

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 42

Sunset on Mont Blanc

FAR up on a northern spur of the Pennine Alps nestles the little village of Finhaut. Far below the Trient dashes in a mass of foam and spray to join the Rhone. The village lies in a little basin perched upon the mountainside. Back of it the heights rise a few thousand feet, and run back to the Dent du Midi, the splendid mountain which is such a prominent sight from Lake Geneva.

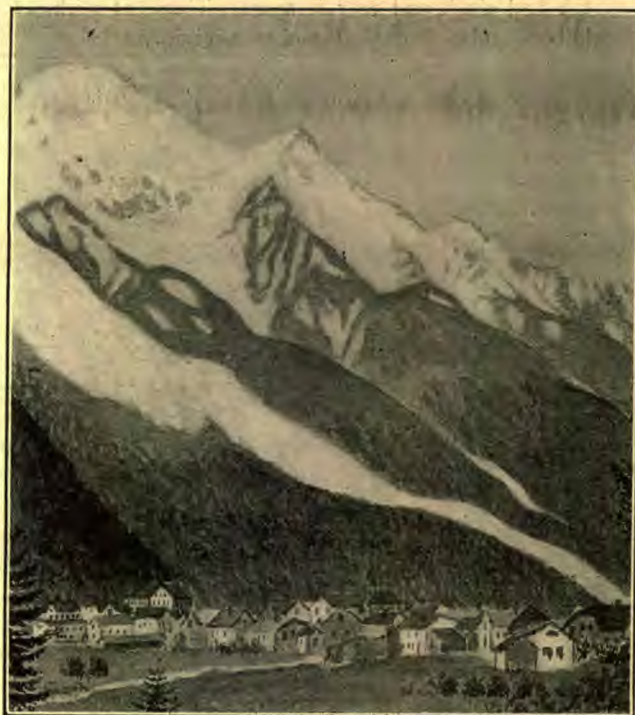
Across the valley the Tête Noire rears its somber outlines high above the village like a vast sentinel, its summit clothed with eternal snows. It was while attending a private school in Switzerland that I had the privilege of visiting this beauty-spot of nature, the faculty having decided to spend the summer months there to avoid the great heat of Lake Geneva.

From Finhaut we used to roam among the hills and valleys in quest of flowers and berries. Switzerland is a paradise of butterflies, flowers, and fruits. It abounds with picturesque ruins of ancient feudal castles and monasteries. It is the land of giant glacier-clad peak, of torrent and waterfall, of green pasture and greener timber, of river and lake. Its valleys are clothed with the vine, the olive, and the fig, and its hills are rich with walnut and chestnut forests.

An Excursion to Mont Blanc

On one of our excursions we crossed the Col de Balme to the Aig Rouges, a mountain from which a splendid view is obtained of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and many other peaks. The prime object of our excursion was to see the sunset on Mont Blanc, one of the most beautiful sights in all nature. The distance was about eighteen miles, but on account of the mountainous character of the country, our progress was necessarily slow. We started from Finhaut in the early morning, eating our breakfast at six o'clock by the side of a beautiful stream which came racing down the mountainside from a glacier many thousand feet above us. We reached the limit of the timber belt about eight o'clock, when for several miles our path took us over grassy slopes with here and there immense boulders, or masses of rock, with hundreds of goats grazing all around us. We stopped at a chalet for lunch at ten o'clock. Half a mile beyond this chalet we reached the snow-line at the Col de Balme, but our course now brought us down nearly two thousand feet to the base of the Aig Rouges. We arrived at the chalet located just below the snow-line opposite Mont Blanc at four o'clock, where we ate our supper and rested an hour before making the ascent. Somewhat refreshed, we climbed to about a thousand feet above the chalet. We

were all weary, and quite satisfied to sit down and wait till the reclining rays of the sun should crown the snow-clad peaks with a mantle of crimson more beautiful than any painter could portray or writer describe. Five thousand feet below us lay the village and valley of Chamoni (shā-mo-né), with the River Arve winding like a silver band away toward the town of Geneva, at the western extremity of the lake of the same name. Across the valley the steep slopes of Mont Blanc rise in solemn majesty forty-five hundred feet to the snow-line. Down the slopes rush with irresistible force numerous torrents from glaciers above, that coming from the Mer-de-Glace,



SKETCH OF MONT BLANC BY MR. HAMILTON

the most celebrated glacier in Europe, being a fair-sized river where it leaves the ice mass.

The Mer-de-Glace is eleven miles long by two miles wide and of incredible depth. There are crevasses in it a hundred feet wide and many hundreds deep. It begins at the base of the peak of Mont Blanc, and extends northeast eight miles, where it curves around to the west, and ends thousands of feet below the snow level. To the left of Mont Blanc we could look down the Pennine Alps to Monte Rosa fifty miles away, but in the clear mountain air looking scarcely half that distance. The Matterhorn, a few miles nearer and still farther to the left, reared its almost inaccessible crest, the whole combining to make a picture whose grandeur and beauty baffle description.

But beautiful and grand as was the scene before

us, we were privileged soon to see the face of nature clothed with a crown of glory whose matchless beauty could not be described nor even appreciated; it could only be beheld in silent awe and rapt admiration. Gradually the mountain took on a rosy tint which deepened into a soft crimson as the sun drew nearer and nearer to the western horizon, while those parts of the mountain which were sheltered from the direct rays assumed a deep purple hue, and the valley of Chamoni was enveloped in cold gray shadows. As the great orb sank from view, the crimson tint gave place to purple, which in turn changed to gray, and we witnessed a most awe-inspiring and impressive scene. Imagine, if you can, a mountain towering to the height of sixteen thousand feet, and having an area of fifty square miles, covered with snow and ice reaching down eight thousand feet from its summit. In the twilight it looked like a huge specter watching with cold indifference the world spread out below it. The moon, rising behind the mountain, served to throw its vast outlines into relief against the sky, and shining upon some of the snow-fields enhanced its ghostly appearance.

Not a word was spoken. Only the monotonous roar of many mountain torrents broke the stillness of the night. Silent and subdued in spirit we gazed—humanity before this majestic monument of divinity.

G. A. HAMILTON.

Swedish History Sketches—No. 3

The Bernadottes

In the early part of the last century, a revolution took place in Sweden, and Gustaf IV was dethroned. His successor, Charles XIII, was old and without heirs—that is to say, after the untimely death of Prince August by an apoplectic stroke. Sweden now set about the election of a crown prince. As Bonaparte was at that time on the throne of France, and a sovereign whose good-will was by no means to be despised, effort was made to select one who would meet with his approval. Accordingly, with the French emperor's consent, Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, Marshal of France and Prince of Pontecorvo, was chosen crown prince, being adopted as a son by Charles XIII.

Marshal Bernadotte was born the son of a poor notary in southern France. Enlisting in the army at the age of fifteen, he saw service in Corsica, and later, in the East Indies. Shortly after his return to France, the French Revolution broke out. This gave Bernadotte an opportunity for displaying his ability as a soldier, and his

promotion was rapid. This may have been to some extent due to his connection with the Bonaparte family, his wife being a sister of Joseph Bonaparte's wife and a former sweetheart of the great Napoleon.

Charles XIII dying in 1818, Bernadotte was crowned at Stockholm as Charles XIV, and, a few months later, as King of Norway at Drontheim.

