

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Livingstone's Body-Guard

THE work of David Livingstone in Africa was so far that of a missionary explorer and general that the field of his labor is too broad to permit us to trace individual harvests. No one man can thickly scatter seed over so wide an area. But there is one marvelous story connected with his death, the like of which has never been written on the scroll of human history. All the ages may safely be challenged to furnish its parallel.

On the night of his death he called for Susi, his faithful servant, and, after some tender ministries had been rendered to the dying man, Livingstone said: "All right; you may go out now," and Susi reluctantly left him alone. At four o'clock next morning, May 1, Susi and Chuma, with four other devoted attendants, anxiously entered that grass hut at Ilala. The candle was still burning, but the greater light of life had gone out. Their great master, as they called him, was on his knees, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. With silent awe, they stood apart and watched him, lest they should invade the privacy of prayer. But he did not stir: there was not even the motion of breathing, but a suspicious rigidity of inaction. Then one of them, Matthew, softly came near and gently laid his hands upon his cheeks. It was enough: the chill of death was there. The great father of Africa's dark children was dead, and they were orphans.

The most refined and cultured Englishmen would have been perplexed as to what course to take. They were surrounded by superstitious and unsympathetic savages, to whom the unburied remains of the dead man would be an object of dread. His native land was six thousand miles away, and even the coast was fifteen hundred. A grave responsibility rested upon these simple-minded sons of the Dark Continent, to which few of the wisest would have been equal. Those remains, with his valuable journals, instruments, and personal effects, must be carried to Zanzibar. But the body must first be preserved from decay, and they had no skill nor facilities for embalming; and if preserved, there were no means of transportation — no roads nor carts. No beasts of burden being available, the body must be borne on the shoulders of human beings; and, as no strangers could be trusted, they must themselves undertake the journey and the sacred charge. These humble children of the forest were grandly equal to the occasion, and they resolved among themselves to carry the body to the seashore, and not to give it into other hands until they could surrender it to his countrymen. Moreover, to insure safety to the remains and security to the bearers, it must be done with secrecy. They would gladly have kept secret even their master's

death, but the fact could not be concealed. God, however, disposed Chitambo and his subjects to permit these servants of the great missionary to prepare his emaciated body for its last journey, in a hut built for the purpose on the outskirts of the village.

Now watch these black men as they rudely embalm the body of him who had been to them a saviour. They tenderly open the chest and take out the heart and viscera. These they, with a poetic and pathetic sense of fitness, reserve for his beloved Africa. The heart that for thirty-three years had beat for her welfare must be buried in her bosom. And so one of the Nassik boys, Jacob Wainwright, read the simple service of burial, and under the moula-tree at Ilala that heart was deposited, and that tree, carved with a simple inscription, became his monument. Then the body was prepared for its long journey; the cavity was filled with salt, brandy poured into the mouth, and the corpse laid out in the sun for fourteen days, and so was reduced to the condition of a mummy. Afterward it was thrust into a hollow cylinder of bark. Over this was sewed a covering of canvas, the whole package was securely lashed to a pole, and so at last was ready to be borne between two men upon their shoulders.

As yet the enterprise was scarcely begun, and the worst of their task was yet before them. The sea was far away, and the path lay through a territory where nearly every fifty miles would bring them to a new tribe, to face new difficulties.

Nevertheless Susi and Chuma took up their precious burden, and looking to Livingstone's God for help, began that most remarkable funeral march on record. They followed the track their master had marked with his footsteps when he penetrated to Lake Bangweola, passing to the south of Lake Lumbi, which is a continuation of Tanganyika, then crossing to Unyanyembi, where it was found out that they were carrying a dead body. Shelter was hard to get, or even food; and at Kasekera they could get nothing they asked, except on condition that they would bury the remains they were carrying. Now indeed their love and generalship were put to a new test. But again they were equal to the emergency. They made up another package like the precious burden, only it contained branches instead of human bones; and this, with mock solemnity, they bore on their shoulders to a safe distance, and scattered the contents far and wide in the brushwood, and came back without the bundle. Meanwhile others of their party had repacked the remains, doubling them up into the semblance of a bale of cotton cloth, and so they once more managed to procure what they needed, and got on with their charge.

The true story of that nine months' march has never been written, and it never will be, for the full data can not be supplied. But here is material waiting for some coming English Homer or Milton to crystallize into one of the world's noblest epics; and it deserves the master hand of a great poet-artist to do it justice.

See these black men, whom some scientific philosophers would place at one remove from the

gorilla, run all manner of risks, by day and night, for forty weeks; now going round by a circuitous route to resort to strategem to get their precious burden through the country; sometimes forced to fight their foes in order to carry out their holy mission. Follow them as they ford the rivers and travel trackless deserts; facing torrid heat and drenching tropical storms; daring perils from wild beasts and relentless wild men; exposing themselves to the fatal fever, and burying several of their little band on the way. Yet on they went, patient and persevering, never fainting nor halting, until love and gratitude had done all that could be done, and they laid down at the feet of the British consul, on the twelfth of March, 1874, all that was left of Scotland's great hero.

When, a little more than a month later, the coffin of Livingstone was landed in England, April 15, it was felt that no less a shrine than Britain's greatest burial-place could fitly hold such precious dust. But so improbable and incredible did it seem that a few rude Africans could actually have done this splendid deed, at such a cost of time and risk, that not until the fractured bones of the arm, which the lion crushed at Mabotsa thirty years before, identified the body, was it certain that this was Livingstone's corpse. And then, on the eighteenth of April, 1874, such a funeral cortege entered the great Abbey of Britain's illustrious dead as few warriors or heroes or princes ever drew to that mausoleum; and the faithful body-servants who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer were accorded places of honor. And well they might be. No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conqueror ever equaled for sublimity that lonely journey through Africa's forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, heroism, equal to this, the world has never seen. The exquisite inventiveness of a love that lavished tears as water on the feet of Jesus, and made tresses of hair a towel, and broke the alabaster flask for his anointing, the feminine tenderness that lifted his mangled body from the cross and wrapped it in new linen with costly spices and laid it in a virgin tomb, has at length been surpassed by the ingenious devotion of the cursed sons of Canaan. The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene amid the stately columns and arches of England's famous Abbey loses in luster when contrasted with that simpler scene near Ilala, when, in God's greater cathedral of nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moaning wind, the grassy carpet was lifted, and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart to rest! In that great cortege that moved up the nave no truer nobleman was found than that black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid his heart in Africa's bosom, and whose hand was now upon his pall. Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Africa, who tell us that it is not worth while to sacrifice precious lives for the sake of these doubly lost millions of the Dark Continent — let

such tell us whether it is not worth while, at any cost, to seek out and save men with whom such Christian heroism is possible!

Burn on, thou humble candle, burn within thy hut of grass,
Though few may be the pilgrim feet that through Ilala pass,
God's hand hath lit thee, long to shine; and shed thy holy light
Till the new day-dawn pour its beams o'er Afric's long midnight.

— Arthur T. Pierson.

What He Knew

MANY years ago, when order was just beginning to form in this country from the chaos the Revolution had left in its wake, there stood an old-fashioned inn on the edge of a great forest in Virginia. The road that led through the almost impenetrable woods was rough and muddy, but it was a very important one; for over it passed the greatest men of the time on their way to and from the Capitol at Washington, and the fat and smiling host of the famous hostelry had entertained at his bountiful board almost every statesman, both great and small, of his time.

The fame of the inn had gone far and wide throughout the country; and one cold, rainy evening in March, when a party of young men rode up to the door, hearty indeed were their ejaculations of delight at reaching such comfortable quarters for the night.

