

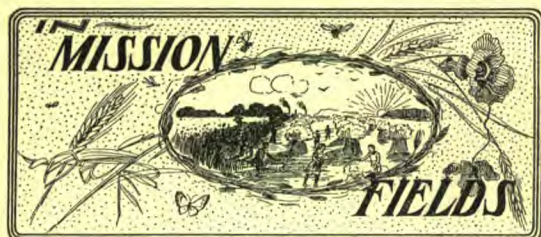
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Life's Highest Field

Abide upon the highest field,
The lofty table-land of life,
Above the earth-born mists and clouds,
Above the cumb'ring care and strife.

Abide upon the highest field,
Where falls the sunshine's brightest ray;
The first to glimpse the day new-born,
The last to see it pass away.

Abide upon the highest field,
And view the gleaming stars on high;
Though falls the night, the darksome night,
They're shining brightly from the sky.

Abide upon the highest field,
And be it morning, noon, or night,
Thy life shall be illumined from
The circling realms of endless light.

FRED SANTEE.

A Missionary's Experience

A LAD was making mud pies by the roadside, and a lady coming along said to him, "My little man, wouldn't you like to be an angel in heaven?" "No," he answered, "I want to be an angel here in the mud." There is a great deal of philosophy in what the little fellow said as related to the great work of world evangelization. What the world, this great sinning, suffering world wants is not angels up in heaven, but men and women with the angelic spirit here upon earth. Your business and mine, then, is to bring the forces and power and influence of the divine life to bear upon the darkness and the ignorance, the squalor and the wretchedness, and the dirt and the sin of this earth. And God knows the mud is deep, and the darkness is dense, and the sin is appalling; but there is a fountain for the world's foulness, there is light for the world's darkness, there is a Saviour for the world's sin. And it is for us, for you and me, to bring the divine provision to meet the human need; we must become the channels by which the divine provision meets the human need.

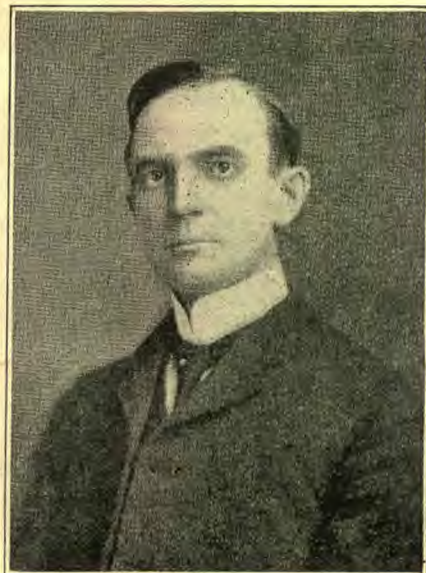
In these words of the apostle we have three facts brought before us very clearly; the fact of the great need, the fact of a divine provision ample to meet that need, and the fact of a great trust committed to those who recognize the need, and have themselves experienced the provision. No word of mine is needed to tell you that the world is desperately in need. We see it on every hand in life's pathway, and I quite agree with the man who says there is plenty to do at home. There is plenty to do at home, ah, yes! Human need crowds us in the mart and in the social circle; everywhere it stares us in the face, and the question with us is simply, Are we the channels by which the divine provision can meet the need of this great sinning, suffering world?

This need is manifested in various ways. First, on the subjunctive side. We behold the strenuous efforts of men the world over to meet the need of their hearts; for go where you will, whether amid the palaces of splendor in our home land, or in the meanest jungle hut in Central Africa, you will find that men are conscious of God; they are conscious also that there is something wrong within themselves, and the inevitable sequence of it is that men strive in some way to find a meeting place with God. So we have the explanation of the myriad forms of religion in heathen lands; for every heathen religion, every superstitious rite and ceremony of heathendom, every idol before which millions are bowing down in abject slavery of spirit, every horrid orgy that racks the world with pain and deluges it with blood, is but a testimony to the universal God-consciousness, the universal need, the universal utterance of that great question, What must I do to be saved? I have seen the African women dance hour after hour, day after day, until one after another fell in convulsions at my feet. Why?—Simply the blind, deluded effort of these denizens of the Dark Continent to find an answer to that imperious question which will not down in spite of some men's efforts in that direction.

I wish I could give you a glimpse of the real conditions that prevail in that land without the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Go with me into Central Africa. You find a people absolutely naked in body. Go with me into one of their huts, circular in form, in shape like a beehive, the only opening into which is a little hole two and one-half feet high by a foot and a half wide, into which you crawl on your hands and knees. When you have gotten in, and your eyes have become accustomed to the semi-darkness, and your nostrils to the almost overpowering stench, if they can become accustomed to it, a scene of filthiness indescribable greets you. You will understand when I say I have counted at night, upon being called to attend their sick, as many as eleven persons and seventeen goats in a hut fifteen feet in diameter. Is it any marvel to you that, living thus with their beasts, they become beastly,—beastly in thought,—beastly in conversation,—beastly in appearance? for the same law works in Africa as in America,—the man becomes what his associates are. Is it any wonder that amid the putrefying atmosphere of such moral conditions love is throttled to death? Is it any wonder that in some tribes when any one is sick, they take him to the bush, and build a fire beside him, and leave him? In others, where we are, they take the sick into the bush near the village, and fasten a rope about the neck of the man or the woman, as the case may be; the other end of the rope is fastened some-

where in the village enclosure. Each morning some one deputed for the purpose shakes that rope. If there is an answering shake from the poor fellow in the bush yonder, they conclude he is alive, and carry him a little food. Morning after morning this goes on until there is no answering shake. Then they go forth, tie a rope about his ankles, and drag him farther into the bush. At night there is a horrid carnival of wild beasts; in the morning a few scattered bones tell the tale of what has become of a human being. And, my friends, if that Book is true, Jesus Christ died for that soul as truly as he died for your soul and mine. Jesus Christ did not die for the African, he did not die for the Indian, nor for the Chinaman, nor for the American, as such; there are no national boundaries to the love of God. He did not die for the black man, nor for the white man, nor the yellow man, as such; there are no color lines in heaven. Jesus Christ died for men, and wherever there is a man, there is one for whom the Son of God gave his life.

It was a wonderful thing when Abraham Lincoln signed his Emancipation Proclamation, and four million slaves in our country went free. But it was a vastly more wonderful thing



WILLIS R. HOTCHKISS

when a greater Man than Abraham Lincoln signed the World's Emancipation Proclamation with his own blood, and that proclamation he placed in your hands and mine with the injunction: "Go now, go and tell the world's captives I have set them free; go and tell the world's slaves I have stricken the shackles from them." But, God pity us, nineteen centuries have passed, and if we laid our ears to the ground to-night, we could hear the clank of the chains and the crack of the whip that tells of the bondage of eight hundred millions of our fellows who have never heard that God signed their emancipation.

