

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Gleanings from the Life of Luther

"WHAT! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered, Yes; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown."

As the fond mother rocked her little Martin, who first saw the light Nov. 10, 1483, little did she think that in a few short years he would rock the continent. Well is it, perhaps, that the mothers of the great of earth do *not* know the future of their children. It might awe them into unfitness to give the training that aids in no small degree in developing them for their illustrious future. Be that as it may, it is sure that the little Martin was dealt with in no uncertain tone. His was the typical German home in which the rod was not spared. But we will not linger to observe methods of training in this boyhood home, but will hasten on, and more carefully note the fruits of this home life in the illustrious years that followed.

At the age of fourteen years our little German was sent to Magdeburg, and later to Eisenach, to prepare for the university. While singing in the street for alms, he attracted the attention of a wealthy lady, who took him to her own home, and gave him an excellent teacher. In due time he entered the university at Erfurt, where he made marked progress until he took his degree.

His father intended him for the law; but Luther determined to devote himself to the church, and we find him at the age of twenty-two an Augustinian monk. He was a student through and through, continuing his studies in the monastery until called to a professorship in the new university at Wittenberg.

During his stay at the monastery, Luther, for the first time in his life, found a copy of the entire Bible. With delight he read and studied

this book, and already the light of truth was ready to be kindled into flame.

After his entrance into the university, he was sent as a delegate to the papal court at Rome, where his eyes were opened to the condition of the church in her holiest sanctuaries. This journey to Rome was the notable event in his life. He went there a medieval Catholic. He came away a Protestant. Soon after this he took his second degree, that of Doctor of Divinity. The oath, promising to devote his whole life to study and to faithfully expounding and defending the Holy Scriptures, was surely ever after most scrupulously kept.

mons were preached by Tetzel, extolling the worth of indulgences, and urging their purchase, declaring that as soon as the penny sounded in the chest, the soul was delivered from purgatory. The language of the advocate of this wretched idea is startling: "For twelve pennies you can deliver your father, and yet you are so ungrateful as not to relieve him in his distress. At the last judgment, I am free, but you are responsible. I tell you, if you have but one garment, you should part with it rather than fail of such grace."

What wonder that such infamous mockery stirred Luther's soul to the depths! He who had



"The trees were plumed with feathery flakes, and the ground was white below"

At about this time the war being waged against the Turks, the completion of St. Peter's at Rome, and the luxurious habits of Pope Leo X, induced this same pope to resort to a trade in indulgences on a very large scale. Not the so-called ignorant, but those standing high as leaders in the Renaissance were appointed to superintend this great traffic. As a subcommissioner, the better-known John Tetzel, the Dominican, was appointed to prosecute the infamous business. Wherever he went, the bells of the town and cities announced his approach; the officials of the place, the citizens, and even the school children went in procession to meet him. A red cross on which the coat of arms of the pope was emblazoned, preceded him. On a velvet cushion his papal commission was displayed. Entering a church, the red cross was raised in front of the high altar, and the indulgence chest placed beside it. Ser-

passed through deep soul struggles ere he won pardon, knew that forgiveness could *not* be purchased by money. He accordingly thundered against Tetzel's career from his pulpit with his usual energy. He closes one sermon with these words: "O the dangers of our times! O ye slumbering priests! O darkness denser than Egypt! How secure are we in these extreme evils!" Surely these words might well be sounded in trumpet tones in this *our* evil day.

There was an expectation that a crisis was coming, but no one could tell when or where it would come. The theologians at Wittenberg were accustomed in regular order to conduct theological discussions, and to prepare and post up in advance the theses which, on a given date, they would discuss. In accordance with this custom, Luther prepared and posted his ninety-five famous theses, discussing God's ideas of repent-

ance, compared with the indulgence evil. The date of the posting of these theses, Oct. 31, 1517, may aptly be regarded as the birthday of Protestantism. The effect of the publishing of the theses was stirring indeed. Though many disapproved of Tetzel and his traffic, they felt that Luther had spoken unadvisedly. The memory of Savonarola's death caused them even now to see the stake in the foreground. They did not realize that some one *must* move first, some one must pioneer; and happy is he, who, regardless of consequences, dares go forward alone, if need be, for Truth's sake.

"Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

In reply to a charge against the step he had taken, Luther said: "If the work be of God, who shall prevent it? If it be of man, who shall promote it? Not *my* will, nor *their* will, nor *our* will, but *thy* will, O holy Father, be done."

Though for a moment he stood alone at Wittenberg, the theses were immediately circulated through the different universities, and from them, as centers, in all directions. It was a live subject, the most pressing question of the hour. The revolution of the general Christian feeling had found expression. Men were only waiting for *some* one to speak the first word. All honor to him who dared do it. Words of approval were quickly sent back from many directions to strengthen weak hearts at Wittenberg. "In fourteen days," said Luther, "the theses flew all over Germany." "In four weeks," says his cotemporary, Myconius, "they were diffused through all Christendom, as though angels were the postmen."

The result was startling, even to the fearless author. He little dreamed of their having so wide an influence. A copy of them was sent to the pope, with the request that strong measures be taken to prevent the spread of such teaching. Accordingly Luther was soon summoned to appear at Rome within sixty days, on charge of heresy. While his friends were in deep anxiety on the subject, Luther wrote: "You know that in all these matters I have nothing to fear. For if, by means of their flattery or power, they cause me to be hated, I have in my heart and conscience this one thing, that I know and confess that all that I have and against which I contend, I have of God, to whom I will gladly offer all. His holy name be blessed forever! Amen!"

At another time when his life was feared to be in danger, he said: "Like Jeremiah, I am clearly a man of strife, since I am daily irritating the Pharisees with what they call new doctrines. But while I am unconscious of having taught anything but the pure doctrine, I nevertheless foresee that I will be an offense to the most holy Jews and the most wise Greeks. I hope that I am debtor to Jesus Christ, who says: 'I will show him what great things he must suffer for my name.'"

CARRIE E. ROBIE.

(To be concluded)

If Worth Reading, Worth Saving

NEXT to earnest consecration and a genuine hunger and thirst for truth, the greatest requisites necessary for a really useful career are well-developed systematic methods of study and work. Many men and women who are accomplishing a hundredfold more in the world than you have ever expected to do have no better

brains than you; in fact, many of them do not actually possess the native ability that others have who are making almost a complete failure, but they have ready access to what they do know, and they have learned to concentrate their minds on what they have in hand so as to develop something out of it.

To know how to do things according to some system or plan is not only one of the secrets of success, but also is the key to the easy doing of great and complicated work. A train dispatcher has under his control a large number of trains in different parts of a vast railway system; and he regulates their movements with far less strain on his nervous system than many a woman does her ordinary household affairs.