Beaming with smiles, the host ushered them into the dining-room, where logs of such magnitude roared in the huge fireplace that the sight of them speedily banished all memory of the outside gloom and chill. The room was untenanted save by an old gentleman in the corner, whose white head was bent low over a book. His clothes were plain, and his boots were not of the latest cut; and after a careless glance, the newcomers concluded that he was some old countryman returning from the nearest market town, and dismissed him from their minds without another thought.

Various subjects were talked of by the four friends as they sat around the fireplace that night, and by and by the conversation turned on religion, and the long discussion that followed was one well worth listening to. They were all highly educated men, just from a German university, and, what amounted to more, had thought much as well; and bringing all their learning to bear on the subject, three of them proceeded to attack the Christian religion, while the other upheld his firm belief in it with equal courage and power.

For several hours the argument lasted, and then the great clock, booming out two, broke into the conversation and made the disputants aware that the old gentleman in the corner had laid aside his book and was regarding them with such bright, interested eyes that one of them laughed slightly, and said, patronizingly: "Well, my good fellow, suppose you let us hear what you think of this subject."

"I do not think; *I know*," was the quiet reply; and as the words sounded through the room, the young travelers started. That clear, distinct voice belonged to no countryman. It was the unmistakable tone of the trained public speaker.

One of the party years after, when he himself had become one of the most famous men in this country, said, "If a vivid streak of lightning had at that moment crossed the room, we would not have been more astonished than we were at what followed. For an hour we were held spellbound by the most marvelous voice ever listened to, while the old gentleman made the most eloquent, the most unanswerable, the most powerful appeal for Christianity I ever heard, either before or since. So marvelous was his memory that every single argument urged against the Christian religion in the recent discussion was met and answered in the order in which it was advanced.

Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whole talk there was so much of simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered. We all sat abashed, with our heads bent. To attempt to describe it would be like trying to paint sunbeams."

After he ceased speaking, the old gentleman placidly lighted his candle, and with a benign "Good night, my lads, good night," pattered happily away to his room.

Then the host was routed out of his warm bed, and dragged, yawning, shivering, and protesting, into the room to answer four eager demands as to who in the world the old gentleman might be.

"Don't you know him?" he demanded, astonishment making his sleepy eyes fly wide open. "Why, my dear young sirs, that old gentleman is John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States."

And while four thoroughly miserable young lawyers, whose chief ambition had been to see some day the great John Marshall, sat open-mouthed, petrified, their host gave a jolly laugh, rubbed his eyes, and again ambled away to bed.

This is not the only time that Mr. Marshall surprised unsuspecting persons. He used often to go to the market in Richmond, and would bob



about among the wagons, carefully inspecting chickens and eggs as he laughed and joked with the hucksters, who all seemed to know him. He was as tall and straight and broad of shoulder as an Indian, with a shock of grizzled hair shading a pair of wonderfully brilliant black eyes that beamed from a swarthy, sun-browned face. He usually carried a substantial basket hanging on his arm, and every now and then would drop a plump parcel into it that was so roly-poly it seemed to silently promise rare good cheer at dinner time. He was the very prince of absent-minded people, and often would become so interested in his talk with some countryman that he would march serenely away without a thing in his basket, and then come pelting back a little later out of breath, and chuckling like a gleeful boy, to make his belated purchases.

He was chatting away genially one bright morning with some of his humble friends, when he heard a terrible to-do close to him, and, turning around, confronted a young man. The youthful dandy was arrayed in the very latest style, with the very shiniest of shoes on his feet and the very pigtailiest of queues dangling down his little back, while the coat upon him was a marvel of the tailor's skill. He was indignant, for he had just bought a nice fat turkey all bundled up like a mummy in brown paper; and now that he was ready to go home, not a single little negro could he find to carry his fowl for him.

The good man who had sold the deceased bird suggested that the owner bear it away himself, and at that the pretty youth promptly flew into a rage, and, forgetting both his finery and his manners, at the same moment stamped his foot and shook his fist, the while saying some very impolite things to the old huckster.

"Tut, tut, my friend," said a pleasant voice at his side, ruthlessly interrupting him right in the middle of his oration and war dance. "Don't let so small a thing as a turkey make you lose your temper. Give me the bird, and I will carry it home for you."

It was the black-eyed old gentleman who spoke; and while the marketmen grinned appreciatively, the tall old man and the little young man walked away together, the bald head of the turkey

wagging forlornly from under its bearer's elbow as they went.

Straight through the principal streets of Richmond marched the pair; and for a while the old gentleman stepped blithely along by his companion, talking pleasantly on various subjects. Only monosyllables answered him, though; and then, glancing down rather quizzically at the beruffled creature by him, he fell behind a few steps, and for the rest of the way trudged sedately at the youth's shining heels.

It was growing a bit late, and persons of importance were driving into the city. They all looked eagerly toward the young man, and as many bowed graciously, his hat almost swept the ground in response; for while he was not acquainted with any of them, he knew them all by reputation. They had heard of him, though, that was very evident; and as they proceeded, he swelled with gratified pride, finally growing so terribly inflated that he ceased even glancing behind to see if the old man and the turkey were still following. Compared with the flattering notice just accorded him by some of the wealthiest planters of Virginia, what did it matter even if the old man did decamp, carrying the fowl with him? There are times when even a fat turkey ceases to be of importance.

His home was at last reached, and with a courteous smile and bow the old gentleman presented him with the bundle. The youth's bejeweled hand was on its way to his pocket, when a sudden hardening of the fine old face before him, a quick blaze from the keen, black eyes, made him hastily withdraw it, and stammer a few hurried words of thanks.

As the old man walked quickly away, the young fellow turned toward a gentleman standing near, who had been an amused spectator of the dumb little show at the gate, and asked superciliously: "Who is that old party? He seems to be quite a superior kind of person."

"Most people consider him rather a superior person. He is the great John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States," was the dry response. And as the speaker turned away, shaking with silent mirth, the splendidly arrayed youth sank against the fence, tenderly embracing his turkey, whose plucked head seemed to bob with fiendish glee as it dangled limply from its swathings of brown paper.—Harriet B. Dougherty, in *The Children's Visitor*.

Mr. Wesley and the Porter

ONE of the most important incidents in Mr. Wesley's religious experience was a conversation with the porter at Oxford College. The man called at Mr. Wesley's room late one evening, and said that he wished to talk with the young student. After they had conversed together for a while, Mr. Wesley, in a spirit of pleasantry, told the porter to go home and get another coat.

The man replied, "This is the only coat I have in the world, and I thank God for it."

"Go home and get your supper," remarked Wesley.

"I have had nothing to-day but a drink of water, and I thank God for that," was the reply.

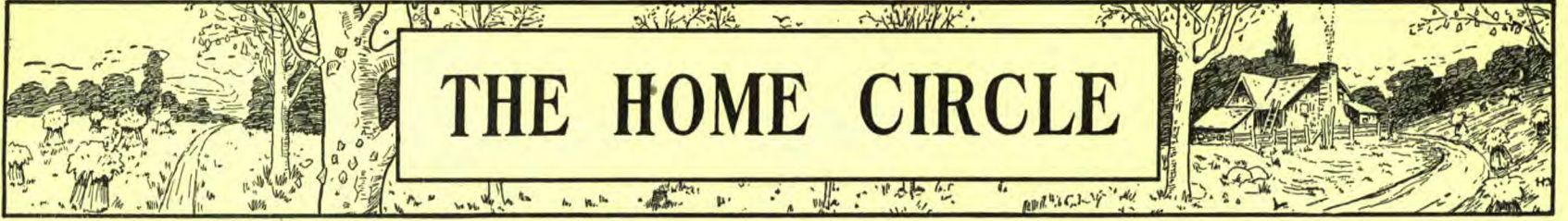
"It is late, and you will be locked out; and then what will you have to thank God for?"

