

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Elm

QUEEN of the meadows, fair and proud,
You tower in stately height,
Above the red roof of the mill,
Above the river bright.
To kneel the airy birches seem,
Around you in a silvery dream.

You trim your mantle with the dew
To please the lonely moon;
The stars like jewels crown your head,
When nights are fair in June.
What royal company you keep,
I know not, when the world's asleep.

The thrush is preacher at your court,
The skylarks are your choir;
To warm your chambers cool and deep,
The great sun sheds its fire.
Sweet showers steal in, and breezes gay
That sing a song, then flit away.

But when the envious autumn comes
And steals your wealth of green,
And leaves you naked and alone,
Still do you stand a queen—
A grace upon a barren plain
When every tender thing is slain.

Your fair shape, etched against the sky,
Is like a beautiful dream;
The snows, like delicate white flowers,
The sunshine sets a gleam
Upon your branchlets fine as lace,
Carved on the old cathedral's face.

And few there be in all the world
That keep their lofty place,
And wear their poverty and wealth,
Like you, with equal grace,
With proud strength taking winter's woe,
With proud delight the summer's glow.

—Susan Hartley Swett.

No Grit in Them

OUT in the back yard of a farmer that I used to know there stood an old grindstone. The frame was all right. There was a trough under the stone to hold water. The wheels were all in place under the bearings. The crank was always in its place on the axle. And yet no one ever went to that stone when an ax or scythe or other farm tool became dull and needed grinding. On past that stone the farmer and his boys went with their dull tools until they came to another stone, and here they sharpened the blunt edges. What was the reason no one ever used this grindstone?—It had no grit in it.

You might turn on and turn on, and hold your dull ax or knife against the surface of the stone as hard and as long as your strength would hold out, and you could not bring a sharp edge to your tool. The stone was so hard and smooth that by no dint of patience or effort could you force it to cut away the steel. And so we all passed the stone by.

It takes grit to do things in this world. Do

you know of boys that never seem to accomplish anything worth while? They are easily discouraged. Whenever you propose anything in the way of games or more substantial effort, they wearily tell you: "I can't! It is too cold! I am too tired! It won't pay!"

There are men everywhere in this world who are passed by as useless citizens, just because they have no grit in them. They do nothing to help the world along. From one year's end to the other they stand in the world's back yards, useless, passed by, because they sharpen no dull tool for the busy men and women who are doing life's work.

It is better to keep busy, even if the stone does



QUEEN OF THE MEADOW

wear down and finally finish its work. Slowly, little by little, the grindstone that has the true grit in it becomes smaller. The particles of which the stone is composed one after another are worn away, and finally get past the day of usefulness.

But think of the work they have done!—so many dull tools sharpened; so many nicks taken out of the chisels and the axes which have been brought to them; so many hard tasks made lighter; so much good done in the world. They have done their part, and now the resting-time has come.

Just so with the men and women who have faithfully done their part in the world's great work. They have given all there was in them. Day by day they have gone on helping wherever help was needed. Heavy loads have been lifted. Dreary hours have been made brighter. Hearts that were lonely have been cheered. They have worn themselves out. True, but sweet will be the thought that they have left nothing undone that needed to be done.

This takes grit, and that is what makes life worth living.—Edgar L. Vincent.

Amusements for the Young

WE are living in times which resemble the days of Noah and Lot. The world is given over to eating and drinking. Scenes of pleasure and worldly amusement abound everywhere. The temptations to the young are very strong, and they are often perplexed to know what to do, and whether it is wrong to attend this gathering, or that.

The following clear instruction from the pen of Sister White is worthy of very careful consideration by all our young people:—

"Many gatherings have been presented to me. I have seen the gaiety, the display of dress, the personal adornment. All want to be thought brilliant, and give themselves up to hilarity, foolish jesting, cheap, coarse flattery, and uproarious laughter. The eyes sparkle, the cheek is flushed, conscience sleeps. With eating and drinking and merry-making they do their best to forget God. The scene of pleasure is their paradise. And heaven is looking on, seeing and hearing all. . . . Young men and young women who have tried to be Bible Christians are persuaded to join the party, and they are drawn into the ring. They did not prayerfully consult the divine standard, to learn what Christ had said in regard to the fruit to be borne on the Christian tree. They do not discern that these entertainments are really Satan's banquet, prepared to keep souls from accepting the call to the marriage supper of the Lamb; they prevent them from receiving the white robe of character which is the righteousness of Christ. They become confused as to what is right for them as Christians to do. They do not want to be thought singular, and naturally incline to follow the example of others. Thus they come under the influence of those who have never had the divine touch on heart or mind.

"In these exciting gatherings, carried away by the glamour and passion of human influence, youth that have been carefully instructed to obey the law of God are led to form attachments for those whose education has been a mistake, and whose religious experience has been a fraud. They sell themselves to lifelong bondage. As long as they live, they must be hampered by their union with a cheap, superficial character, one who lives for display, but who has not the precious inward adorning, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."—*Special Testimony*.

"The low, common pleasure parties, gatherings for eating and drinking, singing, and playing on instruments of music, are inspired by a spirit that is from beneath. They are an oblation unto Satan."—*Id.*

The question frequently arises, What, then, are the young people to do? Are they to have no social gatherings? Note the following:—

"Gatherings for social intercourse may be made in the highest degree profitable and instructive when those who meet together have the love of God glowing in their hearts, when they meet to exchange thoughts in regard to the Word of God, or to consider methods for advancing his work and doing good to their fellow men. When

nothing is said or done to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, but it is regarded as a welcome guest, then God is honored, and those who meet together will be refreshed and strengthened."—*Id.*

This is very clear. As Christians we can not afford to do anything which will grieve the Holy Spirit out of our lives. The Lord is coming, and we want to be ready, and be prepared to enjoy throughout eternity the pleasures which are at the Lord's right hand. Ps. 16:11. It is certainly a safe rule to follow, to never be found doing anything which we would not like to be found doing, or to be present at any place where we would not want to be found, when our name comes up for consideration in the judgment of the great day. We are living now in the time of the judgment, and we should go softly before the Lord.

When asked to attend this scene of pleasure, or that, ask yourself the question, Would I want to be found there when Jesus appears on the cloud to gather home his people? Would Jesus, if he were here, attend? Would prayer be appropriate there? Will my spirituality be increased by attending? If you can answer all these in the affirmative, it will no doubt be proper to attend. We are living in a time which calls, upon the part of the youth, as well as those who are older, for constant prayer and the study of the Word, that we may be kept faithful.

