areopagus, where the most awful court of judicature had sat from time immemorial, to pass sentence on the greatest criminals, and to decide the most solemn questions connected with religion. The judges sat in the open air, upon seats hewn out in the rock, on a platform which was ascended by a flight of stone steps immediately from the Agora. On this spot a long series of awful causes connected with crime and religion had been determined, beginning with the legendary trial of Mars which gave to the place its name of 'Mars' Hill.' . . . Even in the political decay of Athens this spot and this court were regarded by the people with superstitious reverence."—*Conybeare and Howson*.

The American Revised Version of Acts 17:22 reads, "Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are *very religious*;" Conybeare and Howson's translation, "Ye men of Athens, all things which I behold bear witness to your carefulness in religion." Note the prudence manifested in these words. He was seated in the midst of temples and graven images made with hands, but he does not begin with a direct attack on these national gods. He introduces his new religion with care, and draws his hearers from polytheism to the God who made the heavens and the earth. With all their wisdom and learning this God was to them "unknown."

"The religion of the Athenians, of which they made great boast, was of no value; for it was destitute of the knowledge of the true God. It consisted in great part of art worship, and a

round of dissipating amusements and festivities."

"The city of Athens was the metropolis of heathendom. Paul did not here meet with an ignorant, credulous populace, as at Lystra; but he encountered a people famous for their intelligence and education. . . . The senses of the people were entranced by the beauty and glory of art. Sanctuaries and temples, involving untold expense, reared their lofty forms on every hand. Victories of arms, and deeds of celebrated men, were commemorated by sculptures, shrines, and tablets. All these things made this renowned city like a vast gallery of art. And as Paul looked upon the beauty and grandeur surrounding him, and saw the city crowded with idols, his spirit was stirred with jealousy for God, whom he saw dishonored on every side."

"The Stoics and the Epicureans encountered him; but they, and all others who came in contact with him, soon saw that he had a store of knowledge even greater than their own."

"Thus, in the most impressive manner, with hands outstretched toward the temple crowded with idols, Paul poured out the burden of his soul, and ably exposed the fallacies of the religion of the Athenians. The wisest of his hearers were astonished as they listened to his reasoning."

"Many who listened to the words of Paul were convinced of the truths presented, but they would not humble themselves to acknowledge God, and accept the plan of salvation. No eloquence of words, no force of argument, can convert the sinner."

"The labors of Paul in Athens were not wholly in vain. Dionysius, one of the most prominent citizens, and some others, became converts to Christianity, and joined themselves to him. The words of the apostle, and the description of his attitude and surroundings, as traced by the pen of inspiration, were to be handed down through all coming generations, bearing witness of his unshaken confidence, his courage in loneliness and adversity, and the victory he gained for Christianity, even in the very heart of paganism. Inspiration has given us this glance at the life of the Athenians, with all their knowledge, refinement, and art, yet sunken in vice, that it might be seen how God, through his servant, rebuked idolatry, and the sins of a proud, self-sufficient people."

G. B. T.

### Report from Defiance

THE Young People's Society at Defiance, Ohio, was organized some time ago. Interesting meetings are held every Sunday evening at the home of some of the members. We have studied such subjects as repentance, conversion, the Sabbath, and the coming of Christ.

But now we have the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and take the lessons from it. We have an average attendance of twenty-six.

Some of the members of the Society are distributing *The Family Bible Teacher*. Our prayer is that the work may go on until all the homes in Defiance have heard the third angel's message.

MAMIE TELSCHOW, *President*.

### Word from Jamaica

MANY readers of the INSTRUCTOR will doubtless enjoy hearing from our workers on the island of Jamaica.

Some months ago I went to Jamaica, and after visiting other places, reached the city of Kingston, but had been there only a few days when I contracted "the fever."

Upon inquiring, it was found that there was one of our ministers living only a mile from the hotel, and a messenger was sent by the proprietor to summon him.

After I had waited only a short time, though with considerable anxiety lest he should be out of town, the minister arrived, and, to my surprise, proved to be a fellow student at South Lancaster Academy, Mr. W. J. Tanner. Only those who have been similarly surprised can appreciate my pleasure. Although driven with work, Mr. Tanner called at the hotel nearly every day for six weeks, and occasionally Mrs. Tanner came with him. At one time he was accompanied by Elder Beckner, whose fatherly kindness was greatly appreciated. Later I made the pleasant acquaintance of Elder and Mrs. Strickland.

When I was well enough, Elder and Mrs. Tanner invited me to their home, and my last week on the island was spent with them. They occupy a neat cottage, made of cement, and cooled by a sea-breeze during the day and by a mountain breeze at night. Elder and Mrs. Beckner live in a retired part of the city, surrounded by a grove of cocoanut, bread fruit, and other tropical trees.

While at Brother Tanner's, I was impressed with the variety of duties performed by a missionary. Besides his regular work of preaching and holding Bible studies, he is called upon to help those in peculiar circumstances, visit the sick, bury the dead, not always of our faith, and assist persons driven from their homes on account of the truth, together with many other similar things. Every one seems to have confidence in our laborers, and many go to them as to a friend for counsel and help.

