

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## Market Day at Ambato, Ecuador

AMBATO is situated in a beautiful valley on the railway from Guayaquil to Quito at an altitude of over eight thousand feet. Its population is about fifteen thousand. Many of the inhabitants, and practically all in the surrounding country, are Indians. They are, however, somewhat different in their nature from those in the States. When first conquered by the Incas a short time before the Spanish invasion in Peru, they were an agricultural people. Their well-tilled fields on the hillsides are to-day an interesting scene, while their low-walled, well-pitched, thatched-roof houses dot the valleys like so many haystacks. It is from these that they bring their produce to supply the needs of the city, or to sell to others having come to purchase.

### Market Day

Monday is market day. Schools are closed, and it becomes a real holiday. Early in the morning the people begin to descend by the numerous roads and paths leading to the city. Some are driving cattle, others are guiding hogs with ropes about the neck and body, while still others are leading sheep with a rope attached to one front leg, causing the sheep to helplessly limp along on three. Perhaps a man may be seen with a cow tied to one end of his rope, and a hog to the other, and as the cow makes an effort to escape, the assistance of the hog to hold her has to be reckoned with.

Burros, heavily laden with the various kinds of produce, are driven or led along, by Indians, while a large proportion of the Indians carry their heavy loads on their own backs.

Many come long distances. Here is a man bringing snow from the snow-capped Chimborazo, thirty-five miles away. This is used for making ice-cream. Others come from other directions and equal distances. There are as many or more women than men, and also children, and all that are able to bear loads are heavily laden. All seem to be in a hurry, for their pace is a trot; and the heavier the load, the greater the speed.

There are three market squares in the city, each occupying a block. The most central is the fruit, vegetable, and grain market. The others are the live stock and lumber market, and the market of manufactured wares. Besides, there is

an open space at the door of the Catholic church where chickens are sold. No business is done under roofs, except as some Indian, more wealthy than the rest, has spread a small piece of canvas stretched on two cross-sticks placed on a pole which he has inserted in the soft sand by his side. To these places the people quickly repair to open up their business. When all of these are used, others take their places at the side of the streets. All the forenoon they come, while others may be seen wending their way homeward before the church bell announces the hour of noon.

Only on circus days in the States, not even at the burial of the archbishop in the Catholic

vegetables. In another place one sees a row of persons selling bread from the peculiar-shaped receptacles in which they brought it on the backs of the burros. Then there are those selling eggs, fruit, different kinds of flour, legumes, grains in the crude state as well as prepared for food, baskets, hammocks, woolen goods made from the wool of sheep and the *vacuña*, alfalfa, wood, pottery, and an almost endless variety of things, nearly all to supply a real need.

As many have carried their little stock in trade on their backs or on one small animal, each needs but little room in carrying on his business. With their sack of flour or potatoes, box of eggs or fruit, before them, they seat themselves flat on the ground. Their animals, many of them, were so tired on their arrival that they would lie down before they were relieved of their burden. Now they are resting for the homeward trip. The people do their business sitting down. They have no need of counters or scales. They have nicely made baskets in which everything is measured out. Whether they have customers or not, the women are always busy. Some have brought their babies, and, while caring for them, ply their business, and possibly may still do other work. Many are making a small sack, very nicely wrought of the fiber of the century plant, in which they carry their *máchica* (roasted barley flour which constitutes their principal article of food) slung over their shoulders. Others



NATIVE HOMES IN ECUADOR

city of Lima, Peru, that I attended a few weeks ago, have I seen such a throng of people. Nearly all are Indians considerably less than the average height. There are many *cholos*, or half-breeds. There is only a sprinkling of whites, and these have come to lay in a week's supply of food. The Indians, both men and women, with their broad-rimmed, home-made, white felt hats and gay colored *ponchos* (shawls), make a picturesque sight indeed. The plazas and streets are a sea of people. Between ten thousand and twenty thousand must have come in from the surrounding country. It is said to be the largest fair in Ecuador.

In the squares those selling wares arrange themselves in irregular rows, with scarcely sufficient room for one to pass between. Each class of wares has its special place. Here the potato vendors are lined up, there those with other

are eating their dry *máchica*. While with one hand they are holding the baby, some may be seen taking the skin off of potatoes the size of large peas (which they had cooked before leaving home), putting them into the flour, and then one of these small potatoes with several times the amount of flour between the fingers is thrown into the mouth. One skilled in this performance will not even soil the lips with the flour.

### A Novel Spinning-Wheel

Here are two women selling hand-made woolen goods; and while they are waiting, they are spinning yarn. But what a spinning-wheel! Only by seeing it can one understand that such an arrangement could ever be worked with success. The wool is loosely tied onto the end of a stick placed in the ground. The wheel is another stick tapered to a point, dextrously operated by the

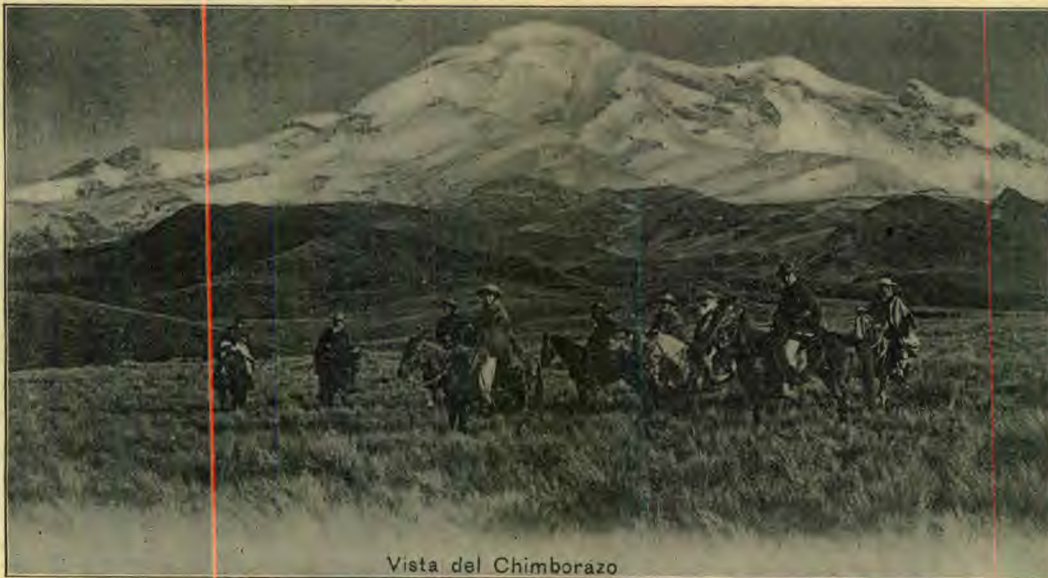
right hand, spinning back and forth according to whether the spinner wishes to lengthen the yarn or whether she wishes to wind up what she has spun. The left hand is used in pulling and smoothing the wool. There is a constant rapid whirl for a few moments, and the yarn is lengthened by six or eight inches.

#### Products of the Century Plant

In one corner of the ground there are hammocks, ropes, sacks, saddle-bags, carpets, and many other things on sale, all made of the fiber of the century plant. It is used more than anything else in manufacturing useful articles. It is a great blessing to the Indian, and it grows very rank on the dry, sandy soil. It is planted to form the dividing line between the parcels of ground worked by the Indian. As it grows easily, and the Indian labors for almost nothing, articles made from it are cheap. I purchased a hammock of extra size for forty-five cents. In the center of the plaza are two women braiding rope, with one end firmly held between the great and the second toe of the left foot.

