



**Gwynn's Falls**

THE silver, wind-blown waters run  
O'er Gwynn's Falls, and in rarest glee,  
Their wave eyes sparkling in the sun,  
Dance up to rock and waving tree.

And o'er its surface in a boat  
We drift or row this sweet-born day,  
And watch the cloud-ships lazy float,  
Like anchored craft in sheltered bay.

Mid leafy halls with columns gray,  
Soft echo the organ-winds sweet sound;  
The happy, singing birds this day  
Pour all their raptured praises round.

Far up the glowing emerald vales  
The feeding kine sweet chime their bells,  
And on the wings of peaceful gales  
The willow down floats through the dells.

O'er all the rock-lined, high-browed hills,  
From top to base the columbines  
Quick nod their heads as each wind thrills  
Them through with lute-accompanied lines.

Swift o'er the dam the waters flow,  
And break o'er rocks in foaming spray,  
Or, curtain-like, smooth roll below,  
Or down the race-course steal away.

And cedar-crowned stand all the hills,  
Brave, stalwart guards o'er valleys sweet,  
And slip their feet in cooling rills  
That, singing, flow the falls to greet.

Fair are the scenes that meet our eyes,  
And sweet the odorous breath of spring,  
And like the clouds in yonder skies  
We drift, and, happy-hearted, sing.

GEORGE E. TACK.

**Below the Water-Line**

A VESSEL might be clad in armor from the upper decks down to the water-line, and still not be invincible if a shot should strike her below the edge of the steel plate with which she is encased. A shot from one of the terrible guns that are carried on the men-of-war of our times might pierce her woodwork, and she might go to the bottom because she was not protected in the part which is away down out of sight.

Knowing this, the ship-builders who send out the mighty ships that may be called upon to wage war for the support of the nation, see to it that every part of the body of the vessel they make is shielded with armor against any blow that may come below the surface.

In these days it seems to be almost impossible to find men for places of trust who will stand true against every form of temptation. Often, after we have chosen the very best men it is possible to find, men who stand well in society, men who promise great things, men who have gained wealth and some degree of honor among their fellows, these are the very ones who go down under the fierce blast of temptation. When such a downfall comes, we stand appalled, and ask ourselves if the whole world has gone wrong, and if there are no men anywhere who can be trusted.

What is wrong with these men who look so grand and promise so much?

If we could go down into their very hearts, we should find that somewhere there is a

weak point. Below the water-line, the armor of the ship is lacking. While apparently grounded in all that makes manhood strong, while able to achieve in a large measure what the world calls success, while to all outward appearances holding a high place in society, somewhere the life has been left unprotected, so that the first shot of evil from the gun of the enemy strikes it down.

It is a great thing to know when one is safe from the assaults of sin. Many a man believes honestly that he is able to hold his own against any and all attacks that may be made upon him when he goes into the hot battle of life. You have no doubt heard men say,—and perhaps you have said it yourself,—“I know I could meet any temptation to do wrong. I would not fall as this man fell. It was a terrible thing that he should make such a wreck of himself, but I do not fear that I would go that way. I am strong enough to stand up against every such inclination to do wrong.”

When a young man feels like saying that, let him stop and say over to himself the words of Paul: “Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

There is such a thing as being too sure of one's strength. How do we know that we shall stand where others have gone down? There is just one

way, and thank God, there is one! That is the way of the Man who was tempted in all points like as we are, and who yet never fell. In his armor there was no weak point. Below the water-line the steel was just as invincible as it was up where the eye could reach.

Of all the men who have gone down in the dark waters of temptation did you ever hear a single one say, “I trusted in Jesus, and he failed me”? O, no! You never did. You never will. The man who wraps himself about with that shield can never be destroyed. He is safe forever.

I wonder if you have heard of the little spider found in some parts of the world which has its home deep under water? This tiny creature has been blessed with the power to blow a bubble of water about itself in such a way that while inside this wall of crystal, it can plunge deep beneath the surface, and come up by and by when it wishes to, as dry as when it went down.

Shall we not see in this an illustration of what the power of God can be to us if we but let it come into our lives? Everywhere we go, the wide world over, we shall be within reach of

the cannon-shots of sin. They are directed against every man who comes into this world. There is a purpose in their assaults, and that purpose is the ruin of our souls. We do not want to fail. We long to claim the promise that has been given to the faithful. We are many times sure that we will, but never can we be quite sure until we know that we are safely wrapped about by the keeping power of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps.—*Edgar L. Vincent, in Young People.*



GWYNN'S FALLS

**Mind Food**

THE subject of hygiene relating to the physical system has become a consideration of great importance, and the question of the purest and most healthful foods is claiming the attention of the medical and scientific world.

But while manufacturers, dealers, and consumers are in conflict over the pure-food question, few ever raise inquiry relative to the purity of the mind food supplied to the reading world,—the mass of literature on which the public mind is

feeding, the exhaustless stores of books and periodicals flooding our land, presenting every variety of sentiment, pure and impure, healthful or poisonous. Behold the eager multitude, seeking their daily supply. See the flaming pages of the "daily," the fascinating title of the last published novel! How quickly the attention is fixed on some glowing work of fiction, portraying life in all the fantastic coloring of the unreal or perhaps clouding it with the dark shadows of folly and crime. Whatever the inspiration, the fascinated reader must hasten to the end, consuming the daylight hours, perhaps the night hours as well. Often the old as well as the young thus devote their precious time which is needed for life's important duties.

The reading of fiction is, to the mental appetite, much like taking the intoxicating cup; each taste excites the appetite for more, till the habit becomes irresistible. But the saddest effect is, this mental intoxication destroys the taste for wholesome reading, thus shutting out the rich stores of most valuable knowledge in the fields of literature, science, and religion. Think of the mind starving on the worse than useless husks of fiction, wasting life's precious hours given to store the mind with the heavenly treasures of truth and virtue, the true essentials of happiness in the present life, and the only security to eternal blessedness.

Dear young friends, seeking the culture of mind and heart, I pray you avoid most strenuously *novel reading* as one of the chief snares of the enemy of souls. Save life's precious hours to secure the treasures of pure knowledge, especially the blessed stores of God's Holy Book. The human mind can never estimate the glorious truths contained in the Bible. It is truly the bread of life, the heavenly manna for a famishing world, supplying the needs of mind and soul. Thank God, his written Word has been so far dispensed to the world, bearing the heavenly radiance of truth over the dark mazes of sin, a guiding star in the pathway of life. Thank God for the saving power of his truth which has so blessed our land, and is now sending forth the gospel message to the darkest corners of the earth.

MRS. S. M. SPICER.

#### I Wonder

WHEN I think of life from its beginning;  
All down the wearisome way,  
With its trouble, its sorrow and sinning,  
Its heart-trials day after day,  
Its sorrowful partings asunder,  
Death-beds and epitaphs sad,  
O, then it is often I wonder  
We mortals can ever be glad!

When I read in the dear Bible story,  
Written for you and for me,  
Of the Saviour who came down from glory  
To die for such rebels as we;  
When I think of the home over yonder,  
The joys that are there to be had,  
O, then it is often I wonder  
We mortals can ever be sad!

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

#### Keep Out of Debt

LIVE within your income is an excellent motto for all our young people. Do not be a miser, or stingy, or niggardly in your dealings, but study economy, and learn to live within your income. Do not waste, but gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

The desperado, Orchard, whose confessions of crime have shocked the world, assigns as a partial reason for his course that he got into debt. To relieve his financial distress he burned his factory to collect the insurance. This he, in turn, used for other wicked purposes.

