

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### A November Storm

I STAND at the farmhouse window  
On a gray November day,  
And across the upland's heaving swell  
A lonely crow takes way.

Does the free wing beat to a weary pulse?  
Is the dark breast charged with care?  
A low breath sighs through the orchard trees,  
And rattles the branches bare.

Below, is a seared and frozen earth;  
Above, a pent, weird sky;  
Unseen aerial powers gain force,  
And sweep, and swirl, and sigh.

I watch when the pines of the wood-  
land  
Their lofty crests upreast,  
And the huge boughs toss to the  
rhythm wild  
Of a restless atmosphere.

Light flakes of snow sift earthward;  
And fretted by the blast,  
An eagle swings in the cloudy dome,  
Then on pinion fleet glides past.

O that from this dark chaos  
Some pinion might pilot me!  
A deep roar grows upon the ear,  
Resistless as the sea.

The forest bends before it;  
Limbs writhe; with crackling sound  
A gnarled old tree, unsheltered,  
Falls prone upon the ground;

And into protected corners  
Brigades of dead leaves whirl,  
Charged on by snowflake volleys  
And the wind's keen, angry swirl.

Night comes; a lull has fallen;  
The land lies white and still;  
God smiles in the western sunlight,  
Earth bows to his mighty will.

ELVIRA A. WEBBER.

### The Spirit of Kindness Versus Criticism

THE youth of our day should be progressive. "Never think that you have learned enough, and that you may now relax your efforts. The cultivated mind is the measure of the man. Your education should continue during your lifetime; every day you should be learning and putting to practical use the knowledge gained. Remember that in whatever position you may serve, you are revealing motive, developing character. . . . The same spirit and principles that one brings into the daily labor, will be brought into the whole life.

"Those who desire a fixed amount to do, and a fixed salary, and who wish to prove an exact fit without the trouble of adaptation or training, are not the ones whom God calls to work in his cause. Those who study to give as little as possible of their physical, mental, and moral power are not the workers upon whom he can pour out abundant blessings. Their example is

contagious; self-interest is the ruling motive. Those who need to be watched, and who work only as every duty is specified to them, are not the ones who will be pronounced good and faithful.

"Workers are needed who manifest energy, integrity, diligence, those who are willing to do anything that needs to be done. Many become insufficient by evading responsibilities for fear of failure." — "Ministry of Healing," page 499.

All our daily work is the result of the principles which we hold. The difference between Christ and Antichrist is a difference in the principles which enter into the formation of their characters. Christ was loyal to God, and that loyalty kept him in perfect accord with every word of God. Satan, in his disloyalty, openly criticized God as withholding from man things

ruling principle in the character of Christ, for Christ is God (Heb. 1:8), and God is love. 1 John 4:16. Hatred is the ruling passion in the life of Satan. He is come down having great wrath, knowing that he hath but a short time. Christ, actuated by love, is the friend of sinners, not willing that any should perish. Satan, actuated by hatred, is the accuser of the brethren, going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

If we allow ourselves to indulge in criticism and accusation of others, we are building upon the principles that turned a covering cherub into a fallen angel, and caused all the sorrow and woe that sin has wrought.

Let us rather build upon the principles which actuated Christ, and love even our enemies, and devote our whole lives to saving the lost. Our lives will reveal the principles upon which we build. R. C. PORTER.

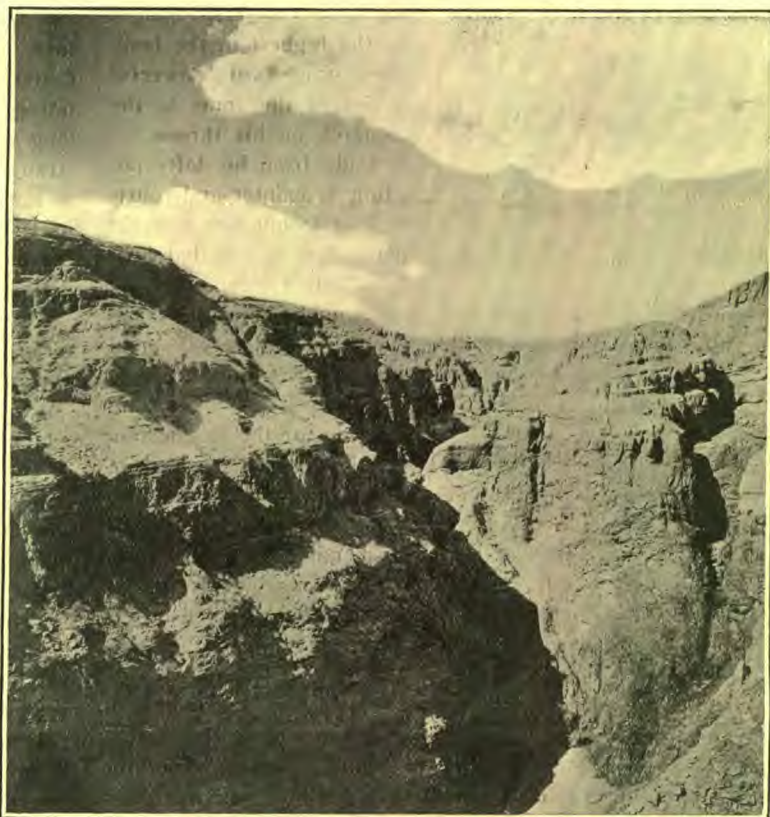
### The Things which Must Stand Aside

THE early mists of the morning hour had scarcely left the valley, and the first rays of the dawning sun were tinting the broken edges of the clouds, when the gate of a royal castle was raised, and out on the broad pathway rode a knight in full armor. As he reached the gateway, he checked his horse, raised his helmet and saluted his master, the king, who stood waiting for him. In his hand the king held a parchment roll. His face was earnest and a little sad. Looking the knight full in the face, he said, "Art thou ready? Behold, here is the message which I would send unto my people. It is for great and small, rich and poor; it is filled with blessings for every one of them. Guard it well. Wilt thou do this, Sir Knight? Dost thou carry any needless burden? Canst thou ride swiftly? Then ride on. But wait,—many shall say to thee as thou ridest, 'Lo, come here and see!' By the city gates they

shall hold their fairs; in the gardens young maidens shall call to thee; women shall speak thy name; from the valleys they shall call thee for service in the war; but unto all these things, O Knight, thou shalt say, 'Stand aside,' for remember thou ridest for thy lord, the king."

Every time I read that story of the knight and look on the picture which so beautifully represents it, there flashes into my mind the admonition the apostle Paul gives us: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us." Let us say to these things, "Stand aside." These things? What things?

The world cries out with a thousand tongues telling men that this life is not all, and that life does not consist in the abundance of things which a man possesses. If one live on the prairie, how it stretches away boundless and beautiful, telling every man of the immeasurable vastness of an



Scene in a California Desert Canyon. "Man hath had no part in all this."

that would have made his happiness more complete. Christ was solely interested in the salvation of the lost. Satan was solely interested in securing for himself a higher place. Christ was willing to give his own life to save the fallen. Satan was willing to ruin the whole human race in his attempt to secure a higher place for himself. Christ's name will in the end be exalted above every name; "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, . . . and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Satan will be cast into the bottomless pit, and finally come to ashes upon the earth, and never shall he be any more.