G. B. THOMPSON.

The Things which Must Stand Aside

(Concluded)

THERE are yet other weights. The weight of—

Pride

holds down many a girl from what she might do and be. Boastful generosity steals the beauty from the act of many a girl. She is proud of her giving. It is not enough that one should give, but that one should give when no one knows anything about it. I love to say that to you girls as I remember those who two years ago stood here on "Round Top" and went down from this hillside, with all the glory of what its inspiration meant, into their own homes, and quietly, when nobody knew, gave and gave, ofttime of money and of self. I know five girls to-day who have what they were hungering for all their lives because of what "Round Top" services did for them through other girls in the two years past; and not a girl has boasted of it, and I never would have known it if the ones to whom they gave, out of the gratitude in their hearts, had not said that it was so. I know there are girls before me who day after day pour into the needy world gifts of which nobody knows. On Easter morning I can never get away from the sermons of the lilies. Have you ever noticed how gloriously white and pure they are, and then espied, perhaps on the petal of the purest one of all, a tiny brown spot? How it seemed to spoil the whole beauty of the lily, to spoil its fragrance. I have often seen a girl do some fine, beautiful thing, and thought what a grand thing it was to do it!—and I have seen it spoiled as I have heard her tell again and again with boasting words the thing she did. I can not imagine Christ standing in a group of friends, saying, "I healed a blind man this morning, and forgave a miserable woman her sin." He would not be Christ if he did. One of the things we want to throw aside is the very natural and human desire that people should know what we have done. It is a great thing to do one's duty. It is a much finer thing to do one's duty and say nothing about it. Let us cast aside this natural pride which comes as a temptation to each one of us, the pride which takes us out of the right relation to our fellow men, and makes us say, "I am better than thou." It is a weight we can not afford to carry; for we ride with a message from the King.

And there is another weight that drags us down and makes us waste our days. It is the weight of—

Pleasure

Now do not for a moment imagine that I would try to make people feel that pleasure is sinful. But there are pleasures which do not count as real pleasures, which drag us down and make us spend our days which might be spent for something real in little nothings which count for naught,—the pleasure which is always seeking to get and not to give. It is this pleasure that I would like to cut off. One day when I was in New York, I watched an excursion start for Pleasure Bay. I have no idea where Pleasure Bay is, but as I saw the people crowd around to get their tickets, I said to myself, "How many of us in this world crowd for tickets for Pleasure Bay that we may enjoy drifting over its smooth, cool waters, while the few must row out with all the strength they have where breakers roar." We can afford to lay aside the weight of pleasure which presses so heavily, and keeps us from putting into narrow and darkened lives pleasure which would mean life. I know girls well enough to know that they work harder getting pleasure sometimes than in any other way. I have seen more genuine hard work put into pleasure which was not pleasure than I have seen put into church work. Let us make our pleasures real and make them count for something, something which shall last and make us happy when we sit alone with ourselves.

And there is a certain—

Discontent

to which girls are very prone to fall victims. There is a discontent which is right, because it makes us want to rise out of what we are into what we want to be. It is not that of which I speak. It is the discontent which makes the frown; it is the discontent which makes mothers and fathers unhappy, which makes sisters, brothers, and friends often suffer keenly. It is the thing which girls are bound so many times to cover up with that much abused word *disposition*. Nobody in the world is responsible for his disposition, in a sense, but no one in the world can escape the consequences of his disposition. The question is not, What is your disposition? but, What have you done to improve your disposition? One weight which we need to throw aside, to cast out of our way, is the bundle of excuses we make when we say, "It is my disposition. I was born with it. I can not help it." It *must* be helped, it *must* be cast aside. Discontent eats out the heart of life, and makes it poor, joyless, and mean.

I would like to speak about the—

Empty Days

I went one afternoon to call on a girl I had not seen for some time, and as I entered the room, she said, "O, I am so thankful to see you! I have an afternoon with nothing in the world to do. I hate these afternoons; don't you?" I wanted to tell her that I had not very often a chance to try an afternoon with nothing to do, and so I couldn't really tell. I remembered a girl I had seen the Saturday before sewing labels into hats as fast as she could, not looking up even while I spoke with her, because of stitches she would miss. I knew what it would mean to that girl if she had an afternoon with nothing to do. O, the empty days, the things we might have done! It is the memory of these which will sadden our hearts in the day when our sun steals to its setting. Not that I mean one should never have a day for rest and pleasure, but I mean the days full of trifling nothings, if you will permit that expression. Things which can not count,—let us cut them off, and bid them stand aside, for we run for our Lord the King. He needs swift messengers whom trifles can not

tempt, but who can be faithful in little things if only they be things which count.

There is another thing of which I want to speak very tenderly, if I may, a weight which holds one down as no other can. It is the weight of—

Sorrow

I do not know if there be any girl here to-night who knows the pain of it, who knows how it holds down and will not let go,—a sorrow for which there seems to be no cure, the weight which makes it impossible to enjoy life, which makes it impossible to do the things which once were all of life. If there is one who knows what the pain of it is, O let me say to you, even sorrow is a weight, and it must be laid aside. "A heart at leisure from itself" is the only one which can reach out into other hearts. There is only one remedy for the girl with a burden of sorrow, whatever it be. That remedy is that she shall throw herself with all she is into the lives of others. There was never a suffering soul weighed down by sorrow who went out to touch other hearts that know sorrow which was not healed of its pain. When Christ was bearing the sorrows of the world upon his cross, he stopped to comfort a weeping woman, and forgive a miserable dying thief. As we remember his life and respond to his love, let us lay aside every weight, even the weight of our own sorrow.

But that is not all. Let us lay aside—

The Sin That Doth So Easily Beset Us

I am sure I shall not have to enlarge upon that, because each one of us knows the sin which doth so easily beset us. When we thought we had conquered, again it comes, so easily. Every girl knows what we mean when we speak of pet sins. The words "besetting sin" mean so much that we want to speak definitely. Envy, or malice, or jealousy, that feeling which gets into the heart and robs it of all that is best and purest,—we must lay it aside, shun even the slightest hint of it, and kill it when the germ appears, that it may not wreck our lives as it has wrecked so many which might have been generous and fine, and even great.

There is another great sin, indeed I am tempted to call it the greatest sin, the sin of—

Insincerity

I wonder if you have ever studied the meaning of that word? One of the most fascinating studies I have ever known is the study of how we got our words, and this word *sincere* is one of the most suggestive. I think some of you know its derivation. It comes from *sine cere*, meaning *without wax*. In the days when they began to make furniture, they used very poor wood—I understand such a thing is possible now—which was full of knots and of cracks. In order to cover them up the cabinet-maker took wax and filled all the cracks, removed the knots, and packed the holes with wax. Then it was rubbed down and painted, and it was a beautiful chair or a polished table. But it was filled with wax; and as soon as the paint rubbed off, the wax was there. It could not stand the test of heat and cold. And so after a while the best cabinet-makers put on the bottom of the chair *sine cere—without wax*. O, I wish that we might be able to write over our lives,—yes, that our friends might write for us over our lives,—*sine cere—without wax*. Real, genuine, absolutely true, how we crave it! Facing the world squarely, with perfect sincerity! The false, the unreal, let us lay aside. The sin of insincerity we *must* lay aside. There is no room for it in the life of any true woman.

There is still another sin that I want to speak about, a sin to which girls are given especially. It is the sin of—

Gossip

It is almost impossible to say a word upon this subject because we all feel our own guilt

as we do it. Girls do so love to tell the thing which makes another girl say, "O, how shocking! Who would ever have thought it of her?" Things that are so small to say, but that hurt so much and are impossible to take back! Some one may enter a room and take away a ring, or a pin, a watch, a purse, or any possession of yours; you will miss it, and its value may be great, but you can get along without it. There is no one in the world who can get along without that which the gossiping girl takes away. Schoolgirls especially know what I mean. When the lights are turned out, and the girls sit around on the floor, what wonderful tales may be told which shall grow into something more wonderful tomorrow, until some girl awakens to the fact that she is left out of things, shunned, made miserable by a despicable bit of gossip, probably utterly false. O girls, the meanness of it! I want you to remember this next fall, when you go back to your dormitory life, and sit on the floor to have a good comfortable chat as you eat chocolates and tell stories. If a girl begins to tell you something of another girl, will you have the courage to ask her to stop? This is the Christlike thing, it is the thing we most need as women to-day,—to be able to stop the little thing which hurts and stings and may grow, as it has scores of times, until it kills. This is a sin, and we must cast it aside. Let us lay aside the sin which doth so easily beset us, whatever it may be, looking unto Jesus.