Moral: Keep out of debt. Be industrious, work hard, and earn an honest living. Be careful in all your dealings. Tell the truth, and if possible

meet every financial obligation when due. "Vow and pay."

Debt is bondage. Men have been led to gamble and steal in order to cancel a debt. Learn how to avoid getting in debt. Though you may need a thing, better wait until you have the money with which to buy it than to place yourself under a burden of debt. Business transactions conducted on a cash basis is an excellent policy for all our young people to adopt.

G. B. THOMPSON.

#### Men Who Have Used Their Eyes

EARLY in the eighteenth century a young man was plowing a field on his farm. While his horses were resting at noontime, he picked a common daisy and began to study its structure. Attracted by the great beauty of a flower that was regarded as only a weed, he felt ashamed that he had given so little attention to the wondrous forms of life he saw on every hand. His thirst for knowledge led him to ride one of his horses to the near-by city of Philadelphia that very day. The only book to be found on plant life was in the Latin language, which he had never learned. That circumstance, however, did not dampen his zeal. He carried home the book, and also a Latin grammar and dictionary, and entered at once upon his arduous task. Not only did this young student become the leading botanist of America, but his fame extended over the ocean. When Charles Kingsley visited Philadelphia, and his host asked what he most of all desired to see, the reply was, "John Bartram's garden." The farmer who had learned to use his eyes to some good purpose had established on the bank of the Schuylkill the first botanical garden in America.

One day James G. Blaine remarked to his friend, Dr. Hill, of Augusta, Maine, that there was not enough cotton and rags in the world to supply the newspapers with their raw material; and he ventured the opinion that unless the problem could soon be solved, half the newspapers in the country would fail.

Not long after this conversation, Dr. Hill stepped into the office of a paper-mill with a hornet's nest in his hand, and said to the superintendent, "Why can't you make paper like this?" The doctor's trained eye had discovered what had escaped the notice of others—that the insects began the process of nest-making by chewing up particles of wood to a fine pulp.

After a careful examination of the structure of the nest, the two men reached the conclusion that what a hornet has done, man should be able to do. The wood-pulp industry, which had its origin in these investigations, has reduced the price of paper from thirty cents to one and one-half cents a pound. "To produce the paper used by either one of the largest New York dailies," says a recent writer, "ten acres of spruce forest must be cleared and swept into the paper-making machines every twenty-four hours."

When some one said to Turner, "I do not see such skies as you paint," the artist replied, "Don't you wish you could?"—*Congregationalist*.



#### Waltzing Ostriches

THERE are three ostrich farms in southern California, one each in Arizona, Kansas, and Florida. The *Rosary Magazine* states that there are not less than six thousand of these gigantic birds in this country, and thus describes their waltzing:—

Early morning visitors witness the most interesting performance of the birds, the matin waltz. When the sun's first rays strike across the field, the birds take their morning exercise to stretch their muscles and banish the chill of the night.

The larger ones begin the performance with a slow, stately dance, something like a minuet. Presently the whole flock joins in the measure, stepping high and weaving in and out in what seems to be a set, though complicated figure.

As the dance proceeds, the speed of the movement increases; then the birds begin to whirl about, and presently the quadrille merges into a waltz. The dancers, holding their heads high, raise their wings and spread their plumes in the sunshine, and in pairs waltz solemnly, strenuously, for a quarter of an hour.

Viewed from a distance, a band of waltzing ostriches—when the birds are in full feather—is a beautiful picture. At close range the preternatural gravity of the bird engaged in the seemingly frivolous pastime of the waltz makes him an irresistibly comic figure.—*Selected*.

#### The Flight of Summer

WHEN Summer's reign is almost o'er,  
And Autumn winds are wailing;  
When all the land, from shore to shore,  
The purple haze is veiling;  
When leaves exchange their green for gold  
In myriads none may number,  
Old Nature, then, her wealth untold  
Yields up, and sinks in slumber.

When song-birds to the Southland fly,  
While Autumn winds are wailing;  
When trees proclaim the winter nigh,  
Their leaves e'er downward sailing;  
When mystic sounds are in the air,  
And fields with grain are teeming;  
When drowsy bees hum everywhere,  
Old Nature starts her dreaming.

J. FRED SANTEE.

#### The Coconut Palm

THIS is the king of the island-world of trees. Its feathery crown springs from the top of the stately stem that rises eighty or ninety feet from the ground. The leaves are eighteen feet in length, arranged on the side of the central foot-stalk. The nuts are borne in bunches of from ten to twenty nuts, and often on one tree there will be from ten to fifteen of these bunches of ripening nuts at one time. A grove of coconut trees is a little fortune for a Pacific islander. The juice of the nut furnishes him drink; but the nut furnishes oil and food; the leaves weave his carpet and the walls of his house; the mid-rib is his thread; from the leaves he makes his thatch, baskets, hats, fans, and clothing. The delicate fiber he has learned to weave into a fabric that is softer than silk. Old nuts and the refuse of the nuts used to make oil are fed to cattle and pigs.—*Selected*.

#### Music-Loving Doves

THE following authentic story was related to me by a friend:—

"When a girl of sixteen," she says, "I used to sit near an open window in the third story of a Chicago flat, and practise on the piano. A short distance away was a large unused storage shed, the roof of which rose level with my window. In and about this shed a hundred or more doves made their home. One day while practising, I noticed the birds sitting on the very edge of the roof nearest the open window, in the attitude of listening. This appealed to me as peculiar; for at the time I was patiently drilling away on De Gerville's French melody 'The Awakening of the Birds.' I then began practising on another study, and the birds gradually dispersed. But no sooner did I begin over the French melody, than they began to gather again and listen. I gave the test at different times; always with the same results. One old bird took the lead; he would come nearer and nearer, pausing now and then as though listening, apparently appreciating the notes as if he were

human. I believe in time the birds would have come over to my window."

VINA M. SHERWOOD.

### Our Schools Will Do It

"SOMETHING better" is the watchword of education, the law of all true living. Whatever Christ asks us to renounce, he offers in its stead something better. Often the youth cherish objects, pursuits, and pleasures that may not appear to be evil, but that fall short of the highest good. They divert the life from its noblest aim. Arbitrary measures or direct denunciation may not avail in leading these youth to relinquish that which they hold dear. Let them be directed to something better than display, ambition, or self-indulgence. Bring them in contact with truer beauty, with loftier principles, and with nobler lives. Lead them to behold the One "altogether lovely." When once the gaze is fixed upon him, the life finds its center. The enthusiasm, the generous devotion, the passionate ardor of the youth, find here their true object. Duty becomes a delight, and sacrifice a pleasure. To honor Christ, to become like him, to work for him, is the life's highest ambition and its greatest joy. "The love of Christ constraineth."—*Education.*

### One Truth Only

To sacrifice the greater good for an immediate gratification is a bad bargain.

I talked with a girl who had left school at the eighth grade, and had gone into the mill.

"Your mother said she could have fed and clothed you until you were through the high school. Why did you go to work?"

"Because I wanted money, so that I could dress better than mother could afford to dress me."

"But have you thought that in five years from now, and more so in ten years from now, you will be only a mill girl, without power to attract or enjoy the kind of friends who are leaders in the best things? You have possibilities of an intellectual sort which you will starve, while you will become only a machine. You are sacrificing years of the highest pleasure for a few gowns and hats and ribbons."—*Selected.*

### "Only the Eternal Is Important"

A SHORT prayer in the "English Prayer-Book" says: "Help us not to so prize things temporal that we shall lose things eternal."