The majority of cases of nervous prostration that have come under my care have been on men who made hard work out of what should have been easy for them. Childhood and youth is the time to acquire right methods of study and work. Those who fail to do this will sooner or later discover the tremendous disadvantage under which they are placed; and they rarely succeed in making up for this early loss. There are, however, encouraging exceptions; but the bend of the young sapling is liable to be found almost unchanged in the full-grown tree.

To have a systematic plan of treasuring jewels of truth found in the reading, and also the many important facts or statistics that come to you in various ways, so that you can have them ready at hand, not only aids, but strengthens the memory. Perhaps you have read in the "Testimonies for the Church" that "all over the world men and women are looking wistfully to heaven. Prayers and tears and inquiries go up from souls longing for light, for grace, for the Holy Spirit. Many are on the very verge of the kingdom, waiting only to be gathered in." If you are a genius, this grand, encouraging statement will not only instantly photograph itself upon your brain, but will also slip into the proper corridor of your mind, and be right on hand whenever it will be of the greatest service to you. If you have only the talent possessed by ordinary mortals, yet cherish an inspiration for true usefulness, then you can do something that will enable you, with your ordinary abilities, to compete satisfactorily with the genius; in fact, if sufficiently diligent, you may outstrip him in real results.

Have a book on hand in which you classify under appropriate headings a concise statement of every important truth that you read in books. You will be amazed at the treasures of truth that soon accumulate. If you read in a newspaper some important fact concerning tuberculosis, or some new discovery, cut this out, put it into a long envelope which has the general subject under which this would come, written on the outside. After you put in the clipping, write across the end of the envelope its title, so that at any time you can see at a glance what articles you have on this particular subject. You will need an envelope for each general subject.

You know financiers sometimes go over their accounts with a great deal of satisfaction. You may not have any money, but you can accumulate truths that will in the end be of more value to you than any earthly treasure.

Whenever you get access to some new truth, whether it be of a spiritual or a physical nature, or any fact of general importance, show your appreciation sufficiently to bow your head, then and there, and thank God for having brought it to your attention. If you will do this, you will soon be pleasantly surprised at the way in which the Lord will, apparently incidentally or accidentally, bring you in contact with the very things you have longed to get hold of. That is the kind of God we serve. It makes service to him sweet and satisfying. He gives us all we can and will

make use of, but he never casts pearls before swine; it is to the *righteous* that light is sown. Let this give you a bright outlook. It may seem that you are doomed to a life of uselessness, but could your eyes be opened for even a moment, and you catch a glimpse of the opportunities that God has arranged for you, you would be overcome. For wise reasons God gives but few people such a glimpse in advance. We walk by faith, and not by sight.

For the encouragement of the boys and girls who have been apparently deprived of many opportunities in life, I quote from my index book under subject "Possibilities" the following statement, written by Mrs. E. G. White in the *Review* of Aug. 19, 1884:—

"Are you ambitious for education that you may have a name and position in the world? Have you thoughts that you dare not express, that you may one day stand upon the summit of intellectual greatness, that you may sit in deliberative and legislative councils, and help enact laws for the nation? There is nothing wrong in these aspirations. You may every one of you make your mark. You should be content with no mean attainments. Aim high, and spare no pains to reach the standard. . . . Balanced by religious principle, you may climb to any height you please." There is a stimulus, which the devil can scarcely quench, in a sanctified ambition to be all that it is possible to be, mentally, morally, and physically.

The desire to use the faculties for the good of humanity is an ambition upon which the Lord looks with approval. He does not "bid the youth to be less aspiring. The elements of character that make a man successful and honored among men, the irrepressible desire for some greater good, the indomitable will, the strenuous exertion, the untiring perseverance, are not to be crushed out." DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Exalted

WHEN June has dressed her children
In summer colors gay,
And tulip, rose, and lily
Nod heads in grand array,

'Tis then the fir-trees, sighing,
In gowns of somber green,
Find no one to admire
Their trim and stately mien.

And when at autumn's summons
The maples, blushing, stand,
And elms a "golden glory"
Have spread o'er all the land,

The shrinking cedar trembles
With shame and sore distress.
No eye is turned to notice
His changeless, dull, dark dress.

But lo, a change comes slowly;
The sky's a vault of gray,
While garments gold and crimson
Have all been laid away.

The ermine white of winter
Hides hillocks brown and bare,
Forms for the constant fir-trees
A background wondrous fair.

And now, a thing of beauty,
Sought by admiring eyes,
The evergreen stands peerless
Against the wintry skies.

And thus, sometimes, the humble,
The hour when others quail,
Find at the post of duty
Honor which shall not fail.

CORNELIA SNOW.

TRUTH is the apostle before whom every cowardly Felix trembles.—Wendell Phillips.

Cleanings by the Way.

Our Boys in Gray

Scenes in the Life of a Letter-Carrier

WHEN letters come to us in the post-office, we lay them on a table, and arrange them by streets in the same order as the houses to which they are addressed. A little carelessness in this preliminary sorting will often cause the carrier to walk many extra blocks.

Having "routed" the mail, we load up our sacks, and start out. My route begins at the intersection of two of the main business streets.

Taking the letters in the left hand and the papers for the first block over the left forearm, I can look over both letters and papers easily. The papers are held in place by a strap with a spring grip, which, as the papers are delivered, can be readily tightened to keep the remainder in place.

My load in the business districts melts away like a Walla Walla snow-bank before a chinook wind. Soon I have reached the bottom of the sack and the end of the trip. I must return to the post-office, load my sack afresh, and start for the "residence trip." It is now nine o'clock, and I must return to the post-office by half-past eleven if possible, so as to deliver the Eastern mail, which arrives at that time.

The first letter is for a young lady whose lover is at Manila. Ringing the bell and putting the letter in the box, I start toward the gate, when the girl's mother recalls me. She walks with me to the gate.

"Do you remember the letter postmarked Spokane that you brought for Nellie yesterday?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, I want you to watch out for letters to Nellie in that handwriting. Don't bring them. Tear them up."

"But I am not allowed to destroy any mail whatever, so it would be out of the question for me to do it."

"Very well, deliver all the rest of her mail to her, and put those letters in your pocket to hand to me when you see me alone. I'll attend to them."

"I am sorry to seem disobliging, but I am not allowed to deal so with letters."

"But she isn't of age."

"Then you have a right to have all her mail delivered to you."

"But that will only make matters worse," says the anxious mother. "I want her to get all her mail but those letters from Spokane, which ought to be destroyed. She will think that man has tired of her and has quit writing. She is engaged already to a man at Manila. Since he sailed, she has met this man from Spokane. He is worthless; he does not pay his bills, and I can't understand how Nellie can be so fascinated with him. Won't you help me? I don't want to see Nellie's life wrecked."

I tell her how sorry I am, but that the post-office can not help her to deceive the girl, even in so good a cause.

"Well, put all her mail in the general delivery, and I will call for it," is the mother's parting injunction as I leave.