Bernadotte had been the actual ruler of Sweden for several years previously, on account of the advanced years of his predecessor. During this time he had conquered whatever prejudices the Swedish people may have entertained for their foreign prince, but had secured the ill-will of Napoleon because as crown prince he refused the emperor aid in his plans for conquest. Napoleon used every means within his power to bring the wayward Gascon under his authority, but to no purpose.

While Bernadotte never learned the language of his subjects, by refraining from foreign entanglements and encouraging commerce he brought about an era of great prosperity for his adopted country. Upon his death in 1844, he was succeeded by his son, Oscar I.

Oscar I, who had married Josephine Maximilienne, daughter of Eugene Beauharnois, Napoleon's stepson, ruled ably for a number of years, and was succeeded by his son Charles XV. In 1872, upon the death of Charles XV, the present king, Oscar II, came to the throne. He is a son of Oscar I. He is a scholar and poet, and has done much for Sweden's welfare. The present crown prince, Gustaf, has Vasa blood in his veins, Oscar II having married a member of a branch of the old royal family.

Under the Vasas, Sweden saw her most powerful days; under the Bernadottes, her happiest.

J. FRED SANTEE.



An Ice Mine

THE books say that the nearer one goes to the middle of the earth, the hotter it grows, but there seems to be one place where nature has made a little refrigerator of her own, and *Good Housekeeping* gives the following account of it:—

You have heard of coal-mines, and gold-mines, and silver-mines, and copper-mines, but did you ever hear of a mine of ice, a real mine where you can go down, and in the very hottest day in summer break off icicles, and even get ice enough to make ice-cream? Just such a queer mine has been found among the beautiful Pennsylvania hills, and the strange part of it is that no one seems to know how the ice is made, or why it is made.

What would you think of being able to dig down into the ground and find it so cool down there just a few feet from the surface that you couldn't stay there even though it were the hottest day in August? That is the way it is in this queer ice mine. Very learned men have come from many places to see this wonder that dear old Mother Nature has made. The mine is not very deep, only twenty feet, but it is very, very cold, and the queer thing about it is that the hotter the day the colder the mine, while in winter there is no ice mine at all, for then it is warm instead of cold.

This queer mine is near the little town of Coudersport, Pennsylvania. The road to it winds through a beautiful forest. All around grow splendid trees, and under these near the mine are seats and little tables. Should you ever go there, you may, perhaps, eat ice-cream made from the ice which comes from this mine, which a very much surprised coal miner found some ten years ago, instead of the coal he was looking for.—*The Wellspring*.

The Bible on Dancing

SOME persons appeal to the Bible in justification of the dance. But Rev. Dr. Patton carefully examined every text of Scripture in which the word occurs, and reached these conclusions:—

That dancing of old was a religious act among idolaters as well as worshipers of the true God.

That it was an expression of joy for victories and other mercies.

That dancing took place in the daytime.

That the women danced by themselves.

That the men seldom danced.

That men and women never danced together.

That dancing as an amusement was regarded as disreputable, fit only for the "vain fellows."

That the only instances recorded in the Bible of dancing for amusement are of the worldly families described by Job, the daughter of the murderer, Herodias, and the "vain fellows."

That the Bible nowhere sanctions such a thing as the modern dance.—*Michigan Christian Advocate*.

As We Appear to the Chinese

THE following was written by a Chinese to his friend after having spent several months in America observing the manners and customs of the people: "You can not civilize these foreign devils. They are beyond redemption. They will live for weeks and months without touching a mouthful of rice, but they eat the flesh of bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities. That is why they smell so badly; they smell like sheep themselves. Every day they take a bath to rid themselves of their disagreeable odors, but they do not succeed. Nor do they eat their meat cooked in small pieces. It is carried into the room in large chunks, often half raw, and they cut and slash and tear it apart. They eat with knives and prongs. It makes a civilized being perfectly nervous. One fancies himself in the presence of sword-swallowers. They even sit down at the same table with women, and the latter are served first, reversing the order of nature. . . . Yet the women are to be pitied, too. On festive occasions they are dragged around the room to the accompaniment of the most awful music."—*Selected*.

Kitchens of Three Kings

IN Windsor Castle kitchen, King Edward VII has copper and silver utensils worth something like \$45,000, while on fittings alone George II expended the sum of \$50,000 in order to satisfy his cook.

But the cream of kitchens is owned by the czar of Russia, who, soon after his accession to the throne, spent \$400,000 in remodeling and refurnishing his kitchen at the winter palace, St. Petersburg. All the cooking utensils are of solid silver, while all the spice-boxes are of solid gold. His chief cook draws a salary of \$40,000 per annum, and he has six subordinates in receipt of salaries ranging between \$5,000 and \$7,500—to say nothing of hundreds of supernumeraries. Altogether, the czar's kitchen expenses amount to \$600,000 yearly.

The shah of Persia's kitchen is the most valuable in the world, if not the most expensive. The shah could, if he wished, realize more than a million pounds sterling on the sale of the contents of his kitchen. His food is cooked in gold-lined pots, and he eats his dinner off solid gold plates, incrusting with precious stones of priceless value. His jeweled knives and forks are said to be worth thousands of pounds, while his marvelous "state" soup tureen is worth half a dozen large fortunes.

These almost fabulous expenditures are indeed astonishing when we reflect that they represent only the kitchen paraphernalia of one great establishment, for each of the two first-mentioned

rulers maintain various places of abode, and then reflect that everything else connected with their support and entertainment is in like proportion.—*London Tit-Bits*.

Adulteration

CHEMICAL analysis, according to a report from the board of health, Sydney, shows the entire absence of egg in so-called egg powders. Of what are they composed?—One of the powders consisted of wheat-flour, baking-powder, ginger, and tumeric; while a second, a liquor, consisted of nothing but an aniline dye known as acid yellow.

Mr. James R. Mann, speaking in the House of Representatives of the United States, in favor of the Pure Food bill, exhibited a number of foods which had been adulterated. A bottle of cherries had been picked green. The color had been removed with acid, and the fruit had been dyed a bright red with aniline dye. Liquid taken from the bottle dyed a piece of cloth scarlet.

A bottle was labeled pure honey, but its contents were entirely glucose, and contained a dead bee, in order to deceive the public.

Patent medicines were shown containing opium and cocaine. Mr. Mann said the taking of these medicines was largely responsible for the serious increase of the opium habit.—*Australasian Good Health*.

Fortune on Finger Tips

THE costliest thimble in the world is one possessed by the queen of Siam. It was presented to her by her husband, the king, who had it made at a cost of rather more than seventy-five thousand dollars. This thimble is quite an exquisite work of art. It is made of pure gold, in the fashion or shape of a half-opened lotus flower, the floral emblem of the royal house of Siam.

It is thickly studded with their most beautiful diamonds and other precious stones, which are so arranged as to form the name of the queen, together with the date of her marriage. She regards this thimble as one of her most precious possessions.

Not long ago a Paris jeweler made a most elaborate thimble to the order of a well-known American millionaire. It was somewhat larger than the ordinary size of thimbles, and the agreed price was twenty-five thousand dollars. The gold setting was scarcely visible, so completely was it set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls in artistic designs, the rubies showing the initials of the recipient.

Five or six years ago a jeweler in the west end of London was paid a sum of nearly fifteen thousand dollars for a thimble, which the pampered wife of a South African Cræsus insisted on having made for her. This was one mass of precious gems—diamonds and rubies—which as thimble ornaments seem almost to monopolize feminine taste.