"I will thank him," responded the porter, "that I have the dry stones to lie upon."

"John," said Wesley, "you thank God when you have nothing to wear, nothing to eat, and no bed to lie upon. What else do you thank him for?"

"I thank him," returned the poor fellow, "that he has given me life and being, and a heart to love him, and a desire to serve him."

Wesley stated afterward that the interview made a lasting impression on his mind, and convinced him there was something in religion to which he was then a stranger.—*Epworth League*.



THE HOME CIRCLE

Self-Reliance

"THE weak, the leaning, the dependent, the vacillating,

Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies;
His joy is not that he has won a crown,
But that the power to win a crown is his."

Dorothy's Mistake

"No, it isn't in reason that Dorothy ever will be happy," said Cousin Jane, dryly, "because she's always pinned her happiness to what she doesn't have. It's all very grand and high sounding to talk about 'ideals' and 'a noble discontent,' but I've noticed that all the happy people I ever met were happy just where they were, and not somewhere else where they wanted to be.

"Dorothy always is looking for the materials of happiness in somebody else's life. 'If I were a musician like Ethel,' she says, 'how happy I would be!' But dear me! Ethel's happiness isn't in her music; it's in looking after her father and her little sister. Ethel's father and sister aren't a bit nicer or more loving than Dorothy's family, but then Dorothy isn't looking around her own home for happiness—there's where she makes her mistake. Then she sighs and says, 'If I had something to do, like Mabel, I would be happy.' Mabel is a nurse, and a good one; but Dorothy's little brother had measles last month, and Dorothy never thought of helping her mother nurse him. There was plenty to do, and have satisfaction out of doing it; but Dorothy wasn't looking there, so she never saw it.

"Seems to me happiness is a kind of a mosaic. The little pieces of it are all strewn in front of every one of us. If we have sense enough to pick them up and put them together, we'll get as pretty a result as we can want. But when we expect happiness to be lying, all ready-made, along some untried path—why, we're bound to be disappointed, and Dorothy's no exception," and Cousin Jane's kind gray eyes twinkled, and Dorothy saw the point, and was rather inclined to take this wider view of the possibilities of happiness.—*Wellspring.*

Don't

A YOUNG girl with whom I was once associated for a short time, did not long delay to inform me that she had been graduated from two or three schools. Nevertheless, when her brother joined us, she asked him, "Why are you monkeying around here?"

Incorrectness of speech is not in all cases a matter for which a person should be held blamable; but the use of slang—such, for example, as the exclamation "gee"—is not merely a technical error; it is a misdemeanor.

In some of the South Sea Island dialects, of which the vocabulary is very meager, the expression "bad good" is used for emphasis, to signify extremely good. Such usage is probably justifiable for those barbarous tongues; but the English language is not so impoverished as to necessitate such combinations as "awful good," "dreadful nice," "a gorgeous time," "a splendid girl," or "a grand soup."

Recently, in a company of several young persons, all taking advanced courses of study, every one asserted that "looks beautifully" and "feels badly" were correct forms of speech. Nor would they be convinced otherwise, until an older person present confessed to "feeling wearily;"

and asked one of the students if he was "feeling discouragedly;" also remarked that a certain object "looked newly and brightly;" and expressed the opinion that of two persons under discussion, the one "looked more stoutly" than the other, and "not so tall-ly."

Much that pupils learn in school is soon forgotten for lack of use; but there is no occasion for one's losing, from lack of its exercise, a knowledge of good every-day English.

Of the snobbishness of using foreign phrases, and the lunacy of one's attempting to use such if he has not an accurate knowledge of their pronunciation, there is no need to speak, to persons of ordinary breeding and information.

Some young persons are inclined to demand of their seniors, whose habits of speech are fixed by years of use, and whose minds are occupied by multiple cares, more attention to accuracy than they themselves evince. Before criticizing any one of twice our age, let us be sure that we know how to pronounce all such common words as jugular, deficit, finance, granary, improvise, illustrate, monomaniac, horizon, oleomargarine, zoology, interesting, plagiarism, erysipelas, vagary, and many more.

ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

An Unattractive Guest

WINIFRED DOUGLASS walked slowly along the hall till she reached her mother's room, and there she stopped to unburden her mind. Evidently, her mind was much burdened; for there were wrinkles between her eyes, and her lips were pressed closely together, and she stopped very decidedly.

"Mama," she began, "it seems to me Aunt Helen has some very peculiar visitors."

Aunt Helen was a guest at the home of her brother, Winifred's father, for the first time in several years; and Winifred took much interest in her, knowing that she was regarded as a very talented woman. In fact, the niece was wont to mention with some pride her distinguished relative.

But since Aunt Helen had come to visit her former home, many old acquaintances had called upon her; and some of these were the occasion of the girl's disturbed state of mind.

She continued: "That little old woman, who came early this afternoon, did not know enough to leave when other callers arrived. And now Mrs. Belknap is coming, and I shall be most dreadfully ashamed to have her find that creature here."

Mrs. Douglass asked, "Do you suppose Helen will be ashamed?"

"Probably not. But she doesn't have to meet Agnes Belknap every day, as I do, and be made to feel that we are not up in the world quite as high as they."

Mrs. Douglass heard, regretfully, this remark,—not because of any sensitiveness at being regarded by the Belknaps as inferior to them, but because of her daughter's embarrassment at the modest circumstances of the family. Soon, however, she composed herself to say: "Possibly Helen prizes this little woman's esteem more highly than that of the others. She has the spirit, too, to treat the humblest guest with utmost courtesy. When the later callers arrived to-day, Miss Norton signified her intention of going. But Helen insisted upon her remaining, and by tact in bringing her into the conversation she relieved

any embarrassment which might have been occasioned by contrast in personal appearances or in social positions. If you will go with me to the parlor to receive Mrs. Belknap, an observation of Helen's bearing may lessen your concern on such scores."

Winifred shrank from the humiliation of witnessing the disdain, though covert, which she was certain Mrs. Belknap must experience at finding so unprepossessing a guest at the Douglass home. But she was reassured when Mrs. Belknap, on entering the parlor, greeted Miss Norton very respectfully, because of deference, Winifred believed, to Aunt Helen; for the newcomer remarked upon the attachment which she remembered had existed between the two when Miss Norton was instructor of the two younger women in their girlhood.

The close associations of those earlier years had begotten a freedom from reserve on the part of the trio, which time had not destroyed; and the unaffected frankness among them was a surprise to Winifred, who had always regarded Mrs. Belknap through the cloud of her young daughter's superciliousness.

Possibly Mrs. Belknap had herself been a victim of senseless vanity; but certainly none such was apparent in her bearing toward her old-time schoolmate, whom she esteemed a highly successful woman. In the course of the call she exclaimed, impulsively, "Helen, you have been wonderfully fortunate; but my life has been a failure."

Winifred wondered that mother and daughter should place such different estimates upon their family prestige.

To evade the abrupt praise, Aunt Helen remarked that the fact that their courses had been unlike did not indicate that one was more successful than the other. And then, with gracious playfulness, she declared that for whatever she had accomplished Miss Norton could justly claim a share of credit, as the encouragement the former teacher had given her during her early efforts had been a great aid to her.