We carriers see many signs of hidden tragedies and narrowly averted disasters. Sometime ago, when I came to a street letter-box on my collecting trip, a man asked me to return a letter which he had dropped in the box a few hours previously. I told him it was impossible. He said that it was very important, and that he must have it.

I said, "One of the sections of the Postal Laws and Regulations says, 'Carriers are for-

bidden, under any circumstances, to return to any person whatever, letters deposited in the street letter-boxes, but must take them to the post-office.'"

He said that he had written a letter under a misapprehension; that, since mailing it, he had discovered that he was mistaken, and that if it was delivered, it might cause an estrangement. I told him that if he described the letter to me, I would write on it "Hold for writer," and that by applying to the postmaster and signing a receipt, it would be returned to him. It is unnecessary to state that the person addressed never received the letter.

There is some one across the street, trying to attract my attention. She may have a letter to mail, and carriers ought to be obliging, so I will go over, even if I do not enjoy wading through the mud to do so.

"Did you want me, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes," she replies. "I am going to ask a favor of you. I'll do as much for you some day. It won't be much out of your way, and your time is paid for, so I'm going to let you take this note to Mrs. Gray."

"But it has no stamp on it," I object; "and even if it had, it must go through the post-office to be canceled and postmarked."

Of course it hasn't any stamp on it! It isn't important enough to waste a stamp on. Just tell Mrs. Gray that I am not going to the lodge to-night, and ask her to stop and get the lodge books."

"I wish I could, madam. It's a fact that I am paid for my time, but the government is the paymaster, and it requires me to refuse to deliver private notes or messages. The local postage is designed to help pay my salary."

"Very well. I can send one of the children over after school," she replies; and I can tell by the way the door slams that she thinks I lack an accommodating spirit.

"Is This All?"

How thoughtless some persons are! One lady on my route whenever she meets me on the street, although she sees that I have a heavy load and am trying to make up lost time, invariably stops me with the request for her mail. I frequently have almost to empty my sack in order to get the package in which her mail is routed. After I have given it to her, she will say, "Is this all?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did the mail all come?" she asks, fretfully. "You don't suppose you could have overlooked a letter of mine, or handed it to anybody else by mistake?"

Then she will hand me back the paper which I had delivered to her, and say, "You might as well take this to the house."

I once ventured to tell her that it would cause me a great deal of trouble to put her mail back in its proper package. She asked me if I supposed she wanted to carry that big roll of paper all round town with her, so I meekly took it back, and stuck it in the side of my sack, meaning to remember it when I came to her house. I remembered it only when I had got two blocks past the house, and so I had the pleasure of retracing my steps that far.

While there are a few such persons on every route, the great majority are thoughtful and considerate. Frequently on hot days one lady on my route has a glass of lemonade or ice-water for me. If I happen to pass her house in a drenching shower without an umbrella, she sends her little boy to the gate with an umbrella for me.

Upon one occasion I rapped at her door when my hands were so numb that I could not shuffle my letters. She drew me out of the rain into her kitchen.

"I know it's against the rules, but a cup of hot coffee will do you lots of good and keep

you from having pneumonia," she said.

She is the kind of person to whom a carrier never takes the notice, "Call for package; too large for the carrier to deliver." He delivers the package if he has to make a special trip to do so.—Fred Lockley.

(To be concluded)

Morning

How sleepy we all get along toward morning. In olden times, we are told that the Indians chose the early morning hours in which to attack the white settlements; for they knew that in that hour men were more easily surprised and bewildered than at any other.

The other night I was dreaming, and in my dream was carried back to my childhood home in Ohio. In my dream my mother was calling upon me to awake, as it was morning. I could hear her voice, and understand what she said, but how hard it was to get my eyes open, and to make an effort to arise! but by dint of great effort and resistance to the sleepy spell that was upon me, I was soon enabled to do so.

One night I was awakened by the sound of laughter and song. I thought it must be morning, but no, it was only midnight. The voices came from some happy young people coming home from a party.

After a time I heard a rooster crow in the tree back in the yard, and soon there was a sound of crowing all over the country made by these early heralds of the morning. Then I slept, and when the morning really came, it was hard to awaken, because I had been awake in the night.

When one has watched by the side of the sick all night, the sleepest time is early in the morning. When you get over that sleepy time, it is comparatively easy to keep awake.

Away back in 1844 there was a great awakening from a cry that was being made of "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" We are told that that was the "midnight cry." It is one of the landmarks of our faith, of which we may never safely lose sight.

In 1889 there was another cry, and another great awakening. A few good souls who were high up in the gospel tree, saw a new light, and at once heralded the morning. The cry was taken up by nearly all those whose office it was to watch, and soon all were awake and stirring. But it was not yet morning, and the greater number fell asleep again. The light was the true light, and was of the morning, but the morning was not yet.

Our Lord, in speaking of these things, said, "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrow, or in the morning." Mark 13:35. The Lord did not come at "even," nor did he come at "midnight," nor yet even at the "cockcrow." So there is only one time left for him to come, and that is the morning, and it is now here. We know it is morning because we are all so sleepy, and feel so much our lack of power. We have been awake so long, or been waked so often, that now when the morning has come, we can not believe it is here.

Awake! Pull yourself together, and open your eyes, and you will see. Now has come the time to make the supreme effort of your life to awaken and to keep awake, "lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping," lest he "come in a day when he [his servant] looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites. There shall be weeping," such bitter weeping, and regrets, but vain regrets for it will be too late.

E. L. PAULDING.

"He who would be a leader must go before."

Perfectly Simple

TRYING to give an idea of the size of a molecule, Dr. W. Marshall Watts says that if a drop of water were enlarged to the dimensions of the earth, its molecules would look like a heap of 9,556,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tennis balls. If all scientific facts can only be reduced to sporting terms, the general understanding of the wonders of nature might be increased.—*Boston Transcript*.

Not Appreciated

"I do not try to do my work as well as I can," said an employee, recently, "because my employer does not appreciate it."

We often hear this excuse for bad work, for indifferent service, but we have never known a young fellow to get on very far in the world who starts out in life with this skimping, slighting policy,—to do bad work just because his employer does not appreciate good work. Of course, it is pleasanter to work for a man who appreciates you.

A boy once tried to justify himself to his father for being rude to a young man, just "because he was no gentleman." The father rebuked him by saying: "You should not treat a man politely because he is a gentleman, but because you are one." You must not gauge your work by the appreciation of your employer. You have a higher master to answer to. You can not afford to stoop to the level of a man who is not a gentleman. If he can afford to thus demoralize and desecrate his manhood, you can not afford it. There is something higher and better in you. You have a grander aim in view than merely to do poor work because your employer does not appreciate you. There is a voice within you which calls for your best under all circumstances; not because your employer is a man, but because you are one.