These people did not want me there any more than the world wanted its first great missionary, Christ. They tried their best to get rid of me, held councils of war to decide what to do with me. I might say that I was absolutely alone. I went out with five companions. Three of them I buried; the other had to return home, so I was left for the greater portion of four years absolutely alone. Finally several of the natives came to me with the information that they had decided to kill me if I remained more than three days among them. I felt that I was in the place God wanted me to be, and that is the safest place in all the world, as it is also the sweetest. I would to God we could get rid of the notion of saying, "Thy will be done," with a groan, as though it was necessarily a hard thing God asks of us. God's will is in the sunshine as well as in the

shadow. God's will is in the laughter, and the joyousness, and the gladness of life as much as in the sorrow and the afflictions of life. I sent word back to them, "I am here to tell you about God. I expect to stay." They threatened all manner of things. But at the end of the time they came to the conclusion that it was of no use, so they issued an order that any one found bringing any food to the white man was to be killed, and for nearly two months that order was rigidly enforced. It would have fared very ill with me if it had not been for a divine provision. An old woman used to pass my hut to and fro from her work in the fields. Every time she passed, she managed secretly to drop a root of cassava, the root from which our tapioca comes, before my door. I roasted that root, and it enabled me to eke out my slender supply of provisions throughout those months. God's ravens are not dead yet.

The people then came to me. If I was determined to stay, I might do so if I would remove across the river. I went across the river, and built my hut on the very spot where, two months before, they had sentenced me to death. I might say I had to make brick with my own hands, and I laid every brick myself. They still kept up a petty persecution. One day I was attending to some patients. My native servant came up, and standing beside me, said, "Master, I have hit a native." I looked up, and a great ragged gash in his head was pouring a stream of blood over his face.

I said to him: "Boy, it looks very much as though you were the one that got hit. What is the matter?"

"I went to the river to get a bucket of water, and the river bed is full of natives. They are going to kill us all. A man sprang on me and tried to kill me. I hit him. He broke his club over my head and got away."

I said, "Will you go with me?" "Yes," he answered, "I will go anywhere you will go."

I went into the house, got a sponge with which to bathe the wound, came out in my shirt sleeves and started off. He looked at me, hesitated a moment, and then said, "Master, you haven't taken your rifle with you."

I said, "No, we are here on God's business, and we shall be safer without the rifle."

We went to the river, and sure enough the river bed was full of natives, twenty-five or thirty of them. There was no running water in the river at that season of the year, and they were bound upon mischief. I saw at once that either they or I must be master of the situation very quickly, so I did the first thing that presented itself to my mind,—leaped from the bank into the midst of them, began pushing them apart and talking to them as well as I could, asking them why they wanted to kill me. I asked them if I had cheated them in any way, if I had not paid them well for everything I had gotten from them. I asked them if I had not treated their sick and healed many of them and asked nothing for it. Gradually one after another who had his spear raised lowered it, and planted it in the river bed; another who had his arrow in his bow would withdraw it, and place the arrow in his quiver, and one by one they were subdued. Meanwhile I made my way to a water hole dug in the sand of the river bed, bathed the boy's wound, and sent him out of the way. Then I caught the ringleader of the band, whose head the boy had cut open in their struggle, pulled him over to the water, though he struggled and protested, thinking I was going to take my revenge upon him, but they were so awed and so held in check by their superstitious notion that I must be in league with the spirits, that they did not attempt to stop me. I pulled the man to the water hole, and then to their amazement I began to bathe his wound. In an instant I could see

the effect it had upon them. It was a new principle to them. They could understand why I should do such an act to my own servant, but why I should do a like act to my bitterest enemy, the man who had raised the mob to kill me, they could not understand. After having finished bathing his wounds, I said to him, "If you will go to the house, I will bind up the wound." They all followed me, thoroughly subdued. I sewed up the wound, and from that time on had little difficulty with them.

The greatest difficulty of all in connection with the work of Christ in Africa is that which comes from the multiplicity of languages there. I had no word of their language, and no means of getting it except through actual contact with the people, as it had never been written. The first word I got was the word "nachow," which means, "What is it?" And I flung that word at them, pestered them with it on every possible occasion, as I pointed to tangible things about me, and, listening carefully for their reply, would jot it down phonetically. In that way in the course of the years, I obtained a vocabulary and grammar of the language. But there was one word that after two years and a half, two years and a half of persistent effort, I yet had not been able to get,—one little word,—but as the days passed, and the weeks and the months, and the months lengthened into years, that word grew and grew and grew into mountain-like proportions to me,—Saviour. I never knew its meaning until I saw it in the face of the great need that encompassed me,—a need which I was powerless to meet until I discovered that key. I shall never forget the thrill of joy that came to me when finally the long search was rewarded. Sitting with my men about the camp-fire night after night, I listened to their stories, hoping against hope the word would come. One evening my head man began telling a story from which I hoped much. It happened that another missionary, a friend of mine, had been attacked by a lion some time before this, and had been badly wounded. Kikuvu was with him at the time, and was the means of his rescue. As he began relating this story, I said to myself: "Certainly he must drop that word now; I don't see how he can get through it without." I listened with two years and a half of disappointment in the eager concentration of my attention. But he went through the whole story without dropping any word I could construe to be the one I had sought. Sick at heart and disappointed for the thousandth time, I was about to turn away when he remarked casually, "*Bwana nukuth-aniwa na Kikuvu*," "The master was saved by Kikuvu." I could have shouted for joy. But in order to prove the precious possession I had gained, I turned upon him and began questioning him, and finally assured, I said to him, "Kikuvu, this is the word I have been wanting you to give me all these many months, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus, the Son of God, died for you." The black face lighted up as he interrupted me in the midst of my sentence, and I can see that face still as in the lurid light of the camp-fire he turned to me, exclaiming, "Master, I see it now. I understand. This is what you have been trying to tell us all these months, that Jesus died to save us from the power of sin." Never did sweeter word fall from the lips of that black savage in Central Africa. I spent four years alone, burying three of my companions; I had fever between thirty and forty times; have several times been ambushed by the natives; three times attacked by lions, several times by rhinoceroses; for fourteen months I never saw a piece of bread, for two months I had nothing to eat but native beans and some milk; I had to eat everything from ants to rhinoceroses. Do not misunderstand me, now; I am not posing as a martyr; I enjoyed it. But let me say this, my friends, I would gladly go through

the whole thing again with my eyes wide open to it if I could have the joy I had that night of bringing that word "Saviour" out of the darkness of oblivion, and flashing it into another tribe of Central Africa. And do you know, there are two hundred, possibly, such tribes in the Dark Continent to-day without a written language, much less a messenger of the cross? During the past year it has been my privilege to reduce yet another one of these languages to written form. I have in my room a little roll which contains all there is in existence in a tangible form of the language of a million people.

Here is the need. How about the supply? I went to explore a mountain one time. Up on the top of the mountain it was delightful, exhilarating, bracing to us, but to our native men it was torture. One of the men became ill during the time that we spent there, and finally word reached me which necessitated my return to the station. It was a twenty-mile walk, and the man could not possibly make the journey without help; so I left three men with him, carefully instructing them how to help him along the way, gave them food sufficient to last until they could get into the station, and charged them under no circumstances to leave him, because the bush swarmed with wild beasts of every description. They assumed the trust. I went on my way. The next day at noon I was sitting in my house when the three men came in, but without the sick man. I said to them: "Where is the sick man? Is he dead?"

"No."

"Why haven't you brought him in?"

"Oh, we ate up the food and then got hungry. We didn't want to stay there and run the risk of being eaten by lions."

"But don't you know the sick man will be devoured? He can not help himself."

"Well, it doesn't matter, he is going to die anyway."

