

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Trusting

I know not the things that await me,  
That lie hid in the vista of years,  
Whether sunshine and joy be my portion,  
Or sorrow and heartache and tears,  
But I trust in the care of the Saviour.  
In the future, uncertain and dim,  
I rest in his love and his favor,  
And leave all the future to him.

I know not the things that await me,  
The vision is hid from my sight,  
But I know the dear hand of my Saviour  
Will lead me and guide me aright,  
And sometime, though when is uncertain,  
For the "day" or the "hour" is not given,  
He will lift up the mystical curtain  
That separates earth-life from heaven.

I know not the things that await me,  
But God doeth all for the best,  
And in his good time he will take me  
To dwell in an infinite rest;  
For sometime the heavens will open,  
And the Saviour in clouds will appear,  
The blue, shining dome will be broken,  
And Jesus himself will be here.

L. D. SANTEE.

### A Letter from Buluwayo, South Africa

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: The editor sent a letter away across the sea asking me to write to you, so I will leave my black boys and girls a little while and have a talk with you. First, I wonder how you all are, and if you enjoy this dear paper as I have for the last twenty-six years. Though we have no little children of our own, as they are sleeping in the grave, yet we still take the dear paper, and love to read it. We read your letters and enjoy them as we did when we were young.

Truly, my dear young friends, I can say that the things I read in the INSTRUCTOR when I was young have stayed in my memory and have helped me much in the pathway of life, and I am sure many can say the same thing. Read it,



NATIVE SCHOOL AT THE MISSION FARM

study it, and follow the things you learn, and in after-years you will look back with joy on such instruction.

Well, I suppose you wonder what we are doing here in Africa, and if this country is like America. Africa is a desolate country compared with America. Here rocks and sand take the place of pretty meadows and knolls. To-day we have just sent twelve bags of corn to the station with two boys and four mules, and another wagon with thirty bags and sixteen oxen. Think of it — sixteen oxen with one wagon! This is necessary because of the heavy sand and bad rivers.

I know that you would laugh to see the boys and girls here, some of whom are very poorly dressed if they have on any clothing at all. One of the boys here at the mission wears his cuffs on his ankles, others wear two hats, if they can get them, and others a vest and shirt and a pair of shoes, while others wear just a pair of trousers. But many of them are dear, good children, and love Jesus as we do, if not more. We now have about seventy in our school, many of whom come from three to five miles. Would you want to walk that far to school? They love their studies, and can always be seen with their Bibles wherever they go, after they learn to read. I wish you could see them with the tears running down their cheeks, as we tell them of Jesus and the home he has gone to prepare. The thought is so different from what they ever heard before that their faces will light up, and they will say, "O, I want to be there!"

But O, think of it! we have told only a few of these dear people of Jesus and that beautiful home. Can not some of you give us of your pennies that we may go farther on to the north and tell them also of this dear Jesus? And can not others come and help us?

While our darling boy was lying on his bed, dying with the fever, he cried out, "Papa, mama, I want to live to help you teach these dear people." He is asleep, waiting for Jesus. Who will come and take his place? Dear ones, God has given us this work to do. Send us your pennies; send us help. These dear souls are crying out to you, "Come and help us." When you pray, remember the dear children in Matabeleland, and when you work, work a little harder, and so earn a little more for the fathers, mothers, and children of heathen Africa.

Lovingly yours,

M. C. STURDEVANT.

### The Pleasures of Sin

THE youth are constantly exposed to the temptations of the god of this world. His strongest and most powerful influences are thrown about the young in the pleasures of sin. The Word of God admits that there are pleasures connected with sin; that is, that which passes in this world for pleasure. It is recorded of Moses while he was yet young, full of ambition and youthful vigor, that he was confronted with



ELDER AND MRS. STURDEVANT'S HOME

this subtle and powerful temptation. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Heb. 11: 23-25. Although he saw these pleasures so artfully arranged by the deceiver, he by faith could see that they were but for a season,—a brief moment, soon to pass away and leave an aching heart and a barren soul.

But what was there beyond? Pleasures also?—Yes, a far exceeding and eternal weight of them in the glory awaiting the obedient in the kingdom of God.

Satan pictures the Christian life as undesirable. He would cover it with a cloak of gloom to make it appear to the youth wholly undesirable; while clothing the pleasures of sin with a silken robe, something greatly to be desired. Be not deceived. Beneath the shiny apparel is a hideous skeleton of death. The pleasure is only for a season. And to us who are looking for the soon return of our Lord, how short this season of sinful pleasure becomes!

But were we to blot eternity out, there are pleasures connected with the true service of Christ which greatly outweigh the pleasures of sin in this life. Usually we can very readily detect the pleasures of sin from the genuine article by this searching question: "Is this pleasure selfish, one to contribute only to my own gratification? or will it minister to the comfort and happiness of others, and thus bring glory to our Saviour in heaven?"



Let us not overlook the importance of the sweet pleasures which react upon us invariably when we forget our own ease and comfort to make easier the lot of some one who is struggling with life's burdens. In the doing of this very thing the youth become strong and valiant for God, and defeat the wicked one. Every time self is banished, a victory for God is gained. John must have referred to this when he wrote, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

The prayer of some widow who has been helped; the benediction of that "God bless you, my boy," from the lips of some aged saint of God, are worth more than rubies; and the pleasure experienced therefrom as memory may chance to recall such incidents, will be of infinitely more value than all the sinful pleasures of a lifetime.

We need to train ourselves to admire and love these true, lasting pleasures. A little culture along this line will develop a beautiful harvest. God wants the young people to enjoy their youth,—they pass through it but once,—yet he wants them to experience the *genuine*.

We can not fashion our amusements after the world's pattern, and maintain the approbation of Christ. Sometimes there is permitted a sickly sentiment to come in among us that the children must have a good time, and instead of seeking the good old way, pleasure parties are held, in which are brought this and that simply to "pass away the time" and "have a good time." But what is the result? Is it not to lessen the love for the genuine pleasures of God's service and the desire to help spread this last glorious message of love and warning to a perishing world? Have we any "time to kill"? Right here is the sin of the thing, as it appears to the writer. We are told that we shall be called upon to give a strict account of the use we make of the *time* God gives us. If ever time was valuable, that time is now. Every moment should be to us like so much gold. To fritter these moments away, with the terrible realities of the future just before us, certainly will not be regarded by the Judge "at the door" as a trifling matter.

Let every Seventh-day Adventist youth reading this ponder the words upon these points mentioned above, as found in the *Review* of July 19, 1906, from the pen of Sister E. G. White: "We must prepare ourselves for most solemn duties. A world is to be saved. The work is advancing in a most marvelous manner in foreign lands; and even within the shadow of our doors there are many, many opportunities for communicating to others the saving truths of the third angel's message. Publications are to be distributed like the leaves of autumn. This is the message that has been coming to us from the Lord for many years. In view of the great work to be done, how can any one afford to waste precious time and God-given means in doing those things that are not for his best good or for the glory of God? . . .