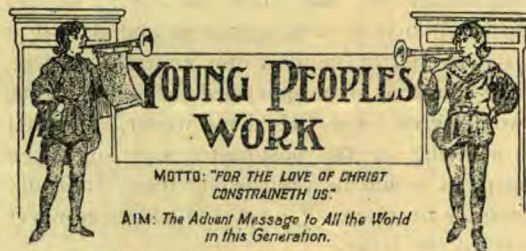
Many a man is wallowing in failure to-day, buried in the debris of his own mistakes and slipshod methods, just because in boyhood he thought it was not worth while to do his best because it was not appreciated. It is your own future, my young friend, your own character, that is affected by the quality of your work. You are not injuring your employer by bad work half as much as yourself. It may be a matter of a little loss of money with him; it is a loss of manhood in you. Can you afford it? Can you afford to sell yourself for such a contemptible consideration?

The quality of your work, your own efforts, become a part of your life, interwoven in the very texture of your being. You can no more get rid of the slipshod, slovenly task, or half-performed work, even if way back in your boyhood, than you can get rid of the characteristics of your ancestor, or change the color of your eyes. Every blunder you ever made, every piece of slipshod work, every half-done thing, colors, modifies, cheapens, demoralizes everything which comes after it in your life.

What matters it in the long run whether your employer appreciates what you do or not? You can not afford to be cursed with commonness, to be tied down by the curse of half-done, indifferent work, simply to square yourself with your proprietor who does not appreciate you.

There is something within you which will say "Amen" when you have done your best, and which will rebuke you if you slight anything. The approval of this little innate monitor will give you a thousand times more satisfaction than the approval of your employer. You have a master which is above your employer, whose disapproval you can not afford for any amount of pay. If you always keep the approval of this little adviser, you will never drop your standard, you will never lower your ideals, you will never haul down your manhood flag, for she does not give

her approval for second place; she does not give it for mediocrity when you are capable of excellence, when you are capable of superiority.—*Orison Swett Marden, in Young Americans*.



THE WEEKLY STUDY

Glimpses of Paul from Thessalonians

OPENING EXERCISES.

SCRIPTURE FOR STUDY: 2 Thessalonians.

REFERENCE STUDY: "Sketches from the Life of Paul," pages 116-118.

A SPECIAL PROMISE: 2 Thess. 3: 3.

OUTLINE OF TOPICS:—

Salutation. 2 Thess. 1: 1, 2.

Commends their faith and love. Verse 3.

Encouraged the troubled to look to the coming of Jesus for rest. Verses 4-9.

Warns the church against expecting the coming of Christ in their day. 2 Thess. 2: 1, 2.

The reason. Verses 3-12.

Thanksgiving and exhortation. Verses 13, 14.

His prayer for them. Verses 16, 17; 2 Thess. 3: 5, 16.

Confidence in God's faithfulness. Verse 3.

His confidence in them. Verse 4.

Instruction concerning the disorderly. Verse 6.

His own example. Verses 7, 8.

Notes

"In this first epistle to the Thessalonians, Paul's teachings concerning the second coming of Christ were in perfect harmony with his former instructions to the church, yet his words were misapprehended by some of the Thessalonian brethren. They understood him to express the hope that he himself would live to witness the Saviour's advent. . . . In his second letter to the church, Paul seeks to correct their misapprehensions, and to set before them his true position. . . . He carries them forward to hope for rest from all their cares and perplexities when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed, "in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."—"Sketches from the Life of Paul."

"The papal power, so clearly described by the prophet Daniel, was yet to rise, and wage war against God's people, and trample upon his law. Until this power should have performed its deadly and blasphemous work, it would be vain for the church to look for the coming of their Lord."—*Id.*

G. B. T.

Echoes from the Ozarks

ANOTHER year of work for the Master is completed, its three hundred sixty-five days are on record in the books of heaven. Has each of these days, full of golden opportunities, been improved to the utmost of our powers? Many earnest hearts look back over the road, and question every step of the way. Oh, we miss so much even in all our zeal for the missionary work at home and abroad! but the summer is ended, the harvest is past, and a new year lies just before us. Surely we are all entering it with newness of life and purpose, eager to sacrifice, to spend and to be spent, to spread the glad news of a Saviour's love. We extend joyful greeting to all our young people everywhere.

Our Sabbath-school pursued the same plan as last year in our work for Central Africa. We held our Harvest Ingathering exercises, using the program given in the INSTRUCTOR, interspersed

with added recitations and songs, making an exceedingly interesting and profitable exercise. A unique feature of our program was the thanksgiving offering, which was taken while the song "Hear the pennies dropping" was sung. A silver basket was placed upon the table, and the members of the Sabbath-school came down the outside aisles of the church to the table, and dropped their offering into the basket. More than "pennies" were given, however, by thankful hearts and hands, making a nice little offering which the Sabbath-school had previously donated to the work in Washington. This division of our effort for Central Africa, with Washington, cut short our offering to Africa, which otherwise would have been about the same as last year. The amount received from the sale of needlebooks, pinballs, emerys, and other things during this and last year was about seven dollars.

Our Sabbath-school has just rendered the program for Christmas given in the *Review*. This also was added to by songs and recitations. "The Macedonian Call of the Nations" was given by little girls dressed to represent the different nations. The noticeable feature of this recitation was the earnest manner of our little maidens as they gravely pleaded for help for their poor sisters over the sea. Nearly every child in our Sabbath-school had some part in this excellent program, and all entered into it with their usual earnest spirit. We often question, What has our dear Lord for these willing hearts to do in this "time of the end"?

MRS. L. E. LA BONTE.

Report from Rock Hall, Maryland

As another year draws to a close, we are glad to note that the Young People's work is onward, and hope that the interest, zeal, and experiences of the past year may be an incentive to each one to do better work for the Master than ever before.

Our Society is one among the many that have joined in the work of the missionary campaign. We appointed committees to take charge of special lines of work, and the plan has proved very successful. The committee in charge of the work of placing the *Review* in the homes of our people reported seventeen orders. This was done before the week of prayer, and thus those who were not able to attend the meetings in the church had the benefit of the readings.

Four hundred copies of the *Signs* have been ordered. Different individuals are responsible for nearly three hundred of these.

The postmaster has given us the privilege of placing literature in the post-office. One of our number has charge of this work, and places good reading there every week.

A young lady member is at one of the hospitals in Baltimore. To-day we learned that she is doing a good work, and desires to have some papers sent to her for distribution. We are sorry, indeed, that she is sick, and has to be away from us; but perhaps the Lord has a work for her to do just where she is.

The Society and church-school work go hand in hand, and as the children of the school desired very much to sell the December number of *Life and Health*, the Society sent for one hundred twenty-five. Seventy-five have already been sold, the children selling over fifty during this past week.

Our last program for this year is to be a missionary one, and we are to have a special collection for the work in India. The children in the school have already one dollar sixty-one cents to add to this as the result of what they have saved and earned during the past two weeks.