There is as vast a difference between the principles that actuated Christ and Satan as there is difference in characters. What are the principles of the character of each? Love is the



endless eternity into which he must some day go. If he live in the mountains, how they appeal to his soul, calling upon him out of their grandeur to remember the greatness of the majesty of God round about him. And if he walk some day into the woods, the trees give the same message, and from some broken, decayed stump a tiny fresh green vine creeps out, and the flowers whisper to him from the shadow, "Death the servant of life." When he stands by the seashore, as the waves come rolling in, they also bear their message, and will not be silenced, reminding him that—

"God holdeth the waters in the hollow  
Of his hand,  
This mighty, throbbing, boundless sea,  
In his hand!  
O hand, so sure, so safe, so strong  
That it can hold the sea!  
Midst the waves of the storm-tossed  
Sea of life  
It can, it will, hold me."

After we have heard it all, after nature has spoken her message, and the Book and Life have repeated it, we leave it behind, and go into the mad rush of things, things swallowing up the truth regarding life. We busy ourselves with the multitude of things, while character bows its head in shame, and, slowly starving, dies. Dies, waiting to be fed, and no food is given! What things? The same old thing that we have heard so many times we have almost grown weary of hearing. Yet it is a great weight; it holds us down; it is the weight of—

#### Self

It is an iron weight; it includes all the rest, and I want to say to you to-night that before we can truly live, it must be laid aside.

I knew a girl who had everything a girl could want in her life. As a child she had not been very well, and her parents had petted her and given her everything she desired, and the result was that she was a spoiled girl in every sense of the word. She went about in the summer-time from place to place, seeking rest and recreation. In one place she was not pleased with the scenery, and must move on to another. Perhaps there the people did not suit her, so she would go to still another. Nothing satisfied her. She led a restless, selfish, hungering life that never could be satisfied. One day she went back to her city home, waiting to decide where to go next. A friend said, "What now?" "I don't know. I wish there was something in the world that I wanted to do. I wish there was something new I could see." "If you will come with me in the morning, I will show you something new," said her friend. "Shall I like it?" "I don't know, it will be something new." The next morning she took her down to the hospital ship to see the worn mothers, with weary faces and heavy hearts, carrying their sick babies in their arms, and dragging along behind little tots who could scarcely walk. One mother, with an especially interesting face, was there. She had a tiny baby she could hardly hold, it was so weak. As this girl watched her go on board with the poor little wreck of a baby, and saw the look on the nurse's face as she took it and put it in one of those white cribs—those blessed white cribs!—a new passion came into her heart. Speaking to the doctor, she said, "Doctor, will this child live?" "I doubt it," was the answer. "If she had been brought to us a few days ago, she might have lived." "Why was she not brought?" "Because there was nowhere to put her. We had no beds." Not room for them all, so many must die. "The child shall not die," said the girl. That baby did not die, and hundreds of babies have found life and refreshment, and hundreds of mothers' hearts have been spared the crushing loss, because of what that girl saw that morning. She forgot all about her own fancied troubles. Her friends were

astonished to have her so quickly and easily satisfied with the scenery she found at this place or that, and even more astonished to find how eagerly and quickly she rushed back to the crowded masses in the city heat that she might add one more blessing to the ship as it went on its errand of mercy. No girl in all the world ever put aside the weight of self which holds her down without finding satisfaction above all she ever hoped to have, who did not find throbbing in her own heart a joy of which she had not dreamed. It is self that keeps us from service, self which breaks the golden rule by which Christ bade us live. Self is the first weight that we must cut off and lay aside, to which we must say, as the knight said unto those who came to tempt him from his errand, "Stand aside; I run for my lord, the king."—*Margaret Slattery, in Record of Christian Work.*

(To be concluded)

#### The Artist's Friend

For a long lifetime Sir Joshua Reynolds occupied a position in the world that was strangely unique, and that no man save the great master himself, or one endowed with an unusually gifted and perfectly rounded character, could have held. He stood pre-eminently above all the great painters of his day, not only in England but in Europe, and at the same time had a social position that was second to none in the kingdom, for he was a welcome guest at the most exclusive houses, while his friendship was eagerly sought by the highest in the land, from the most powerful nobles of the court to the monarch on his throne.



JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and Sheridan, and to be able to twinkle even the tiniest bit amid planets of such magnitude proves that he shone with no uncertain light.

His London home was one of the loveliest in that great city; for fastidious taste, added to large wealth and unbounded influence, enabled him to collect some of the rarest treasures of the world, and in his splendid art gallery canvases only a few inches square, but valued at thousands of pounds, hung above jeweled orders and lacquered snuff-boxes that were the gifts of kings.

All these things were sweet in the mouth of Sir Joshua, for he was a man whose whole artistic nature reveled in beauty, and to whom the love and admiration of his fellow man was dear. The master, who, it was said, "thought in color," would roam for long, blissful hours through these splendid rooms, and from there would go into his studio, where he would paint the greatest beauties of his time. Then, faultlessly attired, he would step into the coach that was the wonder of all London, and roll away to be the charming, polished lion at some brilliant gathering.

A full life, and a happy one, most would think, and yet when the evening ended, and the great master returned to his room, it was a singularly lonely old man the candle rays fell upon—and not only a lonely one, but one to whom many of the things that go to make life a desirable thing had been denied. He could hear very few of the honeyed words his admirers addressed to him, for he had been quite deaf since early youth, and in the splendid house, which was so full and yet so empty, there was none to bid him welcome on his return save his dog, for the maiden sister who sat at the head of his table cared naught for his art, and seemingly loved only the soft silks

and rich laces his lavish hand bestowed upon her.

Sir Joshua never complained of his loneliness. He was at the same time too strong and too busy for that, and until he was an old man, he went his smiling way, giving to the world the best he had, and keeping the bad to himself.

Then one day blindness came, shutting out all that glorious world of color that had been his very life, leaving him to grope during his last years in a dull-gray fog that frequently grew so black he could not tell the light of day from the gloom of night. Even this calamity forced no bitter or complaining word from the lips that so early had learned the wonderful secret of silent endurance, and he still turned to the world a brave and smiling face, although those who knew the courtly old man best knew that when he laid his brushes down forever, he also laid down all desire for life.

And it was then he found his friend. And such a little friend as it was, but such an altogether desirable one to the blind and deaf old painter! It was just a tiny brown bird that his housekeeper found one day, wet and bedraggled in the grass, and, knowing how Sir Joshua loved all weak and helpless things, she carried the shivering atom to him, little knowing what a joy she was bringing into his darkened life. It could not sing, this little bird waif, but what mattered that to Sir Joshua? His ears were sealed; and had it been able to rival the nightingale, he would never have known it. Neither was it pretty; but that did not matter, for if its plumage had been more brilliant than ever decked a bird of paradise, his poor, dim eyes could not have seen it. But what the old knight *did* know was that the tiny creature loved him, and at his faintest call would flutter to his hand and nestle there, a little palpitating ball of soft, warm feathers. And as the long months went by, the tie between the strangely assorted pair grew stronger, until they were never apart, the little bird even crooning itself to sleep at night on a chair back, close to the old man's bed, and awakening him by energetic pecks at his face in the early morning.

Then, not many weeks before the great master's death, the window was left open one day, and out into the big world flew the little bird—out into the noise and turmoil of a busy London street, where it was quickly lost to view.

That afternoon one of the great men of London town was passing along a street, when he saw coming toward him a slight figure in a long, flowing cloak. Hair like silver fell to the broad collar, while under the drooping hat was a face so white and worn that it looked like a rare old cameo. A hand of marvelous beauty was thrust helplessly out every now and then to feel the way, and the great man paused with a start, for that was a well-known hand, and on it gleamed a priceless gem that had ornamented a royal finger not long before. He greeted the old painter affably, and uttered a few courteous words that Sir Joshua never heard.