A new respect, even an admiration, for the plain little woman, straightway sprang up in Winifred's soul; and she queried, not without warrant, whether the greater success of one of these former schoolmates might not be traceable, in part at least, to her greater deference for true worth and less sacrifice to mere appearances.—*Mrs. Adelaide D. Wellman.*

Hospitality

"BE not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." This command, so prominently set forth in many examples left us by patriarchs of old, is, we are sorry to say, being sadly neglected by us as a people. As days go by, and the desire to fashion after the world becomes greater, we are apt to forget that this command is included in the one which says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." Too often we expect Christ or the angels to visit us robed in a garb such as we would consider becoming to the wealthy. In this we are disappointed. God wants the means entrusted to us used in a better way. He loves to see our *spirits* adorned, but with something better than money can buy, namely, meekness and quietness.

Many times strangers attend our church services, and leave the house without being

greeted by any one. Often those whom the Lord directs to our meetings would, if given a hearty welcome, a word of good cheer, and some literature to take home with them, be impressed to investigate the truth that such a people hold. In doing this we carry out the instruction of Paul in his letter to the Hebrews, to watch for souls, "as they that must give an account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief." At times those of our own number become weary and discouraged, or perhaps they are passing through a severe trial; be quick to notice this condition, and act in each case as the Lord may direct you.

Recently at one of our meetings a sister whose husband was a gambler was about to pass out of the door when one of the deacons, noticing her troubled face, added to his salutation, "You seem less happy to-day than usual, Sister —. Are you in trouble?" Slowly the answer came, "Yes, I am somewhat troubled, but it makes me feel better to know that some one appreciates the situation and sympathizes with me." All are not mind readers, but to cultivate a little of that gift would make us of more use to others, and "especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

Many of our young people are longing to work for the Master in some capacity. Would not this be an excellent way to do home missionary work? A cheerful face, and a word of encouragement from one of our young people, will do an older person good like a medicine.

Let us unite to reform along this line. Let self be put away, so that the Spirit of God may have full sway in our lives, and then we may do as the Lord says in Eze. 13: 18: "Hunt the souls of my people, and . . . save the souls alive that come unto you." MRS. MARY FITCH.

Ezion-geber

"Jehoshaphat made ships of Tarshish to go to Ophir for gold: but they went not; for the ships were broken at Ezion-geber." 1 Kings 22: 48.

Fair winds and well-set sails
Will bear, at break of day,
The fleet of Judah's king,
In quest of gold away.
Once had the Lord through Moses taught,
"No gold for hoarding shall be sought."
But now his servant this forgot,
And these ten ships of Tarshish brought
To Ezion-geber.

What strikes along the sea
And darkens all its light,
As sudden cloud o'ercasts
The grain fields, harvest white? —
The shadow of His angel's wing!
He flies the lightning to unchain,
The tempest from his caves to bring,
And forth God's indignation fling
At Ezion-geber.

Split mast and drooping sail,
And helpless hull upturned!
A sheet of flame the sea
Beneath the sunrise burned.
The Orient morn rose calm and fair,
And showed God's purpose written there:
"In sordid conquest have no share;
My love has saved thee from this snare
At Ezion-geber."

I had a purpose once,
Worldly and selfish all.
Knowing the better way,
I heeded not the call.
My fleet set sail, but met God's breath,
The ships fled broken from his wrath
With splintered beams, and rudder cleft,
And roaring sails of stay bereft —
My Ezion-geber.

Split mast and drooping sail,
Rents in the well-built keel;
Where erst the gold were piled,
The lapsing waters steal.
Wreckage and ruin all, where plied
Strong-breasted purposes of pride.
Thy waterspouts and billows cried,
And deafening depth to depth replied,
O Ezion-geber!

Fairer than fairest morn
Where gorgeous Orient sky
Downpours its myriad tints
On waves below that lie,
The morning of God's purpose came, —
My soul's "clear shining after rain," —
And o'er the broken quest of fame,
Rose joyful praises to his name,
For Ezion-geber.

O friend, arise! He calls
Whose "way is in the storm;"
In th' crashing of thy hopes
He sounds thy soul's alarm.
Come, hasten to his secret place,
Where he will teach thee face to face.
Ennobled, thou shalt walk his ways,
And partnership with God replace
Thy Ezion-geber.

And if the tempter holds
The glass before our eyes,
Reflecting stately ships
From buried depths that rise,
Like King Jehoshaphat of old
The lesson of our loss we'll hold,
And trust the Power that overruled,
Till praises flow from harps of gold
For Ezion-gebers.

HELEN M. SMOUSE.



"ARE you ready for the bridegroom?"

New Orleans

OUR Society was organized only last month, and we have but a little company of six members, yet the Lord is as good to us as to those who have been organized a long time.

We hold our meetings every Sabbath afternoon. After an opening hymn and prayer, we each recite a text of Scripture or a good proverb. At each meeting nearly all our members take part, and each one is assigned his part of the program for the following week.

We have a corresponding secretary whose work is to communicate with persons to whom literature is sent. We are planning to do Christian Help work when and where necessary.

ANNA M. HORTON.

California-Nevada Conference

WE have twelve Societies with an aggregate membership of four hundred thirty.

Missionary letters written	275
Missionary letters received	51
Missionary visits	460
Bible readings or cottage meetings	199
Subscriptions taken for periodicals	43
Papers sold	754
Papers mailed or given away	6728
Books sold	77
Books loaned	22
Pages of tracts given away	1716
Hours of Christian Help work	122
Persons supplied with food, clothing, etc.	146

In addition to this our Societies have helped in the support of church-schools, and contributed to the maintenance of workers in foreign fields, and sent bedding to the Huntsville Orphanage. Meetings have been held in the jails, in hospitals, and in the Sailors' Home.

MRS. CARRIE R. KING.

Northern Illinois

THE summary of the reports received from the Societies in the Northern Illinois Conference shows that there are twelve organizations with

a membership of one hundred eighty-three.

The following is the statistical report: —

Missionary letters written	85
Missionary letters received	12
Missionary visits	130
Bible readings held	44
Subscriptions for periodicals	9
Papers sold	350
Papers mailed or given away	393
Books sold	9
Books loaned	28
Pages of tracts sold	3137
Pages of tracts given away	1506
Hours of Christian Help work	238
Articles of clothing given away	563
Offerings for home mission work	\$20.18
Offerings for foreign mission work	3.31

LAURA FOSTER, Secretary.

Guided into the Light

LAST summer a young medical student called at the Maine Tract Society office to look at the publications, saying he had been taking papers and tracts from the Portland reading-racks, and was much interested in the things he had read. He referred to his mother in New Brunswick, to whom he had sent some of the papers. The address of his mother was taken, and a package of reading-matter was sent to her. We did not hear anything further from the young man or his mother, until recently the following letter was received from the mother, which shows that the seed sown was not wasted: —

"I received a package of reading-matter from you some time ago, also a letter requesting me to answer it, but, like Martha, 'troubled about much serving,' I could not seem to get a chance before, but I can assure you that I am very much interested in this new theology. The more I read it, the more interested I become. My son is home from Portland, Maine, and he brought his lessons [Family Bible Teacher] he had been studying, and I take great pleasure in reading them. You sent me a leaflet called 'Cheer Up, Sad Heart, Cheer Up.' I think you must have written it expressly for me, it was so applicable to my case. There was another called 'The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.' I do not think I ever read anything that held my attention as that did, the Bible excepted. I was completely carried beyond earthly spheres while reading it. *The Signs of the Times* is another I like very much. Indeed, I might enumerate all night on the good reading-matter you have sent me, and yet be a long way from telling you its value in my estimation. I have thought for some time that we were living in the 'time of the end,' but did not quite realize that it was so short till one night last winter; being more disheartened than usual, I sat down and turned to my Bible for solace. I opened at Daniel and began reading, scarcely knowing what I was reading, but had not read far before I began to see it in a different light from what I ever saw it before. I never stopped reading until I read it three times. It appeared to be revealed to me that what Daniel said referred to the present time. Since that night I have thought a great deal about it, but could never get hold of anything bearing on the subject till this summer. I can assure you that anything pertaining to it is eagerly sought after by me. I hope the Lord will reward you twofold for your kindness in sending me as much as you have, for I can never repay you by half."