We hope that the Lord's blessing will rest upon the work of all the Young People's Societies during the coming year.

LULU I. TARBEL, President.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

**Puss Finefur's Adopted Family**

BUNNY BUNCH was the happiest mother rabbit in the land. Blind, naked creatures were her six little baby rabbits, and perhaps you and I would not have considered them beauties; but Bunny Bunch did, and her approval is of much more consequence than ours.

Somebody else thought Bunny Bunch's babies worth admiring, too, and that was Puss Finefur, the handsomest black cat in the country. He thought Bunny Bunch's babies were so pretty that he really tried to adopt them.

Bunny Bunch lived in a wooden box in a coal shed. To protect her from the weather, her owner had nailed a cover over the top of the box, but left an opening at the side large enough for her to creep in and out of as she wished. This made the box warm enough for Bunny Bunch herself, but she knew it would never be cozy enough for her babies. So Bunny Bunch made a comfortable lining for the box out of fur that she pulled from her own breast. When it was all padded and lined, Bunny Bunch thought it was a nest fit for a king rabbit; and so thought the baby rabbits.

Puss Finefur was the pet of the family who lived in the second floor flat, but he was always prowling around the downstairs premises. He liked to visit his neighbors. One day, when Bunny Bunch's babies were a few days old, she left them in the box, and stole out to the yard to stretch her limbs, and hunt something good to eat.

While she was gone, Puss Finefur came nosing around the box. He saw the six blind babies, and determined on a closer acquaintance. So he ushered himself into their box; and instead of gobbling them up, as most cats would have done, he began licking their little bodies quite affectionately.

The little creatures, feeling something big and warm and furry near them, at once concluded it was their own dear mama come back; and forthwith they nestled themselves close against him. Puss Finefur evidently was not displeased with their attentions, for he just lay right down and let the little things crowd as closely to him as they wanted to.

Pretty soon Bunny Bunch came in herself, and at first she was in a great fright to see Puss Finefur hugging her babies; but he gave her several reassuring "meows," and, finding, upon investigation, that he hadn't eaten any of the six, Bunny Bunch nestled herself down on the other side of the box; and there they lay, Puss Finefur on one side, Bunny Bunch on the other side, and the six babies between them. That was Puss Finefur's first visit to the rabbit box, but it wasn't his last. Every day regularly, for a long time afterward, whenever Bunny Bunch left the box, Puss Finefur walked in, and the babies grew very fond of him; and, as his fur was good and thick, and he was such a warm, cozy kind of cat, they hardly knew the difference between him and their own mama.

Bunny Bunch was glad enough to leave them

in Puss Finefur's charge. She felt that they were safe with him, and that no harm could befall her beloved family while they were in the care of such a devoted nurse. And none ever did. The babies all lived and grew up to be very fine rabbits, and to this day they are great friends with Puss Finefur.—*Kindergarten Review*.

The Street Corner Brigade

THE walk leading up to Main Street was an attractive one. A few years before, a village ordinance had been enacted that all new walks put down must be made of cement, and soon the whole place showed their neat effect. This one side had a walk of unusual width, as it ran along a business block which fronted on Main Street. Its steep incline for a short distance made it dangerously slippery in icy weather; therefore the owners of the property, with due dread of damages for broken bones, had placed

the ludicrous, and he learned to laugh at speeches which would once have seemed sacrilegious. Soon in a small way he began to make jokes himself which met applause. It was being so manly, so up to date, so like "other fellows."

"I heard this afternoon that Mr. Mundy wanted another clerk," Mrs. Martin remarked as they sat at tea one night, "and I believe you'd better apply. It would be a good place for you; your father always said Mr. Mundy was such an honorable man."

"All right, mother; I'll see him in the morning." George was really pleased with the notion of getting this position.

"Why not to-night?"

"Oh," he replied, "the morning's the best time to tackle a business man. He's fresh then; he'd be tired and cross at night." Again George salved his conscience with this reason, though he knew he hankered for another evening with the boys.

"If I get the place, I suppose I'll have to stay in the store evenings," he thought, regretfully.

The next morning, neatly dressed and looking his best, George applied at Mr. Martin's store. He was shown into a small private room at the back, where the proprietor had his desk.

"Too late," Mr. Mundy said, somewhat curtly, "I engaged a clerk last evening."

Last evening!

George's mind rapidly went over what he was doing then. Mr. Mundy watched the boy's face, and his own became less severe.

"Stop a moment, George," he resumed. "I want to say a few words. I knew and respected your father. I know and respect your mother. I don't want their son to make a mess of life. So let me tell you frankly, it would make no difference if I had not engaged some one else; I take no boy or man into my employ who belongs to the Street Corner Brigade. I want self-respecting people, not loafers, to work for me. Other business men feel the same. If you're wise, you'll remember it. Good morning."

Crestfallen, George bowed himself out, though even at that moment he was glad he could truthfully tell his mother that the place was already filled.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." Mr. Mundy's words had cut as he meant they should. George did some serious thinking. He had will-power, once it was aroused. "Loafer"—the term stung. George Martin a loafer? Not if George Martin could help it!

"I'll not be seen in that vicinity again at present," he said; "I'll go a mile round, rather than up and down that walk. I'll read and study at home. Mother'll like that. I'll take up book-keeping, and be ready for a higher position." George kept to those resolutions, though he had to set his teeth to do it.

Six months from that time, a message from Mr. Mundy surprised him. He went once more into the little office, and the prompt business man broached the subject at once.

"James Burton has fallen sick, and isn't likely



"Of course I'll remember," said Dolly (she was almost indignant, indeed). "Two cookies to keep from forgetting Two ounces of caraway seed!"

But when once before the high counter Alice Dolly stood telling her need, She said, "Grandma wants, (Mr. Whipple, Two cookies of gaway seed!"

long iron rails on either side of the descent, at the right height for clinging hands.

"What a blessing!" was the universal exclamation, and nobody dreamed these protective rails would become a nuisance. But they did. When spring opened with balmy air, this particular corner became a gathering place for idle men and boys. They could sit on the rails, or ride them astride, or perform acrobatic feats on them. So it came about that even in the daytime there would be a half dozen or more at this rendezvous. Women of refinement chose the other and less comfortable side of the street, rather than pass between these ranks of bold-eyed, loud-voiced jokers.

Such a crowd is tempting to a boy; there is a certain jolly fellowship which attracts. George Martin had no intention of lying to his mother when she asked him at night after tea where he was going. She always asked, for she felt deeply the responsibility of his training now that his father was dead, and it devolved upon her alone.

Usually his answer was, "I'll drop in at the library, I think, mother, and read there awhile," and Mrs. Martin felt more and more relieved that her son's tastes led him into safe society.