I said: "That isn't the way of the white man. I am going back immediately to see if we can not find him."

I started back. All the afternoon we marched. I did not expect to find the man; I knew the bush too well for that; nor did I. But what I did find was the outline of a human form in the soft earth beside a little stream whither he had pulled himself, and in horrid suggestiveness around that imprinted form numerous tracks of lions and hyenas. And as that night I lay in my little open tent, and heard the roaring of lions all night, and as the next morning, five minutes' walk from the tent, I came upon the fresh remains of a zebra that had been pulled down in the night and devoured by the lions, it did not require any stretch of the imagination to tell what had been the fate of the poor sick man.

You shudder at such an exhibition of man's inhumanity to man, but let me say this, dear friends: in the face of the world's great need, and in the face of the divine provision to meet that need, in the face of the ever-multiplying facilities, in the face of your knowledge and mine, I bring home to you the charge, "Thou art the man, thou art the man;" for by so much as heaven is higher than the earth, by just so much is it worse to withhold from men the bread of life than it is to deny them bread for their starving physical bodies. What is wanted, then?—Simply that we catch the spirit of Jesus Christ and translate it into life. What we want is not a gilded, jeweled cross as an ornament about our necks, but the spirit of the cross in our hearts, manifesting itself in a life of self-abnegation for the sake of others. What is wanted is not the story of Calvary and of the crucifixion in a book, but that crucifixion made real in your life and mine.

I said that for fourteen months I had no bread. At the end of this time I raised a little crop of

(Concluded on page 6)



THE HOME CIRCLE

Courage

No use to sit down by the willows,
To sigh over woe and wrong;
For sighing will never give victory,
Will never inspire a song.

No use to join hands with the mournful,
No use o'er a blow to weep,
'Tis better to hope and be cheerful,
To smile though the wound be deep.

Arise and be filled with the Spirit,
A love may be ever thine
That will cover mistakes and weakness,
And give thee a power divine.

Go forth to the work with courage,
With never a thought of fear;
The Strength of all strength is for thee,
The King of all kings is near.

Right here may the heavens be opened,
And angels of light descend;
'Tis after the showers the rainbows
To earth in their beauty bend.

E. H. MORTON.

A Vacation for Mother

HOPE had been at home two weeks, and the guilty, disloyal feeling which had burrowed its way into her heart that first day still troubled her.

She had striven against it, and had thought she had been able to hide it, but only this morning had overheard a scrap of conversation between her parents which told her that love's clear eyes had read her.

"Mother," Mr. Abbott had said, "do you reckon we have saved and scrimped all this time, to give opportunities to Hopie"—why would he say Hopie in that silly way, when Hope was complete and so much more dignified?—"just to make her restless and discontented?"

"Oh, I hope not, dear," came mother's gentle voice; "she is so young yet. We must not judge her hastily."

Hope was too well reared to sit still and listen to what was not intended for her, so she slipped softly out of the hammock, which father had slung between the big oaks for her, and stole away in the thickness of the althæa and syringa, and spiræa bushes in the homely garden, to think her uncomfortable thoughts, over and over again.

The house seemed so awfully shabby after the pretty chambers at the seminary, and the broad, palm-decorated halls, and in the two years which she had been away from them father and mother seemed to have changed most unaccountably. She had always thought of them so gratefully and lovingly, for she knew what a strain they were under to put her in the seminary, and it had been a perfect delight to write them long, affectionate letters every week; but now that she was at home again, it was hard for her to be her own sunny self, and she was as much disappointed in her own emotions as she was in home affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott had lived so long in the country village of Kellyville that they had not kept up with all the little niceties of life, to which Hope had so readily taken. It jarred upon the girl to see her father's roughness in dress and manner, and, in spite of herself, she could not repress a disrespectful thought that he ought to have been more successful in life, or else a perverse fate ought not to have endowed his daughter with such fastidious tastes.

As for mother, that was the very hardest part, for it was impossible for Hope for a moment to

forget the great unselfishness which not only had made possible those precious months at the seminary, but which was in evidence in every dainty garment Hope wore, and in a thousand small, unobtrusive ways. Even now, mother could make excuses for her, but the girl could not overlook the little, incorrect forms of speech mother used, nor the essential lack of daintiness in her housekeeping, the plain meals and homely habits of the old home. She tried to prick herself into a better state of mind by dwelling on mother's paleness, but the only conclusion she arrived at was that if mother had different things to eat—if she had studied the chemistry of foods to practical account, and lived more hygienically in other ways—there would be no need for her to look so worn.

"Hello, Hope!" came a hearty voice from the gate; "want to go with me for a little drive?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Rob," she cried, for Dr. Mallory, more older brother than uncle, was very dear to her, and his failing to conform to her ideals was carried off with such a high hand that her attention did not linger on it.

She tied her pretty hat down as she leaned comfortably back in the buggy, and old Tom started off in that monotonous jog trot peculiar to the horses of country doctors.

"Well, my girl," said Uncle Rob, kindly, after a smiling look down into the pretty face which Hope lifted to his, "you look more like my little niece in this rig than you did Sunday in all those frills and flounces; I was afraid you had changed to correspond with your fine feathers."

"Mother made all those frills and flounces right here in Kellyville," said Hope; "they were not imported."

"Ah! Then it was just Miss Abbott that gave them such an air? Well, anyway, I like you best this way. So you have not changed much?"

O, dear! Uncle Robert seemed to be playing upon a harp of a single string, too, and in exactly the key to which her own and her father's and mother's were tuned! Hope's eyes clouded, and the smile faded from her face. She looked off into the woods with unseeing eyes for a moment before she replied. There was something disturbing in her uncle's glance, but it was a kindly one, and, as she thought of that, she turned suddenly back to him, and said, impulsively:—

"Yes. Uncle Rob, I am afraid I have changed a great deal, and I guess you will hate and despise me after I tell you; but I am going to ease my mind of it, and maybe you can help me."

"Proceed," said Dr. Mallory; "my specialty is for bodily ailments, but I am a general practitioner, after all, and I will prescribe for your ailment if I can."

As Hope talked on, she realized with a pang that he showed no surprise at the sorry tale she told, and divined that he had already half guessed it.

"Now, what must I do?" she concluded. "I have only two more weeks at home, for we all feel that I must not miss the opportunities I will have as Professor Loring's guest at Chautauqua; but I would love to make those two weeks all that they could wish them."

"How have you been spending your days at home?" Uncle Rob's tone was the same as if he was inquiring into the state of her appetite, before prescribing a tonic.

"Oh, quite monotonously. I get up rather late, as mother insists that I must have the morning

sleep while I can get it—you know we have to get up so early at the seminary. There does not seem to be any work left for me after breakfast, so I read a good deal in the mornings. At noon, when father comes in, he always wants me to play—and oh, Uncle Rob, what a trial it is, to be obliged to play those old-timey pieces over and over again! Why, I believe I could play *The Battle of Manassas* in my sleep, and as for *The Maiden's Prayer*, it's quite unspeakable! Father says he can not make out any music in Chopin—that there's no tune to such music—fancy it!"

"I'm rather of that opinion myself," said Uncle Rob.

"Later, mother wants me to go out visiting with her, unless some company comes in, and in either case I am either bored or mortified to death. They talk about such commonplace things that I can not feel the least interest in, or else mother gets to telling of my marks at school and my record in music, until I feel small enough to crawl through the keyhole."