"Live for eternity! Live for the things that endure!" said a father in his last talk with his son. The son said later:—

"I grew to understand that any calculation which planned only for this life was a very imperfect plan. It was like a porch which had led the way to no house, but was only a porch, and utterly without meaning. And when I began to live for eternity—to live with the thought and plan that this life was only the introduction to one infinitely greater and better—*then* things took right relations. I could more easily bear life's disappointments and trials, because I was on my way to a better country." Live not for the present, but for all the eternity that one is heir to.

In Raphael's picture of Saint Cecilia, the saint who is the patroness of music is represented as having caught the sound of heavenly music in the skies above her. As she listens with enraptured face, her own organ slips from her hands. It no longer satisfies her since she has heard heavenly music. Live for the best, listen to the best, and cheaper pleasures will lose their charm.

Browning has a poem called, "The Grammarian's Funeral," which tells how, in the revival of learning which came to Europe, a man gave himself to the study of perfecting the Greek language. He realized that it was a great under-

taking. He grew to be an old man, and his task was still unfinished. His pleasure-loving friends said, "Live now or never."

He said: "What's time? Leave *now* for the dogs and apes. Man has forever!"—*Jennie M. Bingham.*

### How Does It Seem to You?

It seems to me I'd like to go  
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow;  
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't  
sound,  
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real still stillness, but just the trees'  
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,  
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones  
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,  
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,  
Or just some such sweet sounds as these  
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'twern't for sight and sound and smell,  
I'd like the city pretty well;  
But when it comes to getting rest,  
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must  
Just quit the city's din and dust,  
And get out where the sky is blue;  
And say, now how does it seem to you?  
—*Eugene Field.*

### Saved by a Call to Service

IN one of Ralph Conner's stories there is an account of a man in whom this truth is illustrated. He did not want the good the church could do him. He was intemperate in his habits. The day of the races has come, and the minister fears for Sandy. A temperance lecture would do no good. An appeal to self-interest would fall on deaf ears. But a happy thought came to the minister. "Sandy," he said, "I am afraid about Donald to-day. If he gets in with that company again, they will strip him of all he has, and what about his home and family? We must save him from the saloon to-day; can't you keep an eye on him, and see that he keeps sober?" Sandy straightened himself. He was no mere sinner to be "gathered in," but a man to help others. "I will be doing my best, sir." And he did. He forgot all about himself that day in his eagerness to protect Donald; he was to the minister instead of eyes, and in saving others he saved himself. The call to render service will often win men for Christ and his church when the assurance of spiritual benefit finds no response.—*M. A. MacKinnon.*

### The Butter-Face

Strength and wisdom only flower  
When we toil for all our kind.

—*Lowell.*

"WHAT is the matter?" I asked a friend in whose house I was staying, noticing the agitated expression on her face.

"O," she said, with such a gasp of anxiety, "*the butter hasn't come!*"

Now she could not have looked more anxious and distressed had she been watching her dearest friend drowning in the sea, and been unable to give any help; and it has taken much kindly chaff about the "butter-face" to cure her of worrying so over trifles.

It is curious how a word or phrase like that "butter-face" will do more toward curing a bad habit than all the sermons in the world. A catchword has a way of sticking in one's memory, and coming up aptly at the right moment with its helpful little sting.

### Look in the Glass

and see if you are wearing a butter-face to-day—a droop about mouth-corners, an anxious look in the eyes, and maybe just a shadow of the

little black dog peeping over your shoulder; and, if you see anything suspicious, just ask yourself why it is there, and ten to one you will find it is only that the butter hasn't come, and not a lasting grief.

I don't think the butter-face is ever worn by those who have a selfish, grumbling spirit. Theirs is the disagreeable, angry look, and their anxieties are all for self.

My friend cared not a jot for her own share of the pound of butter. If there was the least bit of self mixed up in her anxiety, it was that she rather prided herself on her housekeeping; but I think her chief feeling was that the others would be inconvenienced. This is a very —

### Common Form of Worry

and, though not so bad as selfish woes, is quite inexcusable, and not a bit fair to other people.

For just consider, Madam Butter-face, you are worrying about something that will slightly disturb your husband's comfort. Do you think he would like you to fret because he must eat marmalade instead of butter for his breakfast? Would you like your nearest and dearest to worry like that for you?

No, of course not, so why do it for others? It is like that subtle selfishness which leads a woman to neglect her own health rather than give others the pleasure (she calls it trouble) of waiting on her.

There is an expressive proverb,—  
"It will be all the same in a hundred years,"  
which, to my mind, is absolutely false and misleading in any matter connected with character, but which may be applied with truth to the butter difficulty.

Perhaps if we say, "It will all be the same the week after next," we shall keep on the right side of the proverb. In fact, it will be all the same the day after to-morrow in most household difficulties; that is, if we don't worry about them.

If we start with a butter-face, and let it develop into ill-humor—snapping at our neighbor and so on, with all the awful power of example—instead of being a trifle forgotten in a day, its ill effects may stretch on full a hundred years.

If we raise the pound of butter to such a high place in our estimation, other things really important get crowded out.

Surely the noblest minds, though not neglecting the butter and cheese, don't waste their worrying powers.

If we must worry, is there not enough sin and suffering in the world to worry about that we can help to check, suffering that we may heal?

But don't let us forget about the butter.

Let us choose our butterman wisely, so that housekeeping may give the minimum of trouble, and keep our spare moments for larger things.

—*Home Chat.*

## Religious Liberty Department

### Scented Sabbath-Breaking

A FARMER living in Kansas rode to the county attorney's home a few Sundays ago, and demanded the arrest of some men who were working the roads, "thereby violating the sabbath." The county attorney was busy pulling weeds in his garden. He stopped long enough, however, to advise the farmer to go before the justice of the peace. But the justice was out fixing his windmill. He was then asked to telephone the sheriff, but that official was loading cattle at the stock-yards.

Thoroughly indignant, the man determined to saddle a horse and ride for a constable. But his wife, who was canning fruit, told him the boys had driven the horse to town, where they had gone to attend a baseball game. The girls, she said, had gone to a picnic.

Whereupon the farmer gave it up, and filling a jug with hard cider, went fishing.—*Selected.*



### Our Young People's Missionary Volunteer Work

#### Program

SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 311.

SCRIPTURE READING: 2 Sam. 18: 19-33.

PRAYER.

SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 408.

PAPERS:—

"The General Conference Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department."

"The Significance of Our New Name." Reference: an article in the *Review* of September 5, by Elder A. G. Daniells.

"Organization of Young People's Societies."

MUSIC: "Christ in Song," No. 406; or, male quartet, "Christ in Song," No. 525.

PAPERS:—

"Membership of Attainment."

"The Missionary Volunteer Reading Course." Reference: articles on page four of *INSTRUCTOR* dated September 10.

Other Interesting Items from the Convention Report.

CLOSING SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 387.

#### Note

This program has been prepared that we may become better acquainted with our own organization and work. It is designed that the members of each Society shall have access to the copies of the report of the convention which has been published, that the subjects be assigned to different individuals at least one week in advance, and that these persons prepare talks, not only from the articles either given or referred to in these columns, but also from the report, and from articles on the convention, by Professor Griggs, in the *Review* of August 1, and by Elder Thompson in the *Review* of August 8, and from any other reports that may have appeared.