It is now plain to me whence comes the blessing connected with missionary work. The expression "the fields are white," has a new import. It means that in foreign lands are many whose minds are unprejudiced, and who are willing to obey God and his commandments.

When converted, these persons, whether brown, black, or white, prove to be intelligent, enthusiastic Christians, with whom one can converse as profitably as with an American.

When we parted from these laborers and their families, to return home, there were tears in the eyes of some as they thought of their home and friends; but their time of rejoicing will come when they reach the heavenly home, bringing with them many sheaves garnered from the lonely foreign fields.

G. W. CHASE.

"O TENDER One, O mighty One, who never sent away  
The sinner or the sufferer, thou art the same to-day!  
The same in love, the same in power, and thou art waiting still  
To heal the multitudes that come; yea, 'Whosoever will'!"

### A Story of Love

A LARGE cathedral was being built. Years of labor had been spent upon it, and yet much remained to be done. An old man, feeble and with faltering step, came one day and begged to be allowed to work upon the building. He was refused; for the men feared that he would mar the beauty of the architecture. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he begged again and again for the work, and consent was given at last for him to work in a dark vaulted recess of the church. Patiently, day by day the old man worked.

No one noticed until one day the tools fell from his hands. His work was finished, and he was at rest; his face was upturned to another—the work of his hands. It was a face of wondrous beauty and loveliness. At a certain hour of each day the light penetrates the niche, and the face becomes glorified. For years afterward people made pilgrimages to the place that they might look upon this beautiful face.

One said, "This is the greatest work of all; for it is *the work of love*."—*Selected*.





## CHILDREN'S PAGE

**Two Young Apple Peddlers**

"HULLO, Jule! Going down to Leyland?"

"Yes, soon as I can change my clothes. I've just got loaded up."

"Oh, come along as you are!" And the boy in the wagon gave his whip a cut across the weeds by the roadside, sending some yellow blossoms flying. "It doesn't pay to put on good clothes just to peddle apples. Leyland folks'll never stop to think whether your coat is last year's fashion or this."

"They might know whether it was clean or not," laughed the other boy, "and somebody might spy that hole in my elbow." He held up his arm, showing a tear in the sleeve.

"Caught that on a nail this morning. Guess I'll put on my other coat and trousers. Want to wait? It won't take long."

Alonzo Taylor settled himself comfortably in his seat, reached back and took an apple from one of the baskets in the wagon, looked at it dubiously, then replaced it, and selected a fairer one.

"Jule's always so pernickety about his clothes," he mused. "Now he'll waste a good ten minutes, when there wouldn't a soul have known the difference if he'd gone just as he was." He glanced down at his own worn and soiled garments, and brushed some dust from his sleeve. "Just as good to handle those apples in as anything better," he decided.

Julius Merrick drove around the side of the house, looking trim and neat in his suit of dark gray, his hat squarely on his head, and everything about himself and his team betokening the thrifty, prosperous young farmer.

His neighbor gathered up his reins, and started his horse, and then turned half way in his seat, the better to pursue his talk.

"What you got,—windfalls?" he queried.

"Yes. Father thought I'd better dispose of them first. They won't keep so well as the others."

"That's true; but they're all right now. What are yours? Baldwins and Northern Spies? Just what I've got! I say, how shall we manage it? One of us ought to have waited till next week. Suppose you take one side of the street, and I the other. Why, this is your first apple trip, isn't it? You weren't here last fall. Well, let me give you a few pointers. You want to pick out three or four extra nice ones to carry round to the doors—mine are beauties! I've got 'em rubbed up fine. See! don't they shine?"

Julius Merrick's face was grave. "Are those windfalls?" he asked, slowly.

"Oh, you greeny!" chuckled the boy ahead. "You don't s'pose I'd offer such a little gnarly thing as that!" taking up a knotted specimen.

"Why not, if you have such for sale?"

"Now see here, Jule Merrick, don't you go and be a ninny! Of course they aren't all as bad as that. If you want to carry around to people's doors such measly looking apples, you can; but I tell you what, you won't sell many!"

"I should think the fairest way would be to take them as they come, and then customers wouldn't be disappointed."

Alonzo Taylor gave a long, low whistle. "You try it!" he said. "Then if it pays, you let me know! Get up, there! We shall make an all-day's job of it if we keep on at this pace. Get up, I say!"

tone. "But you won't have so much money in your pocket, when you go home, as I'll have—I can tell you that!"

"I'll risk that part of it," said Julius, pleasantly, and then the talk turned to other matters.

The boys followed out Alonzo's plan of keeping together, and they peddled their apples from house to house on opposite sides of the streets which they selected. Alonzo's spirits rose as they went on; for his apples sold far more rapidly than did his companion's.

"What did I tell you!" he said. "Better take my advice! I'll let you have two o' my shiny ones as a starter."