"Every youth should make God's Word his guide, and daily gather from the Word the instruction given." "Every talent of influence is to be sacredly cherished and used for the purpose of gathering souls to Christ. Young men and young women should not think that their sports, their evening parties and musical entertainments, as usually conducted, are acceptable to Christ."

But are we not to meet together?—Yes; but instead of the intellect's being devoted to making fun, let it be turned into another channel. Here is the instruction from heaven: "*Light has been given me, again and again, that all our gatherings should be characterized by a decided religious influence.*" If our young people would assemble to read and understand the Scriptures, asking, "What shall I do that I may have eternal life?" and then place themselves unitedly upon

the side of truth, the Lord Jesus would let his blessing come into their hearts."

Shall we not heed these words of counsel? Do we not count the blessing of Christ in the soul of value? It certainly maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. It is a foretaste of those pleasures awaiting the saved at Jesus' right hand. The wise youth will forsake all the fleeting pleasures of sin to obtain them.

T. E. BOWEN.

### The Lost Is Found

As the publicans and sinners gathered about Christ to hear his words, the scribes and Pharisees were angry with him, and said, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." They did not approve of his methods of teaching, and thought he ought not to associate with sinners.

That he might reveal to them his love for the wandering and sinful, Christ spoke the parable of the lost sheep. One poor, helpless lamb has gone astray, and the shepherd goes at once to find it. In his earnestness he forgets himself, and searches long and faithfully at the risk of his own life. At last he finds it, and gently bears it on his bosom back to the fold.

With a greater love for the straying than an earthly shepherd could have, our Saviour left his home and the ninety and nine, and came to this earth to seek and save the lost. "He was despised and rejected of men," he was "wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities," and at last he was "brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

"But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed  
through  
Ere he found his sheep that was lost."

"But all through the mountains, thunder riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
'Rejoice, I have found my sheep!'  
And the angels sang around the throne,  
'Rejoice for the Lord brings back his own!'"

Following the parable of the lost sheep, Christ spoke of the lost coin, again illustrating the earnestness of the search for the lost, and the joy when it is found. He also gave the parable of the prodigal son, who asked his father for his share of the inheritance, and then went into a far country and spent his "substance with riotous living." At last, suffering hunger and want, he came to realize his lost condition, and determined to return to his father's house, confess his sin and unworthiness, and ask to become as one of the hired servants. As he nears his home, his father is watching for him, and seeing his son a great way off, he runs to meet him, and falls on his neck, kissing him. He takes off his own garment, wraps it around the wanderer, and then calls for the best robe to be put upon him, a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. "And bring hither the fatted calf," he says, "and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

As the father's heart yearned for his wandering son, and he watched and waited for his return, so the Lord is longing to see those who wander in sin return to him. With their first faint desire to turn to him, he goes out to meet them, and his great heart of love rejoices, and all heaven with him, that the straying one is returning to the fold. As the father wraps his own garment about his son, so the Lord wraps the repentant sinner in the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, and enfolds him in his arms of infinite love.

If the love of Christ fills our hearts, we shall be searching for the lost ones. Heavenly angels will help us to reach those who have fallen into

the depths of sin, and they will be brought to the fold; all heaven will be made glad, and rejoice, while we shall be gaining stars for our crown.

EDITH M. WHITE.

### The Bow of Promise

A RAINBOW round the throne I see,  
It meaneth much to you and me.  
The red is symbol of Christ's blood,  
That touches, cleanses sin's dark flood,  
And saves the soul.

The blue reminds us of the blow  
That bruised Christ's cheek when here below;  
The green, the freshness of the grace  
That gives a glory to the face  
Of him who prays.

Humility, the violet,—  
And all the arch in colors set  
Above man's hatred, far above,  
Shines forth a symbol of God's love.  
O Saviour mine!

O bow of promise, circling there  
Around the throne in colors fair,  
O let thy glory be unfurled  
Forever o'er our little world!  
O Jesus, come!

ELIZA H. MORTON.

### A Cultus Potlatch

In the Chinook language, which is generally used by the Indian tribes of northwest British Columbia, a "cultus potlach" means "a present, or a free gift."

Recently while making a trip from an Alaskan post to Vancouver, British Columbia, our steamer stopped for an hour at Alert Bay, an Indian village a little south of Queen Charlotte's Sound. Going ashore, we walked up the one street in the village, past queer-looking totem poles, past scores of canoes lined up on the beach, and half-naked children, with poverty and wretchedness on every side. Noticing a crowd of Indians at the farther end of the street, we made our way thither. We shall now endeavor to describe what we saw.

Sitting in a chair in the center of a large company of natives was the old chief of the Alert Bay Indians, leaning on his staff, with his limbs wrapped in blankets, as it was quite chilly on the beach. Behind him was a huge pile of what was once white woolen bed blankets, and by his side was a crier who assisted him in the work; and seated about on the ground were a score or more of chiefs who had been invited to attend this ceremony from the surrounding villages.

Probably this huge pile of soiled blankets represented years of careful saving and sacrifice, and now the day had come when, through them, he was to spread through all the Indian villages and adjoining tribes of that region his great liberality and generosity. The greatness and the glory of his name must be extended to all the people, so as loudly as possible he calls the name of one of the chiefs sitting by, who immediately comes forward, when with much pomp and ceremony a blanket or two are thrown on the ground at his feet by the assistant, or crier, who again calls his name, and states that his chief is giving so many blankets to chief So-and-so with his blessing. Another name is called by the old chief, and one by one all become partakers of his liberality.

When a chief receives a certain number of blankets, he is expected to use these as a nucleus for arranging a potlatch for his people at some future time, or a chief's potlatch, as he thinks best. In case he is not able to do this alone, he calls on his people to assist him, and they readily respond with their blankets, in order to spread abroad the name and honor of their chief.

While these events do to a considerable extent promote friendly relations among the various tribes, it is easy to see that selfishness and self-exaltation is the actuating spirit of the whole



thing. It is for tribe, village, or personal glory that it is done, and the universal spirit of selfishness in the civilized world exists also in the hearts of these semicivilized children of the forest.

Sometimes these occasions last for days, the chief not producing at once all the blankets which he has to give, but surprising the other chiefs by bringing out more and more. Of course the more surprises in this line the more glory to himself and to his people, and frequently as the chiefs depart after the potlatch is over, it is with well-filled canoes.

It is needless to say that the sight is an interesting one to a white man. The spirit of sacrifice and liberality manifested in the potlatch is right enough, but the motive behind it all, the spirit of self-glory and self-exaltation, is not in harmony with the principles of the gospel of Christ.

W. B. WHITE.

### True Nobility

NOBLE birth or antiquity of family is not a proof of one's nobility. To secure great gain for one's self will not make a noble man of any one; on the contrary, observation and report lead me to believe that it has quite the opposite effect. Indeed, the majority of persons seem to have a misconception of what constitutes true nobility. So to-day in the schools and educational institutions such men as Napoleon Bonaparte and Alexander the Great are held up as examples before the youth, and as a result, boys are filled with the desire to shine in military circles, or in commercial or political lines. But neither wealth, noble birth, nor civil or military distinction can make a noble life.