This letter shows the leadings of the Spirit. The lady was impressed by God with the importance of the study of the prophecies, and then the Lord guided her son to the reading-racks and then to the office at North Deering, and thus the mother has been brought in touch with what can not fail to be the joy and rejoicing of her heart. "Let us not be weary in well-doing." — E. H. Morton, in *Atlantic Union Gleaner*.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

My Gladys

My Gladys loves the open air,
In winter, summer, fall, or spring;
She knows when crab-tree blossoms blow,
And when the first red robins sing.

She gallops bare-back to the hills
Where the wild pansies can be found;
She spies the early deer-tongues when
They first peep forth above the ground.

The bracing, frosty days to her
Mean but a chance to slide the pond,
To count the nests in naked trees,
Or coast the snowy slope beyond.

When Gladys has some task to do,
No grumbling, lazy drone is she;
Instead, she brightly flies about,
A busy little "honey-bee."

For, with her love for fields and woods,
She joins a love for everything;
Is thoughtful, willing, kind, and sweet,
And happy as the birds that sing.

To me a frowning face can not
With lovely manners well combine;
And so her merry sweetness is
What makes my little Gladys mine.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS

God's Little Messenger

IN this story, which we glean from the *Sunday-school Advocate*, there is many a suggestion to our little readers of how they may lighten the burdens of a bereaved father or mother.

Dorothy sat curled up in the big arm-chair, thinking. She was thinking of father, who had looked so sad and lonely and troubled lately.

Since mother died, there was no one to make the wrinkles go and the smiles come as she did. She was only a girl, and could not comfort him. She could not talk to him as mother did.

Presently she rose, went into the garden and gathered the loveliest rosebud she could find—a large tea rose that mother loved—and putting the long, slender stem into a delicate vase, placed it on father's dressing table.

Mother used to say that flowers were little, comforting, loving messages from God.

Father was late coming to supper, and very thoughtful. Had he noticed the flower?

After the meal was over, he followed her to the sitting-room, instead of going to his study as usual, and putting his arm about her, said, lovingly, "That was a very sweet message you had for me to-night, dear."

"It wasn't my message, father, it was God's."

"You were God's messenger, then. Would you like to know what the message was?"

"Yes, father."

He took a seat on the sofa, and drew her down beside him. "It told me I was a very foolish creature to be brooding over my troubles and loneliness when there was a young, fresh heart full of love and sympathy right by my side."

"But, father, I am only a girl. I can't really do anything."

"My dear, you have done a great deal already. Just as the petals of the rose will fall, now it has delivered its message, so the troubles and the loneliness began to disappear when I realized what the message meant. It will be a great comfort to me now to feel that there will be a dear face to welcome me that will say, without words, 'Father, I love you, and would do more if I could;' and there will be more, never fear. Think how long I have been blind to it all, how much I have missed already."

"O, father," said Dorothy, with tears in her eyes, "I am so happy."

"And so am I, dear; happier than I have been

for a long, long time. I wish there were more such thoughtful little messengers."—*Selected.*

The Double-Guess Game

"You've come just when we were wishing for you, Aunt Lou," said Clara. "We want you to tell us a new game."

"Well," replied Aunt Lou, "it is said if a dress is laid aside years enough, it will come into fashion again, and perhaps a game that I used to enjoy years ago may be as good as new to you."

"What is it?" asked three or four voices.

"One of the company thinks of a word which the others are to guess by knowing what it rhymes with. But the guesser, instead of saying the word, gives its definition. Then the one who thought of the first word has the other to guess, so it is a guessing for both sides. For instance, I've thought of a word which rhymes with dale. Now if one of you should think of 'bale,' you would ask, 'Is it a bundle?' and I, guessing



GLADYS

what you mean, should answer, 'No, it is not bale.'"

"Oh, I see!" cried Hal. "Is it part of a fence?"

"No," said Aunt Lou, "it is not rail."

"Is it frozen rain?" said Clara.

"No, it is not hail."

"Is it good to eat?" asked little Jack.

Then Aunt Lou was puzzled. "Good—to—eat," she repeated slowly. "Oh, I know! No, it isn't quail."

"Huh!" cried Hal. "You ought to've said, 'Is it a kind of bird?'"

"That would be better," said Aunt Lou.

Twice more round the circle the guessing went before Annie asked, "Is it strong and well?"

"Yes, it is hale," replied Aunt Lou; "and as you guessed the word, Annie, it is your turn to give a new one."

"I've thought of a word that rhymes with soon," said Annie.

"Is it in the sky?" asked Hal.

"Yes," answered Annie, "it is moon."

"Huh!" said Hal. "That's too easy for anything. I have thought of a word that rhymes with bread."

They guessed something used in sewing, and a color, and to step, and terror, and several others

in vain. Then little Jackie, who could not sound his r's, asked, "Is it a welation?"

"A relation?" Hal ran over in his mind the words father, mother, son, brother, and so on, but could think of none that rhyme, while Jackie wriggled with delight.

"I don't know what you mean," confessed Hal, at last.

"Fwed!" shouted Jackie.

Everybody laughed, for Fred was their college brother.

"Is it a very small piece?" asked May.

"Yes, it is shred."

"I've thought —"

"Bedtime for Jackie boy," interrupted mama.

"And time for me to go home," added Aunt Lou; "but we'll try it again, won't we?"—*Sophia T. Newman.*

The Deserted Camp

AWAY up in the mountains of the mining district of northern California lived an old miner. His only family was a dog, a cat and her kittens. One long cold winter while the mountains were all covered with snow, nearly everybody ceased working there, and deserted that frozen country till it should have time to thaw out in the spring. There remained, however, one camp of two miners who had well supplied themselves with provisions to carry them over till the spring, and the old miner, who lived alone. He had found himself snow bound before laying in a supply of food, and as the camps were far apart and neither knew of the other's existence, he was unable to get aid. Not finding enough game to properly sustain life and health, he doubtless suffered greatly.

One cold stormy night as these two men from the other camp were sitting by their warm fire, they heard a noise at the door. On opening it they were surprised by seeing a tame hungry cat shivering with cold. They gave her some warm supper, then she first leaped into the lap of one of the men, and then into that of the other; then she went under the bed and on the bed, and kept mewling to them as if thanking them for letting her in; then she scratched and mewed at the door till they opened it, when she went out again into the cold; but before they had solved the mystery of where a cat could come from in that storm, they again were called to the door by a faint scratching, and on opening it Mrs. Cat bounded in with a hungry kitten. She repeated this until six trips had been made, after her first investigation. Now it was late bedtime, and puss had entered with the sixth kitten. She then lay down to sleep, as if to say they all were safe.