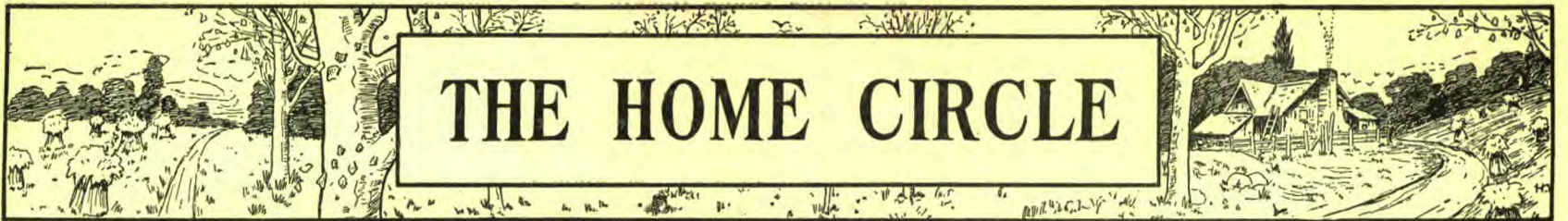
"I have lost a friend," the great master faltered, staring up into the trees with the half-blinded old eyes that had once been so keen and brilliant, but were now so piteously dim.

The great man bowed his head and looked politely troubled, while he tried in vain to recall the death of some personage of note.

"It is my bird I am seeking, my little friend that I love and that loves me," explained the quavering voice, and as the great man turned away with a careless shrug and an amused smile, the frail old figure went groping its slow way along the street, painfully seeking the friend it was nevermore to find.—*Harriet Hobson Dougherty, in The Children's Visitor.*

"CHERISH ideals as the traveler cherishes the north star, and keep the guiding light pure and bright and high above the horizon."





## THE HOME CIRCLE

### Our Neighbors

SOMEBODY near you is struggling alone

Over life's desert sand;  
Faith, hope, and courage together are gone;  
Reach him a helping hand;  
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;  
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon fire bright;  
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,  
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;

Send him some aid to-day;  
Somebody near you is feeble and old,  
Left without human stay.  
Under his burdens put hands kind and strong;  
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;  
Haste to do something to help him along  
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast,

Soon it will all be gone;  
Soon will our season of service be past,  
Soon will our day be done.  
Somebody near you needs now a kind word;  
Some one needs help, such as you can afford;  
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord;  
There may be a soul to be won.

—Selected.

### Gordon & Gordon

"SOMETIMES I almost wish the boy weren't so bright," sighed Mr. Gordon, looking up with a frown from the note his wife had tearfully handed him. "Now if he had to work a little harder for what he learns, he wouldn't have so much time for idleness and mischief."

"But Bruce is bright," said Mrs. Gordon, with a gleam of motherly pride. "In the last note his teacher wrote me he said that only a boy with an unusual mind could keep up with his classes with so little attention to his studies."

"Perhaps we had better take him out of school. I am heartily sick of the constant anxiety that his attendance causes to both his teachers and ourselves."

"Why, you wouldn't really take him out, would you?"

"He is liable to be expelled. That's the real meaning of this note, which says that his idleness and mischief-making can not be endured much longer, as it is too demoralizing to the rest of the pupils in his room. It seems to me that it would be better for Bruce and less unpleasant for us just to take him out."

If Bruce, who had gone to school that morning, tardy as usual, but whistling merrily, had heard this conversation, he would not have been so surprised as he was when his father said to him in the evening, "If you don't like to go to school, you may stop. You needn't go another day."

"Not another day of school!" exclaimed the boy, jubilantly, and he went to bed with his head full of plans for fishing, swimming, and roaming through the woods.

The next morning he rose two hours earlier than usual, so eager was he not to miss any of his new freedom. With a hurried bite of bread and butter, to which he helped himself in the kitchen, he started forth on pleasure bent.

Mrs. Gordon was somewhat alarmed when he did not appear at breakfast, and could not be found in the house.

"Don't worry," said her husband, reassuringly. "Bruce knows how to take care of himself, and he's no doubt enjoying a swim or a row on the river at this very minute."

"But I shall worry all the time if I don't know where he is," fretted Mrs. Gordon. "When he was in school, I knew where he was."

"You will know where he is after to-day, and he will be pretty safe, I think," said Mr. Gordon.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to set the boy to work. I shall devote myself, to-day, to finding something for him to do."

"Well, next to being in school, he will be better off at work, I suppose," said Mrs. Gordon, regretfully, for she could not quite reconcile herself to the idea of having her bright, handsome boy taken from school.

A long day out of doors had made Bruce tired enough to go to bed early that night, and just as he was starting, his father called him into the library and showed him a suit of blue overalls and a tin dinner pail.

"It is hard nowadays, Bruce," he said, "to get a boy apprenticed, but a carpenter who has long owed me a debt of gratitude, is willing to take you as a special favor. I shall expect you to show appreciation of his kindness by faithful attention to your work."

"Why, do you want me to be a carpenter, father?"

"It is a good, honest trade, and one in which lack of book knowledge won't be as much of a disadvantage as in some other professions, though, of course, it will hinder your advancement considerably. If you had cared to go on with your education, I would have taken you into partnership with me when you came out of college. I had always intended to do that. But never mind about that now. Your mother has promised to see that you get your breakfast in time, and that your dinner pail is ready so that you can leave the house early enough to report for work at seven. You will begin to-morrow morning."

There was a certain firmness in Mr. Gordon's tone that discouraged argument. Bruce picked up his new overalls and dinner pail, and saying, "All right, sir," went to his room.

His mother followed him, and kissed him good-night very tenderly.

"Don't fuss about me, mother," he said in his gruffest, grown-up tone. "I guess I'll like work better than school, and a fellow can't expect vacation all the time."

Bruce had been working a week when late one afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were sitting talking on the porch.

"The boy is sticking to his trade manfully," remarked Mr. Gordon, for these two were never together very long without speaking of Bruce.

"He comes home so tired and dirty every night that it makes my heart ache," answered Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh, well, the experience will do him good. It doesn't hurt a healthy boy to be a little tired and dirty."

Just as Mr. Gordon ceased speaking, a carriage stopped in front of the house. Two men in blue overalls lifted out a white-faced lad, who groaned as they carried him up the walk.

"Our boy! O, our boy!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "What has happened?"

"Hush, dear!" said her husband as he hurried forward.

"He fell from the scaffolding of the house we're building," volunteered one of the men, "and he's pretty badly shaken up—an ankle twisted and a leg broken, but it's nothing very serious."

Nothing very serious! Mrs. Gordon wrung her hands and turned away with a moan after a look at her unconscious son.

"He's fainted again," explained the spokesman as they laid Bruce on the sitting-room couch. "He fainted twice before. First we thought we'd get a doctor there, but as it wasn't very far to bring him, we decided you'd rather have him home."

"Yes, yes, thank you," said Mr. Gordon, as he ran to the telephone.

Mrs. Gordon bathed Bruce's forehead, and in a moment or two he sighed and opened his eyes.

"Awful miff to faint, but it hurts a lot—that ankle," he murmured.

Two hours afterward, when the surgeon had left, and Bruce was lying in his own bed with his ankle bandaged and his leg in splints, his father and mother sat by his side and gazed at him with tenderly anxious eyes.