The late shah of Persia presented a thimble to a lady whose guest he was for a few hours. In the words of the delighted recipient, it looked like a cluster of glittering gems, which in reality it was, save for the gold in which it was set. An expert in precious stones valued this thimble at seven thousand five hundred dollars.—*Selected*.

Curious Foreign Oaths

WHEN a Chinaman swears to tell the truth, he kneels down and a china saucer is given to him. The following oath is then administered: "You shall tell the truth, and the whole truth. The saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like the saucer," when he breaks the saucer. Other symbolic variations of the Chinese oath are the extinguishing of a candle or cutting off a cock's head, the light of the candle representing the witness' soul, and the

fate of the cock symbolizing the fate of a perjurer.

In certain parts of India tigers' and lizards' skins take the place of the Bible of Christian countries, and the penalty of breaking the oath is that in one case the witness will become the prey of a tiger, and in the other that his body will be covered with scales like a lizard.

In Norwegian courts of law the prelude to the oath proper is a long homily on the sanctity of the oath and the terrible consequences of not keeping it. When the witness is duly crushed by the sense of his fearful responsibility, the oath is administered while he holds aloft his thumb and fore and middle fingers as an emblem of the Trinity.

In an Italian court, the witness, with his right hand resting on an open Bible, declares, "I will swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The Mohammedan takes the oath with his forehead reverently resting on the open Koran. He takes his "bible" in his hand, and, stooping low, as if in the presence of a higher power, slowly bows his head until it touches the book which to him is inspired.—*Baltimore Sun*.

A Human Cork

BATHING in Great Salt Lake is a unique experience. Flights of steps lead down into the water from the interminable platform along which the bath-houses are situated. The water is quite shallow at first, and you find a rare enjoyment for a time in wriggling your toes about in the salt that forms the bottom in the place of accustomed sand. You are obliged to wade out some distance before you experience the peculiar buoyancy of the lake. First, you feel your feet trying to swim out from under you. You find it more difficult to walk. You begin to float in spite of yourself. Then you realize you are non-sinkable. You can't sink if you want to. Throw yourself on your back or sit down or try to swim, and you bob about like a rocking-chair in a freshet. You feel as if you had been turned to cork. You can't help looking at the phenomenon subjectively. You don't see that there is anything peculiar about the water. It looks and feels like any other bathing water—until you get some of it in your eyes or in your mouth. Then you wish you hadn't come. Ocean water is sweet in comparison. In fact, the chemists tell us it is eight times less salty.

You can't drown in the lake by sinking, but you can be suffocated to death, which is just about as uncomfortable and undesirable. We found signs everywhere warning us against being too talkative or too frolicsome in the water.

When we came out, we brought with us large deposits of salt on our skin. As the water evaporated, we found ourselves covered with white crystals. Only a strong shower-bath of fresh water or a good clothes-brush can put one into fit condition to dress.—*The Travel Magazine*.

One Hundred Years Ago

In this day of luxurious comfort and convenience, it is interesting to look backward one hundred years and see how the housewife managed to keep house.

The houses were mainly built of logs, with rarely a glass window, only glazed paper or an opening in the wall. Large fireplaces were used for heat and cooking purposes. The pots and pans of the old-time kitchen would look very queer to us. The brick oven was fired once each week, and filled with delicious viands. Not a pound of coal had been mined, and a stove was an unknown comfort. There were no matches, and if the tinder proved damp, there was a trip of several miles to a neighbor's to borrow a live coal. There were foot-warmers which were used

in church during the long sermons. The floors were generally sanded, for carpets were not known save to a few city people, at that time. A few Turkish rugs were owned. A rag carpet was the pride of the housewife. All the table-linen was woven by the wife,—and how beautiful it was!—all the cloth for garments, also, for the entire family. But a woman could spin from dawn till night and spin only from forty to sixty knots of yarn. To-day an operative can spin one hundred and fifty thousand knots in the same time.

There was no silver or china to delight the housekeeper's heart. Pewter was greatly prized, and home-made bowls and platters constituted the dinner service. No coal or oil or gas had been discovered, and tallow candles formed the only light until 1858, when petroleum was brought into use. It was then sixty cents a gallon.

A journey was a thing to be dreaded, there being no railroads until 1830. To-day there are more than ten thousand passenger locomotives. Where it then took days to reach a place, it is now done in hours. A trip over the Atlantic took two or three months, and now it is made in less than ten days, and in the most palatial steamers. News traveled slowly, and communities were completely isolated. The people at that time had no conveniences and the fewest comforts, and yet these people laid the basis of the country we enjoy to-day.—*Selected*.

The Art of Conversation

He.—"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

She.—And what recalled the poem?

He.—I was thinking of the people whom we meet, and who "speak us in the passing." People whom we may never meet again, but whom we never can forget.

She.—That intangible something which makes us wish to become more closely associated with our newly made acquaintances—what is it? It is indefinable. We meet some one at the theater, at the club, at the social function, and there lingers with us, for many days, the remembrance of the few brief moments in which we felt that we were as "twin spirits moving musically to a lute's well-ordered law." Strange as it may seem, we live in a world of people,—people to the right of us, people to the left of us, everywhere about us, and only here and there a kindred spirit in whose moral and mental atmosphere we bask as in the rays of sunshine. This something that makes us feel that only the element of time is needed to make of our newly formed acquaintance a friend that shall last through life—what is it? A warm hand-clasp, a friendly word, and in one brief moment that mysterious something that clouds the soul, is thrown aside, and in our sky a new star appears as fixed as Polaris in the heavens.

When we have an experience of this kind, although we may have interchanged but few words with our new friend, we feel intuitively that we could spend many hours together, and that we should never tire of exchanging ideas.

He.—Yes, but does this not presuppose a mind stored with those "treasured thoughts" about which we were speaking in our last conversation?

She.—Possibly, in a sense, but first of all it presupposes harmony of taste, of feeling, of ideas. This does not mean, of course, that each shall agree with the other in all essentials, but that each shall have the same broad and intelligent way of looking at a subject, and a consideration each for the other's opinions.

He.—I think, though, that as a basis for harmonious intercourse, there must be an elimination of self. No one who is thoroughly selfish can interest any one but himself. It seems to me that the ideal relation between friends presupposes a entire elimination of self.

She.—Not necessarily so. One of the most tiresome persons that I know, is a gentleman who never refers to himself, to his aspirations, or to his plans; and for this reason, he fails entirely to awaken in his listener any interest in his personality whatsoever. He is the antipode of the person who talks only of what interests him. The person who uses discretion will not avoid all reference to himself, nor will he continually make himself the hero of his own story. It behooves us all to examine ourselves, and if we have either one of these faults, to rid ourselves of it at once. In directing the trend of conversation, the tactful person will choose topics of mutual interest. People are interesting not in proportion as they recount their personal experiences, but as they evince a broad, general interest in what concerns others.

He.—We might add another golden rule to our list,—Golden Rule number seven: Be not continually the hero of your own story, nor on the other hand, do not leave your story without a hero. In other words, it is fatal to one's success as a conversationist either to eliminate one's self entirely or to appear self-centered.

She.—You might say to be self-centered. Selfishness is one of the most disagreeable traits that a person can have, and he who has this to a marked degree should try to eradicate it. Some one has said, "If we had to count our ills, we would not choose suspense." We might add, "If we had to choose our faults, we should not choose selfishness." A person may observe all the golden rules that we have enumerated, but if he is at heart a selfish person, his conversation will lack the charm that emanates from the whole-souled individual whose first thought is to interest and entertain others. Let us cultivate an unselfish spirit, for without this, our words will be but as "sounding brass" and tinkling cymbals.—*Correct English Magazine*.