Why unto Jesus?—Because he stands as the example of character; he is the finest representation in all the world of what a man may be, because he is love and shows what true love means, because he represents real unselfishness. The Bible says that he "forgot" himself. I like the version which gives, not that he "forgot" himself, but that he "did not remember" himself. I love to think that he did not try to forget himself, but as he saw the need, he did not even remember himself. Looking unto Jesus because he was the victor, because he overcame; looking unto Jesus because he taught love for all men, hatred of sin, and faith in God, and lived what he taught; therefore, looking unto Jesus, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race of life.

Will it pay? Did it pay for him to lay it all aside, a kingly crown, with glory and honor which might have been his? He could not take it and save the world. Did his life of sacrifice pay? I like to look upon one picture of the crucifixion,—it is the only one I do like to look upon,—Jerome's conception of the crucifixion, "It is finished." Do you know it? On the rugged hilltop of Calvary are three crosses, but they are empty, and you see falling down over the bare rocky hill the shadow of these three crosses. In the foreground is a poor, weak company of men and women with heads bowed, winding their way down from Calvary. How small and weak they look! In the distance is Jerusalem, and you read again the words, "It is finished." This is the end of his life. It is finished. He is dead,—and there is only the shadow of the cross! O, in another sense it was not finished! it could never be finished. There was the narrow shadow cast from that central cross. In that shadow penitent thousands have knelt to find peace and joy and love and life, and they will as long as the cross shall stand. It is finished, and yet it is not finished.

What did he gain? He gained the shame of a cross; he gained a sepulcher in a lonely garden. No, no, that was not what he gained. He gained an open tomb and the salvation of the world. It paid. And those who follow after him will also be paid. They can not suffer what he suffered, nor gain his reward. But no matter what it may cost to follow after him, it will pay. Wherefore, looking unto him as Example and Redeemer, Lord

and King, let us say unto all these things, these poor, mean, miserable things, girls, say as we have never said it before, "Stand aside; I run for my Lord, the King. Stand aside, make room for that purpose in life which was his, and which shall throb as a deep, strong undercurrent through my life also." Will you say that alone by yourself in the quiet of the secret of your own soul, where only he can hear? Almighty God, help us every one so to do!—*Margaret Slattery, in Record of Christian Work.*

Autumn Reveries

How pleasant when the leaves are falling down
To breathe in full and deep the odors sweet
Of heaped and scattered leaves, now ripe and brown,

Or plow the rattling carpet under feet!
To watch the circling leaves upon the breeze,
Which promises e'en now a colder blast
When all the leaves are fallen from the trees,
And time of goldenrod and aster past.

A soothing silence reigns in all the glades
And alleys of the wood where late was heard
In leafy boughs and under cooling shades
The drowsy hum of insect, song of bird.
But these have spent their days, or found a bed
Beneath the fallen verdure and the flowers,
Or with the changing season southward sped
To nest and sing in flower-scented bowers.

I find a pleasure then to wander there
Where solitude serene attends the way
Among the specter giants, grim and bare,
And give to dreamy fancy ruling sway;
To let the gliding memories come again,
Conjuring up imagination's train;
To picture beauty in each open glen,—
Suppressing thus the sorrow and the pain.

A thankfulness for all of Nature's gifts,
The riches she so constantly supplies,
The burdens which her beauty for us lifts,
A joy that keeps us gazing to the skies,—
These all are found within the silent halls
And aisles of pathless sunshine and of shade;
There beauty gleams from every leaf that falls,—
God's temples for his erring creatures made.

MAX HILL.

The Friendly Hand

REV. MARK GUY PEARSE relates this story: "I was waiting for a train a little while ago. A man came to me and said, 'You don't remember me?' I said, 'Yes, I do, I remember you when you were a boy. When did I see you last?' 'Don't you remember while you were preaching to three thousand people, you saw me and called me up on the platform? You saw that I was low down, and you said, "Wherever you see me, whatever company I am in, come and shake hands with me, because I knew you when you were a boy." That was the turning-point of my life; I don't know what you preached about, but I said if you would shake hands with me like that, there is some hope for me. That was nineteen years ago. I am a prosperous manufacturer now, and have a devoted wife and family.' 'You have forgotten that text?' I said. 'Yes.' 'And you don't remember the sermon?' 'No.' 'That sermon that I had prepared so carefully!' No, but the grasp of the hand saved him. One little bit of love weighs down all oratory, or whatever you like to call it."

Buying a Paper

"HERE, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down 'tother block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—*Exchange.*

"He Was Rude to His Mother"

A BUSINESS man who had advertised for an errand boy had turned away one who seemed to be capable and intelligent, and in every way the kind of boy that he needed. When asked why he had not given the little fellow employment, his reply was: "I saw him the other day with his mother, and he was rude and disrespectful to her. I have no use for a boy who is rude to his mother. If he is not obedient and polite to her, I can hardly expect him to be obedient and polite in my store."

This is but one instance of what is going on every day. In the business world boys are applying for work, and many are being turned down because of the ugly things that are seen in them. Here boys of the best and strongest character are sought after. A high premium is put upon those who are not only intelligent, but clean and good in their private and home life. Such boys are found, by actual test, to be in every way more profitable to their employers. Such being the case, the boy who is known to be disrespectful to his mother is discounted at once; for if he is not obedient and polite to her, there is no promise that he will be so to others. Business men fear that what he is at home will be carried into his business life, and will sooner or later make itself known.

Now all this is as it should be. Disrespect for mother is so reprehensible and utterly inexcusable that the condemnation put upon it by the right-thinking world is none too strong. While it is right that the good, self-respecting boys who love their mothers with all their hearts should be rewarded with the approval and confidence of men, it is also right that the rebellious, hard-hearted ones who treat their mothers badly should be held to account for their wrong-doing.—*Selected.*

Pleading Former Favors

"Now these are thy servants and thy people, whom thou hast redeemed by thy great power, and by thy strong hand. O Lord, I beseech thee, let now thine ear be attentive." Plutarch tells us that on one occasion the Rhodians found it necessary to appeal to the Romans for help. One of their leaders suggested that they should plead the good turns they had done for Rome. But another argued that that was a plea difficult to make strong enough, very liable to be disputed, and not at all likely to influence so powerful a people as the Romans, who would not care to consider themselves to be debtors to so puny a state as that of Rhodes. A wiser counselor led them to take up another line of argument, which was abundantly successful. They pleaded the favors which in former times the Romans had bestowed upon them, and urged these as reasons why a great nation should not cast off a needy people for whom it had already done so much. Nehemiah acts on the same logic, and pleads God's former favors to his people. The Lord wants his people to remember the former times.—*Selected.*



THE winter months seem to be the time when our Young People's Societies are the most active. We hope that those who are working and receiving blessings will share them with the readers of the INSTRUCTOR by sending in reports from time to time of their work. The first new series of Lesson Studies will appear in the INSTRUCTOR dated Dec. 19, 1905. This will allow those who have part on the program for the first Sabbath in the new year to have two weeks for preparation, if the leaders promptly assign each his part. We bespeak for this new series of lessons a wide-spread interest.