"Was your record so bad as all that?" Dr. Mallory asked, innocently; but Hope did not deign to answer such a question, so he asked:—

"How about your evenings?"

"Sir, I haven't any," she flashed. "Mother and father go to bed with the chickens"—

"They also rise with them," interpolated her uncle.

"And I just sit round and read, or write letters to the girls, until I have to go to bed in self-defense from pure loneliness. Now, that is all; I have tried to make a clean breast, so please temper your justice with mercy, and prescribe for me."

"Your case is not hopeless," said Dr. Mallory, after they had driven on in silence for a while. "There is always hope for a sinner who has the grace to feel ashamed of himself; but you, my dear, need spectacles."

"Spectacles?" Hope's hazel eyes opened clear and wide.

"Yes; for your spiritual and mental vision. Can you bear a little plain speaking—a bitter tonic, so to speak?"

"Yes, if it is warranted to cure."

"You spoke just now of the opportunities you would have at the Chautauqua as Professor Loring's guest. If I remember correctly, your going to the seminary, and all this planning of your parents, your teachers, and yourself, is to go toward the making of such a fine teacher as never was! Well, it seems to me that just now you are looking across two precious weeks of time, and two hundred miles of space, to see opportunities at the Chautauqua not one whit better nor more necessary to your development than those within your grasp—even if we take no nearer and more personal view of the situation. Intellectual culture does not so much signify in a teacher, unless she has self-denial—the sweet, gracious kind, not the martyr variety—and adaptability, and both of these are waiting for you to learn right there at your own home. As to making Mary and your father happy, these last two weeks—you can never do it, unless you are happy yourself."

"How can I be happy? Haven't I just told you how everything sets my teeth on edge, and how I despise myself for it? I have better sense than to attempt to make any changes in their way of living."

"I should hope so — under present conditions. Still, according to your own account, you seem to be — er — rather idle!"

"Isn't it my vacation? You know how hard I have worked at school." Hope was not angry, but there was something in her uncle's tone which nettled her.

"Speaking of vacations, do you know that Mary has never had one in all her life that I know of?" Uncle Rob turned old Tom's head homeward, and without waiting for a reply from Hope, whose flushed face betrayed an irritation she would not have put into words, he went on to speak of Mrs. Abbott, that dear older sister, who had been the only mother he had ever known. Hope looked out through the dreamy summer woods, and her mood passed from irritation to pity and infinite weariness, as he reviewed things she had always known, or else vaguely remembered, of the simple life so desolate of outer beauty, yet brimming over with fond effort for those she loved. He said very little of the mother's ambition for this bright only child of hers, but dwelt chiefly on what she had done for himself, and how loyal and devoted she had been to Mr. Abbott all through his struggles with a world which had not gone very smoothly with him. "Poor John!" he concluded; "if his judgment had been as sound as his sense of honor, and as unfailing as his energy, he would now be able to give his little daughter as dainty a setting as even Miss Hope Abbott could desire."

"O Uncle Robert, do hush!" she cried; "you only make me feel so much the worse. I have thought of all this, but, in spite of it, I am just as I have told you."

"Makes you feel worse, does it?" said Uncle Robert, quizzically, as he turned the wheels for her to get out at her own gate. "Well, my dear, I often hear old ladies out here in the country telling my patients that 'they will have to be worse before they are better.' I am inclined to think the expression fits your case. He drove away, and Hope, looking after him, thought, with a sigh, that he had not even sympathized with her, much less offered her a helpful suggestion.

After the first excitement had passed away, Hope thought, peevishly: "It is just my luck, for mother to get her ankle sprained at this particular time. I really had made up my mind to go right along with her and take a hand in all her work, and get as close to her and father as I could, these last two weeks, and I believe I could have made them feel all right, but now — mother is sure to know that I will be bored to death with nothing to do except read aloud and play those old tunes, world without end. Father might be deceived, but mother is too quick!"

She was doing all this thinking as she sat fanning her mother and listening to the discussion whether Mr. Abbott should go at once to bring Jane Bell to do up the work, or wait until later in the day. Dr. Mallory was sitting at the window, absently looking out into the garden, but at this point he turned and looked at Hope so seriously and steadily that her eyes were compelled to meet his. They looked at each other a moment, and a wave of color crept up into Hope's brow.

"Well, Mary," said the doctor, rising, "I was just telling Hope only yesterday that you had never taken a vacation since I have known you, but here is an opportunity. After a little while, your ankle will not pain you so much, but you must not think of trying to bear your weight upon it until I tell you, so you must plan to spend the time as pleasantly as possible." Hope then knew that Uncle Rob had prescribed for her to step in and try to fill her mother's place for a while. — *Susie Bouchelle Wight, in the Well-spring.*

(To be concluded)



"PREPARE us, Lord, for this great work of thine, By thine own process; we know not the way To fit ourselves; we only grope, the day Is thine; its light, a ray from thee, divine, Illumes the path where thou wouldst have it shine."

October Study of the Field

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.

Responsive Scripture reading: Isaiah 62.

Prayer.

Singing.

REMARKS BY THE LEADER:—

"Ripening the World's Harvest." See *Review and Herald*, September 14.

FIELD STUDY:—

"Three Years in India," *Review and Herald*, September 7.

"An Inland Trip in South China," *Review and Herald*, August 31.

"Native Education in South Africa," *Review and Herald*, August 24.

Two-minute reports from Plumstead, South Africa; Canal Zone, Panama; Orange River Colony; Burma; Costa Rica; Mexico; Italy; Chile; Brazil; Amoy, China.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Note

Ten minutes at the close might be spent in testimonies from the field, the leader appointing several young people, before the hour, to bring in some word of testimony from a certain worker in a certain field, designating the field and worker. To illustrate: "We are sowing the seed, watering it with our prayers. We are of good courage." — *Philip Giddings, Roseau, Dominica, Review and Herald of August 31.* "I am glad that there is a sound of agoing in the mulberry-trees. The Lord has gone before us, and soon the work will be finished." — *F. H. Westphal, Negreiros, Chile, in Review and Herald, August 31.* Although most every report in The Field Work Department would afford material for such a social meeting. All the reports upon which this program is based will be found in the issues of the *Review* of August 24 and 31 and September 7 and 14.

Convention in Chicago

THE young people in and around Chicago held a union meeting in the hall used by the West Side church, on Sabbath afternoon, April 15. There are four Young People's Societies in Chicago, with a total membership of about ninety, but there were fully three hundred present at this meeting.

The object of the meeting was stated to be fourfold: to learn more fully the work of the young people for this time; to discover, each for himself, his relation to that work, and his individual responsibility in doing it; to get fresh courage and new strength and zeal for ourselves; and to learn practical methods of service for others.

We were privileged to have Elder Luther Warren with us, and in his opening address on "The Place of the Young People in the Third Angel's Message," he especially emphasized the necessity of personal work.

Dr. Paulson gave a talk on "The Influence of the Young People in the Church," based on Paul's injunction, "Let no one despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

Pointed paragraphs on "The Benefits of Bible Study" were read from the "Testimonies," and Elder Warren discussed "The Importance of Bible Study," in a way to convince all that we must study the Word of God daily, and that we shall have sufficient time when we discard the ordinary newspaper, and light literature, which is worse than nothing.