Early next morning these men followed Mrs. Cat's little trail straight to the cabin over a mile away; there they were able to solve the mystery, for the old miner lay dead and frozen, and almost buried in ice and snow just in front of his door, his faithful dog guarding the lifeless body. Though half starved and frozen, he would not leave his master to search for food. The snow would have covered the dead body had this faithful dog not scratched it away so that he could keep his eye on his master. The dog was forced to give up the body, and let it be buried by these strangers; but he could not be comforted, and though they took him home with them, and gave him the best their cabin life could offer, he also soon died.

The loyalty of this old fellow makes more real the fidelity of the dog to his master so beautifully pictured in Landseer's famous painting, "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner."

MRS. B. A. WALLACE.

Science Stories

What the Trees Are Telling

THE forests are all aglow with splendor
 In this autumnal time,
 Their leafy banners are floating outward
 With sound of rustling rhyme;
 But not every heart can catch the meaning,
 Nor eye the glory bright.
 The red and gold and green intermingled
 Are only parts of light.

The souls that can hear the whispered rhythm
 And things afar behold,
 Are souls that believe the Lord's own prophets,
 And look for things foretold.
 We hear but in part the music ringing
 In forests old and dim—
 The red as of blood o'er leaves besprinkled
 Is Christ's own vesper hymn.

The yellow,—the gold of the shining city
 With gates of pearly white;
 The green is the verdure of Eden's gardens
 That sin can never blight;
 Thus sweet is the story the trees are telling,
 A story I love to hear.
 'Tis the same in the spring-time when buds are
 bursting—
 A kingdom of glory near.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

The Blue Fringed Gentian

WHILE in the woods, amid autumn's falling
 leaves and fading asters and goldenrods, we can
 not fail to notice other wild blossoms peculiar
 to this waning season. Among them the one most
 dear to the hearts of the poet and flower-lovers
 is the blue fringed gentian. When we come upon
 a bed of them, on some sparkling October day,
 we are constantly reminded of Bryant's lines
 which describe it so daintily:—

"Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own blue,
 Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near its end.
 Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall."

The specific name is given it because of the
 unusual character of its petals, the lobes of which
 are finely cut into deep fringes.

It is a native-born American, and because of
 its rare beauty few can resist the temptation to
 pluck it. It is becoming rarer each year near
 large settlements.

The fringed lips of this flower, which we are
 pleased to admire so much, scientists tell us are
 an attraction to winged insects, but also entangle
 the feet of ants and other crawling things which
 would only climb over the edge to pilfer sweets
 intended for the bumblebee alone.

After the pollen has been carried from the
 early flowers, and the stamens begin to wither,
 up rises the pistil to be fertilized with pollen
 brought from a newly opened blossom by the bee
 or butterfly.

In low, damp places, such as those upon
 which the frost loves to spread its white crystals,
 in the midst of wild grasses and tangle of golden-
 rods going to seed, we shall be most likely to find
 the fringed gentian, although it grows in drier
 places, too—in open, sunny woodlands and on
 hillsides.—William S. Rice.

How the Cuckoo Lays Its Eggs

A FARMER of Waterford, Ireland, recently had
 an opportunity to see a cuckoo at its felonious
 work of nest robbing, and tells an interesting
 story of his observations. On May 23, while in
 his fields, he saw a cuckoo flying over a clump of
 furze bushes. After hovering round and round

over a particular spot, it flew a short distance
 away. He walked up to the bushes and saw
 there, just under where the bird had been, a
 titlark's nest with three eggs.

In a few minutes the cuckoo returned, perched
 a few yards from the nest, and laid an egg on
 the ground. This it took in its bill, flew to the
 titlark's nest, and placed it within. On leaving,
 it had one of the three eggs in its bill, and left
 this on the ground near by. After the bird had
 flown away, the farmer went up, and saw that
 the titlark's egg was broken in two and its con-
 tents scattered. The cuckoo's egg in the nest
 differed in color and was larger than the normal
 eggs, but did not differ enough, in his opinion,
 for the substitution to be likely to be discovered
 by the owners of the nest.—The Search-Light.

Said to Cure Felon

A VERY simple cure for a felon is given in the
Medical Visitor by Dr. Whitman. The doctor
 says that for the last fifteen years he has used
 egg to cure felon, and has yet to see a case it
 will not cure. The way to apply the egg is as
 follows: Take a fresh egg and crack the shell
 at the larger end. Make a hole just large enough
 to admit the thumb or finger, whichever it may
 be, and force it into the egg as far as possible
 without rupturing the shell. Wipe off the egg
 which runs out, and bind a handkerchief or soft
 cloth around the finger or thumb, leaving the egg
 on overnight. This will generally cure in one
 application, but if not, make another application.—
Popular Mechanics.

Japan's Anti-Tobacco Law

THE Japanese government, seeing what ravage
 the tobacco habit was working in the physical
 and mental development of her youth, has passed
 a law forbidding the use or sale of tobacco. If
 a minor is caught smoking, his tobacco and
 smoking implements are confiscated; the parent
 or guardian allowing the youth to smoke is fined
 one dollar, or the equivalent in Japanese currency;
 and the tobacconist selling tobacco, cigars, or
 cigarettes to the minor is fined ten dollars for
 each offense.

The Japanese minister of education issued in-
 struction that all students in school of the ele-
 mentary or middle grade without reference to
 age, shall be forbidden to use tobacco in any form.
 This will reach a much larger class than the law,
 as there are many students who are not minors.—
Selected.

Square Root

(Concluded)

It is quite readily seen that the largest number
 whose square is contained into 4, the first period
 on the left, is 2; for 2 x 2 equals 4; or 20 x 20
 equals 400. Hence, were the number whose root
 we wish to obtain, even 400, no difficulty what-
 ever would be experienced in ascertaining by
 inspection that it is 20. But there is a remainder
 of 84, and by referring to the diagram we see
 that this 400 is only the square of the tens; and
 that the remainder, 84, must contain the surface
 of the two rectangles A G I E and I F C H, and
 the small square G B F I (Fig. 2).

We know that the length of each of these
 rectangles (for they are the same size) is 20,
 or what is known in the formula as the tens; but
 we do not know their width, nor the dimensions
 of the small square, which will be the same.

By placing the two rectangles end to end as
 in Fig. 3, we form a new figure whose length
 is 20 plus 20, or 40 feet, and whose area, together
 with the small square, G B F I, is 84 square feet.
 If the surface of the small square did not have
 to be taken into account, the area, 84, divided by
 the length, 40, would give us the width; but
 enough allowance must be made so that our quo-
 tient, the width, multiplied by itself, or squared,

can be a part of the 84; therefore we must do a
 little trying. What we want is some number
 which, when squared and added to 40 times itself,
 will equal 84. In this case we find our quotient
 to be a fraction over 2, so we will make a trial
 of that number: 2 x 2 equals 4, and 2 x 40 equals
 80, the surface of the two rectangles taken to-
 gether. By adding these two numbers we have
 84, the sum required; so we know that 2 is the
 number that should be taken. The root, then, of
 484 is 20 plus 2, which equals 22; and we have
 only to square this result to prove that our rea-
 soning is correct.

The formula is now clear: 20² plus 2 x 20 x 2
 plus 2² equals 400 plus 80 plus 4, which equals
 484.

The same is true of all perfect squares. Take
 1,369. Dividing into periods of two numbers
 each, we have 13·69, and know from this that the
 root contains two figures. Taking the period
 at the left, 13, we begin searching for the largest
 square that will be contained in it. 4 is too large,
 for 4 x 4 equals 16; 3 squared equals 9; and as
 there are to be two figures in the root, we know
 that it must stand somewhere between 30 and 40;
 30² equals 900; and 1,369—900 equals 469.

