

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## A Laugh

"A LAUGH is just like music,  
It freshens all the day,  
It tips the peaks of life with light,  
And drives the clouds away;  
The soul grows glad that hears it,  
And feels its courage strong:  
A laugh is just like sunshine  
For cheering folks along!

"A laugh is just like music,  
It lingers in the heart;  
And where its melody is heard,  
The ills of life depart;  
And happy thoughts come crowding  
Its joyful notes to greet:  
A laugh is just like music  
For making living sweet."

## Christian Courtesy

(Concluded)

CHRISTIAN courtesy I especially commend to those who have subordinates. Almost every person has some one under him. How do you treat that clerk, that servant, that assistant, that employee? Do you accost him in brusque terms, and roughly command him to do that which you might kindly ask him to do? The last words that the Duke of Wellington uttered were, "If you please." That conqueror, in what was in some respects the greatest battle ever fought, in his last hours, asked by his servant if he would take some tea, replied, "If you please;" his last words were an expression of courtesy. Beautiful characteristic in any class! The day-laborers in Sweden, passing one another, take off their hats in reverence. There is no excuse for boorishness in any circle. As complete a gentleman as ever lived was the man who was unhorsed on the road to Damascus, and beheaded on the road to Ostia,—Paul the apostle. I know that he might be so characterized by the way he apologized to Ananias, the high priest. I know it from the way he complimented Felix as a judge, and from the way he greets the king: "I thank myself, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." I know that Paul was a gentleman from the way he opened his sermon on Mars Hill, not insulting his audience, as King James's translation implies, but saying, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very devout." I know he was a gentleman from the fact that when he, with others of a shipwreck, on the island of Melita visited the governor of the island, he was most impressed with the courtesy shown them, and reported that visit in these words: "In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island whose name was Publius; who received us, and lodged us three days courteously." And then see those words of advice which he

gives: "Bear ye one another's burdens." "In honor preferring one another." "Honor all men."

What a mighty means of usefulness is courtesy! The lack of it brings to many a dead failure, while before those who possess it in large quantity all the doors of opportunity are open. You can tell that urbanity does not come from study of books of etiquette, although such books have their use, but from a mind full of thoughtfulness for others and a heart in sympathy with the conditions of others — if those conditions be prosperous, a gladness for the success; or if the conditions be depressing, a sorrow for the unfavorable circumstances. Ah! this world needs lighting up. To those of us who are prosperous, it is no credit that we are in a state of good cheer; but in the lives of ninety-nine out of a hundred there is a pathetic side, a taking off, a deficit, an anxiety, a trouble. By a genial look, by a kind word, by a helpful action, we may lift a little of the burden, and partly clear the way for the stumbling foot. O, what a glorious art it is to say the right word in the right way at the right time!

How reprehensible the behavior of those who pride themselves on the opposite quality, and have a genius for saying disagreeable things, using sarcasm and retort not for lawful purposes, but to sting and humiliate and hurt. "Didn't I take him down?" "Didn't I make him wince?" "Didn't I give it to him?" That is the spirit of Satan, while the opposite is the spirit of Christ.

Alexander the Great won the love of his soldiers on foot by calling them fellow footmen. Rehoboam lost the ten tribes through his discourtesy. More thoughtfulness for others — let us all cultivate it. That spirit was well illustrated when the "Birkenhead" was wrecked on the rocks, and all knew she must go down. Many soldiers were on board. The drum was sounded, and the soldiers fell into line. The women and children were got off in the boats. Then the commander of the ship said, "Let all those who can swim strike out for the boats." "No," said Captain Wight of the Ninety-first Highlanders, "if you do that, you will sink the boats in which the women and children are." The brave men kept to their posts, and just as the ship was about to make its last plunge, they fired a salute to those in the boats. What sinking of self in thoughtfulness for others!

Many years ago two men entered the largest workshops in Philadelphia. They were treated in a very indifferent way, and were allowed to depart without any show of courtesy. They went into other shops, and no special attention was given them. After a while the two men entered a smaller shop, and the overseer took great pains in showing them everything, and how they wrought and on what plan the shops were run. The two visitors were agents of the czar of Russia, and those shops were transferred to St. Petersburg, and that polite man that bestowed such attention was called to build the locomotives for all the railroads of Russia, and had fortune after fortune roll in upon him. Courtesy

is a mighty force in temporal things as well as in spiritual things.

Let us start each year, each month, each day, with the question, What can I do to make others happy? On our way to office or store or shop or rail train, let us be alert for heaven-descended opportunities. The English language is full of healing words, soothing words, rescuing words, cheering words. Mix them into a balm for sore hearts; wreath them into garlands for those who, unrecognized, deserve the crown.

The time must come when the world will acknowledge international courtesy. Now courtesy between nations is chiefly made of rhetorical greeting; but as soon as there is a difference of interest, their ministers plenipotentiary are called home, and the guns of the forts are put in position, and the army and navy get ready. Why not a courtesy between nations that will defer to each other and surrender a little rather than have prolonged bitterness, ending in great slaughter? There is room for all nations of the earth and all styles of government. What the world wants is less armament and more courtesy; less of the spirit of destruction and more of the spirit of amity. The angels in the song celebrated this coming international courtesy when, in the Bethlehem starlight, they chanted, "Good will to man."

To the young let me say, sow courtesy, and you will reap courtesy; sow hostilities, and you will reap hostilities. Get your heart so right that it will make the tones of your voice persuasive, and your salutations on the street, and your greetings at the door of home and church and hall a blessing to all, and the kindly influences you throw upon them will rebound upon your own heart and life. While you are making them happier, you will make yourself happier.

If others lack courtesy, that is no reason why you should lack it. Respond to rudeness by utmost affability. Because some one else is a boor is no reason why you should be a boor. But how few show urbanity when badly treated! Human nature says, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, retort for retort, slander for slander, maltreatment for maltreatment." But there have been those you and I have known who, amid assault and caricature and injustice, have maintained the loveliness of blossom-week in spring-time. Nothing but divine grace in the heart can keep such equilibrium. That is not human nature until it is transformed by supernal influences. To put it on the lowest ground, you can not afford to be revengeful and malignant. Hatred and high indignation are stages of unhealth. They enlarge the spleen; they weaken the nerves; they attack the brain. Rage in a man is one form of apoplexy. Every time you get mad, you damage your body and mind and soul, and you have not such a surplus of vigor and energy that you can afford to sacrifice them.

So I applaud Christian courtesy. I would put it upon the throne of every heart in all the world. The beauty of it is that you may extend it to others, and have just as much of it — yea, more of it — left in your own heart and life. It is like the miracle of the loaves and fishes, which,

by being divided, were multiplied until twelve baskets were filled with the remnants. It is like a torch, with which fifty lamps may be lighted, and yet the torch remain as bright as before it lighted the first lamp.