The Bible says that a man who can control himself—his passions, his temper—is greater (more noble) than he that taketh a city. This truth is clearly illustrated and emphasized in the life of Alexander, king of Macedon. Alexander was not a noble man; but he was a famous man, using famous in the ordinary sense of the word,—“celebrated in fame or public report; much talked of.” Although Alexander by his energy and determination had brought the whole world under his control, himself he could not control, and after a short reign he died of intemperance.

How different is the record of Daniel, who lived and died in the same city in which Alexander died. Daniel was brought to Babylon as a captive, and placed in a position where it became unusually easy to contract habits of vice and intemperance. Yet amid all the courtly grandeur and splendor of ancient Babylon, notwithstanding all its allurements, Daniel remained true to principle and maintained a life of simplicity and temperance. Because of his honesty and integrity he was placed in positions of trust and responsibility. For nearly three quarters of a century he continued his life of usefulness, and taught God's truth in every part of the kingdom of Babylon. Daniel's life forcefully exemplifies the truth that the noblest life is the one which has as its aim the desire to honor God by doing its share of the world's work, and helping those who are weaker and more ignorant.

Such words as honorable, worthy, exalted, sublime, are given as synonyms for the word noble; yet who would think of coupling such adjectives as these with the lives of Alexander or Napoleon Bonaparte? Surely there was nothing very sublime in the way in which Napoleon returned from Moscow, nor anything very honorable in the way in which he plundered, robbed, and murdered in Spain and Portugal.

When we stop to consider that every good and perfect gift comes from above, it becomes apparent that apart from God there is no nobility of word or action. Where is found the record of the noblest lives? Where are found men and

women showing those traits of character, and that singleness of purpose, which mark them as members of the true nobility? Where but in the annals of the church? If you search the history of those who have lived and worked and died, you find many who have lived useful and honorable lives. But the greatest nobility of character, under trial and difficulty, will be found in the lives of those who have been loyal to the inspiration of great religious thought.

When John Wycliffe began his work of reform, he little thought that in a few years he would stand opposed to the whole religious system that ruled the world at that time. Yet true to the light which God had given him, he struck fearlessly against many of the abuses sanctioned by the authority of Rome. He loved the Word of God; and the truths which were so precious to himself he wanted others to enjoy. To accomplish this he organized a band of teachers, simple, devout men, whose greatest desire was to extend the truth. These men went everywhere, through the cities and villages and into the country. They visited the sick and afflicted, and taught them of the grace of God. When monks came to him during a dangerous illness, asking him to recant before he died, he fearlessly exclaimed, “I shall not die, but live, and declare the evil deeds of the friars.”

What lessons of faith and courage, earnestness and steadfastness, are taught by the patience and fortitude with which Huss and Jerome opposed the evils of the Catholic Church. Through persecution and imprisonment, not fearing torture at the stake, they remained true to principle, and fearlessly spread abroad the truths of the Bible. The lives of Luther, Melancthon, Farel, Calvin, John Knox, and a host of others, reveal the most worthy motives, the most exalted faith, the most sublime courage, to be found in the records of history. Why did these men undergo such trials and privations? Why did they relinquish all thought of personal comfort and pleasure?—For no other reason than that they might in some way abolish the evils and superstitions under which humanity was groaning, and help men to become better and more useful members of the human family. These were noble lives, and from them we learn inspiring lessons.

There is a great conflict going on in this world to-day, a mighty warfare. It began thousands of years ago, and has raged furiously ever since. This battle of the ages is now drawing to a close; and the enemy of all that is good and true is rallying his forces for the last desperate charge. Luther, Huss, and Calvin felt the fierceness of the enemy's attack. Wherever men are engaged in the work of uplifting fallen humanity, there the enemy will exert his greatest power to debase and degrade. And now he “is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.”

We have a message that belongs to every nation and people; and we shall need all of Wycliffe's keenness of mind, all of Luther's fearlessness of speech, all of the fortitude of Huss, to carry it forward.

“Let us live to learn their story,  
Who have suffered for our sake;  
Learn to emulate their glory  
And to follow in their wake.”

ROY COURSEN.

### A Shipwreck—A Tale of the Adriatic

Now listen to me, my children three,  
Who ask for a song of the sounding sea,  
Of the bounding waves and the winds their slaves,  
In the months when the will of the wild sea raves.  
Oh, what shall my ballad be?

Shall I chant you a dirge of the waves that urge  
The fated ship where the breakers surge?  
Shall I troll you a lay of a smiling bay

That strokes the boats on its bosom in play,  
Where the blues of the great deeps merge?

I know a tale for a cheek that can pale  
At the sound of the sea's mad shriek and wail;  
'Tis a tale not new, but a tale that is true,  
Of the days when the wind Euroclydon blew,  
And suffered before it no sail.

O fair was the ship, the stately ship,  
That glided from out the harbor's lip,  
And spread to the breeze, on her spar-crossed trees,  
Her fair white hands for the fists of the seas,  
And yielded her into their grip!

And smoothly fair was the balmy air  
That soft from the south the message bare,  
That the goodly craft it would safely waft  
To the harbor home where the wavelets laughed.  
(But the wind, it lied to her there.)

And the sailors bold o'er the good ship's hold  
Their auguries bright of the future told,  
And the soldiers stern rehearsed in turn  
Their tales of fortune through shrine or urn;—  
But ah, the tale is old.

Then stood there forth a man of worth,  
Though fettered his arms and mean his birth;  
And the captains high stood meekly by,  
When they countered the glance of his eagle eye;  
For he was of the kings of earth.

Aye, a prince unfeigned, with a soul unstained,  
Stood Paul, the apostle, a prisoner chained;  
And bind though they might in evil plight,  
In stress he stood forth a king in their sight,  
And ruled though never reigned.

And, “Sirs,” he said, “’tis the way of the dead,  
The voyage on which this ship is sped.  
Trust not, I pray, the treacherous way,  
But make for a harbor while yet ye may:  
There is danger and dole ahead!”

But yet to his doom they gave no room;  
For the sky spake of glory, his words of gloom.  
'Twas theirs to command on sea and on land:  
And he was a felon in bonds in their hand:  
So the ship sought on for her tomb.

Then sudden and loud swooped the dread storm-cloud,  
And wrapped the ship like the dead in his shroud.  
Then deep shrank the wave where the sad ship drave,  
And yawned the wet cavern to make its grave,  
The lowly grave of the proud.

Then the masts they bent, and the sails they rent,  
And the cordage a shrieking message sent.  
O, dread is the hour when the storm-clouds lower,  
And the wind Euroclydon smites in his power,  
With the stores of his wrath unpent!

O, the heart may be high when no danger is nigh,  
And we look on the sea with a laughing eye;  
But they who have lain on the stormy main,  
And tasted its anger and drunk its pain,  
'Tis they have learned how to die.

So hither and yon was the doom'd ship spun,  
And never came light of star nor sun,  
For fourteen days in unknown ways,  
While all of them fast, and one of them prays—  
Ah, blest were they all in that one!

For the hearts of most all hope had lost,  
With terror stricken and tempest tossed;  
When he that had spoke ere danger awoke,  
When danger was highest the glad word broke  
That the line of their peril was crossed.