Julius shook his head. "Thank you," he answered; "but I haven't any apples in my load to back up such samples as those, and I can't do it."

"Oh, pshaw! you're too squeamish!" was Alonzo's reply. "Your apples are as good as mine!"

The other did not gainsay him, and the peddling went on in silence.

Alonzo's wagon was empty, when his comrade was still going from house to house in a vain attempt to sell his remaining two bushels. At last they were disposed of to a grocer, and the two boys turned their teams in the direction of home.

Julius Merrick was obliged to hear a good deal of bantering during the succeeding days concerning his apple peddling, for Alonzo told the story, with embellishments of his own, to his neighborhood friends; and although not all of the boys agreed with Alonzo in his methods of marketing his fruit, yet few had

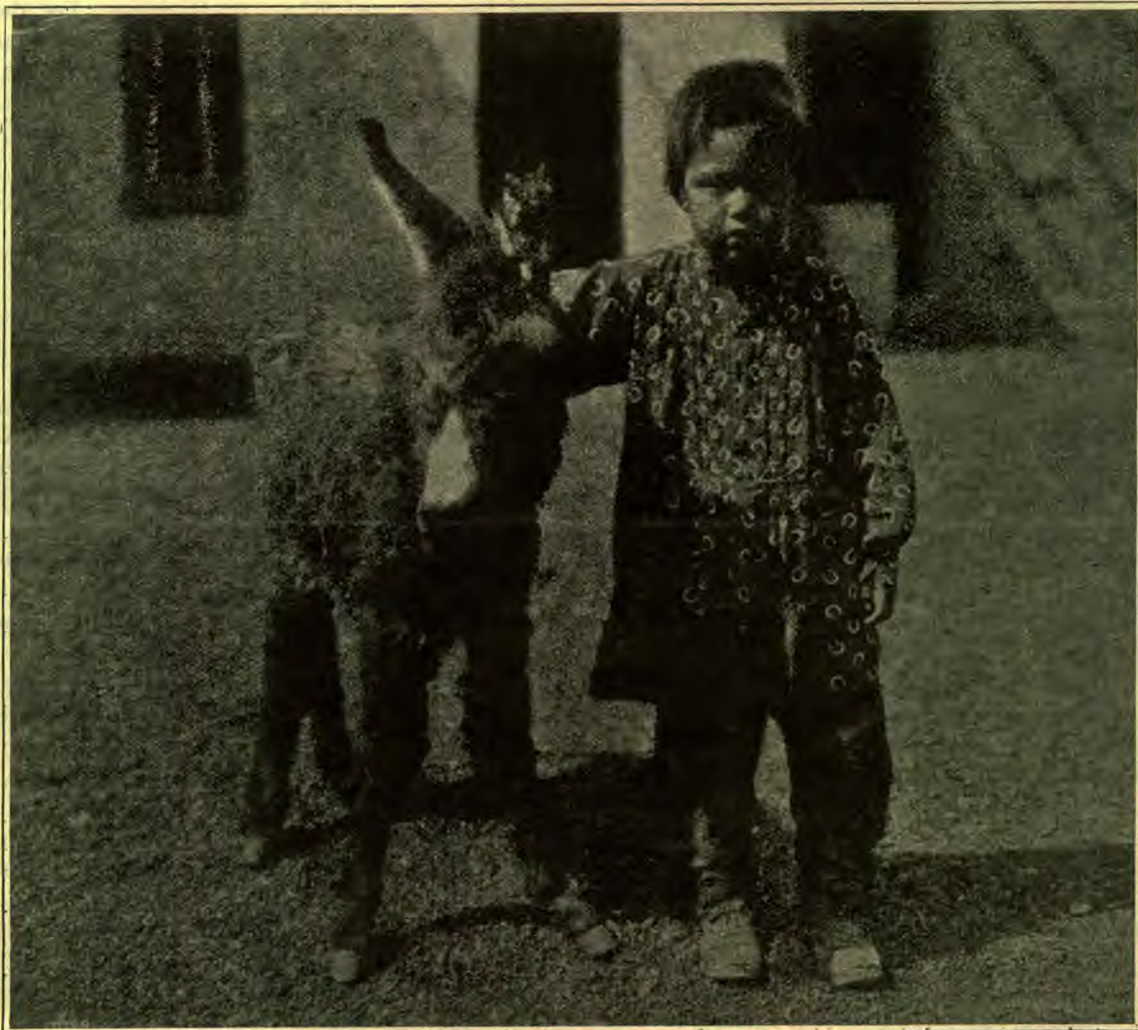
the courage to stand by Julius. Most of them agreed that apples couldn't be sold in such a "greenhorn way," as one termed it; but through it all Julius stuck to his principles in his good-natured, smiling fashion, and bore the jibes with at least outward composure.