But this grace will not come to its coronal until it reaches the heavenly sphere. What a world that must be where selfishness and jealousy and pride and acerbities of temper have never entered, and never will enter! No struggle for precedence. No rivalry between cherubim and seraphim. No ambition as to who shall have the front seat in the temple of God and the Lamb. No controversy about the place the guest may take at the banquet. No rivalry of robe or coronet. No racing of chariots. No throne looking askance upon other thrones. But all the inhabitants perfectly happy, and rejoicing in the perfect happiness of others. If I never get to any other delightful place, I want to get to that place. What a realm to live in forever! All worshipping the same God; all saved by the same Christ; all experiencing the same emotions; all ascending the same heights of love and exultation; all celebrating the victories. Courtesy there will be easy, because there will be no faults to overlook, no apologies to make, no mistakes to correct, no disagreeableness to overcome, no wrongs to right. In all the ages to come not a detraction or a subterfuge. A perfect soul in a perfect heaven. In that realm world without end, it will never be necessary to repeat the words of Paul, words that now need oft repetition: "Be courteous."—*T. D. Talmage.*

### Taking Out the Sting

MORE things than bees have stings in this world.

The other day I went out to buy a few bananas of an Italian who was passing on the street. It happened that a meat cart stood just over the way, where a lady was making a purchase. In paying for the bananas I gave the man a half-dollar in silver. Not having the change, he stepped over to the meat man and asked: "Could you give me change for the half-dollar?"

The words were courteously spoken, but quick as a flash the answer came back, in a tone that sent the poor man away pained and surprised: "No, I can't."

The sting was not simply in the words themselves. It lay in the heart, or lack of heart, which was back of them. That was cold, hard, unfriendly in the extreme. It cut my own heart, and how it must that of the poor foreigner who was trying as best he could to earn an honest living!

It is not always possible to say "yes" when favors are asked. We all come to places where we must deny requests that are made of us. But why should we put a sting into the denial?

Luther Burbank, that wonderful wizard of the West, has by long study and experiment succeeded in taking that ugly plant, the cactus, which is armed at every point with spurs which make it dangerous to touch anywhere, and made it over so that it now has no sharp points about it.

If only some power might work such a change as that with us, how the world would be blessed by it! There are so many thorns about us! We are so difficult to approach, especially at times when we do not feel very well, or when the world has not been going quite to our liking! And is there a power which will take the sting out of our natures?

Have you ever seen a man who was hedged about with thorns, just as that man with the meat cart was, changed into a kind, lovable, and gracious person? You used to think him the hardest man in the world to do anything with. You dreaded to go near him, for fear that the first thing you knew you would feel the sting of the thorns. You breathed more freely when your

errand with him was done, and you hurried all the way home, just for the sake of getting as far away from that man as you could in the shortest possible space of time.

But now—why, now something has come over him. When you last went to him on business, how kind he was! He wanted you to sit down by his side and listen while he talked with you long about things which interested you both.

What was it that took the thorn out of that man's life?

Ah, you know. I do not need to tell it now. One Man lived here in the world who had no sign of a sting in his words, deeds, or thoughts. He saw the sting in our lives, and came to take that sting out. He has done it for many.

Think of Peter just a moment. So sharp to touch! So full of thorns everywhere! We wonder how it was that one so gentle as Jesus should have chosen a man like Peter to be with him and help him about his work. A few years slip on. Many things have come to Peter now. He has suffered. He has been with Jesus where the way was hard, even unto the cross. And somewhere Peter has lost all the thorns. Touch him where we may, we find the gentle, kindly, loving Peter, ready to do anything or to be anything, if only he may win some to the Lord he loves.

Let love into the heart. Then there will be no sting in the words or deeds.—*Edgar L. Vincent.*

SOJOURNERS for a little time, let us be true to trust

By doing unto others as we'd have them do to us. Toiling, praying always, so shall we be blest, Ever looking forward to our home of rest.

MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

### Stop, Look and Listen

It has been said on good authority that the highest price ever paid for a writing was given to a lawyer in this immediate vicinity. A certain railroad company had lost enormous sums of money through damage suits instituted by those injured in grade-crossing accidents. This company had been most particular in the matter of erecting signs at each crossing, but jury after jury decided that these were of small moment, since the warning they conveyed was to "look out for the cars" or "look out for the engine," and in almost every instance it was conclusively proved that the damage was caused by that part of the train not mentioned! So with desperation the railroad commissioned a lawyer of wide repute to compose a sign that would "hold" in court. After some days the following sentence, written on a large sheet of paper, came from the man learned in the law:—

"Stop, look and listen."

Following this, came a bill for ten thousand dollars. So when you hear some one boasting about the dollar a word Mr. Kipling gets, or the surprising sum paid Richard Harding Davis, for articles describing the war he didn't see, dismiss the being as a dealer in anthills, for the lawyer afore-mentioned got a check for the amount named, and, far as history enlightens us, no one ever before received so much as two thousand five hundred dollars a word!

Before the end of the year the lawyer was informed by the president of the road that the new sign had saved many times its cost. And the point I am especially desirous of making in regard to this sign is its immense value to men and women generally, not only in the matter of saving life and limb, but in the higher sense of getting out of life all there is in it.

Stop, look and listen.

How many of us do any one of the three? We rush, are blind, and close our ears. Then we sue the world for damages. Do we get them?—*Philadelphia American.*

### A Quaint Character

WITTY and wise was aged Sojourner Truth, though she was born a slave, and never learned to read.

At the time of her death, she was about one hundred and ten years of age. Not long before her death she confessed to me that she was "beginning to grow old."

She was wont to declare that there was but little on this earth when she was born,—no railway, no steamboats, no telegraph lines, no sewing-machines. Indeed, you will agree that she said truly, if you stop to think how many things that we now have were unknown a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Sojourner's slave life was spent in New York; and, with all the slaves of that State, she was freed many years earlier than were those of the South. Afterward she worked zealously in behalf of her race. She became famed as a lecturer, and was associated on the lecture platform with such renowned men as Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and the poet and reformer Whittier. Imagine her, gaunt and black, a sunbonnet on her head, patronizingly addressing these men as "honey." But her shrewd logic secured attention and respect, notwithstanding her ludicrous appearance and slave dialect.

Her name she assumed after her liberation from slavery, "Sojourner" having reference to her itinerant manner of life. She traveled much among the colored people, teaching the women domestic work, of which many of them were wholly ignorant.

Soon after receiving her freedom, she was given a home temporarily by a good Quakeress; but the poor negress, accustomed to a hovel, with a bed of straw and rags, could not credit the fact that the "beautiful white bed" in the room assigned her was intended for her. Hence, on the first night in her new home, she crawled under the bed, and there slept.

But Sojourner Truth learned to realize, and demonstrated to many others, the truth that the loving Father of us all has great things in store for the humblest of his children, and that he would have us climb up to them instead of groveling beneath.—*Mrs. A. D. Wellman.*



### One Hundred Bible Questions

SINCE so many of the INSTRUCTOR readers enjoyed answering the questions about the Bible women, the editor will give a list of one hundred Scripture questions; only a part of these, however, will appear at one time. You may study each partial set, and retain the answers until you have solved the one hundred. The names will be given of all who send in a correct list of answers. Who will be the first? The initial set is given below:—

1. How many books compose the Bible?
2. How many books in the Old Testament?
3. How many books in the New Testament?
4. What does the word "testament" mean?
5. What does "exodus" mean?
6. What are the first five books called?
7. Who was the first martyr?
8. Who lived to the greatest age next to Methuselah?
9. How old was Noah when the flood came?
10. How many were saved in the ark?
11. Who was called "the father of the faithful"?
12. Who was called "the friend of God"?