Ah, most like a ray of the blessed day  
For which they had longed and still would pray,  
Came that prisoner's word from the mouth of his Lord,  
That for his own sake all they aboard  
Should not to the sea fall prey.

But the day was black, and the night, alack!  
More hideous still in gloom and wrack;  
And wave and wind ally did find  
In the trusted land, that, most unkind,  
Lay in wait upon their track.

Down plunged the lead to the ocean's bed,  
And, “Twenty fathoms to death!” it said;  
And quick once more to the sandy floor,  
And, “Fifteen fathoms only!” swore;  
And over four anchors sped.

Then the sailors white, in fear and fright,  
Let down their boat to take their flight.  
But Paul, alert, cried, “These depart,  
Then may ye all, in truth, lose heart,  
Nor shall o'erlive this night!”



When that for aye they heard him say,  
The soldiers the boat from its stays cut away;  
And seamen cowed, and warriors bowed,  
All crouched in the tempest fierce and loud,  
Waited and wished for the day.

And when the light, past that dreadful night,  
Drove back the shadows and gave them sight,  
The eager band the near shore scanned,  
And beheld a welcome, though unknown land,  
And toward it urged their flight.

With shock and roar behind and before,  
The poor ship grounds, to move no more;  
And the crashing waves no more she braves,  
But opens her planks into watery graves,  
So near, so far from the shore.

And some in their fright and some in their might  
Are cast alike into common plight;  
For, mighty of limb, or helpless to swim,  
Together they meet in the element grim,  
In a common life-fought fight.

But blest be the Lord, whose never-broke word  
Has promised the lives of all aboard.  
On wreckage of spar or plank, afar  
Are borne up felon and man of war,  
The sandy refuge toward.

And them on the sand of the hospital strand  
The sullen water yields up to the land;  
And vows rise when, together again,  
Two hundred threescore and sixteen men,  
They stand, a thankful band.

And song they raise of grateful praise  
To Him who in tempest has taught his ways.  
And Jesus' name, they had held in shame,  
For his mighty works they sound its fame,  
And remember in after days.

And this is a tale, my children pale,  
Of God that is mighty, and man that is frail,  
God's tempest wild, and his lonely child  
Who was king of men's lives while him they  
reviled,  
In the midst of shrieking gale.

And this to me of the tales of the sea  
Is the greatest in wonder of all that be,  
When the Father above looked down in love,  
And out of the passions of earth that strove,  
The souls of men set free.

A. W. SPAULDING.

### Lost Acorns

A boy had gotten a quantity of acorns. It was delightful gathering them amid the swaying green branches of the tall oak tree.

He had separated the cups from the saucers, and utilized the latter in very ingeniously forming the name of the home place by driving brads through the center of the saucers and fastening them to a board. This was his own invention. The letters were large and well formed, and when finished, and fastened to a tree on the shore of the lake just in front of the cottage, corresponded with the rustic appearance of the surroundings, and could be easily read from a passing boat.

Near the shore, not far away, a family in which there were several children, had camped in a tent. Near by them in a cottage was another family spending the summer vacation. The boys at the tent were about the age of our inventor, and it occurred to him that those boys might like to make the name of their camp in the same way he had done; so he furnished the material and showed them how. They were much pleased with the suggestion. The boys of the other family were older, but equally pleased with the idea, and a few days afterward inquired if there were plenty of the acorns.

In the meantime boy Number One had gathered all the remaining acorns that he could reach, and put them in three little cloth bags, and placed them on a tent near by. These he designed for a very dear friend from whom he expected a visit soon. He much regretted that he could not supply the older boy, and still have a sufficient quantity for the friend.

One morning not long afterward he came into the house in high dudgeon, saying that the boys had taken his acorns. He was asked how he

knew. He replied that he knew where he left them, and the boys had to pass that way when they came to the spring for water. He proposed asking them about it the first time they came. He was advised to wait until he had thought it all over carefully, and decided what was best to do, if the acorns were really gone. But hadn't he placed them somewhere else?—No, he knew just where he left them, and they were not there. Then it occurred to him that probably the older boy, who inquired if there were plenty, had taken them, and finally that two young ladies tenting near might have taken them.

Fortunately the next day he was away, and so had time for reflection. As he and his companions came near home, they saw the small boys in a boat returning to camp, having been after spring-water. "Wonder how they feel about the acorns now?" said boy Number One. He was told they probably knew nothing about them. He had evidently thought the matter over, and was so far mollified that he suggested telling them about the disappearance of the acorns, and see what they would say, and how they would look. Some days passed, and the opportunities to do this were not improved.

One day the boy came into the house holding something behind him, smiling rather shamefacedly. He produced the three little bags of acorns just as he had left them. He had forgotten the exact spot, and the wind had blown a flap of the tent over them. What, if on discovering his supposed loss, the boy had followed his first impulse—or several succeeding impulses? "Slow to anger" may safely apply to what we term "righteous indignation." Lifelong regrets often result from erroneous impressions. Every time we think uncharitably, we injure the delicate fabric of our own character.

Will the boy—will *we*—learn a never-to-be-forgotten lesson from the episode of the lost (?) acorns?

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

### Harry's Visit with the Minister

A FAMILY, consisting of father, mother, and son, were members of a Presbyterian church; but after having an opportunity to hear the Sabbath truth, they accepted it. When their former minister learned that they were no longer coming to his church, he called at their home one afternoon. The mother was busy when he called, but the boy of the family, a lad of eleven years, invited the minister into the sitting-room.

Soon after they were seated, the guest asked the boy if he could tell why he was keeping Saturday instead of Sunday. "Yes, sir," replied Harry. Getting two Bibles, he gave one to the minister, and keeping the other himself, he said, "Turn to Deut. 4:13." He read, "And he declared unto you his covenant, which he commanded you to perform, even ten commandments; and he wrote them upon two tables of stone." "Now," said Harry, "there God says he has made a covenant, and the covenant is the ten commandments." "Yes," agreed the minister, pleasantly. "Turn now to Ps. 89:34," said Harry. He then read, "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips." "Here God says he will not alter his covenant, or in other words the ten commandments; therefore the Sabbath is the seventh day of the week, not Sunday." "But," said the minister, "the old covenant about which you have just read was done away when Christ came." Harry said, "Turn to Ps. 111:9," and from here

he read, "He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant forever: holy and reverend is his name." "So you see his covenant is forever."

Just then Harry's mother came into the room, and as she entered, she said to the minister, "I suppose you would like to know why we are not keeping Sunday?" The minister replied that Harry had just finished telling him.

Could you, boys and girls, have done as well as did this little boy? If you can not, be sure to remember these three texts:—

Deuteronomy 4:13.

Psalms 89:34.

Psalms 111:9.

LULU I. TARBELL.

### The Humming-Bird

WHAT a "boom! boom!"

Sounds among the honeysuckles!

Saying "Room! Room!—

Hold your breath and mind your knuckles!"

And a fairy birdling bright

Flits like a living dart of light,

With his tiny whirlwind wings

Flies and rests and sings!