"Poor dear!" sighed Mrs. Gordon, softly. "I'm glad he's dropped off to sleep. How wan he looks! O, it was wrong of us to set him at that carpentering! Just think, we might have—might have lost him!" She brushed away the ready tears. "As it is, we can never forgive ourselves."

"Don't say that, mother. You see I wasn't asleep." Bruce turned his head so that he could look more fully into the faces of his father and mother. "I guess I needed something like this to stir up my conscience a bit. The men were too kind-hearted to tell you, but the truth is, I got hurt because I would go where I had no business. The 'boss' told me to keep down off the scaffolding, but I was tired of doing what he'd set me at, and I acted just the way I always did in school. I did what I thought would be fun. I'm awfully sorry, father—I've always been such a bother to you."

Mr. Gordon leaned over and took the boy's work-bruised hand in his, and Mrs. Gordon's tears fell upon them both.

"If you'll let me go back to school when I get well, I'll study hard, and stop being disobedient and idle. You won't ever get any more notes about my bad conduct. I think I'd like to go to college, and be your partner some day. It isn't too late, is it, father? Have I lost too much time?"

"You have lost a little time, Bruce, my son, but you have gained a lot of wisdom. I'm sorry it came such a hard way—it's hard on us all; and I think I feel it the most, for I'm afraid I haven't always been patient and sympathetic with you. But from this time on, we are partners. Just at present you must show your interest in the firm by getting well again, so that you can get back to your studies and prepare yourself for that day when we shall change the sign on my office door to 'Gordon & Gordon.'"

"It'll look pretty fine," said Bruce, in a weak but happy voice.—Selected.

### A Suggestion of Worth

THE Lord has appointed the youth to be his helping hand. If in every church they would consecrate themselves to him, if they would practise self-denial in the home, relieving their care-worn mother, she could find time to make neighborly visits, and, when opportunity offered, they could themselves give assistance by doing little errands of mercy and love. Books and papers treating on the subject of health and temperance could be placed in many homes. The circulation of this literature is an important matter.—Mrs. E. G. White.





### December Study of the Field

(December 9)

#### OPENING EXERCISES:—

- Singing.
- Scripture Reading: Psalm 51.
- Prayer (consecration service).
- Singing.

#### FIELD STUDY:—

- The Santals of India.
- Plainfield Mission, Nyassaland.
- Among the Country People in China.
- British West Africa.

Sentence Reports from F. W. Field, J. E. Fulton, Philip Giddings, F. W. Spies, H. C. Goodrich, C. E. Peckover, Law Keem, B. E. Connerly, I. G. Knight, C. E. Rentfro, M. C. Sturdevant.

#### CLOSING EXERCISES:—

- Prayer (remembering the workers by name in all parts of the harvest-field).

Our study this week falls upon the opening day of the week of prayer. It may be advisable, and certainly would be profitable, to make this a special prayer service. The field study might be dropped entirely, where thought best, and the hour spent in prayer. Yet a study of the field will be helpful at this time. It will only make more definite and clear the call of the Lord to his people—the young people included—in the closing hours of earth's history. It will deepen the conviction that in the regions beyond the need is great, and we must prepare to supply it.

The sentence reports will make us more familiar with the names of our dear missionaries scattered all over the world. As the name is called, let the field be pointed out upon the map. Let us make the day the best missionary day of this year, by giving ourselves anew to God's service, for the finishing of his work. E. H.

### What the Children of the Haskell Home Did

THE following letter written by the little missionaries tells the story of their service. We wish groups of little people throughout the country would follow their example, and send money to the Mission Board for the needy fields.

HASKELL HOME,  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, Oct. 28, 1905.  
Dr. A. C. Selmon,  
Tsin-tsai Hsien, Honan, China.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: Since our last quarter had passed three weeks ago, and we had not decided where to send our money from our Sabbath-school, our thoughts were turned to the people in China. Mr. Lowry told us a few things of China, and how two dollars would pay for a little girl's education for a whole year. The children were then asked, "How many want to send their money to the children in China?" All rose to their feet.

We send you seven dollars to use in the way you think best, trusting that God will give you wisdom and strength to stay with the people. We also send our prayers with it.

We have been quite busy this summer with our work. Two weeks ago we had a little "Harvest Ingathering," which we all enjoyed, giving praise to the One who let our fruits, grains, and vegetables grow.

There are yet here some of the children that were here when you were, and they have not forgotten you. And there are many new ones. We have one hundred twenty-nine in our Home family, and our membership in Sabbath-school is one hundred twenty-four.

We shall now have to say "Farewell."

### A Word to Our Young People—I

BEYOND doubt the life-giving and life-saving truths known as the third angel's message constitute the greatest thing ever given to man, and the presenting of these truths to our fellow men and women is the grandest and most important work in which we can engage. The world is to be tested by this great message, for no other chance will be given to men to repent and be saved. Probation time is fast drawing to its close, and we have even been told that now God's judgments are abroad in the world. The expected time of peril has come; what was for years foretold is now present truth.

Every young man and woman who believes that the second coming of the Lord is drawing nigh should be seriously considering the giving of this last message to the world,—to those around them. Truly we have a many-sided message and a world-wide work.

#### Are You a Transfer Station?

For many years we have been getting light from heaven along the varied lines of work concerned in this last message of mercy. With all this light has come the responsibility not only of receiving it, but of passing it along to others. Reader, do you realize that your only safety lies in letting shine out from your life the light that heaven has flashed into your soul? Every individual youth should be a sort of transfer station, a means by which light and truth are received from heaven with one hand, and passed along with the other. "Freely have ye received, freely give."

God says to us, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come." My brother or sister, you can not afford to disregard this call to activity. If you have light, seek not to keep it to yourself, but with heart and hand do your best to enlighten others. The call of the prophet comes with redoubled force to us to-day. The message must be carried to the remotest bounds of earth, to heathen lands as well as to civilized nations. Our work has so many aspects and phases that all can take up some part of it, in almost any circumstances, and in nearly every place. May God help us all, without exception, so to appreciate our responsibility that none will fail to answer, "Lord, here am I; send me."

Important factors in the third angel's message are the ministry, the medical missionary work, canvassing, and Bible work. The medical missionary work sustains the relation to the whole message that the arm does to the body; it is to reach out into new and unbroken territory, and open the way for an entrance of more truth. It is not to be carried on aside from the message generally, but rather is to be an essential part of it. Every believer who finally triumphs with present-day truth will be, in God's sight, a true medical missionary when the work is finished.

Do not think that this means that every young man or woman will of necessity be a nurse or a physician; rather, it implies that all will practise and teach health principles,—the principles of real temperance,—right living, eating, and drinking.

#### What You Can Do

Our work for to-day is to begin just where we find ourselves. We need not wait for wonderful openings; let us, one and all, do what we can to the very best of our ability, right where we are now. Watch for every opportunity to minister to some soul. Do personal work as occasion offers, with your friends or neighbors, seeking to save their souls and lead them to the one and only source of genuine happiness. It is a mistake to think we can work for God only in the great things of life; very frequently we can do a great work for the Lord when it would appear that the opening is quite insignificant. What seems to us small may be in God's sight a really great opportunity, fraught with untold possibilities. With

humility, let us ask God to guide us to the ones to whom we may minister, and ever seek to improve all opportunities, wherever and whenever they come to us.