A Word to Our Young People—II

PETER, writing his second epistle, said: "I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth."

Along with present truth comes the obligation to pass it on to others; that is, present truth is inseparable from present duty. A person may be well posted in present truth, yet not be well established in it. You may be thoroughly conversant with the leading principles underlying the great message, yet be feebly established in the truths for this time. Young friends, let me emphasize that it is one thing to get truth into the mind; it is a very different thing to have it as part of your character, there to exert a sanctifying and purifying influence. We should not be content with merely being able to give a reason for the hope we have, but our lives should be such as will invariably lead our associates to see that we are followers of the Master.

If in the life of every believer in present truth could be seen a manifestation of that truth proportionate to his knowledge of it, what a mighty power would accompany the third angel's message. It is a good thing to strive to practise what we preach, but is it not better to endeavor to preach what we practise? Theory may be good, but practical demonstration is of far more value, and, after all, it is the only thing that really influences our fellow men. So let us all strive hard to be doers of the Word,—to live the principles of this grand truth,—and not rest satisfied with merely knowing it.

Read John 9:4, and you will notice that Christ said he must work while he had opportunity. If the Saviour realized the need for working, how much more should we follow his example, and do all in our power, while we are given such abundant openings for laboring with our associates and others. As surely as every reader of these lines will endeavor, with God's help, to improve the time and seize every opportunity, so surely will the Spirit of God go before each one, and open hearts to receive the truths contained in the third angel's message. Unless we do fulfil our obligation to pass along to others the truth which we have received, we can not avoid the penalty of indifference and lukewarmness which is certain to settle upon us. "Freely ye have received, freely give," and in proportion as we give out, we shall take in. Would you grow in grace and in the knowledge of the great truths and mighty principles contained in present truth? Then go forth and devote yourself with increasing activity to spreading those truths, and you will find your soul richly blessed and gloriously watered.

Some may ask how they can become established in the truth for to-day? The only way

in which a soul can be really established in it, is by having the experience of giving it to other souls. To save ourselves from being tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and shaken with every ripple that the devil may send along, we must be anchored to the rock of truth. And if any one will present a brave front to the foe, surely those who have accepted the truths and beliefs that we call the third angel's message, will be among them.

Every soul that has accepted this truth has a responsibility in regard to it. Every reader of this has a duty to perform. If you, my young friend, really are willing and eager to do your part, the Holy Spirit will show you what it is.

When should we begin?—Now; to-day, for "the night cometh, when no man can work." You will not learn to be a personal worker, a soul winner, by waiting. Ask God for the wisdom he promises to all who seek it; walk in the light as far as you know it; and the Spirit will reinforce the words you speak, and God's blessing will attend every effort put forth in humility to spread truth and save souls.

No ship can be steered unless moving. The great thing is, to start it, and then God can steer it into the right way. Better begin, and perhaps make a few blunders now and then, than not start at all. We may be inexperienced, and we may not know the best methods, yet if we have a humble mind and a willing, earnest heart, the Captain will steer our little vessel into the channel of usefulness and success.

Your knowledge of the truth for to-day is your commission to give it to others. What it has done in your own life is evidence of its reality. And let us beware of the mistake of desiring great or wonderful opportunities to do great things, but be ever watchful to make the most of the chances that come to us day by day for personal work among those we meet.

The natural question many ask, is, "How can I begin?" The best way, really, is to make a start, according to the first opportunity before us. No one can have certain hard and fast rules for this kind of work. We must do as the occasion serves. Above all, it is necessary that we have the genuine missionary spirit. That spirit is the gift of the world's Great Missionary himself. Having this spirit our only aim will be to see souls saved. If you do not have this desire, brother or sister, ask the Lord for it; ask him to help you discern and hear the great wail of woe that is going up to God from sin-cursed and suffering humanity. A single moment of listening to this mournful cry of earth's millions will be enough to stir your heart to its depths, and lead you to say, "Lord, here am I; send me."

This privilege of carrying truth to those who have greatest need of it, is the grandest man ever had. Then let us go forth in the Spirit's power, to live the truth, to teach it, to carry it to the homes of those around us. If every man, woman, and child who believes these truths and loves them, would earnestly work to spread them, ere long the last great work would end, and those who had been true and loyal to trust and duty would triumph gloriously with it.

W. S. SADLER.

The Women of China

CHINESE women deserve more sympathy perhaps, than the women of any other nation, for, from babyhood, they are looked down upon as weak, ignorant, uneducated, in fact, they are considered incapable of learning; so when the little baby girl comes into this world, unloved and uncared for, it is indeed to be regretted, for along with improper care comes feet binding; for it would never do for a Chinese woman to have large feet, unless she is to work. Feet binding, while looked upon by us as such a cruel, heathen custom, as indeed it is, is considered by them as the very

foundation of gentility and refinement, but the custom of wearing tight clothing about the waist, which is done by women in all civilized countries, is looked upon by our Chinese sisters as just as serious a custom as their feet binding is by us. The girl baby's feet are bound from the time she is a few weeks old, and at the age of two or three years, strong, firm bandages are put on, much like the surgeon's bandage. The four smaller toes are turned underneath the foot, leaving only the great toe in front in its natural position; this causes them to walk on the heel of the foot, as the toes are only a mass of flesh, and would cause great pain if the individuals should attempt to bear their weight upon them. As a result the poor girls and women of China must hobble along similarly to a person walking on stilts, with their arms extended in order to keep their balance. It is indeed a pitiable sight to see them walk or try to work.

We sometimes wonder how those little feet, so badly deformed, can support such a weight, especially when the person is well loaded down with cotton-padded clothes; but only yesterday I saw a woman with her tiny feet walk down the side of the embankment of the city wall, which is fully thirty feet high and very steep. It will thus be seen that they have learned to make good use of all that they have.

If the reader could only see these poor heathen worshiping idols as we see them from day to day, burning incense to them, bowing before them, calling on them, sometimes arraying them in beautiful satin garments, and carrying them through the streets as a mark of great respect and reverence (and there are millions of people here who worship in this manner), I am sure hearts would be touched to help the poor Chinese, and especially the women of China. Can we not do more than we are doing? Are we sure their blood will not be on our garments? May God show each one of us our duty. We can not all go to foreign fields, but we can all have a part in the work by giving of our means, and, most of all, our prayers. Remember not only the heathen, but those at work among the heathen. They need the constant prayers of all. We have never for one moment regretted coming to China, for we feel that we are where God would have us.

We feel much encouraged to press onward, for the Lord is truly with us, and we hope soon to be able to teach these poor heathen the gospel. Daily we see so much idol worship that we can not forget the object for which we came. We need the prayers of all our brethren and sisters that we may be guided in starting this work in China, which must soon close, for Christ is soon coming.

[The above article was written by Dr. Maud A. Miller before her decease. We wish that her love and sacrifice for the women of China might be shared by scores of young women, who would devote their lives to the upbuilding in Christ of these unfortunate ones.—ED.]