All his soul one flash, one quiver,

Down each cup

He thrusts his long beak with a shiver,

Drinks the sweetness up;

Takes the best of earth and goes—

Daring sprite!—

Back to his heaven no mortal knows,

A heaven as sweet as the heart of a rose

Shut at night!

—Selected.



### October Study of the Field

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: Malachi 4.

REMARKS BY LEADER:—

"In Newer Brazilian Fields."

"Belting a Continent."

FIELD STUDY:—

"Progress in Hayti" (*Review*, August 2).

"The Australasian Field" (*Review*, August 2).

"Rosario, Santa Fé" (*Review*, August 9).

"Peru" (*Review*, August 16).

"From Australia to Honan, China" (*Review*, August 23).

SONG.

BRIEF REPORTS: British Honduras, Central America; Trinidad; The East Caribbean Conference; Algeria; China; South Africa; Ecuador; Brazil; Hayti; Mexico; India; British Central Africa; Spain; Honduras, Central America; Turkey; South Russia; Germany; Peru.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

### Note

"In Newer Brazilian Fields" and "Belting a Continent" are editorials, contained in the issues of the *Review and Herald*, of August 2 and August 16, respectively. If a map is used, a good idea of the scope of our work in South America should be gained.

Some of the articles for field study are rather lengthy, and it will be necessary to sketch them very briefly. Let the letter reports be condensed, also.

E. H.





#### Her Name

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"

Poor little, frightened baby!  
The wind has tossed her golden fleece,  
The briars scratched her dimpled knees;  
I stooped and lifted her with ease,  
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid;

I can't find you without it."

"My name is Shiny Eyes," she said.

"Yes, but your last." She shook her head.

"Up to my house 'ey never said

A single fmg about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"

"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?

Dust Shiny Eyes." A bright thought came!

"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame

You, little one—is't just the same

When mother has to scold you?"

"My mother never scolds," she moans,

A little blush ensuing,

"'Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,

And then she says," the culprit owns,

"Mehitabel Sappirra Jones,

What has you been a-doing!"

—Selected.

#### Little Tulsi

TULSI is a little boy who once lived in a small hut about half a mile from our Santali mission on the edge of a jungle near Simultala, India. His father was a Hindu, and a "gwalla" (cattle-keeper or milkman) by caste. They were very poor, and the father was often seen following the ox carts on their way to market, that he might gather the grain which fell along the way, and thus provide food for his wife and children. He was finally given work on the mission compound, and proved himself to be a very faithful servant.

Erelong, however, cholera, that dread disease which has claimed its thousands in India, began to rage in his village. Tulsi's little brother was stricken and died. Soon after this he lost his mother from the same disease. As none of his own caste would help the poor man to bury his dead, he came to Brother Barlow, weeping and asking for help. With the aid of some men from the mission, they laid the mother and baby to rest near the jungle where the natives burn their dead.

It was not long until the father, too, came down with cholera. Brother Burgess, who was then with Brother Barlow, assisted in caring for the sick man. Just before his death, he gave Brother Barlow a few pice, saying, "Buy Tulsi some food, and take care of him after my death." He was assured that Tulsi would be cared for by the mission. The little fellow remained with his father till the last, and when Brother Barlow called the next morning, he found Tulsi lying on the dead body trying to waken it. The scene was enough to touch the hardest heart. Father, mother, brother, all were gone, and the little orphan was liable to fall into the hands of some native who would treat him more like a beast than a human being, making him tend cattle all

day in all kinds of weather, and in the fields where there is danger of being attacked by wild beasts. Truly his future looked dark, but God, who was watching over him, was able to provide for the little one.

The hut which had been his home was torn down by the authorities lest some one should move in and take the disease, and Tulsi was taken to Brother Barlow's mission, where he remained until Elder Shaw removed him to Karmatar, and there he is to-day, a happy little fellow, about nine years old, full of life, and mischief as well. He has been called "Truthful Tulsi" because his word can nearly always be depended upon, a thing which is very rare among native children. He sings well both in Bengali and in English. With four other little fellows he accompanied the writer on a visit to a sick woman in a village near Karmatar. The boys



TRUTHFUL TULSI

sang for the villagers, and pleased them so well that each was given a stick of sweet cane.

Many children are left just as Tulsi was, but all do not find their way into Christian homes. Let all the youth who read this pray that provision may be made to properly care for all of the Lord's needy little ones.

W. W. MILLER.

6 Royal St., Calcutta, India.

#### The Children of St. Peter's Dome

How would my young readers like to have their home three hundred feet in the air, up higher than the birds in the trees or even the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol at Washington—so high that the noise of the lower world can not reach you, and that men walking on the ground seem like bees? There must be a

certain fascination about such a life. It would almost be like living in another sphere, still cognizant of what is going on in this one, and yet I fancy you would not just like it. There are boys and girls, however, no larger than the smallest of you, who have no other home than this sky house, and they love it and are proud of it, and would not exchange it for any other life. They were born there, and they live there content, and sooner or later they will die there, and then only will their bodies be brought down for good to the level of the earth.

The fathers of these children were born there, too, and their fathers before them for hundreds of years—in fact, ever since the great cathedral was built, at least ever since the vast, towering dome, which is one of the wonders of the world, was erected; for these children live on the roof of St. Peter's church, at Rome, and help their fathers in the labor of taking care of the dome and the many things about it. Of course they go down into the world below at times, traversing that long stairway from the basement to the roof, which is so broad and easy that a loaded horse might make the ascent; but their lives for the most part are passed in their sky homes, above the noise and stir of human life.

The men employed about the dome and roof of St. Peter's are called San Pietrini, and so the children must be San Pietrini, too—that is, people of the good St. Peter. They form a community by themselves, have their own chaplain, their own daily mass and general communion on Easter Sunday in compliance with the Easter precept, and on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in honor of the apostles. They are all Italians, and the boys are trained in their father's business. They are expert and agile, and are often a valuable help in their rather hazardous work. The many statues of the apostles and saints upon the roof of the church have to be regularly cleaned and repaired, and all the decoration of the interior of the vast building is under the charge of the San Pietrini. A writer speaks of a display of skill and sure-footedness by one of these little black-eyed Roman boys in taking down the crimson draperies with which the interior of St. Peter's had been hung at the papal jubilee. This lad, suspended in the air by ropes, handled in the triforium above him, unhooked the draperies and attached them to other ropes by which they were lowered to the floor. It was marvelous to see the skill and self-possession with which the child-operator would spring at that height from the wall into the air by a pressure of the foot, and the sure-footedness with which for certain short distances he moved along cornices over which his little shoe heels could be seen projecting, his hold being on hooks fastened in the walls. Perilous as the labor seems, there are seldom any accidents. During the last fifty years only three persons have lost their lives, and these were all mature men who had probably grown a little careless in the long pursuit of their vocation. When we learn that the young San Pietrini accustom themselves to this employment by hunting for young rooks in the nests which



those birds build on the roof of the basilica, we need not wonder at their agility and confidence in the business that they pursue. It must be rather exciting pastime compared with the tame amusement of ball and kite-flying indulged in by young people, but generations of training have created a love for the daring that has become a second nature.