After a short recess, papers were read or talks given on the following topics: "Relative Importance of Work and Meetings," "Model Programs for Young People's Meetings," and "Lines of Work." The whole was interspersed with music and recitations, and closed with a consecration service.

Much interest and close attention were evident throughout the entire program, which lasted three hours. So much helpful instruction was given that there must have been some "meat in due season" to every soul present, and we have every reason to believe that the aims of the meeting were realized.

LAURA C. FOSTER.

Young People at Work

THE Florida Conference reports the organization of two new Societies. Although the aggregate membership is only fifteen, considerable work has been done. The young people seem to have mastered the secret of successful paper selling, for their report shows the sale of one hundred the first month and two hundred each succeeding month in the quarter, while sixty-one subscriptions were secured. Thirty-eight hundred pages of tracts were given away. The sum of thirty-five dollars was contributed for supplies. At the bottom of the report blank the State secretary writes: "One conversion is reported."

Newfoundland, with its one church and Sabbath-school, also reports one Young People's Society of thirty members, mostly children. They hold regular meetings under the direction of a suitable leader, and once a month meet to fold, wrap, and address papers to persons in different parts of the island.

The Society at Grand Rapids, Michigan, is made up of active members. A recent report covering a period of four months is very encouraging. Fifty-nine Bible readings were held, seven hundred papers distributed, over five thousand pages of literature sold, and almost sixteen hundred pages given away. Thirty missionary visits were made, and fifty missionary letters written. The Society has given to missionary work forty dollars in cash and pledges.

Miss Edith E. Bruce writes of the interest thus: "We are glad to report that our young people are manifesting a greater interest in spreading the third angel's message, and are gaining a deeper spiritual experience. Plans are being made and funds raised to send some worthy young person to school next year to prepare for the work. There are so many ways in which our youth may help. The distribution of literature, the missionary letter, the lifting hand to some poor, struggling soul, will all be blessed of God if performed in the name of the One who has done so much for us."

The Cedar Lake, Michigan, Society has twenty-five members, and reports the sale of three copies of the "Story of Joseph," for the benefit of the work in the South. Three hundred *Signs* have been distributed, and quite a number of tracts. Twenty-five missionary visits have been made, and twenty-three letters written.

The Society at Palisade, Colorado, is doing excellent work with *The Family Bible Teacher*. A division of their town into districts shows that the members are doing systematic work. The people who are receiving the reading-matter seem to be interested in it, and much hope is entertained that the results may strengthen the cause there.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

(To be concluded)



CHILDREN'S PAGE

**Praying and Doing**

"BLESS the poor little children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed a little boy, just before he lay down on his nice warm cot, on a cold, windy night.

His mother said: "You have just asked God to bless the poor children; what will you do to help them?"

The boy thought a moment: "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what then are you willing to do?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread—the bread is mine."

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half of my money. I have seven pennies. I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"—*Our Little Ones.*

Schoolboy Life in China

IN countries where there are free public schools, every boy and girl has a chance to secure an education. Our Chinese boys and girls are not so fortunate in this respect, for the majority of them never learn to read or write.

In this section there are few, if any, free public schools for boys. The boy whose parents are poor has little opportunity to secure an education. He is kept busy helping to keep the family supplied with food and clothing. This is no easy task, for the mass of people of this land have a hand-to-hand struggle for their daily bread. It is all they can do, and more than many can do, to get the necessities of life. If the people own a few acres of land and are in fair circumstances, several families will unite and together hire a teacher for their boys.

I have not spoken of the schoolgirls, because there are none. Some of the missionary societies have schools for girls, but outside of these the girls do not learn to read or write. This is partly because they are regarded as not worth educating; and it is thought that if they were educated, they would not make so good wives.

The teacher is hired for a year; and counting out the vacations, about nine months of this time is spent in the schoolroom. Sometimes the schoolroom is a spare room in the home of one of the boys. The floor is simply the beaten earth, the walls are plastered with mud, and the ceiling is coated with soot. There may be one or two small windows having a latticework, over which is pasted thin white paper. Sometimes one of the numerous temples is used for a schoolroom, and such rooms serve the purpose handsomely; for they are large, well built, and well lighted.

The interior of a temple schoolroom is shown in the picture. The desks are plain tables, and the seats are wooden benches with no backs. A little boy's head hardly comes up to the top of the table, and his feet swing several inches from the floor. Our little student does not murmur much about such inconveniences. He is spurred on to hard study by the feats of some of the ancient worthies. He is told of one poor boy,

who, being without books, copied lessons on strips of bamboo; another boy, having no lamp, read by the glowworm's light; and another very zealous boy tied his books to the cow's horns, and studied while he tilled the soil.

At the base of the platform on which the large idol sits will be seen a small wooden tablet. This is the Confucian tablet, and is found in every schoolroom, for Confucius is the god of learning. Several sticks of incense are kept burning before it. Three times a day every pupil makes his bow before this tablet, and on the first and fifteenth of every month the teacher also makes a *ko-tow* to it.

The beginners' primer is a little book called "The Three Character Classic." It has over five hundred different characters in it, and the boys must learn to correctly recognize and pronounce each one. The first sentence reads as follows, "Men at their birth are by nature radically good." Others are like the following: "If men do not learn, they are not equal to the brutes;" "To educate without severity shows a teacher's indolence." His second book is the "List of Family Names." This is a list of over four hundred characters which are in common use as names. His third book is "The Thousand Character Classic." This is made up of exactly one thousand characters, no two of which are alike. It treats of some of the early kings, of the virtues of man, social virtues, and kindred topics.

The fourth book is "Odes for Children." It is a book of easy poetry. The fifth book is the "Canon of Filial Duty;" and the sixth book to be mastered is "The Juvenile Instructor." It treats of education and social intercourse. All these books were written hundreds of years ago, and one of them was written over two thousand years ago.

After finishing these books the young aspirant next takes up what are known as the "classics." These are composed of four books, and contain the teachings of Confucius, and of a disciple of Confucius, named Mencius. Confucius lived 551-478 B. C. Mencius lived 371-288 B. C. There is nothing in any of these books about geography, arithmetic, or any of the natural sciences, which are studied by every

schoolboy in Western lands.

The task of writing these characters must also be mastered. The teacher first writes a copy, and the pupil places a thin piece of white paper over this; and with a brush-like pencil, made of camel's hair or goat's hair, dipped in thick black ink, he traces the characters until his hand has acquired the skill to write them without a copy.

The boy must improve his time and get ready

to take the examinations that will lead to his getting a degree. He puts in long hours in the schoolroom. He goes to school at daybreak, and comes home for breakfast; after breakfast he is in school until noon, and after noon he remains in school until sundown. In some cases he is even made to study at home after dark.

In the schoolroom every boy is repeating his lesson in a loud voice, and when there are twenty or thirty pupils, it makes a very noisy place. The teacher's ear is trained so that when any boy makes a mistake in pronunciation, he is at once corrected.