HEAVEN stands indignant at the neglect shown to the souls of men. Would we know how Christ regards it? How would a father and a mother feel, did they know that their child, lost in the cold and the snow, had been passed by, and left to perish, by those who might have saved it? Would they not be terribly grieved, wildly indignant? Would they not denounce those murders with wrath hot as their tears, intense as their love? The sufferings of every man are the sufferings of God's child, and those who reach out no helping hand to their perishing fellow beings provoke his righteous anger. This is the wrath of the Lamb. To those who claim fellowship with Christ, yet have been indifferent to the needs of their fellow men, he will declare in the great judgment day, "I know you not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity."—Mrs. E. G. White.

• • CHILDREN'S • • PAGE • •

The Grindstone of Fate

ONE day when I, a boy, bewailed the wealth to me denied,
I recollect my Uncle Hiram taking me aside
To chide me for my petulance, and whisper in my ear
A bit of homespun logic, and some facts designed to cheer.
"My boy," he said, "in after years you'll recognize that strife,
Unceasing toil, and poverty equip one best for life;
For men, like tools, don't get an edge on things as smooth as wax:
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that sharpens up the ax.

"'Twas Lincoln's task of splitting rails, his buffeting by fate
In early life, that made him fit to steer the ship of state.
A tow-path life proved Garfield's steel, a tanyard's pleasures scant
And weary round of work brought out the best there was in Grant.
If each had held within his mouth, when born, a silver spoon,
And had not been so ground by fate the whole of life's forenoon,
Their brains that keenness would have lacked to probe prosaic facts:
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that sharpens up the ax.

"If things went always smooth with you," my Uncle Hiram vowed,
"You'd go through life unknown and undistinguished from the crowd,
More apt than not; while rasping want and grinding work, I've found,
Will sharpen wits that steps may cleave to fortune's higher ground.
The wearing stones of fate that seem your progress to retard
You'll some day bless, and thank the world for bearing down so hard.
The grit that puts an edge on is just what success exacts:
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad, that sharpens up the ax!"

—Roy Farrell Greene, in *Success*.

A Chickweed Story

DORA and Aunt Millicent sat on a rustic seat on the lawn near the flower garden. Her aunt was sewing, and Dora was crocheting a doll's hood for Virginia May.

"It's just as well," said Dora, "to get ready for winter now; for last year Virginia May had to wear a lace cap when she went sleigh-riding. As soon as I crochet around this time on the hood," continued Dora, who was doing most of the talking just then, "I'm going to pull up that chickweed on the edge of the rose hedge. Chickweed gets into everything. I don't see what it's here for, anyway. I just hate it."

"Hate the chickweed?" said Aunt Millicent. "Why, Dora, I do not believe you know anything about it. I think it is a pretty little plant."

"It isn't good for anything," objected Dora. "O, yes, it is," answered her aunt. "Its seeds are eaten by the birds and chickens; and besides it teaches a lesson, if you only have eyes to see. Did you ever hear the chickweed's story?"

"Has it a story?" asked Dora, interested at once.

"Yes, a real story."

"O, please tell it, Aunt Millicent. Then maybe I'd like it better. I suppose the poor weed isn't to blame for growing so fast and getting into everything."

"The chickweed has been a great traveler," began her aunt.

"Didn't it always grow here?" asked Dora.

"No. Years and years ago, when this farm was part of a great pine forest where the Indians lived and hunted, before any white men had been here, the chickweed was growing in Europe. And we don't know whether she wanted to come to America or not, or if she was even asked, or just how she came; but it may have been that her seeds got mixed with other seeds, or sifted into the creases of packages or cracks of boxes. Any way, the chickweed got carried to this country. And, perhaps when the other seeds were sown, the chickweed seeds fell with them unnoticed in the soil, and she soon spread her weak, slender stems above the ground, and opened her little white flowers that shone like stars among the green leaves."

"But the best part of this story," concluded Aunt Millicent, "is that the chickweeds have never forgotten a single thing that they knew in their far-away home in the Old Country; for every evening, as the sun sinks lower and lower and the chill of night comes on, the leaves of the chickweed close together in pairs over the tender buds of the plant, and keep them from getting cold during the night, just as a real mother covers her children at bedtime."

"I suppose it's called chickweed because the chickadees and chickens come and eat it."

"Yes," said her aunt; "but it has another name, too—*Stellaria Media*—which means 'many silver stars,' for its small, white blossoms."

"It's a dear little plant," said Dora, who had forgotten that she had ever disliked the common chickweed.—*Bessie Hoover*.

How Sydney Struck Bed-Rock

"SYDNEY!"

"Yes, Aunt Grace?"

"I want you, dear."

Sydney Despard rolled over in the grassy bank, stretched himself preparatory to getting up, and—remained where he was. There was silence for a minute or two, broken only by the droning of a large bee, whose roving the lad's eyes followed idly.

"Sydney!" This time the voice from inside the lace curtains was more emphatic.

"Yes, Aunt Grace."

"I want you *at once*."

The boy rose and entered the house leisurely, his fair face serene and good-tempered. His aunt handed him a letter.

"Will you drop this in the mail-box for me?" she asked.

He thrust the envelope into his pocket with a bright nod of assent and went away, whistling cheerily.

As he did so, Mrs. Carter pondered. The one "out" about the boy was so vague, so intangible, that it seemed hard to lay hold

on. A tendency to take life too easily, to let things slide, to never do to-day what he could put off until to-morrow—that was all, and yet his aunt realized that it was an all which imperiled his whole future.

She felt herself placed in a difficult position with regard to him. The fact that Sydney had lost both parents before reaching fourteen years of age precluded sternness except for some great offense. And then, she found it hard to classify this fault in him. It was not obstinacy—he had far too sunny a disposition for that. But it sometimes seemed as if the suggestion of the prompt performance of any duty raised in him a distaste for that particular thing. He always acquiesced. He rarely went further except under the pressure of constant nagging.

At first the change to his new home and strange surroundings had wrought a decided improvement in this respect. Then, as he fitted into his groove in the household, and things began to assume a familiar aspect, the old habit reasserted itself with amazing ease, and gradually gained control of him again.

Sydney had been with his new guardians about six months when his fifteenth birthday came round. Acting upon a hint from his aunt,



EARNEST WORKERS OF THE PLAY SCHOOL

"They *are* pretty flowers, if you stop to look at them," said Dora.

"The chickweed blossomed all summer," continued her aunt, "and when the corn was gathered into shocks, and the pumpkins were as yellow as gold, the little weed was still green and thriving, a brave plant that kept blooming until Jack Frost came along on his fall visit, and in one night turned her tender stems and leaves and white stars black, and in the morning the chickweed was dead."

"I sha'n't pull up this plant on the edge of the garden," said Dora. "It isn't doing a bit of harm."

"But the chickweed and been dropping seeds all summer," said her aunt, "and the next year there were more chickweeds than ever, and they spread farther and farther. The hungry chickadees came and feasted on them until they grew fat, and the chickweed crept about farmyards, and the chickens as well as the birds fed on her plump seeds. And the little plants kept traveling farther every season, till at last they came here; but instead of pine forests and red men, they found cultivated fields and gardens, and white men tending them."