13. What was the name of Abraham's wife?
14. How many sons did she have?
15. Who made the first purchase of real estate mentioned in the Bible?
16. How old was Isaac when he married Rebekah?
17. Give the names of Isaac's sons.
18. How many sons had Jacob?
19. Give their names.
20. How many daughters? Name them.
21. How old did Jacob live to be?
22. How long did he live in Egypt?
23. Give names of Joseph's sons.
24. When and by whom was Joseph buried?
25. Give names of Moses' parents.

#### The Test

ON ambition's high pedestal  
 Stands a youth with vision keen,  
 Looking out upon the landscape  
 Of a most enchanting dream.  
 Here he sees the goddess Pleasure  
 And dishonest means of gain,  
 And withal, he scans the glory  
 Of a field of worldly fame.

Thus he stands in contemplation  
 Of a world's alluring beck,  
 Not a cloud in his horizon  
 To suggest some future wreck.  
 As he gazes on the prospects  
 That before his vision rise,  
 He is almost now persuaded  
 To accept the proffered prize.

But, behold, another vision  
 Slowly dawns upon his sight;  
 Now he's not upon the hilltop  
 Of ambition's lofty height.  
 He remembers now the moments  
 When, beside his mother's knee,  
 He was taught the life of virtue  
 And of immortality.

For a moment here he lingers,  
 Doubting which path to pursue;  
 Then the wily tempter whispers,  
 Here's the easy path for you.  
 Here are wealth and worldly glory,  
 Sinful pleasures, ease, and fame.  
 Does it matter how you get it  
 If enjoyment you would gain?

Then the still small voice of conscience  
 Whispers gently once again,  
 See the meek and lowly Saviour,  
 As he died for sinful men.  
 He was clothed in heaven's glory  
 Even ere this world began,  
 But he left it all behind him,  
 And became the Son of man.

Rich beyond our contemplation,  
 For our sakes he poor became,  
 Lived a life of sad privation,  
 Died the death of sin and shame,—  
 Died, for sins of which I'm guilty,—  
 Died, that I might be set free.  
 Shall the world with its allurements  
 Still enforce its claims on me?

Shall I give my hope of glory,  
 Forfeit my eternal life,  
 For a transitory prospect  
 In this world of sin and strife?  
 No, I'll not make such a bargain,  
 Base ingratitude 'twould be  
 For the love that gave my Saviour  
 From earth's sins to purchase me.

H. T. HERMANN.

#### "Nearer, My God, to Thee"

ELIZA and Sarah Flower were gifted English sisters, whose earthly lives began and ended between the opening and the close of the first half of the last century; and yet in that brief period both left their impress on their generation; and the younger, Sarah, achieved undying fame by composing the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

She wrote a number of poems of rare sweetness and power. "Nearer, my God, to thee," suggested by the story of Jacob's vision at Bethel, as found in Gen. 28:10-22, was first

published in 1841, and although it met with some favor, it was not until 1860 that Dr. Lowell Mason's beautiful and sympathetic music "quickened it into glorious life," and gave it a permanent abiding-place in the hearts of the people.

In person, she was tall and remarkably beautiful, and her manners were charming. In 1834 she was married to William B. Adams. Her death occurred fourteen years later.

Many and interesting are the stories told in connection with the usefulness of this hymn, which has been an inspiration wherever the Christian religion has gone.

Millard F. Troxell, D. D., narrates this experience: "The beautiful August day was warm with sunshine along the lower levels, but the three train-loads of tourists found the summit of Pike's Peak enveloped in mist and cloud too heavy to peer through, so that for an hour or more we gathered about the fire of the block-house, and tried to become better acquainted. It was suggested that we sing some popular melody. A voice bravely began one of the many sentimental songs of the day, but very few knew enough to join in, so the singer was left to finish it alone. Then some one began to sing softly 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and before the second line was ended, it seemed as if all who had been strangers now felt at home, and, for the time being, the place seemed like a very Bethel. It seemed, too, as if the clouds were parted and lifted by the singing, for when a little time had quickly passed, some one exclaimed, 'Oh, there's the sunshine!' and out we rushed to find that the mists were rolled away, and before us stretched the most wonderful of views."

On one occasion, three distinguished travelers in Palestine heard in the distance faint snatches of a familiar tune, and were deeply touched, on drawing nearer, to find a group of Syrian students reverently singing, in Arabic, "Nearer, my God, to thee." One of the hearers, in relating the story, said that the singing of the hymn by these youthful natives moved him to tears, and affected him more deeply than anything of the kind to which he had ever listened.

G. B. F. Hallock, D. D., thus writes of his visit to Bethel on March 12, 1902: "As we stood there, where heaven had once come so near to earth, I am sure that there was not one in all our large party who did not share, in some degree, in that ladder vision which Jacob had; and you will not be surprised to know that we fell into the mood of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams's ever-precious hymn, and, without a word of suggestion, sang together, with deepest feeling, 'Nearer, my God, to thee!' Who can say that Jacob's vision did not become ours as we softly chanted the trustful, prayerful words! We shall ever count it a rare privilege that so many of us were permitted to sing the hymn on the sacred site of Bethel itself."

A pathetic story in connection with this hymn is told of a heroic woman whose train was caught in the great Johnstown flood of 1889. Hopelessly imprisoned by the rising waters, and with death surely approaching, she breathed a prayer to her Maker, and then, with a voice of marvelous trustfulness, began singing "Nearer, my God, to thee," while hundreds, unable to help her, listened breathlessly. Before the last words of the hymn were reached, the brave voice was still.

Chaplain Henry C. McCook, who was with our soldiers in Cuba, says: "It would seem strange that such a hymn as 'Nearer, my God, to thee' should be the most popular and apparently the most widely known among all classes of soldiers; yet it is so. When conducting services as chaplain in the camps and hospitals of the Fifth Army Corps, and upon ships of war and transports, as well as in the camps of the States, I found that when this hymn was announced, all the soldiers took hearty part in the singing. One would hardly think that the high spiritual note

touched in this familiar hymn, which breathes longings for a nearer spiritual communion with God, even at the cost of human sacrifice, would truly voice the sentiment of the rough-and-ready, ofttime coarse and profane men, who joined with their more religious comrades in singing. Yet such was the case. It was the favorite hymn at funerals, a fact that can be understood more easily."

He also gives this interesting description of the closing scene on the battle-field of Las Guasimas, June, 1898: "That night there was a clear sky, a quarter moon, and an enveloping mist of stars, but little sleep for any, and restless, battle-haunted sleep for all. Next morning followed the burial. Captain Capron was carried back to the coast and buried at Siboney. The other heroes were placed side by side in one broad trench with their feet to the east. In the bottom of the grave was laid a layer of long, thick, green leaves of guinea-grass, and over the brave fellows were piled plumes of the royal palm as long as the grave. At the head of the trench stood Chaplain Brown; around it were the comrades of the dead; along the road struggled a band of patient, ragged Cubans; and approaching from Santiago a band of starving women and children for whom the soldiers gave their lives. 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' sang the soldiers; and the tragedy of Las Guasimas was done."