#### Going Home

Three o'clock seems to be the time for breaking up. Before this hour many have gone, but the number seems not to have diminished. With their babies, boxes, and sacks on their backs, or carried by burros, some of them having nearly as much as they brought, they are soon on their homeward way, but at a slower pace than they came. As they go, they are eating *chote*, a kind of bran that they had cooked for the journey. In an hour all is as quiet as usual.



Vista del Chimborazo

J. W. WESTPHAL.

#### Have You Learned to Talk?

A FEW weeks ago the writer heard a statement that set him to thinking seriously. The observation was to the effect that when a group of young women get together, it is practically an unknown thing for them to converse upon any subject that indicates the slightest amount of education or a cultivated mind. They indulge in talk that is as frothy and frivolous as it can be. And this is true to a surprising extent. Any thoughtful observer will confess that the remark made was essentially accurate. Why is this?

Our young women and young men should stock their minds with themes which will afford abundance of matter suitable for profitable and elevating conversation. Those whose minds are occupied with lofty and helpful ideas will not lack for substantial and beneficial utterances when in company. They can modify the tone and spirit of the conversation, if there is a tendency to descend to the thoughtless, frivolous, feathery strain which characterizes conversation usually among young persons.

This matter deserves attention. One should take a certain degree of proper pride in being able to introduce topics which will prove suggestive and elevating, or at least useful, when with others. The ability to converse intelligently upon the principal events of public interest, as dealt with by the leading magazines and chief newspapers of the country, should be acquired by all young people. There is really very little excuse for any person of average ability not knowing sufficient of the events of the day to be able to give his views upon the topics of current interest.

Extremes should be avoided, of course, and

the golden mean is always the desirable thing at which to aim. What is needed among young people is the habit of observing and remembering matters that are of real significance and worth, and this habit can easily be acquired. Too many young men and women read the lightest portion of current literature, and skim hastily over that part which is really most deserving of attention. Then it is no wonder their minds are barren of topics for earnest and sensible and helpful discussion when opportunity offers. Reading and contact with other minds afford the very best means for acquiring material which will be most useful when in company. The art of conversation is a very desirable one to cultivate. It can be cultivated. Let our youth see to it that they improve the opportunities to store their minds with good ideas, noble thoughts, beautiful sentiments, and they will never lack topics on which other young men and women will be glad to give their views and exchange opinions.

When a group of young persons get together, the conversation might well take the form of a

symposium of ideas on some matter of principle, point of conduct, or the like. And after such an hour's chat, all will come away feeling greatly helped, benefited, and not a little strengthened by the conversation in which they have taken part. The ability to put into language one's thoughts will be improved, and the benefits to be derived from participating in intelligent and educative conversation are of no small importance.

We would not be understood as advocating that every time young people get together they should form themselves into a debating club. O, no! not at all. But what we do advise is that the general trend of conversation should rather be in the upward direction than be of the nature of passing the time without any thought toward making it helpful.

HENRY WILLIAM ROSE.

#### Stephen Schultz, Missionary to the Jews — No. 1

It is a melancholy but undeniable fact that there are still many good Christians who utterly deny that a Gentile Christian can be a successful missionary to the Jews. By this denial these good people are limiting the grace and the power of God, who uses whom he will, and they are unmoved by the facts revealed by the history of Jewish missions. That history proves clearly that of all the missionaries who have labored with success among the Jews since the dawn of the Reformation, more than one half have been Gentile Christians. One of the most successful of these Gentile Christian missionaries was Stephen Schultz, who has been called by some a second Paul, in point of suffering and of proclaiming the gospel successfully among the Jews in different parts of the world.

#### Early Youth

Stephen Schultz was born at Flatow, in Poland,

Feb. 6, 1714, a son of the shoemaker, Erdmann Schultz, and his wife, Barbara Danzi. Erdmann Schultz was a member of the small evangelical congregation which, since the year 1642, had managed to keep alive in Flatow, in spite of Roman Catholic persecution. Barbara Danzi Schultz, his wife, was the daughter of a man who had been condemned to death as a Lutheran, or heretic, but had been released by the Roman Catholic soldiers who were to hang him. When condemned to die, Daniel Danzi asked time to pray. The request was granted, and the prisoner kneeled down and prayed. Awe and astonishment struck the soldiers, and they exclaimed, "He is a true Christian; he must live!"

This man brought up his daughter Barbara in the fear of God, and thus it was that before the birth of her son, she, like Hannah, dedicated him to God, saying, "If it be a son, his name shall be Stephen, and may he do the work of Stephen, even if he should be called to suffer like him." The mother kept before her always her wish that Stephen should become a messenger of the gospel. Her prayerful care and piety early bore fruit, and even as a little child Stephen Schultz showed great fear of God and deep piety.

War and fire deprived the father of his possessions, and it seemed to be a physical impossibility to give Stephen the necessary education for a minister. His mother, however, never despaired, always saying, "With God all things are possible." A German school was far too expensive for the poor shoemaker's son, and Stephen learned this language from father and

mother, who also taught him the Bible and the catechism, since in 1720 the Roman Catholic Church forced the removal of the Lutheran Church across the Prussian border, by their cruel and relentless persecutions. The Polish language the boy learned in the public school of his birthplace, while in the Jewish school he became acquainted with Yiddish, the dialect spoken yet by all Russian and Polish Jews, and with Hebrew. Stephen's best friends were Jewish boys, and it sometimes seemed to his mother as if he associated too much with them. One day she told him that she was afraid he would become converted to the Jewish faith. "O, no," he said, "I shall study for the ministry, make myself thoroughly acquainted with the Talmud, and then convert the Jews." Tearfully the mother pointed out to him their poverty; but he simply answered what his mother had so often repeated: "With God all things are possible."

#### Preparation for Work

Until he was fourteen years of age, Stephen worked with his father as a shoemaker, then he was confirmed by a neighboring minister, who took great interest in the bright boy, and offered to send him to school and give him private instruction. But, alas! when the father took his son to the minister, he found the servant of God on his death-bed. Before his death, however, the minister made arrangements with his brother, a physician at Butow, to give the boy an opportunity to study the art of healing. Eighteen months he remained with this physician, then he accepted the offer of the rector at Butow, Neuendorf, to do the work around the house and at the same time prosecute his studies. But Rector Neuendorf was a very busy man; for he not only kept the school, but also a brewery, a distillery, and a store, where he sold herrings, spices, and other goods. There was little time for study

left to Stephen Schultz, who had to help everywhere. He had to study during the silent hours of the night. Often when he had to watch the malt kiln during the night, he would use a heap of malt as candle-holder, and would diligently study his Hebrew and his Greek grammar. But the more he learned, the more his thirst for greater knowledge increased. Finally he resolved to go to Stolpe, where an institution of learning was to be found. Finding a wagoner going to Stolpe, he took his leave of the doctor and the rector, paid the little money he had to the wagoner for carrying his baggage, and went on foot behind the wagon. Next day the owner of the wagon, who had learned the circumstances of the young man, came to him, and said:—

"I understand you intend to study at the institution at Stolpe?"

"Yes, by the help of God."

"Have you any friends at Stolpe?"

"Yes, I have a near kinsman."

"Who is it, and what is his name?"

"I know not whether you are acquainted with him."

"I was born and brought up at Stolpe, and should I not know him? Tell me only his name."