The library building stood at the foot of the steep hill, and to save his conscience, George always did go in first. But his "awhile" became shorter and shorter. Then with that eagerness for outdoor companionship, and that carelessness of risks which belongs to a boy by nature, he would join the company of loafers. If at first he was somewhat shocked at the jokes, there was often an undeniable humor in them, or the simple incongruities appealed to the sense of

to get well in a hurry. The position is yours, if you wish to take it. I've watched you all these months. I've seen that the bitter pill did you good. A young man who will break off evil associations short and sharp, as you did, is the one for me."

George lifted a frank face—no shame in it now.

"I've wanted to thank you, sir," he said. "It's been the making of me," and with a smile, he earnestly said, "I'll be glad to come, Mr. Mundy."

A year later George Martin was Mr. Mundy's bookkeeper, while the shiftless members of the Street Corner Brigade wondered why he had such good luck, and they didn't.—*Selected.*

The Lady of Deer Isle

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is a name which has long been familiar to the reading public, though there is such a spontaneous youthfulness in her writings that it is almost a surprise to see the gray hair which wreathes her attractive face. Mrs. Spofford was born in Maine, sixty-eight years ago. She received but a limited education, and has been largely self-taught. She began writing stories and poems in her very young womanhood, and was successful from the first. Her work has always appeared in the best periodicals, and in her writing she has been inspired by the lofty sentiment that once caused Margaret Fuller to say: "All the good I have ever done has been by calling on every nature for its highest."



Mrs. Spofford's home has for many years been on a tiny and most charming island on the Merrimac River, in front of the old town of Newburyport. There is no house on the island but Mrs. Spofford's, and it is reached by crossing the first chain or suspension bridge ever built in America, one end of the bridge being so close to the house that the great links in the bridge chains show in the picture of the house.

Here Mrs. Spofford lives from early May until very late in the autumn, when she goes to Boston and to Washington for the winter. Her work is in such demand that she gives herself very little time for rest when she is in her own home.

Deer Isle, Mrs. Spofford's home, is on the border of what people call "Whittier's country," and one may almost see the site of the good Quaker poet's home from Mrs. Spofford's piazza. These two poets had much in common, and they were good friends.

It has always been a great sorrow to Mrs. Spofford that there were no boys and girls of her own playing in her home, her one child dying in its earliest infancy; but it lived long enough to strengthen the mother-love that has always made her feel tenderly and kindly toward all children. Were it not for this, she might never have written these lines, suggested after reading in the eighth chapter of Zechariah, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof:"—

"When I see at the flood-tide of springtime
The sky with high luster brimming,
And the little white clouds of heaven
On a happy west wind swimming;
And in all the streets of the city,
The morning about them delaying,

The fulness of life in their being,
The boys and girls singing and playing—

"Then I hear an old verse in the Bible,
With its burden sweet and tender,
Where the Lord had promised the prophet
He would come again in his splendor,
And as though no joy could surpass it,
Exile and sorrow repaying,
That then all the streets of the city
Should be full of boys and girls playing."

The author of these charming lines has written many other sweet and tender poems to and about children, and she has written a great many stories that hundreds of boys and girls have been delighted to read. Some one once gave her the name of the "gracious lady" because of her exquisite courtesy and kindness. It is a great pleasure to "the gracious lady" of Deer Isle to write poems or stories that please the children. Evidently she believes with Douglas Jerrold:—

"Blessed be the land that prepares a pleasure
for a child, for there is no saying when and
where it may bloom forth."—*Young People's Weekly.*

The Surprise

IN a rickety hovel across the way,
All beaten and broken by wind and weather,
Lives "Old Granny Bronson," wrinkled and
gray,
Scarce keeping her soul and body together.

By sorrow and suffering wasted and worn,
In body and mind and spirit shattered,
She lives on what to her door is borne—
The scanty pittance by charity scattered.

The other evening, some lads I know,
Bent on a mischievous undertaking,
For Granny Bronson's started to go,
"To give the old lady's wits a shaking."

"What fun it will be," from one of them came,
"To see her frightened quite out of her senses!
I only fear, boys, that the scary old dame
Will fall in a fit ere the sport commences."

But conscience was smiting the hearts of some,
And his the most who the rest was leading;
And just ere the band to the house had come,
He gave to the voice within him heeding.

"Say, fellows," he said, with a laugh to hide
Convictions he vainly had sought to stifle,
"Suppose we should frighten her so she dies;
You know she is scared at the merest trifle."

"I'll tell you what," quick another said,
Whose purpose had more than once relented,
"Let's give her a pleasant surprise instead."
"That's it! That's it!" They all assented.

Then long they talked with growing delight,
All eager some scheme or service to proffer,
Till at length 'twas agreed the following night
To meet with whatever they had to offer.

To have seen them would have done you good,
Each striving hard to excel the others;
There were baskets of food, and sleds filled with
wood,
And bundles of clothing from sisters and
mothers.

There was one who came with his saw and ax
To cut what he knew another was bringing;
And one who had listing to stop up the cracks
Through which came the west wind, cold and
stinging.

I need not tell you what now took place
In the lonely home so suddenly gladdened,
The hope that shone in the haggard face,
The joy that flooded the heart long saddened.

I will only say that the lesson learned
That night by those boys, no wealth could
buy it,

And all of them said, as they homeward turned,
"How much more fun!" Suppose you try it.
—*Selected.*

Bark for Bread

IT is in the north of Europe that the strangest substitute is to be found for wheat flour. This consists of fir-tree bark, which at first sounds the most unpromising material possible for the purpose of food. Yet during the

great famine in northern Scandinavia two years ago, whole families lived upon bark bread for months, and both in Finland and in northern Siberia it forms a staple article of diet for the majority of the people.

The bark is stripped from the trees in spring, this being the season when the operation is most easily performed. The outer or scaly bark is first carefully removed, as it is the inner or stringy bark which is the only part fit for food. This inner bark is then dried in the sun, and stored for winter. When required for use, the bark is again dried over a slow fire, and ground. The meal is moistened with cold water into a dough, but no yeast or baking-powder is employed, and the dough is then thoroughly kneaded into large flat cakes as thin as parchment.

These cakes, before baking, are pricked full of holes with an instrument made of ptarmigan feathers, and then put into the oven, where they have to be carefully watched, in order that they do not burn. The cooking process takes only a very short time; and when done, the cakes are lifted out, and hung on a rail to cool. After this they are piled in a large heap, and laid by for future use. There is a considerable amount of nourishment in this queer bread, but its taste is distinctly bitter and unpleasant to any unaccustomed palate.—*Selected.*



A SENTENCE that will test the ability of one to spell accurately is the following; it has nothing but this one thing to give it favor: "It is disagreeable to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed pedler gauging the symmetry of a peeled pear."

IRRIGATING land with oil is the plan now proposed by the Sante Fe Railroad and the Standard Oil Company. A piece of land near Phoenix, Arizona, is to be subjected to the new experiment. It is said that the scheme may open up the great Western desert to all the possibilities of agriculture.