Japanese Lacquer

JAPANESE lacquer is a very curious substance. A simple tree sap, like maple sap, it is, yet when applied to wood or metal, is quite indestructible. A coat of lacquer is proof against alcohol, against boiling water, against almost all known agents.

The lacquer tree of Japan is very large. It is always cut down at the age of forty years, as, thereafter, it begins to dry up. Each tree yields on its demolition about six barrels of lacquer sap.

The Japanese are very careful not to let foreigners into the secrets of lacquering.—*Selected*.

How He Could Tell

"GIVE me two boys in school for a year," said a teacher, "and I can forecast with much probability of correctness the future of each. It has been my observation, strengthened by my experience, that a boy does not change his habits when he leaves the schoolroom. If he is industrious, honest, earnest, careful, and conscientious during his school days, it is pretty certain that these same qualities will dominate in his after life; but if he is lazy, untrustworthy, listless, careless, and unscrupulous in school, his chances for becoming a good citizen and a success as a man are about equal to the opportunity the Scriptures grant to a camel to pass through the eye of a needle."—*The American Boy*.

RESOLVE to do a little reading every day, if it be but a single sentence. If you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year.—*Horace Mann*.



Young Christian Soldiers

YOUNG Christian soldiers, rally, rally!
Fill up your ranks and march along.
Hark! hark! the Captain's voice is calling,
Take courage and be firm and strong.
Let not the hosts of sin appall you,
Though fierce and strong they may appear;
Your mighty Captain's ever near;
Fear not, no evil shall befall you.
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
Be ever firm and true;
March on, march on, the world to save,
Great things for Christ to do.

Young Christian soldiers, rally, rally
Beneath the banner of the cross!
Though at the post of duty smitten,
Ye can not, can not suffer loss.
For those who fall—O blessed story!—
Again victorious shall rise,
Beyond the cloudy, storm-swept skies
To live and reign with Christ in glory.
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
Be ever firm and true;
March on, march on, the world to save,
Great things for Christ to do.

— W. W. Dowling.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course— No. 3

"EARLY WRITINGS," pages 64-78, and 85-96.

1. What solemn appeals are made to those who would escape the mark of the beast? What is this mark? See "Daniel and the Revelation," page 559, ff. ("ff" means the following pages, as far as the subject goes.)

2. Why is there special antagonism manifested toward the Sabbath? See "Testimonies," Vol. VI (see Index), and Eze. 20:20.

3. Study the following topics carefully: "Reflecting the Image of Jesus;" "No Mediator."

4. Show the relation existing between prayer and faith. Give Bible examples of faith. See also "Steps to Christ," pages 60-69 and 116-132.

5. Give special attention to "The Gathering Time," "Sister White's Early Experiences in Her Appointed Work," "Your Personal Responsibility for the Salvation of Souls." For further study, on the "Daily," see "Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation," page 154, ff.

6. Make the explanatory notes in the supplement an opportunity for reviewing what has already been said on the subjects treated.

M. E. KERN.

Lesson on Personal Work for the Young People's Society

Program

SCRIPTURE READING: Eze. 33:1-16.

A CALL TO PERSONAL WORK.

BIBLE AND TESTIMONY STUDY.

A Call to Personal Work

Humanity is bound together with strong cords of personal influence, and we can not candidly ignore the fact that "no man liveth unto himself." Each is still his brother's keeper. Jesus never made the salvation of lost humanity a secondary business. Heaven places a high price on the sinner, and it is because of this value that a shipwreck in life is so terrible. "There is but one passion for the blood-bought heart, and that is the passion for souls." Then is not the Christian who fails to work for the salvation of others, and to wield a saving influence among his associates, as verily "cutting the rope" as did the Alpine traveler who, as the last strand was sev-

ered, saw those who had been bound to him hurled down the precipice to destruction?

The lighthouse does splendid service for the ship aiming for the deep channel in the harbor, but it can never take the place of the coast-guard of trained life-savers; neither do the efforts in the pulpit eliminate the necessity of doing personal work. The life-savers make one person at a time the object of their most strenuous efforts. It is the personal touch that counts. One has said, "If you would save the world, you must save the people one at a time."

Stanley once said that it was the beauty of holiness in Livingstone's life that led him to become a Christian. Vassar was deeply interested in personal work. Once he spoke to a fashionable lady about her soul. When she related this incident to her husband, and he wondered why she did not tell the stranger that it was none of his business, she replied, "If you had seen the expression of his face, and heard his earnest words, you would have thought it *was* his business." It is the Christian's business to save souls. Each Christian's life should give evidence that probation is short; that the hand of death may make it still shorter; and that the spiritual value of a single soul is greater than the riches of this world. But only as the Word of God becomes a part of the Christian's life, can he reveal its power to men. He must have the purity of life which prohibits compromising with known sin. He must through prayer keep an unbroken connection with heaven, and through Bible study learn how God has guided others; and, prompted by love and sympathy, he must study human nature that he may acquire tact in dealing with men. What intense earnestness would then characterize personal work, and what marvelous results would testify to its power!

The personal work done is the thermometer of any missionary society. It is an essential in the curriculum of each Seventh-day Adventist missionary volunteer. What kind of personal work are we doing? Each one may be a successful personal worker. But we can hope to lead none nearer to the Master than we ourselves are. Let us pray for a greater burden for souls and for a deeper realization of God's love for sinners. Through self-surrender let us daily get away from ourselves, and come in close contact with God. Then, filled with the love that "never faileth," let us labor unceasingly for the salvation of those about us.

"Ye who yearn to tell the heathen
Of a Saviour's love and claim,
And in ears that never heard it
Speak the Saviour's precious name,
Know that there are those much nearer,
Whom kind words, in tender tones,
Yet might win as sheaves for Jesus;
There is mission work at home."

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Bible and Testimony Study

NOTE.—This is a suggestive study. If thought best, the topics can be assigned to different persons, who should thoroughly prepare, and conduct five-minute studies with the Society.

THE WORK OF CHRISTIANS:—

Matt. 5:14; Isa. 43:10.

John 17:18; Mark 16:15.

Mark 1:17.

Are there any Christians upon whom this obligation does not rest?

THE FIRST REQUIREMENT FOR THIS WORK:—

Compare John 9:5 with Matt. 5:14.

Compare John 17:17 with verse 18.

2 Cor. 3:2.

Character first; "character before career."

"What you are, speaks so loudly I can not hear what you say."—Emerson.

"What the cause of Christ needs, is not so much more of us, as a better brand of us."
—Henry Drummond.

DUTY TO DO PERSONAL WORK:—

Mark 1:17. What does this suggest as to method?

Isa. 50:4. May we all have this experience? "Christ's Object Lessons," page 229: "To a great degree this work [of the gospel] must be accomplished by personal labor. This was Christ's method. His work was largely made up of personal interviews. He had a faithful regard for the one-soul audience."

"Christ's Object Lessons," page 343: "Every moment is freighted with eternal consequences. We are to stand as minutemen, ready for service at a moment's notice. The opportunity that is now ours to speak to some needy soul the word of life, may never offer again."

"Desire of Ages," page 141: "Many have gone down to ruin who might have been saved, if their neighbors, common men and women, had put forth personal effort for them. Many are waiting to be personally addressed. In the very family, the neighborhood, the town where we live, there is work for us to do as missionaries for Christ."