When the lesson is learned, he must recite, or "back the book" as they express it. He comes

up to the desk, and turning his back to the teacher, repeats the lesson. If he makes a mistake, he may receive any one of several kinds of punishment. One form is to beat the hand with a wooden paddle, another is to whip with the rod, another is to pull the ear or the eyebrows, and the most common is to be berated with words, and called a dunce, simpleton, or some such expression. As a rule, the teachers are very strict, but are highly respected by the pupils. The saying of the common people is that the better the teacher is paid, the more he will whip the pupils.

A. C. SELMON.

My Master Is Always In

"JOHNNY," said a man, looking at a boy who was taking care of a shop while his master was out, "you must give me an extra measure; your master is not in."

Johnny looked up into the man's face very seriously, and said, "My Master is always in."

Johnny's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnny's motto: "My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin and much sorrow.—*Selected.*

My Father Waits

It was a hot, dusty, uninteresting day for travelers. A little fellow sat patiently watching the fields and fences hurrying by. An old lady wondered at the patience of the child, so said to him, sympathetically, "Aren't you tired, dear, of the long ride and the dust and the heat?"

The boy looked up brightly and replied: "Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of the journey."

Our Father waits to meet us at the end of the journey of life. Are we sweetly resting in the thought? Does it give us patience in bearing the trials and perplexities of life?

I THOUGHT the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the elder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and the sky;
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



SCHOOLROOM IN AN IDOL TEMPLE



A CHINESE SCHOOLBOY

A Missionary's Experience

(Concluded from page 2)

wheat. I put into the cultivation of that wheat all the energy born of fourteen months' abstinence from bread, and I assure you it was not a little. I hoed it myself to make every grain tell. I saw it grow up and head out and turn golden under the sunlight. It was a beautiful sight to me. It was reaped a handful at a time, and beaten out with stones. I had nine or ten bushels of beautiful grain worth its weight in gold to me. Visions of bread in plenty rose before my eyes. But another vision came,—a vision of a great need that staggers imagination. For months I had been stumbling over the dead bodies of famine victims that lay in my path, and the wretched relics came crawling to my station. They did not need to utter a word. Every look from those eyes, every sight of those emaciated forms, was eloquent with the eloquence of suffering; and, as in a flash of the Spirit of God, the connection was made between the wheat pile of mine and those starving people, and a voice seemed to say, "Here is a need, and here is a supply." "But," I said, "here is a great big desire. Which shall it be? Shall it be my desire or their need, my luxury or their necessity?" And while I debated, I seemed to see something else, and that settled the question forever with me, and the wheat went. I could afford to do without bread a few months longer, but I could not afford to look into those eyes that closed in death for me; I could not afford to look into those scars that were the price of my redemption, and hear Him say, "I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink." But, Master, when? Then would he say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

O my friends, I would to God we could get rid of the notion of missions and missionary organizations and every human agency, and get one clear vision of Jesus Christ. If we did, the whole problem of missionary finance and missionary workers would be settled. I do not ask you to pity the heathen. Pity is a weak thing that spends itself in tears, and then forgets the object of it. But I do ask you with all the strength of my heart that you simply treat Jesus Christ right. Is it right? I submit to you that it is not right to receive eternal life at those scarred hands, and then give him the spare change we happen to have left after we have supplied our luxuries. I submit that it is not right to receive heaven at the price he paid for it, and then give him the odds and ends, the convenient service, the things that cost us nothing. My friends, the crumbs that fall from your laden table are not enough, and they will not do to meet the need of the world that gropes in its ignorance, in its blindness, without God. You have no right to crucify the Lord Jesus Christ afresh upon the cross of your convenience.—*Willis R. Hotchkiss.*

My Place

"Take my life, and let it be consecrated Lord, to thee."

I do not ask, dear Lord, there be
A place made small enough for me,

But I be made by thee to fill
The place appointed by thy will.

Naught can I give, I come to claim
The promises that bear thy name.

My poverty I leave, to feel
The riches that thy words reveal.

The weakness I have learned at length
Exchange I for thy power and strength.

My pride, so foolish had I known
That which thou asked was but thine own,

Is crumbled in the dust to be
Sweet blossoms of humility.

My will, forgive the struggle past,
My will, dear Lord, is thine at last.

Emptied and broken here I lie
Too near for thee to pass me by.

But fill me with thy Spirit so
Through me the stream of life will flow.

If where the lofty cedars grow
On mountains crowned with endless snow,

Or in the meadow-land below,
Where lilies of the valley grow,

Through this poor vessel, mean and small,
Let blessings on thy children fall;

Thus I, who dare not lift mine eyes
To places shining near the skies,

And am afraid my skill to trust
In lifting blossoms from the dust,

I, who did even dare refuse
To follow thee in rough ways, choose

Wherever thou canst use me best;
That is my place, my joy, my rest.

—Selected.



A YOUNG man seventeen years of age who began canvassing the last of April was ready for a \$550 delivery by the middle of July.

IN one hundred years 300,000,000 copies of the Scriptures have gone into circulation. Two societies during last year distributed 7,667,566 Bibles.

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Bible, or portions of it, were obtainable in forty living languages. Now at the beginning of the twentieth century, it may be read in four hundred and fifty languages and dialects.

THREE fourths of the canvassers in one of our States are said to have come from some of our schools. The value of these institutions to the propagation of this message can not be estimated. May their work be doubly blessed the coming year.

THE door-bell rang at a certain home, and the lady of the house opened the door to one of our canvassers. As he began to show her "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation" she said, earnestly, "When you rang the bell, I was on my knees praying that God would send me light on those two books."

"A BROTHER called at a house the other day, and the lady said, 'I do not want your book; if you had a book which I dreamed about last night, I would gladly take it.' The canvasser then asked her if she could tell him of the book. She said, 'I can remember only one thing; that was a picture of a great and terrible earthquake.' 'That is in this book,' said the man, and then turning to the latter part of 'Great Controversy,' showed it to her. She said, 'That is precisely the thing I dreamed about. I want that book, and want it right away.' He did not give her any further canvass; but showed her the bindings, and she took a leather copy. He delivered it the next day.

"Such experiences convince one anew that this work is of the Lord."

MANY instances might be related which illustrate the truthfulness of the psalmist's words, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." A general canvassing agent recently told of a man who became angry because he had purchased one of our books. He therefore offered to sell it

for anything he could get. A young man gave him an old revolver for it, and ten persons in his immediate neighborhood, himself included, embraced the truth as the result of reading the book. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee."

In another instance a man received the *Signs of the Times*, and feeling incensed, determined to put it where he nor any other person would ever see it again. He therefore took special care to drop it into a mud puddle that he was driving past. It, however, fell so that most of the paper projected above the mud. A passer-by, observing its peculiar position, was interested to see what it was. He found the title attractive, and also the reading-matter. He later subscribed for the paper, and finally embraced the truth. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee."

Word from Africa

NDABAMBI is a native young man with Brother Chaney at the Basuto Mission, Africa. Brother Chaney sent him to Harrismith to sell some native literature. Ndabambi wrote a report of his experiences, and we give herewith an English translation of this report:—

Here is a report of my first attempt to sell books. I began to go among the people with the books, and some bought, but others laughed, and said, "What sort of books are these that are coming around to be sold?" Then I began to show what the book was like inside, and when they saw what the book was, one man bought a book. Some who at first made sport of me became interested in the book, and later on they asked the price, and when I told them three shillings sixpence, they began to buy.