Music is an important part of the worship of God. Let the leader, or whoever has charge of this part of the work, select live and interesting songs to blend with the sentiment of the meeting. Those mentioned above are only suggestive.

### The General Conference Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department

No doubt many of our young people have followed with interest all the developments of our young people's work during the last few years. It has been apparent that an increasing number of our workers have become deeply interested in this branch of the Lord's work. One great lack has been that of a sufficient number of workers in this special line, but under the fostering care of the General Conference Sabbath-school Department, and those who have been appointed in the various conferences to look after the interests of the young people's work, the work has developed until to-day we have two hundred and seventy-two organized Societies, with a total membership, including isolated ones, of fifty-four hundred young people.

Several months ago, the General Conference Committee decided to call a Sabbath-school and Young People's Convention, where the workers in these lines from all over the field could unite in earnest counsel on these two important branches of the work pertaining to our children and youth. The convention was appointed for July 10-20, to be held at Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Before the convention met, the General Conference Committee, in its biennial session at Gland, Switzerland, in May, decided to add to

the administrative arrangements of the General Conference a separate Young People's Department. The work of this new department was definitely launched at the Mount Vernon Convention. A definite policy was outlined, and several important recommendations as to its immediate work were made. All the resolutions, and the gist of the papers and discussions, are given in the report which has been published.

General, union, and local conference missionary volunteer officers can not make our young people's work a success. They are only the servants of the young people, to assist them in the great work to which God has called them. Then let all our young people everywhere inform themselves on this work. Let us appreciate the efforts our General Conference and local conferences are making in our behalf, and let us rally to the work of the Lord as never before.

"'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition  
The souls for whom the Lord his life laid down;  
Beware, lest slothful to fulfil thy mission,  
Thou lose one jewel that should deck his crown."

M. E. KERN.

"The Master calls, but the servants wait.  
Fields gleaming white 'neath a cloudless sky;  
Will none seize the sickle before, too late,  
Winds of winter come sweeping by?  
Who is delaying, Lord,—is it I?"

### Organization of Young People's Societies

"WILL the young men and young women who really love Jesus, organize themselves as workers not only for those who profess to be Sabbath-keepers, but for those who are not of our faith?"

"Young men and young women, can not you form companies and as soldiers of Christ enlist in the work; putting all your tact and skill and talent into the Master's service, that you may save souls from ruin?" "Let there be companies organized in every church to do this work."

Thirteen and fourteen years ago, instruction came to our young people through the spirit of prophecy, to organize for service. As we studied in the convention what has been said in this and other messages, in regard to organization, we found no call to any young people to organize except those who really love Jesus, and earnestly desire to co-operate with the Master in the salvation of souls. There is strength in the union of those who have this definite aim. It is the nicest and most sacred work to labor for the salvation of others, and there should be prayer and counsel together in regard to this work.

"Can not you form a band of workers and have set times to pray together, and ask the Lord to give you grace, and put forth united action?"

Some confuse in their minds the Young People's Societies and the young people's meeting. It is very desirable to have all the young people meet together, whether Christians or not; for this is one means of reaching the hearts of those who have not yet given their hearts to Jesus. It is also very important that the members should be able to meet, either all together or in smaller groups, to counsel in regard to their work for souls, and to seek the Lord in prayer together. Where this kind of work is done by the members, few will desire to join the Society until they have consecrated their lives to God.

Inasmuch as this matter has not been thoroughly understood by some, it was recommended by the convention (Resolution 4) that as soon as consistent, the conference secretaries should reorganize their Societies, under the new name, and that only those who are members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church and are desirous of engaging in active service for the Saviour should be asked to join the new Society.

Let all study the matter, and be prepared to co-operate with the conference secretary, if he thinks best to reorganize your Society.

It was further recommended that activity in missionary work be a requisite for retaining membership (Resolution 19). A thorough study of the purpose of our young people's work will help us materially in planning the organization.

M. E. KERN.

### Membership of Attainment

THERE is a story told of how a young man in the olden times was very anxious to bear tidings to King David, but his mission was a failure because he had "no tidings ready." 2 Samuel 18. The young people of this time have been called to bear tidings to the world. We have the greatest work before us that was ever committed to the young people of any age,—the advent message to all the world in this generation." What an honor to be the heralds of the King of kings! what a responsibility also!

Young man, young woman, have you your tidings ready? No amount of sentiment or surface enthusiasm will enable you to do this work. You must know God, and you must be acquainted with the truth for this time.

How shall we get ready? You who are in school have blessed opportunities to acquaint yourselves with the truth and become skilled workmen. There ought to be many more of our young people in our schools than there are, but whether for one reason or another we have not attended one of our schools, we recognize this fact, that the Lord requires service of us where we are. How shall such prepare themselves to do this work?

As we thought and prayed over this matter at the convention, clear light, we believe, was given. It is embodied in Resolution 5. Read it carefully. Here is something for our young people everywhere to work to. Determine that with God's help you will pass an examination in denominational history and the cardinal points of our faith. The first examination will be given next March. Begin now to plan for it. How many in your Society will be reported at the close of the first quarter of 1908 as having reached the standard of attainment?

The interest already manifested in this plan by the young people throughout the field is very encouraging. Plan together how you can reach it. Do you think that Joseph and Daniel knew the points of present truth in their time, and the history of God's people? Find Bible proof that they did.

"The history of Joseph and Daniel is an illustration of what He will do for those who yield themselves to him, and with the whole heart seek to accomplish his purpose."—*"Education,"* page 57. M. E. KERN.

God's plan, I think, is best for all:  
Each life some tears must know;  
In sun-lands, where no rain-showers fall,  
No flower can ever grow.  
—Eugene C. Dolson.

### Directory of the General Conference Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department

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Secretary: Miss Matilda Erickson, College View, Neb.

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Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. Fannie Dickerson Chase, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded on page six)



**Bible Problem**

THE number who in the ark were saved  
 By the number of anchors multiply,  
 That were cast where the angry ocean raved,  
 And ship-wrecked Paul to the Lord did cry.

Then from the sum thus found subtract  
 With care — lest figures should disagree —  
 The number of furlongs which we are told  
 Jerusalem was from Bethany.

Add the number of stones young David took —  
 When the proud Goliath he bravely slew —  
 From the pebbly bed of the crystal brook,  
 Where the waters sang, and the rushes grew.

To the sum obtained, please add the years  
 Of Joseph when he before Pharaoh stood,  
 And was given power o'er Egypt's land,  
 An honored ruler, both wise and good.

Add next the pairs of clean beasts saved  
 In the ark; when this you've fairly done,  
 The sum be sure to multiply  
 By the number of haughty Haman's sons.

The number of Joseph's sons now take  
 From the product thus found, and this divide  
 By the number of sons which Jacob saw,  
 Sturdy and strong, by his own fireside.

To the quotient found you will please to add  
 The number of times the Israelites bold  
 Encompassed the city of Jericho  
 With its solid walls and its castles old.

Seek now the age of the youthful king  
 Josiah, when he began to reign,  
 Subtract from the sum before obtained,  
 And with the result proceed again.

Find how many years King Solomon was  
 In building the wonderful temple, and add.  
 The number of cities of refuge subtract,  
 Of which Ramoth was one, of the tribe of Gad.

Be patient; subtract the number of kings  
 Hidden away in Makeddah's cave,—  
 Fleeing from wrath, but dying at last,  
 For their sinful lives they could not save.