See also "Christ's Object Lessons," page 57; "Ministry of Healing," pages 143, 158, and many other references in the writings given us by the spirit of prophecy.

"Reaching one person at a time is the best way of reaching all the world in time."—Trumbull.

If we should hear of a new convert to Christianity in China, who never said anything to his friends about Christ, nor did any positive witnessing for him, what would you think of the quality of his Christianity? How about the same thing in America?

MOTIVE POWER FOR PERSONAL WORK:—

2 Cor. 5:14.

What is the meaning of "constraineth"?

Constrained, not merely by a sense of duty, nor a desire for man's approval, nor to make a success, but by the love of Christ.

A NECESSITY IN PERSONAL WORK:—

"Christ's Object Lessons," page 149: "Personal effort for others should be preceded by much secret prayer; for it requires great wisdom to understand the science of saving souls. Before communicating with men, commune with Christ. At the throne of heavenly grace, obtain a preparation for ministering to the people."

The victory is gained, not while talking with people, but in the secret chamber.

THE REWARD FOR SERVICE:—

John 4:36; Dan. 12:3.

One of the greatest present rewards is the ability acquired to do more service.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION: How many will by the grace of God, pray for some one every day, and make a direct personal effort for some soul at least once a week?

"To know God and to make him known, is our business here." Will he expect less of us than this? M. E. KERN.

God's Different Ways of Showing Mercy

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY was once present in a social gathering in which a clergyman related some wonderful stories of escape from perils of fire, shipwreck, and starvation. When the clergyman had concluded, he said: "Surely, there is no one present who has such great cause to thank God as I." Archbishop Whately said gravely: "I can tell you a story from my own personal experience which eclipses yours, and you will acknowledge that I have even greater reason than you to thank God. I was never on a flaming vessel, was never subjected to short rations, and was never shipwrecked."



THE HOME CIRCLE

Worth While

It is thinking the pure thought
Each moment, each hour,
That fills our lives with
Strength and power.

It is speaking the kind word
To all we meet,
That makes our lives both
True and sweet.

It is doing the good deed
All the way along,
That makes our lives grow
Noble and strong.

—Selected.

The Schoolgirl

"THE lark's in the sky,
The grass is dew pearled;
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Although you are young, it is not too early for you to have a definite object in life, and to make all your plans in regard to studying with that end in view. Something to work for, a fixed purpose in life, will give you a ballast that nothing else will. Some underlying ambition that may not appeal to any one but yourself, but upon which your heart is firmly fixed, will do more to steady you and help you to avoid the dangers and temptations to which girlhood is exposed than will any thing else of which I can think.

I believe the next thing after choosing your occupation and planning for it, is to lay a good physical foundation for success in it,—a thing that can be done only by regular habits of eating, sleeping, working, and playing, and you can not neglect any one of the four without paying the penalty.

No schoolgirl should have a later bedtime than ten, nor be permitted to overwork her growing brain; and all should take regular, systematic, daily exercise. Housework furnishes the latter in abundance, but as it is not always accompanied by pure air, nor always given in the quantity desired, it may be well for you to take a course of lessons in physical culture. If you are in danger of learning any awkward habits, such as stooping, improper breathing, or an ungraceful gait, the systematic exercise taken for the sake of overcoming them will prove invaluable to you. This is the time when all your habits are forming, and grace or awkwardness is only a habit.

Mother as Counselor and Companion

I hope that you have a sensible mother who is both your companion and counselor. You may have many girl chums, but never one who will be half as delightful as your mother can be, while she is the only one you can ever safely make your confidant. I hope, however, that when some other girl is sharing this place, you are wise enough to know what and what not to reveal. Your own secrets are yours to do what you will with, but you must always be sure that no one else's business is mixed up in the affair you have to tell. When your secret involves another, learn to keep silence, particularly when it is family matters that are involved. Love your chums as much as you like, but do not betray your relatives to them.

Your Boy Chums

So much for your girl friends; now for your boy friends.

It seems to me that the ideal regard in which you hold the latter should be the same as that which you feel for the girls. If you form any closer ties just at present, it will only be to break

them by and by, for at sixteen no girl's ideals are the same as they will be when she is twenty-five. The Byronic youth who appeals to you so strongly now may appear singularly insignificant when you have reached complete womanhood.

Domestic Duties

It seems to me that every girl should learn to sew. This is an accomplishment that will often come into play. There is not a teacher, stenographer, clerk, housemaid, nurse, or housewife who can sew who is not able to save dollars where other women pay them out. Learn to sew and sew well. To make one's own clothes, and to make them well so that one does not advertise one's self as "home-made," is an accomplishment few women possess. It seems to me a great extravagance to take goods costing



An interesting boy who needs a sister's love and watch-care

less than a dollar a yard to a dressmaker. I would rather be a good seamstress than a fair pianist, and would rather be a good cook than able to speak French and Spanish. Do learn to mend nicely too. A nice darn in your stocking is a work of art, saving pennies you can ill afford to spend, and you will find it quite a relief to be able to repair all rips and rents for yourself.

While I am talking about solid accomplishments, I wish to impress upon you the fact that your Latin, Greek, algebra, and geometry may not be called into play a dozen times in the course of a lifetime; but if you can not make change quickly and correctly and keep your own accounts, you will now and then be financially the loser. If you can not write a neat, properly punctuated, well-worded letter, you will at times be embarrassed; and if you can not speak the English language faultlessly, you may sometimes be ridiculed.

The Best Passport

And now I want to remind you that the very best passport you can have in this country you are traveling through is good manners — manners

that come not from the head, but the heart, yet regard all the outward forms of politeness. Kindly consideration for all is the root of such manners, and they are achieved only by a constant surrender of self. To be gentle with the aged, friendly to your equals, polite to your inferiors, never to pass an acquaintance without a kindly greeting, to have a pleasant word for those in perplexity, a loving one for those in distress, and a smile for all, is not a hard thing to do. I wonder more girls do not make it a specialty.

Of course the girl who is working hard at her books and helping at home is not one who will be found on the streets nights, but I wish that you would make a special effort to keep your young sisters and brothers in the home in the evening too. I heard a judge of a juvenile police court once remark that the very worst and most crying evil in all the land to-day, is the prevalent system of letting boys and girls of tender years run riot in the streets with no knowledge of nor control over their actions on the part of their elders. Is not that serious? — so serious that you see at once, I hope, the propriety of father and mother and instructors keeping a constant espionage over you, not from any prying or distrustful spirit, but because they would wish to guard you from many evils into which your inexperience would naturally lead you.

FAITH BURCH.

The Position of Woman in Heathen Lands

UNDER all the non-Christian religions the girls suffer. The preservation of the male line is the great essential, and often polygamy and concubinage are practised simply to secure male offspring. "One of the deepest convictions in the mind of the Arab," says Dr. Jessup, "is that any man is immeasurably superior to any woman — that women are fit only to be despised. The rejoicing over the birth of a son is matched by the grief with which a daughter is received into the world." In Kesrawan, a district of Mt. Lebanon near Beirut, the Arab women have a proverb, "The threshold weeps forty days when a girl is born." In China daughters are not counted. If a man is asked how many children he has, he will reply with the number of his sons. A pagan Chinese woman, speaking upon the subject of daughters, remarked: "A daughter is a troublesome and expensive thing anyway. Not only has she to be fed, but there is all the trouble of binding her feet and of getting her betrothed, and of making up her wedding garments; and even after she is married off, she must have presents made to her when she has children. Really, it is no wonder that so many baby girls are slain at their birth." "A boy," declares a common Chinese saying, "is worth ten times as much as a girl." And, "If a girl does no harm," declares another, "it is enough; you can not expect her to be either useful or good." The Chinese contempt for girls rests upon a religious basis. The great religious conception in China is the idea of ancestral worship. The happiness of the soul in the world depends upon the maintenance of reverence and care for the spirit by living male descendants. Daughters are useless to the spirits of the dead.