A beautiful thing about the medical missionary work is that it appeals to all classes of society. By it we can approach the high and the low. While it is important that we strive to labor for the poor and the needy, those are not the only classes for whom we should aim to work. There are many who sit in darkness, even while reveling in luxury. They may not appreciate their need, but it is real. Let us treasure up and utilize every opportunity to work for our fellow men and women while we have time. "The night cometh when no man can work." The cry for workers in the Lord's vineyard is loud and urgent. Have you heard it? Then delay not an instant to answer it, and set to work in heartfelt earnestness to do your part in giving the light of the everlasting gospel to hungry and dying souls around you. Particularly should we familiarize ourselves with the principles underlying diet and home treatments for the sick, and should qualify ourselves to answer eager inquiries after spiritual and physical truth. As we conscientiously strive to equip ourselves in this direction, God will bless our efforts. We shall oftentimes succeed better than we expected. It behooves every one to have on the wedding garment, and live up to the light received. May God help us to see to it that we are not idle, but are giving the trumpet of his truth no uncertain sound.

W. S. SADLER.



### The Law of God

1. What did the prophet say the Lord should do for the law?

"The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honorable." Isa. 42:21.

2. What did Christ say about his relation to the law?

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." Matt. 5:17.

3. Will any part of the law pass away?

"For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Matt. 5:18.

4. What do the first four commandments really mean?

"Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Matt. 22:37.

5. What do the last six say one should do?

"And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Verse 39.

6. Did Jesus keep the commandments?

"If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." John 15:10.

7. Where is God's law to be written?

"I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." Heb. 8:10.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

### Qualifications of the Canvasser

1. A HEART at peace with God and men.
2. A great burden for souls rather than for cash.
3. Plain, open-faced honesty.
4. Politeness, true courtesy; remember that true love for people is the basis of all true courtesy.—Selected.





# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## A Childish Mystery



If we could part those  
dimpled arms,  
And view the little  
hidden face,  
Would roguish smiles  
or wistful tears  
Be claiming there a  
dwelling-place?

If we could see the  
thoughts within  
That golden head  
bent o'er so low,  
Would they with play-  
ful gladness gleam,  
Or shadowed, rise in  
childish woe?

Do sweet eyes, filled  
with shyness, seek  
From strangers' gaze a sheltering screen?  
Or do two cheeks, all red with shame,  
Hope here to hide away, unseen?

Or does our weary little maid  
But bow her sleepy head to say  
Her "Now I lay me," ere she drifts  
Into the Land of Dreams away?

O, little childish mystery!  
Fit type of childhood's mystic days  
So full of meanings never sensed  
Outside your sweet enchanted ways.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

## A Child Prophet

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, who painted the picture of Samuel given on this page, must often have read and learned to love the story the Bible gives of this little child of God, else he could not have painted so beautiful a picture. All little people who are rightly told the stories of Joseph, Daniel, and Moses never tire of hearing them repeated; and no less fascinating is the story of this child-priest and prophet, Samuel.

No Jewish mother was ever satisfied unless she had a son; for each one hoped to be the mother of the Messiah. There was one sweet little woman named Hannah who had no children. She grieved much over this because she feared her husband did not love her so dearly as he would had she given him a son. While Elkanah, her husband, did think a great deal of her, he, too, desired a son; so he married another woman, who bore him both sons and daughters; but the joy and beauty of the family life was destroyed, Peninnah, the new wife, was jealous and narrow-minded, and she thought herself much better and more loved than Hannah, and did many things that greatly grieved that dear little woman.

Elkanah did all he could to assure Hannah of his love for her; but though she bore her sorrow silently, there came a day when she thought she could endure it all no longer. She was attending a feast at Shiloh, and there she unburdened her heart fully to the Lord, and wept and prayed before him, asking that he give her a son also. She promised the Lord that if he would only remember her and look upon her affliction, she would give her child unto him all the days of his life. And our Father, who never fails to see the tear of a grief-stricken heart, heard and answered her prayer, and in a very beautiful way, too. She named her prayer-treasure Samuel, which means "asked of God;" and as soon as he was old enough, she and her husband took the little fellow up to Shiloh and presented

him to the priest, saying, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." The mother's heart was filled with joy and praise, even though she was parting from the child that each day had bound to her heart by stronger cords of love.

"The child Samuel grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord, and also with men." Though his youth was passed in the temple of God, he was not free from temptations and evil influences. The sons of the good old priest Eli were very wicked; but Samuel did not seek their company nor follow their ways. He constantly endeavored to do what would please the Lord. He was kind, obedient, industrious, generous, and respectful.

Eli became a feeble old man, and was greatly pained every day by the wayward, wicked course of his own boys. So thoughtfully kind and gracious was Samuel, that he greatly comforted Eli's sorrowing heart. Somehow this father had failed to restrain his boys as he should have

Samuel obeyed, and then the Lord revealed to him that he would have to slay the sons of Eli because of their wickedness. He lay there until the morning, fearing to tell Eli what the Lord had said. But when the good man insisted that he must know what the Lord said whether it were good or evil, Samuel then told him everything the Lord had said.

Some time after that the Israelites were engaged in battle with the Philistines, and Eli's sons were both slain in one day. On the day of the battle, Eli, who was nearly one hundred years old, sat out by the gate, watching for the messenger who was to bring the news of the battle. When the young man came up and told him that his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, had been slain, and that the ark of God had been taken by the Philistines, the old man "fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate," and died.

Samuel, when grown, became the leader of Israel, their judge, priest, and prophet; and the incidents of his life as given in the books of Samuel should be read many times by us all.



SAMUEL

## Our Little Women

IF I were you, Blanche, I would refuse to be the custodian of anybody's secret. When a girl carries you off to a corner, and with a mysterious air informs you that she is going to tell you a great secret, but that you must never, never, so long as you live, so much as whisper a word of it to anybody else, you should simply draw back, and say to her plainly that you can not listen to a secret that must be kept from your mother. You ought not to let yourself be burdened with anything that you can not repeat to her, exactly as it was told to you.

A young girl whose mother is her confidant is very safe. No other friend is quite so near you, nor quite so able to give you good advice, to show you the right and wrong of things, and to tell you what to do when you are puzzled. So long as you tell mother everything, you will keep out of awkward positions and be a happy girl.

Of course you know that most of these wonderful secrets so breathlessly unfolded in a recitation room after school, or in a twilight talk, or when you are sitting in a kimono with your hair down, ready for bed, amount to

very little. They are apt to melt away to thin air in the telling.

What I object to, Blanche, and Kitty, and Geraldine, is the principle of the thing. I don't like a young girl to have secrets, whether they concern herself or other people. More than once I have known girls to get into very serious trouble, trouble that followed them for years, through foolish promises to keep secrets for foolish friends.

At boarding school, where you haven't a mother close by to confide in, stipulate that you will not listen to secrets that can not be told to a group of friends, or to a dear teacher. There is sure to be a teacher who is a sort of mother, one in whom the girls love to confide. Make an exception of her before you agree to listen to a secret.

If a secret is malicious, by which I mean if it

done. He had allowed them to have their own way, and had failed to properly punish them when they did wrong; so finally, though they ministered in the temple service, the Lord saw that they would have to be cut off.