About a fortnight after the trip to Leyland, the two boys went down again with apples, this time with choice, picked fruit. Julius would have preferred to go alone; but Alonzo, being a near neighbor, usually learned his plans, and formed his own accordingly. So Julius was not greatly surprised to find that a second time they were to be companions in peddling.

"I didn't mean to go to-day," Alonzo explained; "but when your father said you were going, I hurried around and got ready. I wouldn't miss the fun for anything. Going to sell your Northern Spies for fifteen cents a peck?" he laughed.

"No; I shall get twenty-eight, if I can," was the answer, "and one dollar a bushel."

"Whew! haven't we gone up! You're ahead



AN ESKIMO BOY AND HIS ST. LOUIS FRIEND

For a while the boys jogged on in silence; but Alonzo was of a social turn, and he soon called out good-naturedly: "Have you set your price?"

"Father thinks fifteen cents a peck and half a dollar a bushel will be about right."

"Too low!" asserted the other. "I shall ask twenty and seventy-five cents for mine. You'd better, too. It'll look kind o' queer for us to have different prices—both together, as you may say—don't you see? Neighbors talk over things sometimes."

Julius thought a moment. "I won't take the same streets that you do, if you rather I wouldn't," he said.

"Pshaw! don't let's separate. All you've got to do is to ask my prices, and—do my way. That's fair, isn't it?"

Julius hesitated before answering, and his sun-browned face took on a deeper color. "I think I'd better not ask any more than father said," he replied, at last. "We don't expect to make much on these, anyway."

"All right!" returned Alonzo, in an injured



of me! Don't believe you'll get it, either!"

"They're worth it, father says. They are regular bouncers, and just as fair. We threw out every poor one."

"I didn't take that trouble, I can tell you! They sell just as well, take 'em as they come."

"Father doesn't think so. We want to get up a reputation for good fruit, and then folks will know they can depend on us."

"Well, maybe," acquiesced the other; "but it hardly pays in the long run. We generally manage to sell our things, and at pretty fair prices, too. You mustn't be too nice in business, old chap."

Going over the route of the fortnight previous, Julius found his apples selling readily at the prices he had decided upon; but Alonzo's went slowly. As Julius came from one house with an order for two bushels, his companion was waiting for him.

"They want you over yonder," he said, soberly. "Leastways they don't want me! I'd ought to have worn my best clothes! They inquired for 'that neat-dressed boy' that was with me 'two weeks ago,' and that answers your description pretty straight. I told 'em I'd send you across."

As soon as Julius was at liberty, he presented himself at the house designated, full of wonder at the summons.

"Oh, yes, you're the chap!" exclaimed an old gentleman, who came from an inner room. "What have you to-day? We don't want any more apples from that other fellow. He cheated my daughter last time he was here. His samples were good, fair apples, but those he put in the cellar were about fit for pigs. They told me across the street that if I traded with you, I'd get my money's worth. You may bring me in three bushels if they are as good as those in your hand."

Alonzo watched the measuring of those apples with mingled anger and mortification; and twice again, within a single block, was he obliged to give way to his friend. This was too much for the proud Alonzo, and at the corner he turned into a cross-street.

"Guess I'll try my luck down this way," he said, "and leave free sailing for you."

Julius protested, but Alonzo was determined, and the two boys did not meet again that day.

Julius's load was early sold, and he returned home with orders for eight more bushels, to be delivered the next week.

"You've made a lot of friends in this neighborhood," one woman had assured him, "by your fair-and-square dealing. You've begun on the right track. Treat customers well, and you can keep them; let them find out that you've cheated them once, and you'll find it a hard matter to get back their trust."

Alonzo Taylor learned in sorrow the truth of this last statement. Even when he adopted more honest methods, people still disbelieved him. His chosen field, which included the best portion of Leyland, he was forced to leave to the boy whom he had ridiculed as a "greeny." Even if Julius had not sold any apples, his way would still have been the only right way.—*Emma C. Dowd.*

### Our Aim and Our Motto

OUR AIM,—“The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation.” Why is that our aim? What will be the result of the accomplishment of that aim? How shall we accomplish it?

First, it is our aim because it is the purpose of God for this time,—the advent message to all the world in this generation. That is the will of God. That is the purpose of God. That is the climax of this great work of the gospel to a lost world. Sometime, according to that plan of God, Jesus Christ will come a second time to this world. His advent will be heralded by a

message of his coming. That message will be the advent message, and it will be given to all the world in a single generation. That is my understanding of the reason why we have chosen that for our aim.

This is a great aim, a great purpose. It is great for two reasons: first, it is a great thing to do; and second, the results will be unspeakably great. What does it mean?—It means self-denying, consecrated service. I wonder if our young people who have chosen this as their aim realize the greatness of it?