This number, 469, must contain the other part
 of the root, and to find what this second figure is,
 we must divide 469 by 60, which is double the
 part of the root already found. The reason for
 this is evident from the explanation of Fig. 3:
 60 is contained in 469 seven times, so we will
 make a trial of that number: 7 x 60 equals 420;
 7² equals 49; 420 plus 49 equals 469, the required
 number. The entire root, then, is 30 plus 7,
 equals 37.

The operation is indicated in this way:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 13 \cdot 69 \overline{) 30 \cdot 7} \\ \underline{9 \ 00} \\ 30 \times 2 \text{ or } 60 \overline{) 4 \ 69} \\ \underline{7 \times 60 \text{ or } 4 \ 20} \\ 7^2 \text{ or } 49 \end{array}$$

The process is often abridged thus:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 13 \cdot 69 \overline{) 37} \\ \underline{9} \\ 67 \overline{) 4 \ 69} \\ \underline{4 \ 69} \end{array}$$

The same process is performed if the number
 contains more than two periods. Take for ex-
 ample 49,729, which properly divided for extract-
 ing the root stands thus: 4·97·29.

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \cdot 97 \cdot 29 \overline{) 200 \cdot 20 \cdot 3 \text{ or } 223} \\ \underline{4 \ 00 \ 00} \\ 200 \times 2 \text{ or } 400 \overline{) 97 \ 29} \\ \underline{400 \times 20 \text{ or } 8000} \\ 20^2 \text{ or } 400 \overline{) 84 \ 00} \\ 220 \times 2 \text{ or } 440 \overline{) 13 \ 29} \\ \underline{440 \times 3 \text{ or } 13 \ 20} \\ 3^2 \text{ or } 9 \overline{) 13 \ 29} \end{array}$$

Comparing this with Fig. 4, we have:—

Square	L N K D =	200 ² =	40,000
Rectangle	E J N L =	200 x 20 =	4,000
Rectangle	N M H K =	200 x 20 =	4,000
Square	J I M N =	20 ² =	400
Rectangle	A G I E =	220 x 3 =	660
Rectangle	I F C H =	220 x 3 =	660
Square	G B F I =	3 ² =	9

Total square A B C D = 223² = 49,729

Any number, it matters not how many figures
 it contains, may be treated in a similar way,
 remembering always to begin with the highest
 root that is contained in the last period on the
 left, and from that, broadening out as indicated
 until the whole is included.

CLAUDE CONARD.

[The first article on Square Root, by Mr.
 Conard appeared in the INSTRUCTOR dated No-
 vember Seventh. The illustrations in that article
 are necessary to give full value to the article in
 this number.—ED.]

Only Love

THE hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,
When at the eternal gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because he lives.

— J. G. Whittier.

Is the Bible in Danger?

To our young people, when they read of the rapid spread of the Christian Science doctrines of Mrs. Eddy, and of the just as rapid advancement made by spiritualism, atheism, infidelity, and the Buddhist teachings of the one hundred and fifty new papers that are endeavoring to make the people of our country believe the heathen idea that we are all gods, and that therefore all are good, it may seem that the precious Bible is in danger of being overthrown and set aside.

And we do not wonder that they should feel so, for even the older and more stalwart soldiers in the Advent ranks, feel their hearts quail and their limbs tremble as they look at these mighty hosts marching on to apparent victory, and see field after field taken, and thousands of pulpit fortresses falling.

But, my dear young friends, no matter how alarming the outlook, the Bible is not in danger. It can never fall, for God is behind it. It has stood just such assaults in the past, and has come out unharmed. It has been stamped on, torn into shreds and scattered to the winds, been piled into heaps and burned to ashes, yet still it is here, pioneering its way into darkened heathen lands, to lift up and purify the people by giving them the knowledge of God. And wherever the Bible has gone,—

“Full safer the cradles rock to-night,
And babies sleep safer, I ween,
For the One who lay on Mary's breast
When the Christmas star was seen.”

Buddhism is dangerous, but *not* to the Bible. It is only dangerous to the people who accept it. It is “a system of philosophy which arose in India about five hundred years before Christ, and spread over that country and China, Japan, and Tibet. It is responsible for the state of morals and civilization in those countries.”

The Buddhist does not believe in a Supreme Being; he has no god; he acknowledges “an impelling power in the universe,” but denies that there is a personal, eternal, and self-existent God, whose loving care is over all his works, and to whom each individual of the human race is responsible. It is this philosophy that the skeptics, the spiritualists, and others, like Mrs. Eddy, have been studying and bringing to this country in these latter days, their object being to get rid of the Bible and its sacred truths, even though they may profess to take it as their guide.

Beware as you read, for the god of which they talk so beautifully is not the God who has revealed himself to us through his holy Word; the Bible can not fall, but *you* may.

The devil has clothed himself “as an angel of light;” and the hour of temptation that John foretold should “come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth,” seems to be here.

All must be tried, but from this last subtle temptation, or hour, those are to be kept who keep the word of patience and hold fast that which they have, that no man take their crown.

So we may “sigh and cry” because of the abounding iniquity of our land; that “the godly man ceaseth; . . . the faithful fail from among the children of men,” and yet feel that “the word of the Lord endureth forever,” and that all his plans will soon be brought to a final consummation by the coming of Jesus.

MRS. ROXANA S. WINCE.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IX—The Rich Young Man

(December 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 19:16-30.

MEMORY VERSE: “Come, take up the cross, and follow me.” Mark 10:21.



“And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him,” “Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

“The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet? Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

“Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

“When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved? But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible. Then answered Peter and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore? And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold and shall inherit everlasting life. But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first.”

Questions

1. Where did Jesus now go? Who met him on the way? How did this man show his anxiety to see Jesus? What did he do when he came into his presence?
2. What thought troubled this young man's mind? What question did he ask the Saviour? By what title did he address him?
3. What question did Jesus now ask the young ruler? Who alone is good? Why did Jesus ask this question?—To test the young man's sincerity, and learn if he regarded him whom he called “Good Master” as the Son of God.
4. What did Jesus say must be done by this young man if he would enter into life? What did the young man now ask? How many of the ten commandments did Jesus mention? Repeat them.
5. What did the young man say he had done? What did he now ask? What does this question show?—That though he had lived in a way to win the praise of men, he still felt that he lacked the approval of heaven.
6. What did Jesus now tell the young man he must do, if he would be perfect? What does this show?—That selfishness marred the perfection of the young ruler's character. What did he do when he heard these words? How did he feel?

Why did not this young man accept the Saviour's invitation?

7. What did Jesus then say to his disciples? Why is it hard for those who have great earthly possessions to be saved? How did the disciples feel when they heard that saying? What did they ask? How did Jesus answer them?

8. What question was now asked by Peter? What spirit does this question show? To what time did Jesus direct the minds of his disciples? When will they receive their reward? What position of great honor will be given them?

9. How many will receive a reward for giving up the attractions of the world to follow Jesus? What did he name among the things they might be called to give up for his sake? What does he say they will receive in this life? See Mark 10:30. What in the life to come?

10. What did Jesus then say concerning those who are “first” in this world? What of those who are counted “last,” or least?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IX—The Crisis

(December 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 7:1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: “His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.” Prov. 5:22.