So one evening God "called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I." Thinking it was Eli that had called him, Samuel ran and asked him what he wanted. Eli said, "I called not; lie down again." And he did so, but soon heard the voice saying, "Samuel." So he went to the aged priest and said, "Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again." The Lord then spoke the third time, and again Samuel went to Eli and insisted that he had called him. Then the old man knew that God had spoken to the child; so he bade him lie down, and to say, if he heard the voice again, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."



is a tale that tells something another would not like to have known, or is likely to injure another's reputation, then it is despicable. Refuse your life long to hear unkind things said about your neighbors. Refuse to listen to tales that are whispered in the dark. Refuse to be one of those people whose talebearing separates friends, or to carry gossiping news around, or in any way to be a party to sowing the seeds of evil. Charity never faileth. Remember that, dear child, and let any unkind tale stop with you. Utterly decline, as I have already said, to be bothered with secrets.

Accept beautiful secrets, such as birthday surprises, or Christmas gifts, or things that are presently going to flower out in some loveliness that will make everybody delighted. That sort of secret is all right, and belongs to the secret service of the angels, who are always carrying God's messages of good will round the earth.

Now for one word more! You are sometimes taken aside and told solemnly that this thing which you have just heard has been spoken in your ear alone. But presently you hear it from every house-top. It is peculiar to the girl who goes about carrying secrets, that she is not satisfied with a single listener. Under pledge of secrecy, she tells her news to two or three or four, and generally they tell it to others, and it becomes common property. A secret is like thistle-down. It goes flying about, scattering its seeds far and wide. It may be told in New York and heard in the Philippines; so just beware of secrets, Blanche, and live your life in the open.

People seldom regret what they do not say, but sometimes they are very sorry for what they have said. A word once spoken can not be recalled. This is why we are told to be careful about idle words.—*Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, in The Wellspring.*

### An Experience for Youth Who Want an Education

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the opportunities for young women to make a living for themselves were not nearly so many nor so varied as they are to-day; but I felt that I could not be a burden to parents whose means and energies were already taxed; so I decided to make an attempt to support myself. I first tried domestic work, but soon found that my strength would not permit me to follow that occupation.

About this time public school teachers began to be in demand, and I thought I might perhaps teach school. But, alas! the early years of my life had all been spent in caring for younger sisters and brothers, and I did not have even a common school education. However, I decided to set about getting some knowledge. An uncle told me that a rich man in our town owed him \$4.50, and that if I would ask for it, I might have it for books, an offer which I gladly accepted.

I went to town, found the man, and asked a friend to send him into a near-by store as a young woman wished to see him. He came in, and I made my errand known. He promptly gave me the money.

Then came three terms of country school and six months at a high school, with working out during vacations. To all this there was added three rather formidable-looking debts: one at our bookstore, another at a dry-goods' store for needed clothing, and money borrowed at intervals from a distant relative for tuition and other incidental expenses. And during this time nothing but actual necessities were thought of in the way of dress. I worked for my board during the months of high school, and studied till eleven o'clock every school night, except Monday evening, when I was obliged to study till two o'clock in the morning, as the washing was put out every Monday evening. My grammar lesson, which came the first thing after opening exercises in the

morning, was learned while I washed the breakfast dishes; but none of these things discouraged me. I pressed on, telling my creditors that we were an honest family, and that if I did not pay my bills, my father would; but that I intended to teach school and pay them all,—a thing I afterward did.

At last came normal institute, and I was told that one dollar would take me through. I had the dollar; but when it came to the examination, I found it would take another dollar in advance, so I walked four miles to my home and asked my father for the needed dollar, which he did not have; but he told me to go back to town the next morning, and he would be at the school-house at nine o'clock with the money. Early the next morning found me on my way back. At nine o'clock my dear father was at the school building with the coveted dollar, and I took the examination—only to fail.

When this news reached me, I rushed out of the house, hid myself and burst into tears of bitter disappointment. And dear young friends, this was not the worst of it all; the one who should now have stood beside me, laughed at me. I had never taken the word failure into consideration at all, and to receive such an unexpected blow was more than I could meet calmly on the spur of the moment; but I neither died nor failed. Our county superintendent was a kind man, and told me he was sure I was competent; therefore to try again in four weeks, which advice I took, and received a certificate to teach.

And now if any one wishes an education and feels hampered and discouraged, I would say, Go at it in some way. My experience will not be yours; but nothing stands in the way of him who will.

In conclusion, I would like to say that the remembrance of this experience in temporal things is a beacon light to me in my Christian pathway. If I did not think of failure then, why should I now? *MRS. LYDIA E. MOORE.*

## Science Stories

### Our Lighthouse Service

THERE are nine thousand burning lights and signals stretched along the American coasts, forming a perfect link, so that the navigator never need be beyond sight of one of the beacons. One thousand of these are located on the Atlantic coast, fifteen hundred are scattered along the rivers and inland waterways, five hundred on the Great Lakes, and two hundred on the Pacific coast. Of the grand total, including lighthouses of different classes, buoys, beacons, and danger-signals, three thousand are lighted, giving forth their warnings at night-time. Of these, a score or more throw a beam of one-hundred-thousand candle-power. To maintain the lighthouse service, a corps of over four thousand men is constantly employed, and a fleet of more than fifty vessels. No service in the world exceeds our own in completeness and efficiency. A modern American lighthouse of the first class costs between one hundred thousand dollars and two hundred thousand dollars; and of this, about one third is spent for the electric light and apparatus alone.—*Boys' World.*

### How Felt Hats Are Made

Few people who wear felt hats have any idea of how they are made. It is an interesting process. The first step consists of taking fur from skins. This is done by rapidly revolving shears. The fur is placed in a blower, and all foreign particles sifted out, after which different grades are mixed together in a machine. This material

is put into a revolving cone of brass pierced with innumerable small holes through which the air is drawn. Thus the particles are pressed firmly together into one conical piece, forming the first stage of the hat.

Before the felt is put on a block, it is carefully examined by an expert, who looks for holes or defects. It is then passed to a shaping machine. The shapers collect the crudely shaped hats in piles, and these are taken to big vats where they are dyed.

Next comes the work of the finishers and polishers, who put the hats into the desired size and shape on neat blocks. The final touches, such as sewing on the binding of the rims, the ribbons and bands, are put on by the deft fingers of girls and women, who are paid so much apiece for each hat turned out.—*Young People's Weekly.*

### How Some Common Things Are Made

THE first pencils, in the modern sense, were simply pieces of pure plumbago, the more common name of which is black lead, or graphite. This mineral has always been rare, and as the very qualities of softness and blackness, which made it good to mark with, made it also disagreeable to handle, it was not long before a covering of wood was provided, partly to protect the hand and partly to economize the plumbago.

The best graphite in the world has been taken from mines in Borrowdale, England, and in eastern Siberia. The quality in both places was such that solid slabs of it could be sawed out, and these in turn cut into the slender strips which form the "leads" of modern pencils. The quantity, however, was not sufficient to permit this method to be adopted exclusively. The Borrowdale mines, indeed, have long since been exhausted. Most of the graphite now comes from Bavaria.

Plumbago for the best pencils now undergoes a number of processes. It is mined in irregular lumps, or in any form in which it may be got out most cheaply. Shipped to the pencil factory, it is there ground and mixed with finely pulverized clay in quantities which depend upon the hardness or softness which the pencils are to possess. For hard pencils, such as are used by mechanical and architectural draftsmen, the mixture is one part of plumbago to two parts of clay. The softer the pencil, the greater the proportion of plumbago.

The mixture is "thinned" with water and repeatedly ground until it is perfectly smooth and free from grit. It is then placed in canvas bags, and squeezed by machinery until enough water has been removed to leave a tenacious, dough-like mass, from which the leads are to be formed.