This hymn gained immense additional popularity through the tragic death of President William McKinley. His last intelligible words were: "'Nearer, my God, to thee, e'en though it be a cross,' has been my constant prayer." His prayer was answered. It was a cross—one of the greatest that could come to him and to the beloved nation which he had served so faithfully—that led him through a martyr's suffering and death to claim a martyr's reward, that of being ever near the blessed Saviour. In a different way, the prayers of his countrymen were also answered, for, although his life was not spared, yet there was infused into the hearts of all a greater reverence for the head of the nation, a greater horror of assassination, a greater love for our country, and a deeper faith in God.

The day of his burial at Canton, Sept. 19, 1901, witnessed the most singular and unanimous tributes of respect and affection ever paid to the memory of a human being. Seldom, if ever, has a common sorrow found outward expression in so many lands and in so many ways; and never was there so close an approach to church and international unity. Memorial services were held in innumerable churches in our own and other countries; and at half-past three o'clock, through arrangements previously made, all the material activities of the country ceased, so far as possible, for five minutes. Trolley-cars were motionless, the hum of machinery died away, horses were stopped, not a telegraph instrument clicked, and the great ocean cable no longer pulsed its messages. A Sabbath stillness was over all. Everywhere, as clocks and watches indicated the hour, men stood with uncovered and bowed heads, asking God's blessing upon the stricken widow and upon their bereaved country.

In Philadelphia, the Academy of Music was packed to its utmost capacity, and this hymn was sung with marvelous effect by the standing, weeping audience. At League Island, at Girard College, in Catholic and Protestant churches, in Jewish synagogues and Christian temples, the people were drawn together by a great heart sorrow, and gave expression to it by singing the hymn which so appropriately and fittingly set forth their feelings. On the still autumn air, the beautiful notes of "Nearer, my God, to thee" rang out with singular sweetness and distinctness from the chimes of the belfry of the historic Christ Church—the same bells which had sounded a muffled peal at the reception of the news of the British blockade of Boston; which

had joyously echoed the brave full tones of the Liberty Bell when it proclaimed its story of liberty to the world; which had summoned Washington to worship when he was our first president; and which had rung out their tribute of love and sorrow when Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield passed away from earthly scenes—these chimes now made the air melodious with the tender notes of the deathless hymn; and men, stopping to listen, went on their way with uplifted looks, and with a fuller, deeper knowledge of the inner spiritual teachings of the solemn words.

In every civilized country memorial services were held, the most interesting, perhaps, being in Westminster Abbey, by order of the king. The burial service was read with touching simplicity in the presence of royalty, the full diplomatic corps, distinguished men and women, and a vast concourse of sorrowing people. Here, as elsewhere, the greatest interest centered about the singing of the hymn which was in the heart and on the lips of our heroic president as he passed from earthly scenes.—*Allen Sutherland.*



### Our Field—The World

A Bird's-Eye View

Program

(January 1-7)

SINGING.

Prayer.

Secretary's Report.

Our Field—The World (Map Study).

Scriptural Reading: Rev. 7:9, 10; 5:9, 10;

Matt. 28:19, 20; Matt. 24:14.

Singing, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

A Small Beginning.

A Roll-Call of the Nations.

Weekly Offering.

Singing, "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go."

#### To the Leader

The programs are only suggestive. Assign the different parts to the members. If the Society is not too large, it is an excellent plan for each member to have a part on every program. Encourage the timid ones in every possible way. Each member should develop into a worker.

#### To the Members

"Ask not to be excused." Many are to-day indifferent to the truth because they continually excused themselves from the doing of little things they might have done. Others are now strong and efficient laborers who began in a simple way, and thus gained experience and spiritual strength.

Do your very best with the part assigned you. Spend time and effort to make it so interesting that those who listen will find springing up in their hearts a longing to forsake all and follow Christ.

#### Program Helps

The few items that are given under the following headings are the merest suggestions of the wealth of interesting information easily obtainable.

#### Map Study

*Stretching from pole to pole, wherever human habitations are found is the field*

Use a map of the world. Have the class name the hemispheres, the grand divisions in each, and the principal countries.

It was God's plan in the beginning that men should disperse throughout the earth. This scattering was accomplished after the attempt to build the tower of Babel. Up to that time all men had spoken the same language. When the confusion of tongues came upon them, those who

could understand one another's speech united in companies, some going one way, some another. In wandering to the various parts of the earth the people found very different surroundings and climatic conditions, to which their descendants gradually adapted themselves, and thus arose different races, or types, of men.

**Races:** Point out the general location of the different races. The white race includes most Europeans and their descendants, besides the inhabitants of southwestern Asia and northern Africa. The yellow race includes the Chinese and Japanese; with these are sometimes classed the Malays, who live in extreme southeastern Asia, in the East Indies, and in the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The home of the Ethiopian, or black race, is central and southern Africa. Large numbers of them are in North and South America and the West Indies.

**Languages:** More than one thousand languages are spoken on the globe. These are so different that each is unintelligible to the speakers of any other. Dialects less remote, but still called different, are counted by thousands.

**Comparisons:** China is nearly one-third larger than the United States, and one third of all the people in the world live there. Think of it—more people in China than in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Russia, South America, and Japan combined.

Japan is about as large as North and South Dakota. There are about one half as many people in Japan as in the United States.

The area of the South American mission field is more than double that of the United States, and the population about one half of it.

India is about the size of that portion of the United States lying east of the Missouri River. The population is one fifth of the world.

England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales have a population of forty-two million.

This list of comparisons may be extended at pleasure by referring to a good geography or atlas of the world.

#### Scriptural Reading

The one appointed to read the texts should plan to turn very readily to the different verses, so there may be no break in the reading. If this can not be done, copy the verses consecutively, and read from the copy. Read slowly and distinctly.

#### A Small Beginning

As nearly as can be determined, William Miller, of Low Hampton, New York, preached his first sermon on the second coming of Christ and the end of the world, at a church in Dresden, New York, the first Sunday in August, 1831, the basis of his sermon being the eighth and ninth chapters of Daniel. The preaching of the definite message, "The hour of His judgment is come," continued with ever-increasing power and with a multitude of voices until the passing of the time in 1844.

The little town of Washington, in the southwestern part of New Hampshire, is but a small dot on the map, but it is there that the truth of the Sabbath became connected with the advent message. A faithful Sabbath-keeper belonging to the Seventh-day Baptist denomination removed from New York to that place, and there heard and accepted the message of the soon-coming Saviour. She, in turn, instructed the advent believers at that place in their duty to obey the law of God. Almost the entire church of forty members became Sabbath-keeping Adventists. From this comparatively insignificant beginning in 1844 the message is to radiate in all directions, finally reaching the peoples of all races, countries, and languages.

#### A Roll-Call of the Nations

(FIRST SPEAKER)

I speak for the glorious land of liberty, the United States. Here are more than eighty million people, and more than twenty million of

them are church-members. If the whole population was divided into congregations of seven hundred each, there are enough ordained ministers of the different denominations to supply one to each congregation. The Southern States have not their share of the schools and churches, but as a whole my country compares favorably with that of any other land.

The advent message has been preached in this country for more than sixty years, and we now have one Sabbath-keeper to every fifteen hundred people, but of course many others have heard the message. During the year 1904 there was given to mission work an average of \$1.82 per member, and each member averaged \$8.68 tithe. When we study these figures, we are not particularly proud of them, for much more might have been given. Perhaps we shall sometime think less of what we want for ourselves, and then we can give more liberally to less favored countries.