"What a nice story!" said Dora.

his uncle's gift to him was a bicycle. The boy, though a good rider, had never owned a wheel, and, in an effort to make up to him for much that he had missed in earlier childhood, Mr. Carter's purchase was the best of its kind.

For a week Sydney almost lived on it. Then the inevitable happened—he wanted to take it apart. Mrs. Carter stood on the back piazza and watched the proceedings doubtfully.

"I'm afraid you never can get it together again, Syd," she warned.

"O, yes, I can, Aunt Grace," Sydney smiled with the assurance of youth.

After an hour's rubbing, oiling, screwing, the bicycle was apparently just what it had been before. He sent the front wheel spinning round triumphantly. Then he tried the back one. The result was a jerky movement, then jam! Again Sydney oiled and rubbed, but with no better success. With a sigh, he took it all to pieces and put it together very carefully. This time the wheel refused to budge more than a few inches. At last he carried the maimed machine into the back entry of the house, and propped it up against the wall.

There it stood for three days. At the end of that time Mrs. Carter spoke to him.

"Couldn't you fix your bicycle, Sydney?"

"No, Aunt Grace. The hind wheel jams."

"Can't you manage to push it down to Stillman's and get him to see what is wrong with it?"

"Yes, I think I could," the boy replied.

"Well, do it this afternoon, dear."

"All right, auntie."

It was typical of Sydney that he always used a passive mode of assent. He rarely said, "I will."

But the afternoon passed. Other and pleasanter things claimed his attention. The wheel remained where it was.

His aunt, occupied with a dressmaker at the house, remembered the matter only when she passed through the entry next day. Then she called him.

"I am sorry to have to speak to you again about your bicycle, Sydney," she said, gravely. "Did you forget it?"

"N-no, Aunt Grace."

Mrs. Carter considered for a moment. Then the softer side of her nature conquered, as it always did when she remembered the lad's motherless condition.

"Well, remember to come directly home from school this afternoon and take it down to Stillman's. He can probably put it all right while you wait. I am going out, but grandma will be at home."

And again Sydney assented.

It happened that Mr. Carter came home to luncheon that day, which was unusual, as their house was quite in the suburbs. But circumstances had arisen which made it necessary for him to get some important papers from his desk at home. While he stood sorting them, the telephone bell rang, and in stepping hurriedly into the hall, one slip fell unnoticed to the floor. He left the house immediately, in answer to the call, and it was only after he had gone that Mrs. Carter noticed the paper, and, picking it up, put it in a place of safety until his return.

Later in the afternoon she went out. It happened also to be the maid's day off. No one was left at home but Mr. Carter's mother.

Sitting on the front piazza, she knitted placidly in the shade, a slight deafness making her quite oblivious to the sharp whirr of the telephone bell, which, soon after Mrs. Carter's departure, began to ring. People on the line wondered who was so persistent. As Mrs. Carter strolled home, a neighbor called her.

"I think your husband has been trying to get you by telephone for the last hour and a half," she said. "The operator rang three once—by

mistake, I suppose—and, thinking it might be some one wanting our house, I went to the 'phone. I heard Mr. Carter's voice say, 'Central! I want two—not three!' He seemed quite urgent."

Mrs. Carter thanked her informant, and, hurrying home, called her husband up at his office.

"Is that you, Grace?" he answered. "Yes, I've been trying to get you for an hour. Did I drop a paper while I was home at noon?"

"Yes. I picked it up just after you left."

"Oh, that's all right!" Mr. Carter's voice showed relief. "Is Syd there?"

"He's in the yard."

"Well, tell him to jump on his wheel and bring that paper down to me. Put it safely in his inside coat pocket. I've got to get those securities off by express to-night, and the office closes at six. Tell him that for once he can scorch."

Mrs. Carter hung up the receiver and turned away. As she did so, some thought caused her lips to tighten.

"Sydney!" she called from the doorway. Then, as the boy came nearer, "Did you get your bicycle repaired this afternoon?"

"No, Aunt Grace. I——" Like all procrastinators, he had an excuse on the tip of his tongue.

His aunt waved it aside with a movement of her hand.

"Never mind that now," she said. "We will talk about it later." Her voice and manner were new to Sydney. "Your uncle wants this paper in a hurry. It has to go by express to-night, and the office closes at six. Here is your fare. If you run, you may catch the next car."—*Mary L. Cummins, in Young People's Weekly.*

(To be concluded)

Science Stories

Great Rivers

FOR over twelve hundred miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

The Jordan is the most crooked river known, winding two hundred thirteen miles in a distance of sixty.

The Potomac River is only five hundred miles long, and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream.

The highest of all navigable rivers is the Tsangpo, in China, which flows for nearly one thousand miles at an elevation of from eleven thousand to fourteen thousand feet.

Three rivers as big as the Rhine would just equal in volume the Ganges, three Ganges the Mississippi, and two Mississippis the Amazon.—*Selected.*

An Intelligent Elephant

REMARKABLE for intelligence is Gunda, the big Indian elephant in the Bronx "Zoo," in New York. Whenever visitors give him money, he picks it up from the floor with his trunk, lifts the cover of his savings-bank and drops the coin in. Having disposed of the money, he always wants to shake hands with the giver. He holds up his right forefoot, till the visitor gives him a pat or two.

His latest accomplishment is playing the mouth-organ. He simply picks up the instrument with his trunk and toots through it. When he is carrying children around the park on his back, and meets any of the workmen wheeling a truck, he always stops and helps the man to push the truck.

Gunda also assists in making his toilet. He

kneels down every morning to have his back swept off, and when he is given his bath, he takes the hose in his trunk, spouts the water on his body till he is thoroughly clean.

This remarkable animal is now ten years old, and as elephants do not attain their full growth until they are thirty, he will probably be the largest of his kind in the world, for he is now the biggest of his age ever brought to America. He is growing at the rate of one hundred pounds a month, and his tusks are coming out so fast that the change can be noted from week to week.—*Selected.*

Stingless Bees

THE Department of Agriculture has imported some Caucasian bees that differ from all others in that they never sting. One can rub them off the comb with the palm of the hand, and they do not retaliate. Excepting the testy Cyprian bees, they are the best honey gatherers that have been found.

A number of the queens have been distributed among apiarists throughout the country. The only imported queen in the hives at Washington died the other day, so that it is impossible for the officials to give out any more until the chief apiarist, Mr. Benton, returns from the Caucasus, where he has gone for new specimens.

It is believed they will revolutionize the bee business. However, it will take a long time to free the American mind of the fear of bees. Long experience with the stinging varieties has impressed most people with the wisdom of giving the honey gatherers a wide berth.

The first bees introduced into America were the common brown ones brought over from Germany in the seventeenth century. In 1860 the comparatively gentle varieties were imported from Italy. Fabulous prices were paid for queens. The Italians were succeeded in favor by those from the island of Cyprus, which are great honey makers, but difficult to handle.—*The Young People's Weekly.*

Within Coral Reefs

WHAT a fence is to a house, a barrier reef is to the island it encloses. In some instances, two islands are enclosed by the same reef—two houses in one yard. The lagoon corresponds to the yard. Some single islands have two reefs,—a barrier reef and a fringing reef. A fringing reef we may compare to a veranda, it being built directly against the shore of an island, whereas a barrier reef may be several miles distant. Some reefs enclose only lagoons, with no islands, and are termed atolls. Their lagoons might be compared to vacant lots.