There was a man (Zulu) at the house where we stayed, with whom I slept. He soon noticed that I kept the Sabbath, and said, "Why do you not work to-day?" I replied, "This is God's Sabbath, and he tells us not to work on the Sabbath day." He inquired, "Is not Sunday the Sabbath?" I said, "It is not," and showed him the law of God in Exodus 20, and also told him to read Matt. 28:1. At first he could not understand, but later he said, "I see! the Sabbath is the day before the first day of the week." Then he went to his minister, who could not deny that the seventh day was the Sabbath.

Then he began to tell his friends about the Sabbath, and said he was going home soon, and would tell all the people of his kraal what he had learned.

God blessed me in selling Zulu and Sesuto books, and I thank him who taught me, and gave me strength for the work, and kept me from fearing the people. When the people spoke in an insulting manner to me, I kept silent. I thank God for his blessing which was with me in this my first attempt to sell books, and trust he will bless those who bought the books, and that in studying them they may find light and the love of Jesus in the books, and that they may know Jesus as their Saviour from sin.

I sold about thirty-eight copies of the Zulu "Christ Our Saviour," and about twenty of the Sesuto books and tracts. ESTELLA HOUSER.

The Canvassers' Work

MOST of the young people who read the INSTRUCTOR, doubtless, are accustomed to think of themselves as separate and distinct from other young people, as belonging to the people who have a message from God for the world; and probably many of them are expecting to have part in the work of giving that message. This ought to be the ambition of every Seventh-day Adventist. We can have no higher honor than to be workers for God; for then we are ambassadors for a greater kingdom than any this world has ever known—the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

Our young people can engage in no work which will give them a better experience, or by which they will accomplish more real good, than that of placing our publications in the homes.

Think of the number of sermons on present truth contained in a book like "Great Contro-

versy," "Daniel and the Revelation," "Desire of Ages," or even some of the smaller books, such as "Coming King," "Heralds of the Morning," "Marvel of Nations," "Story of Daniel," and a host of others; and then think of the number of sermons our faithful canvassers are putting into the hands of the people each week. As a sample, thirty-eight agents in the Atlantic Union Conference last week sold 425 of our large books, valued at \$610.75, besides \$188.51 worth of smaller publications, making a total value of \$799.26.

This report is not above the average for this union, and frequently a higher record is made. I do not have the actual figures at hand showing the total sales for the past year, but using the week's work given above as a basis of reckoning, the year's work would result in the sale of about 22,000 books, valued at \$41,500. On a low estimate, each of these books would probably contain twenty good sermons; this would make a total of 440,000 sermons delivered by our canvassers in this union in one year. If each minister spoke three hundred times in a year, it would require 1,466 preachers to equal that number of sermons.

From this standpoint the work of our canvassers is seen to be more important than it is sometimes regarded. True, many of these sermons have never yet reached the intellect of those for whom they were intended, for the reason that many of the books sold have not yet been read; but they will be read some day, and thousands will be convinced of the truth; and when the Spirit of God comes in power in the "latter rain," the scenes of Pentecost will be repeated, and "a nation will be born in a day."

The fruits of the seed sown by our faithful canvassers will be seen in the kingdom of God. Then it will be seen that it was worth while to have part in such a work as this. How many of those who read these words will think so now?

F. E. PAINTER.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—The Parable of the Rich Man

(October 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 12:13-48.

MEMORY VERSE: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Luke 12:34.

"And as he said these things unto them, the scribes and the Pharisees began to urge him vehemently, and to provoke him to speak of many things: laying wait for him, and seeking to catch something out of his mouth, that they might accuse him. And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you? And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

"And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God. . . .

"Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them. And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants. And this know, that if the goodman of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to be broken through. Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

"Then Peter said unto him, Lord, speakest thou this parable unto us, or even to all? And the Lord said, Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing. Of a truth I say unto you, that he will make him ruler over all that he hath. But and if that servant say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the menservants and maidens, and to eat and drink, and to be drunken; the lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and at an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in sunder, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers.

"And that servant, which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes.

Questions

1. As Jesus reproveth the Pharisees and lawyers, for what did they watch his words? What selfish request was made by one who stood by? What trouble had evidently come up between this man and his brother? In order to receive earthly gain, what was this man willing to miss?

2. How did Jesus answer this man? What work had he come to do on the earth? See Luke 4:18, 19. Of what did he warn the people to beware? Why is covetousness a thing to be shunned? In what does a man's life not consist? What parable did Jesus speak to show the folly of trusting in riches?

3. What had made a certain man rich? From whom had his increase come? As his riches increased, what did he think within himself? What did he decide to do? How long did he think his wealth would last? How did he plan to spend his time? What does all this show?

4. What hindered the rich man from carrying out his selfish plans? What did God call this man? What question did he ask him? To whom is his sad end a warning?

5. What course does Jesus commend to his disciples? Where will their treasure then be laid up? Memory verse. Why will it be safe there? What other reason is given for laying up treasure in heaven?

6. How are we to live day by day? Why? What will be the condition of those whom the Lord shall find waiting when he comes? What will he do for them? Are the day and hour of his coming known? See Matt. 25:13. What, therefore, are we admonished to do?

7. What question was asked by Peter? How did Jesus answer this question?—By the parable of the faithful steward. What will a faithful steward do in the absence of his master? What

will his employer do on his return if he finds him faithful?

8. If the servant is unfaithful, what will he begin to say in his heart? What will he do? What will be his condition when his master shall return? Explain meaning of entire parable.



II—Effect of Home Training

(October 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 2:1-23.

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.

Questions

1. After Vashti had been put away, what did the king's servants advise him to do to secure a queen in her place? Esther 2:1-4.

2. Who was Mordecai? Where did he live? Verse 5. What position did he hold? Verse 19; note 1.

3. When, and by whom, had his forefathers been carried away captive from Jerusalem? Verse 6.

4. Who was Esther? Why had Mordecai brought her up? Verse 7.

5. When she was brought with the other maidens into the palace, what special favors were shown her? Verses 8, 9.

6. How did Esther show her regard for Mordecai? Verse 10.

7. In what way did he manifest a father's love for her? Verse 11; note 2.

8. How was Esther's character shown when her turn came to go in before the king? Verse 15; note 3.

9. What honor was conferred upon Esther? Verse 17.

10. What did the king do to celebrate the event? Verse 18.

11. Did all this lead Esther to disobey her father? Verse 20.

12. Of what was this a fulfilment? Prov. 22:6.

13. Through whom was Mordecai able to save the life of the king? Esther 2:21-23.

14. In whose name did Esther bring the message to the king? Verse 22; note 4.

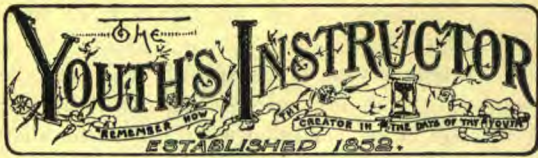
Notes

1. Mordecai was the great grandson of Kish, the Benjamite who had been carried away into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar. From Mordecai's living in a palace, we might infer that he occupied some place of trust at this time. The "gate" was an official seat, a court where decisions were rendered, as shown by the following quotations: "Execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates." Zech. 8:16. "They hate him that rebuketh in the gate. . . . They take a bribe, and they turn aside the poor in the gate from their right." Amos 5:10-12.