Questions

1. In Haman's shame, what had he forgotten? Who came for him? Esther 6:14.
2. Who accompanied him to Esther's banquet? Esther 7:1.
3. What did the king ask Esther as they sat at the banquet? What promise did he make her? Verse 2.
4. What was Esther's request? Verse 3.
5. What reason did she give for making a request which seemed so strange to the king? Verse 4.
6. What did Ahasuerus ask her? Verse 5.
7. Whom did Esther accuse? How did this affect Haman? Verse 6.
8. Why was it easier for Esther to accuse Haman now than it would have been at the first banquet?
9. Relate briefly the manner in which the Lord worked for his people between the two banquets. Esther 6.
10. Of what is this an evidence? Prov. 16:7.
11. What effect did Esther's accusation of Haman have upon the king? Esther 7:7.
12. To whom did Haman now appeal for help? Verse 7.
13. How did even this appear to Ahasuerus? What did he say? Verse 8; note 1.
14. On hearing Haman condemned by the king, what did his servants do? Verse 8 (last part); note 2.
15. What did the chamberlain suggest? What was the king's command? Verse 9; note 3.
16. What was done to Haman? Verse 10. Of what divine principle is this an illustration? Job 4:8.

Notes

1. Anciently, in Oriental countries, the people reclined upon couches while dining.
2. Faces of criminals are covered; and the servants, in covering Haman's face, pronounced his doom. He had covered his own head in shame in the morning. Esther 6:12.
3. It is possible that Harbonah was the same chamberlain that had been sent to Haman's house to call him to the banquet, and the great gallows, seventy-five feet high, must have attracted his attention, and caused him to inquire why it had been built. Hence his suggestion to hang Haman thereon.



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No one can be a leader and inspirer of men who is not just, and who is not quick to feel injustice.

"A GERMAN boy was reading a novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: 'Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!' And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher."

SOME children were having much difficulty in trying to climb a slippery stairway. Finally some one suggested that each take the other's hand. They did so, and found they got along better. One gleefully shouted, "O, it's easier taking hold of hands!" So it is in Christian service.

"MANY people will be lost because they haven't energy enough to be saved," said a minister to his congregation. While it is not works that save one, yet one who has not the abiding presence of the Spirit of God, a love-filled heart for perishing souls, can not be saved; and a life of service is the inevitable accompaniment of the Spirit of God.

UNCLE SAM realizes more profit in carrying souvenir postal cards through the mails than from any other class of matter. It takes, on an average, one hundred twenty of these cards to weigh a pound, and at a cent each the government receives \$1.20 a pound for carrying them, while for sealed letters it receives thirty-two cents; merchandise, sixteen cents; books, eight cents; newspapers and magazines, one cent.

WE burn up in this country every week, on an average, twelve churches, three theaters, three public halls, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, two colleges, six apartment houses, three department stores, two jails, twenty-six hotels, one hundred forty "flat" houses and nearly sixteen hundred homes, together with eighteen persons. This statement is given by the International Society of State Municipal Building Commissioners and Inspectors.

THE article on page three entitled "Hospitality," contains good suggestions. Why would it not be well to have appointed in every church a standing reception committee,—a committee whose duty would be to look about after every service to see whether there were any strangers present, and if so to greet them warmly, give them a tract or paper, and ask them to come again? Will not some one in every church see that this idea is proposed to the officers of the church? This committee would in no wise prevent others from speaking; but would simply obviate the possibility of any visitor being overlooked.

Only last evening a young woman, a good Adventist, said to me that she never enjoyed going to a certain church for she was not very well acquainted, and no one spoke to her. She also said that some of her companions felt the same; so they usually passed that church and went to another beyond. More hearts than we know miss the friendly grasp of the hand and the hearty word of welcome and good-will.

The Prayer Nerve

QUEEN ESTHER believed in the prayer-meeting. Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage says: "There is no great evangelistic preacher that is accomplishing any great good for Christ who is not backed up by a praying, consecrated band of earnest church workers." The prayer nerve is as vital to-day as it was in Esther's crisis.

Do you notice how the whole deliverance turns on the wakefulness of the king? Had sound sleep attended his pillow, he would not have called for the reading of the record of Mordecai's service. Esther 6:1. How often trifles as light as air have decided the destinies of nations! But those "trifles" were ordered of God. A summer shower the night before the battle of Waterloo made the ground too soft for Napoleon's heavy guns, and changed the map of Europe tremendously in favor of Protestantism. The flight of a flock of birds turned Columbus south, and saved North America from papal dominion. When a storm dispersed the French fleet sent to subdue New England, the Puritans were gathered in prayer to avert the calamity. History is full of such providential "trifles."—*Selected.*

"What a pity it is that this earth, which is so full of God's goodness, should be so empty of his praises, and that, of the multitudes that live upon his bounty, there are so few that live to his glory!"

Conscience Above Statute

DR. TALMAGE preached from the words recorded in Dan. 6:10: "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem." The doctor fully justified the prophet's disobedience of civil law, in these words:—

"The scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Cœur de Lion of the ages. *His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias, or that God should be abolished.* They could not scare his companions with the red-hot furnaces, and they can not now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment, he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then prays.

"I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window and said: 'Just see that man defying the law! He ought to be arrested.' And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide-open window. 'You are my prisoner,' says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulders of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner, they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But

Daniel becomes the first lion tamer, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he can not tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience."



STONY BROOK, L. I., June 29, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am very sorry I was not able to send the money for the renewal sooner, but could not collect it very fast. I have enjoyed the paper very much ever since I have taken it. I like the Children's Page and science stories best. Mama and I were very much interested in the articles on Basketry. We bought some reeds, and I made two mats. The first was not very good, but the second was first-rate. I have not made any baskets, but intend to soon.

Your little brother in the truth,

WILLIS S. THOMSON.

WAGERMAN, NEW MEXICO, Sept. 13, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I thought I would write a few lines, as there are not many letters from New Mexico. I think the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR a very interesting paper. We have sixty-three members in our Sabbath-school; and we meet in the schoolhouse, as we have no church building yet. I think the lessons are so good this quarter. Different members of the church are distributing *The Family Bible Teacher* among the people here. Sister Schaefer was our Sabbath-school teacher for two years; she was a good teacher, and the whole class liked her. She is now matron of the Palisade school in Colorado. We miss her. There are eight scholars in our class. May we all be faithful, and have a home in the earth made new.

THYRZA A. BARRON.

CARTHAGE, MO., Aug. 26, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, and think it is rightly named; for it is instructive. There was such a good piece that impressed me much in the paper dated August fifteen. It would pay all who have not read it, to get the paper and read it. The title of it is, "The Shutting of Doors." As it says, "The shutting of a door is a little thing, and yet it may have infinite meaning. When God shut the door of the ark, the sound of its closing was the knell of exclusion to those who were without, but it was the token of security to the little company of trusting ones who were within."

As the writer says, We are continually coming to doors, which stand open for a little while, then are shut. "To every one of us along our years there come opportunities, which, if accepted and improved, would fit us for worthy character, and for noble, useful living, and lead us in due time to places of honor and blessing. . . . Then one by one the doors are shut, cutting off the proffered favors while we go on unbled. . . . This sad sound of closing doors, as it falls day after day upon our soul's ears, proclaims to us continually that something which was ours, which was sent to us from God, and for which we shall have to answer in judgment, is ours no longer, is shut away forever from our grasp."

I was much impressed a little over a year ago in a conversation I had with my church-school teacher, Sister L. B. Matthews. She asked me what line of work I had planned to do for my Master. I did not know then, not having thought much about it; but the conversation weighed heavily on me, and I felt burdened to do something for my Saviour. I did not see any way open, or anything I could do, so I prayed earnestly over it, and looked for the opportunity. It was not long before the Lord opened a door, and the work I should do was settled. I pray that I may stay in the work as a canvasser, carrying the truth to the people.

May we as young people be found so doing that when the Saviour comes, the doors of heaven may be opened for us.

ELSIE F. HENRY.