The "dough," as it is called, is placed in a strong steel cylinder, one end of which is perforated with holes of the same size as the leads which it is desired to make. The pressure of a slowly descending piston forces the "dough" out through the holes in long strings, which are quickly removed and laid in grooves or on cleated boards to straighten and dry.

The next step is the tempering of the leads by heating to a red heat in crucibles. By this process the hardness or softness of the pencils is still further modified, impurities are burned out, and the little strips of plumbago are considerably strengthened. They are now ready for their wooden cases.

These, in all the better grades of pencils, are made of red cedar, most of which comes from Florida. This wood, better than anything else, answers the requirements of softness and straightness of grain and permanency.

The wood is sawed by machinery into strips, two of which, when placed together, are equal to the diameter of the pencil; but if the lead is



to be square, the two strips are not of equal thickness. That which contains the groove for the lead is the thicker. Most pencils, however, have round leads, and in this case the two strips are of equal thickness, and each contains a semi-circular groove.

The lead is now inserted in the groove, and the two strips are glued together. When dry, they are passed through a circular cutter similar to the so-called hollow bits by which the ends of ladder rungs are rounded and dowels are made. They emerge at the other end perfectly rounded. Nothing remains but cutting the sticks into suitable lengths, painting or polishing, and stamping with the maker's name and the degree of hardness.

Pencils made of the pure graphite would not be superior to those in which the graphite is mixed with clay. The modern pencils possess not only greater strength, but there are fewer gritty spots, and they correspond more regularly to the marks which are stamped upon them.—*Edward Williston Frentz.*

#### A Song of Thanks

We thank Thee for thy goodness through the years,

Thou hast bestowed upon us, day by day.  
We thank thee, even for the grief and tears  
That thou didst deem it best should come our way.

We thank thee, too, for all the lonely hours,  
So that thy kindness we might ponder more;  
Home, clothing, food, fields, trees, and blooming flowers

Are blessings from thy bounty, thou didst pour.

We thank thee for thy presence when it seemed  
No other friend remembered; when alone  
We sought thee, when awake, and sleeping dreamed

That thou hadst found and blest us as thine own.

O Lord, wilt thou our Shepherd be?  
And break or lengthen out life's little span  
As in thy wisdom seemeth best to thee,  
Just as it did when life for us began.

—*The Religious Review of Reviews.*

### THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

#### X—The Parable of the Laborers

(December 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you." Verse 4.

"For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the marketplace, and said unto them; Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise.

"And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive. So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

"And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny. And when they had received it, they murmured against the

goodman of the house, saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good? So the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called, but few chosen.

"And Jesus going up to Jerusalem took the twelve disciples apart in the way, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the scribes, and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify him; and the third day he shall rise again.

"Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshiping him, and desiring a certain thing of him. And he said unto her, What wilt thou? She said unto him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able. And he saith unto them, Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father.

"And when the ten heard it, they were moved with indignation against the two brethren. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

"And as they departed from Jericho, a great multitude followed him.

"And, behold, two blind men sitting by the wayside, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David. And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace: but they cried the more, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David. And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall do unto you? They say unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened. So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes: and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him."

#### Questions

1. What question was asked which led Jesus to speak the parable of the laborers? Matt. 19:27. In the parable to what is the kingdom of heaven likened? At what time did the householder go out to hire laborers? What did he promise to pay them?

2. At what other hours in the day did the householder go out to hire laborers? What did he promise to pay these? "Early in the morning" means six o'clock; what time would be the third, sixth, and ninth hours?

3. When the householder went out at the eleventh hour, what did he find? What did he ask them? What did the men say? Where did the householder tell them to go? What wages did he say they should receive?

4. When it was evening, what did the householder say to his servant? Who were paid first? How much did they receive? What did those who first were hired suppose? When they re-

ceived their wages, what complaint did they make?

5. What did the householder say to one of those who complained? Explain the meaning of this parable. What is the vineyard? Who is the householder? Who are the laborers? With what lesson does the parable conclude? How is this lesson a rebuke to the spirit of the question asked by Peter?

6. Where did Jesus now go? Who were with him? What did he tell them plainly would be done to the Son of man at Jerusalem?

7. Who came to Jesus on the way? Who were the sons of Zebedee? Matt. 4:21. What request did this mother make for her sons? What searching question did Jesus ask James and John? How did they answer? What did Jesus then say to these men?

8. How did the ten feel when they heard this question? Why were they so "moved with indignation"? What spirit is thus shown to have been in the hearts of the disciples? How did Jesus rebuke this spirit? To whose example did he point them?

9. As Jesus and his disciples left Jericho, who followed them? Who were sitting by the wayside as Jesus passed by? What did they cry? Who rebuked them? What did they still do?

10. When Jesus spoke to the men, what did they ask him to do? Tell how he healed them. What have you found in your study of this lesson that will be a help to you in your daily life?

### THE YOUTH'S LESSON

#### X—Captivity Turned

(December 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 8:1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long: for they are confounded, for they are brought unto shame, that seek my hurt." Ps. 71:24.

#### Questions

1. To whom did the king give Haman's house? How did he learn the relation of Esther to Mordecai? Esther 8:1.

2. What did he do to show his regard for Mordecai? What honor did Esther bestow upon her father? Verse 2.

3. What appeal did Esther now make of the king? Verse 3.

4. How was she received? Verse 4.

5. What request did she make? Verses 5, 6.

6. How did the king regard her request? What did he tell Esther and Mordecai to do? Verses 7, 8.

7. What authority would such an article bear? Verse 8, last part.

8. How extensively was it circulated? Verse 9.

9. How much time had passed since the sending out of the decree by Haman? Verse 9 and Esther 3:12.

10. How long was it before the fatal day when the Jews were to be destroyed? Compare Verse 9 with Esther 3:13.

11. How was the message prepared by Mordecai sent out? Esther 8:10.

12. What did this message grant to the Jews? Verses 11-13. Compare with this Esther 3:14.

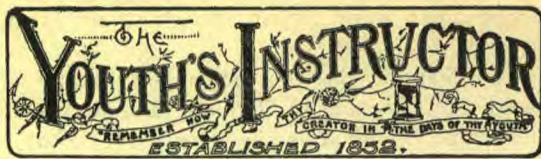
13. Describe the dress of Mordecai as he went from the king. Esther 8:15. How had he clad himself just a few days before? Esther 4:1.

14. How did the city of Shushan receive the news? Esther 8:15, last part.

15. What change did it bring in the feelings of the Jews? Esther 3:14; 4:3. Compare with 8:16, 17.

16. How did it affect the people? Verse 17, last part.





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We are very glad to add to our list of Reading Circle members the names of Mrs. C. C. Lewis and Mrs. M. D. Mattson.

THE following appeal from Brother Rentfro speaks for itself. Who will respond to this call? There is also a club wanted for India. If more is sent than is needed to meet Brother Rentfro's request, it will be credited to the club for India. Perhaps some of the Young People's Societies will send their surplus money to meet these calls:—

CARCAVELLOS, PORTUGAL, Oct. 22, 1905.

DEAR FRIENDS: Could you make a call in your paper for a donation of a club of the INSTRUCTOR, five copies for six or twelve months, to be sent me for our young people in a Sunday-school we are holding among the English children? If no one responds within a month, send the same at my expense, and charge to my account in the Latin Union treasury, Geneva, Switzerland, 29 Rue de la Synagogue.

Yours for Portugal,  
C. E. RENTFRO.