MEXICO City is called the "Photographers' Paradise;" for the peculiar atmospheric conditions existing there and in only a few other cities in the world, give a wonderful distinctness to the details of the picture. In the heavy air of the northern cities every ray of light that extends from the object to the sensitive film in the camera must struggle through a million particles of carbon that hang constantly in the air. Each of these particles has a certain deflecting power, and very great skill is required to prevent a distorted detail. In Mexico even an amateur is surprised at his successes.

SOME foreign countries prohibit by law the importation of flour. Portugal has such a law, and, as a result, the so-called flour of that country is adulterated in an appalling fashion; sometimes fifty-three per cent of it is kaolin, or China clay; the remainder is mostly rice husks and finely powdered sawdust. In Italy ground chestnuts are used as a substitute for flour among the poorer classes. Acorn flour is also largely used for bread making. In the northern part of Europe fir-tree bark is the main substitute for flour. One look at our great wheat fields in the West ought to convince the most conservative nation that America has solved more satisfactorily the bread question, and should lead such a nation to open her ports to American flour.

The Words of God

THE Bible is the Words of God
Revealed to holy men,
Who wrote the words of life and truth
With Inspiration's pen.
Those words sublime are written there
To make us think of heaven;
They cause the mind to higher soar,
And reach for blessings given.

This world would be a heaven here,
And would with anthems ring,
If men would do the Master's will,
And to each promise cling.
But why will men perversely walk
In paths that lead them down
To planes of life where misery dwells,
And wrecks of life are found?

A faithful guide the Bible is
To every pilgrim here.
It points the way to God above,
Who gave the Saviour dear;
Then if the Lord in anguish died,
Reviled upon the tree,
Why not accept the sacrifice,
And have salvation free?

J. F. OLMSTED.

**INTERMEDIATE LESSON****V—Esther Becomes Queen of Persia**

(February 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 1 to 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20: 12.

We will now go back a little in our study about the captive Jews in Medo-Persia, and learn what happened to them in the reign of one of the kings who bore the title of Ahasuerus. In the third year of the reign of this king he gave a great feast, which lasted one hundred eighty days. All the princes and nobles of the kingdom were present, and the king showed them all his riches, his beautiful palaces, and all his power. After this he made another feast, which lasted seven days, for the people who lived in Shushan, the palace. This feast was held in the court of the garden of the palace, a very beautiful place. The hangings were of white and green and blue, fastened with silver rings to the polished marble pillars. The beds were of gold and silver upon a pavement made of colored marbles,—white and black and red and blue. All the drinking vessels were of gold, and each was different from all the others. There was great feasting and royal wine in abundance.

On the seventh day of the feast, when the king was drunken, he sent for Vashti, the queen, to come before them, that all might see her beauty; for "she was fair to look on." Now it was the custom in those days for the women to wear a long veil, hiding their faces; and Vashti did not wish to go before that drunken company without her veil. So she refused the request of the king, and would not appear before him.

Ahasuerus was very angry because Vashti would not come at his command, and he put her away from being queen, and chose another to fill her place.

The new queen was Esther, a Jewish maiden of great beauty. She was an orphan, her father and mother being dead; but she had been adopted and brought up by her cousin Mordecai, a Jew

who had been among the captives brought from Jerusalem to Babylon in the days of Nebuchadnezzar. Not only was Esther "fair and beautiful," but she was loving and kindhearted and obedient. She was just as careful to obey the wishes of her adopted father when she was queen as when she had been a little girl at his side. We are told that when Esther was chosen to be queen, she did not tell the king that she was a Jewish girl; for Mordecai had charged her not to reveal her kindred or her people. And "Esther did the commandment of Mordecai, like as when she was brought up with him."

Not long after Esther was made queen, the king chose a man whose name was Haman, and exalted him to be the chief man in his whole kingdom. "And all the king's servants, that were in the king's gate, bowed and revered Haman: for the king had so commanded concerning him. But Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence."

Haman was full of wrath when he saw that Mordecai did not bow before him, and he made a plan to have all the Jews in Persia put to death. He told the king that the Jews were different from all other people, and that they did not keep his laws. He also promised to pay a large sum of money into the king's treasuries if the Jews were destroyed.

So the king made a decree, and copies of it were sent to every province of his kingdom, saying that on a certain day all the Jews, young and old, women and little children, were to be slain. The king sent the letters out in haste; and when they were sent, he and Haman sat down to drink wine. But the Bible tells us that the "city Shushan was perplexed."

"When Mordecai perceived all that was done, Mordecai rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth with ashes, and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and a bitter cry. . . . And in every province whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, there was great mourning among the Jews, and fasting, and weeping, and wailing; and many lay in sackcloth and ashes."

Questions

1. Describe the feast that Ahasuerus gave to the nobles and princes of his kingdom. What second feast was then held? Describe the place where it was given. Esther 1: 1-7.
2. What command did the king give on the seventh day of the feast? Why did the queen refuse to come before him?
3. Who was then made queen in place of Vashti? Who was Esther? By whom had she been brought up? Esther 2: 5-7.
4. Give one reason for believing that Esther was obedient and loving. Verse 20.
5. What man was exalted to the chief place in the kingdom about this time? For what cause was Haman's anger kindled against Mordecai?
6. What did Haman resolve to do? How did he persuade the king to carry out his wishes? What decree did Ahasuerus then make? Where were copies of this decree sent? Esther 3: 10-13.
7. What did the king and Haman then do? What was done by Mordecai? Who else mourned and fasted at this time?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON**V—The Powers That Be; When, by Whom, and for What Purpose Ordained**

(February 4)

MEMORY VERSE: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God." Rom. 13: 1.

Questions

1. Who is the source of all power? Rom. 13: 1.
2. Then from whom do earthly governments receive their power? Same verse.
3. For what purpose are these governments allowed to exist? Verse 4.
4. When did civil government become a necessity? Note 1.
5. To what class is governmental authority a terror? Verse 3.
6. What term is applied to civil rulers? Isa. 45: 1.
7. What is the duty of the Christian toward civil government? Titus 3: 1.
8. How are they to regard those who stand in authority in the government? 1 Peter 2: 17.
9. What further are they exhorted to do besides holding rulers in high esteem? 1 Tim. 2: 1, 2.
10. What King holds authority above all earthly powers? Dan. 4: 37.
11. Under what circumstances are Christians justified in refusing to obey the civil authorities? Acts 4: 19; 5: 28, 29.
12. Mention some instances when Christians acted upon this principle. Dan. 3: 12; 6: 10.
13. What was the result? Dan. 3: 21; 6: 16.
14. In what way did the Lord show his approval of their course? Dan. 3: 25-27; 6: 22, 23.
15. Relate a similar experience which came to the apostles. Acts 5: 17-20, 27-29.
16. What lesson is taught from all these examples? Note 2.