If into your work no error has crept,  
 You will find by the texts all plainly given  
 The number of men who for Elijah sought,  
 After he in a chariot was taken to heaven.

— *Evangeline.*

**An Oak's Autobiography  
 An Acorn Story**

A TINY brown thing in the pocket of a boy — that's all I was, once. He found me lying on the ground under a big tree, which was my mother.

Earlier I had been very happy with my brothers and sisters as we rocked in our mother's arms; for at first, you know, we were little and green like most boys and girls, and we lay all day in our little green cradles.

The leaves that grew about us were also green; they kept the hot sun from scorching us, and they fanned us when the wind blew.

Of course we loved the leaves very much, because they were so good to us. Our mother loved them, too, almost as much as she did us. I think they were kin to us — cousins or something like that. At any rate, we all lived happily together. But after a while, when the beautiful summer was gone, our lives changed. Something, I don't know what, happened, and we found we were turning brown, every one of us. I suppose we played too long in the sun without our bonnets. Anyhow, we were surely very sunburnt.

The leaves, too, were no longer green, but

changed to red and gold. They were very pretty, and danced gaily in the breeze. Of course, we were not so pretty; for I heard them bragging about how Jack Frost had painted them one night from his wonderful box of colors. I do not know who he was, but I did not like his name from the very first.

We were no longer happy. Even our mother did not seem to love us, nor hold us so close; so that it was often all we could do to keep from falling when the wind was high. But it may have been she was tired, for she seemed so very drowsy all the time.

One day my little brother, whose cradle was just by mine, rolled over and crept very close to me, and told me the greatest secret. He had been eavesdropping, as naughty brothers will, and had heard the leaves planning some new dresses. Jack Frost was sure to come that night, for the wind blew right out of the north. I determined right then that I would sit up for him, and when he came, I would be very brave and beg him to make us as pretty as our cousins.

But when it grew dark, and the birdies were asleep in their nest in our tree, the wind blew so gently — O, so gently! — that before I knew it, I was fast asleep. Next morning when I woke up, the sun was shining, but I knew he had been there. I felt him. I was cold even through my warm, brown jacket.

And, O, the funniest thing had happened to the gay, giddy leaves! I laughed in spite of my good manners when I saw how brown and sober their friend's visit had made them. He brought nothing but brown paint that night, and he gave the whole world a good thick coat of it.

After that my cradle did not fit. I bumped so against the sides that I longed to get out and find a softer nest. So one day, when the wind was in a rage, he rocked us more than ever; and his voice was harsh, and his breath was cold. By and by he grew so angry, and shook us so hard, we lost our balance and fell down and down to the soft earth below. Our mother was so sleepy she could not keep us from falling, and though we lay at her feet, and her arms were still over us, she could not tell us what to do, for she was now sound asleep.

It was not long until I discovered all the leaves had fallen, too; and when I touched them, I soon saw that not only had their beauty faded, but they were even dead.

Poor, foolish leaves! you boasted of your loveliness, but your brief life is done! You must now decay and enrich us. We were always brown and ugly. You laughed at us, but we still live, and shall some day be changed into something beautiful.

We lay for a long time where we fell, and I could tell many fine stories of all I saw and heard. However, there is one thing I shall never know, and that is what became of my brothers and sisters. For as I told you when I started out, a boy picked me up and put me in his pocket. I think he intended to eat me.

It isn't altogether pleasant to stay in a boy's pocket. You know how it bulges out with marbles, tops, and strings, and many other little things a boy knows pockets are made for. But there was one thing in this pocket that he didn't know about. It was a hole; so one day as we crowded and jostled one another, I got beneath all the other things, and being so small, I fell out. The boy really didn't care; I was just an acorn; and that is how I came to be something else. He was scampering along a hot, dusty lane

when he lost me, and I was soon buried under the leaves and soil. After a while the April showers pattered down on my bed, and the warm sun shone down until I began to sprout, and feel the thrill of life.

I heard the voices of the birds, and I peeped out to see what they were singing about.

From a tiny green sprig I grew higher and higher until one day I stood a beautiful tall tree. I threw out my arms wider and wider. I filled them with green leaves; for I knew spring had come.

Many travelers rest under my shade, and praise my beauty; and I look out across the fields to the stretch of cool, green wood, and wonder if my mother is still there. If she is, she is very old, for soon quaintly carved cradles will be hidden among my leaves, and when the autumn days are come, I shall rock my own brown acorn babies.

**Two Scalybarks**

I have already told you of the wonderful stories I heard after I left my cradle and started out into the world. Secrets of field and forest folk, and of the earth children too, have been whispered into my ready ear.

At the first, just a few days after I had fallen to the ground, I looked out at the various trees of the forest, and wondered if all the little nuts were brown and ugly like an acorn, and if they had any trouble like mine.

One day, as the sun rose clear and bright, I saw it was a gala day in the woods. Every leaf had on its very best dress, and whirled and danced about. The Frost King was in the air, and death and decay would follow in his path, but the forest folk gave no thought to that, and the trees were all shaking with laughter.

The Hicories nodded to the Red Oaks, and the Maples bent their golden heads to listen. Even the scrubby little Blackjacks twisted themselves around to hear the secret.

The birds that had nested in the trees, gossiped and twittered as much as they found time on the eve of their southward flight, yet none of them would tell what all the fun was about. Presently a red squirrel poked his head from a hole in a hollow trunk, and discovered two Scalybarks perched on the topmost branch of a hickory tree, who were acting in such a silly way that everybody was laughing at them. Whether they were proud of their beauty or their position in the tree, I can not say, but without doubt they looked down on their neighbors as well as their own flesh and blood. Scalybarks as a rule have superior airs, because squirrels, as well as boys and girls, pass by other nuts to gather them; for they have a hull so thin that the oldest bushy-tail with time-worn teeth can soon nibble through to the sweet, juicy meat.

I do not know whether nuts like to be eaten or not, but I know that sometimes they cling very tightly to their mother's arms when the children try to bring them down with sticks and stones.

It is clear that they had a mission in life beyond being carried off by rosy-cheeked children, or served for a squirrel's winter dinner. They grew so high in the tree that the sun, just rising over the hill, shone full in their faces, and all day it beat down upon them, and made them grow round and fat. Their mother had carefully brought them up, and protected them from every danger. She fashioned them pretty overcoats to keep them warm. She taught them to hide among the leaves, and when these changed to red and gold, she wisely dyed their coats; and safe and

snug among the autumn leaves she tucked them in their beds. For evil days were coming,—she knew that well enough,—and she chided her naughty pair who peered over the leaves to see the pretty earth below. They only tossed their heads and laughed at her foolish fears.

"Ha, ha! do you think we could fall?" cried one. "Or a stick or stone reach me?" tittered the other. "See how far we can swing out." And they both began telling how they would dance and play until the friendly wind carried them away on a long journey. A mysterious change would come over them. They would grow into tall trees and live forever. Flowers would grow at their feet, and birds sing in their branches.

But the evil time came. Right there, before the whole host of forest folk, with not a breath of air in motion—they fell. Neither of them knew how it happened, for a chorus of laughter shook the forest, and they were ashamed ever to look up again.

A hungry pig soon passed along, picked them up, and went away with a satisfied grunt. It was indeed a sad end to hopes that had been so high, but it was nature's plan.

The rest of the nuts fell one by one, and when her last child was taken, the mother-heart broke. She dropped every leaf, and her stiff arms, stretched out like a winter's ghost, shook and trembled in every breeze.