In this country we have only about one twentieth of the people to whom this message must be given. There are fifteen hundred millions of them in the world. When we look over this land with its great cities, its teeming millions, we can see that we have a great work to do here; but, my friends, it is only one twentieth of the work that must be done if this aim is accomplished. Here in this country we have a common language, we have religious liberty and freedom, great railway, telegraphic, printing, and postal facilities,—we have everything to be desired to aid us in the speedy proclamation of this message. But when we leave this country, we enter upon difficulties that are wholly unknown here. When we cross to China, we find a people in the darkness of heathendom, speaking another and very difficult language. We find them without the modern appliances and facilities that we have here. Crossing from China to India, we find conditions not quite so bad, but yet very forbidding. Yet our aim is to proclaim the advent message to every one of these nations in this generation. Can we do it? Is this aim a reasonable one? If it is God's purpose, it is a consistent aim for us to take.

One thing young men and women need to get hold of is a positive assurance that this aim is well founded; that is, that Jesus Christ is to come in this generation. If that is true, a definite message must be given to the world in this generation. How shall we get this positiveness?—We must go to the Word of God, and get it there.

I remember how some of these truths first came to me. It was not altogether by the preaching of the ministers who came to our church when I was a boy. When I felt called to the ministry, I went out to give this message. I was very hopeful and courageous. On my way to Texas, where I was going to begin work, I began to do missionary work. I had a little tract, “Elihu on the Sabbath.” I handed a gentleman in front of me this little tract. He read it, turned around, and began to question me. He proved to be a Baptist minister. I found that I did not exactly know my bearings. When he saw that I was perplexed, he began to give me some counsel, telling me what he believed about it. This was the first time a man had talked to me about such a thing. I did not know what answer to give, so I said nothing. When I got away from that man, I took my Bible and searched for every scripture that said a word about Sunday, the first day of the week, and I was astonished to find out how little there was in all that man had said. My mind was firmly established upon the truth of the Sabbath, and from that day to this no man has ever been able to shake my confidence in it. I learned from the Bible the facts, and there my confidence rested. I had a like experience over the question of the state of the dead.

There are young men and young women who have not positive assurance in their souls that Jesus Christ is coming in this generation, and the reason is that they have not gone into the world to proclaim that message, and hence have not come face to face with people who made them think, and made them go to the Word of God to get the truth for this time.

What will be the result of giving the advent message to all the world in this generation?—Jesus Christ will come in this generation, the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, the consummation of the gospel in all its fulness and glory will come; the righteous will have that blessed experience of going up to heaven without seeing death; the righteous who have fallen asleep in Christ will come up, an exceeding great army, in this generation. What tremendous events these are! What a thought for me to stand and see my Lord in his glory! Will that not be a wonderful scene? I want to ask you if results warrant the service required? What do you say?

You ask, What is the service?—It is all that you can possibly render. All that you can render, and far more than you are capable of rendering, for the service you render to-day will increase your power to serve, and to-morrow you can render greater service. God asks us to take only a step at a time, and the step that we take strengthens us for another forward step.

OUR MOTTO,—“For the Love of Christ Constraineth Us.” I feel more anxious regarding this motto than I do regarding the aim; because when this becomes a fact, the problem is solved. What does the word “constrain” mean? It means the love of Christ compels, impels, moves, influences us. O that this were so! Let us read, “Because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again.” Look at that argument—the love of Christ constraineth us because we thus judge, or reason. Here is the reasoning: Christ died for all because all have died—were dead through sin. He died for all that they should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them. Paul said, “That love constraineth me.”

Dear friends, this is the only power that can ever enable us to give the advent message to all the world in this generation. The secret of our failure to-day is that the love of Christ has not sufficiently constrained us.

This brings us face to face with the greatest problem that we have: How can we be filled to overflowing with this blessed love of the Lord Jesus Christ? I read in Romans that the love of Christ is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, which is given us. Then in order to have that fulness of his love, we must have the fulness of the Spirit of God. What will bring the Holy Spirit to us?—Unconditional and unreserved surrender of our lives to God.

The young people of this denomination have the greatest aim, the most glorious motto in the world,—“The Advent Message to All the World in This Generation; for the Love of Christ Constraineth Us.” If something could come to us to make this actual, make it more than a motto, more than an aim, something would go forth from us that would take effect on the hearts of men. I do not say that all would be converted, but, my friends, something would be accomplished. We can not go on much longer in this indifference. The question is, What can we do to bring a change?

We can get on our knees, we can throw to the winds all the selfish ambitions of our lives and hearts, we can let go of every trifling thing, every side issue, and get right with God. I sincerely pray that the Lord will bring us to the one great purpose which he has for us.

A. G. DANIELLS.

“If thou knowest no good to say  
Of thy brother, foe, or friend,  
Take thou, then, the silent way,  
Lest in word thou shouldst offend.”



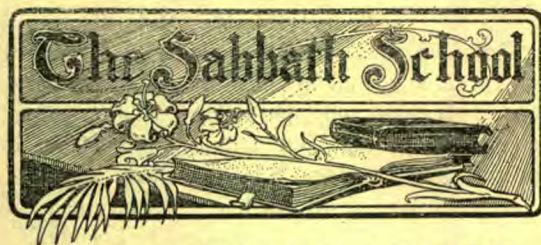
**"Read of All Men"****"By their fruits ye shall know them." Matt. 7: 20.**

OUR deeds, and the words that we utter,  
To the eyes of the world will unroll  
The desires that rest in the bosom,  
The thoughts that abide in the soul,  
No matter what creed or profession  
We make, while our life is a scroll  
That the world reads, and marks our progression,  
As we act out the thoughts of the soul.