"His name is Jesus Christ, who is not ashamed to call poor sinners his brethren."

"O! I know him, too, by the grace of God; and as you consider him your friend, you can want nothing."

After this Stephen Schultz rode with the owner upon the wagon, and the hours of the journey passed quickly, as they told each other what the Lord had done for their souls.

Thus, in 1731, Stephen Schultz came to Stolpe, where his friend, the merchant, took him to his house and made him welcome. Soon he visited the principal of the institution, who did not receive the poor applicant for a free scholarship very joyfully, saying:—

"What do you wish to study?"

"Theology."

"Ah, you wish to spend an easy life, to enjoy the fat of the land, and rise to honor?"

"No, sir; the object of my study is that I may rightly understand the way to heaven, walk therein, and teach the same to others, whether Jews, heathen, or Christians."

"My son, you are probably not aware how expensive it is to study; are your parents able to bear the expense?"

"No, sir; this is impossible for them."

"What, then, do you intend to do?"

"The God who has made the heaven and the earth will have left a few pence to enable me to study."

"My son, if you trust in the Lord, you will find help."

And the Lord did help Stephen Schultz. Everything needful was provided, so that he could not only prosecute his studies, but was able to send for his aged parents, to spend the remainder of their days at Stolpe, where they could enjoy the means of grace, of which they were deprived at Flatow.

In 1733 the young man was ready to enter the university, and he went to Konigsberg. Again the Lord provided friends and means for him, and he prosecuted his studies with much zeal, paying especial attention to the Talmud and other Jewish writings. His one thought was the preaching of the gospel to the Jews. To this he felt himself called of God, and he waited patiently for the time when he could begin. It was his intention to become a teacher in the university, to save some money, and to spend this money in itinerant preaching to the Jews. But God opened the way in a different manner.—*Rev. Louis Meyer.*

(To be continued)

O Christ!

PRAISES to thee, praises to thee,  
O thou my Lord! Praises to thee!  
Conqueror thou, O Calvary!  
To thee, thou Christ, glory to thee!

I was astray: dark was my day—  
Over the hills wandered astray;  
Thou, the Good Shepherd, all the dark day  
Sought for the lost lamb: I was astray.

Perished for me, perished for me,  
O thou my Lord! perished for me!  
Love,—love divine, matchless, and free,—  
Why didst thou come earthward for me?

Glory to thee, glory to thee,  
O risen Christ! glory to thee!  
Heaven is thine: eternity  
Echoes the chord, "Glory to thee!"

B. F. M. SOURS.

Lessons from the Life of Daniel

A Warfare against Intemperance

No young man or woman could be more sorely tempted than were Daniel and his companions. To these four Hebrew youth were apportioned wine and meat from the king's table. But they chose to be temperate. They saw that perils were on every side, and that if they resisted temptation, they must make most decided efforts on their part, and trust the results with God. The youth who desire to stand as Daniel stood must exert their spiritual powers to the very utmost, co-operating with God, and trusting wholly in the strength that he has promised to all who come to him in humble obedience.

There is a constant warfare to be maintained between virtue and vice. The discordant elements of the one, and the pure principles of the other, are at work, striving for the mastery. Satan is approaching every soul with some form of temptation on the point of indulgence of appetite. Intemperance is fearfully prevalent. Look where we will, we behold this evil fondly cherished. In spite of the efforts made to control it, intemperance is on the increase. We can not be too earnest in seeking to hinder its progress, to raise the fallen, and to shield the weak from temptation. With our feeble human hands we can do but little, but we have an unfailling Helper. We must not forget that the arm of Christ can reach to the very depths of human woe and degradation. He can give us help to conquer even the terrible demon of intemperance.

Our Youth and Intemperance

There is no class of persons capable of accomplishing more in the warfare against intemperance than are God-fearing youth. In this age the young men in our cities should unite as an army, firmly and decidedly to set themselves against every form of selfish, health-destroying indulgence. What a power they might be for good! How many they might save from becoming demoralized in the halls and gardens fitted up with music and other attractions to allure the youth! Intemperance and profanity and licentiousness are sisters. Let every God-fearing youth gird on the armor and press to the front. Put your names on every temperance pledge presented. Thus you lend your influence in favor of signing the pledge, and induce others to sign it. Let no weak excuse deter you from taking this step. Work for the good of your own souls and for the good of others.

The young men and women who claim to believe the truth for this time can please Jesus only by uniting in an effort to meet the evils that have, with seductive influence, crept in upon society. They should do all they can to stay the tide of intemperance now spreading with demoralizing power over the land. Realizing that intemperance has open, avowed supporters, these who honor God take their position firmly against the tide of evil by which both men and women are being swiftly carried to perdition.

The followers of Jesus will never be ashamed to practise temperance in all things. Then why should any young man blush with shame to refuse the wine cup or the foaming mug of beer? A refusal to indulge perverted appetite is an honorable act. The sin is unmanly; to indulge in injurious habits of eating and drinking is weak, cowardly, debasing; but to deny perverted appetite is strong, noble. In the Babyonian court, Daniel was surrounded by allurements to sin, but by the help of Christ he maintained his integrity. He who can not resist temptation, when every facility for overcoming has been placed within his reach, is not registered in the books of heaven as a man.

Dare to be a Daniel. Dare to stand alone. Have courage to do the right. A cowardly and silent reserve before evil associates, while you listen to their devices, makes you one with them. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters."

Moral Courage Required

At all times and on all occasions it requires moral courage to adhere to the principles of strict temperance. We may expect that by following such a course we shall surprise those who do not totally abstain from all stimulants; but how are we to carry on the work of reform if we conform to the injurious habits and practises of those with whom we associate?

The holy intelligences of heaven watch the conflict going on between the tempter and the tempted. If the tempted turn from temptation, and in the strength of Jesus conquer, angels rejoice; for Satan has lost in the conflict. In our behalf, Christ, when weakened and suffering on account of hunger, fought the battle against appetite, and conquered Satan. In the name and strength of Jesus every youth may conquer the enemy to-day on the point of perverted appetite. My dear young friends, advance step by step, until all your habits shall be in harmony with the laws of life and health. He who overcame in the wilderness of temptation declares: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." *MRS. E. G. WHITE.*

"LORD of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Center and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!"

YET where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed is done.

—Whittier.

Religious Liberty Department

Religious Liberty

AMONG the seven hundred and seventy-three or more new laws passed at the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, is the "prisoners' employment law," which will doubtless prove to be an ally to the State Sunday law in its operations against Sabbath-keepers in Pennsylvania.

This measure, which was recently signed by the governor, makes it lawful to compel every able-bodied male prisoner in Pennsylvania jails to work on the public highway during the term of his imprisonment for *eight hours each day, except Sunday* and legal holidays.

This law would make it possible to repeat in Pennsylvania the chain-gang experiences of our brethren in some of the Southern States; and an effort to compel our arrested brethren to labor on the Sabbath, as prescribed by this new law, is not at all unlikely.

The commissioners of the Somerset County jail

"The lowly places are the holy places."

and the sheriff have already organized a prison board under this Act of the Assembly, and other counties are preparing to do the same.

Thus, link by link, is being forged the chain which will be used to fetter the consciences of those who dare, despite human prohibition, worship God in the manner expressly prescribed by him. May the Lord prepare his people for the experiences that await them, that they may glorify him.—*George W. Spies.*

**The Papacy and Religious Liberty**

ROME is hostile to everything which tends toward freedom of conscience, outside of her jurisdiction. The Bible teaches that man is free to believe or not to believe, just as he chooses. Christ said: "If any man believe not, I judge him not." Rome and the Bible do not always agree.