2. Mordecai realized his obligation as a father to care for Esther. He did not throw off responsibility when Esther was taken to the palace, but for one whole year every day he went to the palace to inquire "how Esther did, and what should become of her."

3. In this, Esther revealed her home training: her wants were simple; she was content with what was given her. O, that all maidens could only realize that there is no ornament to compare with youthful beauty when combined with grace of character! Esther's beauty was consecrated. Beauty of the face and person is a valuable ornament, and aids in one's usefulness when it is consecrated to God. Consecrated beauty never makes the possessor vain.

4. Esther did not take the honor to herself, but reported this circumstance in Mordecai's name. A record was made of it, and as we shall see in our later studies, it was this very fact that saved the Jewish people from death.



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THIS number of the INSTRUCTOR is distinctly a missionary number. The address of Mr. Hotchkiss is long, but none can afford to miss reading it.

The Reason Was Clear

A BROTHER who for a time had lost his "first love" for the truth, related in a meeting his experience. When he first embraced the truth, he used regularly, morning and evening, to go to the grove near his home, and commune with the Lord. In time he made a beaten path from the house to the wood; but after a few years he grew indifferent to the claims of the truth.

A short time before telling of this experience, he revisited the grove, and found the path overgrown with weeds. These weeds, he said, told the cause of his backsliding. Angels with sadness have watched the weeds claim myriads of prayer paths.

The Imprint of the Knees

A MINISTER was giving a course of lectures in a certain place. The gentleman with whom he was stopping observed that every morning and evening, though the ground was covered with snow, the minister took a walk across the farm over to the woods just beyond.

One morning after his return from the usual walk, the man thought he would follow the path to see where it led, and perhaps he could determine the object of the walks. He did so, and traced the path to the woods and down into a secluded spot in a ravine, where he found a small snow house, just large enough for the minister to kneel in. The imprint of the knees was still in the snow. As the man stood there looking at that unique altar of prayer, he felt impressed that the one who made that must be a servant of God, that he must know the truth. He therefore became much interested in the lectures, and afterward accepted the truth, and for many years devoted his life to carrying the message to others.

"Be Ye Kind One to Another"

EVERYWHERE are wounded hearts. Old men, young men, women, and children feel the hurt that comes from the bitter word, the unkind word, the word of unjust criticism.

Employers are harsh and unforgiving toward employees, and employees are unmindful of the interests of their employers; teachers are unkind in their demands and judgment of pupils, and pupils are inconsiderate of the wishes of instructors; parents deal harshly and narrowly with their own children, and children are disrespectful, disobedient, and unthankful to parents; husbands and wives thrust the cruel blow of unkindness at each other; friends are disloyal; and Christian

laborers are critically unkind to their fellow workers.

I am not thinking of the great crimes of earth, but simply of daily unkindnesses that keep hearts sore all the while, the unkindnesses among those who have a generous feeling for and confidence in one another, but, who, from lack of self-control through the gentle spirit of Christ, daily hurt and embitter hearts.

The heavenly verdict is that "all who profess godliness are under the most sacred obligation to guard the spirit and to exercise self-control under the greatest provocation."

These unkindnesses of which I have spoken are usually borne in silence, and the hurt seems more keen because of this. It was one's "own familiar friend" that caused the grief, so one can not speak; but the heart bleeds and bleeds.

Unkindness to those about us makes us unkind to heaven. Hear our Father's pathetic complaint: "Woe is me for my hurt! My wound is grievous: but I said, Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it."

Let us be more kind, every one of us. Let us pray for the gentleness of Christ, that gentleness which makes one great.

"God Be with You Till We Meet Again"

THIS beautiful benediction hymn is known all around the world, having been translated into many tongues. The hymn was written in 1882 by Jeremiah Eames Rankin, who was at that time pastor of the First Congregational church of Washington, D. C. It was written to interpret the familiar words, "good-by," which are merely a contraction of the sentence, "God be with you," and it was composed as a Christian benediction hymn, without being intended for any special occasion. The first, second, fourth, and seventh stanzas are all that are commonly sung:—

"God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you;
With his sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

"God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings protecting hide you;
Daily manna still divide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

"God be with you till we meet again,
With the oil of joy anoint you;
Sacred ministries appoint you;
God be with you till we meet again.

"God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

"God be with you till we meet again,
Of his promises remind you;
For life's upper garner bind you;
God be with you till we meet again.

"God be with you till we meet again,
Sicknesses and sorrows taking,
Never leaving nor forsaking;
God be with you till we meet again.

"God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus

"Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
God be with you till we meet again."

I copy the poem from Dr. Rankin's own book, giving the form he preferred. He objected very strongly, and quite properly, to the changes introduced by the hymn-tinkers, such as, "Put His loving arms around you," "Daily manna still provide you," and the repetition in the chorus, "Till we meet again." These changes transformed the thought, and are certainly the reverse of an improvement.

The music for this famous hymn was composed, at Dr. Rankin's request, by William Gould Tomer, at that time a school-teacher in Carpentersville, New Jersey. Mr. Tomer's music was slightly revised by Dr. J. W. Bischoff, the blind organist of Dr. Rankin's church. It was sung in that church for the first time. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Tomer was a Methodist, and that the Methodists at Ocean Grove first made the hymn popular.

Dr. Rankin was descended from the Scotch Covenanters. He was the cousin of Melinda Rankin, the stout-hearted pioneer missionary to Mexico. He was born at Thornton, New Hampshire, Jan. 2, 1828, and died at Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1904, aged nearly seventy-seven years. His long and useful life included about thirty-five years as a pastor, and about seven years as professor and president at Howard University, that noble institution for colored people, situated in Washington.

Dr. Rankin wrote many poems, and published a volume of hymns. Among his hymns that have become especially famous is—

"Out of my darkness into thy light,
Out of my weakness into thy might,
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come."

Dr. Rankin once said concerning his famous benediction hymn: "It has had no sweeter recognition than that given it by its adoption by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor."—Amos R. Wells.

UNBROKEN union means unfailing fruit.—
Naomi Worthen.

For Church-school Teachers

"MY GARDEN NEIGHBORS," by Dr. L. A. Reed, is an excellent book for the home and the church-school. Church-school teachers will find it of value either as a book for supplementary reading, as a guide to nature-study work (several chapters being devoted to this), or as a book from which to read to the pupils.

The last chapter gives minute instruction in bird study, and the whole book will throw a light upon nature that must make the work of the teacher more effective than ever.

Price, \$1 net. Address Review and Herald Publishing Assn., 222 North Capitol St., Washington, D. C.



WOODBURN, ILL., July 25, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a little girl nine years old, and want to write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very much. All of our family keep the Sabbath. I have a sister who is larger than I. I hope to meet all the workers in the new earth.

PEARL BENEDICT.

SHERIDAN, ORE., July 30, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have written to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR twice before, and have not seen my letter printed, I thought I would write again. We have a small church here, and have just organized a Young People's Society. We have but eight members as yet, but are hoping to have more. I hope you will pray for us that we may hold up the banner of light here.

I am fourteen years old, and was baptized a little over a year ago, when our church was organized. We have fifteen members in the church.

I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I think it is a good instructor too. It tells me many things that I like to know.

I will have to say that I can not read five of those books as I intended, but will read as many as I can.

OLIVE A. GIBSON.