(SECOND SPEAKER)

I speak for India. My country is a sad home for the girls and women within her borders. The girls are unloved by their parents, and are neglected and made to suffer through all their weary lives. Very few girls are sent to school. Not six women in one thousand can read. The little girls of one class are married while they are mere babies, and as they grow up, are treated as slaves in their husband's home. In Calcutta alone, where our mission headquarters are located, there are eleven thousand widows under fifteen years of age. In Bengal there are five hundred widows less than a year old, and fifteen hundred under three years of age. These helpless children are despised and neglected, and often die from exposure and lack of food. It is said that more money is spent to evangelize Chicago than all India.

We have but six Sabbath-schools, and there are four times as many boys and girls in India as in the United States.

(THIRD SPEAKER)

Can you realize that every third child born in this world looks into the face of a Chinese mother? I must tell you the same sad story you have already heard from India. Girls are not wanted in China. They are considered a burden to their parents, and treated as slaves. At one time, in many of the Chinese cities were "baby ponds," into which little girls were thrown, until it was said that forty per cent of the Chinese girl babies were slain. I am glad to tell you that much of this is now at an end, owing to the influence of Christianity. Another custom, once very prevalent, was the binding of the feet of the baby girls. This caused intense suffering, and children's feet once bound made them cripples for life.

It is only within the last two or three years that the good news of Jesus' coming has entered China proper. There are now less than a score of workers there, and what are they among one third of the people of the world?

(FOURTH SPEAKER)

From the land of Ethiopia, the home of the black race, I come. The natives here have not the learning, the literature, the educational institutions, in other so-called heathen lands. The millions of natives in interior Africa can not be reached with the printed page; they must be taught by the living teacher. Many of the tribes are constantly sending out the Macedonian cry to the white man, Come and teach us.

By the establishment of small mission schools at centers where many tribes may be reached, the light may be carried to the darkest corners of that Dark Continent. We have six such schools, and there are boys representing six or eight different tribes attending each of these schools. These are longing for the time when they can return to their tribes and teach their people. Many such teachers are needed. L. F. P.



### Miss Hurry and Miss Steady

LITTLE Miss Hurry,  
All bustle and flurry,  
Comes down to her breakfast ten minutes too late;  
Her hair is a-rumple,  
Her gown is a-crumple,  
She'd no time to button and hook herself straight.  
She hunts and she rushes  
For needles and brushes,  
For books and for pencils flies up-stairs and down;  
If ever you find her,  
Just follow behind her  
A trail of shoe buttons and shreds of her gown.  
But little Miss Steady  
By school time is ready,  
All smiling and shining, and neat in her place;  
With no need to worry,  
She pities Miss Hurry,  
Who but yesterday sat here with shame on her face.  
Her heart beating lightly  
With duty done brightly,  
She vows she will never again change her name;  
For though you'd not guess it,  
I'm bound to confess it—  
These two little maidens are one and the same.  
—C. W. Bronson, in *Young Evangelist*.

### Oversensitive



IN the State of Washington lived a dear girl, about sixteen years old, who was all that a good, helpful girl could be in the family, doing her part nobly. Every one praised her, and she deserved it all; but she was *oversensitive*, and if any one hinted that she might improve in any way, she took it as reproof, became discouraged, and was inclined to conclude that she might as well quit trying to do right.

Her father tried to encourage her by telling her the following fable: A snail once had ambition to climb a post and see the world. She got half-way up, and was highly pleased with herself, until one said to her: "You have done well, but go on to the top; you will see more; you are only half-way yet." But she was so discouraged that she "hauled in her horns," shrank back into her shell, dropped back and hid in the grass.

Let us draw the moral from God's Holy Word: "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." Heb. 10: 38. And Paul wrote: "Not as though I . . . were already perfect: but . . . forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3: 8, 12-14. F. W. VESEY.

### A Morning Lecture

ONE pleasant morning in early spring a man was strolling along the shore of a pond when his steps were arrested by the loud boom of a frog. He soon caught sight of the pond dweller just a short distance away.

"Boof! boof!" said the frog again, and swelled himself out with some importance. It looked to the man much like a challenge, and so he responded.

"Ho, you are making a great fuss this morning, aren't you?" said the man. "One would think from your noise and actions that you have a huge idea of your own importance, while the fact is that you are only an insignificant frog."

"Insignificant!" it seemed to him the frog replied. "Insignificant, indeed! I am not so insignificant as you might think. I have my place and fill it."

Again he swelled himself out and boomed as loudly as before.

"Doubtless you do fill your place," the man thought in reply. "You can swell out big enough to fill twice as much space as one would think a frog would occupy."

But the frog did not notice this sarcasm; he went on with his sermon, for sermon it seemed to be. "Yes," the frog apparently said, "I have my place and fill it; I know my place and keep it; and that you will admit is considerable. Now I have experienced the value of little things in a way that I think you never did, though you think yourself so much greater than I. I was once but a little slimy egg, floating in the water, and the real part of me was not much bigger than the point of a pin. I think I was rather insignificant then." At this remark the frog swelled out as large as he could well do.

"After a while I became a tadpole, and wriggled about in the water. I had plenty of enemies, you may be sure, but I was always on my guard. I couldn't do very much, but when anything made a lunge at me, I could beat the world at wriggling, and I always got away.

"Those days I lived under the water most of the time, and breathed water through my gills like a fish. But after a time I lost my gills, lost my tail, got four good legs, and finally became a frog, growing to be what I am now.

"Boof! boof! I couldn't make a sound when I was a tadpole, but I can sing now. I think I am a pretty big fellow to come from nothing but a pin point, and I make even more noise than my size would indicate. And so I can say a few things out of my experience on the value of little things that some others can't; therefore, I contend that I have a place in this big world of a pond."

The man was about to go on, feeling that the frog had something of the best of the situation, when he discovered that the frog apparently had not finished.

"But that is not the most important thing I can say to you this morning," continued the frog. "There is something I can point to in my life, that perhaps you can't. I always live strictly in harmony with the great laws of my life; do you do that?"

The man could not say that he did; for instantly he thought of many things wherein he had violated the great laws of his being; therefore, he kept silent rather than confess that he did not do what a frog always does.

"For instance," said the frog, "when I was a tadpole, and had gills and a tail, I didn't try

to live out in the air. Those days I never crawled out onto the bank, because I was made to live under water; for me to get out of the water, as I can now, would have been the death of me. If I had wriggled out onto the bank, I fear I would never have wriggled back again. I didn't try to be a frog until I really was one, and now that I am a frog, I never try to be a tadpole. If I should stay under water very long, I should surely drown. If I should undertake to live now as I lived then, it would be my death. If there is anything that is absurd in this world, it is trying to be something that you simply can not be. I live according to the great laws of my life. I have my place, and fill it; I know my place, and keep it; do you?"

But the frog did not wait for an answer.

"Boof! boof!" he said, and dived into the water.

He had seen a boy coming along the farther side of the pond; he had doubtless had an experience with boys, and so, true to the great laws of his life, he hid away. He knew his place and found it.

As the man walked away, he was thoughtful. He realized as never before that every creature of the world has some lesson which, in its own peculiar way, it can teach us.