Oh, then, may our thoughts be the purest,  
And the heart be renewed from above!  
For heaven is sweetest and surest  
When the actions are guided by love.  
There's a rapture, if we will but learn it,  
In making the broken heart whole,  
And the world is not slow to discern it  
When Jesus abides in the soul.

Life opens in glory before us,  
And the bright years of heaven draw nigh,  
The grand bow of promise bends o'er us,  
In a land where its dwellers ne'er die;  
As the hush of the night, it is holy,  
Where its bright, countless seasons unroll,  
And the joy of the high and the lowly  
Is Jesus, who dwells in the soul.

L. D. SANTEE.

**INTERMEDIATE LESSON****I—The Decree of Cyrus**

(January 7)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 1 and 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "For thus saith the Lord, That after seventy years be accomplished at Babylon I will visit you, and perform my good word toward you, in causing you to return to this place." Jer. 29: 10.

Years before they were carried into Babylon the Lord had told his people, through the prophet Jeremiah, that their captivity would last only seventy years; after that he would bring them again to their own country. So, in the first year of King Darius, Daniel fasted, and, in sackcloth and ashes, prayed earnestly, confessing the sins of Israel, and asking that God would forgive them.

While he was still praying, the angel Gabriel touched him, and said: "O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding." He assured Daniel that he was "greatly beloved," and told him how long it would take to restore and build Jerusalem, when the Saviour would come, and how long he would preach.

Darius reigned only two years. Then Cyrus the Persian took the throne. This man had been raised up by the Lord to do a great work. Many years before the birth of Cyrus, the Lord had called him by name, in the writings of Isaiah, and had told the very work that he would do,—that he would give the command to rebuild Jerusalem, and lay the foundation of the temple. This shows us once more how interested the Lord is in all that concerns his people.

It was now just about seventy years since the first company of captives had been brought to Babylon from Jerusalem, and was therefore time for the children of Israel to return to their own land. Verses 1 to 4 of our lesson scripture tell us how King Cyrus did his part in fulfilling this promise that the Lord had made to Israel:—

"Now in the first year of Cyrus king of Persia, that the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah might be fulfilled, the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus king of Persia, that he made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, and put it also in writing, saying, Thus saith

Cyrus king of Persia, The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth; and he hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Who is there among you of all his people? his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (he is the God), which is in Jerusalem. And whosoever remaineth in any place where he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with silver, and with gold, and with goods, and with beasts, beside the free-will offering for the house of God that is in Jerusalem."

All the vessels of gold and silver, five thousand in number, that had been taken from the temple and carried away to Babylon, were also given to one of the princes of Judah to be taken back to Jerusalem.

Then all the people gathered together at Jerusalem. The altar of burnt offerings was repaired, sacrifices were offered, and the worship of the Lord was re-established.

A free-will offering was also brought by the people; and money was set aside to hire masons and carpenters, to buy food for the workmen, and to bring cedar logs from Lebanon to use in rebuilding the Lord's house.

After many months the foundation of the temple was laid. This was a time of great rejoicing; but while some shouted for joy, others, who remembered the glory of the former house, wept aloud. Mingled with the jubilant song of thanksgiving was the voice of weeping and sorrow for the beautiful lost temple that Solomon had builded; "so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people: for the people shouted with a loud shout and the noise was heard afar off."

**Questions**

1. What kingdom was represented by the head of gold in Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the great image? Dan. 2: 38. Name the two nations that united to form the next kingdom. Who was Darius? How did he honor Daniel? Dan. 6: 1, 2.
2. What promise had the Lord made to Israel concerning the time of their captivity in Babylon? Memory verse. What did Daniel's study of Jeremiah's prophecies lead him to do? How were his prayers answered? See Daniel 9.
3. After Darius had reigned two years, who was made king? What had been written about Cyrus many years before this? See Isa. 44: 28; 45: 1-6.
4. In the first year of his reign, what proclamation did Cyrus make? What were those who did not return to Jerusalem to do? Ezra 1: 1-4. What was done with the vessels that had been taken from the temple? Verses 7-11.
5. Tell how the worship of the Lord was re-established at Jerusalem. For what purpose were free-will offerings brought? Ezra 3: 7.
6. When the foundation of the temple was laid, how did the people praise the Lord? Verses 10, 11. What sound was mingled with the songs of rejoicing?
7. Tell at least one way in which our faith may be strengthened by our study of this lesson.

"ONCE to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife 'twixt truth and falsehood,  
For the good or evil side."

**I—The Bible and Liberty\***

(January 7)

MEMORY VERSE: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." 2 Cor. 3: 17.