Some reefs are high enough and wide enough, in portions, to be inhabited. This fact might seem to spoil our figure, did we not bethink ourselves that lodges are sometimes built upon boundary walls.

Coral animals (let us not be guilty of calling them insects) do not build above the water; but marine growths, together with an accumulation of drift, help to bring parts of reefs above the surface. On these bits of rough soil cocoanuts and a few other species of land plants grow, and contribute their waste to the building up of land. However, the highest waves wash over nearly all portions of the reefs. On some atolls, houses are reared on upright poles, above the reach of the sea.

In a few cases, a body of fresh water is enclosed within a reef; but the lagoons in general are salt, and are connected with the sea by openings in the reefs. Some of these openings are wide enough to admit ships to anchorage in the lagoons.

Where no such passageways exist, skilful oarsmen can take a small boat over the reef, by so

timing their movements as to be borne over on a high wave. That is an exciting mode of travel, and sometimes disastrous.

There has been much speculation in regard to the reason why coral reefs are nearly all ring-shaped. One supposition is that they are built on the rims of submerged volcanoes; another is that they were all once fringing reefs, but that the islands around which they were formed, slowly sank, while the polyps, by continued building, preserved the level of the reef.

Most coral is white, usually a dingy white. When long exposed to the air and sun, it becomes a dark gray. In a few localities, red, pink, black, and other colors are found. There are also many different forms of coral. The delicate branching specimens often seen in museums, represent but a small proportion of coral formations generally. Most of a reef is solid coral rock—so solid as to be very serviceable for house building. In some of the South Sea islands, coral is much used for that purpose. Lime also, for making plaster, is prepared by burning coral. This art was introduced among the natives by early missionaries. A Cook Island king once told me of the amazement of the islanders on first witnessing preparations for making lime. They declared that the strangers were cooking rocks to eat.

MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.



XI—Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem

(December 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Matt. 21:9.

"And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. And, behold, there was a man named Zacchæus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich. And he sought to see Jesus who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him: for he was to pass that way.

"And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zacchæus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house. And he made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully. And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner. And Zacchæus stood, and said unto the Lord; Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. . . .

"And when he had thus spoken, he went before, ascending up to Jerusalem. And it came to pass, when he was come nigh to Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount called the mount of Olives, he sent two of his disciples, saying, Go ye into the village over against you; in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat: loose him, and bring him hither. And if any man ask you, Why do ye loose him? thus shall ye say unto him, Because the Lord hath need of him.

"And they that were sent went their way, and found even as he had said unto them. And as they were loosing the colt, the owners thereof

said unto them, Why loose ye the colt? And they said, The Lord hath need of him.

"And they brought him to Jesus: and they cast their garments upon the colt, and they set Jesus thereon." "And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strowed them in the way." "And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen; saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.

"And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples. And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out. And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.

"And he went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought; saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves. And he taught daily in the temple. But the chief priests and the scribes and the chief of the people sought to destroy him, and could not find what they might do: for all the people were very attentive to hear him."

Questions

1. Through what town did Jesus pass on his way to Jerusalem? What man wished to see Jesus? What position did he hold? What was a publican?—One who collected revenue for the Roman government. What was the feeling of the Jews toward the publicans? See Matt. 9:11; Luke 18:11; 19:7.

2. What hindered Zacchæus from seeing Jesus? What did he do in order to see him? When Jesus came to the place, what did he say to Zacchæus? How did this man receive him? What complaint was made by those who were with Jesus?

3. What did Zacchæus promise that he would do? What did Jesus then say to him? For what purpose did the Son of man come to this earth? What is the feeling in heaven when a sinner turns to God? Luke 15:7.

4. After this where did Jesus go? When he had come near Bethany, on what errand did he send two of his disciples? What were they to say if any should ask them why they took the colt? Relate the experience of the disciples in the village.

5. When the animal was brought to Jesus, what did the disciples do? What was spread in the way as he rode toward Jerusalem? When Jesus had reached the descent of the mount of Olives, what did the disciples and the multitude do? What did they shout with a loud voice?

6. What men were among the multitude around Jesus? What did they ask him to do? How did Jesus answer them?

7. As Jesus came near Jerusalem, what did he do? Though he knew that he was going to be put to a cruel death by that city, what was his feeling toward it? What lament did he utter over it? Had the city's opportunity to receive Jesus passed? Last part of verse 42.

8. What did Jesus say should be done to Jerusalem in the days to come? How complete would be her destruction? Why would this awful fate be allowed to come upon the city?

9. When Jesus had entered the city, to what place did he go? What did he find there? What did he do? What scripture did he recite as he drove out the buyers and sellers from the house of God?

10. For a few days where did Jesus openly teach? Who were planning all the time to destroy him? What hindered them from carrying out their evil purpose?



XI—God Will Deliver

(December 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 9, 10.

MEMORY VERSE: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

Questions

1. As the fatal day approached, what was the attitude of the enemies of the Jews? Esther 9:1.

2. What did the Jews do? Verse 2.

3. What was the attitude of the people toward the Jews? Verse 2, last part; verse 3.

4. What position did Mordecai occupy? How widely was his fame known? Verse 4; Esther 10:3.

5. What was the result when the days of slaughter were ended? Esther 9:5, 12, 16.

6. How did the Jews commemorate their deliverance? Verse 19.

7. What arrangement was made to keep this day of deliverance in remembrance? Verses 21, 22, 27, 28.

8. What decree against God's people will be issued in the last days? Rev. 13:15-17. As the time for the execution of the decree draws near, what will the wicked do? Note 1.

9. How will the righteous meet the crisis? Ps. 56:11.

10. From what source will deliverance come? Ps. 34:7; note 2.

11. When deliverance comes, how will it affect the righteous? Note 3.

12. How will the wicked be affected? Isa. 60:14.

13. Mention one difference between the experience of the Jews in Mordecai's day and the last-day deliverance. Note 4.

Notes

1. "In every quarter, companies of armed men, urged on by hosts of evil angels, are preparing for the work of death."—*Great Controversy*, chapter 40, paragraph 2.

2. "As the saints left the cities and villages, they were pursued by the wicked, who sought to slay them. But the swords that were raised to kill God's people broke, and fell as powerless as a straw. Angels of God shielded the saints."—*Early Writings*, page 145.

"It is at midnight that God manifests his power for the deliverance of his people. . . . The voice of God is heard from heaven declaring the day and hour of Jesus' coming, and delivering the everlasting covenant to his people."—*Great Controversy*, pages 636, 640; Isa. 30:27-30.

3. "Their faces, so lately pale, anxious, and haggard, are now aglow with wonder, faith, and love."—*Great Controversy*, page 639.

4. When God's voice declares the hour of Jesus' coming, and turns the captivity of his people, it will be too late for any to repent, but the wicked will acknowledge that God is just, and his people righteous. When the decree of Mordecai turned the captivity of the Jews, there was an opportunity for repentance, and many became Jews. But before God's final deliverance of his people, the destiny of every soul will have been fixed. Rev. 22:11.



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FANNIE M. DICKERSON EDITOR

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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE poem "The Barefoot Boy" was credited by mistake in a recent number of the INSTRUCTOR to Longfellow, instead of Whittier.