**Rome During the Dark Ages**

In Dan. 7:8 we have a nutshell history of the papacy, symbolized by a "little horn." It reads as follows: "I considered the horns, and, behold, there came up among them another little horn, before whom there were three of the first horns plucked up by the roots: and, behold, in this horn were eyes like the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great things."

This authentic description of the Roman power is vividly presented to us by a wonderful contrast. In this connection we have kings and kingdoms represented by horns and beasts; but the papacy is symbolized as having eyes, like a man; a mouth, speaking great things; a mind, thinking to change God's laws; and an endurance, sufficient to wear out the saints of God until he comes to the rescue.

"Eyes like the eyes of man" can denote nothing less than penetration, sagacity, and far-sightedness. History bears out the fact that in her relations with nations she has carried out her purposes with a tenacity that is wonderful.

Macaulay says: "The polity of the church of Rome is the very masterpiece of human wisdom. . . . The experience of twelve hundred eventful years, the ingenuity and patient care of forty generations of statesmen, have improved that polity to such perfection, that, among the contrivances which have been devised for deceiving and controlling mankind, it occupies the highest place."

For hundreds of years no dissenting voice was allowed to be heard outside of the Vatican. Martyrs by the million sacrificed their right to live, rather than submit to one who had assumed and exercised the most blasphemous religious prerogatives. The papacy literally wore out the saints of God.

**How Rome Views History**

Romanism can not be reconciled to history because in its annals is written the shocking wickedness of the popes. History's record is also filled with long lists of murder, tyranny, sacrilege, and perjury, of which the Catholic Church was the foster mother.

Mr. Lecky, an author who Cardinal Gibbons says is of a "sober and dispassionate mind, as well as of distinguished ability," makes the following statement:—

"That the Church of Rome has shed more innocent blood than any other institution that has ever existed among mankind, will be questioned by no Protestant who has a complete knowledge of history."

So to-day we find Rome making strenuous efforts to cover up her past. History does not justify Rome, therefore they object to it. A few years ago the school board of Boston, half of whom were Roman Catholics, removed Swinton's book on history from the schools, because it gave a short history of the sale of indulgences. One of the teachers was also discharged for teaching the same. Thus we see that Rome can not face

her own history. But she easily remedies this. "By the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, as laid down by Cardinal Manning, the pope is the judge of what history is; and if he says that a thing did not exist, notwithstanding the world knows it did,—if he says that certain facts are not historical, the church is bound to believe him!"

Catholicism, by removing the books that she hates and putting in their place those of her own making, is succeeding, to a considerable extent, in drawing a veil of misinterpretation and compromise over the eyes of many, so it is confidently thought that the Rome of to-day would not be guilty of performing the atrocious deeds which followed in her wake during the Dark Ages.

This battle against history is a fight against liberty. Rome is fearful lest the freedom of the gospel shall be viewed in its true light. History holds up for our admiration the characters of many who were outside the church.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

(To be concluded)



**Study for Young People's Society Program**

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 277-285.

**HYGIENE AMONG THE ISRAELITES:—**

What necessitated the training Israel received in the wilderness? Page 277, paragraph 1.

What precaution was taken to avoid the spreading of contagious diseases? Paragraphs 2, 3.

What was the law concerning leprosy? Page 278, paragraph 2.

**CLEANLINESS:—**

What object-lesson have we showing that God desires personal cleanliness? Page 279, paragraph 1.

Describe briefly the sanitary regulations in the camp of Israel. Paragraph 2.

**DIET:—**

Why were some articles of food used by the heathen forbidden to the Israelites? Page 280, paragraph 4.

How does injurious food affect the soul? Paragraph 4.

**ADVANTAGES AND REGULATIONS:—**

How were the Israelites located in the promised land? Paragraph 5.

How were they taught? Page 281, paragraphs 1, 2.

**REJOICING:—**

What was the key-note of life to the Israelites? Paragraph 3.

What brought a special blessing at the annual feasts? Paragraph 4.

**RESULTS OF OBEYING GOD'S LAW:—**

Did God's instructions concern the Israelites' health? Page 283, paragraph 1.

How were the Israelites to regard God's words? Paragraphs 2, 3.

What results would obedience have brought? Page 284, paragraphs 4, 5.

Mention examples of true lives. Page 285, paragraph 3.

Have the results of faithfulness changed? Paragraph 3.

**Suggestive Notes**

In this lesson the opening exercises and Bible study are left for the Society to arrange. Psalm 78 relates experiences of the children of Israel. Parts of this chapter might be assigned to dif-

ferent ones in the Society, and these members come prepared to give short talks on the practical lessons found in the chapter. The Testimonies will prove valuable in preparing these talks.

**Gleanings from Reports**

MRS. BESSIE L. SHAW, Calcutta, India, writes: "Regarding the young people's work, I am deeply interested in this line, and we both will do all we can to help forward this work. Miss Wilcox has charge of the first Young People's Society in India, and I understand that they are doing most excellent work. Just now it is very hot on the plains, and all that they do will be done with the greatest of effort. We, who are so fortunate as to have a little time in the hills, are doing what we can with our literature. We have organized a live Society, and our first effort is to send some of our literature to some of the three thousand missionaries in India. As a matter of fact, many of the missionaries do not understand our work, and we find that as we come in contact with them, and they learn more of us, they are not so prejudiced."

The Young People's Society at Battle Creek, Michigan, has been especially interested in the educational work in this country. "Over three hundred dollars have been expended this year by our Society for missionary purposes," so reads the report of one of its members.

The South African Union Conference proceedings show deep interest in the young people's work, as the following resolutions indicate: "Resolved, That every effort be put forth to encourage the organization of Young People's Societies until all our youth and children are engaged in practical missionary work; and that the conference provide a secretary to give instruction and assistance in this work. Resolved, That Sabbath, February 23, be set apart for a Young People's Day service, and that our schools be urged to carry out the program provided in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for this purpose."

The West Michigan Young People's Societies are deeply interested in a missionary campaign in behalf of the Finns in the copper districts of that State.

S. W. Nellis writing about the young people's work in Australia, says: "Queensland young people have taken upon themselves the privilege of supporting a worker in New Guinea for one year. And now I wish to appeal to the parents to lend their encouragement and support, by helping their children to plan to this end. I believe we have reached the time when the hearts of parents and children are to be united in bringing about the triumph of the last message of God to this world; and that in this generation. What we do must be done quickly, and the Lord will bless every plan put into action."

The Young People's Society at Clearfield, Pa., has been at work. Mrs. R. H. Wiper writes as follows: "We ordered ten thousand copies of a special number of *Liberty*, which we hope to sell within the next two months, with God's help. The following is the number of papers sold in four months:—

Signs .....	2,500	\$125.00
Watchman .....	2,100	105.00
Liberty .....	10,000	500.00
Life and Health .....	6,500	325.00
Bible Training School .....	1,500	150.00
Total .....	22,600	\$1,205.00

**BOOKS**

Coming King .....	50	\$ 50.00
Heralds of the Morning.....	40	60.00
Bible Readings .....	7	10.50
Miscellaneous .....	..	15.00
Total .....	97	\$135.00

MATILDA ERICKSON,

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

**Answer to Last Week's Bible Problem**

$$8 \times 4 - 15 + 5 + 30 + 7 \times 10 - 2 \div 12 + 13 - 8 + 7 - 6 - 5 = 50.$$

**An Oak's Autobiography**

*(Concluded from last week)*

**Crocus Time**

ONE day, after I had long been buried under the leaves and soil, I heard a stir among the flowers that had been sleeping in the dark ground. I listened very closely, for I was certain something was about to happen that concerned my future life.