The man realized that the frog had learned to do what as yet he had not attained to. The frog lived according to the great laws of his life. If a man should do that, how much it would mean. True to the laws of his body—that would mean health. True to the laws of his mind—that would mean mental vigor. True to the laws of his soul—that would mean sound character.

And all this together would mean always and forever life, life, life. And what is that but eternity?

The man fears that it will be some time before he can do what the frog does; and until he can, he has determined never again to call the frog insignificant.—L. A. Reed, in *"My Garden Neighbors."*

### A Church Blessing

"BUT, mother, a fellow doesn't get much good from going to church when the whole business bores him."

"My son," and Mr. Stevens laid down his fork, "I have something to tell you."

Mr. Stevens was a man of few words, often sitting silent through an entire meal, and at his earnest voice we all stopped eating.

"When I went to college," he continued, "I promised mother to attend church every Sunday morning, and I did. For several months it was a trial and a bore, but it brought me one of the greatest blessings of my life. A young man can gain nothing but good from regular attendance at church, and I expect it from you as long as you have respect for my authority and wishes, whether you like it or not."

This sounded stern, but Mary touched her father's arm. "Won't you tell us about it?" she said.

"There's not much to tell. I went to church when it rained, and when it snowed; when the boys were amazed, and when they ridiculed. I

suppose it did seem queer to them, for I was not a Christian."

"You were a lover of your mother," said Mrs. Stevens.

Her husband flashed her a grateful look. "I was," he said briefly.

"But, father," persisted Mary, "you have not told us about the blessing it brought you."

"I had a roommate after Christmas, and he went to church with me," he continued. "I don't know why I went alone that first term; I could have found some one to accompany me, I'm sure."

"When you don't like to attend church," he continued, "take some one with you. It helps matters wondrously."

There was silence for a minute.

"But about the blessing," said Mary.

Mr. Stevens smiled. "You'd call it a very commonplace blessing," he said, "but it made me over again, and gave me a new purpose in life. My son, do you know of one instance in your life where your influence has made a man better, drawn him from evil ways?"

"No, father," said the young man, in a low tone.

"Then don't quit churchgoing yet a while. You haven't got your eyes open."

"But how about the blessing?" insisted Mary.

"H'm. I found out that I had been recommended by the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to my roommate as a companion who would help him overcome his evil ways." Mr. Stevens was transformed. His eye flashed, and his voice trembled; his face was all aglow. "Think of it! I was not even a Christian, and yet that young man who had fallen among wild companions and sought help was sent to me; and I knew nothing of it. I thank God and my mother that I lived straight and steady those days."

"And your roommate reformed?" asked Mary.

"He did, and he and I joined the church together the following Easter. That's what came of church attendance, even though I took no pleasure in it. That Y. M. C. A. secretary told me that all he knew of me was that for three months I had attended the same church every Sunday morning, with no one to urge it, not even any one to accompany me."

Mr. Stevens arose and pushed back his chair. "My son," he said, "stick to the church. Some day it will surely bring you a heart blessing that will sweeten the hard places of your life."—*Selected.*

## Science Stories

### Utilizing Monkeys as Servants

THE cleverness and imitative faculty of the monkey have been utilized by mankind in many ways during late years, and to-day this hairy animal acts as clerk, servant, laborer, and tea packer in various parts of the world. A female chimpanzee once went out to service at Loango, and made the beds, swept the house, and assisted in the kitchen, peeling the potatoes and turning the spit.

These feats are equaled, if not surpassed, by a young monkey, the property of a sailor on one of Britain's ironclads. This animal can turn the capstan and furl the sails as well as any one. Chinese monkeys for years past have assisted the natives in tea packing. Their labor is cheap, for they are more than contented with payment in the shape of sundry luscious morsels.

During the rush to the gold-fields of Yukon, an enterprising miner carried five Chinese monkeys to help him in gold washing. The monkeys had been used to severe cold and the extremes of a rigorous climate, and the gold

searcher found his animal workmen most useful. Some years ago a number of British engineers employed monkeys to assist the workmen in carrying material to a railway extension in Cape Colony. It appears that a score of monkeys came regularly every morning to the line to watch the laborers at work, and the engineers in charge, rightly believing that the imitative faculties of the creatures would render them useful in railway work, had them captured. They were immediately put in training, and soon proved themselves invaluable as carriers.

In Siam apes are now employed as cashiers. A year or two ago much base coin was circulated by a clique of coiners, and the tradesmen found that it was a very difficult matter to discriminate between good and bad money. One large store kept a pet monkey, and one morning he was seen to take a coin from the cashier's desk and put it between his teeth. After biting it for some moments, he threw it on the floor with a solemn grimace of dissatisfaction. The proprietor of the store then handed the monkey another coin, and after testing it with great deliberation, he laid it on the cashier's desk. Apparently the creature could tell a counterfeit coin from a good one, and in order to ascertain whether other monkeys had the same extraordinary gift, two apes were given the test, with satisfactory results.

From that day the majority of business houses in Siam have kept monkeys as cashiers, and the gifted creatures have developed the faculty of discrimination between good and bad coin so that no human being can compare with them.—*Search-Light.*

### A Little Table a Boy Can Make

FOR a little table so pretty as that shown complete in Fig. 5, it is remarkably simple in construction, so simple that it readily falls within the possibilities of a boy's workshop. The round top is cut from an inch board, planed to a thickness of seven-eighths of an inch. The diameter is twelve inches. Mark out the circle on the board with a pair of compasses, or with a string, a pin, and a lead pencil. When cut out, the circle of board should be carefully smoothed with sandpaper, and the edge either beveled or smoothly rounded. A small circle, or a small square, of board is screwed to the center of the under side of the circle, as shown in Fig. 2. In the center of this a small, square opening is cut, to receive the upper end of the standard which is shown in Fig. 3. This standard is made round and of the shape shown in the cut. Few boys have access to a turning-lathe, so the shape of this standard has been made so simple that it can be worked into the required form with a chisel and a "draw-shave,"—a very convenient little tool that should be in any collection of tools. The top of the standard is square, to fit, with glue, the opening beneath the table top.

It remains now to make three legs from seven-eighths-inch board, to screw with round-headed, blued screws to the standard. Fig. 4 shows a good form for these legs. The standard having been made about twenty inches long, these legs should be fifteen inches long. Mark out the design on the board, cut it out, and smooth the edges. Screw to the standard at points one third of the way above the lower end.

The table can be made most easily of pine

wood, which can then be given any stain that is desired.—*Webb Donnell, in Young People's Weekly.*

### "Odd Moment" Study

THE man whose early education was defective need not despair. He can, if he chooses, acquire a liberal education at odd moments.

Grant, Lincoln, Garfield, each of these knew educational restrictions in early youth, supplying many deficiencies later, as occasion offered. President Roosevelt accomplishes important reading in spare and odd moments that most people would thoughtlessly waste. A number of eminent physicians have performed wonders in brief and occasional periods of study. A German doctor contrived to memorize the entire Iliad in Greek while passing from one patient to another. Dr. Rush studied in his carriage while making visits, thus preparing the useful books written later, says John Coleman in the *Chicago Tribune*.

Henry Kirk White is said to have learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office. Elihu Burritt acquired mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects in the scattered and scanty moments stolen from his regular occupation of blacksmith. He always maintained that he had no special linguistic talent, but merely improved the time.