A MAN whose home is in Australia once dreamed that if he would dig in the earth at a certain place on his own farm, he would find gold. He related his dream the next morning to his family, and was quite inclined to follow the directions of the dream. But various ones ridiculed the idea, and so he let the matter pass. Some years after, he sold his farm, and the new owner actually found gold on the very spot pointed out in the dream. Greater treasures than the richest gold-mines can afford are often shown to be within our grasp by the Spirit of God, and we feel inclined to make an attempt to secure these eternal treasures, but the ridicule or opposition of friends and associates deters us from the endeavor. Some day, if we continue thus, our disappointment in not receiving the eternal reward, will be far greater than was that of the man who let the opportunity to possess wealth slip from his grasp.

DURING the past summer in one of our churches, there came in a spirit of frivolity and pleasure seeking among the young people that was destined to prove, if unchecked, a great detriment to the young men and women themselves, and a reproach to the work of God. When those bearing responsibility in the cause of truth awoke to the situation, they began to pray over the matter, and called the young people together and talked plainly but very kindly to them about their mistakes and the influence of their course. This had its effect; but greater and more permanent good came when a series of lesson studies was started. These lessons presented very forcibly the meaning of the present trend of events, and tended to give a deeper insight into the forces now at work preparing the world for the final conflict. They also gave a clearer view of the

plan of salvation, and God's dealing with men and nations of past ages. The study of these momentous truths did more for sobering the young people, and reviving their interest in the work of God, than any amount of reproving or admonishing could have done. It is the truth that sanctifies. If our young people would only resolutely form habits of close Bible study and reading of solid books of history, science, and biography, they would find little time or inclination for things of only momentary interest. The motto, "Only the eternal is important," would burn itself into their mind and heart.

OVER and over again have missionaries been asked by those to whom the gospel news had just come, "Why haven't you told us before?" Robert Moffat spoke of a visit he paid to a land of heathen darkness, and how at the close of a service an old man, bending beneath the weight of years, said to him, "O Massa, Massa, my hair has turned white in waiting for such good news as this! Why did you not come before? why did you not come before?" And who could answer such a question? We have a truth that is going to be the one thing to be desired sometime. If we have not given it to the people before then, they will say to us in that day of terrible anguish, "Why did you not tell me about it? I lived near you, or I worked with you for years, and you did not tell me." Far better for us if they would have to say, "I know you told me of its importance; you did your duty, but I would not heed the warning."

## The Summer Is Ended

THE harvest hands are gleaning now  
From laden vine and bending bough;  
To cellar shelves and bursting mow  
The season's fruit is borne.

And though the fields are green no more,  
They all have yielded up their store,  
To keep the "gaunt wolf" from the door;  
Of beauty they are shorn.

The trees and plants once gaily dressed,  
Have earned a needed yearly rest.  
To him who sought they gave the best,  
To crown the fruitful year.

O, when before the Master's throne—  
The harvest past, the summer flown—  
I stand, to give him of his own,  
May I then know no fear!

May in my life the fruits of grace  
Have found a true abiding-place,  
That in the smiling of his face  
My peace shall be complete.

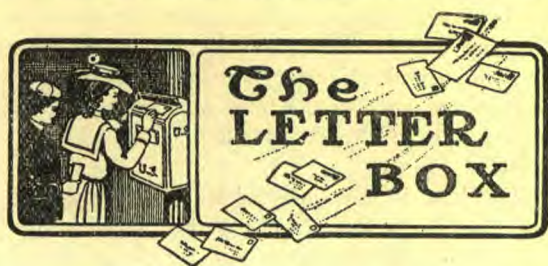
Then not in vain he shall have sought  
The fruits of his desirous thought;  
The harvest will with joy be fraught;  
The song of triumph sweet.

CORNELIA SNOW.

## "Addresses for Young People"

THE new book for the youth, entitled "Addresses for Young People," by Pres. C. C. Lewis, of Union College, is ready for delivery. The titles of the addresses are as follows: (1) Christian Manliness; (2) Reason, Revelation, and Faith; (3) Manual Training in the Public Schools; (4) Ideals and Ambitions; (5) The Sure Foundation; (6) A Higher Standard of Christian Education; (7) Workmen Approved of God; (8) The Art of Questioning; (9) Acquaintance with God; (10) Habit and Education; (11) Behold He Cometh; (12) The True Sabbath; (13) The Keeping of the Heart. The book is handsomely and durably bound in dark-blue cloth, with side and back titles in white. No more appropriate birthday or holiday present for a young man or woman could be procured.

Price, post-paid, \$1. Five copies for \$4, carriage prepaid. Liberal terms to agents. Address all orders and inquiries to Union College Press, College View, Neb.



VANCOUVER, B. C., Sept. 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written before, I thought I would write now. I am eleven years old, and am in the third reader. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR very much. I do not take the paper, but get it each Sabbath at church. I have two sisters, but no brothers. I hope my letter will be accepted.

EDWARD NEWTON.

SHERMANSDALE, PA., Aug. 15, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I live on a farm twenty miles from any Adventist church, but mama and I have a lesson every Sabbath. I have two sisters and two brothers. My older sister is in British Columbia, taking the nurses' course. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR very well. I am thirteen years old.

GRACE GREY.

MARLETTE, MICH., Aug. 20, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am glad to be a member of the INSTRUCTOR family, and I enjoy reading and studying the pages of the paper, but I do not have the opportunity of attending Sabbath-school; so we have a little Sabbath-school at home. I live on a farm with my papa, mama, brother, and sister. I am twelve years old, and my sister is sixteen; we all keep the Sabbath, but my brother. I would like some of the young folks in Michigan to write to me. Run, waste-basket, don't catch me, for I want to come again, don't you see?

ELLA M. BRONSON.

WESTBOURNE PARK, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read so many interesting letters in the INSTRUCTOR that it has made me long to write something. I am sixteen years old, and will be seventeen in January, if I am spared till then. I was baptized last year. I have two sisters and a brother and a mother and a father. They all keep the Sabbath except my brother, and we hope he may yet do so. I hope all the dear readers will pray for him, and I will pray for them. One of my dear sisters is in California. Her name is Lily Overton. And now I must close.

With love to the editor,

VIOLET M. OVERTON.

HOUSTON, TEX., Aug. 20, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have wanted to write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR for a long time, but I kept putting it off, and now I will write it. I am twelve years old, and am in the fifth grade. I go to public school. I go to Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath. My teacher's name is Mrs. C. C. Feeks. I like her very much. I want to be like the good virgins who had oil in their lamps. I want my lamp trimmed and burning when Jesus comes in the clouds of heaven with all the angels. I do hope all INSTRUCTOR readers want their lamps trimmed and burning to stand ready and waiting for his coming. I want to be faithful till the end.

HELEN DVORAK.

HYGIENE, COLO., Aug. 17, 1905.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: We are living here in a beautiful valley in plain sight of Long's Peak, upon whose sides patches of snow are still visible.

We have a large Sabbath-school of seventy members, and on Sabbath afternoons the German portion of our church hold their Sabbath-school of thirty members.

We also have youth's and children's meetings every Sabbath afternoon. The first Monday in September our church-school begins again for the winter term. My father is our teacher.

We shall not have any school in October, because all, teacher and scholars, will be working in the sugar-beets.

I am fourteen years old, and have two sisters and two brothers. I like to read the INSTRUCTOR, and I also get my Sabbath-school lessons out of it. I am very much interested in the Science Stories, and have about made up my mind to which tribe of Israel I belong. I hope all the INSTRUCTOR readers may go through one of the twelve gates into the city. I am yours in the blessed truth.

LEAH BAKER.