It proved to be a wakeful little crocus who tossed restlessly in her bed. She was tired of the dark and cold, tired of lying so close and still. The damp earth pressed heavily upon her, and she longed with all her heart to shake it off.

She had not forgotten the sunshine world and the song of birds. For she had once lived in that beautiful place, and was very happy until one evil day the Frost King came and banished all the flowers. When she first came to this lower world, she was cold and frightened at the darkness, and had cried herself to sleep in her strange bed. Since then, because there was nothing else to do, she had lain quite still. But now it was all changed; she was wide awake, and determined to stay there no longer.

She was so excited with the recital of her story that she soon roused the flowers from their sleep. Her cousin, the Violet, always gentle in her disposition, reached out her hand and tried to quiet her.

"Please do not leave us, little Crocus; I hear above us the rattle of sleet; the winds roar, and the air is chill. Stay! we are snug and safe here; it does not matter that for a time we live in darkness. We rest, we grow strong, and no careless foot can trample us."

"How happy!" murmured the drowsy Rose; "we have nothing to do but sleep," and she drew her covering close about her.

"It is too cold, yet, for me," shivered the Buttercup. "The children must wait a long time for my yellow blossoms. There is no music in that upper world; the brooks are frozen, and the birds are mute."

"Stay, foolish one, until we hear the voice of the laughing stream, or Robin Redbreast calls with his clear strong note. Then we can be sure that the horrid king is dead."

But the Crocus would not heed their pleadings. She drew on her green hood and started forth. Nearer and nearer she crept toward the outer world. Her quick ear caught no sound of Spring's sweet voice. She stretched out her hand and grasped nothing but the cold snow, but she pushed on. It was not long until the sun saw her, and made room for her fair face. He smiled so warmly upon her that the snow was soon gone. Little hands clapped in mad delight to see the first of summer's flowers. Her beauty warmed the bluebird's heart, and he began to sing. The air softened as it kissed her upturned face.

One by one the other flowers sprang up; the oaks budded, and nature rejoiced. For the brave

little Crocus, who tarried not for bird or bloom, had opened the way for God's miracle of spring.

**An Empty Nest**

With every change of the year I grew in size and wisdom, until one spring I stood the peer of any oak of the forest; lithe of limb, my feet deep rooted in the fertile soil.

I smiled to think of the simple little acorn that fell and was buried, that heard the secrets of the sleeping flowers, and followed the dark underground passage that led to light and life. The memory of that first spring has always remained with me, though many have come and gone since that happy time.

However, with all my knowledge, I

have not made a beginning in solving the great mystery of nature. From the falling of the leaves until the flowers return I count almost wholly lost. If I am not soundly sleeping, I am always stupid, and take little notice of the bleak earth. So it is no wonder that I rejoice when the blue-bird comes back from his winter abroad, and begins to sing to me. The warm sap leaps in my veins, and I wish in my heart of oak that I could find

a voice with which to praise the life-giving spring-time. But I was not made to sing. I hear the music of other voices, and I rustle my leaves as my share in the grand chorus of nature. In time, birds of every song and feather have come to me with their joys and sorrows.

Of all of them a pair of mocking-birds gave me the most varied and beautiful music. They came early in the season, and selected a nesting place in my branches, though they did not seem in any hurry to finish their home. I believe they took more delight in sitting on the topmost twigs and mocking every bird that came near. I do not think they meant any disrespect to the other birds, but they sometimes made them very angry, and there was many a winged battle in the air.

At length the nest was done, and a song woven in with every twig and feather that lined the cozy cradle. And it was a merry song that caused me first to notice the five tiny eggs that filled the nest.

After this there was only one that sang, but he sang with all his might while he carefully guarded his mate and his cherished nest.

On the happy day that the five wee birds pipped the shells, the songsters kept very still, or sang only in a low, sweet tone, and I did not so much as move a leaf when the children ran down the lane from school. They had not yet discovered anything unusual going on in my branches, so thick were the leaves about the nest.

Everything seemed to favor the little birds until they were almost old enough to fly. One day the mother bird had just given them a dinner of juicy worms, and was telling how they should act when they were once in the big world, when a boy came by with some books and a basket. The wise little bird flew off, and pretended that

her nest and her babies were miles away, but the boy's quick eye had found out her secret. It was but a few moments until he had climbed to the bird-home, and his freckled face peeped over the edge of the nest. He put the helpless little birds in his hat, and climbed down; the frantic mother flew into his face and beat her wings wildly, but he had no fear of her.

Day after day the mocking-birds came back and fluttered about the empty nest, and sometimes when the moon shone bright, they poured out a song of plaintive melody. After a time they went away, and I never saw them again. It may be foolish, but I am almost certain that the grandfather of the boy who stole the birds carried me for a long time in his pocket.

**A Katydid Serenade**

Last night, when the sun had gone to bed, and a thousand stars were twinkling in the sky, some of the queer people who live with me, crept from their hiding places among the leaves, and began their nightly revels. I thought it was quite time for all nature's children to be in bed. My own baby acorns were tired out at play, and I was vainly trying to rock them to sleep.

But no matter how tired they were, they could never go to sleep with those noisy little fellows shrieking in their ears. I seldom take any notice of the creatures that sing in the darkness, but this time I was so fretted that I determined to find out if they were really the fine musicians that they claimed to be. I soon saw that they were rather handsome, with slender green bodies, very large and gauzy wings.

I always had an admiration for things that fly, I suppose because I myself was fast rooted in the earth, and various kinds of wings have been folded to rest in my branches—the swift, wide wings of the feathered songster, the muffled wings of the owl that makes no sound in his stealthy flight; and one memorial day an eagle's powerful wings fanned the air above until I fancied the breath of the north wind had touched me. But however wonderful the wings I had known, none were more curious than those little wings of gauze.

I did not wait long for the concert. The moon was just rising above the dark forest when it began. The children who live at the other end of the lane stopped their race after the firefly's lantern, as the first shrill note was sounded.

It seemed to be a trio, and it sounded to me strangely like a quarrel. I supposed they had talked about the matter and had met to decide

the question; for the leader, who seemed very positive about the thing, sang in a voice shrill and high: "Katy did, Katy did."

I could see nothing wrong in that except the music was not sweet, but it made another angry, and he screamed out with all his might: "Katy didn't, didn't."

Before he had quite finished, another, an older one I judged from his deep voice, cried, very knowingly: "She did, she did, she did."

The children were laughing in glee. I am certain this strange child, Katy, lived there, and that was whom they sang about.

Over and over they repeated the strain, and after each bar they rested to gain breath to begin



Vacation days are over.



"Life is earnest; life is real."

afresh. I was almost frantic. I begged them to be quiet and let me sleep, but they paid no attention to my wishes. The children had long ago gone home, the moon had climbed high in the heavens and looked down on a sleeping world, but the concert still kept up.