Notes

1. We should not disparage the utility or importance of civil governments. They are a necessity under the existing condition of things. They became a necessity in consequence of the fall, to secure men in their persons and property, and to check the vicious in what would have been otherwise an unrestrained career of crime.

Andrew W. Young, in his "Government Class Book," page 12, explaining why civil governments are necessary, says: "Man is by nature selfish, and many would infringe the rights of others, for their own selfish ends, unless restrained. Hence we see the necessity of some fixed rules, that each one may know what he may do, and what he must not do. These rules for regulating the social actions of men are called laws. . . . But law can not exist without government. Law is a rule of action laid down by the supreme power, and if there is no supreme power, there can be no law. Hence we see the necessity of government."

2. From all the examples and test cases which have occurred from Pharaoh's time to our own, it would seem that the world should have learned that it is not the business of civil rulers to attempt to direct men by force in matters of religion, and especially that it is a wrong and vain thing for them to command that which is contrary to God's command. That it has not, shows how slow men have been to learn God's lessons, and how great and how gross is the darkness that still covers the earth and the people. Isa. 60: 1, 2. An experience awaits those who are true to the last message, showing that this lesson will never be learned; but just as the three Hebrew children, and Daniel, and the apostles were delivered, so deliverance will come to God's faithful children.

Over and Over

OVER and over come blossom and clover;
Over and over the frost and the snow;
Over and over the dark tempests hover;
Over and over the angry winds blow;
Over and over the bright sunbeams cover
The whole waking world with their jubilant glow.

B. F. M. SOURS.



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THE suggestions in Dr. Paulson's article are well worth carrying out.

THE article on the Life of Martin Luther, by Miss Carrie Robie, is well worth your reading. It will interest you, and will awaken a deeper longing in your heart for a fearless adherence to truth.

ACCORDING to my promise I sent Master Oren Durham some stamps; but the letter containing them was returned not long ago. If he will send me his full address, I will make another attempt to fulfil my promise.

THE INSTRUCTOR goes to press so long before the time of its date that an attempt to record news seems useless; but we will mention the recent burning of the sanitarium at Melrose, Massachusetts. The fire occurred on the night of January first. Through the earnest efforts of physicians and nurses, no lives were lost; but we know that this event has been a great grief to those in charge of the work at the sanitarium, and they have the sympathy of all who love the third angel's message and the institutions for the spread of the truth.

Service

SERVICE is the law of the universe. Nothing save the selfish heart of man lives unto itself. There is no bird of the air, no animal of the ground, no leaf nor blade of grass but has its ministry. The mineral kingdom exists for the plant world, the plant for the animal, the animal for its highest representative, man, and man, through service to his fellow men, for the honor and praise of his Creator. Every part of a plant serves every other part, and it, in turn, is served by those it serves. Each organ of the human body exists for the good of all the other organs, and each system for the other systems.

But almost with the first breath of sin that blew over this fair earth of ours came the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" By this shortsighted interrogation the author unwittingly laid bare his selfish soul. A heart sensitive to the delicate vibrations borne to him from the altar upon which lay his unconsumed offering, would have heard a chorus of voices saying, "Nothing lives unto itself; you are your brother's keeper."

The myriad things about us point to the path of service, and say, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and hearts attuned to infinite harmonies hear and obey.

The flower, the dew, the snowflake, the rain-drop, the cloud, all bring their offering for the common good. As the brook speeds along over the rocks, it sweetly echoes the sound of the

busy mill below, and the waters of the great rivers are stirred by oars and wheels of service. Even the vast ocean to its very depths responds in the daily tides to this law of the universe.

The mountains, in their isolation, alone seem unmoved by any appeal to serve; but their brows are scarred by thousands of storms, each of which brought to the valley from the heights a wealth of good. Miracles of service are wrought daily by the sun as he goes forth in his circuit, and the moon and stars lend their kindly influences. And the miracle ends not here. Heaven and earth are united, bound together forever, by the loving, saving service of the Ideal Life.

The Great Master

"I AM my own master," cried a young man proudly when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master."

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked a friend.

"Responsible, is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he will fail."

"Well?"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot; and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend, "I should fail if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under God's direction. When he is Master, all goes right."—*Selected.*

Words of Wisdom

A NATION'S greatness is not measured by its miles or its millions, but by the true worth of its men.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have.

EVEN in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy, and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.

SOME people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in grumbling would often set things right. No one finds the world quite as he would like it.

If it was worth God's while to give us the Book, it is worth our while to toil and fathom its depths, to saturate our thinking and feeling with its truths.

CHEERFULNESS is not always spontaneous; it is greatly a matter of habit, and bears cultivation. One who can contrive to bear a smiling face through a world where there are so many troubled hearts may unconsciously be a public benefactor.

THINGS should not be done by halves. If a thing be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

TRUE politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It consists simply in treating others as you love to be treated yourself.—*Selected.*

Never Fear

NEVER fear the darkness,
Never fear the cold,
Love is watching over
From the streets of gold.

Never fear the struggles
Of some future day.
Morning stars of rapture
May drive all away.

Never fear nor question
If God's will you know,
Every path of duty
Finds Love's overflow.

B. F. M. SOURS.



ROCK HALL, MD., Nov. 22, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I am glad to write to you about oystering; for perhaps you never have seen men oyster.

Chesapeake Bay is noted as the largest oystering place in the United States. The men row out in boats until they are entirely clear of the stakes, then, hoisting their sails, they sail out into the bay. Here they put their sails down, and throw their anchors overboard.

The oysters grow on the bottom of deep water. Some men oyster with hand tongs, and others with patent tongs. The men using the patent tongs catch more oysters than those using the hand tongs because the patent tongs are larger. The men are getting now only thirty-five cents a bushel for oysters.

LEROY STEVENS.

Master Leroy has done the thing I have been wanting some of the letter-writers to do—tell us something that is going on about them, or mention some definite things they are learning at school that they enjoy. Oystering is a business of importance to many of our countrymen; then why shouldn't we learn about it? I wonder whether all understand the structure and habits of the oyster. If not, they will be interested to study this little creature.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., Dec. 2, 1904.

DEAR EDITOR: I did not see many letters in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, so I thought I would write a few lines. I get the paper every week at Sabbath-school, and like to read the stories on the Children's Page. I go to public school, and I am in the fourth reader. I have a brother who is ten; he is in the fourth reader, too. I am twelve.

We live on a farm, and have a few head of cattle and two horses. We like living where we can see the fields and green trees.

I have been distributing the special number of the *Signs* in our own district.

I do not get my Sabbath-school lesson from the INSTRUCTOR, but I am in the Bible class, as there are not enough pupils to have three classes.

MARY PEARCE.

Yours is a good principle Mary,—supplying the lack when you see there is a deficiency. A missionary once had this motto: "I will go where no one else will go; I will do what no one else will do." As for the Letter Box, it is kept well supplied—better than the report box of the Young People's Societies.