**Questions**

1. What is the condition of the sinner? 2 Peter 2: 19.
2. What is involved in this bondage of sin? Rom. 6: 16; note 1.
3. For what purpose was Christ manifested? 1 John 3: 8.
4. What was his mission to this earth? Isa. 61: 1.
5. Tell how Jesus announced his mission in Nazareth. Luke 4: 16-19.
6. What condition always exists where the Spirit of the Lord is? 2 Cor. 3: 17.
7. For what purpose was Israel delivered from Egyptian bondage? Deut. 5: 15.
8. What command was given them for the release of their Hebrew servants from perpetual bondage? Ex. 21: 2.
9. What arrangement was made whereby there would be release from the bondage of debt? Deut. 15: 7-9.
10. What command was given concerning land lost through debt or misfortune? Lev. 27: 24.
11. When was universal liberty from all servitude, debt, and unfortunate loss of possessions to be proclaimed? Lev. 25: 10.
12. For refusing to proclaim this liberty to their brethren, what message was sent to Israel through the prophet Jeremiah? Jer. 34: 17.
13. When will final and complete liberty come to God's people? Dan. 12: 1. By what was this deliverance typified? Note 2.
14. What are we encouraged to do that we may be prepared for that great day of deliverance? Gal. 5: 1.

**Notes**

1. Satan's plan is, and ever has been, to bring man into bondage—the bondage of sin, the bondage of self, the bondage of selfishness, the bondage of fear, the bondage of slavery, the bondage of debt, the bondage of disease, the bondage of death. How well he has succeeded, the amount of sin, selfishness, fear, slavery, debt, disease, and death there is and has been in the world testifies.

2. "In the time of trouble, we all fled from the cities and villages, but were pursued by the wicked, who entered the houses of the saints with the sword. They raised the sword to kill us, but it broke, and fell as powerless as a straw. Then we all cried day and night for deliverance, and the cry came up before God. The sun came up, and the moon stood still. The streams ceased to flow. Dark, heavy clouds came up, and clashed against each other. But there was one clear place of settled glory, whence came the voice of God like many waters, which shook the heavens and the earth. The sky opened and shut, and was in commotion. The mountains shook like a reed in the wind, and cast out ragged rocks all around. The sea boiled like a pot, and cast out stones upon the land. And as God spoke the day and hour of Jesus' coming, and delivered the everlasting covenant to his people, he spoke one sentence, and then paused, while the words were rolling through the earth. . . . And when the never-ending blessing was pronounced on those who had honored God, in keeping his Sabbath holy, there was a mighty shout of victory over the beast and over his image."—"Early Writings," pages 27, 28.

"Then commenced the jubilee, when the land should rest. . . . Soon appeared the great white cloud. It looked more lovely than ever before. On it sat the Son of man."—"Early Writings," pages 27, 28.

\*A number of years have passed since we have studied the subject of religious liberty. In view of this, and of the rapid developments that are being made to restrict religious liberty, which call for intelligent counter-efforts on our part, it has been decided to devote a few Sabbath-school lessons to the study of this subject.





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Look on page five for two interesting features of the St. Louis Fair.

ELDER DANIELLS'S article on the aim and motto adopted by the young people of this denomination is full of stirring truths. Read it individually, and have it read in the Young People's Societies.

FROM various texts of Scripture it is evident that the Saviour was not born in December. There are facts that seem to place his birth about the middle of October. Christmas is a mere heathen festival, which was originated long before the birth of the Saviour. This knowledge prevents our celebrating Christmas as the world does; yet it is well that we stop often to think of God's wonderful gift of love to our world. It is well, too, that we bring our heart's best gifts and lay at his feet even at this Christmas-tide if we have not done so before.

## "The Shining Shore"

DR. GEORGE F. ROOT, the author of "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom," was sitting, in his younger days, at his desk on the old home farm at Reading, Massachusetts, composing and compiling a music book.

His mother, a saintly woman, entered the room softly, and placed over his shoulder before his eyes a paper, in the poets' corner of which was a ballad full of spiritual figures.

"I wish, George," said she, "that you would sometime write music for those words."

She slipped away, leaving the composer the paper.

He dropped his eyes on the ballad. The words read strangely; there seemed to be some mystery in them:—

"My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger;  
For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
And soon we'll all pass over,  
And, just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover."

What followed was as tender, beautiful, and unexpected:—

"We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning."

The tune came to him immediately, after the manner in which inspirations suddenly come to tone-poets. He wrote down the music, put it aside, and some time afterward published it. The ballad went over the world. For many years there was scarcely a social religious meeting in certain parts of America, England, or Scotland at which "The Shining Shore" was not sung.

The singers did not fully comprehend it, but they found in it something that met the needs

of their souls. It entered into the inner consciousness.

Some years after it was published, an aged man entered Dr. Root's office, and said: "You have set to music some words of mine, which people love to sing. You call it 'The Shining Shore.'"