In India "the position of women is shown to be inferior to that of men from the hour of their birth. As soon as a boy is born, a horn made of shell is blown, to tell the neighbors the good news; but when a daughter is born, there

is no sound of rejoicing. When a son is born, friends come to congratulate the father; but when he has a little girl, if friends come at all, it is to show their sympathy with the family. For a son religious ceremonies are performed. Mothers with sons are regarded as the favorites of the gods, but mothers with daughters only are thought to be accursed. And the Hindu religion permits a man to marry a second wife, if within seven years of marriage he has no son, although he may have daughters."

The Killing of Girls

It is this contempt for girls that has led to infanticide. "Of the prevalence of infanticide in China," says Dr. W. A. P. Martin, "there is unhappily no room for doubt. Among their moral tracts dissuading from vice and crime, a conspicuous place is filled by a class called 'Dissuaves from Drowning Daughters.' Official proclamations may often be seen posted on gates and walls, forbidding the practise." Dr. Abeel gave it as his verdict, after repeated investigation in the vicinity of Amoy, that the "number destroyed varies exceedingly in different places, the extremes extending from seventy and eighty per cent to ten per cent, and the average proportion destroyed in all these places amounting to nearly four tenths, or exactly thirty-nine per cent. In seventeen of forty towns and villages visited, my informants declare that one half or more are deprived of existence at birth." Of India it is declared by sober authorities that "the murder of female children, whether by the direct employment of homicidal means or by the more inhuman and not less certain measures of exposure to privation and neglect, has for ages been the chief and most characteristic crime of six sevenths of the inhabitants of British India." In spite of the prohibition of infanticide by the British government, there have been officially reported in fifteen years 12,542 cases of infanticide, and "this number," Dr. Dennis says, "represents only a small proportion of the total." In Africa the birth of twin children among almost all the races is regarded with superstitious horror. "The birth of twins," says Mrs. Hill, of Western Equatorial Africa, "is considered a great curse, and the woman who has twins is disgraced for life afterward, and she is compelled to throw the twins into the wood, where they are left to die. In a town five miles distant from where we were, there are five hundred infants annually sacrificed; they are murdered by hundreds, and left to die in the way which I have stated."—Robert E. Speer.



Solanum: One of Our First Families

THE potato family, or, as botany terms it, the Solanum, is one of five or six without which the human family would find it very difficult to carry forward its present strenuous evolution. The whole Solanum genus abounds in plants possessing poisonous properties, but one branch produces a tuber upon which more human beings are dependent than upon any other vegetable food—at least in the temperate zone.

The chronicle of one of the old Spanish travelers, published in 1553, says: "The people of Peru eat a tuberous root which they call papas." The Spaniards took this root to Spain, where it was grown as "the truffle root." The Italians very quickly adopted it into their gardens, and soon after the Dutch were cultivating it with much the same zeal that they displayed for tulips. Of its introduction into England, all that we are

sure of is that, in 1586, Sir Walter Raleigh was growing potatoes in his Irish garden. Thomas Hariot, in his account of Virginia, names potatoes among the roots that were found growing there, saying that some of them were as big as a walnut, and others considerably larger. This Virginia potato seems to have been that which is now known as the Irish, while that grown in Peru is more likely to have been a sweet potato. Another writer, describing the esculents of Virginia, says that the potato root is thick, fat, and tuberous, not differing much in shape from the sweet potato, except that the roots are not so great or long, while some of them are round as a ball, and others are oval, in the egg fashion, "of which the knobbie rooters are fastened with an infinite number of threddie strings."

Early in the seventeenth century Raleigh's plantation of potatoes had been repeated all over Ireland; but the farmers of England, moved by stubborn prejudice, and possibly in part by jealousy, decided that they would have nothing to do with the tuber.

Gilbert White, writing in 1778, says that potatoes had prevailed in his district for about twenty years; and that this had been brought about "only by means of premiums," but that potatoes were then much esteemed by the poorer people, who would scarcely have ventured to taste them in the previous reign. Another writer speaks of them as a rather questionable product—possibly to become human food, "although rather flatulent and acid for the human stomach." He recommends boiling them with dates, and thinks that such a combination would keep soul and body together, for those who are too poor to get anything better. It is probable that the storage of this esculent was very little understood, and so, being left in the light after digging, they became continuously less suitable for food.

The story of the introduction of the potato into France has been often told. The country people were so convinced of the poisonous nature of the tuber that they would not give it a trial. Its friends were actually mobbed for trying to introduce a food that would poison the people. The story goes in two ways. One of these tells us that King Louis XIV wore potato blossoms in his buttonhole, and had potatoes on his royal table, until they became popular with the aristocratic classes. Another story recounts how a celebrated physician and philanthropist planted a field of potatoes, about which he placed a guard, with instructions to allow just as much thieving as possible. The poorer people, believing a vegetable that deserved such watchful care must be of great value, stole nearly the whole of them. In this way their prejudices were overcome, and a valuable esculent was added to their dietary. The planting in Ireland went on so extensively that Cobbett declared it was destined to ruin the whole country. The people were turning aside from other articles of food so generally to the culture of the potato that when the rot set in, they starved. This rot, which is so very difficult to control even at the present day, spread all over Ireland just before the middle of the nineteenth century. The whole world came to the rescue with ship-loads of cereals, and yet it was one of the greatest disasters that ever overwhelmed any nation.

The sweet potato must not be understood as being a close relative of the common potato. It belongs to the morning-glory family, which is much more notable for its flowers than for its edible products. Its botanical sub-name is "batata," and it certainly glorifies even the gorgeous floral family to which it belongs. The crop in the United States amounts annually to over fifty million bushels, and every year it is coming into more general use. It does not adapt itself to that part of the Northern States which is included in the apple belt or the corn belt.

Gerarde, speaking of this esculent, says: "The potato rooters are, among Italians, Indians, and many other peoples, like common and ordinarie meate, which no doubt are of mightie and nourishing parts, and do strengthen and comfort nature; their nutriment is, as it were, a mean between flesh and fruit." He adds that from the roots may be made a sort of conserves, of a no less toothsome and wholesome daintiness than can be made of quinces, and likewise "those comfortable and delicate meates, called in shops Morselle placentulæ, and divers such like." These roots, according to his direction, will serve as a ground, or foundation, upon which the "cunning confectioner or sugar baker" may work out and frame a large number of very delicate sweetmeats and other "restoratives." He describes the roasting of sweet potatoes in ashes, and tells us that when they are so roasted, they should be infused with wine, poured upon them; while other tubers may be boiled with prunes and eaten with them; and still others may be dressed with oil, vinegar, and salt—"but every man to his own taste and liking." Notwithstanding, "howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the human body." The sweet potato used to be called skiwort, a name which belongs to an entirely different root.