The San Pietrini number about forty families at present. Years ago there were more of them; but since the papacy lost its temporal power, the grand illuminations of the dome have been discontinued, and fewer persons have been required. It used to take the services of three hundred men to illuminate the dome and cupola. This was done on the evening of Easter Sunday, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, the twenty-sixth of June, and was a magnificent spectacle. The illumination was in two parts: first, the silver one, so called, produced by white paper lanterns hung on the roofs of the two semicircular porticos of the Piazza San Pietro and about the front of the basilica; and next at the stroke of eight, the hour for the Ave Maria, the golden one, in which the dome and cupola were brought out in brilliant outlines of light with almost the rapidity of lightning. The light was produced by iron shells fitted with wicks and filled with tallow, some containing as much as fifteen pounds, others less, according to the situation and exposure to the wind.

But though the children miss these grand illuminations, they do not find their lives at all dull. Little Luigi and Pietro and Signa can still hunt for rooks' nests on the roofs in the winds of March, and there are the statues of the twelve apostles to wash and care for and the decorations of St. Peter's on many a feast day. They run on errands, too, for their mothers down the long, broad stairs, and at night can gaze down upon the lights of Rome, so far below that they must seem like the reflections of the glittering constellations in the firmament above. I am quite sure, however, knowing what you do of their way of life, that none of you would like to be a child of St. Peter's dome.—*Fred Myron Colby, in The Children's Visitor.*

### He Was Not Ashamed

Two brothers work in one of the largest steel and iron manufactories in the United States. These boys are members of a large family, and willingly assist their father in providing for the home needs.

One Sunday noon as they passed out to dinner, with a large crowd of rough men and boys, a rather jovial boy in the crowd said to the older one, "We missed you yesterday, how was it that you were not here?" The older of the brothers replied, "Yesterday was the Sabbath, and as I am a Seventh-day Adventist, I do not work on Saturday."

This boy, who was not ashamed to speak a word for the Sabbath of the Lord among his associates who are rough and unchristian, will not be ashamed to acknowledge the love of Jesus anywhere.

Christ said, "Ye are my witnesses." Let us always be ready and willing to witness for him in every word, thought, and action, never being ashamed of the One who has given his life for us.

LULU TARBELL.

### A True Story About a Horse

WHEN I was a little girl, we lived in the country, about a mile from the little school-house. Every pleasant day we girls walked to school. When it was stormy, my father generally took us over in the morning, and we stayed at school during the day.

Our horse, Charley, was very knowing and kind. He knew so well the way from our house

to the school that he was often trusted to go alone.

Often toward the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the wagon, take him to the road and say, "Charley, go and get the girls."

Charley would trot down the road to the school-house, turn the wagon so that he was headed toward home, and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the wagon and drove home. There he was rewarded with loving words, pats, and apples. I am glad to remember that our faithful horse was always treated kindly. Father refused all offers to sell him, and he ended his days with us.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Novelties in Black and White

"I EXPECT," she said, thoughtfully, "that I make a good many grammatical errors."

"No," he replied promptly and emphatically, "you do not."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," she exclaimed with gratification.

"No," he repeated reflectively; "you do not make a good many grammatical errors. In fact, you do not make any grammatical errors. All your errors of speech are sadly ungrammatical."

Many persons err in using the expressions "good grammar" and "bad grammar." This magazine bears the name "Correct English," not "Good Grammar." Instead of saying, "He uses good grammar," or, "He uses bad grammar," one should say, "He uses correct English," or, "He uses incorrect English," or, "He speaks correctly," or, "He speaks incorrectly." Grammar presupposes an observance of its rules, so that one's speech is either grammatical or ungrammatical.—*Correct English.*

### Stock Companies

NEVER has there been a book written, a sermon preached, or a political speech delivered, that describes so accurately and in so few words the true actuating motive and object of the modern trusts and stock companies as does Solomon's admonition to young men, recorded over three thousand years ago. In less than fifty words he states the matter plainly:—

"Let us swallow them [the innocent] up alive as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit: . . . we shall fill our houses with spoil: cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse."

Solomon was concerned for the welfare of those whose judgment had not been matured by years of experience. He says to them, My son, if sinners seek after you to take part with them in this business, "consent thou not." What a blessing this information would be to the inexperienced youth, as well as those of older years, if they would but read and then heed!

C. E. HOLMES.

He who loves not, lives not;  
He who lives by the Life can not die.

—*Raymond Lull.*



FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., Sept. 2, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I have been taking the INSTRUCTOR for about a year. I like to read it very much. I am in the fifth grade in church-school. We had a church-school here last year, and expect to have another this year. Miss Lou Oliver was

our teacher. My mother died when I was about three years old. I am now twelve. After mama's death I came to live with Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Norwood. I have been with them ever since, and like to live with them. I go to a Sabbath-school of about twenty members.

LILLIE MAY NORWOOD.

NEWTON, IOWA, Aug. 12, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: The INSTRUCTOR is certainly welcome in our home. I enjoy reading it very much. After I read the paper, I send it to my nephew in Canada.

I have twenty-five subscribers for the *Signs* for three months each, and I am to deliver the papers each week.

We are the only Adventists in Newton. Mama is doing missionary work, and papa expects to hold meetings soon. Newton is a quiet country town of about four thousand inhabitants. We have Sabbath-school at home, and hope to bring others in soon.

I am fourteen years old, and this is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. My two older sisters are training for nurses. I hope to meet all the readers in the earth made new. Hoping that this will be printed, I close with love to all the INSTRUCTOR readers.

NORAH V. BOYLE.

MERRIAM, KAN., Sept. 1, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: In the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of August 28, I read a "Scripture Enigma," and below you will find my answer to it:—

1. Theophilus. Luke 1:3.
2. Hazeroth. Num. 12:16.
3. Ephphatha. Mark 7:34.
4. Nimrod. Gen. 10:9.
5. Isaac. Gen. 24:63.
6. Gershom. Ex. 2:22.
7. Hiddekel. Gen. 2:14.
8. Troas. 2 Tim. 4:13.
9. Cana. John 21:2.
10. Obadiah. 1 Kings 18:5.
11. Manasseh. 2 Kings 20:21.
12. Enon. John 3:23.
13. Timothy. 1 Tim. 4:12.
14. Haran. Gen. 11:27.

15. I find that the initial letters of the answers as they come in order spell "The night cometh."

We have a lively little Sabbath-school at Merriam, Kansas, about one and one-half miles from here, which I attend weekly; but we have no church-school nearer than Kansas City. I attended the last two terms, and I expect to attend the coming term. I was graduated from the eighth grade last term, and expect to take up the ninth grade course this term. My parents and grandparents are all in the truth.

I have enjoyed the weekly visits of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for several years, and know it to be a very instructive and helpful little paper. Should it discontinue its visits to our home, I should miss it much.

Hoping you will find my answers all correct, I close, hoping to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

HAZEL E. SURDAM.

ESHCOL, MISS., Aug. 23, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and I certainly enjoy it very much. There are some pieces that I like especially, and it does me good to read them. I shall be fourteen years old August 25, and I am trying to be a good Christian girl, and perhaps by my example some will yield themselves to the dear Saviour. May 5, 1906, I fully made up my mind to give myself wholly to Jesus, and by experience I have found out that any one can be a Christian where he is.