Dr. Root started. "I have hoped to meet the author of these words ever since I first saw them. How came you to write it? What does it mean? What is your name?"

"My name is Nelson. I am a clergyman. I was driven from my home by a mob in the times of the Kansas-Missouri troubles, and I hid in the river weeds of the Mississippi. I was a free-State man.

"It was near night, and I hoped that I could hail some boatman who would take me across the river. While I was hiding in the river weeds, the sunset passed, and the shadows of evening fell. Across the river was a city, a free city, and I saw a light shine out there in the street along the shore. Then another light, and another, as the lamplighter did his work. Then the stores and the houses shone down on the waters. It seemed as if the city were lighted for me. The shore shone. I gazed on that shining shore, and I longed to be there.

"While thus longing and waiting, the substance of the verses came to me. I found a boatman, and was taken across the river to the shining shore; and there, on the following day, I wrote down my thoughts in the river weeds in the verses you have set to music."

I was told the story by Dr. Root himself, after the manner in which I have given it, though not in the same words. I recently visited the old house at Reading where the song was written. The farm was very beautiful, with its willows, gardens, and orchards, but had passed out of the hands of the musical family, and was occupied by Canadians.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

## The Artist and His Ideals

GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS is described by his biographers as the simplest and most humble of men. His personal humility and self-effacement, says a writer in the *Monthly Review*, formed a striking contrast to the loftiness of his aims and the passionate strength of his convictions.

His daily actions were a living illustration of his belief in the old German motto which the Queen of Rumania, "Carmen Sylva," suggested to him as the text of one of his most touching pictures: "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have."

"Our little life," he wrote once, "is poor indeed if bounded by our own personal wants and fancied requirements."

Among countless instances of his generosity is one which he often recalled because of its connection with his picture, "Love and Life," now hanging in the White House in Washington, a work which he considered his most important message to the world.

A poor artist's wife, whom he had never seen before, came to his studio in sore distress one day, and begged for a loan of a few pounds to enable her to join her husband, who lay dangerously ill in New York. Watts gave her all, and more than all she asked, and she left him with tears of gratitude in her eyes, promising to come and see him on her return. Two years afterward she appeared, accompanied by her husband, who was restored to health, and had found work in America, and repaid the money which Watts had lent her.

When the painter asked what had led her to apply to a total stranger like himself, she replied, "The sight of your picture, 'Love and Life.'"

She felt that the man who had painted that pic-

ture must have a heart over-flowing with love and pity for sorrowing humanity, and the issue proved that she was right.

In his candor and guilelessness, Watts never shrank from giving his sitters good advice. A thoroughgoing idealist himself, Watts expected his friends to live up to the level of their art, and was pained to see any inconsistencies in their conduct. "Come, King Arthur would not have talked in that way!" he said to Tennyson one day, when the poet was in a more bearish mood than usual. But when the laureate showed him his knotted and swollen fingers, he understood, and felt satisfied that it was "all the gout."—*Christian Endeavor World.*



ROCK HALL, MD., Nov. 18, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I am in the fifth grade at school, and study geography, physiology, Bible, reading, language, spelling, and arithmetic, and like to go to school. I go to Sabbath-school, and Mrs. Evelyn Stevens is my teacher. Sincerely,

CHARLIE ELBOURN.

ROCK HALL, MD., Nov. 18, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I think the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is the most instructive paper that I ever read. I think that it has its right name.

We have an excellent Sabbath-school at Rock Hall, and we are all doing well. I have been asked to teach from *Our Little Friend*, and I am very sorry to give up my INSTRUCTOR, but I expect to read it. Sincerely,

MARVIE LEARY.

ROCK HALL, MD., Nov. 18, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: My brother, sister, and I planted a missionary garden containing potatoes. We planted three short rows, from which we received three and one-half bushels of potatoes. We gave two bushels to the Harvest Ingathering Service, for the help of the church-school. I sold five "Gospel Primers" for the same purpose. I am assistant secretary of the Sabbath-school, and enjoy working for the Lord. I enjoy reading the YOUTH INSTRUCTOR. I am thirteen years old. I was baptized May 3, 1902. I attend a church-school. My desire is to be a missionary. I wish some of the girls would write to me.

IRENE COLEMAN.

These letters are interesting; for they show that somebody has been at work. Still they do not tell all that has been done, for the church-school teacher writes that she went out one afternoon with one or two of her pupils, and secured fourteen orders for the REVIEW. At the Harvest Ingathering Service held in the Rock Hall church, the score or more of large baskets of fruit and vegetables, and the tempting jars of canned fruit, showed a practical interest in the church-school. These were obtained from the missionary gardens of the young people, or donated by the members of the church. These things were to be sold, and the money used for the church-school. It would be delightful if next year there could be missionary gardens for the church-school, and also for the mission field. I am glad for the work of the Rock Hall church-school.

BOOKKEEPING SHORTHAND OR PENMANSHIP by mail. Address Firestone Accounting Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.