Another member of the Solanum family would, I think, be released from our dietary with nearly as much regret as the potato; and the history of the tomato is quite as curious as that of its congener. Gerarde called it the "apple of love," and as love-apple it was known until very near the middle of the nineteenth century. It came originally from tropical America, although I think that one variety was native of our Middle States. It still requires a warm soil and a sunny, open position, in order to develop its fruit to perfection. It began to enter into consumption rather freely about 1840. It was still looked upon with suspicion on account of its relationship, and for a long while the flavor and the rank odor caused it to get a very doubtful welcome on the dining-table. The rank flavor of those days has been cultivated out, while the size and shape have been greatly improved. The ideal tomato is free from wrinkles and from a hard core, which were the special characteristics of the earlier sorts. We should find our civilization very decidedly affected by the entire sweeping out of this delicious vegetable fruit.

It is curious to find a close relationship existing between the potato and tobacco. This fragrant weed entered into consumption with almost equal promptness, and has more than kept pace, with the succulent root. Charles Lamb was not the only one among the old English writers to describe its charms, as well as the consequences of indulgence, in classical literature. It is the one plant that has all of logic against it and all of custom in its favor. In an ordinary company of twenty persons the non-users will surely be found in a minority. It fits itself to the strenuous life of Americans as a tonic or sedative. It furnishes no nutrition, but is claimed to calm nervous excitability and to restrain hunger. Nicotin is one of the most powerful of nerve poisons, and after producing convulsions kills the victim by failure of respiration and paralysis. Tobacco smoke, however, contains no nicotin, but does contain other substances producing the same effect. The cigarette victim finds himself subject to giddiness, faintness, and after a while to intense nausea. It seems probable that, as the evils produced by the use of tobacco become better known, and at the same time more pronounced in effect, it will be eliminated from general use. It certainly is having a marked influence for mischief on the excitable American temperament. I have no room for anything like an adequate story of this pestiferous plant. I have never yet seen a young person who was not

damaged by its use, intellectually and morally, as well as physically. My wonder remains that parents and teachers, as well as preachers, can be found who prefer self-indulgence to a manly example.—*E. P. Powell, in The Independent.*

A Visit Made a Better Teacher

ONE of the things that have lingered long in my memory has been the real, personal interest one of my earliest teachers took in me. I remember that one day, when I went home from school, one of my sisters, much older than I, met me at the gate and said: "Miss — is here to see you."

"To see me?" I said, with a note of incredulity in my voice. I think it was the first time that any one had ever called at our house to see me alone.

"Yes, to see you."

"What for?" I asked.

"Simply because she wants to see you. I suppose the special reason is because you are in her class at Sabbath-school."

Somehow, it seemed to me that a special distinction had been conferred upon me, and I remember that I rose to the occasion to the extent of discovering that my hands were very dirty, and that my ears were no doubt in the condition of the proverbial boy who hates the sight of soap and water, and I said to my sister, "I guess I'd better wash up some."

"I think you'd better. In fact, that is the reason I came out to meet you."

I slipped around to the back of the house, and gave myself a thorough scrubbing, and brushed myself up with unwonted care, before I went into the room.

Somehow or other, that call did more than anything else could have done to make me feel that my teacher was genuinely interested in me, and there seemed to be a new relation established between my teacher and me, a relation that raised her a great deal in my respect and confidence. I was helped as a boy by that call, and the fact that I still have such a clear recollection of it convinces me that it created an abiding impression for good. When in later years I became a teacher myself, I determined that I would call on all my scholars, and the results have convinced me that it is one of the most helpful things a teacher can do. It is a guarantee of real interest on the part of the teacher, and it is an investment of time that pays big dividends in many instances.—*Young People's Weekly.*

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV — First Journey to Egypt

(October 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 42: 5-38.

MEMORY VERSE: "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good." Ps. 106: 1.

Review

What did Joseph do during the seven years of plenty? How abundantly did the earth bring forth during these years? To what country did the famine extend? Who came to Egypt to buy corn from Joseph?

Lesson Story

1. At last with many other travelers who had gone down to Egypt to buy corn, Joseph's ten brethren came. Joseph was governor over the land, and he it was who sold to all the people of the land. Joseph's brethren came and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth.

2. Joseph knew his brethren, although they did not recognize him. "But he made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said, unto them, Whence come ye? And

they said, From the land of Canaan to buy food. . . .

3. "And Joseph remembered the dreams which he had dreamed of them, and said unto them. Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said unto him, Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies. . . .

4. "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not." Then Joseph told them that he would prove them whether they were telling the truth. They should send and bring their other brother, then he would believe them. "And he put them all together into ward three days."

5. "And Joseph said unto them the third day, This do, and live; for I fear God: if ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison: go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses: but bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die."

6. This experience made them remember how they treated Joseph, and they talked among themselves about it. They thought that this distress had come to them because of the way they had treated him. "And they knew not that Joseph understood them; for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and he returned to them again, and communed with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes."

7. "Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: . . . and they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence."

8. "And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for, behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, My money is restored; and, lo, it is even in my sack: and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, What is this that God hath done unto us?"

9. "And they came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that befell unto them. . . . And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks, that, behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack: and when both they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid."

10. "And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." Although Reuben promised his father that they would bring Benjamin back safely, Jacob would not consent to let him go: he said, "If mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Questions

1. Among the many travelers who came to Egypt to buy corn, who came from Canaan? To whom did they have to present themselves? What position did Joseph hold? What did Joseph's brethren do when they came before him?

2. Did these ten men know before whom they were bowing? Whom did Joseph know them to be? How did Joseph treat them? In what manner did he speak to them? What did he say to them? What was their reply?

3. What came into Joseph's mind now? What did he say to them? What was their reply? Why do you think Joseph talked in this way to them?

4. How did they try to make him understand who they were? What did Joseph say he would do to prove whether they were telling the truth? Where did he place them all? How long did he keep them in prison?

5. What did he say to them the third day? Whom did he fear? Why was he about to let them go? Whom were they to bring to him before he would believe them?

6. What did this experience bring to the minds of the brethren? What did they say among themselves? Did Joseph understand them? Why did they think that he could not understand them? What did Joseph do when he heard them talking about him? Which brother did he keep until they should bring Benjamin? What did he do with Simeon?

7. What commands did Joseph give his servants concerning the sacks of his brethren?

8. Tell what one of them found on opening his sack to feed his animal at the inn. What did he say to his brethren? How did this make them all feel? What did they say?

9. What did they tell their father when they reached home? Did they keep anything back from him? What did they all find on emptying their sacks? How did this affect them?

10. What did Jacob say to them? Why did he not want Benjamin to go?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV — The Four Great Kingdoms of Daniel's Vision

(October 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall." 2 Peter 1: 10.

Questions

1. In the first year of Belshazzar, what was given to Daniel? What did he do to preserve the dream? Dan. 7: 1.

2. In this night vision what did the prophet see? Verses 2, 3.

3. What do winds and waters represent in prophecy? Note 1.

4. What did the angel tell Daniel the beasts represented? Verse 17.

5. Describe the first beast seen in the vision. Verse 4.

6. Describe the second beast. Verse 5. The third. Verse 6.

7. What kingdom was symbolized by each of these beasts? Note 2.

8. Which of the symbols seen in vision was of special interest to the prophet? Verse 19.

9. Give Daniel's description of this fourth symbol. Verses 19, 7.

10. What answer did the angel give Daniel when he asked for the meaning of the fourth beast? Verse 23. Name the fourth kingdom. Note 3.