#### Mistletoe

Of all things that interested me most, when, as an acorn, I lay on the ground among the leaves, were the great bunches of mistletoe that hung on the tree from which I had fallen. I looked up from the cold bare ground, and my little heart ached to see how pretty it was with its bright green leaves and waxen berries. Why should it flourish when everything else must sleep or die?

It may have been envy in me and not sadness, for then I did not know that I should ever rise from my lowly bed.

But however much I grieved, the proud mistletoe simply turned her white berries to the sun, and smiled down on my pain.

I thought of how my poor mother used to complain of the mistletoe's selfishness. She sometimes called her an ugly name—a parasite. Of course she was right. Miss Mistletoe did nothing the livelong day except grow more beautiful on the sweet sap stolen from my mother's veins. She crowded her children from her arms, and seemed to think she had just as much right there as we. We were not allowed to claim kin or even play with her, but we did not care for that, because she held her leaves so stiffly and proudly that there would have been really no pleasure in it.

We often asked our mother how it was that the mistletoe came to live with us. She never seemed to know; but when I, had fallen to the ground, I learned a great many things I never could have known while I did nothing but rock in my cradle. I shall always be glad that I used my eyes that day, when I saw a robin fly into my mother's arms. It was bitterly cold, and the soft snow was falling to make a warm coverlet for poor little things like me. The robin had flown far in search of food, for he was hungry, and every berry in the wood was gone. It was clearly his last chance, and he was compelled to feast on mistletoe. He did not seem to like the seeds, and tried to flip them off as he would a cherry-stone, but they stuck fast to his bill. However, he is by nature a determined little fellow, and if one plan did not work, another would; so he carefully wiped them off on the limb where he sat. Of course the seeds could do nothing but hide themselves in the friendly bark, where they soon sprouted and grew. You remember it was during my mother's winter nap, which accounts for her not telling us about such things. I knew that when she woke again, she

would be very angry to see another bunch of the parasite; but I was glad, for I had learned to love my hated neighbor. All through the long, cold winter I saw her smiling and giving pleasure to hearts that were sad, as she gave food to the hungry birds. And after a while a very happy time came—the glad Christmastide. All day troops of children came out into the woods to gather evergreens, and nothing pleased them half so much as the lovely mistletoe. I saw their eager faces. I heard their glad shouts.—*Mary Burrow, in Every Where Magazine.*

(To be concluded)

### Directory of the General Conference Young People's Missionary Volunteer Department

(Concluded from page four)

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### New Method of Reviving the Drowned

OVER three hundred deaths from drowning is our country's record for the first six months of the present year.

Dr. H. K. Whitford, of Elgin, Ill., has a new method of reviving the drowned. He claims that it is impossible for water to enter the lungs of a person who entered the water alive. Contrary to the usual belief, he says the water striking the larynx causes a spasm which closes the lungs tightly.

Dr. Whitford immerses the patient in hot water for twenty minutes or longer, and follows this treatment by the ordinary methods of restoration.

This treatment, he claims, will revive those who have been in the water five or six hours.



TWELVE thousand matches a minute is the record of the newest machine.

EMBALMERS now make use of a preparation in the embalming fluid which gives to the dead body a lifelike color.

WITHIN the last fifty years more than twenty-six thousand miles of cable have been laid on the bottom of the sea.

"HAVE you ever tried to make a list of all the beautiful things in nature which you could see in the course of a month?"

NEW JERSEY has appropriated three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the work of exterminating the mosquito. New York has also made a liberal appropriation for the same work.

A TYPEWRITER which writes whole words at a single stroke will soon be on the market. Twenty-two of the short words most used in correspondence are on the keyboard.

ELECTRIC fans for the kitchen are desirable additions to the kitchen furnishings. They are used for drying the dishes as well as for modifying the temperature of the room.

AT the close of the war all the property of the negro race in the United States amounted to only a few thousand dollars. Now their wealth is estimated at four hundred million dollars.

SIR WILLIAM PERKIN, the English chemist who discovered aniline dyes in 1856, and was entertained last year in this country at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of that discovery, died July 14, 1907, aged sixty-nine years.

A MAN who has been paymaster in some large iron manufactories for twenty-six years, pays out to the employees from twenty thousand to twenty-three thousand dollars a week. So very careful and exact is he, that in all these years he has not made a mistake of even a penny.

IN Onancock, Va., there has been recent trouble between the whites and negroes. It has resulted in notices being posted throughout the town demanding all colored people to leave the town within twenty-four hours. About five hundred of the fifteen hundred inhabitants are negroes.

Two huge elephants had a fight over a peanut in the New York Zoo. One of them came forth from the conflict with a broken rib and some minor injuries. Perhaps we who boast of superior intelligence to the elephant sometimes have contentions over matters which to others seem as incongruous as that of elephants seriously fighting over a peanut.

YONG KOU, China, is pleading for a Christian missionary. It is claimed that there are in that place one thousand Christian Chinese. The church is self-supporting, and the members have purchased a large tract of land for a missionary residence, and now offer it for the purpose. Their earnest petition for help, with its one hundred signatures, proves, at least in their case, the falsity of the statement that is sometimes made that the missionary boards are forcing missionaries on China.

"THANKS for the daily bread which feeds  
The body's wants, the spirit's needs.  
Thanks for the keen, the quickening word;  
'He only lives who lives in God,'  
Whether his time on earth is spent  
In lordly house or labor's tent.  
Thanks for the light  
By day and night  
Which shows the way the Master went."

### Making Hobabs of Your Boys

IF the Sunday-school teacher has the genius to pick his boy, as Moses picked Hobab, for definite undertaking, helping him to recognize his own qualifications for some special line of work, she will frequently overcome any indifference that at first may present itself.

The restless boy, entering Sunday-school in September, may not give much for all the good his teacher may promise him, nor think it worth while to accompany her as far as the Christmas entertainment; but if his teacher has the tact and patience (these constitute genius) to point to him what he may be to the class as eyes, or ears, or hands, and make that appointment manly enough to seem worth while, he will undertake it for the very work's sake. For instance:—

"Fred, we're to have a lesson September 15 on the death and burial of Moses. You're a reader; now I am going to depend upon you to give us that day the last words of some great American soldiers, and tell us where a half dozen of them are buried."

"Frank, I notice that September 29 is to be review day. Keep your ears open and be ready to tell us the most unselfish words you hear spoken by boys of your acquaintance from this day till then."

"Harry, you are always making collections. On October 6 I shall ask you for pictures of ten of the world's most famous leaders who are Christians. The lesson for that day will be 'Joshua, Israel's New Leader.' Joshua 1:1-11. Paste these pictures of prominent people [these may be cut from papers or magazines] on card-board, but do not place any names below. I want to see if we can recognize them, and tell you for what they are prominent,—whether by reason of sword or pen or tongue or wealth."

"Ben, you are the only member of the class who can draw. I want you to make an original sketch of Israel entering the land of promise as described in Joshua 3:5-17, which will be the lesson for October 13. If that drawing is as well done as others of yours I have seen, it will go on the walls of our Sunday-school room."