I shook my branches savagely; the musicians held on with a death-grip, but the music ceased. And what do you think I discovered?—That the boastful little things had not a voice among them. They were as mute as the leaves on which they sat, and all their noise had been but the scraping of their wings against the ridges on their bodies. They made a very good brass band, but I was too tired to enjoy it, and I was soon so sound asleep that I heard no more of the Katydid song.

#### Winter Re-enters

I know that I am growing old. My arms are stiff and cramped, and a great hole is worn in my side. Last summer, when I spread out my branches over the hot, dusty road, some of the leaves curled up to the sun as if winter had breathed upon them. Very few stop under my shade and admire me as they did in the days of my strength and youth, and the scanty store of acorns I shake down upon the ground remains untouched by the beasts and birds that once feasted upon their sweet kernels. I wonder if this sadness comes to all lives when they are old?

Sometimes I have seen an aged traveler resting beneath my shade; he often sighed and looked far off into the distance, and often back over the way he had come.

Perhaps he, too, thought of the youth he had lost on the weary road, and the end of the journey that lay so near, and rested to gain strength to finish his work.

I often fancy that if that careless little hand had not lost me so far from my kindred, I should not feel this loneliness. I look out toward the forest, but now I can but dimly see the outlines of the other trees. If I could only lean upon them and slip gently down through their strong young arms to my last sleep; but what if they should laugh at my weakness? And, old as I am, my work is not yet done. This winter a family of squirrels spied my hollow trunk, moved in without my leave, and began fitting up a home for the winter. They spared no pains nor feathers to make things cozy. Every stick was placed in order; every ragged edge was smoothed down by their sharp teeth until to them it was a palace.

As soon as they had finished the store-room, they set to work collecting nuts for their winter's food. It made me happy to see them frisking about at their work. It was some distance across the field to the nut trees, but they never seemed to grow tired, and their bright eyes sparkled as they scampered up to their nests.

They were pretty little things in their gray fur coats and bushy tails, and I wondered why they had left the deep forest and come to live with me. Possibly the hunters had disturbed them there, and since a treacherous mudhole keeps travelers from the lane in winter, it is really just as safe as any place can be.

After a few weeks of sun the cold came in earnest. The squirrels were ready, and tucked themselves in their soft beds and cuddled down beside one another, contented and at peace with all the world. No matter how the wind raved without; no matter how the ice crystals hung from my branches, nor how deep the snow covered the earth, my renters were safe and warm. Sometimes, on those summer days that come even in winter, they came trooping out, and ate their dinners in the clear sunshine.

Sometimes they played games like little children, chasing each other up and down my branches; sometimes they ran out into the field and far across to the forest. Perhaps they went over to visit their friends,—I can not say. But one day when they

were gone longer than usual, I heard the yelping of dogs. I roused myself the best I could and strained my eyes to see. The dogs came bounding across the field, several boys followed, and just ahead came the squirrels, running the race of life or death. But the race was uneven, and they never reached their homes. Poor little lonely babies, stay close with me in your quiet nest. How many tired and lost ones have I rested in my strong arms! I am old now, but when another spring has come, you may go out into the world as your parents did before you, and our Mother Nature, who cares for us all, will give you food and meat.

Yes, I am old. I heard some men say I must soon come down. I shall pass into another state, and be useful still; but story-telling is done, unless it happens that the children gathered around a cheerful fire can catch the stories from my tongue of flame.—*Mary Burrow, in Everywhere Magazine.*

#### A Busy Man

ONE of our school men recently expressed his interest in the INSTRUCTOR, and said he had greatly desired to contribute some articles for the paper, but had found that pressing duties left no time for such an effort—a fact not difficult to comprehend, when a brief summary of his chief duties was given. He said: "I have been business manager and principal of the academy, have done full work in teaching, have superintended the building operations, purchasing all material, had a watchcare over the printing plant, besides carrying burdens as committeeman in this conference and in the union conference. I am also religious liberty secretary for both the State and union conference, attorney for the legal associations connected with the cause in this conference, besides what general meetings and care of the local church I have had to fill in. In addition I have kept the books of the operating department, of the legal Board holding the school, and of the legal association as secretary." These small tasks, together with his necessary home and social duties, we can easily believe left little time for regular contributions to the INSTRUCTOR.

#### A Mohammedan Mosque Here

THE Mohammedans are seriously contemplating the erection of a magnificent mosque in New York City. Of course they now have their adherents and small places of worship in the city, and regard this country as a favorable field for missionary effort; but when they become sufficiently influential to erect the church building they anticipate, the Christian church may well be admonished to look faithfully to its home field. It may be that while it is sending its missionaries to Mohammedan lands across the water, the Mussulmans in this country, by their well-known zeal, may more than counteract the Christian missionary's effort in other lands.

#### Pullman Cars for Horses

THAT travel by rail is to be made as comfortable and luxuriant for horses as it is for man, is evidenced by the fact that the New York Central lines have placed orders for twenty cars, each of which will be lighted with electricity, and steam heated. These cars will otherwise be equipped with everything conducive to comfort and safety, being provided with feed and water compartments, harness lockers, and suitable berths for the men in charge of the horses.

Just as only the wealthy can afford special and private cars, just so will the new cars be used exclusively for the transportation of valuable horses principally owned by the millionaires of Chicago and New York, who not infrequently ship their horses to California for the winter,

returning them in the spring. They do not object to paying the extra rates for the special cars for their horses; in fact, had rather pay it than have them shipped in the ordinary stock-cars. The railroad officials are of the opinion that palace-cars for horses will be economy on the part of the roads in the long run, as they are often called upon to pay heavy damages when horses have been shipped in cars which were not what they should have been.

In the meantime the ordinary animal will continue to travel in the old-fashioned, ill-ventilated stock-cars just as the common people will continue to travel in the ordinary day coaches.—*Selected.*

#### Clinging to the Prison

THERE is a man in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus who has been there over thirty years. The crime for which he was imprisoned was committed when he was but a young man, only twenty-two years of age. He is now past middle life, and looks like an old man. Nearly twenty-five thousand prisoners have come and gone since he first went to his cell. For several years he longed for freedom and dreamed of pardon, but the other day when he was offered a release on parole, he declined it, and said he preferred to end his days in the penitentiary. There are many men like that in regard to their sins. They have carried their chains so long that they cease to rebel against them, and give themselves over to be "taken captive" by the devil at his will.

It is a terrible thing to surrender one's self to the prison-house of sin, and thus run the risk of seeing the day when the freedom of a noble life will seem to be a thing to be shunned.—*Louis Albert Banks.*

#### Mind Food

OUR minds, like our bodies, must be constantly nourished if we would have them grow healthy and strong, and reading is one of the most common factors by which we receive this food. But it is not enough that we have a good feast of reading once a week, perhaps on the Sabbath, for then we must have mental hunger during the six days that follow.

#### Lessons and Texts Easily Forgotten

I remember in my childhood that when I read the good stories and uplifting advice given to the children in the Sunday-school paper, or studied some particularly interesting Sunday-school lesson, it would sometimes seem to me that I had found the key to the secret of Christian living, and that never again an unruly tongue or an envious thought would trouble me, for the application of the newly learned lesson would settle it all; and yet the wear of daily life would soon obliterate all the power of application, and even the lesson itself from my mind. How often I have wondered at it. Often some passage of Scripture has thrilled and charmed me, only to slip away again, to be refound to teach and readmonish. I have been astonished at my inability to retain and apply the lessons thus learned. However, it never occurred to me to wonder why I had to take food so often, nor was I ever surprised that with the return of the hours appointed for the daily meals, there was always a hunger and a seeming necessity for them, even though they were all very much the same.