Now, dear readers who are not serving the Lord, decide in a very short time, if you want to see Jesus in peace, to be a true Christian through the merits of our Saviour.

Of course you will have severe temptations, and you may unexpectedly yield to them some times, but do not give up; the Lord is willing to help you, and he will do so if you ask him and believe he will.

It makes me feel very sad to think Jesus is soon coming and there are so many who are not trying to do right. I haven't been baptized yet, but would like to be. Brother H. W. Pierce is our pastor, also superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and Mrs. Atwood is the secretary. We do not go to Sabbath-school, but I would like to. We live five or six miles from Quitman on a large farm. The farmers have been pulling fodder, and will have to begin to pick cotton in a few weeks. Last March we went through a terrible cyclone, but we were preserved from death.

As my letter is already quite long, I will close; so good-by. I hope I shall meet all of you in heaven.

JESSIE ROGERS.



## More Bible Questions

[A Sabbath-school class in South Africa has been much interested in looking up the answers to the following Bible questions. There are forty in the list; only twenty will be given this week. I am glad so many are interested in the Bible questions. I wonder if there are not some who would enjoy finding the answers and receive good from it who have not yet tried doing so. Now is a good time to begin. We will wait one month for the answers.—ED.]

1. WHAT woman killed a man with a nail?
2. What prophet took two men into the parlor?
3. When the people wanted a king, what did Samuel tell them their girls would do?
4. When was a girl sold for wine?
5. In what city will the streets be full of boys and girls playing?
6. How far removed was Enoch from Adam?
7. Where does the Bible tell us that "all the rivers run into the sea"?
8. Where does the Bible tell us "there is no new thing under the sun"?
9. What prophet tells us that "God's people shall never be ashamed"?
10. When did the fire lick up the water?
11. What did Elisha use to make the waters of the spring good?
12. What did a soldier do on a snowy day?
13. What man longed for a drink out of the old well?
14. Who had twenty-four fingers and toes?
15. Who did God say had waxed fat and kicked?
16. What did Moses when blessing the children of Israel, or the twelve tribes, say of Asshur's shoes?
17. What woman lent her little boy unto the Lord?
18. To what man did the Lord tell something in his ear?
19. Who said there was but a step between him and death?
20. What was the covenant between David and Johnathan?

MRS. INEZ MASON.

## Our Life

IN Paul's defense before the Jews at Jerusalem, and also before Festus and Agrippa at Cæsarea, he appealed to his own conversion and experience. So powerful was this plea, that King Agrippa said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Our own life and experience, if it be hid with Christ in God, is our most eloquent exhortation. We can speak with a certainty of those things which we have seen and heard. God's love and goodness, told to others, is one of the strongest arguments for its reception. The simple story of what Christ has done for us—the peace he gives in the midst of the world's pandemonium; the joy we feel, even though surrounded with sorrow; the love which glows in our hearts, though the love of many is waxing cold—the words we speak being corroborated by our cheerful countenances, expressive of love for all our fellow beings, begets in the beholder a desire for such an experience. We instinctively seek the association of those whose lives are full of happiness. Let us go forth scattering the darkness with the Sun of righteousness.

C. E. HOLMES.

"SYMPATHY is a blessing only as it blossoms into service."

"KIND thoughts and tender words and generous tasks,—  
These for the sorrowing ones the Master asks.  
None are so poor but have some love to shower  
On poorer than themselves, and this is power."

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

## II—The Christian Life

(October 13)

MEMORY VERSE: "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." 1 John 2:6.

REVIEW.—Last week we learned that — have sinned, and —. Jesus was sent to —. His name means —. Those who wish to be — will —. To repent means —. There are — kinds of repentance. True repentance will lead us to —. When we do this, God says he will —. To encourage us he promises to —.

## Questions

1. When God forgives our sins, what do we become? 2 Cor. 6:18.
2. What must we do if we would grow? 1 Peter 2:2.
3. What did Paul tell Timothy to do? 2 Tim. 2:15.
4. What did Jesus say we should do with the Scriptures? John 5:39.
5. What else is necessary if we would grow as Christians? Phil. 4:6.
6. What is prayer? When should we pray? Luke 18:1.
7. Give an example of how Jesus prayed. Luke 6:12.
8. Mention a promise to those who pray. Matt. 7:7; Mark 11:24.
9. How does Jesus feel when we come to him for help? Matt. 7:9-11.
10. In what way may we come to him for help? Heb. 4:16.
11. How will the children of God show their love for him? John 14:23, 24.
12. When we sin, what provision is made? 1 John 2:1. What is an "advocate"?

## Lesson Story

When God for Christ's sake forgives your sins and you become his child, a new life begins. Then "as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."

Children grow. Christians should "grow in grace."

If we would grow, we must have food. The word of the Lord is heavenly bread. Then, "Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read."

If we would grow as Christians, we must pray. "Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend. Jesus often prayed. Pray when you are alone, and as you go about during the day, lift your heart to God. Satan can not overcome him whose heart is thus stayed on God."

God has given many promises to those who pray. When Jesus lived on earth, he often prayed to his Father, and sometimes spent all night in prayer. He tells us, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Just as a loving father takes delight in giving his children the things they need, so our Heavenly Father takes pleasure in hearing our prayers and giving us those things that will be for our good. This should encourage us to "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace in time of need."

If we are children of God, we shall keep his commandments; "for this is the love of God that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous." If we continue to disobey God, we may know that the truth is not in us.

The fifth commandment is given for children. One never grows too old to honor his father and mother, and those who obey are promised long life in the land which God will give his people.

We do not earn eternal life by obedience, but we obey God because we love him, because he has forgiven our sins, and because we do not want to grieve him. It was sin that caused Jesus to die, and when we disobey him, we crucify him afresh.

We become Christians by living as Jesus did when on earth. When we fail, Jesus is our advocate. An advocate is "one who pleads the cause of another in court."

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

## II—The Head of the Plan of Salvation

(October 13)

MEMORY VERSE: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

## Questions

1. Who is the author of the plan of salvation? John 3:16.
2. How is this thought expressed in the Psalms? Ps. 68:9, 20.
3. What does the Lord desire to have proclaimed to the people? Isa. 40:9.
4. Through what is this salvation made known to us? Rom. 1:16.
5. What does this salvation reveal? Rom. 1:17. How is it to be appropriated? Rom. 1:17.
6. How helpless is man to save himself from his sins? Ps. 146:3, 4, margin.
7. How do the nations of the earth appear before the Lord? Isa. 40:17, 22.
8. Yet what does God deign to do? Isa. 57:15.
9. How is this illustrated in the case of Cornelius? Acts 10:35.
10. That the Lord may do this for each one, what does he ask each one to do? Isa. 55:6, 7.
11. What assurance does he give that he will not disappoint those who seek him? Isa. 41:10.
12. When is our salvation to be fully revealed? How are we kept that we may receive it? 1 Peter 1:5.
13. Knowing that we are living in the last days, what is it high time to do? Why? Rom. 13:11, 12.