11. How many horns had the fourth beast? Verse 7.

12. What did these horns represent? Verse 24.

13. How does the fourth beast in its last and worst form come to an end? Verse 26.

14. What kingdom then takes possession of the whole world? Verse 27.

15. What graces must those possess who become a part of God's everlasting kingdom? 2 Peter 1: 4-11.

Notes

1. In prophecy winds denote war and strife (Jer. 25: 32, 33), and sea or waters denote "multitudes, and nations, and tongues." Rev. 17: 15.

2. The lion symbolized Babylon; the bear Medo-Persia, and the leopard Grecia. The wings represented the rapidity with which each nation gained its conquests.

3. Rome is symbolized by the fourth beast, its ten horns representing the ten divisions of the kingdom, which were as follows: Alemanni, Ostrogoths, Visigoths, Franks, Vandals, Suevi, Burgundians, Heruli, Anglo-Saxons, Lombards.



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Imprisoned for Truth's Sake

ON the fourth of September two of our brethren of Manchester, Tenn., were sentenced to jail for Sunday work. The judge was kindly disposed, but the attorney-general angrily paced the floor in front of the jurors, "exclaiming against a little handful of people setting themselves up against the State of Tennessee." Let us remember in prayer our brethren in bonds.

The Opening of the Foreign Mission Seminary

ON Wednesday morning, Sept. 25, 1907, at Takoma Park, D. C., the first distinctively foreign missionary training-school established by our denomination was opened. The large number of students present on the opening day, together with the representation of ministers and other workers, showed how widely this new enterprise has enlisted the interest of our people. Professor Salisbury, the principal of the school, prefaced the announcement of the opening hymn by saying that every college had its college song, and there was a hymn that he wanted this school to adopt as its song, in fact, he hoped it would become the national anthem of the denomination. "From Greenland's icy mountains," was then announced and sung with ardor.

The direction for establishing a school in Washington was as definite as that of establishing the headquarters at the national capital. However, many feared that such a school would lessen the attendance at the older training colleges, but this fear has not been realized. While the attendance at the Foreign Mission Seminary promises to be all that the accommodations can provide for, the attendance at each of the other schools is larger than on any previous year.

Quick preparation for the field and quickly pressing into the field, seems to be the dominant aim of the Seminary. The need of having among us a school holding to this ideal is apparent when almost every nation on earth is calling for more missionaries. One of the speakers at the opening session emphasized the many calls awaiting our missionaries, by relating the following incident: An aged Presbyterian minister was speaking on the foreign missionary work, when one old brother who evidently had not kept in touch with the mission fields, asked if he found many open doors. The old warrior straightened himself up and answered, "Why, my brother, God has knocked the end out of every building in that land!"

Some persons have chosen a very practical way of expressing their interest in the Seminary, promising to defray the expenses for one year of one or more students. Such help is seldom, if ever, regretted. One sister whose heart was

larger than her purse, brought her all—the gift of her dying mother—and consecrated it to the work of helping to pay the expenses of a student. Ages ago another woman gave her mite, her all, and it still bears fruit to the Master's glory, and we know every such gift is heaven-cherished.

Marvelous results for God and truth, we believe, must come from even this first year's work of the Foreign Mission Seminary.

God Never Fails

"THINK not that God deserts the field,
Though Truth the battle loses;
But grasp again Faith's sword and shield,
And follow where He chooses.
What God has sworn shall yet be done;
No power of man can stay him.
Upon the seas he plants his throne,
And all the waves obey him.

"Soldiers of Christ, take heart again,
Fear not dark portents solemn.
God moves across the battle-plain
In many an unseen column.
The very stars of the blue night,
As they fulfil their courses,
Shall wheel obedient in the fight,
And add them to our forces."

Seed Thoughts

IF you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be: but put foundations under them.—*Thoreau*.

LET us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—*Phillips Brooks*.

SPECIAL

"Our Truth Number" of the Instructor

THE next special number of the INSTRUCTOR will bear the date of Dec. 3, 1907. It will go to press about the middle of November.

We never expect to have so many specials a year that they will become common. We want our young people to be *anxious* for each special to materialize, so they can have a part in circulating it.

Character of Special Number

THE next special will be a number filled with well-written, clearly presented articles on all the main points of our faith. The young people of the world have never had our truth served to them in this special way. I believe our people will make every reasonable effort to get this number into a hundred thousand homes.

Why Not?

Fifty-five thousand of the Temperance number were disposed of in a very short period, and calls were made for papers for some time after the last edition was exhausted. Insufficient time was allowed for thorough organization of the young people for the work. We are assured by those in charge of the young people's work that far greater results could have been obtained on the Temperance number had it been announced sooner.

The church in Portland, Oregon, disposed of *three thousand* copies. If the secretary had had time to secure the same co-operation throughout the State, many thousand more copies would have been put in circulation.

The church at South Lancaster, Massachusetts, has just subscribed for nearly one thousand copies of the Temperance number of *Life and Health* to distribute in its immediate vicinity. If this church, and all other churches throughout the country, would do as well proportionately, in distributing the special INSTRUCTOR, the simple, clear

truths of our message would be put into many more than one hundred thousand homes before the new year begins. "Expect great things from God;"

Attempt Great Things

for God," is the motto that inspired Livingstone in his remarkable life-work. If our young people will carry out this motto in their circulation of the next special number of the INSTRUCTOR, marvelous results will surely follow.

Special Notice

THE Nebraska Conference headquarters has been removed from College View to Hastings. The office address and the address of those connected with the office is now East High St., Hastings, Nebraska.

Interesting Personal Incidents

Won by a Tract Thrown Away

ABOUT the year 1884 one of our brethren was giving out tracts on the ferry-boat between Oakland and San Francisco. One tract on the Sabbath he handed to a man who threw it down spitefully on the deck. Just behind him was a grocer from San Rafael, who picked it up and read it. His interest was aroused so that he afterward took papers and tracts to read from the distributor in the ferry building in San Francisco. The result was that he and his family accepted the truth, and this opened the way for a series of tent-meetings in San Rafael.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Incidents from Maine

A YOUNG man who had never made a profession of religion had a cancer removed from under his arm. While he was ill, I watched with him one night, and during the night our conversation turned upon seeking the Lord. I said to him: "While lying here in bed you have some time to think of the future life and the need of a preparation for it;" and by his answer it seemed that his mind had not been exercised in that direction, but from that night he was led to give his heart to the Lord.

While holding meetings in Bangor, I visited a lady and her mother, the lady being too feeble and her mother too old to attend the meetings. After a short time the Sabbath question was introduced, and as they had an old family Bible, I read the time-table that was in it, and closed my visit with prayer and with singing the hymn, "I need Thee every hour." As the result of this effort, both women took their stand for the truth.

While holding meetings in Freeport, Maine, a lady embraced the truth as the result of our singing the hymn, "Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Jesus is coming again."

A number of years ago Mrs. Hersum was canvassing in Portland for the *Signs of the Times*. A lady subscribed for it, and while in the street-car, one evening, Mrs. Hersum noticed a woman on the opposite side of the car looking quite pleasantly toward her, so she went over and sat down beside her. After a few minutes the lady mentioned the fact that she had taken a paper from her, and that there were some things in it that she could not understand, and one thing was the Sabbath. Mrs. Hersum told her that we were holding Bible readings in the city, and if she would like to have us, we would come and hold a few readings with her. She consented, and we arranged to hold a reading at her house. After a few visits, she wanted a reading on the Sabbath so she might know whether she could be saved and not keep the Sabbath. This we gave her, and she scarcely slept or ate until she decided to obey the Lord. She is still faithfully living out the truth.

S. J. HERSUM.