The wear of the physical system demands that it be often fed with good and nourishing food, to keep it in a proper condition of health. There is constant wear and tear on our mental and moral systems, and to rebuild this waste there should be a daily feeding of the mind. There is so much for us to learn! The lesson of the beauty and broadness and perfection of the love of God as represented in 1 Corinthians 13, the

lessons that nature has spread out before us, the wilfulness of the untamed tongue and the unregenerate heart, are all themes that we too easily forget, and that need to be studied over and over, just as we need the bread of our tables over and over again for our physical nourishment. A bit of poetry, a simple thought composed of only a few words stored in the mind or gathered together in a handy book, is very helpful, and often a means of great uplifting.

We can not afford to feed our precious minds with anything less than the very best, and we shall find beautiful and helpful thoughts all about us ready for our use if we but accustom ourselves to look for them.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

**A Child's Experience**

I WANT to tell the children  
How, when only eight years old,  
I found the blessed, loving Saviour  
More precious than the finest gold.

We were living in a cabin;  
Neither school nor church was near;  
Barely had we food and shelter,  
Scant our clothing all the year.

But Aunt Rachel used to tell us  
Of the Saviour's cleansing blood,  
That those who asked believing  
He would freely give all good.

So I asked the blessed Jesus  
Just to make me all his own;  
Then I felt my sins forgiven,  
And his glory round me shone.

Children, now my hair is frosty,  
But I well remember still  
The finding of my dear Redeemer,  
When his love my heart did fill.

Yes, he loves the little children,  
Is calling them the world around.  
Haste, then, to receive his blessing;  
Seek him while he may be found.

VIOLA OLIVE C. WHITE.

**A Practical Method in Reviews**

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher has tried with success the following plan of reviewing the quarterly lesson study of her class:—

Slips of paper were prepared by the teacher, on each of which she wrote the name of a Bible character about whom the class had studied during the last quarter. One of these slips was handed to each pupil. The teacher then related some incident in the life of one of the characters whose name was on the slips, and asked that the pupil who held the slip with the name corresponding to this story would hand it to her. After this was done, a general discussion, in which the whole class took part, was held on the life-story of the character in question. Another incident was then related by the teacher, and so on until the whole list of names had been taken up, and each pupil had handed in her slip. By this method the lessons to be learned from the lives of Bible characters were impressed on the minds of the pupils, and in the frank discussion good fellowship was promoted between class and teacher. After all, the success of a teacher depends largely upon this very question of "good fellowship." The teacher who makes her pupils feel that she is one of them, and in this way wins their love and confidence, is, in nine cases out of ten, the successful worker in the Sabbath-school.—*The Circle.*

seph, and showed him mercy." Genesis 39:21.

**Lesson Story**

1. Joseph was carried into Egypt, and Potiphar, an officer of the king's guard, bought him from the Ishmaelites. "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man." His master saw that the Lord was with him, and that he made all that he did prosper.

2. This pleased Joseph's master, so he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. Now the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake. And the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house and in the field.

3. After Joseph had been in Egypt a number of years, the wife of Potiphar falsely accused Joseph. When his master heard the words of his wife, his wrath was kindled, and he took Joseph and put him into prison.

4. But the Lord was with Joseph and showed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. This man gave Joseph charge over all the prisoners. And because the Lord was with him, that which he did prospered.

5. After a time Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, became angry with his chief butler and his chief baker, and so had them cast into the same prison where Joseph was bound.

6. And they both dreamed a dream the same night which made them very sad, for they had no one to tell them the meaning of the dreams. When Joseph saw how sad they were, he said to them, "Do not interpretations belong to God? tell me them, I pray you."

7. "And the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said to him, In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; and in the vine were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes: and Pharaoh's cup was in my hand, and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

8. And Joseph told him that the dream meant that in three days Pharaoh would again restore him to his former place. "Think on me," said Joseph, "when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house."

9. When the chief baker heard the meaning of the chief butler's dream, he said to Joseph, "I also was in my dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head: and in the uppermost baskets there was all manner of bake-meats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."

10. "Joseph answered, . . . Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee."

11. Now all this was fulfilled the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday. "He restored the chief butler unto his butlership again; and he gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand: but he hanged the chief baker: as Joseph had interpreted to them. Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him."

**Questions**

1. Into what country was Joseph carried? To whom was he sold? What position did this man hold? Who was with Joseph even in Egypt? What did the Lord do for him? Who saw this?
2. How did Joseph's master feel to have such a prosperous man in his kingdom? What position did he give Joseph? What was the result?
3. What wicked thing happened to Joseph? Who was his accuser? What effect did his wife's words have upon Potiphar? What did he do with Joseph?
4. What did the Lord do for Joseph now that he was cast into prison? How did the keeper of the prison regard Joseph? What authority did he give him?

5. Mention two other men who were cast into the same prison with Joseph. Whose servants were these two men?

6. What made them both very sad? Why should they be sad over having dreamed a dream? Who did Joseph tell them knew the meaning of dreams? What did he ask them to do?

7. Relate the chief butler's dream. How many branches were on the vine? What grew on these branches? What was done with the grapes?

8. What did Joseph say that the three branches meant? What was the meaning of the entire dream? What did Joseph beg the chief butler to do when he was restored to his former place?

9. Relate the dream of the chief baker.

10. What was the meaning of this dream? When was the dream to be fulfilled?

11. What took place on the third day after these dreams? In what way was the dream of the chief butler fulfilled? What became of the chief baker? How did the chief butler treat Joseph?



**A Synopsis of the Present Truth**

**I—Creation by the Word of God**

(October 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." Ps. 33:6.

**Questions**

1. What agent did the Lord use in creating the world? Gen. 1:3, 6, 9, 11, etc.; note 1.
2. How does the psalmist describe the work of creation? Ps. 33:6, 9; note 2.
3. How powerful is the word of God? Heb. 4:12; note 3.
4. What is said of the power and wisdom exercised in creation? Jer. 10:12.
5. Did the new creation represent the perfect will of God? Ps. 135:6.
6. What will the same word that created the worlds do when hidden in the heart? Ps. 119:11; note 4.
7. What does the apostle Peter say concerning the nature of God's word? 1 Peter 1:23.
8. What does it accomplish for the believer? Acts 20:32.
9. How must it be received? 1 Thess. 2:13.
10. How long will the word of God endure? Matt. 24:35.
11. How much is upheld by this word? Heb. 1:3.
12. What assurance have we that the word of the Lord can never fail? Isa. 55:10, 11.

**Notes**

1. God said, "Let there be light: and there was light." The decree of the Lord, "Let there be," in each step in creation made it so.
2. An absolute Creator must be able to bring into being that which before was non-existent. Thus the apostle says, "The worlds have been framed by the word of God so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which appear." Heb. 11:3, A. R. V.
3. God's Spirit invariably accompanies his word, so that Jesus could say of that which he declared, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." John 6:63. In creation it is said, "The Spirit of God moved ["was brooding upon," margin, A. R. V.] upon the face of the waters." Thus "God said, Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures. . . . And God created the great sea monsters, and every living creature that moveth, wherewith the waters swarmed, after their kind." Gen. 1:2, 20, 21, A. R. V.
4. Those who meditate upon God's word day and night become imbued with the spirit in the word, and are thereby kept from transgression.

**THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON**

**I—Joseph in Egypt**

(October 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 39:1-6, 20-23; 40.