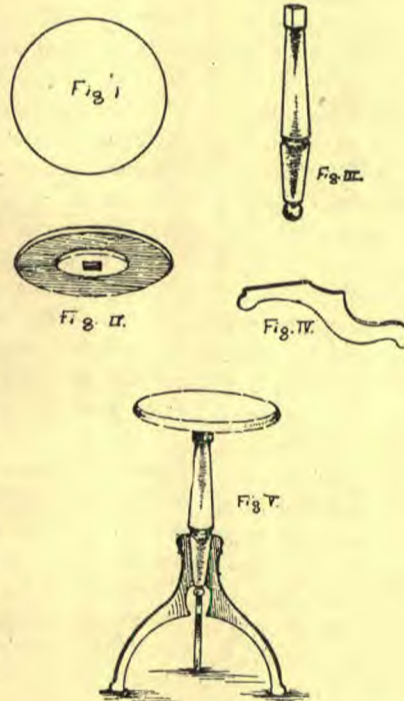
Washington studied his hardest when no longer young, as did the Duke of Wellington. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, equally famous as nerve specialist and author, is a living object-lesson in the successful utilization of odd moments for intellectual pursuits. Sir Walter Scott worked in a similar manner. A Chicago janitor not long since won a prize for a striking oil-painting. He had worked and studied in odd moments for years.

The profession of authorship might be adjudged as particularly needing a classical education, but some of the greatest American authors have enjoyed no such training. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), George William Curtis, Bret Harte, are numbered among these. William Dean Howells, master of style and language, acquired much of his professional education in the experience school.

In every age, clime, and possible or imaginable variety of work, similar records might be almost unendingly duplicated. But little less numerous are the present-day opportunities and aids of the higher education that may be acquired while earning a living. The man or woman who to-day remains uneducated lacks the right kind of inclination.—*Selected.*

"VERY clever is a Swedish inventor named Ekenberg, who has constructed a machine which takes herrings as they come from the nets, sorts them into four sizes recognized by the trade, scrapes off their scales, cuts off their heads, splits, cleans, and washes them inside and out. The machine does all this automatically, and turns out twenty thousand herrings an hour."

NORWAY, with a history centuries old, merged for a period with that of Sweden, has resumed her place among independent governments, and chooses the monarchical form. One of the most popular princes in Europe, Prince Charles of Denmark, has been chosen for the throne of Norway. His wife is the youngest daughter of England's present king, Edward VII.



### Twelve Rules for Boys and Girls

THERE are twelve good rules which every girl and boy should master before the age of fifteen:—

Be courteous to every one, whatever his station in life.

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in good order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

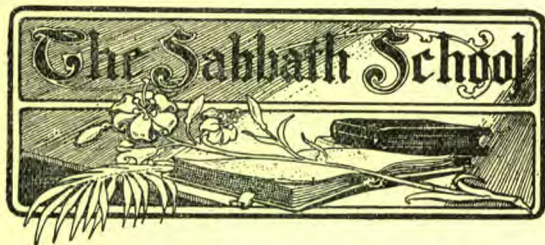
Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for every one to understand.

Never fidget or hum so as to disturb others.

Never fuss or fret.—*Selected.*



### INTERMEDIATE LESSON

#### XIII—Jesus Foretells the Destruction of the Temple and the End of the World

(December 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 21.

MEMORY VERSE: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14.

"And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all: for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God: but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had.

"And as some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts, he said, As for these things which ye behold, the days will come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down. And they asked him, saying, Master, but when shall these things be? and what sign will there be when these things shall come to pass? And he said, Take heed that ye be not deceived: for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and the time draweth near: go ye not therefore after them. But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified: for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not by and by. Then said he unto them, Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven.

"But before all these, they shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake. And it shall turn to you for a testimony. Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate before what ye shall answer: for I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist. And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolks, and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. But there shall not an hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls.

"And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto. For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written may be fulfilled. . . .

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.

"And he spake to them a parable; Behold the fig tree, and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand. Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away, till all be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away. And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth. Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.

"And in the daytime he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the mount of Olives. And all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple, for to hear him."

#### Questions

1. Where did Jesus go at night? In the morning who came to hear him? Verses 37, 38. As Jesus was teaching in the temple, what did he see? How were these men giving their alms? Matt. 6:1, 2. What is the reward of such givers? Why do they receive no reward in heaven?
2. Among those who brought their rich gifts to "cast into the treasury" who came with a small gift? How much did she bring? What did Jesus say of this poor woman? How much had she given?
3. What has been the result of that humble gift during all the years that have passed since that day? Can you tell, then, how it is literally true that she gave "more" than all those rich men?
4. What kind of building was the temple at this time? In what did the Jews take pride? When some of them called the attention of Jesus to the beauty of the building, and its precious adornments, what did he say? What question was he then asked?
5. Against what deception did he warn his followers? What did he say of wars? Of the feeling of unrest among the nations? What would be seen on the earth? What in the heavens?
6. What persecution would be felt by the people of God? Before whom would they be brought for his name's sake? What comforting promise was given to those who should be called upon in this way to witness for the Master?
7. By whom did Jesus say his followers would even be betrayed? By whom would they be hated? What would happen to some of them? What is the meaning, then, of the promise, "There shall not an hair of your head perish"?
8. How were those who lived in Jerusalem to know when the time had come to leave that city? Where were they to go?

9. Speaking again of the last days, what signs does Jesus say will precede his coming? When men's hearts fail them for fear, and the powers of the heaven are shaken, what will be seen? What will be the feeling of God's people when the signs that show that his coming is near begin to come to pass?

10. What parable did Jesus now speak? What lesson of hope and comfort does it impress? What may those who see these signs come to pass surely know? Verse 31. What generation will see Jesus come in glory? How sure is this word of the Master?

11. What warning does Jesus give to those who live in the time just before his second coming to this earth? What does this warning imply? What does he urge them to do? Why? Why are these words of special and solemn interest to us?



### XIII—Need of Preparation

(December 30)

MEMORY VERSE: "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Matt. 24:44.

#### Questions

1. What action on the part of Esther and her people brought deliverance to the Jews from Haman's wicked plot? Esther 4:16.
2. How will God's people be engaged when he brings deliverance in the final struggle? Zeph. 2:1-3; note 1.
3. If Mordecai had not been familiar with what God had written about the family of Haman, would he have been prepared for the crisis when it came?
4. What is the only light for God's people in this world? Ps. 119:105.
5. What is said of the increasing light of the Christian's path as we near the end? Prov. 4:18.
6. Who only will be shielded in the closing conflict? Ps. 91:4; Rev. 3:10.
7. What is said of the purity of God's Word? Prov. 30:5.
8. How much of it is it necessary for us to study? 2 Tim. 3:16.
9. Is there any miraculous power that can take the place of the study of the Word? Luke 16:31.
10. When Jesus met the two disciples on their way to Emmaus after his resurrection, about what did he talk to them? Luke 24:25-27.
11. Which seemed the more important, a revelation of himself or an understanding of the Scriptures? Note 2.
12. For what purpose did he open their understanding? Luke 24:45; note 3.
13. What did this knowledge of the Scripture enable them to do? Verse 52.
14. What will the study of God's Word do for every one of his people? 2 Tim. 3:17.