## Notes

The plan for our redemption was not an after-thought, a plan formulated after the fall of Adam. It was a revelation of "the mystery which hath been kept in silence through times eternal." It was an unfolding of the principles that from eternal ages have been the foundation of God's throne. From the beginning, God and Christ knew of the apostasy of Satan, and of the fall of man through the deceptive power of the apostate. God did not ordain that sin should exist, but he foresaw its existence, and made provision to meet the terrible emergency. So great was his love for the world, that he covenanted to give his only begotten Son, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—"Desire of Ages," page 20.

Before the foundations of the earth were laid, the Father and the Son had united in a covenant to redeem man if he should be overcome by Satan. They had clasped their hands in a solemn pledge that Christ should become the surety for the human race. This pledge Christ has fulfilled. When upon the cross he cried out, "It is finished," he addressed the Father. The compact had been fully carried out. Now he declares, "Father, it is finished. I have done thy will, O my God. I have completed the work of redemption. If thy justice is satisfied, 'I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.'"—*Id.*, page 834.





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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.

A CELEBRATED evangelist was asked by a young man how to be a Christian. "Turn to the right and go straight ahead," said the preacher.

ALL the starving peasants of the Russian empire, it is estimated, might be fed for one year on the proceeds of the sale of the wealth accumulated at the czar's winter palace.

A LEADER of one of our Young People's Societies just sent to the Office five yearly subscriptions to the INSTRUCTOR, making thirty she has obtained the last year. She writes, "I speak a good word for our paper whenever I can." If other leaders would follow this worker's example, the subscription list of the INSTRUCTOR would be materially increased, and the young people would be benefited thereby.

ONE of our sisters acting as maid for a German countess, being deeply convicted one day of her unworthiness, wept before the Lord in prayer. While her eyes were still red from weeping, she was summoned by bell to the countess. She felt at first that she could not answer the call, then she thought she must go, but should take time to make preparation; finally she decided to go just as she was. The countess of course observed at once that she had been crying, so she asked if she had received ill news. The woman told her that she had not, and then explained why her face appeared as it did. The countess threw her arms about the maid's neck, and said that she, too, felt greatly in need of help. They had a good talk together, and to-day the countess is happy in the third angel's message.

### "In Their Hands They Shall Bear Thee Up"

ONE day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to walk alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him that he might do so, but charged him not to let her fall. A gentleman met them and said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?" "Yes, sir." "Can she walk alone?" "Yes, sir, on smooth ground." "And how did she get over all these stones?" "O, mother told me to be careful not to let her fall, so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so she wouldn't hit her little foot against it!"

Then the gentleman said, "George, you can understand better now that beautiful text, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people

over difficulties just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it now?" "O, yes, sir; and I shall never forget it." — *Selected.*

### Lasting Courage

A CREW of fifteen men once left a burning vessel in mid-Pacific. In their haste they snatched some food and water, but did not get oars, sail, or anything with which to propel their little craft. They were thousands of miles from land. For six long weeks they lived in that boat, and for more than half of the time without food and water, yet they never lost courage, for they perceived from the outset that their boat was in the current of an equatorial stream, a current which they knew would surely carry them at last to land. So the Christian who has implicit faith in the guiding providences of God never loses courage, however sore the trials and afflictions that come to him. He knows that God is not unmindful of him, and that he is in the heavenly current, so will surely be brought into the eternal haven at last.

### The Scripture Enigma in Instructor of August 28, 1906

THE following list gives the names of those who solved the enigma and read the fourteen chapters. There were two lists sent in without the names of the authors being appended, making twenty-seven responses that have been received by the editor:—

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Birdie Cruzan       | Lizzie Bennett     |
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| Mrs. C. E. Burgeson | Lucy Marr          |
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### The Lotus of Egypt

If you have ever seen a bright-pink pond-lily, then you know how the sacred lily, or lotus, of Egypt looked. Some one who wrote about this lovely flower many years ago, called it the "rose-lily." When we read about ancient Egypt, we learn not only about the sacred lotus, but also something concerning the sweet-scented blue lotus, and the white lotus. The seeds of the white lotus were used for food, being made into bread. They were sometimes called the "sacred bean," and tasted like sweet almonds. It was said that foreigners who lived upon this lotus fruit forgot their native country, and so a wise man of Greece wrote a little precept, "Abstain from beans," to warn his countrymen not to eat of it.

The flowers of the sacred lotus were offered to their gods by the Egyptians, and its lovely form was painted and carved upon their temples.

They made great use of the lotus flowers at their festivals. Each guest was given a lotus, just as a rosebud is sometimes put in a finger-bowl. The walls of the room where the feast was given were decorated with them. A vase filled with the fragrant lotus flowers was placed upon a table before the giver of the feast. Then the servants brought in necklaces of lotus flowers to adorn the neck of each guest, and a wreath of

the same flowers was placed upon the head of each. This wreath was so arranged that a lotus bud or a cluster of blossoms fell exactly in the middle of the forehead. Think of one of our rooms decorated and filled with our lovely white pond-lilies, then you can have some idea of the beauty of these Egyptian festivals.

The lotus was also regarded as a symbol of life by the ancient Egyptians. They sowed its seed by wrapping it in clay, and then throwing it into the water. Many think that the words of the Bible, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," refers to the way in which the seeds of the lotus were sown.

The beautiful "rose-lily," or sacred lotus, is said to grow no longer by the Nile. But it may still be seen carved upon the ancient temples.

It was the people who lived in Upper Egypt who took the lotus for their emblem. Those in Lower Egypt chose the papyrus—a reed which grows in the valley of the Nile. From its inner bark, paper was first made.

The lotus is still held as a sacred flower by many Eastern nations.—*Fanny A. Deane.*

### October

My ornaments are fruits, my garments leaves,  
Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed;  
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,  
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside,  
Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,  
The dreamy air is full, and overflows  
With tender memories of the summer-tide  
And mingled voices of the doves and crows.  
— *Longfellow.*

### "Studies in Gospel History" by Prof. M. E. Kern

A SERIES of forty-five lessons on the life of Christ, the second edition of that part of the author's "Lessons in New Testament History," dealing with this subject. Adopted by the recent educational convention for use in the ninth grade. Can be used in lower grades by omitting some of the more difficult questions. Valuable for private study. Printed on calendered paper, and substantially bound in cloth; illustrated; 350 pages; price, 75 cents. Order of Union College Press, College View, Neb., or our publishing houses or tract societies.

To discover truth is the best happiness of an individual; to communicate it, the greatest blessing he can bestow upon society.—*Townsend.*

### Moral Cosmetics

YE who would have your features florid,  
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,  
From age's devastation horrid,  
Adopt this plan—  
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,  
A hale old man:

Refrain in youth luxurious diet;  
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;  
Devoted to domestic quiet,  
Be wisely gay;  
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,  
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,  
But find your richest, dearest treasure  
In God, his Word, his work, not leisure:  
The mind, not sense,  
Is the sole scale by which to measure  
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,  
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,  
That disappoints not man's reliance,  
Whate'er his state,  
But challenges, with calm defiance,  
Time, fortune, fate.

— *Horace Smith.*