MEMORY VERSE: "But the Lord was with Jo-



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#### A Good Record

ONE young man who canvassed twenty-one days in Tonopah and Goldfield, Nevada, took \$880 worth of orders, and delivered \$831 worth. This effort gave him an average of \$39.57 sales for every day he worked.

#### A Good New Book

PROF. MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH, Ph. D., LL. D., who occupies the chair of pedagogy in the University of Pennsylvania, has written a very helpful work for the Sunday-school teacher. It is entitled, "The Making of a Teacher." It treats the principles of teaching comprehensively, but simply. It is both entertaining and instructive. It can be ordered of the Review and Herald Publishing Office, Takoma Park, D. C. Price, \$1.

#### The Severance Rapid Calculator

RECENTLY Mrs. Wellman had an article in the INSTRUCTOR giving some short cuts, or methods, in multiplication. These were very practical suggestions; and our young people should become conversant with these and many others. Mr. D. N. Severance has gotten out a little work entitled the "Rapid Calculator and Accountant's Assistant." Teachers and students will find this little book of material help in their school work. Fractions, interest, percentage, and discount are treated in the book, as well as the simpler subjects of arithmetic. The price of the cloth binding is \$1; that of strong manila paper, 50 cents. Address D. N. Severance, Atlanta, Georgia.

#### Why Go to College?

GOING to college is expensive, and it makes generous demands upon one's time and strength; so it is not strange that there are thoughtful young men and women who stop to consider the cost, and ask, Does it pay?

The *Golden Age* said recently that going to college increased one's earning capacity and chances for success. It also gave the following terse reasons, for a young man's attending college:—

"A young man wants to be a man among men, and not a manikin. He wants to put himself into relationship with other men, with history, with the development of his State and country, with the world. He wants the perspective that the college gives, the ability to think, to weigh evidence, to discover truth, to solve hard problems. It will give him a clearer vision and wider horizon.

"It will help him to clearer thinking, to purer feeling, to stronger willing; but the thinking will also be richer as well as clearer, the feeling will be deeper as well as purer, and the will, indeed, will be more gracious as well as stronger. The

alabaster box of life will become more precious. Literature, architecture, friendship, music, nature, will speak to him in more varied and in finer tones. The college will help him to a more satisfying life.

"It will enable him to form enduring friendships. College friendships! There are no friends so natural, so genuine, so warm, so true, so satisfying, as those formed at college. In life's failures, college friends are the ones who still love us. In life's triumphs, their congratulations give the most contentment.

"He wants to be fitted for companionship with the wisest and best, to join that democracy of learning that knows neither state lines nor ocean boundaries, but everywhere seeks the good of man and the glory of God. The college man is the man of the century. All paths open to him, and all look to him for leadership and guidance.

"The college will better prepare him for service to the people. It will open his eyes to opportunities for service. It will give him breadth and depth of sympathy with the community, as well as increase his power of meeting the demands which it justly makes. It not only gives him a richer manhood, it creates in him a finer citizenship.

"If he will go to college to get what he can of its scholarship, its culture, its training, its friendships to use in loving service, he can not make a better use of three or four years of his life, nor a better investment of a few hundred dollars."

### Interesting Personal Incidents

#### The Word in Season

I HAD been away from home for some time, and during the time had found and accepted the truths of the third angel's message. My best friend was grieved about it, and when I returned, came to speak to me about it, as one with a personal grievance, and with arguments which she felt sure would convince me.

She opened the attack with, "Why did you go and become an Adventist?" I felt that much depended upon my reply, and lifting my heart to God for wisdom, I went to her, and placing my arms about her, I said, "Because the Lord wanted me to." It was the "word in due season," and she forgot her arguments, and in a short time was herself keeping the Sabbath.

It is sometimes hardest to speak to those who are constantly with us on matters that pertain to their soul. As a matter of business, the boy in the office and myself had spoken of the coming of the Lord and kindred subjects, that he might have a clearer understanding of them, for he was translating these subjects for our paper. He had given us to understand that it was simply a matter of the pay he was receiving, and not any interest that he had in such subjects that caused him to do the work. One day it seemed that the Spirit of God was strongly impressing me that I should speak to him of his soul and of his responsibility to God. Finally, as we were in the midst of an article, I said, "Francisco, if these things *are* true, how about *you*? What will you do when Jesus comes?" He seemed inclined to answer carelessly at first, and then a change came all over his face, and he said, "I do not know." He is now investigating for himself, and I have hopes that he will accept the message.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

#### Merely Wrote of Finding Jesus

I WAS about sixteen years old, and was living with my father in Michigan. At this time I did not care for religion, did not even make a profession, and was not a member of the church. Like other boys, I wanted a good time, and was seeking it from worldly sources. Of course there

was, from time to time, a conviction upon my heart that I was not in the light, and that I was unsaved; but carelessly I went forward as thousands of young people are doing to-day, without much thought, and when the Spirit did speak to my heart, I carelessly turned it aside. I had a classmate, a young lady about my age, who had recently been converted in the Baptist Church. Her life seemed changed, and we all believed that she was then trying to be a Christian. It seems that when the Lord converted her heart, he laid upon her a burden for others. And one day I received from this young woman a letter merely stating to me the joy and peace and rest that she had found in serving Christ, and recommending to me the same. This is about all that she said. And I can say the influence of that letter never left my mind from that day to this. A few years after, I was converted and joined the church, and I have always believed that that letter had an influence, at least, in calling my attention more seriously to the religion of Jesus Christ. The act was a simple one on her part, but it told for Christ. This is one of the most marked instances that I can now recall of my younger years.

W. B. WHITE.

#### Personal Work

I RESOLVED whenever I was in such intimacy with a soul as to be justified in choosing the subject of conversation, the theme of themes should have prominence between us, so that I might learn his need, and if possible, meet it.—*H. Clay Trumbull's Life-Resolve.*

#### Tracts That Fell from Heaven

IN the early years of the seventies, in one of the States east of the Mississippi River, a sister who had accepted the truth was anxious to communicate it to others. After earnest prayer her mind was led to one of her former schoolmates as a subject with whom to begin. She prayed the Lord to guide her mind in regard to the tracts she should take to this lady whom she had not seen for many years. She selected "Elihu on the Sabbath," together with three or four others that would give a good start on the message.

She made her call, and after a few moments of conversation on their former days, presented the tracts. They sat by an open window. When the lady took the tracts and saw what they were, in anger she threw them upon the table. Just then a little whirlwind coming through the window caught the tracts and carried them whirling high up in the air, and dropped them down in the road in front of a covered wagon of movers, to whom it looked as if the tracts had fallen from heaven. One of the family, a boy, was walking. The father had him pick up the tracts and pass them into the wagon.

The sister left the house of her old schoolmate much perplexed in regard to the termination of her first effort in doing missionary work.

#### The Sequel

About four weeks later a friend called upon this sister and said, "There is a family in the adjoining neighborhood who are Sabbath-keepers. They have lately moved in." "Well," said the sister, "I will call on them." She did so, and on inquiring how they learned of the truth, was told that on such a day, giving the date and place (which corresponded exactly with the day and place where she was visiting her old schoolmate), as they were driving along in their mover's wagon, and their little boy walking, several tracts came right down from heaven in the road before them, and they had the boy gather them up. As the tracts came to them in such a wonderful manner, they studied them carefully, and compared them with the Bible, and found they contained the truth. They had therefore kept the Sabbath ever since.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.