#### Notes

1. "Day and night they cry unto God for deliverance. . . . Like Jacob, all are wrestling with God. Their countenances express their internal struggle. Paleness sits upon every face, yet they cease not their earnest intercession."—"Great Controversy," page 620.
2. "One word from the Saviour would have sent them bounding on their way, rejoicing, but they needed an understanding of the Scriptures in order to meet the trials before them, or else as soon as the Saviour was out of their sight, they would have been in doubt and gloom again."
3. "Only those who have been diligent students of the Scriptures, and have realized the love of the truth, will be shielded from the powerful delusion that takes the world captive."—"Great Controversy," page 625.



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FANNIE M. DICKERSON . . . EDITOR

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"WORKS are the best words."

"PREJUDICE puts the heart in prison."

"HOLD on to virtue — it is above price to you at all times and places."

"IDLENESS is a mother; she has a son, Robbery, and a daughter, Hunger."

"HEARTS may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections can only be fixed and retained by those that are real."

RUSKIN said: "When I am reading a good book, the only person on earth I envy is the man who is reading a better book."

THE following letter is the first that has been received from a member of the Reading Circle stating that the reading suggested for the course had been finished. We hope there are many others who can express as hearty satisfaction with the effort as Mr. Jewell does:—

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: As I am one of your Reading Circle, I will say, I have finished five books; namely, "Daniel and the Revelation," "Christ's Object Lessons," "Life of William Miller," "Coming King," and "Education." My time has been pretty well taken up in canvassing, Sabbath-school work, work in the treatment rooms, etc.; but I want to say that God has blessed me in reading the different books, and I hope to continue in it until Jesus comes, or as long as I am permitted. May all the members of our Reading Circle and the youth be blessed as I have been in my prayer.

Yours in the work,  
H. J. JEWELL.

**A Hint from Diogenes**

THE old Greek sage, Diogenes, as the story goes, was once passing through the busy and splendid mart of Athens, where all sorts of luxurious and tasteful articles were heaped up to tempt the passing buyer. But Diogenes looked on them all with a wise simplicity of mind, and said only, "How many things, O Jupiter, are in the world of which Diogenes hath no need!"

Diogenes was free from that "tyranny of things" which a shrewd modern writer has said is the danger of the present age. Life is much fuller of things — things to eat, things to wear, things to know, things to desire — than it ever has been before in the history of the world. The young man or woman of to-day sees, not the heaped-up things of one nation, but of all. Steam, electricity, modern progress, modern millions, have brought countless things to our doors. There is no end to the things that our eyes desire and our hearts wish for, if we once let them get the habit. No matter how much we have, there is always something more than we have that we can still desire. The tyranny of things has al-

ways a tendency to increase, and we become more and more the slaves of our wants.

"He that wants little is most like the gods, who want nothing," is a pagan phrase, with truth in it for Christians. "Godliness with contentment is great gain," was the apostle's summing up of the situation. "It is our wants that make us poor." When we recognize the essential riches of life — home, friends, an honest livelihood, health, love, faith, and service to God and man — and can say of the non-essentials, "How many things there are in the world of which I have no need!" then are we truly free.—*Forward.*

**Hope**

MID dissonance and clamor  
I hear her singing still —  
"The mist may cloud the meadow,  
But sunlight crowns the hill!"

— E. N. LYON.

**Look at the Date**

THERE are many subscriptions for the INSTRUCTOR which expire this month. The exact date of expiration is shown on the wrapper which encloses the paper or the club of papers. Look at the date on the wrapper which was on this paper, and if it reads, "Dec. 15, '05," "Jan. 1, '06," or "Jan. 15, '06," it is time to renew.

We hope individual subscribers and those to whom clubs are sent will be prompt to renew.

For 1906 we have many new and good articles for publication. See partial announcement on last page of last week's paper.

Where a club of papers is ordered continued, but to a *new name* or *address*, be sure to give name and address to which papers *are now going*.

We do not want to lose one of our present readers, but do desire to make the acquaintance of thousands of new ones during the coming year. Tell your friends about the INSTRUCTOR, and secure their subscription for it. You can get a *free* copy of "How a Little Girl Went to Africa" for three new yearly subscriptions at 75 cents each. Write us for sample copies and full particulars. Address Youth's Instructor, Washington, D. C.



NEWTON, KAN., Nov. 12, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I find many interesting articles in the INSTRUCTOR. Brother Handhart is our minister. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. My teacher's name is Mrs. McLaughlin. I am eleven years old. We have all kinds of fancy pigeons, and I enjoy feeding them. I hope to meet all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR in the earth made new. GLADYS ST. PIERRE.

SPENCER, IOWA, Sept. 8, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a short letter, as I have never written one before. My sister and I have quite a large missionary garden of potatoes. We are going to sell them, and give the money to some good cause. Mama has also given us the money for the eggs that are laid on Sabbath, that we may give it too. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR. I have two brothers and four sisters. I would like to write a longer letter, but do not want to crowd out any other letter. ISABEL HILLIARD.

SHERIDAN, ILL., Nov. 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: Having taken the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR through the Sabbath-school for some time, and seeing the paragraphs on, "Who Were These Women?" I send in my answers, as you requested.

I am attending the Sheridan Industrial Acad-

emy. This year, as I am in the higher classes, I have the principal, Prof. W. T. Bland, for my teacher; also Mrs. Bland, whom I like very much.

I am fifteen years of age, and wish, while in youth, to prepare to work in our Master's great harvest-field. Pray for me that I may win many souls to him. I am a member of the church here, also of the Young People's Society.

XANA J. HIBBEN.

JEFFERSON, OHIO, Oct. 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I have just finished reading the INSTRUCTOR, and enjoyed it very much. I especially enjoy the letters from all parts of the country.

I live on a farm, and like the country very much; I never lived in the city.

There is no church-school here, so I attend public school. I am fifteen years old, and am in the ninth grade. I take the Latin-German course.

I have one sister, Ruth, aged nine, but I have no brothers. I shall be glad when winter comes, for I like to skate.

Jefferson is a small place; its population is about fifteen hundred. It is a pretty place, having many shade trees on each side of the street.

I see my letter will be rather long, so I will close. LAURA L. ATWELL.

I AM always glad, of course, to know that the INSTRUCTOR is read and prized by our little people as well as older ones. I only wish it could every week bear a message direct from our Father to the heart of a score or more of little readers,— a message that would make them loyal, obedient children of his,— a message that would help them to do something for others. I wish, too, that the paper could be so filled with pure principles that the reading of it would help to cleanse and purify the mind and heart of many boys and girls. Perhaps you have heard the story of the Arab chieftain who said to his boy, "My son, hasten to the spring and bring me a basket of water." The boy went, but always before he could return to the tent, the water leaked out, until at length he came back to his father and said: "Although I repeatedly filled the basket, the water would not stay." Then his father took the basket, and said, "My son, what you say is true. The water did not stay, but see how pure and clean the basket is. So it will be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the good you hear, but to keep trying to treasure wise precepts, will make your heart pure and fit for heavenly use."

Of course we know that only the grace of Christ can cleanse the heart, but he uses his Word and right precepts to prepare the heart for the reception of his Holy Spirit. So read, and talk about the good you gather from the INSTRUCTOR, and you will remember it longer.

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