There is not one lesson ahead of us this year that does not suggest, with a little ingenuity on the part of the teacher, some definite accompanying enterprise on the part of the pupil that will enlist his enthusiastic interest. The teacher in the Sabbath-school should no more be without resources than the teacher in the Monday school. "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good," isn't enough to say to the bundles of disinclination who cross the threshold of the public schools every September. Any teacher who holds a position there recognizes that she is only half a success until she has discovered her pupils' aptitude in special lines of work.—*Laura M. Gemmill, in Sunday School Times.*

## THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### XIII—Review

(September 28)

#### Lesson Summary

1. ABOUT two hundred and fifty years after the building of the tower of Babel, the Lord chose Abram, of the land of the Chaldees, to be the father of a people who should serve him. The Lord called Abram to go to a land that he would show him, so with his wife and his servants and his nephew Lot, Abram went out, not knowing where the Lord would lead them. The Lord led them to the land of Canaan. Because of the famine in that land, they went down to Egypt.

2. When they came back to Canaan after the famine, they were rich in gold and silver, and had many flocks and herds. There was not pasture enough in one place for all their cattle and sheep. Then Abram told Lot to take his choice of the land for a home. Lot chose the plain of Jordan, which was well watered and had good pasture; though he knew its cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, were very wicked.

3. When Abram was ninety-nine years old, the Lord changed his name to Abraham. At one time the Lord came to Abraham and told him that the sin of the men of Sodom was so great that he was going down to visit their city. Because of Abraham's pleading the Lord promised that if even ten righteous persons were found in Sodom, he would not destroy it.

4. The angels who had stopped at Abraham's tent to rest came to Sodom in the evening, and went home with Lot. They told him that the city was to be destroyed, and urged him to warn his children. But Lot's sons-in-law would not listen to his warning. In the morning the angels hastened Lot and his wife and his daughters out of the city, and told them to flee for their lives, and not to look back. Lot's wife looked back, and was

turned into a pillar of salt. After Lot had gone, the Lord rained fire and brimstone upon the wicked city, and destroyed it.

5. When Abraham was a hundred years old, Isaac, the long-promised son, was born,—the son in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed. When Isaac was about eighteen years old, the Lord told Abraham to take him to Mt. Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering. As Abraham was about to take his son's life, the Lord said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad." He knew Abraham fully trusted him.

6. When Isaac was forty years old, Abraham sent Eliezer, the trusted servant of his house, to Mesopotamia to get a wife for Isaac. The Lord led Eliezer to Rebekah, a girl who was not only "very fair to look upon," but who was generous, courteous, and kindhearted as well.

7. Isaac had two sons, Jacob and Esau. Jacob was a shepherd, but Esau was a skilful hunter. One day when Esau came from the field, faint and weary, he sold his birthright to Jacob for a mess of pottage. Before Isaac died, he wished to bless Esau, his elder son; but Jacob deceived his father, and obtained the blessing.

8. Esau was so angry that he thought to kill Jacob; so Isaac sent Jacob to Haran, in Mesopotamia, to live for a while with his Uncle Laban. One night on his journey the Lord gave Jacob a wonderful dream. He saw a ladder resting on the earth, and its top reaching to heaven. Angels were ascending and descending this ladder, and the Lord himself stood above it. He spoke to Jacob and promised to be with him, and to bring him safely to that land once more.

9. When he reached Haran, the city where Laban lived, he waited near a well outside the city till Rachel, Laban's daughter, came out to water her father's sheep. When Rachel told Laban that his sister Rebekah's son was by the well, he ran to meet him, and invited him to come home with him.

10. After Jacob had worked twenty years for Laban, the Lord told him to return to the land of Canaan. The Lord was with Jacob, and gave him a pleasant meeting with his brother Esau. Jacob's mother was dead, and not long after his return his father died, and Jacob and Esau buried him.

11. Jacob had twelve sons. Joseph and Benjamin, the sons of Rachel, were the youngest. When Joseph's brethren saw that their father loved him more than the rest of his children, they were envious, and hated him, and could not speak peaceably to him. Joseph had two dreams, which his brothers understood to mean that they would some day bow down to Joseph, and honor him. For this they hated Joseph still more.

12. One time the brothers of Joseph went away from home to feed their father's sheep; and Jacob, who was anxious for their welfare, sent Joseph to ask how they were getting along, and to bring him word again. But Joseph's brothers, when they saw him coming, said, "Behold, this dreamer cometh;" and they planned together how they might kill him. But instead of taking his life, they sold him for twenty pieces of silver to a band of Midianites. Then they dipped his coat in the blood of a kid, and took it to Jacob, who thought that a wild beast had slain his son. The Midianites carried Joseph to Egypt, and sold him to Potiphar, the captain of the king's guard.

#### Questions

1. Where did Abram live? What did the Lord tell him to do? Who came with Abram? What did the Lord promise to make of Abram? Why did Abram and Lot go down to Egypt?

2. How did the Lord bless Abram and Lot while they were in Egypt? Why could they not live in one place? What did Abram tell Lot to do? What place did Lot choose for his home? What two wicked cities were in the plain?

3. To what was Abram's name changed when he was ninety-nine years old? What did the Lord

tell Abraham he was going to do to the city of Sodom? What did the Lord promise Abraham he would do? Why?

4. How many persons of Sodom were saved? Tell how the city was destroyed.

5. How old was Abraham when Isaac was born? How was Abraham's faith tested when Isaac was about eighteen years old?

6. Who was Eliezer? On what errand was he sent when Isaac was forty years old? What was the name of the young woman who was chosen to be Isaac's wife?

7. Who were Jacob and Esau. What did Esau sell to Jacob? What did Isaac wish to do before he died? How did Jacob obtain the blessing of the elder son?

8. Why did Isaac send Jacob away from home? To whom did he send him? What promises did the Lord make to Jacob on his journey?

9. To what city did Jacob finally come? Whom did he meet by the well outside the city? What did he tell Rachel? How did Laban welcome Jacob?

10. How long did Jacob work for Laban? Where did he go at the end of that time? Describe the meeting of Jacob and Esau. By whom was Isaac buried?

11. Name the sons of Jacob. Why did Joseph's brothers hate him? What happened to make them hate him still more?

12. On what errand did Jacob send Joseph, when his brothers were away from home? What did his brothers say, when they saw him coming?

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### XIII—The New Covenant and Its Possessions

(September 28)

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10.

#### Questions

1. What did God give man in the beginning? Gen. 1:26-28, 31.

2. What passed over the earth as the result of man's sin? Gen. 3:17, 18.

3. When will the curse be removed? Rev. 22:3; 21:1.

4. What will be the relation of the overcomer to God at this time? Rev. 21:7.

5. After man lost his possession because of sin, to whom was the earth promised? Rom. 4:13.

6. Who were included in this promise? Rom. 4:13; Gal. 3:29.

7. Through what was the promise made? Rom. 4:13 (last part).

8. Did Abraham see the fulfilment of the promise before his death? Heb. 11:39. Why not? Verse 40.

9. Describe some of the glories of the new earth. Revelation 21.

10. What was the sign of God's creative power under God's covenant at the first? Gen. 2:1-3.

11. Repeat the commandment, which, if men obey it, will keep the creative power of God in mind. Ex. 20:8-11.

12. Under what covenant shall we live in the new earth? Note.

13. What will be the sign of God's creative power when the earth is made new under God's covenant renewed? Isa. 66:22, 23.

#### Note

The renewal of the covenant involved the renewal of man and his inheritance. When this is done, the covenant will be fully renewed. Then the renewed, or new, man with the law God in his heart, will live in the renewed, or new, earth under this renewed, or new, covenant throughout eternity.