NINE tenths of the boys in nine grammar schools in Providence, Rhode Island, it has been found, are confirmed cigarette smokers. Dr. Shaw, of Indianapolis, who made the investigation, says that in all the schools he has visited in other cities, the lowest per cent of cigarette smokers was seventy-five. This fact indicates one of the greatest perils of America.

"ONE of our students sold and delivered for cash last week nearly twenty dollars' worth of books. Besides this he took orders for about eight dollars' worth to be delivered at some future time. And in addition to all this, he delivered for cash about seven dollars' worth on orders previously taken. This makes about thirty-four dollars' worth of books sold and delivered in one week, besides keeping up his regular school work. This demonstrates that students can sell books."

A LADY passing through a barren section of the Southern States, sowed flower seeds from the car window all along the way. Months after, brilliant poppies covered the ground. Now is our time for scattering the seeds of truth as lavishly as the woman scattered the flower seeds, and the results sometime will be even more satisfying. The children can have a part in this work. Only to-day I was reading of a little fellow that stepped up very courteously to a gentleman, and handed him a tract, saying, "Please, sir, will you take a tract? and, please, sir, will you read it?" This man had a great dislike for tracts, and usually felt quite irritated when he was offered one; but the "please, sir," of the lad overcame his natural feeling. He could not resist the frank, courteous appeal of the boy, so took the tract, promising to read it, and that reading led him to Christ.

ONE of our workers here in the city of Washington was talking one day with a Baptist minister who smokes. She asked him if he had ever thought what his influence as a tobacco user was upon the young men. He said he had not; but some time after that he met this worker, and told her he had given up the use of tobacco. He then related an incident that had occurred a few days before. He said that he boarded a street-car and found five other ministers on the car, all of whom were smoking. He sat down with them, and soon took occasion to ask them the same question that this worker had put to him. After an earnest talk together over the matter, he succeeded in getting them also to pledge themselves to give up the habit of smoking.

It only takes a word sometimes to start a train

of circumstances that results in great good to many persons. If we could all be ready and willing to be used by the Lord whenever he has occasion for us, somebody would be receiving help all the while. Let us stand with ears and heart intent to catch the first command or direction from the Lord.

Borrowed Trouble

It will amuse the reader of to-day to learn how the prospective advent of the locomotive was regarded by the good people of England. A leading newspaper said that the locomotive would prevent cows from grazing and hens from laying. The poisoned air from the engines would kill the birds as they flew over them, and render the preservation of pheasants and foxes no longer possible. Householders adjoining the projected line were told that their houses would be burned by the fire thrown from the engine chimneys, while the air around would be polluted by the clouds of smoke. There would no longer be any use for horses; and if the railways extended, the species would become extinct, and oats and hay would become unsalable.

Traveling by road would be highly dangerous, and county inns would be ruined. But such dark forecasts were usually supplemented by the consoling thought that the weight of the locomotive must completely prevent its moving. Even the great *Quarterly Review* of March, 1825, declared: "The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive engine, or, to speak in plain English, the steam carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage-coaches? We trust that Parliament will, in all the railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which, we entirely agree with Mr. Sylvester, is as great as can be ventured on with safety."

Mr. Isaac Coffin said in Parliament that the railway would raise the price of iron one hundred per cent, or, more probably, exhaust the supply altogether. It would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturber of quiet and comfort, in all parts of the kingdom, that the ingenuity of man could invent.



SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

DEAR EDITOR: I am glad that I can be one of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers. I like the stories on the Children's Page very much. I have one brother eleven years old, and I am fourteen. We go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. Papa is the chorister. Brother Isaac is my Sabbath-school teacher. I go to church-school, and am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Gurina Handberg.

I have sold two copies of "Story of Joseph" and three of "Gospel Primer." I have also sold a few *Signs of the Times*. As this is the first time I have written, I will close, although I could write much more. Pray for me that I may be faithful.

STELLA MAY BOWEN.

PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA, B. W. I.,

November, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a welcome guest. We prize it very much. It serves to guide our minds in the carrying forward of the Young People's work. As one among that number on this our fair island, I do pray that the Spirit of our God may revive us here. And as the great problem that confronts this denomination is the salvation of our young people, may

we with renewed zeal press this battle to the very gate.

Our family has six members, all Sabbath-keepers. We have a Young People's Society organized with sixteen members. We join with you in this work of giving this last message, that the dear Lord may quickly come to give his reward to his faithful children. I enclose the answers required in the article, "Who Were These Women?"

SHE was obedient to her father even when queen.

Queen Esther. Esther 2:20.

She received from a stranger a gift for her wrists and ears.

Rebekah. Gen. 24:15, 22.

She had great care for the poor, and was deeply mourned when she died.

Tabitha, or Dorcas. Acts 9:36.

Though a prophetess, she was jealous of her brother; and God sorely punished her for her sin.

Miriam. Num. 12:1, 2, 10.

She was the most wicked woman described in the Bible.

Jezebel. 1 Kings 21:5.

She greatly deceived a king of Israel.

Michal. 1 Sam. 19:17.

Her life depended on a red cord.

Rahab. Joshua 2:1-18.

She was the mother of the apostle Paul's "son in the gospel."

Eunice. 2 Tim. 1:5.

She said to her mother-in-law, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Ruth. Ruth 1:16.

She allowed her household perplexities and duties to make her discourteous to her guest.

Martha. Luke 10:38-42.

She was one of the judges of Israel.

Deborah. Judges 5.

She coveted and falsified, and for these sins received immediate punishment.

Sapphira. Acts 5:1, 7-10.

She entertained the apostle Paul at Philippi.

Lydia. Acts 16:14.

J. H. MITCHELL.

PARKERSBURG, IOWA, Sept. 28, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: We are a class of six young people in our Sabbath-school. Our ages are from thirteen to sixteen years. We get our lessons from the INSTRUCTOR, which comes to our Sabbath-school. And as we enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR, especially the contents of the Letter Box, we thought we would like to write a letter, too.

There is a nice company of our people here, and another in the country not far from here. We have a neat little church, too, which was built a few years ago. There are about forty members.

We have a good Sabbath-school, and the members of our class attend quite regularly, and we also attend prayer-meeting Wednesday evenings. Dr. Alice Mantz has been our Sabbath-school teacher, but she has gone to Des Moines, so we shall need a new teacher next Sabbath. We were sorry to have her go away because she was also the leader of our Young People's Society, to which we all belong, and we like her very much.

Our Young People's Society has eleven members. We organized our Society in February, and have held meetings regularly, on Sabbath afternoon since then, only, through the summer months, when we had no meetings, as a number of the members were away.

We have been trying to do our part faithfully, and have mailed and given away papers, sold books and papers, loaned tracts, written missionary letters, and done many other things.

We have been especially interested in the work in the South and in the orphanage that is being erected in Huntsville, Alabama, for the colored children. We are going to make up a barrel of things to send there this fall, and have already made two quilts and other things to send.

One of the members of our class at Sabbath-school is the secretary of the Young People's Society, and another is the secretary of the Sabbath-school. We all want to be soldiers for Christ, and do our part so that we may meet you all when Jesus comes.

With love to all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

GRACE WRIGHT,
LILLIE ANDERSON,
ALMA CROUSE,
MABEL COOK,
IDA COOK,
BENNIE ANDERSON.