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#### On the Alert

GEORGE ELIOT once said that when the conscience of the race is developed, we shall run as eagerly to prevent the moral fall of a man or woman as we would to save a beautiful mantel-piece ornament in danger of being dashed to pieces upon the ground. What a sad comment on the indifference of the human heart to things of eternal interest! Mr. Banks truly says, "Patience and loving sympathy are far better used in preventing men and women from falling into sin than in rescuing them after they are already fallen. We should be on the alert to steady the tempted soul."

#### The Locked Door

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson was a very little fellow, he one day accidentally locked himself into a room alone. He could not turn the key as directed; darkness was coming on, and his terror became extreme. His father sent for a locksmith, and during the period of waiting talked to Louis through the keyhole. The child became so engrossed by the charm of his father's conversation that he forgot all his fears.

A day of intense darkness and struggle awaits the people of God. But the Father in his mercy says to every fearful child: "Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me; and he shall make peace with me." This peace casts out all fear, and though all about us deep darkness settles, and fierce storms break, we shall hear amid it all our Father's voice saying, "'Fear not, little flock;' 'I . . . have the keys of hell and of death.' I will free you, and unlock for you the pearly gates."

#### Three Thousand Sold

At the time of the Young People's Convention at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Brother and Sister W. S. Cleveland, together with four other workers, canvassed the cities on the line between Jamestown, N. Y., and Mt. Vernon.

Over three thousand ten-cent papers were sold, amounting to three hundred dollars. Gifts to the amount of forty dollars were received. These will be used in helping to defray the school expenses of some worthy young person who dedicates his life to service in the Master's vineyard.

Another company of eight workers canvassed the leading cities on their way from Indiana to the convention. They sold a large number of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR and of *Life and Health*.

Had the selling of these periodicals merely made it possible for these young persons to attend the convention, the effort would have been worth while; but it may be that many seeds were sown which will bear fruit for the kingdom of God.

#### In the Printing-Office

[Dr. A. W. Herr, of Cleveland, Ohio, read a little note that appeared in the INSTRUCTOR some weeks ago concerning one of Dr. Paulson's childhood experiences, and while looking through his scrap-book found the following poem, the sentiment of which accords with that of the experience related.—Ed.]

"I CAN not read-it, father; father, see!  
I can not read it; spell it out for me.  
I thought that surely I my letters knew,  
But this I find I really can not do."  
Thus spake a child, who at his father's side,  
Walked through a printing room, and vainly tried

To read the type. The printer, smiling, laid  
Upon the press a sheet, and kindly said:  
"Come, little one, and try to read once more  
These letters; for they were reversed before,  
But now they're plain." The clouds from the fair  
brow  
Have passed away; for he can read it now.

So with our Father's dealings: day by day  
We try to read, and puzzled, turn away.  
We do not understand; we can not see  
Why this was done, or that allowed to be;  
But in that world to come, through his clear light,  
We, too, shall read the mystery aright.

#### A Canvasser's Experience

"I WENT up to the door of a stately residence, and on the door was a small plate with silver letters, 'No agents admitted.' I turned to go away, and the words, 'Christ is our captain; he never lost a battle,' came to my mind. With a word of prayer I turned and rang the bell. A fine-looking woman came to the door, and I asked if she was the lady of the house. She said, 'Yes.' I said, 'I have called to show you an interesting work.' Pointing to that silver plate, she said, 'No agents are admitted here.' I answered, 'Lady, I am not an agent, but the servant of, and co-laborer with, Jesus our Saviour; and in the day when he calls his children home, you will not care to hear him say, "I sent my servant to you with a message, and you turned her from your door."' She opened wide the door and said, 'Please walk in.' I entered, and in the kindest words I could find canvassed her. When I had finished, she gave me her order. We knelt together then, and prayed."

#### Interesting Personal Incidents

##### Working Students

IN a boys' school in India there are about one hundred boys who were rescued during the famine of 1900. They are receiving a thorough education according to the regulations of the British government in India, and at the same time a Christian education.

Recently forty of these volunteered for Christian service, which meant the giving up of good government positions, and the acceptance instead of very small salaries, paid by the mission.

One of these young men, coming from the Bhils, the very wildest people, has been the means of leading forty or more persons to acknowledge Jesus as their personal Saviour. Another young man who was in the training class went for an hour each day after school, and taught a class of street boys and young men. Recently a minister baptized eleven of those whom this young man won to Christ.

##### Winning an Associate Teacher

IN September, 1904, there came as principal to the building in which I taught, a quiet, modest woman who very soon won my respect and admiration, and in the course of time a quiet but warm friendship sprang up between us.

One day she suddenly asked me to what church I belonged; and when I replied that I was a Seventh-day Adventist, her face brightened, and

she remarked that she had some friends who belonged to this denomination.

From this time on our friendship deepened. Many a little walk and talk we had during that year, varied by an occasional song after school; and many also were the questions she asked me on various points of our faith.

I tried my best to refrain from boring her, but I made it a point, as far as possible, to make my ordinary plans bend to accommodate any little expedition she might plan that would open the way perchance for more questions. An occasional *Signs, Review*, or INSTRUCTOR helped me wonderfully in keeping my friend in a questioning frame of mind.

Before spring, I am quite sure, she had told me she had never been able to satisfy herself from the Bible regarding Sunday sacredness. She also could see only reasonableness in the belief that the dead sleep until the resurrection, also that everything indicates that Christ's coming is near.

Knowing that she had become quite interested in vegetarianism, in company with another of the teachers in our building we spent Memorial day at the New England Sanitarium. She seemed thoroughly to enjoy the day, and the excellent hygienic dinner with which we were provided.

But the days quickly passed, and vacation arrived. I had invited this friend to spend a week in the latter part of June at my home. We all enjoyed her visit, and many a quiet little reading we had in the grove near by. But I noted that she talked less than formerly, and I thought it best not to disturb her in her meditations, so just let her move at her own pace.

As she had become quite interested in the sanctuary question, I lent her a copy of "Great Controversy" when she left us, and saw her not again till school opened in September.

I was delighted to observe that there had been a decided growth during vacation. She told me that she was then reading "Great Controversy" through for the third time. I was greatly pleased, and with my usual inconsistency, was surprised.

Now the questions came thick and fast, and I longed for her to hear the living preacher. So I asked Elder Place, who was then chaplain at the Melrose Sanitarium, if he would appoint a time for her to meet him there and ask questions to her heart's content. (We were only about twenty miles distant from Melrose.) He gladly granted our request, and it was a peaceful and, I am sure, most profitable occasion.

On our way to the sanitarium she said: "Should I keep the Sabbath, it will probably mean the loss of my dearest friends. But I do not say that this will prevent my accepting this truth; in fact, I do not expect it will."

Those words were like precious pearls to me. I can not tell just how long it was after this Nicodemus-like visit that she came into my schoolroom one day, and in a rather embarrassed manner asked me where we sent our tithes. I told her, and she handed me five dollars with the request that I send it with my own.

Again my joy knew no bounds, and I thanked God and took courage. Now I grew a bit more aggressive. On learning that Elder Place was to hold a farewell meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, before going West, I one day asked her if she had ever felt that she would like to be baptized before he went away. She admitted that the thought had occurred to her. Then I said, "Here is the opportunity; what hinders you from being baptized now?"

Again my cup of joy ran over when she gladly agreed to go with me to this meeting for this purpose. What a glad day it was for us both! I shall never forget the scene—that final, triumphal climax in her Christian development. And now, a strong member of one of our churches, she rejoices daily in her new-found truth.

CARRIE E. ROBIE.